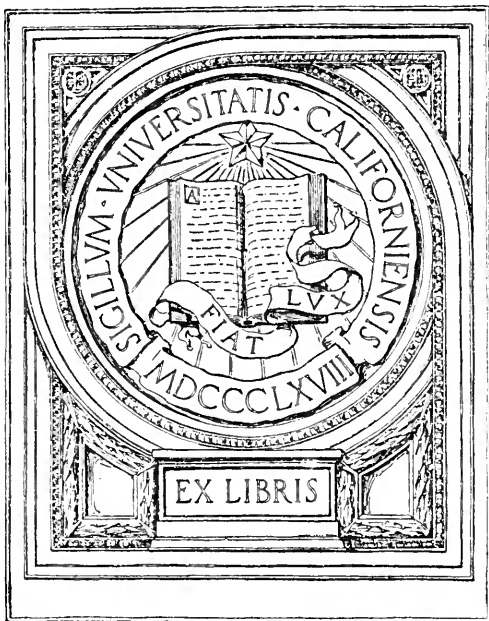




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No. 1.

THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JULY, 1872.



SAN FRANCISCO:

JOHN H. CARMANY & Co., PUBLISHERS,

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THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

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Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

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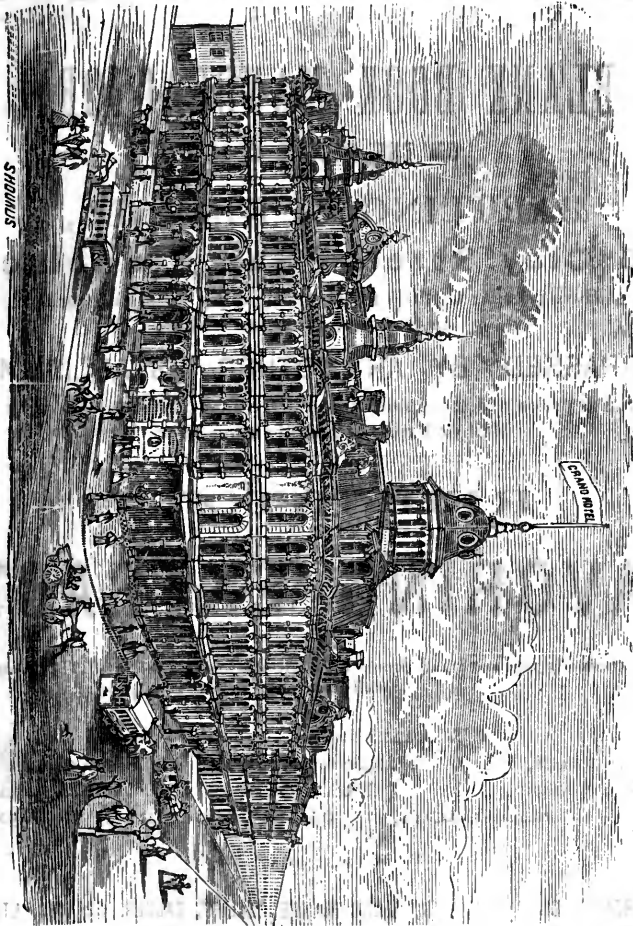
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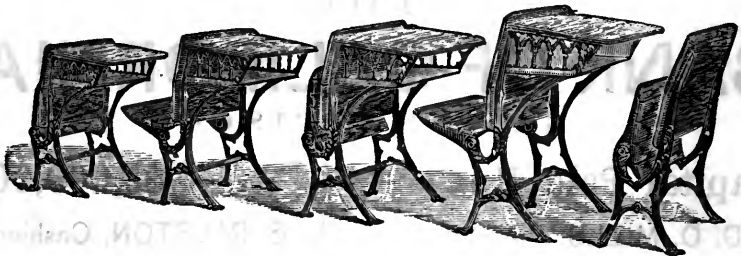
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VOL. 9.—JULY, 1872.—No. 1.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL HALLECK,
AS SECRETARY OF STATE IN MONTEREY, 1847-9.

WHEN General Riley was about laying down his office as Civil Governor of California, he said, on a certain public occasion, "My success in the affairs of California is owing to the efficient aid rendered me by Captain Halleck, the Secretary of State."

It was generous in the brave old soldier to say that, but it was no more than justice to his Secretary. Those were delicate times. It takes a sailor to handle a boat among the breakers. It takes more than a soldier of ordinary qualifications to guide civil affairs through the confusion incident to a change of flag. Such a work calls for a lawyer and a statesman. It was the good fortune of the army and the country to have a man here just at that time combining in himself these qualifications, as Captain Halleck did. And so he was really the ruling spirit of both the administration of Governor Mason and Governor Riley. He was a man of liberal education—a graduate of West Point, ranking among the first in the Engineer Corps, and

withal familiar with the French and Spanish languages. Besides, he was well read as a lawyer, and had enjoyed the then rare opportunity of foreign travel and study abroad. At the same time, he was a man of practical sense and balanced judgment. When he became Secretary of State, he was in the vigor of his early manhood, and entered with enthusiasm upon this congenial duty—his first one of prominence in the service of his country.

He took office under General Mason when he relieved General Kearney, May 31, 1847. Captain Halleck had been then about four months in the country.¹ The Mexican War was in progress, and California was under the war-power. So long as this continued, the administration of civil affairs was very simple. The flag was up throughout the country, and all organized opposition to it had been put down. There was sufficient force, land and naval, to preserve the peace, and so await the conclusion of the war, then drawing to a close.

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The proclamation to the inhabitants of the country when the flag went up—July 7, 1846—assured them that henceforth California would be a part of the United States; that they should not be disturbed, and should have the privilege of choosing their own magistrates and officers for the administration of justice among themselves. So far, all seemed plain. But unfortunately there was a difference of opinion among the officers of the army and navy, whose duty it was to set up this civil government and carry out the promises of the proclamation. The Government at Washington had given authority to the officers of the navy to do it, if they should happen to take the country; and they had also sent General Kearney, with a strong force, overland through New Mexico, to take that country, and, if he succeeded to make his way clear to California, to take it and hold it, and maintain civil government in it, and to be sure that the coming of peace should find the United States in possession of it.

It so happened that he arrived, from his long march across the country, at San Diego, just in season to join Commodore Stockton, who had gone there by sea, and was about to march his marines northward to retake Los Angeles, where a large force of native Californians had concentrated to pull down the Stars and Stripes and run up the Mexican flag again. This movement upon Los Angeles from the south was expected to be met by one from the north, led by Colonel Frémont, with his battalion of mounted riflemen. But the country was soft with winter rains, and he was a little behind time. Commodore Stockton and his sailors, with General Kearney and his men, came up from the south, engaged the enemy, sent his scattered forces flying northward, and the field and the City of the Angels were theirs. The fugitives soon met Frémont and his column bearing down upon them, and, instead of

fighting, they stopped and made a treaty. Then and there, their forces broke up and dispersed. That was the last resistance to the flag in California. Since that day it has been flying, unquestioned. But now, who shall reap the fruits of victory? Who shall take the reins of civil government? Commodore Stockton had authority to do so, if he took the country. So had General Kearney, if he did it. It so happened that they did it together. So which shall yield to the other? Kearney's commission, it seems, was of the later date, and appeared, strictly speaking, to devolve the duty of governing the country upon him. It is not likely that there would have been any serious disagreement between the Commodore and the General, had it not been for another candidate for the Governorship, just now pressing his claims—Colonel Frémont.

His position was peculiar. He was an officer of the army, but he did not come here on military duty. He came over the Plains to lead an exploring expedition. But he arrived just in time, with his sixty-two men, to encounter the awakened jealousy of the native California Government, and their ill-advised attempt to drive him out by violence necessarily put him on the defensive. The same general hostility to foreigners resulted in their grouping themselves under the "Bear Flag," in July, 1846, in Sonoma, and brought all the American settlers in that valley to its support. These soon made common cause with Frémont. They set the Californians at defiance, and were marching southward in force, unchallenged, when news met them from Monterey that Commodore Sloat had arrived in the *Savannah*, and had hoisted the United States flag over the fort and over the town. Quickly, on this being known, it was waving over Frémont and his riflemen. They were not long in conferring with the officers of the navy at Monterey, and entering

into plans of co-operation to carry the flag throughout the country. When the work was done, and the Stars and Stripes waved all up and down the coast unchallenged, Colonel Frémont urged his claims to consideration. The officers of the navy seem especially to have felt the force of these claims, for he had been a powerful support to their undertakings, and perhaps had been the means of giving them the prestige of having conquered the country. At any rate, Commodore Stockton commissioned Colonel Frémont Civil Governor. The Colonel was not slow in entering upon the office. Just here Commodore Stockton disappears. Commodore Shubrick arriving, relieves him, and he sails away. General Kearney does not recognize Stockton's appointment of Frémont, and he at once consults the new Commodore on the subject. Shubrick declines to interfere in the matter, without instructions from Washington.

But Kearney makes up his mind to take the responsibility. He plants himself upon the letter of his instructions from Washington, and issues an order, himself assuming the office of Civil Governor of California. It bears date March 1, 1847. No small tempest, especially in army and navy circles, was the result, and great anger and disappointment on the part of Colonel Frémont and his friends. But there was no appeal. General Kearney had troops enough at his command to enforce his order. It would take nearly a year to appeal to Washington for redress, and it was more than likely he would not get it in the end. So with rather a bad grace he relinquished his position. But before he had done it, and got on duty again, he was arrested for disobedience of orders, and sent home for trial.

These events followed quickly upon each other, and the excitement consequent upon them was at its height when General Mason arrived, May 31, 1847,

and relieved General Kearney. The field was now clear for him as Civil Governor; and, what was more to the purpose, news had at last come from Washington sustaining the course taken by General Kearney, and confirming his acts.

In this disturbed condition of affairs, Captain Halleck is ordered to assume the duties of Secretary of State. He takes the position, and he holds it until he brings the territory from the disorder of a badly governed Mexican province to the condition of a fully organized State, ready for admission to the Union. The ground-swell of conflicting opinion, which had so severely shaken the country, gradually died away, and the change of flag began to be well enough liked, even by the native Californians themselves. Public confidence was gradually established. Great anticipations were indulged in. More ships began to come to trade. Lands increased in value, especially around the Bay of San Francisco. The trading-post on its sandy shore, known up to that time as Yerba Buena, aspired to become a city, and assumed the name of the bay—San Francisco. Other places began to show activity, such as San José, Sonoma, and New Helvetia. All went well enough, so long as the war lasted. There was no doubt about the extent of the war-power, or the means to sustain it.

But when it was known that the war had ended, leaving California in our possession, then arose some very embarrassing questions. Congress—the natural source of an organic Act providing a Territorial Government for their newly acquired possessions—divided hopelessly on the slavery issue, and failed at first even to extend the revenue laws to this country. What theory of government was now to be adopted? How could the public peace be preserved and justice be administered, up and down this long reach of country? These were

questions which events pressed sharply home upon the young Secretary of State. And he proved himself equal to the occasion. He planted himself considerably upon the principles enunciated in the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Florida case, where it is laid down, that, on the transfer of territory by treaty, it has never been held that the relations of the inhabitants to each other undergo any change. The act which transfers their country transfers the allegiance of those who remain in it, but the law which regulates the intercourse and general conduct of individuals remains in force until altered by the newly created power of the state.

This being assumed to be the law of the case, it followed that the local laws in force here when the flag was raised should remain in force till changed by authority of Congress, and that all the offices contemplated by those laws should be filled. But whence was to come the money to maintain this government?

The war was at an end, and also the war-contribution tariff. News of peace arrived August 7, 1848, and was proclaimed by Governor Mason, together with the probability that Congress would very soon organize a Territorial Government. But how was the country to be provided for, meantime? He and his Secretary were not at fault, even here. Though there was no law for collecting revenue on this coast, the law did forbid the landing of the goods till the duties were paid. The responsibility was assumed, therefore, of collecting this revenue, for the support of the government of the country, and the facts were reported to Washington. The course pursued was never criticised or disapproved. So far all had gone well, but new difficulties began to appear.

The simple Mexican laws, good enough for *rancheros* and Mission Indians, were poorly adapted to the new population.

Besides, it was impossible to know exactly what the laws were. There were no printed copies to be had—certainly not in the English language. And then it was not easy to make the people understand that this was not a Military Government, holding on in time of peace. Its executive officers were army officers, to be sure, though they were simply acting in a civil capacity, *ex-officio*, according to the provisions of the laws they were trying to carry out. But people were jealous of it. They were becoming discouraged with the delay of Congress to organize a suitable government to meet the wants of the country. Some of them, especially the immigrants from the old Western States, advocated falling back on the "squatter sovereignty" doctrines, and setting about governing themselves. Some attempts at local legislation were made in San Francisco and Sonoma, and civil affairs began to look threatening.

At this critical juncture gold was discovered. On the 19th of January, 1848, the precious ore was found in the Coloma Mill-race. It illustrates how slowly the real value of this great discovery came to be believed, to find that the news made no impression in San Francisco for four months after the discovery was made. And it was not heard of in Monterey till two weeks after that, for Walter Colton writes in his journal, under date of May 29, 1848, "Our town was startled out of its quiet dreams today by the announcement that gold had been discovered on the American Fork." From January 19th to May 29th, seems to be rather a long time for the news of the discovery of gold to be on its way from Sutter's Mill to Monterey.

But when the news did get abroad, and was believed, it made stir enough. The entire male population streamed to the mines, and some of the women went, too.

This great excitement diverted atten-

tion, for the time being, from the unsatisfactory condition of civil affairs, but it prepared the way for a still severer strain upon the existing system, at a little later date.

Crowds of people had flocked to the country, and especially to the mines. When the winter rains came on that fall, most of them came down to the towns. There was then ample leisure to discuss politics. There was plenty of money. Every body had his pockets full of gold-dust. Prospects ahead were glorious. Didn't the streams of the country run with gold? And wouldn't it speedily attract an immense population?

Since there was no news of any prospect that Congress was likely to agree on giving a Territorial Government, public thought turned toward measures of self-reliance. A large meeting was held in San José early in December, 1848, and "resolved" in favor of a Provisional Territorial Government, to be put in immediate operation, and to remain in force till superseded by Congressional action. A couple of weeks later, meetings were held in San Francisco, concurring in the course recommended at San José. Early in January, 1849, meetings in Sacramento indorsed the same recommendation. Similar action was had at meetings held in the same month in Sonoma and Monterey. But the time proposed for holding the convention was hastening on before delegates had been chosen in all the districts. An adjournment to a later day was attempted. The winter was rainy. All news had to be carried by pony express. Again the time proposed for the convention came, and all the delegates were not ready. Finally, it was proposed, for the purpose of securing attendance from the southern part of the country, to meet on the first of May, 1849. At the same time, some attempts at local legislation were going forward, especially in San Francisco,

where great dissatisfaction existed with the officers holding under the old, or *de facto*, Government.

And so the spring of 1849 came, and with it, on the 12th of April, General Bennet Riley, to relieve Governor Mason. He immediately re-appointed Captain Halleck Secretary of State, and sat down with him to study the "situation." Meanwhile, as the spring advanced and traveling improved, politics lost their attractiveness, and every body set out for the mines. This afforded a breathing-spell from the winter's excitement, and allowed the new Governor to make himself familiar with his delicate and responsible duties. He seems to have adopted the views of his Secretary in all important particulars. But they both looked with confidence to Congress, that, before adjournment, a Territorial Government would be provided, and the perplexity of the case be in that way relieved.

Mr. Polk's administration was just closing. General Taylor was to be inaugurated on the 4th of March, or, rather, on the 5th, for the 4th that year fell on Sunday. It did not seem likely that an adjournment would be reached without some action in behalf of this newly acquired territory. Great anxiety was felt to get the news at the earliest moment. The regularity of the trips of the mail steamships was deranged by the desertion of the sailors, who ran away to the mines. The *California* swung idly to her anchor in the Bay of San Francisco, and the *Oregon* had just sailed on her first down-trip to Panama, having kept her men by lying under the guns of a man-of-war while she was in port, but she could not be expected back for a month or more. So the United States propeller *Edith* was dispatched to Mazatlan to get the Congressional news as soon as possible from there. The *Edith* returned on the 28th of May, bringing Washington papers containing

an account of the closing scenes of the session of Congress. But, to the surprise of all, it appeared that nothing had been done for California, except, at the last moment, to pass a law for the collection of revenue. It is not easy at this day to imagine the perplexity, not to say the threatening character, of the situation in this country at that time. The political sky looked stormy all around the horizon. From Washington, it was hard to tell what to expect. Congress had been sitting six months after the treaty of ratification on purpose to provide a government for the new territories, and had to adjourn at last without accomplishing it. The North claimed that the fundamental law of the new provinces, as they came from Mexico, was the law of freedom. The South insisted that where the United States flag went the Constitution went, and where that went slavery could go. The giants of those days wrestled long over this proposition. It got tacked on to the Appropriation Bill, and, up to the last moment, it prevented the enactment of the law necessary to the support of the Government itself. The Senate sat all Saturday night, March 3d, and till seven o'clock on Sunday morning, March 4th, when the Appropriation Bill was freed from this hinderance, and passed at once. But all this showed, that, so far as Congress was concerned, the territories were between the upper and the nether millstone.

At home the prospect was scarcely more hopeful, as has been before shown. The country could not remain as it was. She must help herself. But very grave difficulties surrounded the effort. That year people were pouring into the mines from every direction, bent only upon one thing—to get gold.

It seemed hopeless to get any considered and deliberate action from those migratory and excited masses of strangers upon such a matter as the organization of a State Government. The

greater number cared nothing about it. They were here but for the moment. Besides, it seemed impossible to get any expression of what opinion there might be concerning it. No newspaper of any general circulation existed then. Indeed, there were no mail-routes or mails. The idea of creating any common public sentiment and securing any united action in the country, as it then was, seemed almost preposterous. The miners consisted of masses of men from every country, strangers to each other, and they were working hard with their picks, and pans, and shovels in the *cañons* and along the rivers far into the Sierras.

The old Californians, down in the southern part of the country, were not very cordial toward their conquerors, and would not know much about the business of organizing a State, or be in much haste to subject themselves to the taxation necessary to maintain one. And then it seemed very difficult to get the qualified voters to the polls, and keep others away. There was no reliable census of the population, or any certain way of knowing whether the number would be deemed great enough to warrant its admission to the Union as a State, if all other objections were out of the way.

But if a State Government was fully organized, and was acceptable to Congress on all other points, it was plain that it would have to encounter the slavery issue. There was almost an unaccountable unanimity in this country, at that time, against having slaves here. A State Constitution to be adopted here, therefore, must be that of a Free State. In Congress, of course, it would meet the united opposition of the South to its admission into the Union. And, if it could not get organized into a Territory after a six-months' struggle, the prospect of its getting into the Union as a Free State seemed remote enough.

But for this new condition of affairs

the Governor and his Secretary do not seem to have been unprepared. The course to be taken in this emergency must have been well studied beforehand. It was determined at once to take the lead in the effort to organize a State Government, in an orderly way; and leave the responsibility of receiving it into the Union with Congress and the country. No time was lost. Just one week after the *Edith* brought the news of the failure of Congress to pass the Territorial Bill, Governor Riley issued his proclamation of June 3, 1849. It was a paper most ably drawn, and showed plainly enough the hand of his Secretary in its composition. In the first place, it stated the failure of Congress to provide a government for the country. It then explained the nature of the existing Government, showing that it was civil and not military, and briefly arguing its legality. It proposed two things: first, to put in full vigor the administration of the laws as they then existed, properly filling the offices, and setting its machinery in operation throughout the territory—this for the time being; second, to call a general Convention for forming a State Constitution, to meet in Monterey, on the first day of September following. It prescribed the number of delegates, defined the districts in which they should be chosen; also, the qualifications of electors, the method of holding the elections, and the way of making returns. It furthermore stated the important fact, that this was the course advised by the President of the United States and his Secretaries, and expressed the hope that all good citizens of California would unite in carrying it into execution.

Express-riders went out with this important proclamation, and posted it in all public places as fast as possible. Early in July following, General Riley and his staff mounted their horses and made the tour of the mines and of the towns northward. The propositions con-

tained in the proclamation were explained, and met the approbation of thinking men. Meetings were held in several places, indorsing them. In San Francisco, some of the people had become so far committed to another convention plan, that they were rather slow to coincide with this. But they finally did so, only protesting, to the last, that they did not recognize any "authority" in General Riley to name a time, or appoint a place, for holding an election for such a purpose. But for the sake of unanimity, as his recommendation seemed to have been generally adopted, they acquiesced. Meanwhile—for some months at least—the system of Mexican law, as it was found here, must be put in operation. It worked very naturally, of course, in all the southern part of the country; but north, in the towns, and among the miners, it was decidedly awkward.

To make known, as well as possible, what the law was, Secretary Halleck compiled a translation and digest of such portions of the laws as were supposed to be in force, and had them printed in a pamphlet of some twenty pages, for the enlightenment of courts and officers of justice. And so, for awhile, we became familiar with Prefects and Sub-Prefects, Ayuntamientos, Alcaldes, and so forth.

The experiment, on the whole, worked very well. Some people came rather to like it—though I never heard that any lawyers did. But it answered, for the time, while streams of people were pouring in by land and by sea. Money was so plenty, there did not appear to be temptation enough to lead any body to steal. Even the "Hounds," whose lawless violence in San Francisco, in the spring of 1849, called into existence the first Vigilance Committee, seemed to perpetrate their riots more for sport than plunder. The courts could have dealt even with them, if there had been any

jail or prison in which to confine them. The excitement and novelty of the scenes of the summer months caused them to slip away very quickly, and before we were aware, the first of September—the time appointed in the proclamation for the assembling of the Constitutional Convention—was close at hand.

Colton Hall, in Monterey, was fitted up to accommodate the body. It was still doubtful whether enough regularly appointed delegates would assemble to do the work so as to secure the respect and the votes of this mass of strangers in the country. Every man was here for himself; and people could not afford to leave a "claim" or a "trade," worth \$16, or \$20, or \$50, or more a day, and spend a month or two in what seemed then the rather visionary work of constitution-making.

But when the day was near, all doubt was removed. Delegates came up from the lower country, with their bands of horses, in the old-time style. Some from the north came down on horseback, and some in the steamer from San Francisco. There they met for the first time: twenty-two (as it was afterward ascertained) from the Northern States, fifteen from the Southern States, seven native Californians, and four foreign-born—fourteen were lawyers, twelve farmers, seven merchants, and the rest engineers, physicians, bankers, and printers. Fifteen of the number were new-comers, who had been here less than a year; eleven had been here three years; six from ten to twenty years, and seven were native-born. They opened their session with prayer to God, offered by a clergyman who was invited to officiate on the occasion, and proceeded to business.

A large committee was appointed to report articles to be subsequently discussed and acted on by the Convention. Secretary Halleck was a member of this committee, and a most industrious and working member of the Convention. He

made very few speeches—almost none at all, in fact—and yet he was always in his place, and participated constantly in the business. He sat near the door, where he could overlook the whole body, and nothing was done that escaped his notice. He assumed nothing; he claimed no more consideration than belonged to every member: but he gave his strength to the strong points. The great, leading features that characterized the instrument were given to it more by him than by any other man. He had studied the subject more thoroughly than any other member; he was better prepared for the work of the Convention than any other, and he exerted his influence in such a reasonable, unobtrusive way, that it aroused no prejudice or opposition. His position was a very delicate one, more especially as it was known that his influence with Governor Riley would have great weight in determining the amount of money that officer would take the responsibility of paying, out of the "civil fund," for the expenses of the Convention. But he conducted himself with so much candor and delicacy, that he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the entire Convention to the end.

When the work of the Convention was done, the first man the writer heard spoken of for the first Governor of the new State to be, was Secretary Halleck. Why he was not nominated, I never knew, for I am no politician; but it has always seemed to me that it would have been vastly to the advantage of California, if he had been elected to that office. There was some talk, at the time, about reserving him for one of the seats in the United States Senate. But when the first Legislature assembled under the new Constitution, it did not elect him. After many ballotings, and much pressure of outside influence, other candidates prevailed—with a body that has gone into history as the "Legislature of a thousand drinks."

The public services of General Halleck during the war were conspicuous, and gave him a national reputation. But it may be doubted, whether they were more important to the country than those he rendered while Secretary of State in Monterey. In that three years the pub-

lic policy of this coast was settled, and it extended the area of freedom from ocean to ocean. The vital importance of that decision, at that time, becomes very clear, when viewed in the light of the great events that have since taken place.

A STRANGE FACE.

ALTHOUGH always possessed of strong leanings toward the metaphysical, I am by no means a believer in ghosts, or, as the melancholy Prince hath it, "goblin damned"—neither in spiritual manifestations, nor in any order of supernatural demonstrations whatsoever. Indeed, concerning all manner of visitations from the worlds above and below I have ever been an open skeptic, and often an arrant scoffer. And I have been thus incorrigible, because in all my investigating experiences I have found credulity to be the essential stronghold, and reason and science the intractable antagonists, of things that "vaguely come and dimly seem." Having said thus much in evidence of my hard-heartedness, I am going to turn very inconsistently about and confess that "questionable shapes" have occasionally struck me dumb.

Once or twice in the course of my life I have encountered things—or things have encountered me—of a nature calculated to unsettle my naturally intense materialistic convictions. I need not quote what Shakspeare's sublime voice said to Horatio through Hamlet's moody mouth: that voice has reached every one, and it reached me *then* as the echo of a distant and sweetly solemn song. Yet, and yet, such is the bigotry of realism, and such were the peculiar anterior conditions, that I still incline—whenever I glance back, and review one of these incidents in all its unearthly weird-

ness—to pronounce it to have been a purely mental hallucination—an incipient delirium of the nerves.

I have never undertaken to transcribe on paper the startling sensations that were accompanying features of that strange visitation, and shall only attempt to do so now under the reservation of treating it as a matter-of-fact occurrence on purely matter-of-fact grounds.

I was a visitor at the time—now some years back—at the residence of a near relative who was an eminent and unusually successful physician, then located in a Massachusetts town, renowned and beloved among toppers for its rum. My relative was a professed spiritualist, and claimed to write his prescriptions at the dictation of the deathless part of a famous old Dutch disciple of Galen, whose perishable body had centuries ago mingled its particles with the universal elements of Nature.

I may here state, as testimony favoring my own skepticism, that I subsequently ascertained from his dying confession that the spiritualistic theory, as far as it concerned the Doctor's practice, was adopted more from his belief in its *expediency* than truth. And I am that sad a^c cynic as to believe—if some more *in articulo mortis* confessions could be taken—that "expediency" would plunge Madame Truth full oft and sore so deep into the mud at the bottom of her native well that nothing but ooze would at last be perceptible.

In brief, the Doctor was *in spirito* an impostor. His palliation was that the imposition attracted many patients to him that he would not otherwise have had. He admitted that he felt no compunctions for having skillfully practiced his cunning on the great moral *jugular* of the human race—credulity. If thereby they had been led to enrich him he had invariably benefited them, and as he *diagnosed* the case it stood fairly *quid pro quo*.

The public mind was at the time wildly agitated over the then novel possibility of direct communication with the inhabitants of "another and better world" through the mediumship of magnetic and odic forces that were supposed to separate the material and supernal worlds. Being the possessor of extraordinary insight and great scientific culture, the Doctor was enabled to prescribe for his numerous patients with a clear-sightedness that went far toward sustaining his pretensions to miraculous assistance.

The day preceding the evening on which what I am about to endeavor to describe took place was remarkably calm and sultry. Sitting at the open western study window with my head leaning indolently back against the case-ment, the eyes and thoughts made far pilgrimages into the ineffable serenity of overhanging space. Early sundown deepened imperceptibly into dusky twilight. Star after star dropped silently into the broad blank of purpling blue until the ethereal arch was as a waveless sea fretted with countless isles of glittering glory.

Wrapped in a delicious reverie—such as outward quiet and perfect inward content always induce—I gradually sank into a blissfully profound slumber, from which I was suddenly and regretfully aroused by the Doctor's resonant voice: "Awake, Sir Somnolent, awake! The moon is just thrusting the tips of her silver horns

above the horizon. She comes to further adorn a night already too transcendently beautiful to be profaned by such vulgar sounds as snores. Awake! behold! admire! or never more presume to the possession of attributes worthy of immortality."

A choice Havana was proffered, which I mechanically accepted, and drowsily set about converting into a fragrant burnt-offering, inwardly and fervently wishing the hospitable donor in pursuit of a distant and opulent patient, who was anxious to imbibe a little "Dutch" humbug. Seating himself opposite, the Doctor complacently proceeded to enwreath his person in a fantastically shifting cloud of tobacco-smoke, wherefrom he opened a masked fusillade of conversational queries, which, at first, drew from me but vacant and sententious responses. It was impossible, however, for the most indifferent mind to be long under the magnetic influence of his rare colloquial powers, without becoming interested. In a few short hours, his lore-enriched intellect brought me in contact with all the arts, sciences, and fallacies that had gained sway over the human heart since the earliest traditions of the race; and I became more than ever impressed with admiration for his extensive scholastic acquirements, and the intuitive profundity of his thoughts. My perceptions were never more acutely awake than when we parted company, at midnight.

Once in the solitude of my room, I placed the night-lamp on a stand, and, carelessly seating myself on a chair, leaning my head upon my hand, with my eyes dreamily fixed on the brightly flaming wicks, I passed the evening's conversation in leisurely review. I had been so engaged for perhaps fifteen minutes, when my attention was diverted to the light, which, growing less and less brilliant, had at length become but a sickly blue halo, flickering feebly at the

ends of the wick. I had but just fully observed this singular phenomenon, when the door leading into the room from the hall suddenly flew open and swung back against the wall with a loud slam. Naturally surprised at these unwonted and unaccountable occurrences, I sprang nervously to my feet, and went and closed the door. Then, returning to the stand, I took up the lamp and shook it vigorously, for the purpose of making it burn more freely. The desired effect being produced, I replaced the lamp on the stand, and proceeded to disrobe. I had but removed my outer garment, when the light again slowly dwindled to the same deathly, sickly, bluish halo as before, and the door again sprang ajar, with redoubled violence.

With a suppressed exclamation, I was hastening to close the door, when I experienced a sensation that would not have seemed particularly awful had it not been so unusual. I can but vaguely describe that sensation. I can only say that it was akin to what one might experience on being brought into contact with a mighty, invisible living principle, no less palpable to the senses because *felt* instead of seen.

Under the influence of this mighty, invisible power, an apathetic numbness took possession of my body and deprived me of all power of volition. Sensation and warmth gradually receded from my extremities. My legs and arms became as rigidly insensate as though hewn out of marble. Involuntarily my eyelids dropped down over my eyes and assumed the tense stiffness of sheet-iron; yet, instead of being deprived of sight thereby, my vision was preternaturally strengthened. One by one, the vital organs ceased their normal functions. Slower and slower throbbed the heart, as though oppressed by a heavy, yet painless weight, until its pulsations were no longer perceptible. The soul seemed to have withdrawn from all inferior

parts of the body and concentrated itself within the brain. I saw, as though standing apart from it, that my earthly form was inanimate and cold. I was dead, yet I was living.

A fascination that was terrible in its blind irresistibility fixed my attention on the black void beyond the open door, as though from that "impalpable obscure" was to come the solution of my strange condition. And I soon discovered near the top, and just without the casing, at about the height a grown person's head would be when standing, a globular-shaped, luminous mass of the size of a full-moon, at first hazily indistinct—as the moon would appear when seen through a fleecy cloud—but gradually growing brighter and brighter, as would the moon when the cloud passed.

Every emotion of fear forsook me as I contemplated this marvel, and a feeling of eagerness, security, and calm happiness pervaded my entire consciousness.

As I steadily contemplated the brightening globe, I saw that it paled centrally, and grew more and more luminous around the extreme edges, until it resembled a white, vapory veil of mist surrounded by a continuous rim of glowing fire. Within that circle of glowing fire—as distinctly as I ever beheld my own in a mirror—behind that veil of mist, I saw the forming of a face.

First, I saw a pair of large, calm, beneficent eyes; then a smooth, snowy, angelic forehead, crowned with long, flowing, shadowy hair; then were added a beautiful nose, mouth, chin, and cheeks: composing altogether a feminine countenance of sweet and rare supernatural beauty of outline and expression. I should say it was "as fair as a poet's dream," did I believe any poet ever dreamed so fair.

I saw, or thought that I saw, the exquisite lips move as in articulation; and, although I shall not aver I heard a voice,

these words, like a swell of softly glorious music resounded through my brain, "MY SON."

I must have fainted. When consciousness returned, I was lying upon the floor, the warm throe and throb of life again pervaded my body, the light was brightly burning, the door was shut. Sleep visited me not that night, but waking dreams of deep surmise kept me company. Preferring to brood over it for awhile in the solitude of my own mind, I did not speak of the affair to any person for several days. When I did speak, it was to the Doctor. He listened without comment as I described the features of the face that I saw "as in a midnight vision." When I had finished, he arose and paced the room for some time in silent, meditative reverie. At length, he came and stood before me. Looking down upon me for a moment with an expression in his grandly grave eyes that told of a soul deeply stirred, he

quietly said: "My boy, the face that you saw was the face of your dead mother idealized. Was it a phantasy of your brain, the 'baseless fabric of a dream,' or a heavenly visitation?"

Who shall decide?

My mother had died too early in my life for time to grave any likeness of her on my memory. Never afterward did the Doctor refer to the subject, nor did I. By tacit consent, it was as a dead secret between us.

Can a man deny and put from him the testimony of his own senses? I am still a disbeliever in the supernatural. Doubt sets her black signet upon all things. Hope sees no rainbows but when she weeps. Faith turns to dust. Is dust the veil of Immortality?

The lineaments of that seraphic countenance are as indelibly graven on my memory as are those of any of my mortal friends upon which I gaze from day to day.

THE MAGUEY—CENTURY PLANT.

ON the wonderfully varied list of the vegetable productions of tropical North America, the maguey, mescal, American aloe, century plant, or *Agave Americana*, as it is known in different localities by the natives, foreigners, or scientists, deserves the foremost place, as the most thoroughly characteristic and representative. A native of the great table-land of Anahuac, and arriving there at its highest state of perfection, it thrives in all tropical and semi-tropical America, from the Isthmus of Darien to San Francisco, maturing some years earlier or later in different localities, but maintaining its distinctive character, without a shadow of variation in other particulars anywhere. It may be found in the immediate vicinity of the ocean, in the *tierras calientes* of Mex-

ico, but thrives better on the highlands, and seems most at home within the tropics, at an elevation of about five thousand feet above the sea. It is found growing wild in all parts of Mexico and in Arizona, and to some extent in southern California, but east and north of the Rio Grande, on the eastern side of the continent, and north of Santa Barbara, on the Pacific Slope, it is only found in gardens, where it has been transplanted. In the valley of Mexico, at an elevation of seven to eight thousand feet above the sea, it grows thriftily, and is cultivated largely; but from one to two thousand feet lower down—say in the vicinity of Apam, on the Mexico and Vera Cruz Railway, around Puebla, and in the neighborhood of Tequila, in the State of Jalisco, at about the same ele-

vation—it is cultivated most extensively, and with greatest profit. In the localities last named, it matures in from four to seven years, five or six years being the average; while in other localities it requires ten years or more, and the cold, raw winds of San Francisco keep it back twelve or fifteen years.

The Aztecs, who first discovered its manifold uses, called it the maguey, and by that name it is universally known to this day in Mexico. Some foreign scientists have designated it as the American aloe, and its accepted scientific name is the *Agave Americana*. In the northern districts of Sonora and southern Arizona it is commonly spoken of as the mescal; from the liquor of that name which is made from it. One of the subdivisions of the gentle and lamb-like Apaches—see Vincent Colyer's report—is known as the Mescalero Apaches, from the fact of subsisting almost exclusively upon the plant, prepared as we shall hereafter describe, for the greater part of the year. For many years it was a common belief in the United States and Europe that this plant bloomed only once in a hundred years, and hence its name of the century plant, which it still retains in some localities. Accustomed to the fierce sun of the tropics, it naturally pined and almost ceased to grow when carried into the inhospitable atmosphere of New England or the Middle States; and, though never so carefully nursed in the hot-house, only gathered vigor enough to shoot up its great blossom-stalk and put forth its wonderful wealth of pale, greenish-white blossoms many years after the hands which had transplanted it had shrunk and withered with age, lost their cunning, and moldered back to dust. Some thirty years since, one of these century plants, which had been in the house of Van Rensselaer, the "Patroon of Albany," since the days of the Revolution, burst into bloom, and the event was the

wonder of the season in scientific and refined society, hundreds of visitors from all parts of the United States coming to look upon and marvel at the mysterious plant, which, had it the power of speech, might have told them of "the little birds that sang a hundred years ago" around it in its native land of sunshine and of flowers—far-distant Mexico. To those who had never looked upon its like before, and never might again, its name had a deep significance, for it was, in very truth, a century plant. It is no novelty to Californians, as it may be seen in the garden of almost every extensive private residence; but there are many facts connected with it which are not familiar to a majority of our readers.

What the bamboo is to the Chinaman, and something more, the maguey was to the ancient Aztec, and is to his descendants to the present day. Every day of the year, every hour of the day, he comes in contact with it in some shape. In more than a hundred forms he has utilized it and made it contribute to his sustenance and comfort: it is the prime necessity of his simple life. It is bread, and drink, and raiment to him; he is born upon it, cradled in it, fed upon it, clothed with it, dies upon it, and is buried in it. No other plant which grows upon earth is put to so great a variety of uses; and he knows them all.

On the table-land of Mexico one is never out of sight of it. It forms an impenetrable hedge, before which man and beast alike must turn back, around every field, and in many whole districts it is cultivated in vast fields, hundreds of thousands of plants being seen in a single plantation—ten acres of maguey to one of corn, and ten of corn to any thing else, being cultivated over a section of country larger than New England.

The maguey is propagated from suckers, of which each old plant throws off a number every year. It flourishes on all soils, but is said to do best upon rather

poor, clayey lands, or on hill-sides among old lava. It will grow thriftily where hardly any thing else can be produced, is not affected by the long drought of summer, and will withstand a heavy frost, and even a degree of cold sufficient to form ice an inch in thickness, without injury. A more hardy plant, or one more easily propagated or cultivated, is not known in the world. It is planted out in rows about ten feet apart, and, for one or two seasons, maize or wheat may be grown upon the same ground. After that, the land is used for grazing purposes, neither cattle nor sheep ever attacking the maguey, however hard pressed by hunger. The long, thick, lance-shaped leaves, of a pale, bluish-green color, each terminating in a sharp, stiff spine, or thorn, come up from the centre of the plant in a solid cone, detaching themselves one by one, and falling outward until the whole plant has taken something the shape of a pine-tree cone, the points of the leaves at the base standing out in a circle from six to twelve feet in diameter, and the point of the roll of leaves in the centre being perhaps six or eight feet in height. The Mexicans estimate the cost of a maguey plant in the field when arrived at maturity—reckoning the cost of planting and subsequent labor, interest, and use of land—at fifty cents, and its value for all purposes at \$5. It will be seen that a field containing 100,000 of these plants at maturity represents \$500,000, and there are many such in the country. Until it reaches maturity, it can be applied to no use, and the plantation is wholly unproductive of revenue.

But then it yields its various products quickly, and is removed to make room for a sucker which it has thrown off to take its place and go through the same routine. After the summer rains have ceased—say in October or November—the maguey, which has reached the proper stage of development, swells up

in the centre, and, in place of the upright roll of leaves, a head like that of a Flemish cabbage shows itself. This head quickly takes the form of a gigantic asparagus-sprout six to twelve inches in diameter, and shoots up into the air with astonishing rapidity—say at the rate of from six inches to one foot per day—until the height of fifteen to thirty feet is attained, when from three to fifteen hundred or two thousand pale, greenish-white blossoms are developed, and the maguey has entered upon the last stage of its existence. From that hour it fades and droops, and soon withers away and dies.

The maguey grows with perfect regularity, every plant in a field being exactly like every other, save in size; and, when it has arrived at maturity, its graceful and symmetrical outline, its towering height, and glorious crown of bloom make it one of the floral wonders of the tropics. Looking upon it as emblematic of the bounty of Heaven to man, the Aztecs regarded it with a feeling akin to religious veneration, and a dance something like our forefathers' May-pole dance, which was held at a certain season around a maguey in bloom, was in some manner engrafted upon the religious rites of the Church when they embraced the Christian faith, and is still performed occasionally in some localities, though of late years falling into disrepute. The plants do not all mature at the same time, though of the same age and in the same field, and care is taken to have a part replaced by new plants annually, so that the plantation may always be producing an income to its owner.

When the centre of the plant ceases to throw off leaves and the "head" commences forming preparatory to the shooting out of the blossom-stalk, the maguey becomes available to the planter. The head thus formed may be cut out and roasted for food. Thus cooked it is very

sweet to the taste, and exceedingly nutritious, with a peculiarly pleasant flavor, not unlike that of maple sugar. The poor natives consume it in this form to a very large extent; and the gentle Apache of Arizona or Sonora, when he prepares for his annual visits to the settlements of his White brothers, lays in a good supply of this roasted mescal or maguey, to serve him for provision for the trip, in case the *corrals* of the frontiersmen should prove to be too well guarded, and the expected supply of meat diet consequently fail him. After roasting the head, he beats it out with a club—or his wife does it for him—into cakes about the thickness of a man's hand, which are dried in the sun and are then fit for use, remaining so if kept dry for years. This diet is a little coarse, but very nourishing, and, varied with an occasional grasshopper, lizard, rattlesnake, horned frog, or ground-squirrel, serves him very well when he can not get mule, horse, or horned cattle.

This head is also made use of still more extensively for the manufacture of the fiery alcoholic liquor known as *mes-cal*, which is something like Scotch whisky, only considerably more so. After being roasted, the heads are bruised with a club, then sewn up in the rawhides of cattle placed on sticks like the four legs of the animal, and exposed in the sun until fermentation takes place. If the sun's heat is not sufficient, artificial heat is resorted to. As fermentation progresses, a large quantity of liquor like beer is thrown off from the mass and conducted to a reservoir. This liquor is then run through a small copper still, and the result is a clear, colorless alcohol of high proof, containing about fifty fights to the quart, a *pronunciamiento* to the gallon, and a successful revolution to the barrel, if other circumstances are favorable. This liquor is distilled largely all over Mexico, but certain localities produce favorite brands which bring

larger prices than the ordinary article, which generally retails for about 6¼ cents per bottle.

But the quantity used in the manufacture of *mescal* is small, compared with that required for the production of *pulque*, the common tippie of the lower class of Mexicans in the capital and throughout all central Mexico. The great plantations, or *haciendas*, in the States of Mexico, Hidalgo, Morelos, Puebla, and Tlaxcala, are almost wholly devoted to *pulque* production. The plants are inspected daily during the season, and when the head has formed and the blossom-stalk is about to put forth, the centre of the plant is cut out with a large, sharp knife, and a reservoir capable of holding a couple of gallons or more formed. Into this reservoir the sap which would have gone to form the giant blossom-stalk flows freely, and every morning two men visit each plant to gather it. One carries a pig-skin—taken off whole—and the other a long calabash with a small hole in each end. Thrusting one end of this calabash down into the reservoir he applies his lips to the other end, sucks away until it is filled with the juice, when he covers the upper opening with his thumb to keep the sap from running out at the bottom, and transfers the contents to the pig-skin. This process is repeated at plant after plant until the pig-skin is filled. Then a small quantity of old, sour *pulque*, to act as yeast, is added, and the opening in the skin is tied up. The skins, looking now like so many fresh-dressed hogs' carcasses, are exposed to the sun for a day or two, and the *pulque* is then fit for market. It is a thin, milky-white fluid, not unlike some kinds of small beer in appearance, very nauseous to the uneducated taste, and highly intoxicating, or rather stupefying, in its effects, when drunk by the quart or pailful, according to the custom of the country. It is said to be very nourishing in its properties,

and is recommended by resident physicians to consumptives, people with weak stomachs, mothers nursing their infants, and others requiring a mild stimulant. Thousands of pig-skins of this liquor are brought into the city of Mexico daily on men's backs, and a special railroad train, known as the "Pulque Train," runs down to Apam daily, coming back loaded with it. *Pulquerias* in Mexico take the place of wine and beer-shops in Europe and the United States, and, the liquor being sold at about three cents per quart, is consumed in almost unlimited quantities by the common classes. It produces a mild, good-natured drunk, more like the effect of opium than like that of whisky, and in this respect is the direct opposite of *mescal*. You may see a dozen water-carriers or other laborers standing or lying about the door of any good and reputable *pulqueria*, at a time, all grinning and making the most grotesque faces at each other—not quarreling or showing the least ill-will—and, in fact, all "happy and content, as Swinley's boarders, the best-looking men in town," etc. These drunks are considered an indication of the good quality of the *pulque* kept within; and it is stated by foreigners resident in the capital that when the proprietor of a *pulqueria* sees noon approaching and finds none accumulating about his door-way, he will give a water-carrier, or an *arriero*, a drink to go over the way, steal a few from his rival, and bring them and set them up against the wall in front of his own premises. I do not state this as a fact within my own knowledge.

This *pulque* had been the national beverage of the Aztecs for many centuries when the Spaniards, under Hernando Cortez, drenched the land in blood, and established the religion of the meek and lowly Saviour of Mankind on the ruins of paganism—and conquered a new and mighty empire for his Most Catholic Majesty, the King

of Spain. An ancient legend attributes its discovery to the daughter of the King of Tula; and one of the finest paintings in the Academy of Arts, in Mexico, represents her appearing before her father and offering him the liquor in an earthen bowl, as he sits upon his throne, surrounded by his dusky Court. Attendants are bringing in the maguey from which the centre has been cut, to show him how the trick is done, and every thing is natural enough, save the expression of the monarch's face, which is one of such unmixed satisfaction as never beamed on human countenance, savage or civilized, at the first taste of *pulque*. There the artist failed.

When the centre has been cut away for roasting for food, making *mescal*, or gathering the sap for *pulque*, the plant is cut up, the leaves separated and thrown into water to rot, and the fibre—which resembles the finest quality of hemp, each leaf yielding a hank as thick as a man's wrist and three to five feet in length—is beaten out from them at the proper time as the fibre of hemp or flax is separated from the rotted stalk. From this fibre cordage of every size and description, from the smallest fish-line to the largest cable, coarse sewing-thread, cloth, matting, paper, and an almost inconceivable number of fancy articles and things of every-day use and convenience are manufactured. The miraculous picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, which came down from heaven to be carried by the hand of the pious Juan Diego, to overturn the doubt and confirm the faith of the Bishop of Mexico, more than three centuries ago, and still hangs in the gorgeous chapel erected on the spot in her honor, was painted on cloth made from the maguey fibre—thus demonstrating conclusively that the plant is of higher origin than others of the earth, and entitled to greater respect and veneration.

We have not space to pursue the subject of the maguey and its uses. Enough

has been said to show how much it contributes to the comfort of man; and, in fact, how indispensable it is to him in tropical America, and indicate some of the benefits which we might possibly derive from its cultivation in California, where it grows to perfection, though an exotic and a stranger by nature to our soil.

It is a curious fact that the maguey has recently been called upon as a witness to prove the truth of Asiatic history, and show that our neighbor "John," of the pig-tail and the almond eyes, was here long before us, and can, by right, claim to be the original discoverer of America. Among the old Aztec hieroglyphical records, painted on maguey cloth, in the archives of Mexico, is one which, commencing—as, indeed, they all do—at the Hill of the Grasshopper (Aztec, Chapul-tepec), shows the wanderings of one branch of the great Aztec family, which claims to have originated at the dawn of the Creation in the valley of Mexico—and the writer believes that it did so—moving northward until it came to a river running toward the west, on the banks of which it built cities and dwelt many years. Here, on the banks of this river, they met a deputation of people from a far country with whom they could converse only by signs, who were clad in lustrous garments of a beautiful material such as they, the Aztecs, had never seen before. Who were those strangers? When Cortez brought to Tlaxcala the royal banner of Old Spain, the fabric of which was silk, the Tlaxcalans declared that strangers from another world had come from the northward many centuries before, clad in garments of the same material. They coveted this banner so much that after they had assisted him in reducing the Mexicans to

slavery, Cortez gave it to them, and there it hangs on the wall of their Hall of Records in Tlaxcala at this hour.

Now, the Chinese assert that more than fourteen centuries ago—a thousand years before old Christoval Colon sailed forth on an unknown sea, on the voyage of discovery which "gave to Castile and Leon a new world"—a party of Buddhist missionary priests crossed the Great Sea, seven thousand miles wide, and came to the land of *Fu-sang*, at the north, then made their way southward until they came to a river running toward the western sea, on the banks of which dwelt a people who cultivated the earth, and derived food, drink, shelter, and clothing from a plant which they describe in detail, and which was unmistakably the maguey. Eminent European scholars resident in China are said to vouch for the fact that old Chinese records detail these facts; and Ignacio Altamirano, the best living Aztec scholar, declares his full belief in the authenticity of both the Aztec and corresponding Chinese records, and that the river to which both allude was unquestionably the Gila, near which the ruins of mighty cities still attest the truth of Aztec and Mongolian history. The people who dwelt in those mysterious cities have passed away, and not even their tombs remain; but among the ruins of the walls they reared, now crumbling to decay, the maguey still grows green and vigorous, lifting its snowy banner far into the pure air of the desert, in summer's burning heat and winter's driving storm, proclaiming, like the muezzin from the minarets of the Mosque of Omar, the beneficence and the glory of the Most Merciful, the Almighty, in a land of silence, and loneliness, and savage desolation.

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Where the cocoa and cactus are neighbors,
 Where the fig and the fir-tree are one;
 Where the brave corn is lifting bent sabres
 And flashing them far in the sun;
 Where maidens blush red in their tresses
 Of night, and retreat to advance,
 And the dark, sweeping eyelash expresses
 Deep passion, half hushed in a trance—
 More deep than a language confesses,
 More dear than a sign or a glance;

Where the fig is in leaf, where the blossom
 Of orange is fragrant as fair;
 Santa Barbara's balm in the bosom—
 Her sunny, soft winds in the hair;
 Where the grape is most luscious, where laden
 Long branches bend double with gold;
 And Los Angeles leans like a maiden,
 Red, blushing, half shy, and half bold;

Where passion was born, and where poets
 Are deeper in silence than song,
 And a love knows a love, and may know its
 Reward, yet may never know wrong;
 Where passion was born, and where blushes
 Gave birth to my songs of the South,
 And a song is a love-tale, and rushes,
 Unchid, through the red of the mouth,
 And, unshamed, the sweet story discloses:
 I repose, I am glad, and take wine
 In the odors of eloquent roses,
 And under my fig and my vine.

COYOTE CAÑON.

THE Doctor was standing in the foremost row, where, without turning his head or stretching forward, he could gaze down directly into the pit, and observe every thing that therein transpired; and there was no face in all the crowd that bore as deep an impress of jealous envy. The majority seemed to take the matter good-naturedly and philosophically; and there were several who congratulated Roaring Tom with as loud and enthusiastic applaud as though he had been their own brother—men without coats to their backs, and with the elbows of their red shirts torn into slits, rejoicing in a companion's fortune, and, for themselves, awaiting that turn of fate which they felt assured would some day intervene in their own favor.

Events sometimes move rapidly; and one exciting scene will not be thoroughly comprehended in all its bearings before the slide will shift and new wonders be shown. At one moment the Doctor was gazing down into the claim with greedy envy depicted in every line and feature, as his eyes followed the motions of Roaring Tom wielding the pick, and every few seconds stooping to pull out the little red nuggets embedded in the compact mass of stones. The next moment the Doctor turned partly around with dismay and affright—with the unmistakable expression of one who might have been long expecting the attack and now felt that it had come; for a heavy hand was suddenly laid upon his shoulder, and a harsh voice said, "Where did you pick up my horse, you scoundrel?"

It was Abel Bradshaw who spoke—it was his hand, that, with one flexible

movement, crept up from the Doctor's shoulder and held with a firm grasp the collar of his flannel shirt. Large, broad-shouldered, muscular, and alert—the captor held his victim with a close grip from which there could be no escape, even had not the crowd, at the first intimation of a disturbance, rapidly closed around.

"How came you by that gray pony?" reiterated Abel. And now his fingers slowly relaxed from the shirt-collar, for the closing in of the crowd too surely prevented any thought of escape, even had the trembling limbs of the victim admitted of flight. "Speak out! can't you?"

"I found him straying and I took him, hoping some day to meet the owner, and then I—— No; I bought him from a stranger, not knowing that—— D—— you! take your horse, then, since it is yours, and let me go!"

"Not so fast! not so fast! And which of them stories am I to believe?" retorted Abel; and his face now expressed the sentiment of all the rest. For the culprit had too surely betrayed himself. Either of his pleas, by itself, might have been accepted as a plausible one, for it would have given the benefit of a doubt. But to couple the two extenuations together was surely a fatal error.

"Which of them is it, I say?" repeated Abel; when the victim, released from the firm grasp, sank slowly to the ground. Seeing the blunder he had already committed, had he not better continue silent, and trust to chance or to pity for escape? For the moment, indeed, it seemed as though some reliance might be placed upon the latter, for many began to be compassionately

moved at that spectacle of abject terror; and, despite the prevailing ill-favor toward the Doctor, a few voices were, one after the other, raised in his behalf.

"I suppose it is your horse, sure enough, Bradshaw; but now that you've got him ——"

"Should rather think it was my horse, boys. Had him stolen some thirty miles down the road, three weeks ago. Tethered him along with the mules, and went to sleep, and when I woke up, the mules was all there, but the horse was gone. Didn't ever expect to see him again, but just found him a few minutes ago, in front of this fellow's tent. I knowed the horse at once, and what's more, the horse knowed me."

"Yes, to be sure; in course it was yourn. But now that you've got the beast back, why not let this poor devil go?"

"Nothing to me what becomes of him," responded Abel. "Let him go, if you all say so; and lucky he will be, too, for in some of the mines they would have hung him, sure."

Though the majority, moved by the pitiable condition of the prisoner, were inclined to release him, there were not a few who were now in favor of hanging; alleging that they had no grudge against the fellow, but that an example must be made, or else life and property would not be anywhere safe. These men were principally old miners, and they now quoted the example of other diggings in which they had formerly lived; some of which, owing to a rigorous execution of justice, were so purified from disorder that a man could safely lie out alone with a bag of gold-dust at his side, while, on the contrary, in other places, a lax code of mining-law had resulted in abundant robbery, murder, and general disorder. This being the first instance of transgression in the Coyote Mine since its opening, the question of its proper treatment assumed

some importance, being not merely a matter of the punishment or release of a single criminal, but the selection of a fixed penal policy for the future. Therefore those who favored extreme punishment were listened to with calm thoughtfulness; and their number was gradually enlarging, when a third party arose and threatened for a moment to win the day.

"Why must we be obliged either to hang him or let him go?" was suggested. "Is there no middle course? Let us put a mark upon him which will make him known for all the future. Cut off his ears, I say."

"Yes; that's the thing. Bully for you! Cut off his ears!"

The cry was taken up at once, and bade fair to prevail. Already one or two men had their dirk-knives ready for presentation to the person selected to perform the job; and then, one, more eager than the rest, stooped down, and, with almost affectionate longing, lifted the golden curls from the temples of the present crouching victim. Like a flash, came a revulsion in the sentiments of the whole crowd. For, beneath those clustering and hitherto overshadowing locks appeared the unmistakable signs of a mutilation having already been performed, and at no distant day; and a yell of vindictive surprise arose from all the crowd.

"Look, boys! He has stolen horses elsewhere, it seems! What shall we do with him now?" hoarsely cried one of the leaders.

In the confusion, some one pointed significantly toward a neighboring pine; and upon that the crowd began to move, sweeping the criminal along with them. But at that instant one of the men broke into their midst, and called upon them, with a loud voice, to stop. He had not spoken hitherto, and seemed little known to the majority of them. But he was evidently one of those men endowed

with that certain, indescribable magnetic power which fits them to influence and command wherever they go; and the crowd paused, and, hushing even their babble of suggestion and threatenings, listened intently to what he might have to say.

"Gently—gently, boys!" were his quiet words. "You would not hang a man in hot blood, would you? That would only bring disgrace upon the cañon. A fair trial, boys—a fair trial, whatever he may have done. Don't think that I want any one to escape punishment, if he is guilty; but he must be tried first."

"And so he must—and I know you, too!" cried Four-ace Bill. "Dern my buttons if you ain't Colonel Bowler, of the Big-tree Junction! Don't you remember me, Colonel?"

"I think I remember a fellow looking like you," was the quiet reply. "You were accused of robbing a Mexican, and came near being hung for it—which would have been rather hard luck. And if you hadn't had a fair trial, you would have been hung, without any question; wouldn't you?"

"But it was proved that I didn't do it, Colonel, wasn't it?" eagerly demanded Bill, amidst the laughter of the crowd. "Tell them that, now!"

"Yes, Bill; be easy on that score. It all came out that it was another man, and that the worst you ever did was to drink too much, and get into free fights. I'll say that for you. But you see from that, boys, that a fair trial is due to every man; and this fellow must have it, as well as any other. Why, hang it, boys! you can wait until to-morrow, can't you? The game won't spoil. So take him over to his own tent, and let a guard be kept over him; and to-morrow, when we are not in as hot blood, we will convene a court, and do every thing regularly and in order."

Influenced by his manner and by his

argument, and partially put into a good humor by the sudden exposure of Four-ace Bill's previous dangers, the crowd assented, and immediately began to disperse, forgetting, in that superior matter of excitement, all about Roaring Tom's rich strike, and intent only upon the fate of the prisoner.

In all the mine, there were found few to sympathize with the culprit—none to take his fate to heart, except where, before his own tent-door, Giles Holden sat at his expiring fire, and, with his face buried between his knees, was absorbed in deep reflection.

He was sick and aching at heart. It seemed a cruel thing to be forced to hold his conduct in his own hands, and be thus obliged to balance irresolutely to and fro, between proffered good fortune on the one hand, and his inner consciousness of right and wrong upon the other. It was a self-dispute about a simple, plain, untrammelled matter—a thing admitting of no dependent or connecting issues, but only to be decided by Yes or No; and yet, so much hung upon that decision! The plain, uncompromising question, whether or not he should try to save that man—that was all.

Upon the one side was the continuance to Addie, his betrothed, of her good fortune—more than ever desirable, now that he had so rashly lost all the benefit of his long labor, and had become almost penniless, except for the few nuggets that he had picked up during the last few days and the trifle for which he had sold his claim. To save her fortune to her, all he had to do was to remain silent—not to raise hand or foot, but to let the rude course of mining justice run on to its destined and usual end. The man would be hanged—no one would know even his name, certainly not the peculiar relation existing between those two—the circumstance would be soon forgotten—there would be a little grave somewhere, flattened to

the ground, with no record planted upon it, and in a few days thereafter to be overgrown and unnoticed: and that was all. And, with that, the little fortune at home would be assured beyond any further danger. But yet, in his own heart, Holden felt that he, at least, could never forget the event—that, ever after, there would return to torment him the guilty memory of having stood by and consented to the death of one, who, though so debased, was none the less the brother of her whom he so loved and trusted. It seemed as though thenceforth the mere thought of that nameless grave would haunt him, keeping him from resting at home, and drawing him away, year after year, to look upon the spot as upon a piece of his own foul work—as though his very dreams would betray him, and force him to mutter in his sleep the dreadful secret.

On the other hand, there was the chance, that, by active exertions, he might save the man—a mere chance, perhaps, but still something to snatch at with hope. Were he to succeed, it would not be necessary for him to reveal the fact that a little fortune of ten thousand dollars awaited a claimant at home. Life being saved, the rescued man might be left to wander off to other mines, and very likely would soon meet his end in some different manner. But what if the man were some day to drift back to his home for rest and old association, as men will sometimes do? Then would come the revelation of that precious legacy gathered in by another's hand—the recognition of that other one as the person who had known of his existence and legal rights, and yet had failed to make disclosure in the proper season—the recrimination, beggary, and probable disgrace. Would it be worth while to live with the incubus of such an apprehension weighing upon him year after year? Would it not be better, at the very first, to give up every thing,

and for another season trust to the chances of the mines?

So, balancing the *pro's* and *con's* of right and wrong—feeling all the time in his own heart in which direction the proper path really lay—he sat and pondered. The mist of evening fell around and shrouded the mine in gloom. The distant hills vanished from sight. The neighboring pines lost separate distinctness, and coalesced into one ragged border of blackness against the darkening sky. Here and there along the farther border of the cañon scattered camp-fires began to twinkle. His own camp-fire fell away, and began to smolder into nothingness; when suddenly the tread of an intruder came near, and a hand was lightly laid upon his shoulder.

“Look here, Holden,” said Frank Gildersleeve, in a hurried, excitable sort of whisper, “that man must be saved. We must not let him be put to death, if we can help it. But, good gracious, old fellow! Arouse yourself a little, and do not take things so much to heart!”

“To heart, you say?” responded the other, with a vacant, half-affrighted gaze, as though his terrible secret had been read. “About what, Frank?”

“Why, about your bad luck with the claim. It was hard, to be sure; but you have the mines all before you, and may very well do better another day. Let that pass. This man—can we not do something to save him?”

“But how, Frank?”

“We can, at least, try; can we not? If we fail, we will have done our duty. Perhaps, after I have been a little while longer in the country, I may not mind these things as much. I may even grow to approve of them. But now, Holden, being not yet used to such rough doings, it don't seem quite the right course to hang a man for merely stealing a horse.”

“See here, Frank. What interest can you have in this fellow? Why should you not rather be glad to let things take

their course, and so get him out of the way? Don't you remember that a few days ago you were so jealous that you could have picked a quarrel with him and put a ball into him? And now, that a lot of men take the affair into their own hands, and, without your saying a word or raising a finger, propose to finish him, you wheel around, and are ready to fight for him. I don't understand it."

"I think I understand it, Holden. I can see that I need not be jealous of him any more. He is not a bad-looking fellow, as some would count looks; and I remember that I was very angry at seeing Tiny smile upon him as she did, and talk about him—though perhaps she did that partly to tease me. And if he were at home, and in good favor socially, it might be that he could give me a great deal of trouble that way. But I feel assured, now, that Tiny could never smile again upon a man so disgraced."

"Of course not, Frank."

"That may not help me, though," he continued. "There are more men in the world than we two. You see, when I heard that he had been seized, and might be hung, I felt, for the instant, a kind of secret joy, just because he was going to be put out of the world and out of my way, without any care or responsibility on my part. That was a murderous thought, was it not?"

"It was a thought that would be very easy for any one to have," responded Holden, hanging his head, as he felt that he had given himself up to a similar frame of mind, and perhaps had not as fully tried to realize to himself the error of it. "But go on."

"I tried to repress the thought, but, hearing more of the affair and of his career, I knew that Tiny could never think of him with favor, and that my mind could be easy about that. Then, Holden, I began to wonder how I should have acted, if matters had been different. Suppose that he was not such a

vagabond, but had been unjustly accused, and was in danger of being hung for some other person's fault? I knew, then, that if I stood aloof and let things take their course, I would be, in a manner, consenting to his death, and would be reaping advantage from it. It would be so like blood-money! And not for ten thousand dollars would I——"

"Why do you say ten thousand dollars?" interrupted Holden, looking up, suspiciously, at the instant the mention of that particular sum struck a chill through him.

"Why do I say it?" responded Frank, somewhat surprised at the singularity of the question. "I suppose I mentioned that sum as being the only one that, at the moment, came into my head. Any other amount would have done as well for an illustration. What I meant was, that for no sum of money would I be in the position of taking advantage of another man's death, when, perhaps, I might have rescued him. Well, as I was saying, let us imagine that things were a little different, and that by his death I could have won Tiny. I tell you, Holden, that I believe I would then be the most miserable man in the world. Every time I would look at her, I would feel like an assassin—as though I had only gained her by striking another man down. Better would it be to have this fellow live and take her away from my side, and settle down next door to me all the rest of my life—better that, a thousand times, than the other."

"Yes—yes, much better, Frank," murmured Holden, sinking his head between his hands. "Go on."

"That is all, I believe. There is nothing more. Except that, having made up my mind, I must try to save him. Have I made myself understood?"

"Almost too plainly, Frank; for you have shown me what, and how, I—that is to say, you are right, and I am wrong; and—— Let us go now," and the man

slowly raised himself from the ground and stood erect. All doubts, subterfuge, and subtlety were swept away. "Let us go, Frank; and whether we succeed or not in saving that man, at least we will have eased our consciences, so that——"

"My conscience, you mean, Holden. For what trouble can you be in about the matter?"

"Yes, your conscience, if you will have it so. Though it might be on my own—on every body's conscience who stood idly by and let a man die for such a crime. So, take my hand, and we will go to Colonel Bowler's tent. There, I fancy, the matter must be decided. But first, Frank——"

"Well?"

"Look yonder"—and he pointed toward Judge Stetwin's tent, only a few paces off. For awhile, it had appeared dark and obscured; but, within the last moment, a slumbering coal had suddenly lighted into flame and had leaped up, licking the dry twigs that had lain upon it, and the contagion of fiery animation had spread from top to bottom of the pile, and now the whole was in a merry blaze, with sportive crackling. The ruddy flame leaped high, covering the white canvas with a glow, and bringing into plain relief the soft folds of the white garments of one who sat therein. "Look there, Frank."

"Well, Holden?"

"Perhaps you had better first go thither," said Holden. "You know how often I have told you not to be afraid. You see that she is alone. Most probably the Judge has gone over to the camp on our errand. Seize the opportunity. I will go on, and you can follow in time to give me your aid."

"Yes, I will go," responded Gildersleeve, mustering courage; and, wringing Holden by the hand—as when one takes good-bye of his companions to go upon a forlorn hope—he pressed forward. Then, having advanced a few

paces, his valor seemed to ooze out, and he turned longingly after Holden, possibly with intent to join him again. But the other was already some distance off, and advancing with long strides. Gildersleeve, again turning, crept slowly and irresolutely along, and at last, almost before he was aware of it, found himself standing before Tiny.

"Good-evening, Frank," she said. There seemed to be a sadness in her tone, and he imagined that it boded no good to his cause. In dire disturbance of spirit, he moodily played with the handle of his sheath-knife—that fancy implement, which was never drawn except to cut off pine chips to start the camp-fire—and responded:

"To you, also, Tiny. You are all alone, I see."

"Yes, Frank. Father has gone across to see if he can not do something for that unhappy man."

"As I supposed. In fact, Holden told me that I would find him there, when I went over—for I am going over there, too, in a moment, Tiny. I am going to join the others, and try to save him."

"You, too, will really do that, Frank? Thanks—a great many thanks. You will make me obliged to you for all the rest of my life."

"Ah!" and he breathed hard for a moment. It seemed to him that these were, after all, greater thanks than the nature of the case demanded. And the thought crossed him that perhaps he had been right in his first jealous suppositions, and that she really cared for the doomed man. Did not women sometimes take strange fancies? Had he not read that they had been known to fall in love with dwarfs, and cripples, and all sorts of strange monstrosities; and, therefore, would a pair of clipped ears be so certain to deter Tiny or turn her from her passion, more especially as it might have been engendered before

the revelation of that disgraceful mutilation? And, as for the man's detection in crime, was it not almost a cardinal article of faith among women never to surrender their affections by reason of any sin or misfortune in the objects of them, but rather, perhaps, to cling the closer to them? And then, too, he remembered the sadness with which she had that moment greeted him.

It did not occur to him that the late incident of mining life, which had been so powerful to arouse all the slumbering passions and energies of the men, might well suffice to depress the spirits of a young girl. In her passage across the Plains, she had seen rough life enough, but it was a life of mere hardship, without cruelty or bitterness of men toward each other. The daily tasks had been gone through good-temperedly and with mutual spirit of kindness, and the occasional dangers had drawn those bonds of fellowship even stronger, making all the party stand shoulder to shoulder in yet more complete feeling of fraternity. But now, upon her very entrance into the promised land, the scene seemed changed. Confusion, outbreak, and charges of crime had intervened; retribution and revenge by some rough, impromptu law were everywhere spoken of. Only a few yards distant was the tent of the prisoner himself, into which she had seen him led, with cords upon his wrists, and around it a cordon of three men, keeping, with shouldered rifles, a sharp watch after attempt at escape or rescue.

"Well, Tiny," said Frank, after a moment's despondent reflection, "I will do what I can for him, since I find that it pleases you so much. I would that it were any one else, though. I came to tell you—I hoped——"

Fairly breaking down, he stopped; while upon Tiny's face there was, for the instant, a shade of puzzled expression. Then, as she began to comprehend his meaning, a slight smile of

amused perception flickered across her face. Was his jealous nature still asserting itself? Should she again, as a few days ago, tease him into renewed wildness and despair?

"Why, listen to me, Frank," she said, holding out the olive-branch at last, and resolutely driving from her heart every temptation to coquetry. "Can you really be so blinded as to believe that for an instant I could have thought or cared about that miserable, wretched man, who never came near me without causing me to shudder, but whose impending fate I can not, for all that, help deploring?"

"No, Tiny! Are you really in earnest? I thought—then, perhaps, you can——. See here, Tiny; I have been so long wanting to talk to you about it, but then I thought it would be more honorable for me, perhaps, to wait until you saw me as I shall be in San Francisco. May I talk to you about it when I get to San Francisco?"

In his new-found hope, he seemed to have gained courage at least; and so, getting together such few dislocated words, rambled on, expressing every thing, indeed, but actually saying nothing for a certainty. He believed, though, not only for the moment, but afterward, when he came to think it over, that he had expressed himself with clearness, conciseness, and impassioned eloquence. Should she provoke him a little now, and affect to remain ignorant of his real meaning, and so once more put him to the blush?

"Yes, Frank. When we get to San Francisco, you can—can say to me what you wish."

Looking up slyly and timidly, she watched his color come and go, her own face showing responsive tints; and so, looking into each other's eyes, they saw that the question was settled between them.

"Now go, Frank, and do what you

can to save that poor man. For my sake, you know."

"Yes, for your sake, Tiny. You see I am not jealous any more." And, moved with sudden access of courage, he took her hand and lovingly stooped toward her. But she laughingly drew back.

"Not now, Frank—not yet. Not until you have said every thing to me—San Francisco, you know."

And so, suddenly losing his courage again—for he had already gone further than he had ever anticipated he could—he feebly echoed her laugh and left her. Wondering, as he strode over the plain, how he had ever dared to speak out as plainly as he had, and yet, now that it was done, wondering to find that it was all so easy; puzzling himself, at times, with the doubt whether he could be as eloquent again in the day when he came to talk to Judge Stetwin upon the subject; a little mystified with the idea that perhaps it was a dream, and that any moment he might wake up to the dread reality of nothing at all having transpired—so he stumbled on toward the camp. Nor had he quite collected all his faculties, when, coming to the end of his route, he found himself at the camp-fire of Colonel Bowler, upon the outskirts of a little group of which the Colonel himself was the prominent centre.

The Colonel stood with one hand firmly braced upon his left hip, the other hanging carelessly at his side, in apparent readiness for action or oratory, as the nature of the case might require; while he calmly listened to the running commentary of argument and suggestion that flowed on about him. Thus noticed, he could not fail of being recognized, even at a careless glance, as a man of marked influence, though it might not have been easy to tell exactly why. His figure was well knit, his eye clear, his forehead broad and expansive, his mouth firm-set and decisive; yet there were

other men around whose conflict with the world had stamped them, in greater degree, perhaps, with the same attributes of feature and expression. Possibly it might have been the nature of his dress which assisted him; since in that he was most scrupulously neat, joined to some regard for the picturesque, and contrasting forcibly with the usual display of others about him. Most of the miners carried their rags and discolorations without attempt at disguise or concealment, and even with a sort of wild enjoyment, as though these were the patents of social freedom; while even Judge Stetwin, who seemed to maintain a careful attention and propriety in the matter of costume, displayed something of the remains of an Eastern and civilized air, a little at variance with those wilds, and far less effective in the creation of a suitable impression, than were the nice-fitting red shirt and black pistol-belt and slouched Panama of the Colonel. But whether it came from face, or form, or dress, or all together, it is certain, that, wherever he went, the Colonel seemed marked out as a natural repository for confidence, and in any disturbance, was, with a sort of unanimous acclaim, selected as the proper instrument of the public will. Even here that flattering destiny attended him; for, though at the time of the arrest, he had appeared upon the scene late and almost unknown, at once he seemed to inspire a general trustfulness in his ability to express and carry out the common interests; and now, without any formal appointment or election, stood in the centre of the group, the acknowledged judge and master of the occasion.

The group was not a large one. There were perhaps eight or ten men in all, among whom were Judge Stetwin, Abel Bradshaw, and Giles Holden. There were a few others, who, being recognized in a greater or less degree as leading spirits of the *cañon*, felt that they

had authority to be present at that acknowledged central council. The company remained a small one, and, with some dignity and thoughtfulness, discussed the weighty matter of the disposition of the culprit. For, though this was not the trial, and though it had been determined that the trial should take place the next day and be attended with scrupulous fairness and with all the ceremony that the nature of the case would allow, it could not fail to be perceived, that, inasmuch as the criminal had already committed himself, there could be no question about the verdict, and that, in this informal deliberation, his fate would be determined.

"You speak to the point, Judge Stetwin," remarked the Colonel, "and yet you speak as a lawyer rather than as one acquainted with the rights and necessities of a population like ours. You have been too lately in the East, you see; in a few months, you will look at these matters with other eyes. You say that we have no authority in law to take this man's life, and that, in any event, we should not take one life except for another; that the death penalty for a theft is not a thing to be thought of or allowed. Is not that your line of argument?"

"Exactly, Colonel Bowler. Nor do I see how you can avoid giving way to it."

"Only on the ground, Judge, that the necessities of the country have made a higher law, and one which, under certain circumstances, you yourself will admit. What do you do with the Indian on the Plains who has stolen your horse, and whom you overtake with the property in his possession? He has his constitutional rights as well as any other person, perhaps, and yet you shoot him on the spot. Why do you not rather imprison him for five or six years? Because not only is there no available prison at hand, but if there was, the fellow would laugh at such a punishment. Therefore you

strip him of his constitutional rights make a new law for the occasion, and shoot him. Now, here is a man who is as troublesome to our frontier civilization as is an Indian on the Plains. He has already been punished probably for a similar offense, by the loss of his ears. He will not heed the warning, and does the same thing again. What, then, shall be done? Where are your State-prisons? And, in lieu of them, must we let him go? By the same rule, you must then release any one who commits any crime, which, in more settled communities, is not known as a crime unto death; and where then, in a little while, would be your personal safety—yes, the safety of your child, Judge Stetwin?"

"But still——"

"Look upon it in another light, Judge. In the East, you punish the man who forges a twenty-dollar check more severely than he who takes a twenty-dollar bill from off a counter. And why? Because the former crime can be more easily committed, and therefore must be attended with greater severities for its prevention. Now, then, theft is an easy matter here, and hence the punishment of it must be more severe, to act as a deterrent. We have no iron safes for our gold, or stables for our horses and mules."

"There may be some reason in what you say, Colonel; but yet not enough to convince me, at least in the present matter. I have no especial reason to care for this man, and yet, as I do not like to see a life taken illegally, I must try to save him. Since, then, I fail to convince you, I must try another course. I was about to leave for San Francisco to-morrow noon, but now I will remain over. I will attend at what you call his trial, and will argue in his behalf. If that is insufficient, I will be present even at the place of execution, appeal to the people, and——"

"No, no; don't do that, Judge," in-

errupted the Colonel, laying his hand upon the other's arm. "I don't mean, you will understand, to keep you away for the purpose of insuring the fellow's death. I don't want the responsibility of contriving that. I stand here as the exponent of the people's will, and if they say he should be hung, I can't but agree with them that it should be done. On the other hand, if they say let him go, I will cheerfully assent. I merely now give you the hint to keep aloof, so that your ideas may have fair play. Stay away, and it may be possible that, at the last moment, the miners will take compassion and let the wretch go free. I have known it happen, though not often. Interfere, and his doom is sealed."

"And why?"

"Because you are known to be a lawyer. Men here are distrustful of the law and its agents. I do not say that they are wisely so. I simply state a fact. Many of these miners have been ruined by the law, as administered by corrupt practitioners, and they now dread it as a pestilence, and will have none of it, if they can help it. Others have not had much to do with the law personally, but they believe it to be an instrument made up of delays, extortions, appeals, and exaction, and they, too, will have none of it. Stay away, therefore, and trust to the only chance—the possible awakening pity of a crowd. If they see you interfering, it will arouse all their fierce sentiment of opposition to the chance of any application of that old system which they have so learned to dread as one of injustice and oppression; and then no power on earth can save the man. Why, Judge Stetwin, there is no one in the whole mine who can not do more for him than you can. That raw Irishwoman who was here a moment ago, with her random, but sincere pleadings in his behalf, almost touched our pity, and may yet have some effect with the miners, if she takes them at the propitious moment.

Our friend here, Holden, could do more than you, for he is known by the miners more intimately as one of themselves; and they, somehow, feel that in his bad luck of to-day, he has some claim upon their sympathy, and they might take a notion to gratify him when they would not even listen to you."

"I don't know as to that, exactly," Holden here broke in, somewhat to the astonishment of the Colonel, who had evidently not expected the argument to be taken up in that quarter. "I wouldn't think of putting forward my own bad luck as a reason for being listened to; but for all that, I have come here to try and save the man. And if I do it on this ground, Colonel Bowler, that I have more to lose by his life than the whole mine can gain by his death, why then, perhaps, my words may have some weight."

"Why, how now? And what is all this, Holden?"

"Just as I was about to say, Colonel. In the first place, the man is the brother of a little girl I am to marry some day. They thought for years past that he was dead, and it is only lately that I have learned the contrary. Naturally, of course, a man don't want to have his brother-in-law hung. And this is where you may think I am to gain by his life. Well, yes, after a manner, as far as the sentiment of the affair goes. But where I am to lose is here: if this man is set free, he may go home again, and then he will claim the fortune that was left to the oldest child, meaning my own little girl, but which then, in law, would stand for him. And yet, Judge, it is my business to save him if I can for her sake, and therefore I wish to do it. I said I would ask nothing of the mine, by reason of my own bad luck in selling out for so little, and Roaring Tom immediately reaping the reward of all my hard labor; yet, if, by mentioning it, I may get, through sympathy, what I want, I will not forbear."

Warming up with his feelings, Holden continued for some minutes pleading his cause before that little group; not saying any thing additional in the way of new argument, indeed, but, after the manner of an uncultivated mind, repeating over and over again the same sequence of thought in somewhat different words. Yet even in this he gained some effect; for as he went on and gradually felt the hesitation, with which he had commenced, disappear, his words came more fluently and with almost impassioned energy, and with something of an earnest affection, for the culprit in whose behalf he pleaded.

As he went on, expressions of sympathetic interest came out here and there, and hard features seemed to soften, as with some long-unfelt emotion, and one or two looked stealthily around at the others, as though to read how they were impressed with the scene, ready to yield if the common feeling would allow it. What, in the end, might have been the result of that pleading, can not be known; for, suddenly, there came rasping across the plain the quick, sharp report of a single rifle; and, as by simultaneous impulse, that whole group of men started, and gazed wildly in that one direction, striving to pierce the gathered gloom. It was no novelty, at any hour of the day or night, to hear the crack of fire-arms—so common a thing, indeed, that it seldom caused remark or notice; but now, this single sound seemed to bring to all a certain vague, incomprehensible warning of unusual incident. Then, as all stood speechless, listening for other sounds, there came a wild cry, the hail of men to each other, the rapid rush from the borders of the plain to one central spot; and so, following the example, that little group of men who stood in judgment, broke up and hurried thither.

At first, in the darkness and distance, nothing could be seen; but as they came nearer, a motionless figure lay upon the

sod. A few men had already reached the place, and among them Four-ace Bill, holding his still warm rifle.

“You should not have put me upon guard over him!” the man wildly cried out. “You might have known what would come of it. I call you all to witness, that I did not intend to kill him, so help me God! When I saw that he had got free and crawled under the tent and was running away, I fired only to frighten him and make him stop. I did not mean to hit him.”

“It would have been more to your credit, if you had intended to hit him; then the more surely would you have done your duty,” remarked Colonel Bowler, speaking now with all his natural, magisterial rigidity of tone. “Since he was trying to escape, it was necessary that you should have killed him—if, indeed, he be really dead.”

With that, the Colonel stooped down, and placed his hand over the heart. Dead, indeed! The bullet, whether by accident or not, had sped straight to the heart. There was no other wound. And now, as one of the party brought a brand from the nearest fire and held it close down for a torch, they could see upon the dead man’s face a look they had never noticed before: with death, there had come a new life to the expression, as it were—or, rather, the old life of boyhood, so long obscured by vicious indulgence, had come back in all its purity, and driven off the later and debased traits of a fallen manhood. Gone, forever, the mean, cringing look: he lay, gazing up at the sky, with the soft curls clustering around his temples.

“Just as poor Addie might have liked to see him—as she remembers him now, I suppose,” murmured Holden, as he stooped over and dwelt upon the features. “You go on to the city to-morrow, Judge Stetwin? Wait until noon, and I will go with you, on my way home. There is nothing to keep me here now.

Even if there were, the thought comes over me that I should not like to stay, digging around so heartless-like, with Addie's brother lying close at hand under the turf. And the funeral, Judge—you will help me with that? For you see this is my affair, Colonel. None others should come in, only as I ask them to. He must be buried by me, carefully and kindly, forgetting his—his errors. We will put him under yonder pine, where the shade will be over him, and where there is no gold, so that he will never be disturbed. Will some one lend me a knife?"

The Colonel proffered his, drawing it, long and gleaming, from its sheath; and

Holden, again stooping over, gently cut off one of the soft, fair curls, and wrapping it carefully up, put it away.

"I will give her that, Judge. I need not tell her how he died; but I can say that I found and recognized him; and that he is dead. Perhaps she will not ask to hear any more. If she does, it will do no harm if I make up some little story, to soften things. But it will be best that she should know, even now, for certain, that he is really dead—and I know that she will be pleased to have the lock of hair. And as for myself, Judge, I know that I shall never cease to thank God that I kept my own integrity and manhood to the end!"

THE TICHBORNE DOLE.

THE strange claim to the Tichborne baronety, recently pending before the English courts of law, revives a singular legend which has been current in the family for many generations.

The patrimony of the Tichbornes is very ancient. Winchester, near which the manor lies, is the county-town of Hampshire, an episcopal city whose origin is lost in the fables of tradition—once the capital of the Saxon Heptarchy, still the locality of the finest cathedral in England, and likely to be long remarkable for its historical associations. Its churches are ancient; the ruins of Wolvesey Castle, Bishops' Palace, and St. Grimbald's Monastery in its neighborhood, attractive; its public school still famous for ample revenues and unequalled library; its hospital of St. Cross, remarkable as a permanent retreat, now seven hundred and thirty-nine years gone, for one hundred and thirteen poor men "past their strength," and a glass of ale and loaf of bread for every calling wayfarer; and its see, noted for its five hundred-and-odd benefices and the

£10,500 annual income of its bishop. William Rufus and seven Saxon kings keep their long sleep in the choir of the cathedral; the cross of Gothic arch-work, after five hundred years, still preserves in High Street the memory of St. Lawrence, the martyr; and St. Mary's College, founded and endowed by William of Wykeham, in 1387, still flourishes, with its clerks and fellows, chaplains and masters, ushers and choristers, wardens and scholars, upon the ample means provided by the old lover of learning. The city keeps King Arthur's Round Table suspended over the Judges' seat at the assizes; holds on St. Giles' Hill the annual fair granted by Henry II.; and, from the top of its cathedral tower, shows the rural residence where the Protector Oliver sought repose from the cares of public life, and where Richard Cromwell died. The Britons called the town *Caer Gwent* (White City); the Romans named it *Venta Belgarum*; and the Saxons, *Witanceaster*—by all three of which it is specified in deeds preserved in the cathedral tower.

In the neighborhood of Winchester, some few miles distant, is the manor of Tichborne. Four hundred years before the Norman conquest, it was denominated *De Itchenborne*, because it stood at the head of the river *Itchen*; which name, in the course of time, has been abbreviated into its present appellation of Tichborne.

About the middle of the twelfth century, shortly after the first Plantagenet had ascended the English throne, the then head of the family—a gallant knight, named Sir Roger de Itchenborne—married Mabel, only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph de Lamerston, of the Isle of Wight. After many years of wedded happiness, during which the Lady Mabel became celebrated for her care of the sick and kindness to the poor, death now approaching, worn out with age and infirmity, she besought her loving husband, as her last request, that he would grant her the means of leaving a charitable bequest. His consent was given. The good lady then made her will. After the usual solemn form in those days, acknowledging her religious faith and committing her soul to Christ, she bequeathed a single dole. On every twenty-fifth day of March—the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary—to the end of time, there was to be distributed at the hall-door, to all indigent people who should apply, without respect of persons, a dole of bread. This bread was to be made from the wheat grown on a certain piece of ground, and if the applicants should be greater in number than the loaves, there should be commutation of two-pence in money made to each one who might lack in the distribution.

Sir Ralph's concession to his lady's request was not without condition, however.

"Yes, Lady Mabel," he had said to her repeated and urgent solicitations—"yes, my lady, the land shall be yours

and its products, to dispose of forever, but for the feoff you must render service. To-morrow is Christmas. All the land from yonder oak-tree that you can traverse north and east while the morning yule-log burns, I will inclose within parallel lines corresponding on the south and west, and it shall be your own."

Next day, while the fire was being lighted in the great hall, the venerable dame, nothing daunted, ordered her attendants to carry her to the oak-tree. The whole household followed. Being placed upon the ground, she seemed to receive new strength. Her lord stood by, wondering where it would all end, when she started upon her walk toward the north. "Crawling," tradition calls the walk of Lady Mabel, and "Crawls" is still the name by which the land—two sides of which she compassed—is known, the words conveying the idea of a sick and aged person dragging onward weary limbs. Fifteen rich acres she had won for Christ's poor before the cry came from the hall that the yule-log was in ashes. Sir Ralph kept his word. The land was surveyed, bounded, and deeded to the Lady Mabel, and it was upon the fee-simple of this that she founded her charity.

As soon as her task was completed, the lady of the Tichborne manor was conveyed to her chamber. The effort had been too great for her. She could not join even as a spectator in the festivities of the day. Her medical man was summoned to her bedside. Seeing that her life was ebbing, he advised the instant attendance of the parish priest to administer the last rites of the Church. While awaiting his coming, the Lady Mabel, aware of her situation, caused every member of the family to be called to her chamber. There, in the presence of husband, children, and servants—in order to secure to the poor the dole which had cost her life, and to render it binding on her descendants—she pro-

ceeded in the most solemn manner to prophesy the prosperity of Tichborne so long as her last will should be observed, and the adversity of the baronetcy whenever any of her descendants should disregard it. The malediction, as Bede records it, is wonderfully minute. If, at any future time, through covetousness or meanness, neglect or impiety, Annunciation Day should find the doors of Tichborne Hall closed against the poor, the name would be lost, the family would become extinct from failure of heirs male in the third generation, and the approach of the calamity would be heralded first by a family of seven sons, followed by a family of seven daughters. Dismissing those who surrounded her when the prediction had fallen from her lips, the Lady Mabel received the priest, made her confession, partook of the sacrament, and died in the consolations of her religious faith. Near the deeply recessed doorway of the Lady Chapel in Winchester Cathedral, where moldings, buttresses, and pinnacled towers cast their shadows made by the setting sun through the great window on the flagging stones of the floor, and the columns and arches on each hand and overhead are reflected in dim religious light from behind the choir, is still to be seen the tomb with its marble effigy of the first known mistress of the Tichborne baronetcy.

The custom thus founded in the reign of Henry II., continued to be observed most religiously for many centuries. The twenty-fifth of March was the annual festive day of Tichborne Hall. Different branches of the house—children and grandchildren, neighbors and friends—came from far and near to assist at, and witness, the carrying out of Lady Mabel's legacy. In the year 1670, nearly seven hundred years after the foundation of the charity, Sir Henry Tichborne, who had suffered much in person and property during the Common-

wealth, and was recompensed after the Restoration by lucrative offices under Government, employed Giles Tilbury, an eminent Flemish painter, to execute a picture which should represent the ceremony of distributing the Tichborne dole. This painting still exists. As a work of art it shows the defect in perspective that characterizes the drawings of Tilbury. But it is of value as giving a faithful representation of Old Tichborne House in the time of Charles II.—then more than six centuries old—as delineating the costumes of the day, and, above all, as showing the figure and features of the then head of the house to bear a striking resemblance to the old portrait, still preserved, of Sir Roger de Itchenborne, of Plantagenet days. Giles Tilbury's picture passed, by marriage, into the hands of Michael Blount, of Maple Durham, in Oxfordshire, and is now owned by the heirs of Sir Edward Doughty, tenth baronet of the house of Tichborne, who assumed the name of Doughty upon succeeding to estates in Lincolnshire.

The Tichborne dole continued to be distributed, without an omission, for more than six hundred years. For a long time it undoubtedly did a casual good. It gave bread to the hungry for a single day. It kept its foundress in perpetual memory. It bestowed a holiday upon laborers. It became an example of charity to the rich. But times change, and with them the conditions of the people. The old eleemosynary corporations of Europe have, in the course of ages, almost as a rule, been diverted from their designated purposes. Not a charity founded in behalf of the Catholic Church—not one in all England, that was given before the time of the eighth Henry—answers the intent of the giver. The poor of the twelfth century were as different from the poor of the nineteenth, as is the educated country-gentleman of to-day from his boar-hunting ancestor

of the Middle Ages. The latter generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has every opportunity to become a distinguished scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has been passed in London; and the refinements of London follow him into the country. There is perhaps no class of dwellings in the world so pleasing as the rural seats of the English gentry. In parks and pleasure-grounds, Nature, dressed but not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, musical instruments, and library would, in any other country, be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man.

The country-gentleman of the days of Henry the Eighth was, as compared with his posterity, a poor man—his income not one-sixth of what his acres now yield—and residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only great proprietors could indulge. Not one in twenty of the county magistrates went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Lords of manors received an education differing little from their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers. It was learning enough, if he could sign his name. His employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His pleasure was in field-sports; his language and pronunciation were provincial; his

oaths and jests were uttered in the broadest accent, and he prided himself on his vulgarity. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, his ordinary beverage was strong beer, his wife and daughters cooked the meats and retired when they were devoured, and his afternoon jollity was usually prolonged till most of the guests were laid under the table.

Such was the state of society in which, for many centuries, traditions and customs were preserved in England. There was only pettifogging in the law, quackery in medicine, and ignorance and superstition in religion. Through many centuries the pulpit was, to a large portion of the population, what newspapers now are. Scarce any one of the people who attended church could read. Ill-informed as the preacher was, he was better informed than the people; and what he told them they were apt to believe. Rustic priests, who derived a scanty subsistence from tithe sheaves, were the avenues through which all information came.

As has been said already, the Tichborne dole continued to be given, without a single omission, down to the end of the eighteenth century. But its distribution had become, at last, the occasion of a nuisance too intolerable to be borne. The 25th of March was the holiday, and the Hall of Tichborne the rendezvous, of all the tramps in the county. For days before the accustomed time, the lanes and turnpikes, for miles distant, in all directions, were thronged with beggars, making their way to attend the annual dole. The poor-houses were emptied. Towns and villages sent representatives from their slums and outskirts. Gypsies, with their arts of divination and thieving; paupers, in their rags and wretchedness; costermongers, with hand-barrows and baskets; pick-pockets and sneak-thieves, highwaymen and burglars, acrobats and showmen—each with the peculiar implements of

his profession, ready for any service opportunity might present—encamped, in extemporized lodgings or under the open sky, all over the fields and gardens of the Manor House. The week of Annunciation became, every year, the terror of the country-side and the dread of the neighbor cathedral-town. No wonder. It was the county-gathering of outcasts, and the carnival of thieves.

At length, the complaints of the magistrates and gentry prevailed. In spite of some superstitious fears which the then head of the Tichborne baronetcy, Sir Henry Tichborne, confessed that he entertained, and the natural dislike he felt at interfering with a family custom, hoar with the observance of more than seven centuries, the dole was abolished. It had become a considerable tax upon his revenues, for, by repeating often during the day, each suppliant received loaves enough to last for days, or money enough to keep up many nights of carousal. The last distribution of the Tichborne dole was made on the last Annunciation Day of the eighteenth century.

What has been hitherto stated is derived partly from tradition, partly from history. What is still to be narrated, no matter what draught its marvels may make on the credulity of readers, is recorded family history. There is nothing more certain in individual experience or personal biography, than that at the beginning of this nineteenth century began the fulfillment of the Lady Mabel's prophecy. In 1803, four years after the cessation of the Annunciation dole, a portion of the old baronial mansion fell to the ground. Upon investigation into the condition of the part left standing, the timbers were found to be decayed and the walls insecure. As the owner had another residence, he caused the remainder of the old Hall to be pulled down, the materials to be sold, and the surrounding moat to be filled up.

Sir Henry Tichborne, who abolished the dole, was seventh baronet of the name. He had seven sons, but no daughters. The names of the former were: Henry Joseph, successor to title and estates; Benjamin, who died in 1810; Edward, second successor; James Francis, third successor; John Michael, killed in India in 1806; George, died in 1802; Roger Robert, seventh and youngest son.

Sir Henry Tichborne, eldest of these seven sons, and eighth baronet, married Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Burke, Baronet, of Marble Hill, and by her had seven daughters, but no sons. The names of the latter were: Eliza Anne, married to Joseph Lord Dormer; Frances Catherine, married to Lord Arundell; Julia, married to Charles Talbot; Mary, died unmarried; Catherine Caroline, married to Colonel Greenwood; Lucy Ellen, married to John Townley; Emily Blanch, married to John Bennett, M. P.

In 1826, Sir Henry's second brother, Edward, who eventually became ninth baronet, having inherited the extensive property of Miss Elizabeth Doughty, of Snarford Hall, was obliged, by the strict terms of her will, to drop the name of Tichborne entirely, and assume that of Doughty solely. Thus, then, with singular accuracy, had the prophecy of Lady Mabel, uttered in 1076, been fulfilled seven hundred and fifty years afterward. Upon the cessation of the annual dole, the old Hall came to an end, the name of Tichborne ceased, the generation next in descent was composed of seven sons without a daughter, and the next but one of seven daughters without a son.

In 1835, on the 30th of May, the only son, a minor, of Mr. Edward Doughty (subsequently the ninth baronet) died. Being a man of singular clearness of mind, he had frequently spoken of the wonderful coincidence of events with the tradition of Lady Mabel's prophecy,

but only to treat it as nothing more. But the death of his child, who was the only male heir to the estate in direct tail, though it may not have shaken his incredulity, at least weakened his purpose. He had opposed hitherto all resumption of the dole. His seven nieces had united in endeavoring to have him agree with their father, Sir Henry, upon some method of restoring the time-honored custom; but he scouted the proposition as a vulgar concession to superstition. But suddenly all was changed. In the third generation, the house was without a male heir. The Lady Mabel had predicted that, too. He at once besought his brother to restore under some form the ancient custom, and it was done. After a suspension of thirty-seven years, the Tichborne dole was resumed, under restrictions, and continues annually, on the twenty-fifth of March. Flour takes the place of bread, however; the poor of the parish only are supplied; and gypsies, vagabonds, and tramps receive no welcome. Whether the perturbed spirit of the Lady Mabel will be satisfied sufficiently with this concession, and permit it to dull the edge of her curse, remains to be seen.

If the reader has followed our genealogical line, we can now very easily place for him the Australian claimant to the Tichborne estates. Of the seven sons of old Sir Henry Tichborne, the seventh baronet, three came to the baronetcy—Henry, Edward, and James. Henry, eighth baronet, was father of the seven daughters, none of whom could inherit. Edward, ninth baronet, who took the name of Doughty, had an only son, who died, as has been mentioned, at an early age. James, who eventually became

tenth baronet, married Henrietta Felicità, daughter of Henry Seymour, Esq., of Knoyle, in Wiltshire, and had two sons—Roger Charles and Alfred Joseph. The former, Roger Charles, was supposed to have been lost at sea off the coast of South America, in the spring of 1854; the latter, Alfred Joseph, becoming eleventh baronet, and being father of a posthumous child, named Henry, now nine years old. This Henry is in possession of the title and estates of Tichborne, held for him as an infant in trust. Charles Roger (as he purports to be and as many believe he will yet make appear) is the claimant from Australia—the boy who was supposed to have been lost. Charles Roger is uncle, therefore, to the infant Henry. The estate is very valuable, said to yield an annual rental of over £13,000.

The ancient dole-measure, in which the bread was weighed out, is still preserved. It bears on one side the inscription, "*Fundatum Henrico Secundo Regnante;*" and on the other side, "*Tichborne Dole—weight, 1 lb. 10 oz., avoir.*"

The old custom, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was to bake on the day previous to the distribution six hundred loaves. This grew, in the course of time, to a thousand, fifteen hundred, and even two thousand loaves, until, during the last few years of the eighteenth century, more than three thousand loaves were annually distributed, and from £65 to £90 in money. An account of an eccentric member of the family, Chedecke Tichborne, who perished on the scaffold in the sixteenth century, may be found in Disraeli's "*Curiosities of Literature.*"

WHAT CAME OF A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

I WAS weary of Paris, its gayety, display, and superficial beauty. The Bois presented, from day to day, the same showy equipages and *blasé* faces, and the races at Longchamps, lacking the energy and earnestness of those that are only seen in their triumph in England, had ceased to afford me any emotion. The autumn had come, and already the frosts commenced to brown the leaves of the trees lying along the Champs Élysées, and the orange-trees—which, in midsummer, are placed in the gardens of the Tuileries—had been removed within doors. It was the season when the malaria disappears from the Roman Campagna; and already the migratory world of sight-seers had commenced its march to the winter resorts lying along the Mediterranean. I had a leisure month or two, and I determined to go to Rome. One murky, rainy night I left by way of Florence, passing the Alps in the clear moonlight, whose peaks were whitened by the early snow.

I got comfortable quarters in the fourth *piano* of a house on the Pincian ridge; and over the imbricated roofs I could see Soracte and the deep purple laps of the Apennines, and far along the prairie, down to the Pontine Marshes. The physical surroundings of Rome embrace an unexcelled combination of mountain and valley, to which the ruins impart an indescribable charm, that sadden, while they interest and instruct.

There is, too, in its social type—in its customs and costumes—a rare, suggestive life, even to the superficial traveler, who seeks pastime rather than instruction. The peasants who throng the Piazza Navona, on market-days especially, are a source of never-cloying surprise;

and, on the steps leading up from the Piazza di Spagni, can be seen, on any sunshiny day, the “models,” dressed in the costumes that make the *contadini* so charming a feature of Roman life. They are the prototypes of the figures that constitute the glory and soul of *genre* painting at Rome—gayly dressed, coal-eyed, picturesque-looking fellows, some of whom one would prefer to see lounging upon the steps in question, rather than to be encountered in many spots away over among the Volscian Hills.

One day, in the Christmas season, when Rome is thronged with strangers and pilgrims, I ascended from the Piazza di Spagni to the Via Sistina, to see my old and dear friend H—, an artist, who had a studio there. After a slight noise and some confusion that followed my knock, my friend opened the door, and, seeing who it was, asked me in. I found him engaged in painting a female head, which I called, at first glance, a *mater dolorosa*, from the sad, spiritual expression it wore. He was drawing the soul and beauty of his painting from a “model,” as I supposed, who was seated under a window which opened rather high above the floor: a fresh, young face, that I would have been as surprised to see upon the Trinita steps as that of Signorina M—, then a reigning belle, whose big, lustrous eyes half the artists there had essayed to repeat in all the Madonnas and peasant-girls painted that winter at Rome.

The light falling from the window touched her dark hair with its golden splendor, and left the upper half of the face in shadow, through which the eyes literally sparkled. She was a brunette,

but her complexion was clear and fair, through which I could see the rich purple blood beating in deep and changing blushes, as she caught my surprised stare. She was so entirely different from all the specimens of her class I had seen, that I was as much amazed as if my friend had caught a Borghese, and had imprisoned her long enough to steal her features and hang them upon his canvas.

"There—there," said H—— to me, as he caught my eyes gazing too intently, and perhaps impertinently, on her rare face; "that will do; there is quite enough of that. You have nothing here from the steps below, and I flatter myself you are enough of a gentleman to instinctively recognize that. It is a friend I found on last summer's tramp among the mountains. She and her father, yonder, served me a good turn, I assure you, when I had been wounded. She is not a 'model.' Her father, like many of his class, is comparatively poor; and yet he is of the class known as *cavalieri*. He has a small feudal tenure, which confers upon him the right to have his name enrolled in the *Libro d'Oro*. If you would like to hear of them, and the circumstances that introduced me to them, come up to-night. I know, too, you are fond of good things, and I can give you some fresh *Vino Rosso*—a wine that attains a rare perfection on the slopes of the Albano Hills. Shall I expect you?"

"You can," I replied.

For a little while H—— paid no further attention to me, but resumed his work, the subject of which was the lost Pleiad. *Merope* was being wrought into a lovely shape—represented as falling earthward—while below, *Sisyphus* went on with his unceasing labors. The artist seemed anxious to catch a peculiar expression on his sitter's countenance; and, after he had succeeded, he laid aside his palette, and formally presented

me to the father and child, with some pretty expression of compliment that seemed to reassure them at once.

Once *Beatrice* (for that was her name) stood up, and I wondered if she who led the poet through the regions of Paradise was fairer and more angelic. She was unusually tall for her race. Her face was beautifully oval; and while the skin was a little browned by the sun of the Apennines, it was clear, and, at moments, glowing with transient blushes. Her eyes were full, dark, and lustrous—suffused with that moist brightness that marks the pathway of tears—through which sparkled and breathed the gentle life and soul of a pure womanhood. The lashes were long—very long—which, as the lids drooped, fell below upon the cheek. Her forehead was of medium height; and her rich, full, glossy hair, brushed away over her small, well-shaped ears, and gathered in a simple Grecian knot behind, was the graceful complement of a head I had never seen equaled in pose and beauty.

That same evening, after I had dined, I returned to H——'s studio, to hear that promised *ranconte*. I fortunately found him alone, sitting at an open window, which overlooked that portion of the Campagna lying toward Tivoli. It was yet light; but from the ravined sides of the Sabine Hills, long and gradually deepening shadows marched down into the plain, and, here and there, the stars were coming out, as the day slipped into the darkness.

"I have been living here near three lustres," said H——, after a long pause, during which not a word had been spoken; "and now, even more than at first, do I find that Rome enchants and attracts me, as no other place can do. She is a very sorceress. They say that if you drink of the waters of Trevi, the eve of your departure from this city, you will be sure to return. The spell is not in that fountain: it pervades the air—it

is the *genius loci*—and I suppose I will linger on till the last. But try this wine. It is fresh from Frascati. To-morrow it will have lost its bouquet and fresh, crisp relish. Isn't it delicious? Drank here, within a league of the hill-slopes where the grape ripened, it shames the more golden and more beautiful, but really less delicious, product of the Lomas of Xeres. But have you forgotten her you thought a 'model,' or, to drop that offensive name, Beatrice? I see you are eager to hear her history. Did you ever see such a rich melancholy as she sifts from her eyes—such a *triste* revelation of a higher life, too fugitive and subtle for any one to describe? She is, in her eloquent and spiritual expression, the very genius that sits upon these ruins, and makes the silence and quiet splendor of the hills. But I will tell you when and where I met her.

“You know my fondness for wandering about Rome—among the *osterias*, where some of the most instructive and pleasant pictures of Roman life are to be seen; and in the Trastevere, which boasts a distinct race—distinct in dialect—claiming to be the unmixed descendants of ancient Rome, the people of which will not intermarry with those of any other district. But especially do I love that portion of the city stretching from the Forum to the Coliseum, which includes the finest ruins of Rome. One who has the faculty of musing, who loves the strange associations of spots hallowed by a race of Titans long since passed away, and to whom there is a charm in the weird effects of ruins seen at night, heightened by the strange voices which come out of the darkness—to such there is no place equal to that named for an indulgence in the habit of reverie and dreaming I have. Talk of sermons, and the 'dim, religious light' of cathedrals! Why, there is more fervent inspiration, more of the suggestion and presence of the mystery that belongs to

superstition, seen and felt in the Coliseum, for example, by moonlight, when the wind is stirring, than in any church in Rome. Have you seen it at night?”

“No.”

“No! Well, by all means, do not leave Rome without doing so. Wait until the moon is near her full—some night when the Transmontana comes sweeping over the Campagna; when there are clouds in the heavens, behind which the moon sometimes hides, leaving the arena and the *ambulacra* in half-eclipse: then seat yourself beneath the cross in the centre; look at the wild, wandering shadows lying along the covered gallery; see the fragments of moonlight quivering along the broken walls; hear the strange whispers the wind sends to you, as it treads and rushes along the corridors, or its subdued moan, so human in its tones, as it runs in and out the arches: all these things, with the affecting memories of the place, will stir you to your profoundest depths, and leave remembrances that will never be effaced. But to my adventure.”

One night I had remained rather late there, and as I passed out, on the side toward the Constantine Arch, I turned to the right, and, ere I was well aware of it, I was near the Baths of Titus. I was not sleepy—quite the reverse—and, as I had no especial business to call me up early the following day, I resolved to indulge my humor, and wander through the baths. In their substructions are large vaults, which seem interminable in length, and which I have frequently explored; for some of the finest of the Roman frescoes were discovered there. I was about to enter, when I heard long and piercing shrieks, evidently from a female. I am generally prepared for any attack, when I indulge my habit of night explorations; and on that occasion, in addition to a heavy cane, I had a pistol. There was plenty of moon-

light; and, rapidly moving forward, I entered the open court, where, close to and partially concealed by the ruins of a fountain in the centre, I saw a woman contending in the grasp of a man, while a few paces off were two men struggling with each other. I came up so rapidly, that I reached the first group without discovery; and in a moment I had felled the man with a heavy blow from my stick. As I raised my eyes I saw a fellow rushing toward me with a knife, that, flashing in the moonlight, warned me as to his purpose and character, and in a moment I drew my pistol and fired. He fell dead at my very feet.

Some French soldiers, who, it appeared, were guarding the magazine, just outside the Baths, rushed in, and, in an instant, all of us were taken in custody. The persons I had rescued were Beatrice and her father. It seems that they were on a visit to Rome; and she, with the sentiment and enthusiasm natural to her youth and race, had desired to see the Coliseum by moonlight. Leaving there, they wandered over to the Baths of Titus. They had just reached the court, when, from the Bath, beyond, emerged the two men, whose assault and attempted outrage upon the girl I had most opportunely interrupted. The man I had struck with my stick was simply stunned; but, as I said, the other was killed outright.

The succeeding day I was cited to go before the Director-General, at the Palace of Monte Citorio, where I met my companions of the night before; and there I made my deposition. Subsequently, I appeared at the trial of the ruffian whom I had felled; and, when I was giving my testimony, I shall never forget his scowling, murderous look. He and his companion were recognized as noted bandits; and the death of the one and the condemnation of the other to the prison were subjects of general rejoicing. But, soon after his incarceration,

he managed to escape—by purchase, I suppose—and resumed his pleasant occupation of cutting throats.

During the stay of Beatrice and her father at Rome, I saw her constantly, and I found her mind and heart in rare unison with her physical beauty. That the circumstances of our first meeting, taken in connection with her graces of person, her education (the latter a rare accomplishment with Roman women), and her social position made a strong impression upon me, you will readily conjecture; and when she and her father begged me to spend the summer, or a part of it, with them at their home in the country, you can rely on it I accepted the invitation. I saw a great deal of them during the remainder of their stay, and, before she left, Beatrice gave me an exquisite artist's sketching-portfolio, bearing my monogram, her family crest, and the date of her rescue.

These incidents happened soon after Easter, and the following June, when Rome becomes dangerous from its malaria, I determined to fulfil the promise of the visit made to my friends. Besides, I had several orders for subjects peculiarly Italian—landscapes and figures, and two especial ones, Lake Nemi and the Gothic tower on the summit of the mountain overlooking Palestrina. I sent my baggage to the latter place, determining to take a donkey at Frascati, that I might go leisurely along, hunting delicious bits of scenery, and gratifying my taste for the free and attractive life of the hills. That sort of knight-errantry, with the opportunity of passing some few days among the simple peasantry of that region, were full of promise of enjoyment. Did you ever wander among the olive-orchards of this region? No? Well, then, when you have a chance, by all means do so. They are full of suggestion and interest. There is, in the odd and grotesque involution of the trunks and branches, and in the eccen-

tric forms they assume, a wonderfully human expression, and an extraordinary simulation of human shapes. It must have been among the olive-trees that arose the reasonable conceit and superstition of wood-nymphs and hamadryads.

I left Rome by rail one sunny summer day, and at sunset had reached the village of Nemi, nestled almost in the Grove of Diana, and overlooking the fountain of Egeria and Lake Nemi. There I made the study of the painting you saw me touching yesterday, and which you are pleased to praise. The following day, near its close, I had left Nemi behind me some three or four leagues, and, ere the sun dipped, I came to a small *albergo*, where I resolved to halt for the night. I was hungry as a beggar, for nothing sharpens the appetite like the fresh, dry air of that portion of Italy. Around the door lounged several persons, and I must confess, that, familiar as I am with every condition of Italian life, I was not agreeably impressed with their appearance. The wide prevalence of brigandage here is not known to the ordinary traveler. The thieving quality is so general as to be (excuse me when I say it) national. I remember that one day, not long ago, I had occasion to go from Frascati to the Grotto Ferrata to make a study of Domenichino's famous Trumpeter, and I traveled in company with an intelligent countryman who lived thereabouts, who avowed to me that the brigands pay to the authorities a tithing of their spoils, and so can plunder without fear of punishment.

I led my donkey to an open space behind the inn, and left him tethered for the night within reach of some clumps of grass. Most *albergos* in this country have in the rear an open yard, on one or more sides inclosed by leaves which protect from the wind, and, to a certain degree, from rain. Frequently they are thatched with branches, forming a bar-

rier to the hot sun; and there the Italians—who are, perhaps, more than any other people fond of an open-air life—pass most of the day, drinking the generous wine of the country, and playing the *morra*—a game which is more ancient than chess, or, as a well-known writer says, “Old as the Pyramids.” It is this free, out-of-doors existence, and the liberal freedom of their intercourse, that produce that impassioned vivacity and enthusiasm which are so near akin to poetry and music. I sometimes believe that under the influence of a general system of education, and an emancipation from the tyranny of the priesthood, this people would excel again in what I call the rhetoric of civilization—poetry, painting, and sculpture. Out of their warm, facile nature have sprung some exquisite creations, and from Italy have come some of the best gifts to general literature, and the most delicate conceits of her Romanza have enriched the *belles lettres* of all Christian peoples.

To know the Italians you must live among them. Sometime or other, try a tramp among the hills—in the vintage season, especially. Move freely under these exquisite, infinite skies; regard the wonders of the cloud-forms that are seen here as they are seen nowhere else; find the western horizon at sunset, and see the splendors of its colors that burn, blazon, and expand over the whole heavens one golden “sea of glory;” regard the outlines of the mountains, breathe the pure, exhilarating air—do these for one half-summer and autumn, and you will no longer wonder at the poetic sensibility of the Italian, for you will yourself feel warmed and spiritualized by a nameless and indescribable inspiration.

Among the group gathered in the yard, which I scanned with an entertained and curious eye, I found one face that had a familiar look; but where and under what circumstances I had met it, I could not remember. Perhaps its

owner may have been a "model" I had seen sunning himself upon the Trinita steps. Whether because I gazed at him, or he had found something in me that gleamed out from the past, I could not determine, but he explored my face and figure with his coal-black eyes with an interest by no means agreeable, more especially as his whole *physique* and swagger were the traditional traits of the Free Companions of the Abruzzi Mountains. I came to the conclusion, however, that only because I was a stranger did he stare at me so industriously.

I was up betimes the next day, for I had to travel a certain distance by night-fall, near where Beatrice lived. When I started I saw no one but the *padrone*, and as the sun was "silvering the tree-tops" with his early rays, I rode away, the blessing of mine host following me as I descended the hill. I wandered all that day through gorges whiskered with short, flowery bushes, and along paths and roads that trembled upon the very lip of deep ravines—sometimes studying a ruin of some quaint medieval fortress, or treading the broken aisle of a church clinging to the spur of a mountain. To a person of my tastes, all that country, whether green under the rains of spring or dun and yellow from the heats of summer, is full of strange interest and fascination. At a place where the roads met, I stopped to sketch a medieval shrine, and while thus occupied I permitted my donkey to wander at will, cropping the stunted undergrowth. The shrine had so many quaint and odd features that I remained longer than I had proposed to do. The figure of the Virgin, I recollect, was composed of small pieces of variegated stones in mosaic, and the design and execution were superior to any such roadside effigy I had ever seen. When I had finished and was ready to resume my journey, my companion could not be found, and full

two hours had elapsed before I was re-mounted. I was the more annoyed, for, short of my original objective point, I knew no place where I could obtain shelter for the night. Besides, that part of the country did not enjoy an excellent reputation for honesty; and, while I had nothing valuable with me, yet I had no taste for an encounter with the gentlemen of the road, and the arbitrary inquisition to which they too frequently subject travelers.

It was just sunset when I reached a portion of the narrow mule-track where the branches of the trees on either side interlaced and made a canopy so dense as to almost entirely exclude the light of the dying day. Several times my attention had been called to the noise, as I supposed, of a low whistle as I descended the slope; but, while I considered the circumstance strange, it brought me no alarm. I had scarcely passed, however, a hundred yards within the covert, ere I heard the whistle repeated and taken up some distance beyond, and even behind me. I then thought it so suspicious, if not alarming, that I reached out to draw my revolver, when I saw a flash, heard the report of a gun, and felt a stinging sensation in my right shoulder. For a moment I felt myself swaying from side to side, and then I fell fainting to the ground. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself surrounded by five or six men, prominent among whom was the person I had seen the night before at the *albergo*, measuring me with his curious glances.

"By the Holy Mother," said he, "I must thank thee for putting me again within reach of this fellow. I had secured the girl, comrades—the pretty minx—when this meddling rascal stopped the fun, slew Jacopo, knocked me in the head as you would a wild hog of the Pontine Marshes, and robbed me of my plunder. But for the darkness, instead of this scratch, I would have sent your

heretic soul to the damnation where it belongs."

Halting a moment for breath, he went on:

"And then, too, he was my accuser before the Judge, and was the means of sending me to prison, as he supposed, for a score of years. He had scarcely turned his back on the court ere I was free again and among the hills, where the Holy Virgin sent him to me for revenge. What, comrades, shall be the fate of the wretch who murdered your friend, and sent your Captain to the dungeon of his Holiness the Pope? Shall we send him to Jacopo, with our compliments?"

"Ay, let him follow Jacopo," exclaimed they all.

"To the cave with him, then; and tomorrow, on my return, he shall follow Jacopo."

I had not spoken a word, and yet, confused and faint as I was from pain and loss of blood, I understood all the diabolical plan they proposed for me. It was not, though, until the reference to the rescue of Beatrice, that I recognized in the chief of these bandits the scoundrel I had laid low with my cudgel, and from whose pollution I had saved the sweet girl. When this consciousness came to me, I felt a tolerable assurance that it wouldn't be long, indeed, before Jacopo and I would meet in that

"Hades which had received his monster soul."

Beppo—so was called the Captain—tore from the saddle my traveling-bag, while another stripped my person of my watch, purse, and pistol. They examined my portfolio—the same Beatrice had given me—opened all my studies, and laughed heartily over one in which they all appeared sitting at the table as they were the night before. The whole group I had drawn with force and striking fidelity, and they had no difficulty in recognizing the portraiture. They gathered around, examining each figure,

laughing aloud in their recognition of each other, and, with a rough sort of connoisseurship, criticised and admired, and joked with each other at this and that evidence of identity. As I saw their humor, I had some hope of a respite, at least—the more especially as I thought perhaps I could excite their cupidity into ransoming me. Italians of all classes have a wonderful love of art; and they give to artists a respect and free-masonry they accord to no other class—a musician or actor, perhaps, excepted.

At the bidding of Beppo I arose, and, once upon my feet, I found I had more strength than I had supposed. I was securely bound by the arms, and, walking between two of the band, I pursued the path indicated, which turned almost at a right-angle to the road where I was attacked. We went on for a half-hour, perhaps, when we halted before what seemed the aperture to a cavern. After some delay we entered, and, by the light of a burning fagot, I saw that I was within an artificial cave, so common in Italy.

They had some consideration for me, for they brought me a cup of wine and some dry bread. There was prepared for me some dried hay and moss, upon which I lay down and was soon asleep, from sheer exhaustion. I can not say how long I slept, for within the cave no daylight came. When I was fairly awake, I saw that all the band had gone, except one, who was stretched upon the ground near me, and near him burned a rude sort of taper. My wound had had no dressing, and it pained me acutely. I scarcely knew where it was, except from a sharp, burning pain in my shoulder. I found, too, that I had a high fever, intense thirst, and a vague feeling about my head, as if my reason had lost its moorings and was slipping away—drifting over an obscure sea into a profound darkness. I knew then that if re-

lief did not soon reach me, there would be no need of Beppo's promised blade to hasten me after Jacopo. My custodian was taciturn, and vouchsafed me no answer to my questions and requests. I know not when it was, but I supposed the second day after my capture, that Beppo returned with three of his companions, and they remained long engaged in an excited discussion. I heard a word now and then, but my mind was too weak and wandering to compare and comprehend what they meant. Once I thought they said "soldiers," and the rest of the sentence dropped from me.

My pains increased, and, worse than all, my mind was slipping away until I could not see, nor hear, nor shape out the form of any thing or of any words they spoke. And then a mist came up before me—a sensation of sharp, incisive pain, and I swooned away—fell down from some dizzy height, and was swallowed up in darkness. It appeared an age when a ray of sunshine came down to where I lay, tangled, as it were, among the meshes of clammy vines, lying along the bottom of the sea, where, in my delirium, I supposed I was. And then I seemed borne gradually upward, and so to this world again, blinded and confused by the shadows and gleams of light under which I was alternately beaten back into obscurity or wafted higher up, into a region where flitted vague forms and into which subdued whispers came. It was as if I were passing through the night, where, at times, I saw the stars; and then I rose up, until, afar off, I could discern the day, breaking into gradually broadening bars, and I heard the sweet notes of the lark, and felt gentle touches from loving hands. I began to comprehend and shape objects about me; and the very first doves that came to tell me that the waters were abated, were the fresh perfume of the mountain air, a bit of vivid, blue sky, and a face—the sweet face of Beatrice—

full of joy and tenderness; and the first full sentence I understood was, "Thank God, he is saved!" As I thus came back to life, I saw her droop her head in tears. Ah me, in the happy spheres above there must be Sandalphons who weave crowns of tears, as well as of prayers!

"The signor has slept long," said a woman's voice near me; "but, thanks to the Holy Mother, he is better, and will now get well."

"Where am I? Who are you? Surely, this is not the cave; and you—you are no *ladrone*."

"Hush—hush!" the voice replied; "you are in the hands of friends, of whom you will hear when you are stronger."

I sank back upon my pillow, exhausted by that little effort, but soon I recovered again, and, when I opened my eyes, I saw the pleasant face of Signor Guiseppe—the father of Beatrice—who, with kind words, bade me be patient.

"My child is here," said he, "and you will soon see her."

That same day my physician said I was strong enough to be dressed, and could be removed to the adjoining room, which overlooked a rich, picturesque region, made up of swelling, purple mountains, and great gaps of valleys, half dividing the range—their surface diversified by green patches of grain, trailing grape-vines, coppices of waving trees, and stained church-belfries and towers. And with my convalescence came Beatrice, who, with patient nursing, sweet talk, and a thousand dear devices, led me up from death-sickness to strong pulses, health, life. If she was so charming, seen in the ordinary world, how much more beautiful and gentle in the sphere of a sick-room, where women rise to a dignity and tenderness which men do not fully comprehend, much less equal.

And then from her lips I heard the

tale of my rescue. Some of her father's herdsmen, returning with their flocks, passed through the grove where I had been attacked, and they saw the blood, and picked up the sketches and the portfolio she had given me. These things were taken to the castle, and excited the gravest alarm, especially as my coming was expected. A search was at once organized, and the aid of the Papal troops at the castle of Gandolfo, where Pio Nono was then taking his usual summer *villeggiatura*, was asked and accorded. Some fragments of paper, upon which were written English characters, were found in a path leading up the mountain, and upon some leaves were discovered drops of blood. The search led to the cave, where I was found, insensible and profusely bleeding from a wound in my side. I was removed to the residence of Beatrice's father, and the best medical attendance was procured from Rome. It was surmised that the robbers had got intelligence of these measures, and sought safety in flight. Ere they went, however, they passed a knife through me, as they supposed, but happily the point struck a rib and touched no vital part.

For two weeks I was insensible, poised between life and death, during which period Beatrice and her two female attendants nursed me, and to their care I am indebted for my preservation. You can readily understand that I was in no haste to get well. There was such a delicious charm in being so nursed, such luxury in my weakness, such tenderness and beauty in her regards and ways, that I clung to my lounge until I was half ashamed of myself.

"Such is the story of my acquaintance with Beatrice. And now, my good friend, if you would win a wife, wander among these ruins by moonlight, and perhaps the gods will bless you as they have me."

"Must I really understand that you are going to marry Beatrice?"

"If I can find a priest here in Rome to perform the ceremony. She is here getting her *trousseau*."

A few days later I started for Madrid, and did not reach Paris for a month. On going to my banker's, I found a note from my friend, and in it a half-faded pansy, with these words as a postscript, "From Beatrice H——."

THE ORCA.

THE orca—a cetaceous animal, commonly known as "the killer"—is one of the largest members of the *Dolphin family*. The length of the adult males may average twenty feet, and the females fifteen feet. The body is covered with a coating of white fat, or blubber, which yields a pure, transparent oil. An extremely prominent dorsal fin, placed about two-fifths of the length of the body from the end of the animal's beak, distinguishes it from all others of the *Delphinida* tribe. In the largest individuals (*Orca rectipinna*) this prominent

upper limb stands quite erect, reaches the height of six feet, is dagger-shaped, and frequently turns over sideways at its extremity. In the animals of more moderate size, the fin is broader at the base, less in altitude, and is slightly curved backward, while upon others it is still shorter, and broader in proportion, at its junction with the back, and is more falcated.

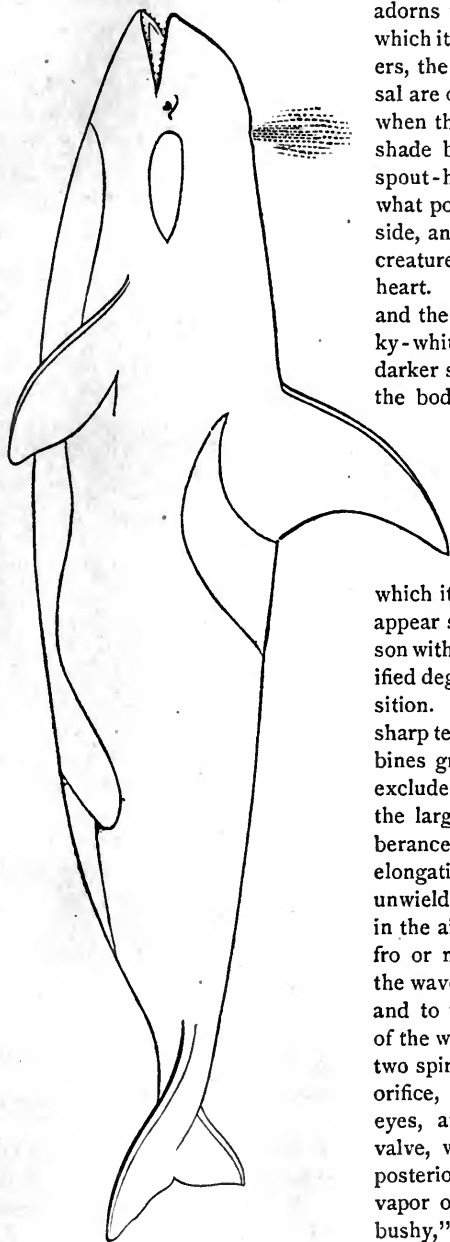
The *Orca rectipinna*, as far as we have observed, is more slender in its proportions, and is less marked with white, or light, spots than the others; and usually,

in color, jet-black above and lighter below; yet many of inferior size are most beautifully variegated, the colors being almost as vividly contrasted as in the

stripes of the tiger of India. Some individuals have a clear white spot, of oblong shape, just behind the eyes, and a purple band, of nearly crescent shape, which adorns the back, behind the dorsal fin, which it more than half encircles. In others, the marks behind the eyes and dorsal are of a yellowish tinge, and usually, when this occurs, a small patch of light shade borders the semicircled exterior spout-hole. The dorsal band is somewhat pointed at the centre of its convex side, and, when looking from behind the creature, it assumes nearly the form of a heart. The under side of the pectorals and the caudal fin are generally of a milky-white or cream color, bordered by a darker shade; and the nether portion of the body is white, with patches of the same color edging the sides.

The head of the orca is more pointed than that of the blackfish (*Globiocephalus*), but less so than that of the bay porpoise (*Phocæna vomerina*), to which it bears a resemblance. Its eyes appear sharp and prominent in comparison with other cetaceans, which in a modified degree indicates the animal's disposition. Its mouth is armed with strong, sharp teeth, and its whole formation combines great strength with agility—if we exclude its towering upper fin, with which the largest are furnished. This protuberance, on account of its extraordinary elongation, imparts to the animal a very unwieldy appearance; and, as it vibrates in the air when the creature rolls to and fro or makes its sidelong bounds over the waves, appears to be a great burden, and to require much effort on the part of the wearer to keep right-side up. Its two spiracles, which unite in one at their orifice, situated above and behind the eyes, are covered by a cartilaginous valve, which opens and closes on its posterior side at every respiration. The vapor or "spout" emitted is "low and bushy," like that of the blackfish. The

OUTLINES OF ORCA, WITH BROAD FALCATED FIN, AND SHOWING CHARACTERISTIC MARKS ON THE BODY.



animal is entirely free from parasites, its scarf-skin being beautifully smooth and glossy.

Until of late, we had been under the impression that the short-finned "kill-

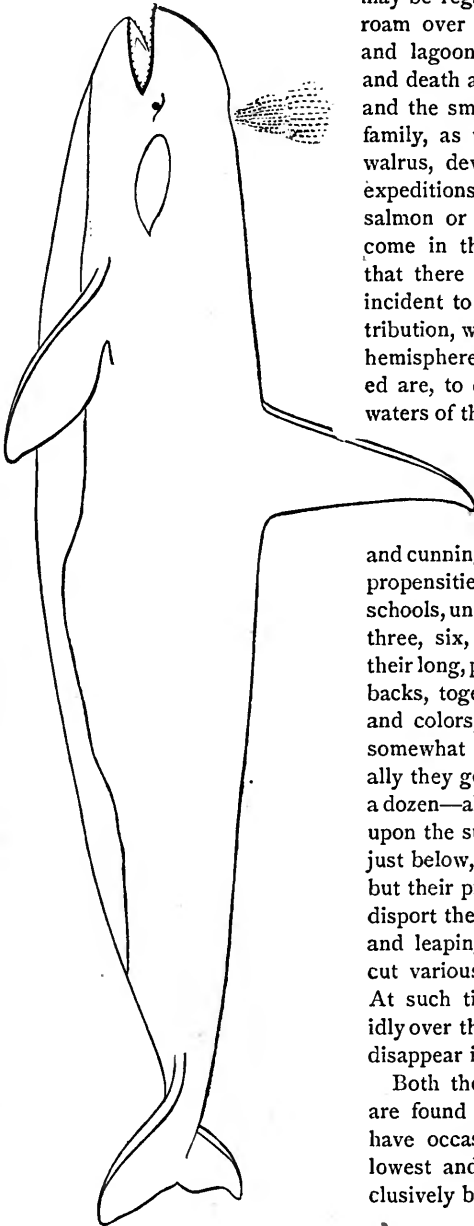
ers" upon the western coast of North America were inhabitants especially of the frosty regions; but recent observations prove that they frequent both the high and low latitudes. Indeed, they may be regarded as marine beasts that roam over every ocean, entering bays and lagoons, where they spread terror and death among the mammoth *balenas* and the smaller species of the Dolphin family, as well as pursue the seal and walrus, devouring, in their marauding expeditions up swift rivers, numberless salmon or other large fishes that may come in their way. It is well known that there are several species of orcas, incident to their wide geographical distribution, which includes every zone and hemisphere; but those we have described are, to our knowledge, found in the waters of the Pacific, in the Okhotsk and

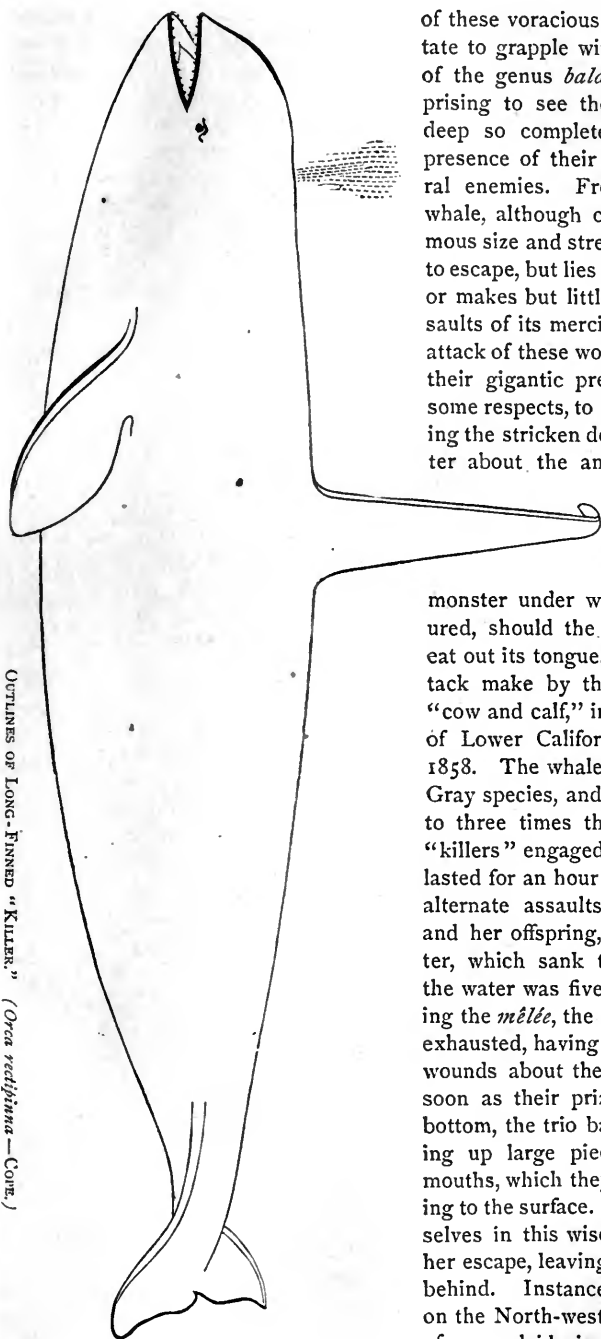
Behring seas, and through Behring Strait into the Arctic Ocean. The habits of the "killers" exhibit a boldness

and cunning peculiar to their carnivorous propensities. At times they are seen in schools, undulating over the waves—two, three, six, or eight abreast—and, with their long, pointed fins above their arched backs, together with their varied marks and colors, they present a pleasing and somewhat military aspect. But generally they go in small squads—less than a dozen—alternately showing themselves upon the surface of the water, or gliding just below, when nothing will be visible but their projecting dorsals; or they will disport themselves by rolling, tumbling, and leaping nearly out of the water, or cut various antics with their "flukes." At such times, they usually move rapidly over the surface of the sea, and soon disappear in the distance.

Both the high and low-finned orcas are found in the same school; yet we have occasionally seen those with the lowest and most falcated *alta* fins exclusively by themselves. Three or four

OUTLINES OF SHORT-FINNED "KILLER," (*Orca alba*—COPE.)





OUTLINES OF LONG-FINNED "KILLER." (*Orca retzipinna*—COVE.)

of these voracious animals do not hesitate to grapple with the largest whales of the genus *balænide*; and it is surprising to see those leviathans of the deep so completely paralyzed by the presence of their diminutive, yet natural enemies. Frequently the terrified whale, although comparatively of enormous size and strength, evinces no effort to escape, but lies in a helpless condition, or makes but little resistance to the assaults of its merciless destroyers. The attack of these wolves of the ocean upon their gigantic prey may be likened, in some respects, to a pack of hounds holding the stricken deer at bay. They cluster about the animal's head, some of their number breaching over it, while others seize it by the lips and haul the bleeding

monster under water; and when captured, should the mouth lay open, they eat out its tongue. We once saw an attack make by three "killers" upon a "cow and calf," in a lagoon on the coast of Lower California, in the spring of 1858. The whale was of the California Gray species, and her young was grown to three times the bulk of the largest "killers" engaged in the contest, which lasted for an hour or more. They made alternate assaults upon the old whale and her offspring, finally killing the latter, which sank to the bottom, where the water was five fathoms deep. During the *mêlée*, the mother became nearly exhausted, having received several deep wounds about the throat and lips. As soon as their prize had settled to the bottom, the trio band descended, bringing up large pieces of flesh in their mouths, which they devoured after coming to the surface. While gorging themselves in this wise, the old whale made her escape, leaving a track of gory water behind. Instances have been known, on the North-west Coast, where a band of orcas laid siege to whales that had

been killed by whalers and which were being towed to the ship, in so determined a manner that, notwithstanding they were frequently lanced and cut with boat-spades, they took the dead animals from their human captors and hauled them under water, out of sight. The orca, however, does not always live on such gigantic food; and we incline to the belief that it is but rarely these *carnivora* of the sea attack the larger cetaceans, but chiefly prey with great rapacity upon their young. The orca's principal food, however, is the smaller species of its own genus, together with seals and the larger scale fishes, as before mentioned. For several seasons we had watched them about the seal islands of California, and came to the conclusion that they subsisted on the fish found around the edge of the kelp that fringes the shores. By chance, however, we were so fortunate as to take one at the island of Asuncion, and, on examining its stomach, found it filled with young seals. At the time it was the height of the sealing season, and the beaches around the island were lined with innumerable herds; and, although there were sealing parties about the rocks from early dawn till the dusk of evening, no one ever saw these savage animals molest the seals, that were continually swimming about in large numbers. Subsequently, however, we had a fine opportunity to observe them at the island of Santa Barbara, in animated pursuit for their booty. Only four of the short-finned "killers," or *Orca aters*, were in the band. It was a windy day, and a heavy surf beat high and spitefully against the rugged points and bluffs, which seemed to arouse both aquatic beast and bird into unusual activity, for the gulls and eagles hovered and swooped above, watching to snatch any morsel that might drop from the murderous jaws of the pursuing "killers," who were making the circuit of the island, apparently intent on surprising any unwary

seals that might be playing in the surge; and when meeting with one they would instantly dive after it, or bound over the projecting rocky points in hot chase, as the surf swept over them, but as soon as they discovered our boat, they dashed their flukes in the air, and made off for the open sea. Even the largest male sea-lions endeavor to avoid the orcas; for whenever the latter are about the rocks and islets, those howling monsters seek a safe retreat on shore.

That the orca is possessed of great swiftness is undeniable, when we realize the fact that the numerous species of dolphins are overtaken by them and literally swallowed alive. Eschricht, in his interesting memoir on "The Northern Species of Orca," states that it had been known to swallow four porpoises in succession, and that thirteen of these animals, together with fourteen seals, had been found in the maw of one of these greedy creatures, which measured only sixteen feet in length. The fierce character of the orca, and the nature of its food, necessarily bring its haunts within or near the coast; and the sounds and bays, which teem with every variety of marine animal-life, are much more frequently its feeding-grounds than the periodical abodes of the *balænas*, which are farther out in the ocean. The vast network of inland waters on the western coasts of British Columbia and Alaska, are a favorite resort of the orcas throughout the year. In the fishing season we have met with them in the vicinity of the Nass River, exhibiting their variously figured dorsals and colored marks, as they make their gambols or shoot upon the surface in the chase. During the early spring months the *oulacon* literally choke the mouth of the Nass; and here the seals and porpoises congregate to fill themselves to repletion from the myriads of those minnows, and, in turn, in obedience to the laws of Nature, the orcas are found here, pursuing and de-

vouring the enemies of the "small fish."* They will sometimes be seen peering above the surface with a sea-lion in their bristling jaws, shaking and crushing their victims and swallowing them apparently with great gusto; or, should no other game present itself, porpoises and salmon may fill their empty maws, or a humpback or finback whale may furnish them an ample repast.

Farther northward, among the icy regions, the orca delights in the pursuit and destruction of the white whale, or *beluga*, and in robbing the walrus of its helpless offspring. The tender flesh and rich fat of the white whale furnishes them with choice food; but, as if not content with satiating their own greed, they seem to aim at the total destruction of their victims, by tearing the whole animal into fragments. Captain Holböll writes of the Greenland "killers" as follows: "In the year 1827, I was myself an eye-witness of a great slaughter performed by these rapacious animals. A shoal of *belugas* had been pursued by these blood-thirsty animals into a bay in the neighborhood of Godhaven, and were there literally torn to pieces by them. Many more of the *belugas* were killed than eaten; so that the Greenlanders, besides their own booty, got a good share of that of the 'killers.'"

It has been said that even the full-grown walrus, although armed with long tusks, is fearful of the orca; but relative to that fact, we have nothing in our notes of observation to substantiate the assertion. It is true, the ponderous creatures will crawl upon the ice with their little

ones to avoid the "killers," but it seems to be only to keep their cherished young out of reach of their enemies. Sometimes the cub will crawl upon its mother's back for refuge, clinging to it with instinctive solicitude. When in this apparently safe position, the rapacious orca quickly dives, and, coming up under the parent animal with a spiteful thud, throws the young one from the dam's back into the water, when, in a twinkling, it is seized, and, with one crush, devoured by its adversary.

Compared with other species of the Dolphin tribe, the orcas are not numerous, neither do they usually go in large shoals or schools, like the porpoises and blackfish. Their mating season, or time of gestation, is a matter of conjecture; probably in this respect they are similar to the sperm-whale. We have met with them in midwinter, in the Gulf of Georgia and along the northern coast as far as Sitka, as often as at other seasons of the year, showing plainly that they are not confined to warm latitudes, nor migrate from the colder climates during the rigorous months. They are seldom captured by civilized whalers, as their varied and irregular movements make the pursuit difficult, and the product of oil is even less than that of the blackfish, in proportion to their size. The Makah Indians, however, occasionally pursue and take them about Cape Flattery, in Washington Territory, as they consider their flesh and fat more luxurious food than the larger *balænas*, or rorquals. But, in whatever quarter of the world the orcas are found, they seem always intent upon seeking something to destroy or devour.

* "Small fish" is the common name for *oulacon*.
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A JOURNEY IN EARLY SUMMER.

IT is difficult, in modern times, to imagine "the man in the wilderness" in a state of such abject ignorance that he should ask, "How many red strawberries grow in the sea?" for the modern traveler skims the land in railway cars, as well as sails the sea in ships. Thus this pleasant, old-fashioned satire, implying a limited knowledge of people dwelling in inland countries, loses much of its force.

But our family is a quiet one—metaphorically, of the wilderness—and we still retain so many of the ideas belonging to this station, that a journey to the Far West of the Mississippi was an event to be talked about, and planned with wary precision. When it was once decided upon, I traced out the lines of railroads on the maps, during the long winter evenings; and put cotton in my ears, when Uncle Newton read of terrible railroad accidents, from the daily papers. I knew Uncle Newton to be courageous enough to withstand such horrors; but I could be valorous only through ignorance. Being thus prepared for our travels, we left our home, in central New York, just after a mild, May rain-storm, which left the moisture drearily dripping from the trees and oozing from the thawing ground. After a three-days' journey, we found ourselves in the midst of verdant meadows and woodlands, and ripening strawberries, in Kentucky. We stayed there a few weeks, in order to carry out the professed object of our journey, which was to visit some wandering branches of the family, or, as Uncle Newton expressed it, to "go cousining." This accomplished, we turned our faces northward, and reached St. Paul by the middle of

June. A month before, we had gathered ripe strawberries, hundreds of miles farther south; and here, we found red-faced children heaping up baskets with the ruddy fruit.

"If you wish to enjoy real luxury," an epicure once said to me, "start from New Orleans when strawberries are ripe, and follow them ripening until you reach the St. Lawrence." But we found something besides the pleasure of gratifying the appetite, traveling northward as the berries grew red. Everywhere we came upon a freshly created summer—a summer without any signs of wear or soil upon it. The violets may blossom before spring-time; but summer comes with the strawberries.

I fancy, too, that one gets to feel something of the benignity of the season, in traveling with it. It is as if one were the proprietor of a great moral show, and when a chance acquaintance remarks that "it is a delightful day," or that "we are having real summer weather," one is perhaps conscious of a feeling of secret exultation, as if in some way honorably responsible. You are traveling with summer and the strawberries, and feel that it is only fair that some of the awakening life and happiness which you see about you should be attributed to yourself, as well as to your companions. We had decided that St. Paul should be the limit of our journey; and, fortunately, it was not until we had reached this place that Uncle Newton became impressed with the folly of traveling for mere amusement. In spite of my arguments, the distinction of being tourists, which gave a zest to my travels, had no effect on him. But as we were then ready to return home, I allowed

him to have the last word of the discussion—a privilege which so astonished him, that it was some days before he recovered from the effects of it and was ready to leave the place. And, at the last, it was through my companion's movements that we lost our boat, and were obliged to wait another day in St. Paul. He had been secretly fretting for the red barns and familiar stone-walls at home, and vexed with my importunities to see more Western lakes and prairies. But, at last, we were ready to go; and I was buckling the straps of my trunk one morning, preparatory to starting, when Uncle Newton hurriedly entered my room.

"You couldn't get these things in your trunk, could you?" he asked, smilingly, at the same time depositing several large packages on the table.

I shook my head, negatively. I was too much out of breath, from my recent struggle with a refractory trunk-lid, to retain any power of speech.

"I bought 'em for a remembrance-like, for the folks at home," he observed, displaying a large-sized model of a birch-bark canoe; a bow and arrows, whose gigantic proportions gave me new and profound ideas of the terrors of Indian warfare; besides numerous baskets and pin-cushions, of aboriginal manufacture.

"Uncle, how could you, and with only one trunk?" I demanded, as soon as I could get my breath.

"Well, you see, I wanted to make our visit here of some practical value. They must go in your trunk, or we will be obliged to carry them." I caught a twinkle in his eye as he made the suggestion, for he knew how I hated traps.

"Well, you can try," I said, resignedly; and, while he made the attempt, I meditated on the phenomenon of faith which results from inexperience. While he was in the midst of his work, there came an announcement that the passengers for the steamer must start directly.

About half the articles which had been in the trunk were crammed back promiscuously, and Uncle Newton looked around in mild despair on the fragments left over.

"You can't do it again," he said; but I despised the littleness of being *dared*, and the omnibus rattled down the street without us.

As this was not the first time that material things had manifested a perverseness and utter disregard to our wishes we took it philosophically. And when we ascertained that the steamer which left St. Paul early the next morning passed the finest part of the river scenery by daylight, as the other did not, our philosophy was rewarded.

Delays are proverbially dangerous, but not so detentions: they are proverbially providential. Every body has an acquaintance who has a friend who knew a man that escaped certain death by being too late for the cars or steamboat. This is always consoling to think of, in cases of detention. For days afterward, I looked out for an account of some disaster happening to the *Star of the West*, by which we were to have taken passage; although I never heard of any, in spite of the fearful thunderstorm which raged during the night.

But the next morning, when we stepped on the deck of the little steamer *Lucy*, the sun shone magnificently. It was the most perfect day of the season; and, as I looked out on the earth and sky glittering in the morning sunshine, I was ready to admit that our detention was, at least, fortunate.

We were on board early, and I amused myself by watching the other passengers as they came on, especially those for the steerage-deck, which was soon crowded. The *abandon* with which this class of people throw themselves upon the care and confidence of the public is really wonderful. Among them, no one's life appears to be a sealed book; but any

one who chooses may read the history of family affections and quarrels, may see the thrift or carelessness, and the attention or neglect. To tell the truth, this display of natural feeling was neither cheerful nor pleasant. Each one seemed to be too intent upon looking out for his own interest to pay much attention to the affairs of his neighbors. Perhaps the mere contact with selfishness intensified this characteristic in them all. It seemed to, at least, and did not speak well for human nature. But, aside from this, each group carried with them the dominant spirit of the family, and established their independent sovereignties, irrespective of opinion or criticism.

Turning my attention from the steerage-deck to the passengers of our own, I became at once conscious of the constraint of artificial society. Here, every one was self-conscious; and we were all so evidently purposeless that we might, apparently, have changed characters with each other without ultimately experiencing any shock to our personal identity.

I had just finished this complacent observation, when Uncle Newton stopped behind my chair long enough to whisper that the tall man sitting opposite was the Bishop of one of the Western States. From time to time, he stopped with other bits of information, which I could not expect to be very accurate; but it seemed like such skillful guessing that I was surprised, until I caught a glimpse of him hobnobbing with the Captain. I felt quite certain that their sex was all that prevented this conversation from degenerating into mere gossip. But there were not many passengers, nor of much interest. A small company of traveling play-actors, a merchant or two, and half a dozen whose occupation or business could not be so easily decided, were all; so, as I afterward learned, their conversation soon veered into politics.

But the bright June day was too brilliant to allow us to remain on deck long, and it was not until toward evening that we were all assembled there again. About two hours before sunset we passed a shifting, dangerous sand-bar—one of the places that make heroes of river-pilots, training them to become prompt and courageous in action. All day we had wound through narrow, crooked islands, and seen on either side of us a dim horizon of flower-covered prairies. But as we entered Lake Pepin, the scene changed. Here the river frees itself from all obstacles, and stretches away for thirty miles in length, and often for four in breadth, without an island or rock to mar the surface, and with waters so deep that there is scarcely a perceptible current. On either side of the lake high bluffs arise, between which there is the strangest family resemblance. Each one rises nearly four hundred feet above the surface of the lake. They are all heavily wooded at the base, and from the top of each grotesquely shaped gray rocks crop out, standing against the sky—the very ideal of a ruined castle, with overhanging grassy roofs, and cavernous doors and windows.

Among the passengers was one who might have been "The Professor," so full of information was he; but he was, in fact, only an intelligent merchant of St. Paul, on his way to Chicago. He was a man of no opinions, but had a remarkable memory, and repeated his stories as they had been told him. He told us that the Mississippi had once been a vast inland sea, and had formed its present boundaries by washing away the soil with which it came in contact. The high bluffs beneath which we were then moving had then been level river-banks stretching out into broad prairies. The river had already worked its way down four hundred feet; and I wondered, as I listened, whether any of the theorists had

settled what was to become of it finally, in case the end of the world did not check it in its mad career. The strange, castle-like appearance of the rocks which crowned the bluff was attributed to the fact that the stratum of sandstone extending through them all was overlaid by a stratum of limestone, and that the sandstone had been worn and washed by the action of the water and the weather until it had assumed that strange semblance to crude Titanic castle-building. All of this sounded like the most occult wisdom, although I afterward found that we might have gleaned most of this information from the guide-books; but the traveler naturally assumes an attitude of curiosity and credulity, and drinks in any and all information.

The Captain opportunely appeared on deck while we were passing the one bluff on the lake which has a distinct individuality and a story. In appearance this bluff is like the others which line either shore of the lake, from end to end; but it stands somewhat apart from the rest, and it is invested with the charm of an Indian legend. This legend is not an unusual one. Indeed, the history of the Indian maiden who committed suicide by throwing herself from a high rock into the flowing water beneath, seems a spontaneous growth of these natural accessories. But even so trite a tradition is a godsend to the traveler. And when the Captain alluded to it we gathered around him with eagerness, touched by that condescension which marks the traveled American.

The light had left the lake and lay in level beams through the wooded banks as we approached the bluff. About their bases the shadows were beginning to creep, and the castellated rocks caught a crimson and golden light from the brilliant sunset. There could have been no better setting for an Indian legend than this. Even the Captain's practical statement of "facts," while it took away

from the romance of the story, made the scene more truly American. For there seems to be a certain self-consciousness in such an audience—an audience that instinctively protests against "chaff"—which keeps the narrator from garnishing his narrative with sentiment. The effect was like visiting an illuminated garden after the lights had been put out. We were able to recognize the places where the lights had been, but that very circumstance made the romance more dreary than ordinary commonplaces.

The Captain became so inextricably confused in his facts and opinions, that, after a few moments, one of the passengers kindly volunteered to finish it for him. He was a small man, with a nervous, excitable manner, and he told the story with such a dramatic appearance of absolute faith in the tradition that he managed to impress his audience very sensibly.

He pointed out the very spot—still lighted by a gleam of sunshine—where the Indian encampment had rested in the long-ago of Winona's story. He told us of the crystal stream which dropped down from the rocks in a foaming cascade, and then, wandering about among the willows, found its way to the river. He traced out the path by which Winona—the beautiful daughter of the powerful chieftain of the tribe—ascended the fatal rocks. He pictured her resolution and despair, for she had chosen death rather than to give up the young brave whom she loved and marry the chieftain of her father's choice. And then he told of the despair of the tribe when they saw her far up on the rocks and instinctively divined her purpose; of the wild entreaties and commands of her father, and her own unalterable purpose; how he sent swift messengers to intercept her, but she had already reached the highest point, and they stopped involuntarily as the clear notes of her voice rose in the mournful death-chant.

Even the old Chief ceased his lamentations as he looked at her. Her hair was unbound, her hands were folded across her breast, and her eyes intently fixed on the shining heavens. Her song ended, she stood silent for a moment, and then, stretching her arms toward the setting sun, she threw herself into the lake. The blue waters parted to receive her, and, taking up the dirge, have ever since sung a ceaseless lament over her grave. Winona's heroism was not that of Christianity or of modern civilization, but it betrayed a physical courage that led our imagination captive in spite of ourselves. Besides, the effect of being so near the spot where a tragedy had occurred, affected even our miscellaneous company. This one bluff, with its human association, appealed to us as only human interest can—as if the scene which was once enacted was photographed on the place, and it needed only the agency of human contact to brush away the film of years and bring out the picture fresh and clear again.

The "Maiden's Leap" was fading in the distance when we were startled by a series of shrill shrieks from the steamer, as if it was possessed of the barbaric spirits of all the savages who had ever haunted the shore of the lake. However, this was only the signal for landing at the new and flourishing town of Red Wing. The intense practicality which attends such an incident on the Mississippi effectually put to flight any sentiment in which we might have been indulging. Our friend and recent narrator sat with stern quietness until the steamer had been made fast, and then abruptly lifted his hat to the company and walked rapidly on shore. His conduct seemed erratic, because it was so unusual: most travelers go off with a little bustle of preparation beforehand, just as a clock does. The company of play-actors also left the boat at this place—rather ostentatiously, for the pub-

lic of Red Wing were supposed to be in a state of turbulent excitement over the prospect of their coming. The twilight soon died out under the shadows of the bluffs. The June night was filled with drowsy sounds and balmy odors, and I thought that one's dreams in such a place as this might be unutterably peaceful. For sometimes one gets upon an elevated plane of enjoyment in this world, and, passing the boundaries of sleep, finds himself away up in the seventh circle. Once I remember seeing a child asleep, itself the centre of a brilliant scene. It was a floral festival, and in the midst of the gleaming lights, the brilliant flowers, and the throng of gayly dressed people, the little one seemed to have strayed into a more beautiful country; for there was a smile upon the pretty, fresh little face, as if she had found more in her dreams than she had lost in our clumsily made fairy-land.

But it may be that even in my dreams nothing could be more beautiful than this starlit June evening. At least, I slept a dreamless sleep until midnight, and then awoke to instant consciousness of my surroundings. Throwing my cloak around me, I quietly opened my state-room door on the deck and looked out on the slowly moving panorama. The moon was just showing itself above the bluffs, making their grotesque shapes appear supernaturally weird and mysterious. The shadows of two or three fleecy clouds stalked spectre-like along their sides, disappearing now in some deep ravine, and now resting for a moment on their crowns. I had grown unheedingly accustomed to the noise made by the machinery of the steamer and the accompaniment of foaming waters rushing in our wake, and there were no outside noises to break the stillness of the night.

I sat on deck long enough to become conscious of that strange effect produced upon the senses when Nature takes upon

herself a monotony of expression. There needs to be something definite and distinctive to make a reality of life, as one gets lost on a vast prairie without landmarks. I became conscious of the Mississippi steamer, however, when I heard a sudden sound of echoing footsteps overhead, and a confused murmur from the deck below. Then came the well-known signal for landing, and the steamer made its way toward a little cluster of lights on the shore.

There was the usual confusion which attends the making fast, and the usual imprecations, more than ever revolting in the quiet of the peaceful midnight. Then the scene became a grotesque, moving picture, lighted by the red glare of burning pine-knots, held aloft in wicker braziers. The light fell on the stolid faces of the emigrants, as they crowded out over the gangway, and on the dusky forms of the boatmen unloading the freight. The emigrants themselves took charge of their personal property, which was sometimes contained in a bandana handkerchief, but there were others who were moving blue, wooden chests, and also various pieces of household furniture. The boat-hands were unloading kegs of lager, and the regular thud of these, as starting down the gangway they rolled into the dim obscurity of a distant part of the wharf, was a monotonous accompaniment to the confusion of sound.

The work of unloading a Mississippi steamer requires time; but at last the innumerable kegs of lager had been rolled together in a compact mass on the wharf, the blue chests and bandana handkerchiefs had vanished in the surrounding obscurity, and there was but little passing to and fro, when suddenly the scene was enlivened by the appearance of a belated family. They came hurrying off the boat in a confused group—the heavy, stolid-looking father; the round-faced, cheery mother; the old grandmother, smiling persistently; and

a group of frightened, refractory children. All of their household altars were carried with them, and each member of the family seemed absorbed in the safety of his or her worldly possessions. The father's burden was a heavy wooden cradle of antique fashion, evidently a family heirloom; for the grandmother put one hand solicitously on the carved top, and the father held it as tenderly as if his favorite child was asleep among the pillows. As the boat moved off, I saw the white cap of the grandmother moving spectre-like among the crowd; the rest of the family could no longer be distinguished. But even when we were at some distance from the landing, the light of the burning pine-knots brought out the outlines of the figures, which were moving about the wharf, in strong relief. Suddenly a female form—a youthful one, I thought—separated itself from the rest, and ran wildly toward the water. I fancied that I could see an expression of anguish on the white, upturned face. I saw the gesture of despair with which she stretched her arms out toward us. The crowd hurried after her with a confusion of shouting. Just then the boat turned, and I saw only the peaceful mountains sleeping in the moonlight, the innumerable stars shining in the heavens, and the myriad of heavens reflected in the waves. I had started to my feet frightened and trembling, but for a few moments I could not move. And then I passed hurriedly around to the other side of the steamer. Here, too, nothing was to be seen but the mountains, the sky, and the river. There was no village; there were no lights, no people. I was completely bewildered. What, then, had happened to me; and had it all been a dream, from first to last? The steamer was throbbing with the regular pulsations of the engine; from the pilot-house I heard the creaking of the wheel, and now and then the heavy tread of some one moving about.

Hastening back to my state-room, I locked the door as if I was turning the key on an army of goblins that haunted the outside world. During the rest of the night I slept fitfully, only to see in my dreams Winona carrying an antique cradle, the German grandmother smilingly jumping from high rocks, and dusky figures mixing themselves indiscriminately with the actors and spectators of the scene.

The sun was shining brightly the next morning when I joined Uncle Newton. I was still troubled about my midnight fancies, and was meditating whether or not I had better acknowledge how completely I had been deceived, when the Captain joined us.

"There was a singular incident happened last night," he said. "There was a baby left on board, and I don't know what we shall do with it."

This explained the mystery of what I had almost begun to fancy was a midnight vision. I told my story, and found that the reason that the village had so suddenly disappeared was because, in the few moments of my indecision, we had rounded a point of land behind which it lay. After this explanation, we held a consultation about the child, which resulted in my demanding to know if it was pretty, and if I might see it.

"Of course you can; I'll have her brought up." And the Captain went away, beaming as if the difficulty had been solved. Presently he re-appeared, followed by a grinning Colored boy, who carried a two-years'-old little girl in his arms.

"Isn't she cunning?" I exclaimed, enthusiastically, at which Uncle Newton and the Captain laughed. But she was cunning, for all; and I laughed, too, at the grave, placid little face. The child responded readily to my call of "Come!" and, fixing her eyes on mine, looked me completely out of countenance in about two minutes.

Such eyes! They were solid blue and artistically round, and they never flinched. But my attempts at conversation with this infant were entirely unsuccessful, although they were made in that language which is supposed to be adapted to the embryo intellect. She still regarded me with the same fixed stare.

"Try her with German," suggested my companion.

Happy thought! Having considered the subject for a few moments, I then propounded the following questions: "*Sprechen sie Deutsch? Schlafen sie wohl? Haben sie hungar?*" I looked triumphantly at Uncle Newton. But my elation was only momentary; for the child suddenly closed her eyes, her mouth flew open as if worked by some invisible machinery, and such a scream as rang out over the water I am quite confident was never heard there before. Winona's historic chant was nothing to it.

"Mercy!" I ejaculated, so soon as I could get my breath, and was glad to resign her to the care of the stewardess, and commended the Captain's proposition of taking her back to the town where we had landed in the night, and where her parents could probably be found.

Our little steamer went no farther than La Crosse, which we had reached by this time, and where we were to wait until the arrival of the next boat, which would be sometime within the next five hours. On this occasion, it exceeded its utmost limits. The passengers had all left the boat, except ourselves and the forgotten child, and there was nothing for us to do but to wait.

The river scenery had changed decidedly since the previous evening. The banks on either side were low and marshy, and, far inland, we could see a few solitary bluffs. Across the marsh, the town of La Crosse rose up with a dejected mien, as if it was hardly worth the trouble. On the river were many Indian canoes, filled with dirty squaws, with long,

black, matted hair. They paddled about in an aimless way. "If," I thought, "it is this to 'paddle your own canoe,' the ambition is not a lofty one, nor the business of life energetic." The hours went slowly by. The forgotten child, unconscious of her own misfortune, reveled in gingerbread, and enjoyed unalloyed happiness in biting a spoon which I borrowed for that purpose. At last, Uncle Newton came to tell me that our steamer was coming.

"You'll take good care of Gretchen?"

I said to the stewardess; for I had grown quite attached to the little maiden.

Gretchen, as I had named the waif, looked solemnly at me, as I put on my hat. I thought I saw symptoms of a coming storm. Suddenly, it occurred to me that perhaps they might not be able to find her parents; and I presented this consideration to Uncle Newton. For a few moments, we talked earnestly of this; and then I suggested a plan for adopting her, which, fortunately, was considered perfectly practical.

"But do you really think I could?" I said, as I turned to watch the crowd of passengers hurrying from the other boat, and felt the importance of a final decision. Just then there was a sudden excitement in the crowd, and a large, round-faced woman rushed toward us, crying out, "Mine baby! mine baby!"

This settled the question. I gave up my Gretchen to the German mother, as if I was quite innocent of any plans. The little one was quite unmoved, at parting.

As we left La Crosse, I caught a glimpse of the mother's face, serenely happy beneath a shower of energetic blows which Gretchen was administering with the spoon. Happy Gretchen! I thought; you are in the one spot in all the world where you are absolute

sovereign. What woman, young or old, could ask a more kindly fate than to do just as she pleased! If your baby temper prompts you to such an expression of tyranny—no matter, little angel! Absolute power makes even wiser and worthier people tyrants. "Good-by, Gretchen!"

And so we passed out of sight, floating slowly down the turbid river. At every turn, the banks met us in the guise of a more luxuriant summer, fragrant with the musky odors of flowering grape, and flushed with the blossoms of red-bud and laurel. It was our last day on the Mississippi. The following morning we were to take the cars and travel homeward. I was thinking of Winona and Gretchen, weaving the interest of the one and romance of the other in the monotonous whispers of the flowing river. I could not doubt that Uncle Newton, too, who was sitting beside me, was impressed with such little incidents as even we, quiet travelers, had managed to pick up. This was enjoyment; this was happiness: not prospective, but actual. Was it not a recompense for being quiet, untraveled people, to be able to take such unsatiated pleasure in little things?

"The south meadow ought to be mown to-morrow, and the boys are careless," said Uncle Newton, meditatively, looking through a vista of fifteen hundred miles at the familiar farm-house. We were no longer nomads, traveling with the summer. We carried a burden; and, with our faces turned homeward, a breath of south wind had reminded us that we were property-holders once more, living in the routine of our cares and anxieties. And, from this time, our summer's journey began to take the place which it now holds in the dim background of pleasant memories.

BY THE LAKE.

Oh, summer's day! oh, smiling lake!
Oh, splash of wave! oh, pebbly beach!
The low, sweet words that softly break;
The thoughts, too full for common speech;

The round, soft hand, that lay within
The brown, broad palm, that burned and clung;
The heart that strove a heart to win,
While meadows waved, and robins sung;

The memories of a golden day—
Of fresh spring flowers—of sun, and lake—
Of all she would, yet could not say—
Of all I would, yet could not take—

Are green this autumn, though the trees
Have lost the bloom they wore and waved
Through many an ebb and flow of seas
The lake's white shores have left and laved.

The corn then peeped above the sod
In unripe beauty, fresh and cool;
The cautious angler swung his rod
Above the purple-shadowed pool.

To-day the harvest-fields are bare;
The clover hues are gray and dead;
The meadow-grass, where lurked the hare,
Is gathered to the farmer's shed;

The mottled fowl float on the lake;
The ripples murmur in the reeds;
The quail pipes in the sheltered brake;
The minnow darts among the weeds;

The sky is clear; the air is pure,
And all is sweet as when before
The dreams, too golden to endure,
Were dreamed, beside the lake's fair shore.

A FRAGMENT OF SĀMOAN HISTORY.

CALIFORNIA, with all its allurements, was very little known twenty-four years ago to the great mass of adventurers. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that islets, dropped as it were in the ocean with nothing about them to attract attention save their repose and enchanting beauty, would escape the world's notice. And had not missionary zeal penetrated even to these fairy spots, the world would have utterly forgotten that Captain Cook, fifty years before, had held high carnival with the natives—ate, or tried to eat, raw fish at their banquets, and drank *cava* with their chiefs. Though the world knew them not, and they were unambitious of recognition, the natives of these lonely places sometimes enacted episodes of love and war of thrilling interest.

A branch of the Malay race, the natives of Polynesia distributed themselves in families on the different groups of those islands, each family or group constituting a tribe, each tribe speaking a dialect of the same aboriginal language; and, though differing but little in their habits and customs, they were yet hostile to and extremely jealous of one another, carrying on petty wars with savage ferocity.

They invaded each other's territory in war-canoes—marvels of rude naval architecture, which bore some resemblance to the *triremes* of the Romans in their first great naval engagement with the Carthaginians. Their war-canoe was composed of two single canoes of great dimensions lashed together, two feet apart, with cross-beams and ropes, the latter twisted from the husk of cocoa-nut. On these cross-beams were laid rude planks, forming the deck, on which

warriors stood and fought at close quarters. Each war-canoe could accommodate fifty fighting-men—more, on an emergency—and was propelled with large paddles and a mat sail. Each of these single canoes was not, like their fishing-canoes, fashioned out of *one* large log or tree, but was made of several heavy slabs or planks, *stitched* together with cords of cocoa-nut husk, and the seams were calked with the same husk, mixed with a sort of gluten found on the islands. A fleet of ten or fifteen of these war-canoes could carry a formidable invading force.

At the date of our narrative, the bitterest animosity prevailed between Tongalaboo and Samoa—the two groups being within sixteen hours' paddling of each other. By the Tongamen it was alleged that the Samoans were in the habit of encroaching on their fishing-grounds; while, on the other hand, the Samoans accused the men of Tonga of being quarrelsome neighbors; of always seeking, right or wrong, a pretext for fighting; and, finally, of being unnecessarily ferocious and vindictive in war. In each of these allegations there was some truth. The runaway sailors—the “beach-combers,” as they were called—who resided on both groups, and invariably took sides with those among whom they were sojourning, forming their strongest auxiliaries, admitted the accusations on both sides. That the charge of wild ferocity on the part of the Tonga tribe was more than well founded was, in fact, established in the bloody records of that nation; for even their very friends could not forget that it was these same Tongamen who murdered Captain Cook, at Owyhee, after he had made them presents

and had treated them with the utmost kindness.

Incidental to this, an old woman, then living, and with whom the present writer had often conversed, remembered that tragic affair very well. She was then ten or twelve years old, and recollected the consternation and fear that took possession of all when the great ship—a monster of the deep, as they thought—anchored in the roadstead, and how their very best warriors, with all the rest following, ran into the woods to escape immediate destruction; how a boat with four or five White Men was sent ashore from the great ship, when the White Men laughed and joked with the old women, who were left behind, being unable to make their escape with the rest, while the warriors crept back by degrees behind the bushes, and watched the proceedings between the women and the strangers—when, seeing the latter meant no harm, they were, at last, emboldened to come forth and hold converse with the harmless Whites; how the warriors, in great awe and wonder, examined the limbs of the Whites to ascertain if they were made of flesh and blood like their own, and especially did they wonder at the White Men's whiskers, which they pulled while the White Men laughed and made wry faces. Some of the most adventurous of the warriors were induced to accompany the strangers, in order to look at the great Chief who commanded the monster of the deep; and when they came on board, Captain Cook gave them bread and meat. As they did not know what the bread and meat were for, the great Chief put some in his own mouth and began to eat, when they all laughed and began to eat, too. Then he gave them medals, and beautiful, bright brass, and beads to put round their necks, and looking-glasses and pictures, and finally, when they were going away, he gave them two young hogs—male and female—the

progenitors of the herds of swine now on the island, promising to come ashore himself next day. All these things the old dame remembered very well. Next day the warriors and maidens prepared a feast for the great Chief, and were to entertain him in the evening with a dance. He came, as he had promised; and the dame remembered him as a tall, portly man, of middle age, and wearing a large cocked-hat. He was smoking a cigar when he landed, and when the warriors saw the smoke coming out of his mouth, they thought him the *arringa*, or “devil-devil;” whereupon they surrounded and killed him on the spot with their shark-toothed spears. The old lady concluded by saying, as an apology for her countrymen, that “the Tongamen were not so much enlightened in those days as at present!”

But to proceed with our more immediate narrative. The chronic enmity between these two nations culminated at last in a descent on Samoa by the men of Tonga. One morning, in the month of April, 1837, a fleet of ten war-canoes, with five hundred chosen young warriors on board, set sail from Tongalaboo, and landed in the dead of night in Felialupe (residence of the gods), the largest village on the principal island of the group, and containing about three hundred houses. They rushed on the doomed village with spear, club, and fagot, set fire to the houses and slaughtered the inmates without distinction of age or sex, until the village smoked in ruins, and those inhabitants who did not escape, or were not captured, lay stiff in death. By break of day, wild with joy and sated with slaughter, they returned to their canoes with twelve captive maidens of the highest rank. But in their eager haste to pounce on the sleeping village, and in their confidence of complete surprise and success, they were not so cautious as to remember the Samoan war-canoes in their

sheds on the beach; and they forgot, that, though they might destroy the village, the means of pursuit were at hand. The Samoans who escaped fled to the neighboring villages, sounded the alarm, and described the catastrophe; whereupon Samoan warriors, brave as their foes and not less fierce in battle, rushed forward to relieve the living and avenge the dead, and just as the Tongamen, exulting in their bloody triumph, were launching their canoes, the Samoans, suddenly filling the air with yells and imprecations, surprised them, in turn. The shock of encounter was terrible and desperate. On one side they fought for escape and their bare lives; on the other, for vengeance—vengeance for the village, the smoke from whose yet burning ruins enveloped the combatants and rose on the still morning air—vengeance for the dead, the wild wail of whose relatives rose high above the din of battle. On the first approach of the Samoans, the Tongamen hastily divided their forces—one-half to act as vanguard and to stem the tide of the coming enemy; the other half to launch the canoes and prepare for embarkation. The Samoans made a parallel disposition of their force to counteract the plan of the invaders; and, as the former were fighting on native soil and were hourly reinforced, their canoes were soon standing outside the breakers and prepared to intercept the flying enemy. The battle raged now on land and water. Here hostile canoes grappled and were lashed together as in more scientific naval warfare, while warriors rushed upon one another, thinking now of neither life nor escape, but only of killing the enemy. Men wrestled on the giddy deck until, in deadly grip, they fell together in the water, and even there (being expert swimmers) they fought until one or the other sank beneath the war-club of his antagonist. On the beach, the Tongamen, fighting now against overwhelming odds, stood shoulder to should-

er—now receding, then advancing; now beaten into the tide, again rallying desperately in the face of the enemy, and once more regaining dry land. And thus the battle raged till noon, when the Tongamen, thinned by death and worn with fighting, broke, and each sought safety in flight. Three hundred of the Tonga warriors fell in this engagement; the remainder were captured and held as slaves, with the exception of about sixty men, who, with only one canoe of their whole fleet, escaped to tell the tragic tale to their countrymen.

Manua, the smallest isle but one of the eight which constitute the Samoan group, and an islet not quite a mile in length or breadth, was the seat of government. Here the King and royal family resided, with the great functionaries of state, and the principal aristocratic families in all Samoa; and in no country was social rank more sharply defined. Thither were sent from the other six islands tributes of fine mats, *tapa*, carcasses of fresh pork, and *cava* (this last, a root, which, when chewed in the mouth, and afterward diluted with water in the *tano*, or basin, makes a liquid like soap-suds in taste as well as color, and, being intoxicating, is therefore in great request). Thither were sent all things necessary to the support and sumptuous entertainment of the Court; for the Court, here, as elsewhere, did not produce, but only consumed.

Great indeed was the royal indignation, when news of the destruction of Felialupe reached Manua. A council of war was immediately held, in which extremest measures of retaliation were adopted. It was even urged by the High-priest—a bold, violent, unscrupulous man, who combined in his own person the threefold office of warrior, prophet, and high-priest—to put to immediate death the prisoners taken in the late battle. This proposal, terrible even to the savage, the King—an old man—em-

phatically and absolutely vetoed. While preparations for invasion of the Tonga territory were pushed forward with utmost dispatch, ambassadors from that nation arrived at Court, to plead for the captives and negotiate for their release. They were received coldly by the monarch, and with insult and reproaches by the High-priest. After prolonged ceremonials, of unintelligible import, and the delivery of presents, they were admitted to audience, in the public square, and the audience extended through ten days. On this most interesting occasion, speeches of a day's duration were made; and in no assembly could there have been greater etiquette and courtesy. The King and all his great chiefs sat in a circle of two hundred feet in diameter, and behind this great circle sat the common people. The venerable monarch, eighty years of age, stood up and opened the proceedings, in a long speech. He conjured his subjects, whatever the result at which they might ultimately arrive in respect to the captives, to hear the ambassadors with courtesy and respect, as became brave warriors conscious of their prowess and the justice of their cause. The ambassadors began by deploring the wicked and unjustifiable descent on Samoa by their countrymen. Their oldest and wisest men had opposed and forbidden it; but the voice of wisdom, they said, was drowned in the hot blood of rash young men, whom the brave warriors of Samoa had well and deservedly chastised. And, since severe and just punishment was inflicted on the offenders; and since, besides, the sages and wise men of Tonga had been, first and last, opposed to the invasion, they hoped friendly counsels would prevail, and that the King and his great chiefs would hearken to the entreaties of Tonga, and deal favorably with the prisoners. It was, they further urged, the interest of neighboring nations to live in peace and amity with each other ("Soia,

soia,"—" 'Tis well, 'tis well"—murmured the monarch, and the exclamation was echoed round the circle, except in the quarter where sat the High-priest and his friends); and if, they continued, Samoa and Tonga were to form a friendly alliance, offensive and defensive, as they (the ambassadors) hoped they would, then the two nations, instead of weakening each other by perpetual strife and unprofitable contests, might safely defy the enmities and jealousies of surrounding nations, and even dictate to their enemies. The aged monarch was acutely alive to the many solid advantages that the realization of this suggestion would confer on both peoples, and expressed his concurrence and satisfaction in the usual exclamation, which was again echoed round the circle, with the exception already mentioned. The High-priest, when the ambassadors had concluded, made a violent speech, in which he emphatically declared that, as sure as the gods presided over the destinies of Samoa, the burning of Felialupe, their sacred residence, must be avenged; and the Samoan blood, so dastardly spilt by the enemy, be expiated, to the last drop. And, openly reproaching the King with weakness and dotage, he boldly avowed his determination of sweeping from his path any or all who resisted retaliation and retributive vengeance. In this he addressed the popular mind, and expressed the popular wish. But this last insolent language caused violent commotion; and the King, as much in derision of the vaunt as from state policy, commanded the immediate release of the captives.

So far, the High-priest had spoken in his capacity of warrior and high-priest only. He now spoke as prophet. Quaking in every limb, and frothing at the mouth—as was his wont, when in communion with the Great Spirit—he prophesied evil days to Samoa: that ere the moon had twice filled her horns, a cloud

would settle on the isles; that the sacred wells, wherein the gods resided, would turn red as gore; that brother would fight against brother, and Samoan blood, on Samoan soil, would flow as freely as the mountain waters of Teriora. The great council broke up in disorder. The ambassadors, with their released countrymen, departed in peace. The High-priest prepared for revolution; and made offerings of pine-apple and sweet banana to his native gods. In three weeks, through his machinations and prophecies, Samoa was plunged in civil war. In two months the monarch was deposed, and sent, with his family, into exile, to the neighboring isle of Upolu; and the High-priest assumed the reins of sovereign power.

The usurper reigned only three years, when he died, leaving his daughter, Avola—a girl of sixteen—to inherit his unjustly acquired dominion. Avola was beautiful, and of a kind disposition. In due time, and in accordance with Samoan usage, she made a progress throughout all the isles of her newly acquired kingdom, accompanied by the magnates of the nation, and was everywhere received with profoundest homage and the veneration due to her rank. The daughter of a famous warrior, high-priest, and prophet, she was respected even by those who fought against her father in the late revolution; and her age, her sex, her beauty—but above all, the sweetness of her disposition—charmed her friends, and conciliated the enemies of the new dynasty. Never was a usurper's heir more generally respected or more sincerely beloved.

When she arrived on Upolu, the venerable King and the Princes (his sons) hastened to meet her, and to lay presents at her feet; and, far from evincing any jealousy at her exalted state, welcomed her cordially to their place of exile. At sight of the fallen monarch, and the magnanimous bearing of himself and

sons, the royal maiden wept in very tenderness. The happiest augury was divined from the interview. Partisans, however violent, could scarcely fail to see the probability of an alliance between the exiled and the reigning dynasties, and to appreciate the expediency and wisdom of such a union. It was but natural to suppose, that, on the death of the aged King, his sons would try to recover their lost inheritance, and once more steep the kingdom in rivers of blood. What, then, could be more rational or more just, than to avert, in time, a possible future calamity, by uniting Avola in marriage with one of the King's sons—a union in every way eligible—and thus reconcile conflicting interests? It became the theme of all circles, high and low, political and social; and, with the facility of invention peculiar to such themes, it was even bruited about that the very day for the celebration of the nuptials had already been fixed. But alas for the plans of Samoan statesmen! the youngest of the Princes was thirty-five, and Avola only sixteen; and, at her age, and in her clime, passions are fervid. Avola had already loved.

In due time she returned to her home at Manua. Her arrival was the signal for a day of general rejoicing, of feasting and dancing. In the evening twilight, after the great banquet, a throng of youths and maidens assembled on the beach, beside the crag (as is, or was, the custom), to dance and sing love-songs. On the crag, screened from the view and the hearing of the joyous revelers, sat Avola and her lover, in secret and sacred converse.

"The sun," pursued the youth, in continuation of their converse—"the sun no longer shines on the shrub: the tall trees on the mountain shade it from view!"

"Affairs of state so ordain it," observed the maiden, with downcast mien and melancholy brow.

"The shrub that rejoiced in the sun-

shine," continued the youth, "shall wither and die, and be forever forgotten."

"O Thama—Thama! say not so; you know how I have loved you—how still I love you! But——"

"When the birds shall wake the morning sun, wilt thou think of Thama?"

"I will."

"When the noontide sun shall be bleaching yonder beach, wilt thou think of him?"

"I will."

* "When sea-gulls skip the evening tide, wilt thou——?"

"What do you mean?"

"Kiss me, Avola! There—again—and again! 'Tis well—adieu—farewell!" and dropping his *tapa*, or mantle, in her lap, he sprang, like an antelope, to the edge of the crag.

"O stay, Thama—stay!" she cried, rushing to seize him. "I'm thine—thine—forever thine!"

But it was too late; the plunge was already made. And then—a shriek, and another plunge; and the angry waves washed over the mangled remains of both!

A SURPRISE—WITH VARIATIONS.

[AFTER THE GERMAN.]

ONLY in France—in the seclusion of lovely Brittany—are spots where a life may be passed wholly unnoticed by the great, fast-moving world outside, and untouched by its turbulent waves. Like creations of the brain and pencil of a Gustave Doré, do these great and little castles, in the style of the *renaissance*, rise from amidst the forest depths, entwined with vines, like the enchanted palace in which sleeps the maid "Dornröschen." It was in one of these that the Marquis de Bridal still lived at the beginning of this century, impoverished then, though the lord of the little village that lay scattered along the edge of the forest. His father had played quite a grand *rôle* at the Court of Louis XV.; and he himself, in spite of his fast-turning hair, had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful Austrian, Marie Antoinette, and would, no doubt, have committed a great many absurdities on her account—these things ran in the family, like the early-growing gray of the hair—had not the gout, together with some very peculiar circumstances, which we shall herein relate, induced him about

this time to withdraw permanently to his ancestral castle in Brittany.

Here lived in voluntary exile, year in, year out, Madame la Marquise de Bridal, gentle and gracious, the only daughter of a decayed nobleman, the saint and angel of the poor and unfortunate. Monsieur le Marquis had seen her one day while rusticated, at a festival on her father's estate, and, being fancy-free at the time, had fallen violently in love with her. When, after marriage, he had brought her to Paris, he discovered that every flower will not bear transplanting; and sweet little Veronica, who had seemed so graceful and pretty in her country-home, appeared to him shy and awkward amid her brilliant surroundings in the metropolis. After awhile he thought of the little castle he possessed in Brittany. One bright spring morning he brought his young wife there, and asked her if she preferred this to Paris? With the happiest smile she embraced him, begging of him to leave her there for all time; and, with a light heart, the Marquis returned alone to his familiar haunts. Since then, husband and wife, passing

but a few weeks in each other's company, during the summer, grew more and more estranged; the visits of the Marquis to the quiet old castle seemed like the passing breath of wind that uneasily ripples the surface of the calm, smooth lake.

Père François came seldom to the castle when he was there. The Marquis had no taste for the studies that his wife pursued under the good Father's guidance; nor did he have the patience to listen to his reading; only a game of chess was sometimes arranged between them. Into the lonely life of Veronica the mild, blue eyes of the youthful Father had shed a warming light; and, while the Marquis de Bridal, when in Paris, led as gay a life as though there had been no Marquise of that name, she, with the Father as guide and mentor, was tracing the history of nations and individuals—history replete, on every page, with strife and tears, and sacrifice and death.

Even the one longing wish of the woman—that the smile of a child might be sent to brighten her path—was hushed and silenced when listening to the gentle voice of Père François, as he read to her, his pale forehead illumined with holy thought, his lips just touched with an expression of silent, softened pain. Poor Veronica! Though she had never loved her husband with an absorbing passion—had married him only to please a dying father—she had yet leaned upon him with the trust of the ivy that clings to the strong oak; and when she felt his support giving way, it was well for her that so warm and pure a hand as that of Père François was held out to guide and sustain her. A tutor he was to her, such as she needed, for her education and learning were far from perfect; and a faithful companion in her visits to the abodes of the sick and suffering.

After years, the heart-wish of the Mar-

quise was fulfilled, and the face of a tiny, rosy girl lighted up the dark, old castle in Brittany. The joy of motherhood so irradiated Veronica's face that the eyes of her grave friend often followed her with astonishment; and when the Marquis came to the baptism, he was so charmed with her looks that he invited her to spend the coming season in Paris. But Veronica, with the child in her arms, would have been proof against stronger temptations, and she only laughed merrily at her husband's offer, quite content to remain where she was. How the presence of a child fills every corner of the house with light, and every hand with work! Very often the Marquise missed her reading-hours now, or postponed them till the evening, when little Marion should have gone to sleep. Père François' time was, nevertheless, fully occupied. He was expected to admire and praise the child—its little, rosy fingers, and large, bright eyes; and finally its first, never-before-heard-of, intelligent little crow. He did it with all his heart; and the little lady, as she grew in years and intelligence, seemed to repay all the affection he showered on her in his grave, quiet way. When the Marquis made his annual visits, Marion was shy and frightened, at which he only laughed; indeed, he paid but little attention to the child—a son would have been more welcome to him. Thus Marion grew up, shielded like a flower; and over the garden of her childhood hung a sky ever clear, shone a sun unclouded forever.

One day it came to pass that Veronica met her spiritual friend and adviser on the threshold, pale and trembling, a letter written by a strange hand in her fingers. She was urged to come to Paris at once, as the Marquis de Bridal had received a dangerous, if not fatal wound, in a duel he had fought. "You do not need my advice," said Père François; "you know the road it is yours to go."

And the same night she started for Paris, leaving little Marion in his charge. When she returned, after an absence of months, the Marquis came with her, never again to leave this peaceful retreat. She had rescued him from the very jaws of death, at the sacrifice of her own health.

When she had first reached his bedside he lay without consciousness, in his wild delirium whispering a name that was not hers, and calling wildly on some fancied foe (whom he imagined to be disparaging the object of his love) to come forth, that he might give him bloody battle. In silent agony the eyes of the Marquise wandered over the room—a room so unfit to hold the ghastly form apparently far-traveled on its way to the dark Beyond. More than fantastic were the decorations and ornaments of the room: among the thousand elegant nothings strewn about, were dishes and vases with artificial flowers in every corner, and pictures of the most celebrated *danseuses* of France decked the walls; but neither prayer-book nor prayer-stool could she discover in the apartment. The nurses and attendants took no pains to hide the truth from the poor Marquise: the Marquis was paying with his life his foolish passion for Mademoiselle Deligny, one of these dancers. The physician gave but little hope; the bone in the right arm had been shattered by the bullet, and would be useless and dead, even should the Marquis recover. Patiently the Marquise kept her post by the bedside till the grim spectre fled at last before the light of her pure, pale face and gentle, pleading eyes. The reckless Parisian life of the Marquis had come to an end; the furniture and decorations of his elegant bachelor apartments, however, were transferred to the little castle in Brittany. All connection with the metropolis was broken off; and, had his former friends seen him contentedly planting the fields of his

domain, they would hardly have recognized the "mad cavalier" of old.

One passion he had carried, secretly, into exile with him: his admiration for the terpsichorean art and its representatives and goddesses. Ranged in chronological order on the walls of his room, these bright, sylph-like forms were a source of the highest delight to little Marion. To the right of his easy-chair was to be seen the enchanting Capuis de Camargo, who had turned even the head of a Voltaire; then came the Prevost, Petitpas, the elegant Marie Salle, the Allard, the Roland, the Cochois, the sisters Chevigny, and, at last, from a wreath of artificial roses, smiled the face of Laval's graceful pupil, Mademoiselle Deligny. For hours the Marquis would pour into the ears of the enraptured Marion descriptions of the *fêtes* and ballets he had witnessed in Paris; of the elfin creatures who walked so lightly over the earth that not a grass-blade would bend beneath their feet, and of the queen of all these fairy princesses, the beautiful Mademoiselle Deligny.

"Do you think, papa, that she could be as handsome as my mamma?" asked Marion, earnestly, one day.

His voice was a little unsteady, as he replied, "O, she is quite different, child; altogether different."

"But why did you not bring her, so that she might play with me?"

It was a strange smile that played over the features of the Marquis de Bridal, as he answered, in as strange a voice:

"Any abode would be honored, that Mademoiselle Deligny might enter. But my house is not good enough to be graced by her presence: only the roof of a king's palace is fit to arch above her head. Perhaps the day may yet come when you shall have the happiness to admire her."

To the great joy of her father, Marion learned to dance like a fairy. He himself instructed her in this art; the rest

of her education he left to Père François and the Marquise: he had no time for it. When not in the park or the fields, he was locked in his room, busied with important historical researches, according to his own account. But Jean, who had sometimes applied his eye to the keyhole—in his solicitude for his master's comfort—reported that the Marquis, at such times, could be seen hopping about in his stocking feet, striking the most picturesque attitudes, and going through the most difficult dancing-steps. Among his subjects in the village, it was rumored that their gracious lord was slightly demented; for, in hay-making-time, he had musicians stationed on the meadow, so that the hay-makers could perform their work in strict time and measure. He was continually finding fault with the walk and carriage of all his house-mates; even Père François and the Marquise did not escape his criticism. The steps of the Marquise, he said, were so slow and lagging, and her carriage was any thing but majestically upright. True; Veronica's steps became more weary, day by day, for the disease that had carried off her own mother to an early grave, had fastened on her; and, though she strove heroically against it, she felt that she should soon be called away from her child.

It was Marion who now accompanied Père François to the huts of the poor; Veronica seldom left her easy-chair, which, on fine days, was wheeled out on the terrace. Like mother, like child; to give—to give to the poorest, both help and love, was Marion's greatest happiness; and the children of the poorest were those that Marion liked best to play with. Altogether, she preferred playing to learning, though quick and apt at her lessons. One talent Père François had soon discovered in his little pupil: she was possessed of wonderful genius for drawing. He himself was not accomplished in this art; but she

was happy in her efforts, while he read aloud to the Marquise and herself, as they all three sat in the room with the deep bay-window, or on the terrace outside.

While the days passed thus peacefully, in this province, Paris was no longer the delightful place of old; the Revolution had broken out, with all its horrors, the recital of which, in the papers that found their way down here, could hardly be credited. Marion, above all, did not understand how the wicked people could cut off a head that wore the crown, or rise up against a queen who was so beautiful that papa had her picture hung directly beneath that of Mademoiselle Deligny.

"All this woe is but passing," said Veronica, smiling sadly on Père François, who looked up at her. And she, too, was passing—passing away, like a shadow, to which she was growing. Nearer drew the day; and the Marquis—who would never stop long by the couch of his wife, "because it excited her so"—was shut up in his room, as usual, when it came: Père François and little Marion were alone beside her.

"Watch over my child," Veronica whispered to her friend; "guard her, and love her, and I die in peace."

And he laid his trembling hand on her cold brow, repeating the prayers for the dying, but murmuring, between, "Go in peace; and pray, at God's throne, that we may meet again, where there is no more parting!" Marion lay, half-unconscious, at the bedside, and held her mother's hand; and Jean ran across to his master's apartments, forgetting, for the first time, in his haste, to knock at the door, and bursting into the room with, "If you please—Madame la Marquise——"

"Dolt!" exclaimed the Marquis, angrily; "how dare you——" He was holding in his hand a little slipper of pink satin; and on the table stood an

open box, of curious workmanship, about which were scattered faded ribbons and flowers, and gold spangles and artificial wreaths. "What does Madame la Marquise want, at this hour?" His face glowed with anger.

"She wants — to die!" Jean blurted out; and the little slipper fell like a coal from the hands of his master.

It was upon the face of a corpse he gazed, a few moments later; but a face that, even in death, wore a smile of pity and forgiveness.

Years had passed; the Revolution had deprived the Marquis de Bridal of all, save the little old castle in Brittany, a few old family-servants, and—Marion. He had fought desperately against his poverty at first; but finding the fight useless, had suffered it, as we suffer death—helpless, and in silent dread. He still continued his "historical researches," merely having changed the hour, since the day when Jean had summoned him to the Marquise. An epicure he had never been, and so long as the fine old Sèvres porcelain appeared on his table, and the heavy silver plate, stamped with the De Bridal crest, he did not murmur. Marion's toilet cost him nothing; her education was still in the hands of Père François, and dancing he continued to teach her himself. The *pas* to which they had now advanced were often very difficult of execution; and he was delighted with the grace with which she performed them.

"If only Mademoiselle Deligny could see you!" he exclaimed sometimes, in ecstasy. "How she would praise you! Later, when we grow rich again, we will visit Paris, and then you shall see her—the woman who has the smallest foot in the world."

"The smallest?" asked Marion, incredulously. The Marquis showed his daughter a delicate little slipper of pink satin.

"Mademoiselle Deligny wore it," he said, hesitating, and coloring a little.

Laughingly the young girl drew it on her own foot.

"Oh, papa! see how much too large it is for me; and mamma's foot was an inch smaller than mine." It was a look almost of affright that the Marquis cast on his daughter's foot; then he fell into a deep reverie. Had his wife really had a smaller foot than that much-admired sylph, Mademoiselle Deligny?

It seemed passing strange to the good Marquis that in all these years he had heard nothing of this charmer through the papers. Nothing was spoken of but the "brazen Revolution" and the "little Corporal." Dead or banished, all the rest; the King and Queen beheaded, the Dauphin tortured to death—oh! it seemed almost incredible. He had written to his friends—to Mademoiselle Deligny—but had never received an answer from any one. Again he wrote to one who had been his constant companion—an artist, Lecomte. Could not he become to Marion the teacher for whom Père François was always urging? "Come to my 'enchanted castle,'" he wrote to him; "let us talk of better times. The best woman in the world—the Marquise de Bridal—is dead, and my daughter is a young, childish thing, who, they tell me, has talent for your art. I want you to prove this statement correct. Come, and be my guest till you grow tired of the forests. What can there be in Paris to attract you? With me you will find Père François and my little Marion, who, with her bright face, will drive all black fancies away. She dances charmingly, and reminds me of our enchantress, the Deligny. Do you see her often? It would make me young again to see her face. Has she not caught the 'little Corporal' in her nets?"

Instead of a written answer, there appeared one day a very handsome young man, who gave his name as Gilbert Le-

comte. The Marquis uttered a loud cry of joy, and ran to meet him as fast as his gout would permit.

"Gilbert, old boy, is it possible? But no, it can not be." Nor was it. It was Gilbert the younger; the father had long been dead.

But the guest was held in high honor by the Marquis. He was given the room and bed in which Louis XV. had slept once, while following the chase. The heavy silk curtains, into which the De Bridal crest was woven with threads of gold, were almost falling to dust; the pillows were trimmed with costly lace, and the silken coverlet with gold fringe, and on the commode stood a heavy silver candlestick; but little pieces of plastering kept crumbling down from the moldy ceiling, the windows shook and rattled in their frames, and the creaking doors would fly open, no matter how fast you closed them. What mattered these things to the young artist? The place soon became to him an "enchanted palace," and the hours he spent drawing with his young pupil on the terrace, or making studies of the lights and shades in the forest, seemed to him hours passed in fairy-land. To Père François the young girl complained, "I am too happy now, and think more of the beautiful earth and the living than of heaven and the dead."

With Père François, Gilbert had soon become a favorite; and when the young man asked him, one day, if he thought the Marquis would be willing that his daughter should wed a simple artist, he looked at him in utter surprise, but answered nothing. Mentally he said: "How can he ask? Am not *I* willing to lay Marion's happiness in his hands? Was not Marion intrusted to *me*?" And Marion, hiding her blushing face in Gilbert's bosom, said to him, "*You* must tell my father about this wicked man; *I* can not." And the good Father was urged and coaxed to "tell"

that very evening. When evening came, and the chess-board was on the table, by which Père François sat awaiting the coming of the Marquis, this individual was heard suddenly rushing through the corridor; and he burst into the room, pale and breathless, as he had been the day the Marquis died.

"Marion!" he called out, excitedly, "we must prepare to receive a guest—the most distinguished your father could possibly entertain! In a week every thing must be ready."

"Ah!" exclaimed Marion, joyously, "the First Consul and his wife, Joséphine!"

A contemptuous smile passed over the face of the Marquis. "I am pained to think that you can not guess whom I mean. The Marquis de Bridal would close his castle-door against the Consul Bonaparte. A letter has just arrived informing me that my adored friend, the most celebrated *danseuse* France ever possessed—Mademoiselle Deligny—is about to honor my castle with her presence. In the morning I shall give you an extra dancing-lesson. I intend to surprise her with a most brilliant and extraordinary reception, and I have great preparations to make. Good-night to you, Père François; we shall have to postpone our game till after the arrival of Mademoiselle Deligny. I shall be very busy, and do not wish to be disturbed."

When Marion met Gilbert the next morning there was an arch smile on her face, and she whispered to him:

"You are to assist, if you show the least genius. Papa intends to surprise his fairy by a *pas de trois*, which we three are to execute down the broad steps in front of the castle. All the youths and maids of the village are to surround the carriage and strew flowers, standing on one foot. He meant to have requested Père François to advance with a *pas sérieux*, bearing in his hands

a laurel-wreath for the fair one; but I have talked him out of that. Old Mathurin is to play on the flute and lead up some lambs by pink ribbons, and lots of other things are to be done; and if you will only assist with good grace, this visit of Mademoiselle Deligny may yet help us to get papa's consent to our happiness."

"And what part are you to take in this grand reception?" asked Gilbert.

"I am to surprise her by presenting, on a velvet cushion, an ugly pink satin slipper, which papa holds dear as any relic. But I mean to introduce some variations into this surprise, on my own responsibility. Oh, Gilbert!"—her tone changed, and tears came into her eyes—"how happy I am that mamma is dead. I understand so many things now. How hard it must be to share a heart we prize with another!"

Gilbert drew the weeping girl to his breast. What he whispered must have satisfied her, for the tears were dried, and the eyes became bright as before.

The young artist proved himself so acceptable an assistant in arranging and decorating, that the Marquis embraced him delightedly, and, after the manner of kings, promised to gratify any wish in his power which the young man might express. The excitement of the Marquis became greater every hour; longer and longer grew his studies, though Jean often heard his master moaning and complaining over the twinges of gout, which *would* come to interrupt his "studies." His nights were sleepless; his thoughts ever fixed on the reception of the adored one. How the little, powdered head would be thrust out of the carriage-window—arch and smiling as ever—with the smile that had well-nigh robbed him of his senses! Probably she had grown a little older, but surely not more so than himself; and he, as the mirror told him, was still quite presentable. Of course, she would immediately hold out her

hand to him—that hand, white and satin-soft as a queen's—and then—when he had torn open the carriage-door—then would appear the foot—oh, that charming little foot!—which he would place in his hand as she alighted. What kind of boots would she wear on the journey? No matter; they would be—perfect; these feet! for feet never grow old nor change. And then, some day, perhaps the goddess would condescend to dance "*la belle Jardinère*," during her stay at the castle.

And how long would she stay? For weeks—months—years, he hoped. Oh, he would do every thing to make her stay pleasant; he would be her slave and upper-servant. For a moment the thought of dressing Marion and Gilbert in servants' clothing during her visit passed through his head; old Margot tramped so when she walked, and Marion's little peasant-maid could not be brought to learn the *pas de zéphyr* with which she was to float about; and many tears and sighs were the result of the Marquis' dancing-lessons. Never had the Marquis so felt his poverty as now; but Gilbert Lecomte seemed to possess a fairy's wand with which every thing needful grew up out of the earth. The Marquis had really become warmly attached to him, and on the morning of the day when Mademoiselle Deligny was expected to arrive, he inquired what wish Gilbert cherished in his heart. He was somewhat surprised at the wish, and his brows contracted; but he had not time to study long.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, impatiently, "if Marion loves you, I consent. But mind, not a word more now, till after Mademoiselle Deligny's departure; you are both young, and can wait."

It was afternoon of the sultry summer day; since early morning, all those fantastically dressed shepherds and shepherdesses had been lounging about the castle-grounds, waiting vainly for the ex-

pected carriage to come. Some had thrown aside a part of their unaccustomed finery; and others had sustained considerable damages in their brilliant adornments. Jean, in the character of Mercury, with wonderfully painted wings on his feet, had just gone into the kitchen, and was remonstrating with Margot, the cook, who had refused him a sixth libation. Old Margot was the only member of the household who had refused to assist in the reception of the “dancer-creature;” and to show her utter contempt for the “theatre-fixings” of the other servants, she stooped down, while Jean was looking the other way, and tore the wing off one of his feet. Before he had time to recover from his consternation, a confusion arose outside, and a dust-covered carriage, loaded down with boxes and bundles, inside and out, drove up to the entrance.

How those long-prepared groups arranged themselves—no one heeded it; the flowers were forgotten, and every body rushed pell-mell to the carriage, from which proceeded the fretful barking of dogs and the discordant screams of a parrot. One and another of the village youths and maids remembered the attitudes they were to have struck; and here and there an arm was raised and arched, or a foot lifted; and Jean, with the most ferocious face imaginable, thrust his wingless leg out far behind him. The Marquis, laurel-wreath in hand, dashed down the broad steps, with a smothered cry—a sudden fit of the gout forbade all thoughts of the intricate pirouettes he had ceaselessly practiced—and stood, stupefied, by the door of the carriage. Where was the little head that was to bow so gracefully?

“*Eh bien, bon jour, mon ami!*” came, in sharp tones, from the carriage. “Why don’t you open the door? There stand those stupid peasants, staring, and no one stirs a finger! Be sure to have the doors all closed in the house—the draught

kills me; and have two stout men ready to lift me up the steps. Louison, don’t leave the smelling-bottle; and look after the dogs and Cocco. Where’s my fan, and my snuff-box?”

The Marquis stood petrified. How the door was opened—to whom belonged those big, clumsy feet, encased in coarse woolen shoes—he could not tell. When they reached the top step—the fair one leaning heavily on his and Jean’s shoulder—he heard her say:

“Ah, well!—we have grown old—that is, *you* certainly have. Only we women know how to grow old gracefully.” She threw back her lace veil coquettishly. Was this malicious-looking, yellow-faced creature the goddess whom all Paris had once adored? “Do you think I have changed? And have you still the slipper of mine that caused the duel between yourself and that coarse Swiss Captain? You remember, he had the impudence to assert that there were smaller feet than mine tripping over this stony earth. But I am tired; let us move on.”

On the threshold appeared a young girl, clad in pure white, bearing on her hands a velvet cushion, on which stood two delicate slippers—one, pink, with silver spangles; the other, a pale blue—both of satin. It seemed as though a child might have worn the blue slipper, and it was wreathed with flowers, while the pink one was carelessly pushed to one side. Mademoiselle Deligny looked in surprise from the girl to the cushion she was bearing.

“I see you have held my slipper in honor, my dear friend,” said she to the Marquis; “but what slipper is that other, so much smaller than mine?”

The eyes of the young girl met hers—sad, and proud, at the same time.

“It is the slipper my mother wore, on her wedding-day. She had the smallest foot in the world: it was smaller, even, than that of Mademoiselle Deligny.”

Mademoiselle Deligny remained but a week in Brittany. She never recovered from her surprise at finding the Marquis de Bridal so changed; and life in one of these old castles was a very tiresome affair, she said to Louison; adding, by way of comfort:

"Don't fret, Louison; we will return to Paris at once. Ah! we poor women are always disappointed, when we—follow the dictates of our hearts!"

During the week of her stay, the Marquis never once raised his eyes. A

month after her departure, Marion and Gilbert were married in the little chapel where the Marquise lay buried; and Monsieur le Marquis has not resumed his "historical researches" to this day. On his table now stood a little, pale-blue slipper; and on the steps of the vault in the chapel he placed a fresh bouquet of flowers every morning. In after-years, he devoted his talents and energies to painting; but his little grandchildren were the only ones who sincerely admired his artistic productions.

TWENTY HILL HOLLOW.

I WISH to say a word for the great central plain of California in general, and for Twenty Hill Hollow, in Merced County, in particular; because, in reading descriptions of California scenery, by the literary racers who annually make a trial of their speed here, one is led to fancy, that, outside the touristical seesaw of Yosemite, Geysers, and Big Trees, our State contains little else worthy of note, excepting, perhaps, certain wine-cellars and vineyards, and that our great plain is a sort of Sahara, whose narrowest and least dusty crossings they benevolently light-house. But to the few travelers who are in earnest—true lovers of the truth and beauty of wildness—we would say, Heed nothing you have heard; put no questions to "agent," or guide-book, or dearest friend; cast away your watches and almanacs, and go at once to our garden-wilds—the more planless and ignorant the better. Drift away confidingly into the broad gulf-streams of Nature, helmed only by Instinct. No harsh storm, no bear, no snake, will harm you. Those who submissively allow themselves to be packed and brined down in the sweats of a stage-coach, who are hurled into Yosemite by "favorite routes," are not aware

that they are crossing a grander Yosemite than that to which they are going.

The whole State of California, from Siskiyou to San Diego, is one block of beauty, one matchless valley; and our great plain, with its mountain-walls, is the true California Yosemite—exactly corresponding in its physical character and proportions to that of the Merced. Moreover, as Yosemite the less is outlined in the lesser Yosemite of Indian Cañon, Glacier Cañon, Illilouette, and Pohono, so is Yosemite the great by the Yosemite of King's River, Fresno, Merced, and Tuolumne. The only important difference between the great central Yosemite—bottomed by the plain of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and walled by the Sierras and mountains of the coast—and the Merced Yosemite—bottomed by a glacier meadow, and walled by glacier rocks—is, that the former is double—two Yosemitees in one, each proceeding from a tangle of glacier cañons, meeting opposite Suisun Bay, and sending their united waters to the sea by the Golden Gate.

Were we to cross-cut the Sierras into blocks a dozen miles or so in thickness, each section would contain a Yosemite Valley and a river, together with a bright

array of lakes and meadows, rocks and forests. The grandeur and inexhaustible beauty of each block would be so vast and over-satisfying that to choose among them would be like selecting slices of bread cut from the same loaf. One bread-slice might have burnt spots, answering to craters; another would be more browned; another, more crusted or raggedly cut; but all essentially the same. In no greater degree would the Sierra slices differ in general character. Nevertheless, we all would choose the Merced slice, because, being easier of access, it has been nibbled and tasted, and pronounced very good; and because of the concentrated form of its Yosemite, caused by certain conditions of baking, yeasting, and glacier-frosting of this portion of the great Sierra loaf. In like manner, we readily perceive that the great central plain is one batch of bread—one golden cake—and we are loath to leave these magnificent loaves for crumbs, however good.

After our smoky sky has been washed in the rains of winter, the whole complex row of Sierras appear from the plain as a simple wall slightly beveled, and colored in horizontal bands laid one above another, as if entirely composed of partially straightened rainbows. So, also, the plain seen from the mountains has the same simplicity of smooth surface, colored purple and yellow, like a patchwork of irised clouds. But when we descend to this smooth-furred sheet, we discover complexity in its physical conditions equal to that of the mountains, though less strongly marked. In particular, that portion of the plain lying between the Merced and Tuolumne, within ten miles of the slaty foot-hills, is most elaborately carved into valleys, and hollows, and smooth undulations, and among which is laid the Merced Yosemite of the plain—Twenty Hill Hollow.

This delightful Hollow is less than a

mile in length, and of just sufficient width to form a well-proportioned oval. It is situated about midway between the two rivers, and five miles from the Sierra foot-hills. Its banks are formed of twenty hemispherical hills: hence its name. They surround and inclose it on all sides, leaving only one narrow opening toward the south-west for the escape of its waters. The bottom of the hollow is about two hundred feet below the level of the surrounding plain, and the tops of its hills are slightly below the general level. Here is no towering dome, no Tissiack, to mark its place; and one may ramble close upon its rim before he is made aware of its existence. Its twenty hills are as wonderfully regular in size and position as in form. They are like big marbles half buried in the ground, each poised and settled daintily into its place at a regular distance from its fellows, making a charming fairy-land of hills, with small, grassy valleys between, each valley having a tiny stream of its own, which leaps and sparkles out into the open hollow, uniting to form Hollow Creek. Like all others in the immediate neighborhood, these twenty hills are composed of stratified lavas mixed with mountain drift in varying proportions. Some strata are almost wholly made up of volcanic matter—lava and cinders—thoroughly ground and mixed by the waters that deposited them; others are largely composed of slate and quartz-boulders of all degrees of coarseness, forming conglomerates. A few clear, open sections occur, exposing an eloquent history of seas, and glaciers, and volcanic floods—chapters of cinders and ashes that picture dark days, when these bright, snowy mountains were clouded in smoke, and rivered and laked with living fire. A fearful age, say mortals, when these Sierras flowed lava to the sea. What horizons of flame; what atmospheres of ashes and smoke!

The conglomerates and lavas of this

region are readily denuded by water. In the time when their parent sea was removed to form this golden plain, their regular surface, in great part covered with shallow lakes, showed little variation from motionless level until torrents of rain and floods from the mountains gradually grooved the waiting page to this delightful diversity of bank and brae, creating not only Twenty Hill Hollow, but Lily Hollow, and the lovely valleys of Cascade and Castle creeks. Many others are nameless and unknown, seen only by hunters and shepherds, sunk in the wide bosom of the plain, like undiscovered gold. Whatever may be the true theory of the formation of mountain Yosemite, Twenty Hill Hollow is a clear case of erosion. Here are no Washington columns, no angular Capitans, to bring doubt upon Ruskin's "Moderation." The hollow *cañons*, cut in soft lavas, are not so deep as to require a single earthquake at the hands of science, much less a baker's dozen of those convenient tools demanded for the making of Yosemite, and our proper arithmetical standards are not outraged by a single magnitude of this moderate, comprehensible hollow.

The present rate of denudation of this portion of the plain seems to be about one-tenth of an inch per year. This approximation is based upon observations made upon stream-banks and perennial plants. Rains and winds remove mountains, without disturbing their plant or animal inhabitants. Hovering petrels, the fishes and floating plants of ocean, sink and rise in beautiful rhythm with its waves; and, in like manner, the birds and plants of the plain sink and rise with these waves of land.

In March and April the bottom of the Hollow and every one of its hills are smoothly covered and pushed with yellow and purple flowers, the yellow predominating. They are mostly social *Compositæ*, with a few *Claytonias*, *Gil-*

ias, *Eschscholtzias*, white and yellow violets, blue and yellow lilies, *Dodecatheons*, *Erigonums* set in a half-floating maze of purple grasses. There is but one vine in the hollow—the *Megarhiza*, or "big root." The only bush within a mile of it, about four feet in height, forms so remarkable an object upon the universal smoothness that my dog barked furiously around it, at a cautious distance, as if it were a bear. Some of the hills have rock-ribs that are brightly colored with red and yellow lichens, and in moist nooks there are luxuriant mosses—*Bartramia*, *Dicranum*, *Funaria*, and several *Hypnæ*. In cool, sunless coves the mosses are companioned with ferns—*Acistopteris* and the little, gold-dusted rock-fern, *Gymnogramma triangularis*.

The Hollow is not rich in birds. The meadow-lark homes there, and the little burrowing owl, the childee, and a species of sparrow. Occasionally a few ducks pay a visit to its waters, and a few tall cranes—blue and white—may at times be seen stalking along the creek; and the sparrow-hawk and gray eagle come to hunt. The lark, who does nearly all the singing for the Hollow, is identical in species with the meadow-lark of the East; but richer flowers and skies have inspired him with better song than was ever known to the Atlantic lark. I have noted three distinct lark-songs here. The words of the first, which I committed to memory at one of their special meetings, spelled as sung, are, "Wee-ro spee-ro wee-o weerly wee-it." On the 20th of January, 1869, they sang "Queed-lix boodle," repeating with great regularity for hours together, to music sweet as the sky that gave it. On the 22d of the same month, they sang "Chee-chool cheedildy choodildy." An inspiration is this song of the blessed lark, and universally absorbable by human souls. It seems to be the only bird-song of these hills that has been created with any direct reference to us.

Music is one of the attributes of matter, into whatever forms it may be lawed or lifed. Drops and sprays of air are specialized, and made to splash and churn in the bosom of a lark, as infinitesimal portions of air splash and sing about the angles and hollows of sand-grains, as perfectly composed and predestined as the rejoicing anthems of worlds; but our senses are not fine enough to catch the tones. Fancy the waving, pulsing melody of the vast flower congregations of the Hollow flowing from myriad voices of tuned petal and pistil, and heaps of sculptured pollen. Scarce one note is for us; nevertheless, God be thanked for this blessed instrument hid beneath the feathers of a lark.

The eagle does not dwell in the Hollow; he only floats there to hunt the long-eared hare. One day I saw a fine specimen alight upon a hill-side. I was at first puzzled to know what power could fetch the sky-king down into the grass with the larks. Watching him attentively, I soon discovered the cause of his earthiness. The hare of his choice stood erect at the door of his burrow, staring his winged brother full in the face. They were about ten feet apart. Should the eagle attempt to snatch his bread, it would instantly disappear. Should long-ears, tired of inaction, venture to skim the hill to some neighboring burrow, he might swoop above him and strike him dead with a blow of his pinions, bear him to some favorite rock-table, satisfy his hunger, wipe off all marks of grossness, and go again to the sky. Since antelopes have been driven away, the hare is the swiftest animal of the Hollow. When chased by a dog he will not seek a burrow, as when the eagle wings in sight, but skims wavily from hill to hill across connecting curves, swift and effortless as a bird-shadow. One that I measured was twelve inches in height at the shoulders. His body was eighteen inches,

from nose-tip to tail. His great ears measured six and a half inches in length and two in width. His ears—which, notwithstanding their great size, he wears gracefully and becomingly—have procured the homely nickname, by which he is commonly known, of “Jackass rabbit.” Hares are very abundant over all the plain and up in the sunny, lightly wooded foot-hills, but their range does not extend into the close pine-forests.

Coyotes, or California wolves, are occasionally seen gliding about the Hollow; but they are not numerous, vast numbers having been slain by the traps and poisons of sheep-raisers. The *coyote* is about the size of a small shepherd-dog; beautiful, and graceful in motion, with erect ears, and a bushy tail, like a fox. Inasmuch as he is fond of mutton, he is cordially detested by “sheepmen” and nearly all cultured people.

The ground-squirrel is the most common animal of the Hollow. In several hills there is a soft stratum, in which they have tunneled their homes. It is interesting to observe these rodent towns in time of alarm. Their one circular street resounds with sharp, lancing outcries of, “Seekit, seek, seek, seekit!” Near neighbors, peeping cautiously half out-of-doors, engage in low, purring chat. Others, bolt upright on the door-sill or on the rock above, shout excitedly, as if giving orders or intelligence of the motions and aspects of the enemy. Like the wolf, this little animal is accursed, because of his relish for grain. Pity that Nature should have made so many small mouths palated like our own!

All the seasons of the Hollow are warm and bright, and flowers bloom through the whole year. But the grand commencement of the annual genesis of plant and insect-life is governed by the setting in of the rains, in December or January. The air, hot and opaque, is washed and cooled. Plant-seeds, which for six months have lain on the ground

dry as if garnered, at once unfold their treasured life. Flies hum their delicate tunes. Butterflies come from their coffins, like cotyledons from their husks. The net-work of dry water-courses, spread over valleys and hollows, suddenly gush with bright waters, sparkling and pouring in inlets and pools, like dusty mummies resouled and set living and laughing with color and blood. The weather grows in beauty, like a flower. Its roots are in the ground, and the rains quickly develop day-clusters a week or two in size, divided and shaded in foliage of clouds; or round hours of ripe sunshine wave and spray in sky-shadows, like racemes of berries half hidden in leaves.

These months of so-called rainy season are not filled with rain. Nowhere else in North America, perhaps in the world, are Januarys so balmed and glowed with vital sunlight. Referring to my notes of 1868 and 1869, I find that the first heavy general rain of the season fell on the 18th of December. January yielded to the Hollow, during the day, only twenty hours of rain, which was divided among six rainy days. February had only three days on which rain fell, amounting to eighteen and one-half hours in all. March had five rainy days. April had three, yielding seven hours of rain. May also had three wet days, yielding nine hours of rain; and completed the so-called rainy season for that year, which is probably about an average one. It must be remembered that this rain record has nothing to do with what fell in the night.

The ordinary rain-storm of this region has little of that outward pomp and sublimity of structure so characteristic of the storms of the Mississippi Valley. Nevertheless, we have experienced rain-storms out on these treeless plains, in nights of solid darkness, as impressively sublime as the noblest storms of the mountains. The wind, which in settled

weather blows from the north-west, veers to the south-east; the sky curdles gradually and evenly to a grainless, seamless cloud, and then comes the rain, steadily and moderately, but often driven slant by a strong wind. In 1869, more than three-fourths of the winter rains came from the south-east. One magnificent storm from the north-west occurred on the 21st of March. An immense, round-browed cloud came sailing over the flowery hills in most imposing majesty, bestowing water as from a sea. The rain-gush lasted about one minute; but was the most magnificent cataract of the sky-mountains that I ever beheld. A portion of calm sky toward the Sierras was brushed with thin, white cloud-tissue, upon which the rain-torrent showed to a great height: a cloud water-fall, which, like those of Yosemite, was neither spray, rain, nor solid water. In the same year the cloudiness of January, omitting rainy days, averaged 0.32; February, 0.13; March, 0.20; April, 0.10; May, 0.08. The greater portion of this cloudiness was gathered into a few days, leaving the others blocks of solid, universal sunshine in every chink and pore.

At the end of January, four plants were in flower: a small white cress, growing in large patches; a low-set, unbeled plant, with yellow flowers; an *Erigonum*, with flowers in leafless spangles, and a small *barragewort*. Five or six mosses had adjusted their hoods, and were in the prime of life. In February, squirrels, hares, and flowers were in spring-time joy. Bright plant-constellations and carnations shone everywhere about the Hollow. Ants were getting ready for work by rubbing and sunning their limbs upon the husk-piles around their doors. Fat and pollen-dusted "burly, dozing bumblebees" were rumbling among the flowers; and spiders were busy mending up old webs or weaving new ones. Flowers were born every day, and came gushing from the

ground like gayly dressed children from a church. The bright air became daily more songful with flywings, and sweeter with breath of plants. In walking the Hollow at this season, one sees, or thinks he sees, many doubtful motions at the tops of holes—uncertain twinklings—which proceed from field-crickets, as they leap to their chambers, and a small, bright-polished lizard, nicknamed "the go-quick."

In March, plant-life is more than doubled. The little, pioneer cress, by this time, goes to seed, wearing daintily embroidered silicles. Several *Claytonias* appear; also, a large, white *Leptosiphon*, and two *Nemophilas*. A small *Plantago* becomes tall enough to wave and show silky ripples of shade. Toward the end of this month or the beginning of April, plant-life is at its greatest height. Few have any just conception of its amazing richness. Count the flowers of any portion of these twenty hills, or of the bottom of the Hollow, among the streams: you will find that there are from one to ten thousand upon every square yard, counting the heads of *Compositæ* as single flowers. Yellow *Compositæ* form, by far, the greater portion of this goldy-way. Well may the sun feed them with his richest light, for these shining sunlets are his very children—rays of his ray, beams of his beam! One would fancy that these California days receive more gold from the ground than they give to it. The earth has indeed become a sky; and the two cloudless skies, raying toward each other flower-beams and sunbeams, are fused and congolded into one glowing heaven. By the end of April most of the Hollow plants have ripened their seeds and died; but, undecayed, still assist the landscape with color from persistent involucre and corolla-like heads of chaffy scales.

In May, only a few deep-set lilies and *Erigonums* are left alive. June, July, August, and September are the season

of plant-rest; followed, in October, by a most extraordinary outgush of plant-life, at the very driest time of the whole year. A small, unobtrusive plant, from six inches to three feet in height, with pale, glandular leaves, suddenly bursts into bloom, in patches miles in extent, like a resurrection of the gold of April. I have counted upward of 3,000 heads upon one plant. Both leaves and pedicles are so small as to be nearly invisible among so vast a number of daisy golden-heads, that seem to keep their places unsupported, like stars in the sky. The heads are about five-eighths of an inch in diameter; rays and disk-flowers, yellow; stamens, purple. The rays have a rich, furred appearance, like the petals of garden pansies. The prevailing summer wind makes all the heads turn to the south-east. The waxy secretion of its leaves and involucre has suggested its grim name of tarweed, by which it is generally known. In our estimation, it is the most delightful member of the whole composite family of the plain. It remains in flower until November, uniting with an *Erigonum* that continues the floral chain across December to the spring plants of January. Thus, although nearly all of the year's plant-life is crowded into February, March, and April, the flower circle around the Twenty Hill Hollow is never broken.

The Hollow may easily be visited by tourists *en route* for Yosemite, as it is distant only about six miles from Snelling's. It is at all seasons interesting to the naturalist; but it has little that would interest the majority of tourists earlier than January or later than April. If you wish to see how much of light, life, and joy can be got into a January, go to this blessed Hollow. If you wish to see a plant-resurrection—myriads of bright flowers crowding from the ground, like souls to a judgment—go to Twenty Hills in February. If you are traveling for health, play truant to doctors' and

friends, fill your pocket with biscuits, and hide in the hills of the Hollow, lave in its waters, tan in its golds, bask in its flower-shine, and your baptisms will make you a new creature indeed. Or, choked in the sediments of society, so tired of the world, here will your hard doubts disappear, your carnal incrustations melt off, and your soul breathe deep and free in God's shoreless atmosphere of beauty and love.

Never shall I forget my baptism in this font. It happened in January: a resurrection-day for many a plant and for me. I suddenly found myself on one of its hills; the Hollow overflowed with light, as a fountain, and only small, sunless nooks were kept for mosseries and ferneries. Hollow Creek spangled and mazed like a river. The ground steamed with fragrance. Light, of unspeakable richness, was brooding the flowers. Truly, said I, is California the Golden State—in metallic gold, in sun gold, and in plant gold. The sunshine for a whole summer seemed condensed into the chambers of that one glowing day.

Every trace of dimness had been washed from the sky; the mountains were dusted and wiped clean with clouds—Pacheco Peak and Monte Diablo, and the waved blue wall between; the grand Sierras stood along the plain, colored in four horizontal bands—the lowest, rose purple; the next higher, dark purple; the next, blue—and, above all, the white row of summits pointing to the heavens.

It may be asked, What have mountains fifty or a hundred miles away to do with Twenty Hill Hollow? To wild people, these mountains are not a hundred miles away. Their spiritual power and the goodness of the sky make them near, as a circle of friends. They rise as a portion of the hilled walls of the Hollow. You can not feel yourself out-of-doors; plain, sky, and mountains ray beauty which you feel. You bathe in these spirit-beams, turning round and round, as if warming at a camp-fire. Presently you lose consciousness of your own separate existence: you blend with the landscape, and become part and parcel of Nature.

TIMMS' STRATEGY.

MAPES was chivalrous by nature; he believed in "seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." His enthusiasm was aroused by the recital of stories of deeds of desperate daring; while he had nothing but contempt for even success won by crooked and indirect means. Timms, on the contrary, believed there was policy in war, and that the end justified the means, particularly if the end was attained. Companions from infancy, their lives had been spent in competition for scholastic and such other honors as the locality afforded, without even a momentary break in their friendship. But now, in early manhood, they strug-

gled for a prize of incalculable value, with an ardor that threatened a complete rupture of friendly relations. The heart and hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood belle, were to be won; and to these none others might aspire, in the face of such formidable competition as that of Mapes and Timms. They alone—each by virtue of his own personality and position—had a right to lay siege to the heart of that variable, irritable, imperious beauty, and for months the strife between them had gone on. Each one had called into play all his personal and social resources; for the local society had taken such an interest that it was divided into two factions, known as the

Mapesites and the Timmsites. And yet Miss Eliza could not be brought to express a preference; if she rode with one to-day, she was careful to walk abroad with the rival to-morrow.

Coquetry is delicious to a woman; and Eliza would not have been feminine had she been in haste to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and feared that when one of the aspirants for her favor withdrew from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulus of competition, would grow cold; hence, she had made up her mind, that, upon the first favorable opportunity, she would signify to Mapes that his suit, so often pressed, was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting; for invitations were given out for an apple-bee in the neighborhood, and Eliza found means to convey an intimation to Mapes that she expected to meet him there, and counted on his escort home at the conclusion of the frolic.

The appointed evening looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes, came at last. He felt that it was the most important of his life, and arrayed himself as only a rustic dandy can. His way lay across a meadow, through which ran—or rather loitered—a deep, but narrow stream, spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to feel his way slowly across. As he progressed it commenced to swing lightly—something very unusual—until he reached the centre, when, to his utter confusion, it gave way, and he was launched into the water. He scrambled out, then suddenly the night became luminous with that lurid light to which people refer when they say, in speaking of some profane wretch, "He swore until all was blue." Whatever illuminating qualities this lurid light possessed, it had no dry-

ing ones, and Mapes was forced to bid adieu for the night to all hopes of plighting his troth to the loved Eliza.

In the rural districts Down East, in early times, the good people had such habits of industry and rigid economy that they seldom gave, or attended parties, unless such as were cloaked under the names of raisings, quiltings, huskings, or apple-bees; thus, the apple-bee, fraught with momentous consequences to Mapes and Timms, was but a social party in disguise—a few apples being pared, quartered, cored, and strung in the early evening for appearance' sake.

As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of the occasion. Good looks, entire self-possession, and a keen, satirical wit always assured her that position; and this night she shone with unusual brilliancy, until, as the hours wore away, and Mapes came not, she began to lose herself in pondering why, and at length she asked Timms:

"Is your friend Mapes ailing?"

"I guess not," replied Timms; "saw him to-day. He wasn't complaining."

"He denies himself much pleasure," said Eliza, "in not coming here to-night, for this is the place where we always have a good time. Aunt Judy knows how to give an apple-bee."

"You let Mapes alone," answered Timms; "he knows what he's about."

"What do you mean?" asked Eliza.

"Oh, I mean," replied Timms, "that Mapes is the prince of good fellows, and gets invitations where the rest of us don't."

"Where is Mapes to-night?" asked Eliza, now fully aroused.

"I don't know, for sure," answered Timms. "He told me to-day there were special reasons for his coming here, but that he had an invitation to the rich and aristocratic Squire Huntoon's, who is celebrating his daughter's birthday, and that he didn't know which way he would go;" and Timms

turned away to talk to the next prettiest girl in the room.

Petted young women are seldom logical or patient. When the party broke up, Eliza accepted Timms' escort to her home, and, before they arrived there, she had consented to become, with the least possible delay, Mrs. Timms. The next morning the engagement was announced, and preparations for the wedding commenced. Timms was exultant—happy Timms!

For a few days Timms was not much seen in public—perhaps for want of courage to wear his blushing honors openly; perhaps for want of courage to meet other contingencies—who knows? But a man can not make arrangements for his own wedding from a fixed standpoint, and he was compelled to venture out. In a quiet and secluded by-way he met Mapes. The meeting to him was a surprise; he smiled feebly, and extended his hand. But Mapes, intent on business, strode squarely up to Timms and planted a vigorous blow on one of his eyes, which caused that gentleman to measure his length in the dust. Timms sprang to his feet, and showed fight; but another blow on the other eye sent him again to grass, where he continued to lie.

"Get up," said Mapes.

"You'll knock me down again," said Timms.

"Yes," returned Mapes; "I will."

"Then I won't get up," said Timms.

"You're an infernal scoundrel," said Mapes.

"I can't help your saying so," answered Timms.

"You sawed the log," said Mapes.

"What log?" asked Timms.

"You sawed the log," repeated Mapes, advancing a step.

"Yes—stop," said Timms; "I sawed the log."

"Well, you needn't think," said Mapes, "that after your marriage you're going to

tell that story, and make me a laughing-stock."

"I'll never speak of it," whined Timms.

"Perhaps you won't," said Mapes; "but I'm going to swear you before I get through. There's another thing: you won the woman by your d—trickery, and I know it is in you to abuse her; so I'm going to swear you to treat her kindly."

"I'll swear," said Timms.

"Hold up your hand," said Mapes.

Timms held up his hand.

"Now, repeat after me: 'I, Silas Timms, solemnly swear that I will never bring to the knowledge of any human being that I sawed the log whereby Daniel Mapes fell into the creek and lost a wife; and, further, that I will, she consenting, marry Eliza Reed, and always treat her kindly: so help me God.'"

Timms repeated the oath, *verbatim*.

"Now, get up and go home," said Mapes. "I don't think you'll be married till your eyes get out of mourning, and by that time I'll be far enough away. But don't think I'll lose sight of you; and if you don't keep your oath, you'll see me."

Timms arose from the ground, shook off the dust, and walked away; but when he had secured a safe distance, he shouted back, exultingly:

"Mapes, she's an angel."

In twenty years, Daniel Mapes had learned many things, and among them this: Life is very much as we make it. In other words, the world is like a mirror, and looks at us with the face we present. It returns scowl for scowl, and smile for smile. It echoes our sobs and our laughter. To the cold, it is as icy as the northern seas; to the loving, it is as balmy as the isles of the tropics. He had learned a still harder lesson; which was, to forget the griefs, the sorrows, the slights, the wrongs, and the hates of the past. The effect of this

lesson was to make it appear that the lines, to him, had fallen in pleasant places. His rotund form and firm muscle bespoke a good digestion, while a cheerful countenance told of mental peace. A fair woman named him husband, and children called him father. A beautiful home in the Santa Clara Valley was theirs; besides which, Mapes had many broad acres of land, as well as many head of stock running nearly wild in the counties of Monterey and San Luis Obispo.

Once in each year the cattle that graze on California's thousand hills are gathered in bands at convenient places, to be claimed and branded by their owners—such assemblages being called *rodeos*. Mapes had been down across the Salinas Plains, in attendance upon a *rodeo*; and, being on his return, jogging along on his mustang, he saw, far in the distance, but nearing him, an equally lone traveler. Slowly the distance between them decreased; and, as they approached, Mapes—with California prudence—slipped his revolver upon the belt which sustained it, from his back, round to his left side, bringing the hilt under the shadow of his bridle-arm, and within easy reach of his right-hand. A near look assured Mapes that he had no occasion for weapons: the coming man was of middle-age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected, and hopeless—in local phrase, his manner was that of a person who has "lost his grip;" and those who have met that terrible misfortune are never highway-robbers, "grip" being the very quality wanted in that hazardous pursuit.

The travelers met, with a long, inquiring gaze, when from their lips simultaneously burst the words, "Mapes"—"Timms." After a moment of mute surprise, Mapes, spurring his mustang, drew nearer Timms.

"So—we meet, at last. I have been wanting to see you, this many a year."

The movement seemed ominous to Timms, and he cried out: "Don't—don't shoot! I have no weapons! Besides, I have kept my oath—at least, as well as I could. I never told the reason why you didn't attend the apple-bee, nor ever breathed a syllable about the sawed log—upon my solemn oath!"

"I wasn't thinking of the ducking," said Mapes.

"Don't come any nearer," returned Timms. "I have always tried to use that woman well; but she wouldn't be used well. I have done my best to treat her kindly; but she wouldn't be treated kindly."

"It is no use to go over the grounds to me, Timms."

"But," replied Timms, "you have no idea what that woman is; you wouldn't blame me, if you only knew. She's browbeat me, till I ain't half a man."

"So I see," said Mapes.

"No, you don't see," replied Timms. "You don't see half. Look at this scar"—taking off his hat, and showing a long seam on his scalp: "that was done with the skillet."

"You have suffered," said Mapes.

"Suffered!" returned Timms. "You ought to have sworn her, too. If you only knew how I have thought of you, and of my oath to you; and how I have borne blows, and been quiet—how I have been called a brute and a fool, and kept silent—how I have endured taunts and sneers, hunger and discomforts, without a word of reproach—you would forgive me: you wouldn't harbor thoughts of revenge."

"Thoughts of revenge!" answered Mapes. "Let us dismount, and have a settlement; for I see my chance has come at last."

"Mapes, would you take the life of an unarmed man?"

"Timms, you're crazy! Let me explain. I have no wrongs to avenge. It isn't for vengeance that I have want-

ed to see you. I have heard about you often—know all your life and experiences; and I have only wanted to meet you, to offer you a home and friendship, employment and opportunities for prosperity, here in California. I owe you no debt but one of gratitude, for the inestimable service you did me by that little job of carpenter-work; and that I mean to pay. Come with me." He took Timms' horse by the bridle, turned him about without remonstrance, and they traveled on in silence.

After awhile, Timms raised his eyes timidly from the ground, and said: "Mapes, she's the devil!"

 LOVE-SONG.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FORM.]

A bird flies over the sea—
 Over the golden sea,
 With a message from me to thee,
 O my belovéd!

Swift to thy lattice bar,
 My life, my belovéd,
 Under the morning-star
 He shall rest where my soul-thoughts are,
 O my belovéd.

He shall 'light in the viny rings;
 At thy window fastenings
 He shall beat with his eager wings,
 O my belovéd.

And ah! for the wild, sweet note,
 My dove, my belovéd;
 And O for the mad, sweet note
 That shall float from his honeyed throat,
 O love, my belovéd!

ETC.

THE very noticeable increase of the general interest taken in art matters here during the present year is probably due to a number of happily concurring causes. First of these, no doubt, in importance as well as in order, is the influence exerted by the San Francisco Art Association, which, by bringing together persons of æsthetic taste at its social reunions, has not only given an enlivening impulse to the *esprit de corps* of the professionals, but tended to make art popular by making it talked about and fashionable. It would be a grave mistake to assume that only those are benefited by getting into the habit of looking at pictures, and of having something to say about them, who are discriminating judges of their merits. It is an excellent thing for a person to read poetry, even though he should prefer Tupper to Tennyson, and Moore to Wordsworth. There is a germ of taste in every mind, however poor in culture; and the fine critical appreciation of the ripest culture was, in the beginning, but a germ. There are many who are benefited by literature who talk foolishly about it; and it is the same with art. Every one who finds pleasure in a picture or a poem gets some good out of it, whether he knows it or not; and if he keeps on seeking that kind of pleasure, his taste must insensibly become educated, though he may never become a connoisseur. Nor is the connoisseur's appreciation always the deepest or the truest. There is apt to be more or less of the conventional and commercial element mixed up with it. He is often too much impressed by authority, or awed by a name; and sometimes his relation to art is like a jockey's relation to the turf. It may perhaps be doubted, whether the most expert wine-taster enjoys his Burgundy with a keener zest than his neighbor with an untrained palate. Another of the causes that have contributed to the happy effect we have spoken of, is the return to California, within a recent

period, of quite a number of California artists, under such circumstances that they would naturally attract considerable attention to themselves, and, as a consequence, to matters connected with their art. Toby Rosenthal, returning home with a European prestige—won almost as suddenly as that of our Poet of the Sierras—was extensively lionized. It is true, that lionizing requires neither taste, nor culture, nor intelligent admiration, and that the most energetic lionizers are those who have more reverence for mere success, no matter whether merited or not, than for the highest genius that has not won recognition. But still, it is a good thing for art that wealth and fashion should be compelled to pay it homage, even in this hollow way—and it is also a good thing for wealth and fashion. More recently, the arrival of Thomas Hill, with his great picture, now on exhibition at Snow & Roos's, has been an additional influence in the same direction. For we repeat that it is a good thing for art, for artists, and for the public, to get said public in the habit of going to see pictures, and of talking about them, even if they see with little appreciation, and talk with little judgment. "The Great Cañon of the Sierras," however, is one of those pictures that are sure to find many admirers among the uncritical, while we think it comes as near to satisfying the critical mind as any of the great American landscapes that have been exhibited in San Francisco. To us it seems very great as a work of art. It is great in the breadth of its handling, and great in the simplicity and singleness of its purpose and the unity of its effect. It is *one* grand picture, not half a dozen small ones on the same canvas, not a map or a panorama; and in this unity it seems to us to exhibit the same artistic perfection that we find in an epic poem that is *complete*, having all its parts in due relation, proportion, and subordination. Of the col-

oring, the management and distribution of the light and shade, and the wonderful *depth* of the picture—the aerial effect of vast distance—it would be hard to speak in terms too enthusiastic. The foreground impresses us less favorably than any other portion of the picture. It seems to us conventional, and has the air of being manufactured; of not being homogeneous with the rest of the work. Possibly the artist felt it necessary to sacrifice his foreground to strengthen the effect of the middle distance, which was manifestly the point upon which he concentrated his whole powers. This is a question in regard to which we do not feel like speaking dogmatically, especially in commenting upon the greatest work of one who is now acknowledged as a great master in his art. But is not a true foreground, leading naturally out to the main distance, among the artistic possibilities in a large landscape painting like this? There is always such a foreground in Nature; and in Nature it does not impair the effect of what lies beyond. The spectator need not always look into the distance. His eyes may now rest upon the foreground, and then be lifted to the farther prospect, to which it is as the vestibule to the temple.

The advent of Mr. Kidd among us ought also to be noticed as an event calculated to have a considerable influence on local art. In his specialty, as an animal painter, he is said to have few, if any, superiors in America; and as a modeler of animals we believe he stands unrivaled. His thorough knowledge of the anatomy and muscular structure of the horse is especially noticeable in the pieces he has painted since his arrival, several of which have been the joint work of himself and Denny, the one furnishing the figures and the other the landscape.

Our local artists are all busy, and are producing some notably good work in their respective lines, much of which graces the walls of the new Hall of the Art Association. Brooks has finished what strikes us as perhaps the most pleasing piece in his specialty that he has yet executed. It is a group of three salmon, with natural, out-door surroundings, instead of his usual conventional background. The fish, instead of being stretched upon a slab in the larder, are lying upon the grass—very genuine and realistic

grass—in the shadow of an equally realistic rock, with a live oak stretching a long, twisted arm above them. The fish are admirably drawn, and are simply perfect, both in form and color. In the background is a reach of river, with the peculiar semi-tropical fringe of trees characteristic of the Sacramento and others of our California rivers. The picture is virtually a charming bit of landscape, with a group of fish in the foreground. The same artist has recently finished a pleasing composition, made up of a curlew suspended in a larder, with a cat in the act of making a meal of a red-winged blackbird. Both the birds are remarkably fine studies. Kidd has just completed quite a remarkable picture, which, notwithstanding an apparent poverty of material, is rendered very effective by the thoroughly artistic manner in which every thing that enters into it is made to contribute to what was designed to be the pervading tone and spirit of the whole. The genuine feeling of the desert finds perfect expression, both in the landscape and the sky. Dreary monotony and interminable solitude are indicated in the broad effects, and accentuated even in the smaller details of the foreground. The very figures that are introduced are so finely conceived with reference to the main artistic motive, that, instead of impairing the pervading sentiment of spacious desolation, they only serve to heighten it. A mule, apparently just dead from starvation and overwork, is the most conspicuous object in the foreground. In the far distance may be seen the departing team from which the animal was cut when his strength failed him. On the left, a savage fight is going on between a couple of gray wolves, that appear to have had a misunderstanding just as they were about to commence their feast upon the carcass. On the right, at a respectful distance, a couple of hungry *coyotes* are looking on, without daring to approach the banquet until their formidable kinsfolk shall have first satisfied their appetites. The respective characters of the wolf and the *coyote* are finely discriminated; and the mule is one of those admirable animal studies for which this artist has become celebrated. Denny has three new marine pieces, which exhibit his well-known characteristics. The one representing a moderately rough sea just outside the

Heads, with two vessels beating out, was not finished when we saw it; but promised well. A small picture of a sunset at sea exhibits some brilliant effects of color. The third, a view of Diamond Head, at the entrance of the harbor of Honolulu, is a very pleasing picture, in this artist's best style. Loomis has some fine studies on Alhambra Creek, Martinez, and a charming glimpse of a forest opening, with mountains in the middle distance, and groups of admirably drawn redwoods in the right and left foreground. Keith, who has recently arrived from the East, is, we learn, preparing to visit the Sandwich Islands, to make sketches.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Day after day, while passing to my labor,
I saw a glorious edifice arise,
Until its dome, like crest of sacred Tabor,
Sprang from the earth, and, arching in the skies,
O'ertopped the peak of each aspiring neighbor
That wooed a tribute from the upturned eyes.

Around this mart the world's great trade shall centre;
Within these walls a Babel-tumult sound—
Not that which made doomed Shinar a memento
Of human pride, laid level to the ground,
But blended music of all tongues shall enter,
And in Trade's peaceful symphonies resound!

Above this portal shall no monarch thunder;
No grand patrician lord it o'er a slave;
Here shall the Pagan's bonds be snapped asunder,
And creed and race no proud distinction crave;
Here shall mankind their shackles trample under,
And Freedom's banner over freemen wave.

Here shall Confucius braid his ebony tresses,
Perfume the cup with aromatic teas;
Supply gay beauty with her gaudiest dresses—
The worm's fine fabric and the Bactrian fleece;
And in exchange shall quaff a balm that blesses,
Freedom and Truth in every passing breeze.

Here Kamehameha realize the splendor
Foretold by sirens, singing round his isles—
How cane and pulu be his realm's defender,
And roof his palaces with marble tiles;
While sturdy Saxons shall their hearts surrender
In captive bonds to coy Kanaka's wiles.

Here Petropaulovski store her richest sables,
Tahiti waft her oranges and limes;
The Lascar weave his stout Manila cables,
The Malay chaffer midst his porcelain chimies;
Ceylon with spices scent our groaning tables,
Pariah bring Golconda's gems, not crimes!

Beneath this dome the Tycoon's gory dragon
Shall fold his wings and close his fiery eyes;
Here, quaffing from the same enchanted flagon,
Fraternal incense shall to heaven arise;

While Vishnu, Thor, Jehovah, Buddh, and Dagon
Shall cease all strife and struggle for the prize.

Oh! tell me not the Christian's God will thunder
And rock these hills with unforgiving ire;
By storm or earthquake rend the globe asunder,
And quench his wrath with everlasting fire—
When he beholds on earth so strange a wonder,
All peoples kneeling to a common Sire!

Prophets and priests have, from primeval ages,
Drenched all mankind in seas of human gore;
Jurists and statesmen, orators and sages,
Have deepened gulfs which boundless were before:
The merchant sails where'er an ocean rages,
Bridges its depths, and throws the rainbow o'er!

All hail! ye founders of Pacific's glory,
Who serve bold Commerce at his mightiest shrine!
Your names shall live, in endless song and story
When black oblivion flings her pall o'er mine;
And when these walls shall totter, quaint and hoary
Bards still shall sing your mission was divine.

W. H. R.

As a general rule, there is no species of oratory so commonplace or of so poor an intellectual and literary quality as the speaking—or rather the “speechifying”—which one hears at public dinners. The regular toasts on these occasions are scarcely more stereotyped in their character than the responses which they elicit. The sensible speeches are apt to be dull, tedious, and out of place, and the “eloquent” ones bombastic. When the florid gentleman who responds for “the Queen,” or the bilious insurance agent who responds for “the President,” gets upon his legs, we know pretty well already, while the table clatters in lively concussion with applauding knuckles, what he is going to say. The portly gentleman with the enthused countenance who rises when “California” is the sentiment, will be sure to tell us about our Italian clime, our fruitful valleys, and the snow-clad Sierras. If he is a practical man, “with no nonsense about him,” he will talk of our mines, our manufactures, our vineyards, and our wheat crop. Of course, he will not take his seat without claiming our general superiority to the rest of creation.

We have before us the authentic record of a model speech of this kind. It was made at a banquet given at Sacramento in celebration of the opening of the Central Pacific Railroad. A high and dignified State official was called upon to respond to the senti-

ment, "California—a young giant refreshed with new wine." Here is an extract: "Suffice it for me to say that our skies vie in beauty with those of far-famed Italy; our valleys surpass in richness the famous valley of the Nile; our plains in productiveness the sunny plains of France; our Sierra Nevada, for beauty and grandeur of scenery, surpasses those of the mountains of Switzerland. Who would not be a Californian? Why, sir, we have the bravest men, the fairest women, and the fattest babies of any place under the sun." If this speech is a burlesque, it was not designed as such by the eloquent orator. We have recently attended a dinner given to a gentleman whose name has of late become familiar to the public in connection with a great enterprise, which was quite different in its character from the species of "banquet" we have referred to. There were no stereotyped "sentiments," responded to with prosy platitudes expressed in threadbare phrases. The talking was various in kind, and excellent in quality. Several of the speakers spoke upon subjects of scientific or literary interest, and managed them seriously, without dullness. The humor was genial, the wit bright and fresh. There was to be seen the free play of minds variously trained, variously furnished, various in native bias, temperament, and taste, but all having some element to contribute to what under such circumstances it is not a sarcasm to call "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." In these particulars the farewell dinner given by the Bohemian Club to Monsieur Octave Pavy was immeasurably superior to the "occasion" dinner party. A club, from the *matériel* of whose active membership so brilliant an entertainment could be improvised, may justly be hailed as an efficient coadjutor of our Art Association in elevating the standard of æsthetic taste in our community. After all, the exceptional brilliancy of the occasion is not a matter of wonder when it is considered that the Bohemian Club has absorbed so large a proportion of the artistic, literary, dramatic, and musical talent of San Francisco, together with so strong an auxiliary force representing the finest culture and best ability of our learned professions. We find, too, something to admire in the generous spirit which prompted the club thus prematurely, as it may appear

to some minds, to declare its sympathy with an enterprise not yet clothed with the prestige of an assured success. In thus departing from the "Philistine" traditions—according to which the laurel is not for him who wisely plans and gallantly inaugurates a noble enterprise, but only for him who, by mere good luck or otherwise, succeeds—the Bohemian Club acted in consistency with the Bohemian idea that aspiration and effort are more to be honored than the accident of success. Considering the interest of the occasion, and the exceptionally high order of the intellectual part of the entertainment, it is a matter of no surprise that those of our enterprising dailies that are in the habit of devoting columns of their valuable space to the chronicling of a shoddy ball or a police court episode, should have furnished their readers with such meagre and unsatisfactory accounts of an affair so unique and so memorable.

THE characteristics of the various Christian organizations of the present day seem to be an amalgam of money-getting and gospel, of worldly-mindedness and church-going, of ostentatious display and sincere piety. The good old grace of humility has been hustled into a corner, and is shamefully out at elbows; and the quiet Sabbath observances of times past have shrunk out of sight, or vanished with the demolition of the simple places of worship in which they were held. And yet Religion holds high carnival. Is it seven years of plenty? or seven years of famine? In the hurly-burly of impressions one scarcely knows whether it be husks, or a fatted calf, that is served up. The guests are numerous and wear wedding garments, but the Lord of the feast seems unaccountably absent. The rich and the poor no longer go up together, for devotional indulgences have become expensive luxuries. The "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian" of Agrippa has merged into almost thou persuadest me to compete for the highest seat in the synagogue. The question of whether preaching pays, is asked from its commercial standpoint. The theological student of to-day looks not forward to a life of self-renunciation and unrewarded labor. The old Franciscan theory, that, to a high attainment in spiritual life, a literal giving up of worldly

ambition is absolutely necessary, would be met in the present by a sturdy opposition, and ridiculed as the dream of an enthusiast. The wisdom of the serpent has far outstripped the harmlessness of the dove; or, if the connection exists at all between the one and the other, the dove must be tethered by a golden chain, or the serpent goes it "one better."

The mild inanities of the standard preacher stir not the blood beyond its wont; and if now and then the persuasive eloquence of an earnest man be directed against prevailing sins and daily infringements of morality, such topics are considered a little too bracing for the average Christian. A gospel minister is supposed to be set above all the ordinary temptations of life; to be isolated in an atmosphere of moral sublimity quite at a distance from the ordinary sinner whom he encounters every day at dinner: therefore, says the devout follower, let him not touch the vices of society, but keep secluded in his green pastures, nibbling at the herbage, and mindful not to stray beyond his own inclosure. Let him place attendance at church, weary ceremonies, fasting, and repetition of prayers above the exercise of active benevolence or the honest performance of minor duties, or he will fail as a popular preacher. What matters it that the wistful soul drifts out on a sea of doubt and speculation, where, from the darkness, it wails its demand for more satisfying pabulum! What matters it that the charity and patience taught by the Sermon on the Mount are oftenest found outside of solid masonry and stained windows! Shall Christianity become vulgarly aggressive, and meddle with aught beyond doctrines and creeds? Are the confessions of weakness and nothingness, so often reiterated from the pulpit, exaggerated? Is there not vital truth underlying the sweet rapture of the declaration, "I am become as sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal?"

Meanwhile, beautiful deeds of divine charity and generous appreciation of rich gifts are not so rare as to become unfamiliar. One of our sweetest singers has been honored with a call to blend her voice with the harmonies of the Great Musical Jubilee; and when those

she has delighted here gather to do her substantial honor, the doors of a new and elegant church are flung open for a concert, and the sacredness of the edifice is not marred by the outpouring of the richest operatic gems. As the grand old organ peals out its penetrating bass, and the voices of the singers are uplifted in a delicious tumult of sound, they seem to foretell an era of dedication to humanity, allied to that higher dedication to God which is a peculiarly fitting consecration of the noble building.

We miss, in this connection, an exquisite and lovely voice, which once linked its sweetness with Beethoven's grand compositions, or thrilled the heart with the tender ballad of "Auld Robin Grey." A solemn night broods over the beautiful singer; a solitary waste stretches before her. She is mute in the awful presence of a benumbing paralysis. But is the night starless? or the waste without bloom? Ah! no: the friends of the artist gather about her in the dark hour; and genius, artistic taste, and inspiration beguile her into forgetfulness of weariness and pain. Our transient and beloved guest, Grace Greenwood, brings this tribute to—

THE SILENT SINGER.

Our Singer's glorious voice is still;
And bound in cruel thrall the feet
On Mercy's errand once so fleet;
And faint the heart, whose generous thrill
Ran all along the song so sweet.

But, joy! The brave and faithful soul
That urged the frame to strong endeavor,
Dreads not the cold and shadowy river:
Deep waves of peace beneath it roll,
And tides of love that flow forever.

As softly toward God's rest she floats,
To our poor sight alone discern'd
The head, so oft with song-wreaths bound,
What time her voice flung golden notes,
As royal hands fling largess round.

With the sad ceasing of that voice,
So tender, yet so grand and pure,
Something that helped us to endure—
Something that moved us to rejoice—
Seems passed from life forever more.

And yet, to our dull sense alone
Is hushed her song of praise: God's ear
Still marks it, rising glad and near,
And trembling round the jasper throne—
He does not miss the music clear.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

RADICAL PROBLEMS. By C. A. Bartol.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This remarkable work, whatever may be said of its heterodox tendencies, is unquestionably the product of a mind richly developed and unfolded in love, in faith, and in spiritual intuition. The soul and spirit of the writer seem affluent with health and vitality. Its pages swell with the deep, full diapason of a rare Christian experience, through all the length and breadth of its rich compass. A tranquil, brooding philosophical tendency is apparent throughout. Doctor Bartol is a man to break ground quite ahead of the regular furrow, and may not expect to be always interpreted correctly. The seed-corn of his advanced thought has been planted and is ready to germinate, before ordinary thinkers have determined whether or not the frost is out of the ground sufficiently to put in the plow. The loneliest of mortals are the pioneers of new thoughts and principles. They must be content to patiently bide their time, even if death overtake them before they are understood. It is by such travail that truth is born.

Doctor Bartol's sentences sway under the weight of thought, as an overloaded tree beneath its burden of ripe fruitage. The sparkling jewels which flash upon the vision from every page, are, for the most part, the crystallizations of luminous truth. There is an amplitude and regal dignity to his rhetoric—profound wisdom clothed in vigorous, impassioned, and sublime expression. Every phrase seems capable of elaboration into an essay. He teaches superb lessons by charming suggestion: a hint, like an index-finger, points you forward into the most delightful thought-rambles. His ideas and conceptions, though vital with manly strength, have few of the wrinkles of old age about them. He writes calmly, as one assured of right; fearlessly, as one assured of power; conscientiously, as

one assured of duty. There are force and fitness in his words, as well as brilliancy, elegance, and simplicity in his diction.

After a careful study of the seventeen profoundly interesting questions to which he devotes himself in this work, we are compelled to regard Doctor Bartol as a seer—a spiritual seer—in the present remarkable era of the world's advancement. Every line evinces a nature essentially pure, refined, and ingenuous; a character uplifted, lofty, and aspirational; a mind critical, analytic, and penetrating; a heart generous, fervent, and consecrated. There is a rare commingling of patient, diligent investigation, with questful, introspective reconnoiterings into the deepest regions of speculative philosophy. He deals in a masterly manner with the problems discussed. Were this his sole legacy to a craving world, it should beget a gratitude that is immortal.

In taking up this work for critical study, it would be disappointing to anticipate any well-ordered line of sequence. It has none. It is equally instructive, when followed from any given point of departure. Like the rare collections of an art-gallery, it would be difficult to determine which should claim precedence in the matter of inspection; but, with the most superficial glance, there comes the pleasing assurance that there is nothing commonplace or inferior in the repository. While his thought is clear and incisive, it is not a book to pick up at any odd moment, when fagged and worn from exhaustive mental labor. One needs to bring to its investigation the freshest energies. You can not play with its conceptions, as with a kitten: you must wrestle with them as with a skilled gymnast. And there are great, grand truths enunciated in this book, which, ponder as closely as you may, can never be understood in all their marvelous depth and fullness, except by those who have gone down into the shad-

ows, and reached out into the deep darkness, and meekly waited, in patient prayer and unutterable longing, for the day-dawn to arise. As, for instance, in the chapter on "Individualism," he says: "Put your trouble into your thought, trace its relations, learn its object, discern its effect, and you get rid of it. It is no trouble at all: it is transmuted into gold by the true philosopher's stone. So the Mohammedan mystic said the religious soul is not that which submits or bears patiently, but that which is not afflicted—does not recognize harm. Perfect love casts out not only fear, but sorrow. No matter how great the grief may appear—bereavement of nearest companion or dearest child—thinking of its lesson, you become its master. Said a noble woman: 'My anguish is mine. It is my fortune and possession; I own it. You can not have it: you may make your million of gold on the street; but this is my inalienable treasure.' It does not look so more than a dark rock in the mines of Nevada looks like the silver pouring from it in the furnace-heat. Yet you can lose nothing but thought doubles its worth. Yonder is the grave. But there is a deeper grave within. Its walls and fences are the boundaries of your own heart. Nobody knows the way to the gate of it but you. In it are buried no useless corpses, but old friendships and associations; sentiments once mutual betwixt you and others, that no longer exist—

Fond desires, and hopes as vain.

The obsequies were noiseless, without shroud or coffin, or funeral procession; yet no crape ever worn, no lament over the dead ever lifted, no hollow sound of the gravel dropping from the sexton's spade, could signify such suffering as went with the interments in that invisible sepulchre. Yet what man or woman whose thought has not from these terrible sacrifices of the seed-corn of human joy reaped a harvest? There are resurrections from this other cemetery as well as from the ashes in God's acre. . . . In a life which has had its share of suffering, for one thing I am grateful; the power and habit of thought. What a refuge, what an incentive, inspiration, and content! No drug, or ether, or drowsy sirup like it to soothe anguish, lull misfortune like a crying child to sleep, and

heal the stabs that are in every heart. Remembrance of your Maker, your Origin and Portion, is oblivion of every wound of earthly affection and all the scars of time. . . . No rush of events and affairs can unpoise the soul whose collect is conscious truth. In the whirlpool is a centre the mad waters can not shake."

The great controlling thought and conviction of the author's mind is the eternal, all-absorbing, all-pervading presence and domination of the Spirit's power and influence. God and Nature are one with him; matter is but coarser spirit. That all phenomena blend in unity is the point which he contends science arrives at more clearly every day. All great character, he avers, is but the flow of this Divine love and justice through the human soul; and the motive to a true spiritual life is not a thought of the shiny place to which we are going, but conscious glory of the spot which we now occupy. Virtue or duty is heavenly joy—all notion of reward is foreign to it; and this disposition, not created by, but breathed into us, is witness of God. "It is positive life of that Infinite One whose own joy is communication, and to imitate whom alone makes us communicants."

Doctor Bartol will be deemed heterodox on many important points. Spinoza himself could not more essentially confound the created with the Creator, or wed Nature to its Great Architect. Yet Nature is pervaded with this ever-moving, ever-present Personality, whom Doctor Bartol loves, reveres, and worships as the dear, kind, patient, loving Father, Protector, and Friend—so loving and forgiving that He shall, at last, bring every wandering child back to Himself. Here is where Doctor Bartol has strayed most widely from the orthodox fold. He affirms, that, as sorely as we have offended, we can do nothing fatal. The worst of us can turn his vices to account. "Sheer blasphemy and inhumanity, in the old theology, is the doctrine of a doom to perdition and eternal woe for personal or our ancestral delinquency. The bottomless pit were a blot on Deity, though but one soul wallowed in it! Every thread of disobedience, every fibre of depravity, God weaves into his whip to scourge us to virtue. . . . Damned to all eternity for your wrong-doing? What a monster you

make of God with your conceit! He does not reckon up the score of your departures and short-comings, to present you with the bill at the judgment-day. He carries no ugly pack of your debts at his back. . . . 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be like snow; though they be crimson, they shall be whiter than wool.' We pray to Him: does He not pray to us to turn to Him? and may we not well abridge our loud shouts and long liturgies to listen while He so prays? The mercy is not in letting us off from the proper punishment, in full measure, for our fault; but in so constituting us, and ordaining the issues of our acts, that no sin can be fatal; a fatality of eternal woe for temporary transgression being the monstrous wrong and cruelty for so many ages palmed off on human superstition for the justice of God. Have children a right to parental sympathy? To Divine compassion we have the same claim. It is no gratuity He could fairly withhold, at His arbitrary choice. It is not His option, but necessity. It appears in all His providence as much as in any special grace. It is what physicians call Nature's healing power."

These, to say the least, are bold utterances. He takes high radical ground; the liberal theology of Doctor Channing would be altogether too constrained for such an enthusiast. Yet his enthusiasm is what the author of *Ecce Homo* would term "the enthusiasm of humanity:" a fervent reaching out after every wandering child of Adam, to bring him back to the loving Fatherhood of God. We can but regret, however, that the noble, pure, and generous spirit of the author should give way to utterances like these: "Calvin's God is Saturn over again, devouring His children." "Orthodoxy substitutes legality for love." "We are all bound for prison, in the sentence of the schools—except the redeemed, who seem like courtiers obsequious to a tyrant because personally safe. But to crook the knee to such a despot for his power, were the meanest slavery on earth." "Jesus pays the penalty with His blood, and the ransomed get into heaven on the ground of right in His merit with the Judge, to whom He stands bail and pays the fine. Observe the effect on human character. Why should a man be liberal and

humane, when the God he worships is so sharp?"

Doctor Bartol's faith in the Divine Fatherhood, his belief in immortality, his hopes of a future life, his sublime trust in the final salvation of all mankind, seem posited less upon any outward and general revelation, than upon an inner and individual consciousness of the soul itself: it is the aggressive, besieging, importunate testimony of a spirit that accustoms itself to flights where few would dare or wish to follow. Emerson's loftiest intellectual escalades do not transcend the achromatic vaultings of Bartol on his spiritual trapeze; and yet, all his writings seem to have their root in a fervent religious feeling. Barring all his transcendental flights, he is not a writer for the masses. They can not comprehend him: he speaks a foreign language in their ears. There is a class of minds—yearning, hungry, and longing—that will find aliment and strength in much that he says so graciously. As in that beautiful and matchless chapter on "Experience," he writes: "Has not every body been in Gethsemane? My pain is mine, my property. I have been rich in it, made a large investment I can not part with, and nobody can rob me of. I suppose it would be accounted no charity to give it away. But it pays well. It has canceled self-love, quenched worldly ambition, signed and sealed me to sincerity, offset undue love of life, made the grave attractive, assayed the worth of many a friendship, wiped out worthless securities; reckoned up, among various obligations, the bad debts, like notes all have held—the sums not worth the paper they are written on—and left a great remainder on the credit side. Be sick or sad, and who is cruel or kind you will find out fast enough!" This chapter abounds in the richest and wisest lessons of patient trust and submission, portraying that sublime faith, which, after all, must be the product of experience; for, to Doctor Bartol, faith is our unfolding to God, rather than any direct communication to the soul.

He wars against modern Materialism; calls for the "missing links" in Mr. Darwin's attempted method of explaining the origin of all existence from primeval germs; Spiritualism, which seeks the shade, twilight, drawn

shutters, and a closed-up box for its performances, he decries, even while admitting that, amid the dissolution of old beliefs, it has rescued millions from the skeptical gulf into which, as by a reaction-wheel from irrational systems, they were plunged; of the "Commune," he says, "If division of property, irrespective of industry, worth, and ability, be the aim, it means universal robbery and poverty;" the insidious theories of Free Love he denounces with a will; the specious sophistries of the Positive school he exhibits and answers; at the same time, he evidently clasps hands with the Duke of Argyll, in the ideas and theories advanced in his *Reign of Law*, who conceives of Nature as "embracing not only physical laws, but every agency which enters into the causation of the universe, and thus the distinction between the Supernatural and the Natural disappears; or, rather, the former is resolved into the Divine Source or Cause; the latter, the expressed effect." The chief fault of the author seems to be, he is a prophet too mystic and transcendental for ordinary humanity to keep pace with. The matchless hopes and prospects which project themselves upon his far-reaching vision, can never be reached by the earth-bound stare of the dull, plodding, sluggish, lethargic soul that hugs the world so closely to its heart.

The book is affluent with quotations, rare and pertinent; illumined with illustrations, pointed and apposite; replete with literary and historic references, opportune and felicitous; embellished with character-portraiture of eminent men, like Emerson, Channing, and Father Taylor. But the jewels are thrown together in the most incongruous manner, without regard to time, place, or surroundings. *Radical Problems* is a mine to be explored cautiously and vigilantly, in order to develop the richness of its treasure and the fullness of its wealth.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

By Clarence King. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is one of those volumes whose peculiar charm the critic is powerless to convey any adequate idea of to those who have not had the opportunity to feel it in the reading.

It consists of fourteen distinct articles or papers, all evincing great literary talent, all directly or remotely connected with the subject indicated by the title, all interesting and readable, yet differing widely in character. They are all excellent, and, though different in kind, almost equally excellent in their respective kinds. "Kaweah's Run" is a story which, though we assume it to be the veracious account of an actual adventure, has all the interest and romance of the most cunningly devised tale of fiction. "The Newtys of Pike" and "Cut-off Copples's" are character-sketches of rare freshness and originality. They evince a singular talent for graphic portraiture; and yet, in both, there are a few things which would have struck us as more gracious, and impressed us more pleasantly, had the experiences of the "hero" with "Susan" and with "Hank G. Smith," the artist, been related in the third person. The papers which we have mentioned bear testimony to the author's keen eye for character, and his graphic talent for delineating it. There is a pre-Raphaelite realism in the sketch of the "Newtys" at their camp-fire, and "Susan's" moonlight inspection of the family property. Still finer qualities, mingled with a rich specific humor, crop out in such passages as the following:

"I could but admire the unconscious excellence of Susan's riding, her firm, immovable seat, and the perfect coolness with which she held her fiery horse. This quite absorbed me for five minutes, when she at length broke the silence by the laconic inquiry, 'Does yourn buck?' To which I added the reply that he had only occasionally been guilty of that indiscretion. She then informed me that the first time she had mounted the colt he had 'nearly bucked her to pieces; he had jumped and jounced till she was plum tuckered out' before he had given up. Gradually reining the horses down and inducing them to walk, we rode side by side through the most magnificent forest of the Sierras, and I determined to probe Susan to see whether there were not, even in the most latent condition, some germs of the appreciation of Nature. I looked from base to summit of the magnificent shafts, at the green plumes which traced themselves against the sky, the exquisite fall of purple shadows and golden light upon trunks, at the labyrinth of glowing flowers, at the sparkling whiteness of the mountain-brook, and up to the clear, matchless blue that vaulted over us, then turned to Susan's plain, honest face, and gradually introduced the subject of trees. Ideas of lumber and utilitarian notions of fence-rails were uppermost in her mind; but I briefly penetrated what proved to be only a superfi-

cial stratum of the materialistic, and asked her point-blank if she did not admire their stately symmetry. A strange, new light gleamed in her eye as I described to her the growth and distribution of forests, and the marvelous change in their character and aspects as they approached the tropics. The palm and the pine, as I worked them up to her, really filled her with delight, and prompted numerous interested and intelligent queries, showing that she perfectly comprehended my drift."

The following is a good specimen of what Mr. King can do in a more serious and reflective vein:

"In conversation, I had caught the clew of a better past. Newty's father was a New Englander, and he spoke of him as a man of intelligence, and, as I should judge, of some education. Mrs. Newty's father had been an Arkansas Judge—not, perhaps, the most enlightened of men, but still very far in advance of herself. The conspicuous retrograde seemed to me an example of the most hopeless phase of human life. If, as I suppose, we may all, sooner or later, give in our adhesion to the Darwinian view of development, does not the same law which permits such splendid scope for the better, open up to us also possible gulfs of degradation, and are not these chronic emigrants whose broken-down wagons and heavy faces greet you along the dusty highways of the Far West, melancholy examples of beings who have forever lost the conservatism of home and the power of improvement?"

But the value of the volume is not to be estimated upon the basis of its mere literary merit, as indicated in sketches of the kind which we have thus far noticed. Such papers as the opening one, "The Range," "The Ascent of Mount Tyndall," "The Descent of Mount Tyndall," "Around Yosemite Walls," "Shasta," "Shasta's Flanks," and "Mount Whitney," will claim the attention of a class of grave, serious-minded people, who might regard "The Newtys" and "Cut-off Copples's" as worthy of no more than a passing smile. The description of the McCloud Glacier and its surroundings, of the forests of dwarfed pines among the moraines, and of the perils of glacier explorations among ice-craters, and horrible traps where "tons of bowlders" suddenly "settle out of sight," under the feet of the explorer, are as graphic and vivid as the best sketches of Alpine scenery and adventure that we have ever read; and what is still better, they reveal to us a region, almost at our own doors, of the wonderful and peculiar features of which the world has heretofore had no authentic or adequate account. We

suspect that the number of Californians to whom such descriptions as those contained in "The Flanks of Shasta"—of which the following is a specimen—will not be entirely novel, is very small:

"We were charmed to enter this wild region, and hurried to the edge of an immense chasm. It could hardly have been less than a thousand or twelve hundred feet in length. The solid white wall of the opposite side—sixty feet across—fell smooth and vertical for a hundred feet or more, where rough-wedged blocks and bridges of clear blue ice stretched from wall to wall. From these, and from numerous overhanging shelves, hung the long crystal threads of icicles, and beyond, dark and impenetrable, opened ice-caverns of unknown limit. We cautiously walked along this brink, examining with deep interest all the lines of stratification and veining, and the strange succession of views down into the fractured region below. I had the greatest desire to be let down with a rope and make my way among these pillars and bridges of ice, but our little twenty feet of slender rope forbade the attempt. Farther up, the *crevasses* walled us about more and more. At last we got into a region where they cut into one another, breaking the whole glacier body into a confused pile of ice-blocks. Here we had great difficulty in seeing our way for more than a few feet, and were constantly obliged to climb to the top of some dangerous block to get an outlook, and before long, instead of a plain with here and there a *crevasse*, we were in a mass of *crevasses*, separated only by thin and dangerous blades of ice."

We think our readers will be able to gather, from the extracts we have furnished, a pretty clear idea of the peculiar and various excellences of Mr. King's book. The descriptions of scenery seem to us unsurpassed for picturesqueness. The character-sketches are far more life-like and real than any thing in the same line and covering the same ground that we remember to have seen. The occasional touches of humor are natural and unforced, and have a specific flavor of their own. Upon the whole, we are inclined to pronounce *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* the book of the season.

LEGENDS OF THE PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M. A. New York: Holt & Williams.

This is a republication of marked interest and value. The author, in his preface, expresses his regrets at the incompleteness of the work, being compelled to limit himself as to the number inserted. The Mussulman

traditions are derived from the Talmudic writers; of the Jewish legends, one class is derived from Persia, another from the Cabalists, another from Rabbinic commentators, and still another is due to the exaggeration of Oriental imagery. Besides all these, there is a residuum of genuine tradition.

Beginning with the Hall of the Angels, he carries us forward through the most noted of the early patriarchs; records the heathen legends of the deluge; the Jewish and Mohammedan traditions of the Tower of Babel; is very diffuse concerning Abraham and Moses; and full and interesting in detail of Saul, Solomon, and the later Old Testament prophets. A curious interest attaches to the work, and it is to be hoped that the author will carry out his purpose in compiling a series of legends connected with the New Testament characters. Such works are a fitting supplement to his former invaluable books: *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, *In Exitu Israel*, and *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief*.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: A Text-book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Philadelphia: Eldridge & Brother.

Though this volume was prepared to be used as a text-book, it is calculated to prove extremely convenient as a book of reference on the subjects embraced in its scope. We can not, indeed, go quite so far as the author in commending the merits of the work, when he assures us in his preface that the student, by reading the whole of it, including the portion printed in the smaller type, "even with the very limited time given to the pursuit in our institutions of learning, will be able, without difficulty, to compass the whole subject of English Literature in all its departments." But we think it safe to say, that we know of no publication similar in design that furnishes so large an amount of valuable information, set forth in a form so condensed yet so clear, and arranged so conveniently for reference. If the student who has made diligent and judicious use of Doctor Hart's *Manual* shall still find that he has somewhat fallen short of "compassing the whole subject of English Literature in all its departments" in

a "very limited time," he will at least have obtained a tolerably fair and comprehensive view of it in outline.

The method of arrangement adopted by the author is much preferable to that which has generally prevailed in books of this character. Instead of grouping the writers by centuries, or reigns, he has associated together the main body of the contemporary authors of each period, under the name of some one of the greatest or most characteristic of their number. Thus, we have "Milton and his Contemporaries," "Dryden and his Contemporaries," "Scott and his Contemporaries," "Tennyson and his Contemporaries," etc. The book is as full as could be reasonably expected in a manual of its kind; and it seems to have been prepared with unusual care. Its value for reference is much enhanced by an excellent index, comprising some twenty pages.

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK. By Chas. G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is a carefully revised and corrected reprint of a work first published nearly twenty years since, the greater part of which originally appeared in the *New York Knickerbocker Magazine*.

On its first publication, the work was warmly received; but the author flatters himself, that, having carefully weeded out all chapters on which adverse criticism fell, the present edition will find even greater favor than the former.

As the title suggests, the work is grotesque and fragmentary. Perhaps we can do nothing better for its author than to quote from a personal letter of Washington Irving in regard to its merits. He says: "I trust your work has met with a wide circulation, for such it merits by its raciness, its quaint erudition, its graphic delineations, its veins of genuine poetry and true Rabelais humor. To me it is a choice book to have at hand for a relishing morsel occasionally, like a Stilton cheese, or a *pâté de foie gras*."

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Almost daily something new is coming to light in the great Sewing Machine interest, which has assumed such huge proportions during the past few years, employing millions of capital, and affording a means of sustenance to thousands of both sexes. Just now the interest of the public, in connection with the Sewing Machine trade, centres upon Congress, where an effort is making to secure the extension of an important patent in which all Sewing Machine companies have a common interest. What the result will be it is impossible to conjecture; but even if it should be adverse to the Sewing Machine interest, we surmise that the doors of the trade will hardly be thrown open to piratical competition, as there are doubtless, behind this patent, others, from which Sewing Machine men can defend their interests. Whatever may be the result, the several companies are fully aware of the importance of activity, and consequently there was never a time when the stir in the Sewing Machine world was so unceasing, and the parties interested more earnest in their efforts to advance the material interests of their respective machines.

A significant, and by the way, a somewhat novel feature of the trade, was the great "clearing out" sale of the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company, the 17th and 18th instant. This Company had since January 1, accumulated some twelve hundred machines, of the double thread varieties, which had been taken in as part payment for their own machines. These they determined to dispose of at public instead of private sale, as has been their custom heretofore. As might have been expected, the idea created a sensation in the Sewing Machine world; and while the Willcox & Gibbs Company doubtless intended simply to dispose of an accumulation which had become somewhat cumbersome, the effects reach much farther and cannot fail to have an important and beneficial influence upon the business of the Company.

The Willcox & Gibbs Company could not possibly have hit upon a happier method of bringing their claim to superiority before the public than by offering at public sale the result of their active competition with the rival companies. In fact, behind this systematic clearing out of second-hand machines there is a lesson which can not but be apparent even to a casual observer, and which the public would do well to regard. Here are twelve hundred machines of every two-thread variety, taken out during a period

of three months to make way for the Willcox & Gibbs Machine. And why? Because, according to the verdict of their former owners, the latter machine is preferable. This verdict must be regarded as an honest one, for it is hardly to be expected that a person who has invested in so costly a necessity as a sewing machine will give it up at a sacrifice of from one-half to three-quarters of its original cost, and that too perhaps, within a few months after its purchase, without first thoroughly testing its merits as compared with those of its successor; and the fact that so many are taken out after such a test is significant.

The effect upon the trade in general of a sale of such proportions, throwing upon the market many machines, not a few of them but a short time out of the shops of their respective manufacturers, all in good order and all the trophies of a machine of an entirely different principle, won by the closest comparison of respective merit, can hardly be estimated. The Willcox & Gibbs Company have attained their object, and disposed of their accumulation of second-hand machines, but in so doing they have produced an effect such as is but seldom the result of transactions of this character by bringing their own machine and its peculiar features into direct and public contrast with those of their competitors. The companies whose machines have been thus unceremoniously disposed of, cannot but feel that they have been somewhat thrown in the shade by the efforts of their vigorous rival, and that the moral effect of the transaction is adverse to their claims. It is possible that they may adopt a similar line of policy, but the Willcox & Gibbs Company have the advantage of being the first in this peculiar field; and if the claim urged by them—that their machines are not taken up to any great extent—be true, such a procedure would only rebound to their further benefit, as tending to show the great disproportion existing between the number of machines of other companies taken up by them, and the number of their machines taken up by other companies.

It strikes us that the machine trade is in, so to speak, a transition state—on the verge of a new era, in which many preconceived opinions will be discarded, and in which many conditions which have heretofore been insisted on, as not only important, but imperative, will be cast aside as hindrances—the result of prejudices which are fast being dispelled before the light of knowledge; and in this view the facts above enumerated assume a peculiar significance, and will bear a close investigation to discover the causes of which they are the legitimate effects.—[New York Commercial, April 20.]

CALL AND SEE THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL W. & G. TABLE.

SEWING MACHINES.

THEIR INFLUENCE ON TRADE AND SOCIAL LIFE.

ADVANTAGES OF THE TWISTED-LOOP STITCH.

GREAT AUCTION SALE ON BROADWAY YESTERDAY.

WILCOX & GIBBS TRIUMPHANT.

From New York Tribune, April 18.

The influence exerted during the past fifteen or twenty years upon social and commercial life by the Sewing Machine is of a character almost unparalleled. Within half an ordinary lifetime the work of the needle has been almost entirely revolutionized. A magnificent trade has been developed, calling into activity the best energies of tens and hundreds of thousands. A stimulus has been imparted to all kinds of manufacturing industry. The condition of millions of working people has been vastly improved both in a material and moral sense. A branch of foreign trade of no mean dimensions has sprung up; while in almost every family in the land the influence of this invention is felt in the diminution of female drudgery and the increased comfort of the inmates.

An active contest has been going on during all these years between the manufacturers of different machines, as to which of them has the strongest claims upon public patronage. Nearly all the machines of leading make use two threads, and form what is called the lock-stitch, and it is between the double thread companies and the manufacturers of the twisted loop-stitch machine, or the WILCOX & GIBBS, that the main contest as to the principles of construction is now going on.

The above statements will appear pertinent and interesting to the reader in the light of a circumstance which occurred yesterday, and which has a very important bearing on the Sewing-Machine, and indirectly upon the comfort of every family.

The WILCOX & GIBBS COMPANY, which owns the exclusive patent of the twisted-loop stitch, has devoted money without stint to the perfecting of their machine, the idea of the inventor being that, by means partly of his invention of the twisted-loop and partly by the ingenuity of other mechanical details, he could produce a machine having substantially all the excellences of the various double thread machines, with many besides, and at the same time avoid the defects and drawbacks arising from the complications incidental to all machines using two threads. The lock-stitch men, on the other hand, making the most of their name, "lock" stitch, were a little too ready to class the Wilcox & Gibbs machine, which only uses one thread, with the crowd of cheap chain-stitch machines, most of which are practically worthless. This was hardly fair to the Wilcox & Gibbs, except on the principle that in love and war every stratagem is allowable.

The Wilcox & Gibbs men, with growing confidence in their invention, took every possible means, through the press and otherwise, to explain to the public that, with a small amount of care and attention in learning to operate their machine, they could secure all the benefits of the lock-stitch, and a great many advantages beside. But not content with thus standing on the defensive, they adopted a system of business tactics which carried the warfare right into the enemy's camp. Their plan was to offer the use of the Wilcox & Gibbs machine for a limited period gratis to any respectable family, on the sole condition that the parties would personally test its merits. They were all the better pleased if they could get their machine into a family side by side with a Singer or a Howe, a Wheeler & Wilson or a Grover & Baker, or any other of the best double-thread machines; for they felt absolutely certain that, however strong the prejudices of the owners of those machines might be, those prejudices must, in the majority of cases, give way before practical demonstration of the superior merits, on the whole, of the Wilcox & Gibbs. Meanwhile, the Company signified its readiness to take any machine, at a fair price, as part payment for their machine.

It is easy to see that with such a hand to hand warfare as this, no quarter would be given or taken, and nothing but sheer superiority would carry the day. If they had only a half confidence in their machine, the Wilcox & Gibbs people would have shunned so close a contest with, at any rate, the newest makers of the double-thread machines, and would have contented themselves with such a triumph as they could snatch from the old worn-out machines of their rivals. But such a course the very nature of their tactics rendered impossible, for their adversaries were quite alive to their mode of procedure, which was patent to all the world through advertisement and otherwise, and nothing would have been simpler for them than to have placed the newest lock-stitch machines in immediate rivalry with the Wilcox & Gibbs, and to have borne away the latter in triumph, provided the lock-stitch machines were really best adapted for family use.

This kind of Sewing-Machine warfare has been going on for several years, the Wilcox & Gibbs annually carrying off many thousands of trophies in the shape of discarded Singers, Howes, Grover & Bakers, Wheeler & Wilsons, Weeds, Florences, and other machines of that class.

Yesterday the public were invited to pay a visit to No. 391 Broadway, a large wholesale store, rented temporarily for the purpose, to witness the sale of from ten to twelve hundred second-hand double-thread machines, received in part payment by the Willcox & Gibbs Company, during the last two or three months in the vicinity of New York. Two large floors were crowded with double thread machines of all the leading makers, as described above—so crowded, indeed, as to make it difficult for persons attending the sale to find standing room. The machines, instead of looking like discarded machines, were apparently in excellent condition, the marks on some of the plates showing that they were among the latest of the several kinds manufactured. The sale was attended by dealers in large numbers, and there was a fair amount of competition. The machines were arranged in lots generally of sixes and tens, and were sold one at a time, with the privilege of the lot. Each machine was ticketed and numbered separately in the catalogue, which formed a pamphlet of twenty-six pages. The following is a fair sample of the prices fetched:

Lot 1, 10 machines, viz.: 2 Wheeler & Wilsons, 3 Grover & Bakers, 2 Howes, 2 Florences, 1 Finkle & Lyon—\$11 each for Wheeler & Wilsons, \$4 each for balance of lot.

Lot 4, 10 machines, viz.: 1 Singer, 2 Howes, 1 Weed, 2 Wheeler & Wilsons, 1 Finkle & Lyon, 1 Gold Medal, 1 Grover and Baker, 1 Florence—\$12 each for Wheeler & Wilsons, \$12 for Finkle & Lyon, \$4 50 each for balance of lot.

Lot 6, 10 machines, viz.: 1 Etna, 2 Wheeler & Wilsons, 1 Elliptic, 2 Singers, 1 Weed, 2 Howes, 1 Grover & Baker—\$15 50 for 1 Howe, \$7 50 for balance of lot.

Lot 13, 10 machines, viz.: 4 Wheeler & Wilsons, 3 Grover & Bakers, 1 Singer, 1 Empire, 1 Howe—\$20 50 each for the Wheeler & Wilsons, \$6 50 each for balance of lot.

The event itself is felt by the sewing-machine trade to be very significant, and other sewing-machine companies can hardly let it pass in silence. It is all very well for the Willcox & Gibbs Company to be knocking down rival machines in this summary way, "to effect a clearance," but it must have been humiliating and galling to other companies to see their beautiful and favorite machines thus dragged in the dust at the chariot wheels of a triumphant adversary. It was not an improving spectacle for any of these double-thread companies to see machines, which they are selling every day for seventy or a hundred dollars or more, put up ignominiously in a crowd and sold at auction. It will probably take a good strong dose of philosophy to console them under the circumstances. It is all very well to say *SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI* while all the rest of mankind are growing old and fading around us, but to be growing decrepit and worn out while our rivals are increasing their strength and renewing their youth is rather tantalizing and trying to the temper. There is only one consolation for the double-thread companies: there are enough of them to form a goodly mess. Like a half dozen or a dozen old beaux who have each paid an unsuccessful suit to a sprightly maiden, but who find themselves quietly shelved, while the object of their affections walks off with a handsome and strapping young fellow, they can afford to forget their mutual jealousies and dislikes in a common antipathy and aversion of their rival. They can smoke the pipe of peace and gain a melancholy glamour of enjoyment in recounting their past hopes and successes, and some one or two, more daring or wicked than the rest, may possibly deceive themselves into the fancy that they shall still enjoy snatches of confidence and moments of stolen intimacy. But in a fair fight they have all been overcome, and public favor, which loves nothing like success, mercilessly snubs them as she passes them by leaning on the arm of her beloved.

Meanwhile the public, which is solely interested in having the best machine, has delivered in this sale and in what has led up to it, a signal verdict in favor of the WILCOX & GIBBS machine. It will be quite ready to discard the Willcox & Gibbs should a superior machine be introduced, but it is not expecting too much to suppose that the courage and daring

which could venture upon so close a contest, were nothing but sheer strength and merit could win—a contest reminding one of the old boarding days when the brave tars, despising long ranges, pushed their ships close alongside, and grappled with their adversary on the very bulwarks—it is not much to suppose that this courage is founded upon a just confidence in their cause, and that the inventive talent which produced the WILCOX & GIBBS machine well always be ahead in the onward march of improvement.

Mr. Ford:—After two years use of my Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, I can recommend it as surpassing every other which I have seen in use. It is easy to operate, noiseless, and durable. The stitch is reliable.—*Mrs. Philip Boltzong, 147 York St., Jersey City, Dec. 6, 1869.*

Mr. Ford:—I have bought three Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines: one for the use of my own family, and the others for presents to two of my personal friends. I find them perfect in all respects. They are always ready for work, easily operated, and so noiseless that my child can sleep by the side of the machine. Its seam is perfectly reliable. Neither of those machines has ever missed a stitch.—*Mrs. W. Parker, 89 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1869.*

Mr. Ford:—I have used a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine one year. It has proved satisfactory in every respect; the stitch is perfect.—*Mrs. M. A. Bloomer, 253 Ninth Av., New York, Dec. 5, 1869.*

Mr. Ford:—My wife, after using the Grover & Baker, and Wheeler & Wilson machines several years, finding them complicated, difficult to manage, and often out of order, bought of you a Willcox & Gibbs. She has now used it more than a year, and she would not part with it for any consideration. She finds it very easy to manage, light-running, quiet, and never out of order. Its work is very beautiful and strong, and every way satisfactory. Its seam never rips.—*John J. Gorman, 52 Ninth Avenue, New York, Dec. 20, 1870.*

Mr. Ford:—For more than ten years I used a lock-stitch sewing machine. I then made trial of a "Letter G;" and the result was, that I exchanged machines. I have now used my Willcox & Gibbs about one year, and am very highly pleased with it. It is more easily managed than my double-thread one was, and it does better work. Its seam never rips; and its hemming and felling are unequalled.—*Mr. R. Clark, 831 Third Avenue, New York, Dec. 20, 1871.*

Mr. Ford:—The Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, which I bought of you, has now been used in my family over one year; and I can say that in every respect, it has proved entirely satisfactory. Its stitch is strong and beautiful, and not liable to rip in use or wear.—*A. S. Pratt, of the firm of Pratt, Palmer & Co., and the Automatic Bobbin-winder Co., 348 Broome St., New York, Dec. 19, 1870.*

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GENTLEMEN:

I would not exchange my Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine for any other. It is simple, durable, light and noiseless. Its work never rips. It never misses stitches, nor gives any trouble to manage it. I have used it on all kinds of work, and it gives me perfect satisfaction. Have used it two years.

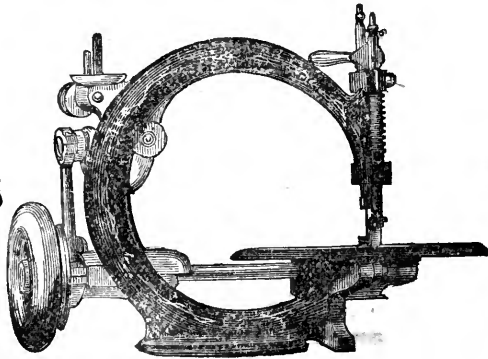
Mrs. W. F. SWASEY, cor. 19th & Howard, S. F.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in a letter to D. Barum, approving of his self-sewers, says: I have Wheeler & Wilson's, Grover & Baker's and Willcox & Gibbs'. The latter I use; thinking it far superior to any I have yet tried.

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VOL. 9.



No. 2.

THE
Overland Monthly

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

AUGUST, 1872.



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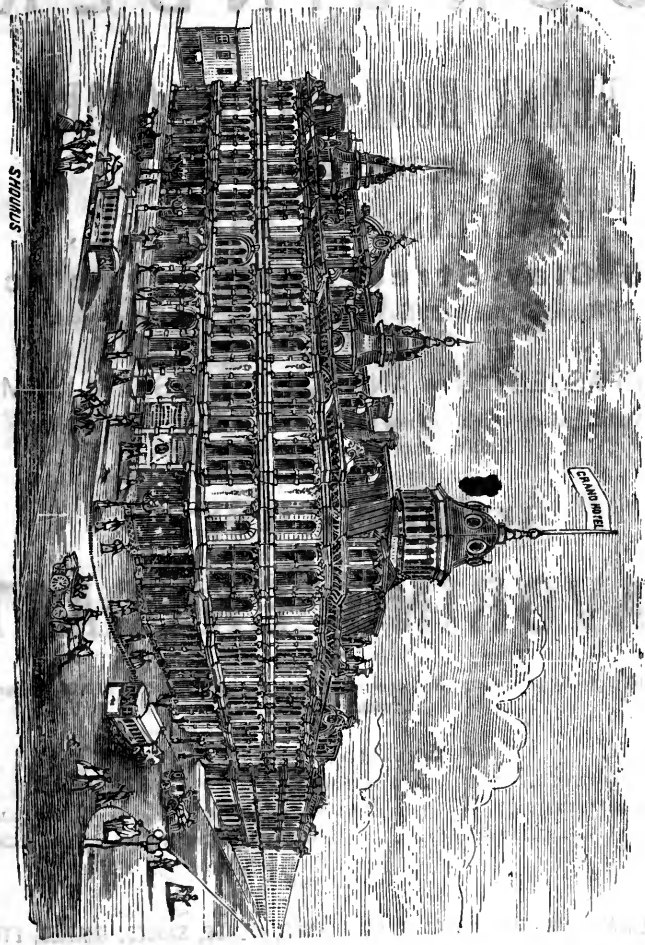
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 9.—AUGUST, 1872.—No. 2.

A CHAPTER OF CONDENSED HISTORY.

THE story of Japan, so old and yet so new, acquires new interest daily. In the history of the world no such chapter has heretofore been unfolded; and when we shall have discovered something of the motives which underlie the curious revolution in the Land of the Sun, we may, supplementing the bare record of facts with the political philosophy of the Empire, bequeath to other times a part of the history of these times which shall be entirely unique. Such an air of mysterious antiquity veils the antecedents of the Empire of Japan—so dim are the traditions of its early beginnings—that the appearance of an important Embassy in the chief cities of a nation undreamed of when Japan was hoary with age, is one of those odd surprises in the movements of the human race which puzzle and startle the most careless observers. The origin of the barbarous tribes of the continents of Asia and Africa is, to be sure, quite as vague and remote as that of the Japanese nation; but even the dim oral traditions of the aborigines of our own continent, and the fabulous, romantic legends of the an-

cient Aztecs, are not more obscure than the early historic reminiscences of this great people, which has, for untold centuries, possessed a positive form of civilization, a symmetrical system of government, a national religion, and has practiced arts and sciences which seem to be old as the days of Tubal-Cain and Enos. A meeting of the representatives of the youngest and the oldest nations of the earth, on a continent which had not even been discovered at the time when European voyagers gave to the world their reports of observations on Japan, is certainly an event of no ordinary character.

Other visitors, other Embassadors from Japan, have been seen in San Francisco and Washington, before now; but none, possibly, have brought with them that peculiar significance which this Embassy, emerging from Japan at the close of a great peaceful revolution, bears to us. To understand the significance of current events, and to apprehend what part the United States has in the present phenomenal condition of her transpacific neighbors, it is necessary to

turn back a few pages of the historical record.

It is not a little curious that the earliest trustworthy account which we have of the existence of the Empire of Japan, is that which inspired Columbus to undertake the voyage which led to the discovery of the American Continent, now seeming to be a near neighbor of Japan and China. Marco Polo, a Venetian traveler, spent seventeen years at the Court of the Great Mogul, Kublai Khan, then ruler of one of the mightiest empires the world has ever seen. During his stay, which terminated in 1292, Kublai Khan, having annexed the barbarous provinces of Russia on the west, stretched out his hand to grasp the island kingdom of Nipon (or Japan, or Zipangu) on the east. The bravery of the Japanese, and their islanded isolation, made them unconquerable; and, after a partial occupation of less than a year, the Tartars gave up their attempt at invasion, and returned home with preposterous reports of the magic employed to defeat them, but with glowing accounts of the fabulous wealth of the country. These stories, collated by Marco Polo, were reduced to a written narrative in Latin, and were published in 1298. His manuscripts were copied and circulated in Spain and Portugal; and this first authentic account of the existence of Japan, by many deemed a lying fable, inflamed the imagination of the venturesome voyagers of that and succeeding centuries. It inspired Columbus with a desire to explore the hidden regions of the globe.

Japanese oral and written history has no real beginning earlier than about eleven hundred years before Christ; and even that is so mixed with fanciful mythological tradition and romance that we must accept it with caution. Here and there are notable dates—forming epochs similar to those in Holy Writ, which sum up the brief history of

the time in the words, "And Jobab died, and Husham, of the land of Temani, reigned in his stead." It is surmised that the people sprung from a mixed race of Malays and Mongols, who colonized the islands at a period of time so far forgotten that we have not even any dim tradition of its events. This theory is more plausible than any other, as the characteristics of the present race partake of both those from which they may have originated. The Japanese are brilliant, inquisitive, alert, supple, much-enduring, and combine many of the peculiar traits which belong to all Oriental peoples.

In "Hackluyt's Voyages," published in 1610, is found the first account of the visit of any European to Japan. This quaint narrative is derived from the record of Antonio Galvano, a Portuguese *voyageur*, who claims for his countrymen the credit of the discovery of Japan. Three Portuguese—Antonio de Moto, Francis Zimoro, and Antonio Perota—he says, being driven out of Siam, in 1542, fled seaward in a carack and were driven in a gale upon an island, which they named Japan, "which seemeth to be the Isle of Zipangry, whereof Paulus Venetus [Marco Polo] maketh mention." On the strength of this, other voyages, to recover the lost island of Zipangu, were undertaken, nearly two hundred years after the discovery of America and the death of Christopher Columbus. Of these voyagers, Mendez Pinto, whose unvaracity earned him the title of "The Lying Pinto" from unfriendly critics, professed to have rediscovered Japan in 1642. Pinto set forth, he pretends, in the company of a Portuguese corsair, whose object was—like that of a modern expedition to the Corea—to spoil the tombs of the Oriental kings, of which seventeen, buried on the fabulous island of Calempui, contained untold wealth in gems and gold. A storm cast the expedition on the shores of Japan, where

"the Nantaquim," as Lying Pinto calls the Emperor, greeted the strangers thus: "May I die, if these men be not the Chenchicogis, of whom it is written in our ancient books, that, flying on the tops of the waves, they will subdue all the lands about them, until they become masters of all the countries in which God has placed the riches of the world!" Pinto and his companions were Latins; possibly, the expected "Chenchicogis" were the Anglo-Saxons, who have since broken open the bronze gates of Japan.

Mendez Pinto made four voyages to Japan, and was several times accompanied by Francis Xavier, one of the seven associates of the original Society of Jesus, then in its infancy. Pinto traded with the Japanese, and Xavier preached Christianity with such zeal and efficiency that many were converted, became martyrs, and died in the triumphs of faith.

Pinto died in 1580; but, in the meantime, the Portuguese became tolerably well established in Japan. They were confined, however, to the port of Nagasaki, which they fortified, and in which they built their trade-houses. In 1582, two of the converted kings—or, as we should now say, Daimios—sent an Embassy to the Pope, Gregory XIII. This first formal Embassy that ever left Japan was two years on the voyage to Europe, and was received by the Pope with great pomp and splendor. Philip II. was then King of Spain and Portugal, and the arrival of the Embassadors in Madrid was made an occasion for a gorgeous and memorable pageant.

But the Jesuits and Dominicans in Japan quarreled with each other; and the jealousy of the Spaniards and Portuguese, in spite of their nominal national union, brought on conflicts and quarrels interminable. In 1597, after a bloody persecution, the Roman Catholic missionaries were ordered out of the country. They lingered at Nagasaki, however, and quietly retained possession of

the provinces about that city. To this day there exists an observatory at Osaka, mounted with antique scientific instruments, put in place by these missionaries.

Trade, of course, flourished; but in 1609, the Portuguese, who now held a monopoly of the export traffic, were disgusted and alarmed by the appearance of the Dutch flag. The Empire was now consolidated under one sovereign head, and something like a foreign policy was forming. The contest between the Portuguese and Dutch for supremacy was short; and in 1611, according to Kämfer, the Dutch obtained a decree from the Emperor of Japan, establishing them in the country. The British flag first, made its appearance in Japanese waters in 1613, when the British East India Company's ship *Clove* arrived at Osaka; and, soon after, an agreement was concluded with the Japanese Government by which the new-comers were granted a general license to trade. The Emperor sent a letter of friendship, also, to James I., then King of England.

The arrival of the English gave, with the Dutch Protestant element, the death-blow to Portuguese, Spanish, and Roman Catholic ascendancy in Japan. This crisis was hastened by the quarrelsome conduct of the missionaries, who could not agree among themselves. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1614, a fierce persecution of the native converts was revived, and by 1620, just as the Pilgrims set foot in New England, the last trace of Spanish, Portuguese, and Roman Catholic influence had well-nigh disappeared from Japan.

The Portuguese were, however, permitted to remain in a sort of imprisoned espionage, shut up in the walled city of Desima, until 1638, when they were formally and finally banished from the country. At the same time an edict was issued forbidding any Japanese to leave the country, on pain of death should he

thereafter fall into the hands of his own Government. The struggle now began between the British and Dutch East India companies. But, although the Dutchmen were in their turn shut up on the artificial island of Desima, where the Portuguese had been confined, they managed to circumvent the English in all branches of trade, shrewdly outbidding them on every occasion, and founding a commerce which seemed impregnable. What they lacked in enterprise, they made up in cunning and the most abased servility to the heathen.

But Dutch power in Europe was slowly waning; and the Japanese Government was growing yearly more jealous of all foreigners. In 1710 a new kind of Japanese coin appeared; and, though the thrifty Dutch lost thirty-six per cent. in exchanges, they were forced to take it. Their annual profits, which had been about a quarter of a million, ran down to \$80,000. War in Europe soon practically drove Dutch commerce from the seas; and in 1790 a single ship sufficed each year for the trade with Japan. In 1797 the annual ship from Batavia, to avoid capture by the British, flew the new American flag. Thus, the Stars and Stripes were first seen in any Japanese harbor from the mast-head of a Dutch ship, though the Captain was an Englishman, and the vessel—the *Eliza*—carried American papers and hailed from New York. In 1807, the Boston ship *Eclipse*, chartered at Canton by the Russian-American Company, entered the harbor of Nagasaki, under Russian colors. All the so-called Dutch ships from 1799 to 1809 were really American. During the succeeding forty years, the non-intercourse policy of Japan was firmly fixed; and only the few Dutch traders who remained at Nagasaki, employing almost no commerce except that of China, were suffered to live on Japanese soil. English trading-ships and English frigates were alike sent away empty-

handed. An American naval force, under Commodore Biddle, visited Yeddo in July, 1848, with a request for permission to open trade. It was dismissed with an imperial letter, to the effect that "it would not be allowed that America make a treaty with Japan, or trade with her, as the same is not allowed to any other nation." Another visit, by the U. S. sloop-of-war *Preble*, in 1849, and similar expeditions by the French and British, were alike fruitless. Japan was shut.

At last, the time arrived when the artificial barriers which surrounded the ancient Empire were to melt before new and strange influences. A young people, just stretching its vanguard of civilization across the American Continent, was ready to knock vigorously on the gates of Japan, demanding that admission which had so far been steadily refused to Spain, Great Britain, France, and Russia.

In 1852, California, then a newly acquired State, formed the western frontier of the Republic of the United States, facing the Pacific Ocean, and looking eagerly westward into the old Orient. That great State, according to President Fillmore's letter to the Emperor of Japan, annually produced "sixty millions of dollars in gold, besides silver, quicksilver, precious stones, and many other valuable articles." It was thought that the sailing-ships which traded between China and California must soon be replaced by steamers; these would require coal of Japan: therefore, Japan must open her ports, and allow the steamships entry and the facilities needed. Daniel Webster was then Secretary of State, and Millard Fillmore President of the United States. Provided with a letter from the President, written by the Secretary, and bearing a great variety of presents to the Emperor, a squadron of American war-ships, commanded by Commodore Perry, approached the coast of Japan, on the 8th of July, 1852, hav-

ing sailed from the United States during the last months of the year preceding. Perry dropped anchor in the bay of Yeddo, opposite the town of Urugawa. The appearance of the fleet created great consternation among the Japanese, and the flag-ship—the *Susquehanna*—was boarded by a local functionary, who presented the usual notification, warning the strangers to depart. But this functionary was not permitted to see the Commodore, who held himself aloof, as a superior officer; his papers, which were written in Dutch, French, and English, were also refused, and he was sent ashore with a polite notification that the Commodore desired to present to the Emperor a letter from the President of the United States. Days of ceremonious negotiation passed, the Commodore insisting that the letter must be delivered on shore to the Emperor, or to some high official representing his Majesty, and not on the ship, nor to any mere messenger. Wearied out, at last, by the persistent staying of the formidable fleet, and the quiet insistence of the Commodore, the Japanese authorities consented that the letter should be brought ashore and formally delivered to an imperial commission. Accordingly, on the 14th of July, 1853, with great pomp and ceremony, the officers of the fleet landed, and, in a spacious pavilion prepared for the occasion, the interview took place. The letter, asking for a treaty of amity and commerce between the United States and the Empire, was sumptuously engrossed on parchment, sealed with enormous golden seals, and inclosed in a costly box incrustated with gold. This was presented to the impassive and statue-like Commissioners, who returned a written acknowledgment or receipt therefor, the same being a protest against the whole proceeding, and notice for the fleet now to quit Japan. The Commodore took his leave, promising to return in the spring, with more

ships, to receive the answer to the letter of the President. But, as if to show the Japanese that he was not disturbed by their warnings, Perry remained three days thereafter, surveying the bay and making excursions up the arm of the sea toward the capital. In all these particulars, down to the very minutest, this expedition evidently furnished the State Department under Secretary Fish, nearly twenty years later, with a model for his preparation of the less fortunate United States expedition to the Corea.

Commodore Perry spent the winter of 1853 in watching the movements of the Russians, who, from the north, were making insidious encroachments on Yesso and the adjacent islands. On the 11th February, 1854, the United States fleet, now consisting of three steam-frigates, four sloops-of-war, and two store-ships, re-appeared in the bay of Yeddo. Since his previous visit, the Tycoon had died (by violence, it was mysteriously reported, in consequence of the concessions wrung by the Americans), and a protest against Perry's return in the midst of the mourning period had intercepted the fleet at Batavia, whither it had been sent by the Japanese authorities. This, however, was unavailing; and the Commodore demanded a reply to the proposition for a treaty with the United States.

After nearly a month spent in diplomatic parrying with the shrewd Orientals, formal conferences began at Kanagawa, on the 8th March, 1854, and, adjourned from day to day, that convention finally, on the 31st March, concluded the first treaty with the United States, opening the ports of Hakodadi and Simoda to trade and commerce, and promising relief to shipwrecked or distressed seamen of the United States at any of the Japanese ports. The fleet remained on the coast for several months, and in September finally sailed for home.

The announcement that the United States had made a treaty of commerce

with Japan created a great excitement throughout the civilized world. Where other nations had been baffled for centuries, the Americans had unexpectedly succeeded by their persistence and cool determination. Representatives of European Powers were speedily sent out to secure for their Governments the same privileges which had been granted to the United States. Consequently, Sir James Stirling concluded a treaty on the part of Great Britain, in October, 1854. Russia perfected a similar convention in the following February; the Dutch, in January, 1856; and, in 1857, the Hon. Townsend Harris, United States Consul-General at Simoda, concluded a supplementary treaty by which the Americans secured some additional privileges at the ports already open.

All of these treaties, however, were comparatively resultless, affording but few facilities for trade, and only shelter and relief for shipwrecked seamen. In the latter part of 1857, Townsend Harris, then Consul-General at Simoda, resolved to go to Yeddo and negotiate a treaty of commerce for the United States. The Japanese were partly alarmed and partly amused at the pretensions of this foreigner, who demanded to see the Tycoon. He was told that it was impossible, and not to be so much as thought of. He insisted, and urged that he had a letter which must be delivered to the august Emperor himself. After long and discouraging delays, he actually penetrated to Yeddo, and did not leave that city until he had finished a convention—the famous Harris Treaty, which, under date of July 29, 1858, threw open the ports of Kanagawa, Nagasaki, Nee-gata, and Hiogo to trade with the United States. As before, the enterprise and success of the Americans excited great attention in Europe; and, while Japan was still sore and shaken with the turmoil which these astonishing changes had produced, the great Powers were

swift to follow up the advantages which the Republic had secured for itself. During 1858 and 1859, similar treaties were concluded by Great Britain, Russia, and France. In 1860, Prussia made its treaty; and, in 1864, Switzerland secured like relations with the Empire. Supplementary treaties were made from time to time, but the Harris Treaty has continued, from 1857 until now, the basis of all negotiations and agreements which have followed its consummation. Thus, after unnumbered centuries of almost absolute seclusion from the rest of the world, Japan was open to the trade and commerce of all nations.

Having traced briefly the events which preceded and attended the opening of Japan, it is necessary that we should take a glance at the internal condition of the Empire which has been so providentially released from its ancient seclusion.

The Mikado, or Tenno, as he is now called, was the descendant of a long and uninterrupted line of sovereigns, to whom were paid divine honors, and of whom it was believed they originally descended from heaven. The Mikado was the only sovereign recognized by the Japanese. His person was sacred, and he dwelt in a "gloomy, grand, peculiar" seclusion, invested with the powers of life and death over all mankind, and descended from Ni-ni-ghi no Mikoto, "grandson of the Great God shining in heaven" (Ama-terasu-omi-kami), which Ni-ni-ghi No Mikoto was the first of his family to descend to the terrestrial globe.

In time, however, the Generalissimo, or Mayor of the Palace—an Oriental Pepin d'Héristal—grew stronger and stronger, by reason of the seclusion and invisibility of the Mikado, and his own usage of the tangible and formidable military and political machinery which he controlled. Finally, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, Taikosama, the great military hero of Japanese history,

stripped the Mikado of his last vestige of temporal power, and from that time forth the Mikado reigned as spiritual Emperor only, his seat of government being at Kioto. The real Emperor was the lay sovereign, who established his capital at Yeddo. The title Tycoon, or Taikoon, or Shiagoon, or Ziogun, is of modern origin, and does not date farther back than 1854, when it was first used in the conference with Commodore Perry. It is attributed by Sir Rutherford Alcock to the pedantry of the Emperor's Chinese preceptor, who gave him, for that occasion, the awful title of Tai Koon, or Great Lord.

Under this dual government, the political system of Japan was solidified, the Tycoon becoming the real sovereign, and the nobility or feudal lords owning the soil, though the fee was held by the Government. Japan was divided into sixty-eight provinces, and these were subdivided into over 250 Hans or Daimiates, over each of which ruled a feudal lord or prince, called a Daimio, possessing absolute power over the life and property of a vast following of retainers. The principal Daimios formed a Council of State, or Gorgorio, and this Council, it was supposed, nominated to the Tycoon his ministers and councilors. The consent of the Mikado was necessary to all legislative action, and that of the Gorgorio was needed to enforce obedience to certain edicts of the Tycoon. The Daimios were held in check by an ingenious system which required them to live half the year at the capital of the Tycoon, and to leave a body of their retainers and men-at-arms in that city when they were absent on their estates. Thus a population of more than 35,000,000, of whom 2,000,000 were born to the profession of arms, was governed by a single will, checked only by a council of nobles, whose lands were held in fief from the imperial crown. The system seemed perfect in its interlacing rela-

tions, its centralization of power, and its espionage.

But the same influences which prepared the way for the downfall of the Mikado, hastened the return of his liberal successors to temporal power. The Daimios, jealous of the increasing political strength of the Tycoon, Stotsbashi, surrounded him with intrigues which their own assumptions and augmented powers made formidable. Satsuma and Choisiu, two of the most powerful of these Japanese barons, led in the opposition to the introduction of foreigners to the country. They forced new issues upon the Tycoon, and finally precipitated an armed rebellion upon the country. In 1867-8, after a brief struggle, the power of the Tycoonate was forever broken; Stotsbashi went into retirement, and the Mikado, emerging from his solitary confinement at Miako, took possession of the reins of government at Yeddo—and thus, after three centuries of suspension, the Mikado became again the sole sovereign of the Empire. He is now called the Tenno, or Heaven-ruler, of Japan. A more peaceful revolution soon followed, and the Tenno and his Parliament began to provide for an abolishment of the Hans or Daimiates, and an absorption of these principalities—which were petty States in Pinto's time—into "Great Japan." This has finally been accomplished, and, by a recent edict of the Tenno, the Daimiates are finally broken up, and the feudal system disappears. How this has been done with so little friction and confusion no foreigner, apparently, can understand. But the Daimios gave up, under an extraordinary impulse of patriotism, incomes varying from 1,202,700 *kokus* of rice (\$3,848,640) to 128,000 *kokus* per annum. It is natural that citizens of Western nations, wholly given to self-seeking and holding even their patriotism at a cheap rate, should be unable to receive this Japanese version of the sacrifice of power made

by the Daimios. Minister Ito, one of the present Embassy, is a functionary of consideration in his own country, and has an intelligent understanding of the domestic economy of the Empire. When the Embassy was in San Francisco, he was asked, at a public levee, what compensation the Daimios received for the vast power they laid down at the feet of the Tenno of Japan. "Nothing induced them to lay down their own power but a consciousness that it was essential to the welfare of Japan. They received no compensation," was the reply. It was then asked, "What proportion of the former revenues collected by those Daimios has been by them voluntarily given up to the Tenno and his Government?" The reply was: "Thirteen out of fourteen parts have been so given up. The Daimios retain one-fourteenth; the Central Government, thirteen-fourteenths." "What amount of revenue did Japan collect last year, and from what sources?" "Three hundred and eighty million dollars collected from a land-tax, and about five per cent. on imports. In Japan the Government never parts with the *fee* in the land, but leases it for a term of years or for life, the annual rental being in lieu of taxes. But upon the death of a lessee his heirs have legal preference of the lease, and with this the Government never interferes, save for good cause."

Some changes have also been effected in the religious direction of the people. The original national religion of Japan is called Sinto. This name is derived from that given to the first or primary group of Japanese deities, which is called the Sinto, or Kami. The group is made up of seven divinities, or celestial gods. Next come five terrestrial, or demi-gods, from which are descended the whole series of Dairi, or ecclesiastical rulers of Japan. To this succeeds another class of demi-gods, augmented by the apotheosis of mortals who have

been by merit raised to this great eminence. The first of the demi-gods is Tensio Dai-Dsin, who is claimed by the patricians of Japan as their mother. Sintuism has about it no form of idolatry, notwithstanding there are so many mythological personages embraced in its *cultus*. In the fifth century of the Christian era, the doctrines of Confucius were introduced into Japan from China. This system of ethics, which is no religion, was overlaid upon Sintuism, confusing it into various incomprehensible sects and divisions. In the sixth century came Buddhism from India, through China, adding countless complications to the religious faith which already existed. Buddhism took firm root in the Empire, and its temples form a conspicuous element in the architectural achievements of the country, even to-day. But Sintuism has been restored, by imperial edict, as the national religion, and the Buddhist priests are remanded to fields of productive labor. But the office of the Mikado, as sacred head of Sintuism, is also abolished, and he has expressly forbidden that divine honors shall be paid him. When he appeared in public lately, to see an exhibition of iron-casting, he is said to have returned the respectful salutes of foreigners in a very gracious manner; but he took no notice whatever of the crowds of Japanese who fell abjectly on their faces at the approach of one whom they of old had been taught to regard as a deity.

By a still more recent edict, the Tenno has abolished and recalled all previous proclamations and imperial fulminations against Christianity. Some of these, as we have seen, have been in force for centuries, and, though really a dead letter of late years, were liable to be revived whenever the jealousy of native *religionnaires* could sufficiently move the Tenno's mind. This liberal step is understood to be due to the remonstrances of the American Government, made

against the persecution of native Christians while the Embassy from Japan was in Washington.

The following copy of an edict from the Japanese Board of Rites gives a fair idea of the pagan notions of the Sinto faith. It is curious, also, as affording a parallel tradition to that of the American Indians concerning the origin of maize :

"Ni-ni-ghi no Mikoto was the grandson of the Great God shining in heaven (Ama-terasu-omi-kami). He was the first of his family who descended to the terrestrial globe, and the country of Toyo-ashiwara no Midsu-ho—the ancient name of Nipon—was assigned to him by his grandfather, the Great God. It was also decreed that his descendants should govern this country forever. Before leaving his former abode he was blessed, and presented with some ears of rice gathered from the garden of Tun-iwa in heaven.

"He descended at the Temple of Tokachi-ho in Hiuga, and sowed there the rice-seeds. On the crop coming to maturity, he tasted the rice first grown and much enjoyed its relish; which circumstance is the origin of the festivals of Ona-me-ye and Mee-nam-é—Ona-me-ye being the most solemn festival, celebrated only once in the beginning of the reign of each of his descendants; Mee-nam-é being that which is held every year.

"The 17th day of the present month is the day appointed throughout the country for this great festival of Ona-me-ye, when his Majesty the Tenno will present offerings and pay devotion to the Great God and the other gods in heaven and earth.

"On the day following his Majesty on his high throne will partake of the rice first come to maturity in the year, and will entertain all his officials at a banquet; which feast is called Toyo-akari-sechi-ge.

"This grain having been bestowed in this manner on the country by the Di-

vine Ancestor of the present Emperor, and as it forms one of the principal supports of man and preserves him through the longest life: with the utmost thankfulness for the generosity of his ancestor, his Majesty takes the most gracious care over his subjects and considers this duty the most important of his sovereignty.

"This festival is considered so sacred that the Tenno keeps it with the greatest veneration.

"It is, therefore, ordered that at the appointed time all the people under his jurisdiction shall rest from their labors, shall pay their devotion to the local deities, and shall praise the virtue and the goodness of his glorious ancestor. And shall also give thanks and congratulate themselves on the prosperity and welfare of the present peaceful reign.

"OFFICERS' OF RELIGION.

"11th month, 4th year of Meiji."

So much has been said and written concerning the material and mental progress which has been made in Japan, it is not worth while to here dilate upon the extraordinary changes which have occurred. Perhaps the best summary of these events has been made by Ito, one of the Embassy, who, at a banquet in San Francisco, said: "Railroads are being built both in the eastern and western portions of the Empire; telegraph wires are stretching over many hundreds of miles of our territory, and nearly one thousand miles will be completed within a few months. Light-houses line our coasts, and our ship-yards are active. All these assist our civilization, and we fully acknowledge our indebtedness to you and other nations. As ambassadors and as men our greatest hope is to return from this mission laden with results valuable to our beloved country, and calculated to advance permanently her material and intellectual condition. While in duty bound to protect the rights and privileges of our people, we shall aim to in-

crease our commerce, and by a corresponding increase of our population, hope to create a healthy basis for this greater activity."

Sons and daughters of prominent Japanese families are scattered throughout the United States in seminaries of learning, and in various schools of literature and art. Some are in the government establishments at West Point and Annapolis, and some are taking lessons in diplomacy and international law at Washington. Something of their acquirements and facile assimilation of Western ideas may be gathered from a recently published curious work comprising essays on American life, manners, and institu-

tions, written by Japanese students, and originally prepared for circulation in Japan. These papers evince considerable subtilty of thought, powers of observation, and an admirable use of new opportunities.

Reviewing this chapter of condensed history—the mystery of its beginning, the cruel selfishness of its progress, the beneficence of its gradual unfolding, and the auspicious sky which bends over its closing pages—one must recognize the hand of a wise Providence in these successive epochs. Contrasting the sunny present of Japan with its dark, stormy past, we have bright hopes for the future of the Empire of the Sun.

JOHN RICKSON'S TRIAL.

BACK and forth—back and forth—John Rickson marched, almost spurning the confines of the noble room that seemed just now to hem him in: he wanted space—space to breathe in, space to think it all out in. Every nerve of his strong frame quivered; his eyes were bloodshot.

Once he stopped before an elegant toilet-table, daintily draped with delicate laces falling over masses of pale, lustreless pink silk, and lavishly furnished. Cases in gold filigree; bottles capped with silver that bore such slender tracery of leaf and vine as the spirit of the frost breathes upon crystal; little boxes filled with appliances for the delectable tinting of Aura's complexion; here an oddly shaped bit of silver, with tiny blades, devoted to the trimming of her shapely nails.

Well, he had always delighted in Aura's stately beauty. Why should the sight of these things make him frown and gnash his teeth, and groan like a man plunged in the very depths of despair?

John was thirty-five, and not hand-

some. There was power in his face: it was capable of a wonderful illumination, at times. Once seen, it could never be forgotten; once loved, it sent thrills to the heart for a life-time.

He was of medium height; his limbs were straight and symmetrical; his chest was broad, and the muscles of his arms were as hard as iron. He was an enemy to be dreaded in the time of sudden rage—of overwhelming anger.

Once, as he stood there, he lifted his heavy hand as if to sweep off the pretty appliances over which he brooded with set lips, and eyes that held a story in their gloom; but just at that moment there came a knock at the door, and he stepped back, panting.

"Who's there?" he asked, between his teeth.

"Master—father!" exclaimed a voice pure and clear as some note of divinest music.

"Go away!" he said, almost harshly. "I don't want you now. Will she never have done calling me master, I wonder?" he added.

And yet before he spoke there had come over his face a strange, quick rapture. He had taken one, two steps toward the door, then stopped with both hands held hard against his breast, as if in the act of holding back some demon. Then he listened with ear intent, his head thrust forward.

Utter silence; then a slow rustle as of a woman's garments; then a lingering step—irresolute, fainter, yet fainter—then silence again.

"I need not have been so harsh with the child," he said, under his breath; "but what am I to do? God only knows how I suffer: treachery on one hand, and the sweetest love that ever a man could take to his heart on the other. Aura, I would have been true to death; but you have made my cup very bitter, woman—very bitter! And Oliver"—he paused, his lips trembled, his voice grew broken—"whom I loved with a love passing that of women—oh, my God!—and you, too, have betrayed me!"

He threw himself into a deep arm-chair by the window. Passing fair was the vision before him, but as far as it commanded his appreciation it might have been covered with sackcloth and ashes. In the distance, a rock-walled harbor, the glint of the blue waters beyond; the terraced grounds to the right, swelling into stately hills; a little chapel built by the Jesuits, centuries ago; forests of white sails out in the harbor, and the sun pouring gold upon field and valley—upon his own wide acres, upon the jeweled water, creeping up to his retreat but for the cool shades of two great elms. He smiled grimly as he saw them—the trees, grown so tall and stately. Oliver had planted one, and he the other. Over the slender withes they had joined hands and sworn eternal friendship. They were boys then. Oliver's face was bright with Italian beauty. There were truth and love in the dark, passionate eyes.

They had grown up together, left college together, gone into business together. John had money, and both had brains.

John traveled, and brought home a wife—a lovely creature upon whom the sun of prosperity had always shone—an heiress. Poor John! he had given the whole wealth of his honest love to a heartless girl, and he knew it soon, to his cost. She cared for nothing but her pampered self. He indulged her in all her fancies, even to the adoption of a pretty child, a few years after their marriage.

For awhile the child pleased her as a new toy might, and then she tired of it. But John loved the little creature: she amused him with her artless prattle. As she grew older, and made progress in her studies and accomplishments, she gave a soul to the long-useless grand piano which stood in one of the parlors, and John was passionately fond of music.

The girl was now sixteen, and John, whose wife had resolutely driven him from her, by long-continued coldness, had allowed himself to fasten the broken tendrils of his love about this gentle woman-child.

But, God help the man! He had not known how it stood, till now—*now*—when he held in his hand a crushed paper—the half of a note, directed in his wife's hand to "dear Olly"—and whose contents indicated that a correspondence had been going on these years between his partner and that woman.

His blood had run fire in his veins ever since. The first impulse of his outraged soul was to seize a pistol and shoot Oliver Dyas dead—dead! And then there had come to his heart a revelation that palsied his hand and made him cowardly. He shrank from himself. He could not all at once tear out the strong love that had been so constant ever since he had first known Ol-

iver. He could not deny that the voice of Bessy Rickson was sweeter to his ear than the sweetest music. He was torn by contending desires, agonies, doubts, and fears.

Bessy had lingered long at the door, grieved at the harsh voice that forbade her to enter, and hoping he might relent. A lovely little figure, all in spotless white, only one crimson wild rose shining against the rich gold of her hair, with eyes as blue as heaven, and lips as pure as those of an angel, with only one desire in her heart: to comfort the man she had seen enter the house but a little while before, the sorrow of his soul legibly written on his face.

But the summons came not. Slowly—oh, so slowly—pausing more than once, one pearly hand throwing back the beautiful curls, she retreated toward the staircase, and quietly wended her way to a sitting-room on the first floor—cool, shaded, and charming in its decorations. She crossed the wide, matted hall, and paused on the threshold. John's wife was lounging in a superb, claw-footed easy-chair, the crimson glow of which added lustre to her dark beauty. In one hand she held a book; in the other, a fine golden chain which she had just unwound from her wrist.

"Here, Bess, put this on the stand for me," she said, languidly. "Well, did you find your master?"

Bessy shook her head. She loved to hear him called her master, ever since he had superintended her studies in French. Something in her pliant nature answered to his imperious soul. Perhaps she came remotely from a race easy to subjugate, and willing to be ruled.

"He's in one of his black moods, I suppose. I have encountered them once or twice in my life. He could be a human tiger, I think."

"Aura, don't say that," Bessy cried, with a pained look. Since the child had attained her present stature, Mrs. Rick-

son had never allowed her to call her "mother."

"I'm glad you think so well of him," responded the woman, with a light laugh. "You may love him all you wish, for all I care. Do you hear?" she added, an evil light in her black eyes: "you may love him all you wish."

Bessy looked steadily at her, and she at Bessy. I think it angered the woman that the girl's pure eyes neither fell nor faltered in their glance—that the soft color of her cheeks never deepened, as she answered:

"I don't think I *could* love him better than I do, Aura."

"Pshaw!" cried the woman, under her breath, frowning; "I believe you are both fools." Suddenly she caught up her book; something had struck her vision. She opened it at a certain place, and saw, with consternation, the folded half of a note lying snugly ensconced between the pages.

Presently, looking through the book, she grew pale, started to her feet, whirled aside the long train of her gossamer dress, pushed the chair away with such energy that it slid almost to the door, knelt to the floor, searching with wild glances.

"What have you lost?" Bessy asked, looking round from the table where she had deposited the chain.

"Nothing—a bit of paper, a memorandum. Go into the dining-room, Bessy; quick, quick! Run out into the arbor—I was there an hour ago. Bring me a scrap of paper, with writing on it—a torn note—here, like this."

Bessy hurried to search the halls, the stairs, the dining-room, the arbor, but came back with nothing. Aurelia had meantime been in the upper hall; had listened with throbbing pulses to the heavy, measured tread within. Her own words came back to her, and made her sick at heart, "He *could* be a human tiger, I think."

She went back ; Bessy met her at the foot of the stairs—a sweet vision, as near angelic as any creature of human mold could be—and, for the first time, Aura felt the divine power of innocence, as she saw the lovely face upturned to hers.

“I can't find it—any thing ; I hunted everywhere. There was a newspaper in the arbor, and this little stud—perhaps it is papa's—but nothing else.”

Aura seized the stud. She knew whose it was—not John's—that tiny, shining, diamond-pointed trifle ; and Bessy noticed that her firm, white hand trembled as she took it.

“Was it very important ?” she asked, anxiously, wondering at the strained, colorless face. “Can I do any thing more ?”

“No, child ; it was nothing but a—list of things. Keep still about this stud ; John don't like to confess to carelessness ;” and, with this lie on her lips, she went into the sitting-room, and nervously looked over the pages of the book again.

And, overhead—tramp, tramp, tramp ! What was the matter with John ? Could there have been a quarrel—could John have found ?—She stood still suddenly in her walk to the window, clenched her hands, and turned deadly pale.

There was no help for it.

“Fool—fool !” she muttered, “to copy the letter. I never did such a thing in my life before ; and to think”—again she gave a hurried glance about, again unfolded the half of the note ; then resolutely crushing it, thrust it into her pocket, turned and walked defiantly up-stairs.

It would not do to falter, but she shook from head to foot as she touched the door-knob.

“John, let me in ; I want something,” she said, bravely.

The lock was turned, the door thrown wide open, and the face of her husband,

terrible in its dark, fixed anger, confronted her.

But she went in, assuming an air of unconcern. He shut the door after her ; then he spoke :

“Aura”—she knew by his voice what to expect, and half turned. He, of a sudden, caught both her hands and prisoned them in one of his. For the life of her she could not help shrinking from the glare of his eye.

“So it seems I have been your fool, and Oliver your dupe,” he said, through his shut teeth, as he drew her toward the window, she struggling but faintly. Then he held up the very half of the note which she had lost. She had the grace to cower at sight of it, to grow gray to the lips, as, with a low cry of despair, she strove to hide her face on the hands which he held like a vice, but he flung her from him with an awful oath, and she staggered and fell, not with the force of his arm, but because of the deadly terror and faintness that oppressed her.

“I dare say you had it all arranged,” he said, in a low voice that held both anguish and anger ; “but I'll thwart that. I am going over to see *him* now.”

At that she lifted her head. Her haggard, dumb beauty had no power over him any more. She slowly lifted herself, as he passed her ; then she caught at his arm with the strength of despair, and held him.

“What are you going to do to him ?” she cried, hoarsely.

John turned upon her, shook her off, bent his face and his wild eyes closer, as the words came hissing upon the silence :

“Kill him !”

Her shriek rang through the house. Bessy found her a moment after in a fainting-fit on the floor. It was some time, even after powerful restoratives had been applied, before the guilty woman returned to consciousness. When

she saw Bessy bending over her, weeping like a child, she turned away with a groan.

If, indeed, John had fulfilled his threat, her punishment was more than she could bear; for she had been the serpent in this paradise—the guilty, wily tempter. She lay very still, and would not let Bessy speak to her.

John was closeted in his counting-room with the man who had been, as he thought, his life-long friend. Few words passed between them, for it seemed to John as if his heart were broken.

"You are not fit to live, Oliver Dyas," he said; "and if I had met you at first, when this discovery was hot upon me, I should have killed you like a dog. Now, when you say that nothing but these treacherous letters has passed between you, I choose to believe you; but from this moment our paths diverge. I shall break up and leave the country; and now all is over between us. God help me! it was hard to find the man on whose integrity I would have staked my life, play false in this devilish way. I don't envy your future," he added, and went out.

And now began another and more agonizing warfare.

Bessy was watching for him—flitting from the house-door to the gate—wondering what had happened that John and Aura had quarreled; longing, in her childish soul, to give him comfort—her dear, dear master—her loving, noble father! How could Aura speak to him, of him, as she did sometimes? He had never been harsh with her.

John was walking home, gloomily, feeling himself a wronged, wretched man: hating himself, Aura, Oliver—every body, but little Bessy.

Once he stopped short, with a dazed, bewildered look. After all, might there not be some happiness in store for him? This bright, pure, fair little girl, who looked up to him, caressed him, loved

him—ay, with all the guilelessness of her tender nature—loved him now as a father, but, in time, might she not—A thrill of ecstasy shot through his aching heart, and the next moment he cried:

"My God—what! am I going to turn villain, too?"

Not long after that, Bessy flew down to the gate to meet him. He let her take his hand; he smiled upon her in a grave, unusual way; he allowed her to lead him to a seat in the cool sitting-room, and take his hat and gloves from him, and flutter about him with a thousand tender anxieties in her gentle eyes. All this time he was thinking, thinking. It was like heaven to see her there, sitting at his feet, recalling the pretty little incidents that had happened, to lighten his heart, or lift that weary look from his forehead, knowing as he did that in one sense he was a betrayed and ruined man, but feeling yet that to his own soul his own honor was spotless.

As he sat there his thoughts took on a darker hue. The tempter pressed him hard: he was almost lost in a sweet, sweet reverie of the possible To Be. He held the means of revenge in his own hand; he held the scourge of power over his wicked wife; he held the heart—the soul—of this exquisite girl, to mold it as he might. Spite of himself, a rapt, intense pleasure spread over his face, which grew beautiful as Bessy gazed up wistfully.

"What are you thinking of, master?" she asked.

Strange that now the word "master" did not offend him.

"I was thinking how pleasant it would be to go off to a far country—say to Italy"—he replied, that same sweet beauty brightening his brow—"to see the old-world wonders—its splendid skies and heaven-high mountains; to buy some cottage, nestling amid bowers of trees and roses, and there pass our lives,

and never think of this cold, cruel country again."

"O father!" Bessie responded, creeping close to him; "will you? When I have read about it, it has seemed like paradise to me."

"It would be paradise," he murmured.

She lifted herself, and, gliding to his side, began touching his hair with her dainty fingers—a pretty, caressing way she had, which was very sweet to him.

"You would like to go, then?" he said, passing his arm about her waist.

"You know I would go *anywhere* with you," she answered, laying her cheek against his forehead; "but, oh! of all places, to Italy!" She drew a deep breath of content.

He let her rest thus, shutting his eyes while he thought, and the heavy throbs of his heart could almost be heard, as he dallied with the dangerous temptation.

Why should he live a loveless life, betrayed, deceived, as he had been? Why should he not reap the fruits of an innocent devotion? He shuddered—"innocent!" And this child, with her golden locks and pure, Madonna face—this child, who knew no other love—whom his arms had sheltered—whose very dreams were, as yet, guiltless as angels' visions!

"Go!" he said, with a sudden impulse, his whole face growing dark, as he unwound his arm and pushed her from him. "I had rather be alone."

Surprised—grieved, at his manner, which seemed rough—at his face, just now transfigured, but frowning and unlovely, as he turned abruptly away—Bessy stood still where he had thrust her, her tender, red lips quivering. She knew not what to say—what to do. Had she offended him? He stood at the window, his arms folded, looking into the garden, feeling in his soul that he had hurt her—that she was watching him, with tearful eyes. Firmer he press-

ed his arms hard down upon his bosom; more sternly he called in his wandering thoughts, till he felt her touch upon his arm.

"Well," he said, not daring to look down.

"You were cross to me!"

"No, Bessy; not cross—but I have had great trouble to-day. Go, child; don't weary me."

She silently turned, and almost ran from the room.

"Poor child!" he murmured, in a hopeless, dreary voice. "I must hurt her; but, to me, it is like plucking out the right eye."

Bessy went up to her own room; and came down no more that evening.

As for Aurelia, she was only too glad to be sure of her own miserable life—to know that Oliver had not been harmed; but she was weak enough yet to taunt John about Bessy, when he told her that Oliver had gone away, and that he intended to leave the country.

"And hereafter I am to be second to that little pauper," she said, bitterly.

"You are not good enough for that," John made reply. "I am going, to save my name from reproach, and to keep my beautiful wife out of mischief. As for Bessy"—his voice choked—"that pure child must no longer breathe the same air with treachery and corruption, in the person of Aura Rickson. No; I shall leave her behind, with my sister."

This news he communicated to Bessy, very gently, on the following day, in the presence of his wife.

Bessy's cheek grew like marble; the child felt a cold despair creep into her heart. To leave these people, whom she loved, and live henceforth among strangers! What did it mean? And only the night before he had framed such beautiful pictures of other lands; he had asked her if it would please her to go to Italy, and she had said Yes, and felt so happy—as if all was settled.

She said nothing, however. John kept himself aloof; Aura was cold and forbidding: some wretched cloud had settled over the household—some threatening of evil seemed ever in the atmosphere.

After all, this was not really her home; Aura had told her so, rudely enough, years before. But she knew no other parents—no other shelter—no other love. John had never given her an unkind word or look before; and she was quite used to Aura's whims. To leave them seemed an agony too great to bear.

"You are to go to L—, with John, to-morrow," Aura said, not long after, one soft, moonlight evening. "Take Minna up to your room: she will help you pack. My trunks are there—you can have the smallest one—and you had better get ready to-night."

Bessy's heart was nearly bursting. Her proud little face scarcely changed, however: she had become somewhat accustomed to the idea; but she would never betray to Aura, who had been so cold, and almost cruel, of late, the true state of her feelings. Mechanically, she threw down dresses and emptied boxes, scarcely hearing the steady stream of small talk which Aura's maid poured out.

"And she, this silly girl, will go to that beautiful country," she thought, bitterly, "while I am left among strangers. Nobody loves me: I am bereft and wretched."

The time of trial came.

Aura coldly gave her cheek for a good-by kiss, and as coldly turned away. John was to accompany her to L—: that was one comfort—John, whose heart ached for the little, white-faced girl, who sat so silently and so patiently by his side.

As for him—well it was that she knew nothing of the tumult raging in his tortured soul. Many a time he said fiercely to himself: "Why not quaff from the brimming cup so near to your lips?

Take her with you, now, away from the haunts of men. She will go: did she not say she would go wherever you went? Ay, like a slave, she will do your bidding. Ask her."

He did turn half round in his seat; and she looked up at him, with appealing eyes. O, how he longed to gather her to his heart.

"You would go?" he said, impulsively.

"Where, father?"

"Anywhere, with me?"

"O, you know I would," she answered, her beautiful eyes swimming with tears.

"Too late! too late!" he muttered, between set teeth.

He said nothing more, leaving her to wonder why, till they gained the city; and, finding a carriage, he placed her within, seating himself beside the driver. His manner chilled and frightened her. The poor child wondered what she had done.

They stopped before a tall, stately mansion, and were ushered into the presence of a gentle-looking woman—John's only sister.

"Is this the little maid who consents to share my solitude?" she said, kissing Bessy's white forehead. "I am so glad!"

Bessy strove to speak, but the words would not come.

"She must go up-stairs and rest a moment; then I will bring her down, for you to amuse. Of course, after your long journey—and you both look weary—you'll stay to dinner. Unfortunately, I have an engagement this morning; and I have kept the horse waiting, till now. You will excuse me, I am sure."

Now came John's struggle. He strove to say that he, too, had business; that it would be impossible for him to remain; that Bessy had better go out with her: but one look at the girl quite unmanned him. So he sat himself down, to fight

the battle over. Every hour, he felt, weakened his resolution.

His sister gone, and a fair field for flight! Yes, even now, the thought pursued him: once away with Bessy, and the triumph was his—yes, and Bessy was his.

Bessy apathetically took off her hat and shawl, and tried to look interested in the beautiful things about her; but her heart was down-stairs with John. She wanted to say so much to him—wanted to ask for an explanation of his strange and sudden alteration, if she could only find words to do it in. And, perhaps—her heart beat fast—it might be just possible, that if she could make one plea, he would reconsider the matter—he would take her with him, after all. Aura had told her that she wanted her: perhaps he did not know that. She could have flown down the stately staircase, instead of waiting, demurely, for the madam to go with her.

"I am sure we shall be very good friends," said that lady, when, at last, she was ready; and, presently, Bessy was alone with John.

Now she trembled—lost voice—lost courage.

John pointed to a superb piano-forte, open. "Go," he said; "play me something—and," he added, in a lower tone, "charm the devil out of me." Then he dropped his face in his hands. Bessy saw him, for the keys of the instrument faced the wall. She sang one of the sweet songs he loved, watching him—hoping that he would look up, to reward her with a smile, perhaps.

He never moved. She played on—and on—till the music grew almost maddening to her; for, as yet, John had not moved. Then she stopped, and watched him—no life, no motion—that same half-despairing attitude. The silence frightened her. Was he asleep? Her heart ceased almost to beat. Was he dead, that he sat thus, like a statue?

She crept round—she stood before him—she satisfied herself that he breathed; then she dropped at his feet, and the old, plaintive cry wailed forth:

"Master—father!"

He moved his hands—they were wet; great tears stood on his lashes.

"O father—father! you are very unhappy. You have some secret, terrible sorrow."

"Yes; God knows I have!" he muttered.

"Tell me, and let me help you, some way. Father—dear father, how could you leave me behind? I could have made you so happy! Aura never plays; but I can soothe you, sometimes, with music. It is very hard for me to stay: I shall be very, very unhappy. I know only you and Aura; and you two are all I love: and now you are going away, so far—I may never see you again. O father! it is very hard." Her head dropped on his knee.

"I could take her in my arms, and hold her to my heart, and all hell should not tear her from me!" he muttered, fiercely, between shut teeth.

Bessy's sobs prevented her from hearing.

"You have ceased to love me," she cried, "because I didn't really belong to you—Aura said so: *she* wanted me to go."

"Ceased to love you! Great God! Bessy! look at me, child!"

Bessy lifted her head, startled by the hoarse passion of his voice. She looked at him—caught the strange glow and fire—slowly, slowly crept from his knee—slowly arose, still held by that magnetic glance, wherein all the power and sweetness of his soul seemed to be melting.

Then she drew back; then, with a quick cry, she lifted both hands, and hid her face.

In that moment, the veil was drawn away—the girl had changed to the wom-

an. Like a flash of lightning, came the consciousness of how this man loved her—and oh, woe! of how, henceforth and forever, she would love him!

He saw it all, intuitively, and one look of triumph flashed from his eyes.

Bessy stood—pale, trembling, and white—like one waiting to hear some fateful doom.

“Bessy—you see—you know—now”—in vain he strove to steady his voice. “Shall I take you with me, to Italy?”

“O, father!” The pure little voice smote him to the soul. She was a white dove; and he was a wolf, he said, savagely, to himself.

“Bessy”—there was a great struggle—“kiss me, child—as you did—before; and—I—I—must go.”

She crept toward him, blindly, still hiding her eyes. He caught her to his bosom, once:

“A father’s kiss,” he said, with a great sob; and staggered out of the room.

For four years nobody knew the history of the silent man who came and went along the streets of the quaint Italian city. Only at the end of that time,

a letter was written by John to his sister, in which he sent the news of his wife’s death, by plague; and his determination to remain, and spend his life where, at last, he had found peace.

And, walking one day in a little park, where the ruins of a once stately fountain stood, John felt a touch upon his arm; and a silvery voice, even more musical than of old, said, softly:

“Master—father!”

He had well earned his happiness; for he had not dared even to speak of her, for fear she was lost to him. But here she was—Bessy! ten times more beautiful—love in her sweet eyes, love on her lips.

“I’m not going to be driven away, again,” she said, as she took one arm, and his sister leaned on the other. “We went to your lodgings, and the landlady said, may be we should find you here: so we drove, as quickly as we could. Are you glad?”

“If I were in heaven, do you think any one would ask me if I were glad?” he answered, with that rare smile.

And you can guess the rest. It is exactly as you imagine.

SEA-PICTURES.

IF the reader be a brother amateur in the studies of natural beauty, and if modest means circumscribe his artistic tastes, he probably does not possess one of Turner’s paintings. His home-enjoyment of this artist’s wonderful pencil has very likely its only source in some old English annual, to which he contributed a few illustrations before he touched the zenith of his power. The reader, of course, regretfully concedes that the burin has far less scope and force than the brush. Yet in the little picture before him, so abruptly dazzling is the flash of the sunlight here and there; so variously

and deftly is its brightness shaded into translucent or snowy vapor; such are the exquisite delicacy of the contours, the bewitching variety of combinations in the clouded skies, that one seems standing on the threshold of “Glory’s morning-gate,” and gazing into Paradise. That vignette, three inches square, holds what a single British morning never displayed. All the cloud-beauty of an English year appears concentrated in the sketch. If such inspiration is drawn from the scant glories of a northern and mist-screened sky, complemented by studies in Swiss glens and on Mediterranean shores, what

could not an equal genius compass, if it enjoyed far more favorable surroundings? Oh, for a Turner, born and reared under the gorgeous, gold-fretted ceilings of the equatorial heavens, and within the palm-pictured walls of tropical Sierras! When he shall appear and shall have filled a studio with the works of his life, one stroll over the enchanted floor of that celestially illumined gallery will furnish more visions of beauty than could be caught from other sources in the transit of a century.

Such enthusiasm mastered me as I looked last night upon an equatorial sunset. Can a faint picture be given of its varied splendors? I have neither graver nor brush, and can reproduce neither form nor color, and fear that in this attempt I shall only show how grievously language lacks both outline and spirit.

The sun, nearing the horizon, rushed down the declivity of the sky, and quickly hid itself behind a low, narrow bank of clouds, while around and above the heavens were clear. Through this dun barrier the orb broke out once or twice with golden, instead of dazzling effulgence, and, hastily gathering up its robes, plunged into the sea. Scanty token was left of its brilliant presence, and yet a mantle had dropped directly behind the chariot of fire. This regal garment, fringed heavily with gold—unfolding quickly a pale-green centre and a ground of blended orange, red, pink, scarlet, cherry, and carmine—faded momentarily, and soon color was almost lost from the sky. The pageant seemed over; but looking up again presently, I saw six tapering pillars of pink light radiating from behind the cloudy ridge far up into the heavens. To the right stretched a purple sea, so distinctly defined from the blue air above by a bold margin of long curve, that the eye was for a moment deceived as to the true horizon. The next instant it seemed a

scroll illustrated and unrolled by the fingers of angels, or an actual glimpse of heavenly waters. Small, dark cloud-islands thickly dotted this ocean, of which fifty were distinctly visible. Here seemed a celestial renewal of Addison's "Vision of Mirza." There was the very picture, rising before the enchanted sight of the Arab dreamer, of the island-homes of the blest, "interspersed with little shining seas which ran among them;" for white, fleecy clouds, rolled into regular, round-topped undulations, completely filled the spaces between the dark islands. Another circumstance added greatly to the effect. A bird, so distant as hardly to be discernible but for the motion of his flight, was wheeling about in mid-air, and seemed to be constantly hovering over the vaporous waves as they dashed subtile spray upon unsubstantial shores. One could easily fancy these islands blooming with the products of every clime, and inhabited by saints, flower-crowned and clothed in radiant attire. The magnificent spectacle grew indistinct and dark. To the left the glowing columns—different in warmth of hue, but exactly resembling in structure spires of auroral fire—instead of fading, deepened slowly into purple and then into more sombre shades, till the reign of night was established almost before one noticed its accession to the throne of the heavens.

To-night's sunset was almost equally imposing. The descent into ocean was not marked by great splendor. The purple phenomenon of the island-studded sea was renewed, but not with the same picturesque fidelity, on the northern arc of the horizon. But scarcely had Day quenched his torch in the water, when the air at some distance above the sun and a little toward the left of its setting, although before perfectly clear and free from haze, seemed to thicken, and became tinted more and more deeply, until a broad tower of violet flame stood

out from the battlements of upper heaven. Opposite to this and a little farther from the middle arch of the sky, appeared a mass of mist, kindling in damask radiance. Between these, two slightly slanting, parallel shafts of rose-light of wide, equal, and uniform diameter, based on the golden pediment of the sun-setting, reared their colored capitals across a pale tract of wintry blue far up into the deep mazarine-blue of the zenith. Poised at the centre of this dome, like the golden ball over St. Paul's Cathedral, the moon shed down a growing lustre, almost protracting the power and presence of day. Around their queen stood the red-robed Aldebaran, lord of the Arabs, the family of Orion, and such other select few of the starry nobility as could shine in the splendor of her court. Between the violet light, before mentioned, and the first rose-colored pillar of the sky, were suspended in the clear heaven two long, slender bars of dark vapor, perfectly parallel, and bounded by even lines. Near these was a lake of yellow air, in the shape of a spherical triangle, completely inclosed by a very narrow marge of cloud, without the least fringe of haze, as distinct and uniform in breadth as if highly and leisurely elaborated upon the pallet. Indeed, this linear structure and parallel disposition of clouds, as well as their breaking up into clusters of widely insulated masses, are, as far as my limited observation discovers, characteristic of the tropical firmament.

One other sunset occurs to me as worth noting, which differed from the others in this: that the heavens were covered with clouds, there being just divergence enough between the clouds in the west to let in the dolphin splendors of the dying day. The display of rich and varied hues in the sky was far more gorgeous than in any other scene I witnessed. Considerably more than half the horizon blazed with gold-flame,

while the whole heavens were lustrous with the light of melted minerals or the party-colored fires of metallic vapors kindling in an atmosphere of oxygen. Among these there was a huge mass of fused and radiating carbuncle near the zenith, and beside it the eye was attracted by a bank of brown, of a peculiarly rich tint which I never saw before. Although the shade of the latter was quite dark, it was neither sombre nor sober, and would be as appropriate to the dress of a child as to that of a matron. Bits of dazzlingly illuminated rack darted rapidly across the heavens, bringing vividly to mind the sunsets at Lake Tahoe. Tourists who have visited those beautiful waters will remember, that, though there may be otherwise no perceptible motion in the air, fiery fragments of cloud, flying high over the water with greater speed than that of birds, impelled as they are by impetuous gusts from lofty, but shallow and invisible mountain gorges, often produce a most striking effect against the dark, sullen, and unchanging east. Notwithstanding the rapid transitions and fading of the kaleidoscopic scene, a sunset near the equator presents a more lasting spectacle than one would suppose. Taking place about six o'clock, at seven bars of dim fire still closed the evening-gate of the sun against advancing night.

One morning, the wind being quite light and the day almost cloudless, the sun asserted over the water something of the power he enjoys less interruptedly on the land of these latitudes. I was weary with the select seclusion of the quarter-deck—the West End of the ship—and for the first time repaired to the marine White Chapel. Crossing the main-deck, I mounted the fore-castle, and, inert yet dreamy, stretched myself upon the gunwale hanging over the ship's bows. I looked long into the water, impressed with the beauty and recog-

nizing the lesson of the graceful spectacle. The prow, constructed of huge oaken timbers, with massive chains and immense anchors affixed, has just enough of gilded ornament to adorn strength without concealing it. The whole framework seems aware of the twenty thousand miles it must traverse, but pursues its way majestic, never yielding an inch of sea, turning up liquid green sods on each side of its path. Even when struck by an opposing wave, though delayed in its course, the keel nevertheless cleaves its way to the crest of the surge with a slow advance in its rise which indicates ponderous and invincible purpose. There can scarcely be a finer illustration of conscious power, combined with patient and persistent resolution, than is furnished by the onward progress of a ship at sea.

Later in the day, tracks of light azure appeared, some about the width of an ordinary avenue, but most of them as narrow as the streets of Pompeii, extending regularly and crossing each other over a wide surface of darkly or dazzlingly cerulean sea. They looked like white roads, winding through fields of various culture and color, viewed from some distant hill. I thought the appearance due to some peculiarity in the reflection of light, and expected to see it vanish, or move forward with the ship's advance. But the paths kept the same locality, and, as the vessel traversed them, it was discovered that they were courses of whale-food. Animalcules lay in these ways to the depth of one or two feet, in dense masses, while the surrounding water was free from them. The effect was as if Neptune had held a review of all his subjects, and that, careering over the blue, rolling meadows, the dolphin coursers and shelly chariots of tritons, mermen, and nereids had tossed up volumes of spray-dust which had remained, when, the day's muster being over, they had sunk with their placid monarch to cavern homes.

The unchanging water would not betray distance from our northern home, but the unfamiliar phenomena of the firmament show how widely we are roaming. Especially is this true at night. As we sweep down the South American coast, stars and constellations which just skirt the horizon of home or remain permanently below it, take a lofty rank here, some shining proudly from the zenith. On the whole, the southern dome, stretching above our world, presents an expanse decidedly less varied and interesting than its northern counterpart, although one starry group easily maintains a dazzling pre-eminence of beauty. The vanishing daylight this evening reveals the central arch of the Milky Way with Aldebaran so near it that the ruby orb may be considered its key-stone. Two faint masses of cloudy sheen—the Shem and Japheth of the Magellan Clouds—have been for some time visible, while their brother Ham may be regarded as occupying a closely adjacent, unlighted, and intensely black area in the starry pavement. The Southern Cross displays in unquestioned superiority its imperial group, and between the widely parted stars of its flaming stem towers the lanternless pinnacle of the southern sidereal hemisphere.

From a calm tropical sky the starry lamps of night are swung low and fed with fuller flame than elsewhere. Especially is this the case when, as tonight, the moon is absent. The horizon also is seemingly very contracted at such a time. Half an hour ago, a light suddenly appearing strangely near the ship, drew speculation as to its origin. One thought it a ship's lantern; another, a phosphoric flame; but it presently asserted its nature, and vindicated its exaltation above earthly fires by a slow march up the heavens. A planet emerging from the ocean soon after directly in the track of the rising star, brought to my lips the lines—

"Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
 Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
 Leaving the arms of Callirhoe,
 Forever tender, soft, and tremulous."

For a week the ship had been driven by a fierce and prolonged storm toward Africa, and was now, as for some days past, struggling slowly back to its interrupted course. Exhausted as we had been with great discomfort and real danger, when the excitement of peril subsided, disgust at the inconveniences and monotony of sea-life, which had been slowly gathering power over our senses and thought, now took full possession of us. No sail or other sign of life had appeared during this tempestuous interval upon the waters. Suddenly, in the twilight noon of a densely clouded day, a loon lifted his wings from the distant west, dimly and momentarily, but distinctly enough to telegraph to our gladdened eyes that we were nearing the American coast. Later in the day, the weather having unexpectedly cleared, I was reading upon deck, but had been for some time conscious of sounds which were dreamily ascribed to the swinging blocks and loudly chirping ropes overhead. Suddenly looking up, I found the air thick and vociferous with birds. Now they plunged into the water, now chased each other madly hither and thither, screaming all the time with intensely discordant glee. Fish, also, of differing kinds, welcomed the returning sun with equal gladness, as in great numbers they flashed with sudden splashes out of the sea. Our vessel had seemed, through so many stormy hours, a lonely microscopic asteroid, launched upon the undulations of ether, that we were glad to be assured by these forms and utterances of life that we were in the world again. The next morning a tiny bit of animated color was descried winging a zigzag and insanely purposeless course about one of the upper sails. An opera-glass, excitedly turned in that direction,

revealed to us the form of a red butterfly. At this moment a shore-bird was espied, known to be such by an indescribable land-look—if I may be allowed the use of such a term—and also by its straight flight and vertical rise and fall through the air.

The water has changed its attire behind the screen of night, and now sparkles in emerald vesture, as though catching reflections that glance far aslant from unseen grassy shores. And now, light breezes wander over the low hedge of the gunwale, through the tapering stems of the masts, and through the twining, twisted, vine-like rigging, bringing fresh forest odors from a headland as yet invisible. They seem to clothe the bare trunks of the spars with new bark, and to bring back to the dead fibres of the shrouds the swaying of wind-tossed flax-fields and the freshness of springing hemp. Our hearts are stirred with sweet pain and longing, while we think—as of things long past and immeasurably distant—of the flowery meadows and rolling hills, of the rock-born springs and noble woods, that made home once such a picture, and now such a dream of beauty. Thus moodily we gaze toward the horizon: when did that cloud appear? for the sky was perfectly clear. We stoop over the ship's side to admire the gorgeous coloring of some kelp-ribbons that are floating past, and catch a sight of strange-leaved branches tossing on the waves. We look up: the seeming cloud is stationary, and peculiarly rigid in outline—ah! it is the land! And now we remember that, some moments ago, from the broad-leafed masts a shout had rung out, which must have been the cry of "Land ho!" It was inarticulate then to our heedless ears, and yet it blended cheerily with our reverie, as the silver voice of a bird in the old oak-tree at home used to carol faintly and fairily in the early morning between dream and dream. Well, it is but a Pat-

agonian hill, towering from the bleak, extreme boundaries of the land-world—and yet, the sight thrills you, as if you had been a disembodied spirit, which, after protracted and weary wandering, had just found a body and a home. No one who has not been for months pent within the unbroken ring of a watery horizon, can realize the unspeakable relief and rest caused by the most distant glimpse of the most barren shore.

A straw hat and thick overcoat do not form a stylish Broadway combination; but are characteristically *à la* Patagonia. The one is a needful protection against the fervid sun, while the other wards off the biting southern air. Armed with such defenses, I was, one afternoon, reading, while stretched upon the deck, in an attitude more comfortable than courtly, when the Captain touched my arm, and pointed to the deck. Close beside us stood a little continental visitor. I will describe him particularly, for, not being sufficiently versed in ornithology to know whether the species has been depicted before, I am delighted with the idea of winning an easy fame by introducing a new bird to notice. It was a bird of the same size and shape with the ground-sparrow of this country, but totally different in plumage. He had bright, beady eyes, and a mouse-colored head, the color lighting into drab about the neck, and the drab deepening down the breast to blue, which also lines the caudal plumes. At the prominent bone of the wing the drab is clouded with a brownish yellow, which brightens in color, then becomes veined and spotted with black; and next occur alternate strata of this conglomerate and pure black. Finally, the black prevails, and spreads over the tail-feathers, except that a narrow, even stripe of glistening white borders the extreme feather on each side. He was still and stupid with exhaustion for some time; but, brightening suddenly, spread his wings, and

flew landward. Is the striking difference in motion of water-fowl from land-birds instinctive or acquired? Perhaps, when the former were loosed from the Hand of Providence, the index-finger pointing toward the sea, they had the same mode of flight with other birds. Might not their peculiar, undulatory movement, their wheeling and circling flights, have been caught from the swell of the ocean? In their search for food, as they skim over the water, they are obliged to follow its fluctuating contour, and perhaps carried thence this trick of motion into upper air. What, too, is the occult reason why sea-birds invariably have discordant or melancholy notes? One would imagine, that, catching grace of motion from the sea, some of them at least would be attuned in voice to the laugh of the ripples, as well as to the shriek and clangor of the storm. This thought kept recurring to me, one evening, after clouds of gulls had attended the ship all day, incessantly cooing and screaming. I had just heard, for the first time, the cry of a penguin. The Captain had told me that it is a doleful sound, and seems to come from a drowning person. It was indeed like the hopeless wail of a half-insensible drowning man. The single note, repeated several times, as it came clear, distinct, and almost articulate, over the water, had a peculiar effect in the calm, dark evening. While I was still pacing the deck, and the night was shutting in cloudy and moonless, I caught a peculiar sound from one of the winged company. It was a prolonged, low, but sonorous, flute-like moan, almost a wail, with a trilling rise to a note somewhat higher, which was just sounded and then abruptly ended, and seemed more mournful and hopeless than the former. The chatter of other birds broke in like child's-play upon an oratorio of Handel. If Nature has a scene, or a sound, correspondent to each mood and experience of man,

then this strain is the key-note to a life shut in around by the mists of dense calamities, and overhead by the black night of Sorrow, in which the horizon of Hope is late-lighted by the illusory hope of relief or amendment in this world. It seems the chronic moan of sleepless pain, blending at last into the iterated, formal, despairing inquiry, curtly ceasing, whether there can be any balm applied? Many joined in the strain, with different strength and shrillness, and at different points; and single birds also repeated it. It is a pagan cry of blind misery and fate. There is nothing of Christian hope, much less of Christian faith and triumph, in it. The notes are suitable to be sounded over heathen cabins, and might have been learned from painted Patagonians, the agony of whose brief and prayerless lives who knows but God and themselves, and who would not shudder to know? Nothing ever affected me more deeply, that had in it no element of visible human experience. Voice of *prima-donna* or hand of pianist never moved me so much. It may seem strange that the cry of a bird has such power over sensibility; but the Captain of the ship, who was at my side, told me that, having been once wrecked on an uninhabited South Sea island, and striving, against great disadvantages, to build a boat that would breast the shocks of ocean, he could endure the misery of his situation and the uncertainty of his prospects, except when completely unmanned by the peculiar cry of a bird. The pre-eminence of the nightingale among singing-birds is beautifully expressed in its Spanish name: the charming figure—*El Ruiseñor*, or “Lord of Song”—has never been transferred, so far as I know, to English verse. A kindred, though not equal distinction, is justly due to this winged, unknown singer, as, with wonderful volume, and power, and plaintiveness, he enforces attention to his notes alone, in

the midst of the dissonant orchestra of the sea.

During a moonlit, but clouded night, we doubled the Cape of St. John—the eastern extremity of Staten Land—and turned our course westward once more. The precipitous promontory loomed near us in the indistinct light—a black and formless mass, with thick clouds hanging low from its concealed crown, like an Ethiopian bride hiding swarthy plainness with a veil. The next morning, swells of cloud-looking land broke the northern horizon, with one darker undulation, which was doubtless actual rock. Among the rounded sweeps spring two bold, jutting spires of stone, while near them rises a leaning, enormous slab, that seems the half-sunken tombstone of a Titan. And now, directly in front, the aim of the laboring ship, towered Cape Horn. It was, from the first, doubtful whether we could pass this barrier, unless the wind should veer two or three points. This doubt presently deepening into adverse certainty, we had to tack ship, and were, in a few hours, far on our unwilling way eastward. The unfavorable portents of sky and sea were soon fulfilled in rising storm; for it would have been a strange thing indeed to pass the portals of the Pacific without a brawl with the *concierge*. The wind began to howl over the deepening caverns of the sea, like Cerberus at the gates of Hell. The seas boomed against the trembling ship, at first, like cannonballs, and then, as if the cannon themselves had been hurled bodily upon the vessel's sides. After three days of such restless discomfort as only sailors can know, in the gray, reluctant dawn of an antarctic morning, the Captain and I were endeavoring, in spite of the elements, to keep our seats at the breakfast-table, spread in the forward cabin, which communicated with the main-deck by an open door. Among the many sounds at such a time, from roarin

wind, and shrieking rigging, and shouting crew, one sound, sudden and peculiar, arrested the ear. It was the tread—almost the trampling—of men, not occupied with any duty, but rushing aimlessly, helplessly, to a central point. Looking out, we saw a solemn, unmistakable shadow upon the faces of the gathering group. Directly rose the shout—which may you never hear—“Man overboard!” It was a foreigner, who had spoken in such an obscure dialect that it had been impossible for any one of the ship’s company to tell to which province of northern Europe he belonged. He had fallen from the main-royal-yard. He was, in all probability, dead the moment he struck the water; but, if not, he was doomed. The ship was flying on at the rate of a mile in five minutes. It would have occupied an hour to turn the ship’s course, and three or four hours to beat back against the wind to this point. No boat could live in such a sea. As, under the wrathful sky, the body, clothed in red, rose upon the mountainous surge and swept rapidly along the broad, sloping downs of whirling green water in the ship’s wake, great albatrosses shut their crooked, enormous wings, and, with gulls and other birds, alighted around it, harpy ministers of destruction, in the retinue of the Angel of Death. Gone, without decent care or Christian rite for the body; without words of comfort or commendation for a soul, rushing out of the world; with no more time, one would think, than sufficed for a mere ejaculation of prayer, if, indeed, he had been taught to pray! One more charge for the sea against that Day of Account “when we shall all be contemporaries,” and when we shall, perhaps, be able to fathom the now measureless and mist-shrouded depths of God’s providence toward the children of men!

One Sunday, some days after, the promontory of the Horn again appeared

on the horizon. The wind had sullenly and fitfully abated from its extreme force and direct opposition, but was still unfavorable for doubling the Cape. The gloom of our recent disaster, exhaustion caused by the protracted storm, the chilliness of the inclement air, and the uncertainty of our position, made our words few and our faces pale and forbidding. At night there was nothing to indicate that we might not be detained for weeks in this dreary district of ocean, as is frequently the case in such voyages. But the Captain came to my state-room door in the dusk of dawn, and said, “We are passing Cape Horn.” I dressed hastily and sprang upon deck. It was the morning that gave equal day to the world. The sea was smooth, the wind fresh and yet not rough, the air somewhat chilly, like that of a morning in middle autumn. In the brightening look and blushing cheek of Dawn it was easy to detect the distant coming of the sun. I never saw Venus so large and sparkling as now. The ship was passing the Horn at about a mile’s distance. The island seemed at first a black structure of rock, with edges sharply defined against the soft and shadowed masses of distant mountains. As the sun slowly climbed the low slope of its path, the murky granite mass lightened with purple shadows, which gradually fell away and revealed the lines and features in its face of stone. Presently there stood out to the view a striking representation of the gray buttresses, the multitudinous pinnacles and the profuse adornment of Henry VII.’s Chapel. To the left of the rock a fallen tower left little token of former elevation, while it covered the side and cumbered the base of the fabric with ruins. A little farther to the left and considerably in the background, appeared against the clear sky a range of lines like the ridge-poles of houses, with here and there massed and broken curves, resembling the round, foliate outlines of a tree. In this manner

the appearance of an elevated street in a crowded town is so strikingly reproduced as almost to take away from the scene the otherwise overwhelming impression of loneliness. At the extremity of this lofty street rises a truncated, tower-shaped cone, and in the cavity of its summit nestles what looks like a white dwelling-house, such as the Tip-top House of Mt. Washington. A glass breaks the uniform whiteness into three patches of snow. In the left of the picture rise the Hermit Islands. The first of these—a small, stony knoll—is clothed from crown to circumference with a brown cape of velvet lichen. West of this are seen verdureless and quite symmetrical pyramids, one edge facing the south. Between these and a rock that lifts its head far out at sea a low, shining, pointed mass is seen that looks like a white summer cloud, but is immovable and hard in outline. A little to the right gleams another pinnacle of seeming vapor, equally rigid and stationary. Another day will show these peaks to be the first crests of a long range of mountains that compose Hoste Island, and are completely

covered with snow. The sun is now lightening with its first full rays this landscape of the Southern Sea. A girdle of mist is thrown round each rock where it meets the ocean. No wood, or shrubs, or grass is disclosed by the pale radiance of antarctic day—nothing but a thin carpet of lichens hides the naked cliffs. A large sea-bird, in wild flight directly before the Cape, appears the only thing living or capable of living there, as every chart will testify. The speech of different nations has almost exhausted the vocabulary of calamity and despair in naming the inlets, islands, and channels of this treacherous and abhorred coast. And yet there is to me in this scene a sense of an indescribable beauty striving with desolation. Much of this effect is doubtless due to the favoring sky, and sea, and sunlight. It is also a welcome thought that the prow is now for the first time turned to its port. "*Meta fervidis evitata robis*"—"the goal is grazed by the glowing wheels"—and henceforth every rood of distance traversed brings directly nearer our Pacific home.

THE OWEN'S VALLEY EARTHQUAKE.

IN TWO PAPERS.—I. LOCAL DETAILS.

THE earthquake of March 26, 1872, having been more disastrous in its effects than any which have taken place on the Pacific Coast, north of Mexico, since California became a part of the United States, has naturally attracted much attention, and been much written and commented upon. The distance of that part of the State where the most violent disturbances took place, from the ordinary routes of travel, is such, that few, except those residing there, could see for themselves what had actually happened; and it is quite

natural that exaggerated stories should have been put in circulation, when the truth itself was so remarkable. The exigencies of the Geological Survey work requiring that a party should pass through Owen's Valley to reach the field of their labors, occasion was taken to inquire and observe, as carefully as time would allow, into all the principal facts connected with this earthquake; and the following pages contain a plain statement of the results obtained, with such few comments as the space at our command will allow us to append. It

must be borne in mind, however, that the region where the greatest disturbances occurred is one which is very thinly inhabited; and that the buildings which existed there at the time of the shock were of a kind most unsuitable for the preservation of a serviceable record, in the form of fractured walls and the like, for a future examination by the scientific observer. Hence, the results obtained are less satisfactory than might, perhaps, have been expected, or than they would have been in a thickly settled region, over which large and well-built edifices had been erected. Still, a number of valuable facts have been observed, and some general conclusions can be drawn with safety from the *data* collected.

To understand what follows, it will be necessary to devote a few lines to a sketch of the geography and geology of Owen's Valley, since it is a region but little known, even to Californians, and quite a *terra incognita* to the ordinary reader. And yet, it is certainly one of the most remarkable portions of a remarkable State; and it is safe to assert that it will, at no distant period, attract many visitors. For its position is almost, if not quite unique, in respect to the attractions of its scenery, among all the valleys of which our ample territory has the right to boast. It is traversed by the river of the same name, which rises in that remarkable knot of mountains in which head the Merced, the Tuolumne, and the San Joaquin, and of which the dominating summits are Mount Ritter and Mount Lyell—two peaks which are very conspicuous from Mount Hoffmann and other high points around the Yosemite Valley. After leaving the mountains, Owen's River runs first through a large, secluded valley, lying some thirty miles, a little to the east of south, from Mono Lake, and called Long Valley. Leaving this, it makes its way through a volcanic table-land, in a deep, precipitous *cañon*, from which it emerges and

enters Owen's Valley proper, bending its previous easterly course into an almost southerly one. After running some seventy miles in a south-south-east direction, it empties into Owen's Lake, where it becomes lost by evaporation—like all the other streams in the Great Basin, on the western borders of which Owen's Valley lies. Both sides of the valley are bordered by extremely steep and elevated mountains, by which it is closed in, as if by two gigantic walls. On the west is the Sierra Nevada, with no pass across it of less than twelve thousand feet in elevation; the crest of the range broken into a thousand pinnacles and battlements, and rising to from fourteen thousand to fifteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and from ten thousand to eleven thousand feet above the valley itself, which, at Lone Pine, is about four thousand feet above tide-water. The eastern wall is formed by the range of mountains called the Inyo, in the southern part of the valley, and the White Mountains, farther north; for this chain, double in name, is in reality a unit. The Sierra wall of the valley is, in fact, the eastern edge, or face, of a great mass of mountains, from seventy to a hundred miles in width, intersected by numberless deep *cañons*, the divides between which are crested with domes and pinnacles—forming a vast labyrinth, whose recesses remain yet to be explored, and to disclose scenes of grandeur and beauty rivaling those presented by the Alpine chains. The Inyo and White Mountain range, on the other hand, is one narrow crest, almost unique in its narrowness and steepness. It rises very precipitously from the valley to a height of from eight thousand to eleven thousand feet above the sea, or four thousand to seven thousand feet above the plain at its foot. Dark, sombre, destitute of trees and water, and rarely whitened with snow, even for a short period, it presents a most striking contrast to

the Sierra side of the valley, down which the snow masses extend, at least—at this time of the present year—for a distance of five thousand to six thousand feet vertical, and whose melting feeds the numerous and copious streams which make the valley habitable.

At Lone Pine, it is only eighteen miles across, from summit to summit of the ranges; the bottom, or level portion of the valley, being two or three miles in width. On the Sierra side, there extends from the base of the precipitous portion of the range a long slope gently descending at an angle of five or six degrees, covered with sage-brush, and made up of coarse *detritus* from the mountains behind—a vast pile of bowlders, gravel, and sand, two thousand feet thick at its upper end, and spread out at the foot of the range in a belt of varying width, which, in some places, is as much as six or seven miles. Just where this belt of *detritus*, or “sage-brush slope,” meets the valley bottom, the mountain streams lose their torrential character, and, finer sediment being deposited, there is a growth of vegetation somewhat meadow-like in character. It is on this fringe along the edge of the sage-brush—which, however, is not continuous, but rather in patches opposite to the great *cañons* from which issue the numerous streams referred to above—that the small settlements in the valley are exclusively located.

The geology of Owen's Valley is as interesting as its scenery is grand. The two great ranges which inclose it are not of the same geological age, nor are they at all alike in structure or lithological character. The Sierra is chiefly one vast mass of granite; indeed, this is the only rock visible, from the south end of Owen's Lake north as far as the thirty-seventh parallel, which crosses the valley about nine miles north of Camp Independence. The interior of the chain, between the parallels of $36^{\circ} 30'$ and 37° ,

is also all granitic, so far as we know. This granite has been elevated since the Jurassic period, and belongs to the Sierra Nevada system of upheaval. The Inyo and White Mountain range, on the other hand, is much more ancient, being a part of the great Palæozoic formation, which occupies so extensive an area in the Great Basin. The mass of these mountains, instead of being made up of granite, consists chiefly of limestone, sandstone, and other stratified materials, tilted up at a high angle, and with the most complicated system of strike and dip.

Midway in the valley, commencing at a point about thirty miles north of Lone Pine, and extending for ten miles, there is a region of volcanic cones and lava-flows, by which the river is crowded over against the Inyo Range, at the foot of which it has just room to flow. These cones are seemingly as perfect as they ever were; and the flows of basalt have spread themselves out over the sage-brush slope in a manner wonderfully indicative of a recent date for their out-breaking. Yet all now is absolutely quiet. The volcanic forces are dormant. Farther up the valley, however, especially after the river bends to the westward, and when we reach the volcanic tableland, spoken of before, and which forms a vast plateau south of Mono Lake, there are abundant indications of former volcanic activity, in the usual form of *solfataras* and hot springs.

So, too, south of Owen's Lake, in the mountains which lie east of the Sierra, and which are known as the Coso Range, are numerous cones, from which long, dark streams of basaltic lava may be easily traced down into the valley, where they have spread out in great tables. As we debouch from Walker's Pass, we see the Coso Mountains off to the northeast, and the basaltic cones and flows offer a curious contrast of color with the light-colored granitic rocks forming the

mass of the range from which the volcanic masses have issued; so that it was hard for us to convince ourselves, for some time, that these dark spots were not the shadows of clouds resting over the landscape.

We have, then, in this region all the elements of geological disturbances: a narrow valley, which was probably once a chasm of immense depth, between two stupendous ranges of very different geological ages; and volcanic cones and lava-flows, which have issued from the interior of the earth since the detrital slope at the base of the Sierra was formed. The gigantic character of the forces which have here been called into play is evident on every hand, and the observer, even if no geologist, can not fail to become impressed with the idea that the fabric of the earth must have been shaken to its very centre while these stupendous features of its surface were in process of development.

Such being—as sketched above in a few brief words—the character of the region where the earthquake of March 26th last was most severely felt, we will proceed to a statement of some of the most striking facts therewith connected.

The comparison of the various telegraphic reports to the newspapers published in California shows that at about half-past two o'clock on the morning of March 26, 1872, a shock of an earthquake was felt over nearly the whole extent of the State, or from Shasta to San Diego County, north and south, and through its whole breadth, with the exception of the extreme northern and north-western portion. It appeared, further, that a large part of the adjoining State of Nevada was also violently shaken at the same time, the disturbance having reached nearly to its extreme eastern border, and as far south as any place from which information could be obtained by telegraph or newspaper. It also appeared, as soon as the news could

arrive from that quarter, that a portion of Mexico had been similarly disturbed on the same day, and other nearly synchronous shocks and volcanic disturbances are now known to have taken place in different parts of the world, as will be noticed farther on. At present we have to do only with the shocks of the 26th and the following days, and their effects in California. These shocks were destructive in Owen's Valley only; but they were severe along the western slope of the Sierra and in the foot-hills from Visalia to Sonora, more moderate farther north, and quite moderate in the Coast Ranges and on the west side of the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Large areas of country over which they were undoubtedly felt with severity are almost entirely uninhabited, so that only very fragmentary information will ever be obtained from these quarters.

All the statements from different places agree in this: that the first shock felt was sudden, and by far the most violent of all, and that the serious damage done was everywhere effected within the first minute or two of the commencement of the disturbance. But the shocks continued to be felt in various localities, with occasional intermissions, from the morning of the 26th of March during a considerable part of that day; and in Owen's Valley the ground had not resumed its usual condition of tranquillity at the time of our leaving, which was the 23d of May. Along the settled portion of the Sierra Nevada, as far north as Placer County at least, the shocks were repeated at intervals from about half-past two until about half-past six of the morning of the first great shock. And about half-past six a quite severe oscillation occurred, which was particularly noticed at many points in the mining counties from Mariposa to Oroville, and which was also felt in the Coast Ranges.

Throughout the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, in the mining belt, the disturbance of March 26th was the most severe ever experienced since the region was settled by the Whites; but the fact that the loss of life was confined to Owen's Valley turned the attention and sympathy of the public almost exclusively in that direction. Before attempting to draw any general conclusions, or to go further into details with regard to the extent and magnitude of the earthquake disturbances of the 26th of March and the following days, outside of Owen's Valley, we will first give such facts as were observed and collected in that particular region.

As Lone Pine and Independence are the places where most of the damage to life and property was done, it will be desirable to describe their position. They are both at the edge of the sagebrush slope, before noticed as a peculiar feature of the valley. They are both on the west, or Sierra side, of the river. Lone Pine is about six miles north of Owen's Lake, and Independence about fifteen miles farther in the same direction. Camp Independence is about three miles above the town of the same name, and Bishop Creek about forty.

All persons concur in stating that the first shock, which took place "about half-past two," was by far the most severe, and that all the serious damage was done by it. The estimates as to the duration of the destructive shock are very discordant; and this is not to be wondered at, when we consider how men's thoughts were occupied at that time, and how little suited the conditions were to precision of statement. From a variety of considerations, it seems reasonable to infer that the most violent portion of the disturbance may have lasted fully a minute, and possibly as much as a minute and a half. The subsequent disturbances, although occasionally violent enough to displace fur-

niture and throw goods off the shelves, were of little account as compared with the first oscillations. A second heavy shock occurred in Owen's Valley, between six and half-past six o'clock, and this was also, as mentioned above, very distinctly felt over a large portion of the State. Many persons spoke of the vibrations as being almost continuous between the first and second great shocks.

There appears to have been no one in the valley who kept, or tried to keep, a record of the phenomena from the beginning. Mr. Seth G. Sneden, of Bishop Creek, however, began, on the 31st of March, to note down the principal vibrations, although without any special attempt at accuracy in reference to the time of their occurrence. From his memoranda, it appears that hardly a day had passed, from the beginning of his record up to the time of our visit, May 21st, without some oscillations having been experienced, and there were usually several during each twenty-four hours. On the whole, however, the evidence of the gradual slackening of the action of the internal forces was very clear, there being nothing more than slight vibrations during the month of May. Quite a heavy shock was felt in the night of May 13th at Lone Pine, which was also very sensible to us at Little Lake, a point fifty miles south; but at Bishop Creek, the same distance to the north, it was not noticed.

To our party—traveling from Visalia, by way of Walker's Pass, to Owen's Valley—the destructive effects of the earthquake began first to be visible at Indian Wells, about sixty-seven miles nearly due south from Lone Pine. Here the walls of the *adobe* house were badly cracked, and some *adobes* had been thrown from the north gable to the distance of fifteen feet, toward the north. The house, which has walls nearly two feet in thickness, is traversed, in several places, by vertical cracks from top to

bottom. Two very heavy shocks were felt here on the morning of the 26th of March.

At Little Lake, nineteen miles farther north, the house, which is in part very loosely built of cobble-stones, was badly injured, and a portion of it shaken down. At Haiwee, eleven miles above, a stone barn, built of hewn blocks of volcanic ash, was entirely overthrown, and the materials piled promiscuously together—a person who slept inside escaping with his life by a truly extraordinary chance. The wooden house at the same place, although violently shaken, was almost entirely uninjured. Loose articles within were thrown violently from their places, and generally toward the east. At Olancha, at the foot of Owen's Lake, the *adobe* house was not thrown down, although badly cracked on the east and south faces, and not at all on the north side. Articles in this house were thrown to the north-west. Three miles farther north, at Big Lake House, an *adobe* building was almost destroyed, the north and south sides having suffered the most damage. The rubbish was thrown chiefly to the north, and some of it as far as fifteen feet from the side of the building.

At Lone Pine we found ourselves in the midst of a scene of ruin and disaster—giving a vivid idea, even after the lapse of two months, of the distressing scenes through which the inhabitants had passed. This town contained from 250 to 300 inhabitants, living almost exclusively in *adobe* houses, every one of which, and one of stone—the only one of that material in the town—was entirely demolished. Twenty-three persons were either killed outright, or found dead when disinterred from the ruins; four more were so badly injured that they have since died, and some sixty others were more or less seriously hurt, some of them very severely, so that their recovery seems indeed remarkable. One person was killed at the Eclipse Mine, and a child

near Camp Independence. These are all the fatal cases; and it is indeed wonderful that the loss of life should have been so exclusively limited to the vicinity of Lone Pine, since the destruction of all buildings of *adobe* and brick at Independence was nearly as complete as it was at Lone Pine itself. At Fort Independence, which was entirely built of *adobes*, but in a very strong and substantial manner considering the material, the destruction was almost entire; and yet, strange to say, only one man was injured, and he but slightly. It would appear that the smallest and most poorly built houses were those of which the inmates suffered the most.

From Olancha to Big Pine, a distance of about sixty miles, the force of the shock seems to have been about equally severe—as far as one could judge from its effects in fissuring the earth; but the proportion of *adobe* houses diminishing as we go north, in consequence of lumber becoming more accessible and cheaper in that direction, the destruction of life and property was proportionally diminished.

The almost universal testimony of the residents of Owen's Valley was to the effect that the shocks came from the Sierra Nevada, and from that portion of the range which lies between Owen's Lake and Independence. In the region to the south of the lake the vibrations were felt as approaching from the north-west; at Lone Pine they were referred to the high mountains in the immediate vicinity to the west, and as we moved up the valley the direction assigned was always more to the south of west as we proceeded north. This agrees also with our own experience, for in the shocks which we felt at various points between Little Lake and Bishop Creek, we all agreed in referring their origin to the region of the Sierra lying to the west of Owen's Lake and Lone Pine.

We were not able to discover that any

person had been awakened by sounds preceding the first great shock: it seems to have been the motion, accompanied by noises, in all cases, which aroused the sleepers. And the impressions made, in the same locality even, by these sounds on different persons seem to have been quite varying in their character and degree. Some described the noise as resembling that made by a whole park of artillery shot off in rapid succession, with the rattling of musketry between. Others were much impressed by the noises made by different kinds of animals. The barking and howling of the dogs, and the lowing of the cattle, were strangely intermingled with the reverberations of the falling rocks in the mountains, the creaking of the timbers of the wooden buildings, and the rattling and crashing of the loose articles contained within them. In regard to the character of the subterranean noises accompanying the earthquake shocks in this region, we learned something from our own observations. Of the various disturbances of the ground which we experienced between Little Lake and Bishop Creek, several were distinctly preceded by a dull, explosive sound, like the noise of the firing of a piece of heavy artillery at a great distance, or the letting off of a heavy blast. These sounds were distinctly heard as coming from the region of the Sierra Nevada, and were, in most cases, followed by a tremor of the ground after an interval of from two to five seconds. In several cases, the explosive sounds were heard by our party when no subsequent vibration was perceived. But most of the shocks which followed these sounds were so light that they were not usually felt except by persons who were at rest. Almost without exception, the oscillations noticed by us were in the night: no doubt the same disturbances took place in the day-time; but to persons moving about, in a wagon or on horseback, as

we were most of the time, they were imperceptible.

Mr. Sneden's record, kept at Bishop Creek, mentions these explosive sounds as frequent; and it is noticeable that at that place the sounds frequently occurred without any attendant shock, and also that they appear usually to have followed, instead of preceding, the vibrations. Thus, the record says: April 15-16th, "explosions during the night, but no shocks;" April 25th, 1½ A.M., "shock, followed by numerous explosive reports;" April 29th, "shock, with explosive reports following." And, during the whole month of May, the term "explosive reports" appears frequently in the record, while that of "explosive shocks," or shocks accompanied by explosive sounds, is only rarely used. In some cases, the sounds are noted as having been very loud and distinct.

Among the geological effects of these disturbances, we may notice: fissures in the soil or rocks; alterations of level of different parts of the valley, either temporary or permanent; changes in the water-courses; accumulations of water where such were not before known; and similar occurrences, which prove that the wave left a permanent record of its passage.

As before remarked, the ranches and settlements in the valley are chiefly at the lower edge of the sage-brush slope, on the alluvial patches, where the soil is soft and springy, and permeated by moisture from the mountain streams. As would be expected, it is just at this line of junction of two different formations that the geological effects of the earthquake are much the most distinctly marked. All the way from Haiwee Meadows to Big Pine Creek we met frequent cracks in the earth, areas of sunken ground, depressions partly filled with water, and regions where motion of the surface soil had taken place, either in a vertical or horizontal direction.

The direction of these fissures is almost always nearly parallel with that of the base of the mountains, although in a few instances they run diagonally across the valley.

The dependence of the fissures upon the character of the soil was well exemplified at Haiwee Meadows, which occupy an oval area somewhat less than a mile in diameter, surrounded by hills, all around the border of which the soil is wet and heavy, owing to the presence of numerous springs in that position. Along this border the ground is broken by fissures, and the inside edge has settled as much as four or five feet. The hills to the east of the meadows are of volcanic sediment; and on visiting them a large crack was observed running in an easterly direction across one of the spurs, which looked fresh, as if it might have been made during the recent earthquake.

At Olancha numerous fissures were noticed, and between them, at one place, the ground was depressed two or three feet for a width of forty feet. Passing up the west side of Owen's Lake, the cracks became more numerous, and great depressions between them were seen, where the ground had sunk from two to ten feet, over a space from ten to a hundred feet in width, and for a length of several hundred yards, the depressed areas almost always nearly coinciding in the direction of their greatest longitudinal extension with that of the base of the mountains. On this side of the lake, which occupies almost the whole width of the valley, the fissures are mostly on the sage-brush slope, about half-way between the shore and the base of the Sierra, the slope being here about two miles in width. In some places, however, the cracks are quite near the edge of the lake.

All along in the vicinity of Lone Pine and at the base of the Alabama Range of foot-hills, which here extend up the valley for the distance of about eight miles,

forming a sort of detached outlier of the Sierra, and composed of similar granitic and metamorphic rocks, the fissures are numerous, and here and there they form a perfect network, between which the ground has become raised or sunk, so as to be quite impassable.

Similar phenomena were seen at various points in following up the valley; but nowhere are the effects of the earthquake in fissuring and depressing the surface so manifest as in the vicinity of Big Pine. A large body of water issues from the gorges of the Sierra west of this place, and this water spreads out, after leaving the sage-brush slope, and runs in numerous channels through a low and swampy meadow, several hundred acres in extent. Here there is a series of extensive fissures, which may be traced uninterruptedly for several miles. In one place an area of ground two to three hundred feet wide has sunk to the depth of twenty or thirty feet in places, leaving vertical walls on each side, and these depressions have become partly filled with water, so that ponds have been formed of no inconsiderable size. One noticed was fully one-third of a mile in length, and would have been much larger had not the depression been so situated as to afford partial drainage of the area at one end, so that the basin could not be entirely filled.

In all cases, the character of the disturbances of the soil seemed to be pretty much the same: namely, the depression of narrow belts between fissures running nearly parallel to the course of the Sierra, and chiefly limited to the edge of the sage-brush slope. There are also cracks across the spurs of granitic rock in the foot-hills of the Sierra in a very few places; but in no case did we observe any relative displacement of the two sides of the fissure. Numerous irregular and star-shaped cracks occur in the low ground near the river's edge, as would naturally be expected.

While the distribution of the water in the valley is not essentially different from what it was before the earthquake, there are quite a number of localities where slight changes have taken place. The river itself, which is deep and swift, and from sixty to eighty feet wide opposite Lone Pine, is said to have been dry along that portion of its course for several hours after the first heavy shock. This is stated on what I believe to be trustworthy authority: Captain Scoones, of the Eclipse Mine, among others, testifying to this fact. This may be easily admitted, when we consider the great number of fissures opened in the valley, and how greedily they would have absorbed the water in their vicinity. At the bridge south-east of Lone Pine the disturbance of the water in the river, at the time of the first great shock, was so severe that fish were thrown out upon the bank; and the men stopping there, who were engaged in building a boat, did not hesitate to capture them, and served them up for breakfast in the morning—a quite novel method of utilizing an earthquake!

The tidal wave produced in Owen's Lake—which is a body of water about seventeen miles long and ten wide in its widest part—is represented by those living at Swansea, on its north-eastern border, as having been very striking. The family of our informant was awakened by the fearful noise, and, on rushing out of the house, found that the water had receded from the shore, and that it stood in a perpendicular wall lengthwise of the lake—that is, north and south—where it seemed as if a number of different currents were contending with tremendous fracas for the mastery. Of course, the family were greatly alarmed, fearing that when the wave came back to the shore it would be with a violence that would sweep every thing away, the region bordering on the lake being here so flat that all escape by running to higher ground seemed impossible. The

wave, however, returned to the shore, in the course of two or three minutes, breaking and flowing some two hundred feet beyond the former edge of the shore, but doing no essential damage. There has been a slight permanent depression of the soil at the north-west corner of the lake, and a corresponding rise on the north-east side. This is proved by the fact that the lake is a little shallower at the Swansea landing than it was before the shock; while the water has risen on the opposite side, so that the road has had to be changed from its former course and carried higher up on the slope. The vertical displacement, however, would probably not exceed two feet. We could gather no evidence of any change in the shore of the lake at other points.

There are several places in the valley where fissures in the ground have crossed roads, ditches, and lines of fences, and where evidence has been left of an actual moving of the ground horizontally, as well as vertically. One of these instances of horizontal motion is seen on the road from Bend City to Independence, about three miles east of the latter place. Here, according to a careful diagram of the locality, drawn by Captain Scoones, it appears that the road running east and west has been cut off by a fissure twelve feet wide, and the westerly portion of it carried eighteen feet to the south. The same thing was noticed by us at Lone Pine and Big Pine, with regard to fences and ditches, the horizontal distance through which the ground had been moved varying from three to twelve feet. These are local phenomena, however, and not to be taken as indicative of a general motion of the valley in any fixed direction.

Among the various effects of the earthquake, the noise and crash of masses of rock falling or rolling down the slopes and in the *cañons* of the mountain ranges was one of those most frequently mentioned as extremely impressive, and we

ourselves had abundant opportunities of verifying these statements. Although our wanderings took us through but a very insignificant part of the mountain gorges, still we saw numerous places where large masses of rock had evidently been recently dislodged, and had rolled down the slopes of the *cañons*, loosened from their foundations, no doubt, by the recent earthquake. Just above Bishop Creek, on the edge of the lava plateau, a mass of rhyolite of a bulk of two hundred cubic yards had been thrown down, close to the road, and split in two. The noise and dust made by these masses of sliding and rolling *debris* were described by all as among the most striking phenomena of the earthquake. Many persons also testify to having seen streams of fire accompanying these masses in their descent, and which can hardly have originated in any other way than from the friction of the moving materials. When we consider that the rock of the Sierra is granite, and that it, in many places, decomposes with great irregularity, so as to leave many great boulder-like masses of harder material projecting above the general surface, which are all ready to be started on the downward track by a violent jar, it will be easily understood that a vast amount of material might be set in motion by a heavy earthquake shock. Still, we were often surprised by seeing great overhanging rocks, which looked as if they might almost be dislodged by a push with the hand, and which had evidently stood firm against the recent convulsions.

Although it is true that there is a great cluster of extinct volcanic cones, midway in Owen's Valley between the lake and Bishop Creek, and a great volcanic plateau all about its upper portion, yet just in the region where the earthquake was most severe, or between Olanca and Independence, there is nothing but granite on the Sierra side,

while the Inyo Range contains no volcanic rocks. It is not true, that any extraordinary indications of volcanic activity were perceived in Owen's Valley, during or since the disturbances of March 26th. Even the cones near Fish Springs seem entirely extinct, there being no *solfataric* action about them. The nearest points where such indications of former volcanic activity are now perceptible are in the Cosò Mountains, about twelve miles east of Little Lake, and in Round Valley, twelve or fifteen miles west of Bishop Creek. The reports of fires having been seen in the mountains after the earthquake, some of which are said to have lasted as much as half an hour, seem to be well authenticated; but these fires can not have had a volcanic origin. It is not unlikely that the friction of the falling masses of rock may, in places, have set fire to the sagebrush—although we saw no indications of any thing of the kind in our explorations, which, however, were necessarily over a very limited area, compared with the whole extent of the mountain-sides visible from the valley.

A few words may be added in regard to the effect of the earthquake on domestic animals, all of which exhibited unmistakable signs of the most dreadful alarm. Bands of horses were dispersed, and scattered far and wide over the mountains. Cattle are said by several persons to have uttered the most pitiful sounds, indicating terror. Dogs sought protection from men to whom they were strangers, and whom they would have been more likely to attack at an ordinary time. In short, the panic among the brute creation was sufficient to indicate that they had no slight appreciation of the fact that a great catastrophe was impending. Some cattle were squeezed to death in the fissures, it is said; and it is also stated, on what seems good authority, that some were found dead without any apparent cause.

It is possible that fear, or over-exertion, have been the case than that animals caused by fright and the desire to escape should have perished from the inhalation of noxious vapors emitted from the scene of danger, may have been the real cause of the death in such cases; ground, as has been suggested by some persons.

IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Sound! sound! sound!
 Oh, colossal walls, as crowned
 In one eternal thunder!
 Sound! sound! sound!
 Oh, ye oceans overhead,
 While we walk, subdued in wonder,
 In the ferns and grasses under
 And beside the swift Merced!

Fret! fret! fret!
 Oh, ye sounding banners, set
 On the giant granite castles
 In the clouds and in the snow!
 But the foe he comes not yet—
 We are loyal, valiant vassals,
 And we kiss the trailing tassels
 Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
 From the white Sierra's verge,
 To the very valley blossom.
 Surge! surge! surge!
 Yet the song-bird builds a home,
 And the mossy branches cross them,
 And the tasseled tree-tops toss them,
 In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
 Oh, ye heaven-born and deep,
 In one dread, unbroken chorus!
 We may wonder or may weep—
 We may wait on God before us;
 We may shout or lift a hand—
 We may bow down and deplore us,
 But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
 We advance, but would retreat
 From this restless, broken breast
 Of the earth in a convulsion.
 We would rest, but dare not rest,
 For a spirit of expulsion
 From this Paradise below
 Is upon us, and . . . we go.

A TALE OF SPANISH PRIDE.

YERBA BUENA is an older city than you think, from the constant newspaper reiteration that it "has grown from nothing, sir, in twenty years!" Long before Avarice founded our Saxon metropolis, human hearts toiled and suffered on this spot. Let us turn aside from the brick-and-stucco hostelrys, where Mammon stalls her helotry, and stray off to the western suburb of this whirling Babel: to the Mission Dolores. Here is the oldest edifice now standing in the city: it was erected in 1776, and is, therefore, little less than a century old. The long range of low *adobe* buildings adjoining the church was once the scene of a tragedy as dark as any ever enacted in the great Babylons. Enter this roofless old ruin! Do you observe that enormously thick old wall, that has evidently been hollowed out, walled up, and then partially pulled down again? Twenty years ago a skeleton was discovered in that wall, the following notice of which appeared two days after in the *Daily Californian*:

"MYSTERIOUS.—Yesterday a skeleton was discovered, walled up in the *adobe* building at the Mission, now occupied by Mr. Urbina, nearly adjoining the old Mission Church. The discovery was made by Mr. U. himself, while attempting to fix up his house before the winter rains: designing to insert a scantling into the wall of his principal apartment, he discovered it to be hollow. Supposing that he had struck it rich, in discovering the secret hoard of some old *hidalgo*, he tore open the aperture already made, and found nothing but—a skeleton! It has not yet been removed. The position of the remains indicates, for a certainty, that the living possessor of them had died a most agonizing death. The frame is that of a powerful man; the arms folded intensely over the shoulders, as though by force or the most painful effort. The shoulders are unnaturally elevated, as though the final effort of the victim had been for breath. This is no doubt a *murder* case, as the absence of coffin and grave-clothes clearly shows. We suppose no official investigation will take place, as the crime has evidently been perpetrated in the days of 'Greaser rule.'"

The greatest wonder about this journalistic paragraph was that it appeared at all; for the very next day, editors, printers, and devil were off to the new "immensely rich gold strike up the river." The Dolores discovery never gave the readers of *The Californian* a single thought; and so the whole affair scarcely emerged from oblivion.

"Murder will out," is the popular embodiment of a very stern fact. No matter how secretly crime may be covered up from human vision, how artfully concealed, or how secretly planned and executed, sometimes a word or look reveals the hidden sin; but Time, that unspeakable condition of all human things, is sure to lift the veil.

For many years past I have been interested in the Mission Dolores property, having been retained as counsel, on the part of claimants to the estate; for the Archbishop has been sorely vexed with the plague of lawsuits, since he became the ruler of the Roman Church in California. My clients in this case were residents of Sinaloa, unacquainted with the "American language," and the case had reached that point before the courts which demanded the presentation before the Judge of documents, the originals of which must be either in Mexico or some other centre of the old colonial times. I therefore resolved on a trip to Sinaloa. After a long and fatiguing journey, I arrived at my destination—a lovely town, near the banks of the Favor River. On inquiring for the residence of Don Pedro Perez (my client), a low, *adobe* building, situated in the midst of an extensive and magnificent garden, was pointed out to me; "but," said the innkeeper, "the whole family are at church, attend-

ing a funeral." While I was debating whether to proceed to the old church, which was near at hand, or to order dinner, and feed for my horse, my host, pointing across the *plaza*, exclaimed, "Here comes Don Pedro himself!" In a few moments we had exchanged greetings, and I was comfortably installed in a suite of apartments, which were to be mine during my stay in Sinaloa.

Don Pedro was long past seventy, and evidently in deep affliction; and I could not approach him on matters of business till I had expressed my sincere sympathy.

"Let me tell you," said he, "that we buried our niece to-day, who was probably the very best source of information regarding our lawsuit. This is my only regret at her demise, for the most wretched of human beings passed away when her soul took its flight. There is now no impropriety in telling you her story, especially as it is my duty to place before you every thing that can at present be known as to the suit now pending against the Archbishop. In short, the history of my deceased relative is that of our claim to the Dolores estate. If you be not too tired, after dinner, you shall hear a tale of Spanish pride worthy of that nation whose haughty bearing has alike repelled modern politics and modern religion."

After dinner, my host and client began:

"When the various Missions of California were established, the work was undertaken at the cost of the State, and placed in the hands of several religious Orders; notably, the Franciscans. The various grants of valuable lands made to the Missions were not considered as strictly Church property, but rather as the patrimony of the people who should become converted to the faith, and docile subjects of the Crown. The experiment was tried over half a century; and the results, *nil*. The Mexican Government,

now independent, secularized the Missions; and, instead of deeming them the property of the Church, considered them as belonging to the public domain—seeing that the native population was fast disappearing, while turbulent politicians were clamoring for ranches by the thousand leagues. In the year 1831, Don José Lozada, a native of old Spain, was a comparatively poor, but influential lawyer, who had lately been promoted to the judicial bench, though a very young man for that responsible office. The stern and rigid attitude which he assumed toward the powers that then reigned in "the Halls of Montezuma," determined them to get rid of him; in other words, he was promoted (banished) to the office of Commandant of Yerba Buena; in terms, too, which left no choice but retirement from the service. From the earliest times of the Spanish occupation, rumors of gold-mines had ever been rife throughout the Mexican dominions; and Don José set out for his distant post, resolved to see all of the country he possibly could. Thirty-nine years ago he was my guest. I need not tell you that his remaining my guest two or three months, instead of two or three days, as he first intended, was prompted by an unusual motive: my orphan niece had done what all the brilliant belles of gay Mexico had failed to do—she had captivated Don José. With her consent, he demanded her hand in marriage. The new Commandant was a fine-looking man, but as proud as the noblest *hidalgo* in Spain. My niece, Doña Maria, still in her teens, resembled her suitor only in her uncommon beauty and her haughty pride. The Commandant was known to be of a good family, and reputed to be wealthy and influential. They were married, and departed for their new home—the Presidio of Yerba Buena. This was in 1832. Communication was then infrequent and unreliable, so that it was sel-

dom we heard a word of Don José or his lovely wife. Eight long years passed away; and, immersed in my own affairs, I seldom thought of my niece and her fortunes, unless with satisfaction at her prosperous settlement in life—a fancy that was doomed to speedy disappointment. One evening, just as the *angelus* had ceased in the neighboring church-tower, a crazy woman burst into the adjoining apartment, and flung herself on the bed, whence she never arose, till laid into the grave. Astounded at the apparition of a lady, dressed in the rags of an elegant attire—reduced to that condition through the hardships of a dreadful journey.—I arose to my feet to summon assistance. My major-domo answered my call, with a letter in his hand—a common soldier, in military undress, following him.

“What does that wild-looking woman want here?” I asked.

“Don’t be alarmed; my mistress and her maids will take care of her. This person’—pointing to the military-looking servant—‘has a message for you—a letter: here it is.’

“I took the missive, and, dismissing the servants, sat down to peruse it deliberately, after glancing at the signature. That letter you shall read to-night; but you will not feel the terrible emotions which overcame me, as I read it. My wife, who was engaged in caring for the sufferer, fainted when I told her that the object of her compassion was our once-beautiful niece. That gray head, now blasted with the cold touch of age, had scarcely seen twenty-six summers! That withered, palsied form was once the blooming, lithesome beauty of our home. The letter, which I shall place before you, will explain all that we are likely ever to know, as to our claims on the Dolores estate.”

Saying this, my client handed me a letter, of which the following is a condensed translation:

DON JOSE LOZADA TO DON PEDRO PEREZ.

“SIR:—Long ere this reaches you, by the hand of a trusty messenger, I shall be on my way to Manila. Your niece, who is traveling under the guidance of the bearer, will inform you (if she chooses) of the circumstances of her unannounced arrival at your house, and furthermore explain why it is that henceforth and forever she is dead to me, and I to her. Should she desire to accept of my property, the old Mission Dolores, granted to me by Government, she is welcome to it. I have executed the necessary documents, which will be found at the proper department in the city of Mexico. I shall not trouble you with details, or inflict upon you idle regrets as to the past: I leave all that to Doña María. In the meantime, I remain,
B. L. M.

“JOSE LOZADA.”

While we were discussing this very cool document, a rap was heard at the door, and an old man entered. He needed no announcement, as his clerical dress clearly proclaimed him to be a priest. He was evidently a trusted friend, as Don Pedro received him with the most cordial warmth. When I had been presented to the venerable clergyman, he sat down and remarked that he had come to clear up the mystery of Doña María’s life, which he would proceed to do, with the permission of Don Pedro. The latter having nodded assent, he said:

“What I am about to state, I learned from my penitent, from time to time, in her lucid moments, on various occasions, during these many years of her mental and physical prostration. These revelations would never be divulged, had I not been commanded by Doña María to reveal them after her departure to another world.

“You must know, then, that when Don Lozada and his lovely wife arrived at Yerba Buena, their first residence was at the Presidio. The Commandant was busy enough in watching the Americans and Russians—powerful and dangerous neighbors of the Mexican Government—not to mention his own intrigues to obtain a recall to the capital of our country. Though undeniably attached to his

young wife, his manners were cold and distant. Doña Maria, on the contrary, was a woman of the most ardent and enthusiastic temperament. Her husband seldom deigned to inform her of his business affairs, which constantly required his absence—first in one direction, and then in another. The truth was, he was seeking for that gold on the very eve of discovery at Sutter's Fort, but which he was not destined to find. The Presidio of Yerba Buena was also the headquarters of several military officers under the orders of the Commandant, and it was but natural that Doña Maria should meet them from time to time, they constituting the only society at the post.

"Pico Navarro was a lieutenant under the Commandant—a young man of such prepossessing qualities as to gain the esteem of every soul in the little garrison. That he was a vile plotter against the peace of Doña Maria, or only a foolish, weak boy, is impossible for me to say; but this much is certain: he soon found out that the Commandant's lady was unhappy, and contrived to throw himself in her way so often as to succeed at last in gaining her confidence. In small communities such things never go unnoticed; on the contrary, scandal seems to be an essential condition of village life, all over the world. No one dared to whisper a word of suspicion to the Commandant of what *might* be; but one evening he returned from one of his innumerable journeys unexpectedly, and entering his suite of apartments, found them empty. Ringing for one of his servants, he inquired for Doña Maria.

"She is out."

"Where?"

"Gone out to walk."

"Go and find her. Say I wish to see her."

"In a few moments, Doña Maria returned.

"May I ask," said her husband, "if you take moonlight walks alone?"

"Certainly not; one of the resident gentlemen escorts me."

"Well, I wish you to make ready for a removal to-morrow to my house adjoining the church. Father Antonio has left it in good condition: so that matter is settled."

"The next day saw Doña Maria installed in her new home, overwhelmed with loneliness, for her solitude was complete. The old monks enjoyed the gayeties of existence, compared to herself, for they lived in community and never went alone. She—the laughing, sanguine Maria—was condemned to the solitude not of the cloister, but the isolation of a solitary prisoner. Is it any wonder, that, when Lieutenant Navarro sought her society, she should consent to meet him during her husband's absence? She knew that her husband had forbidden the officers of the Presidio to go in sight of his home, even, unless strictly on business; but then she asked herself what right tyrants had to make unrighteous laws, or how could such laws be binding: is a wicked command as valid as a good one? No. So the self-willed wife and the blinded officer continued to break the commands of the most powerful of their superiors.

"The suspicions of Don Lozada were aroused, and, on inquiry of his farm-servants, the truth came out, and he learned that his commands had been systematically disobeyed.

"In his mind there was but one crime, and that was disobedience, and his fateful pride would neither make inquiry nor hear excuse. Concealing the discovery he had made, and the vengeance he planned, he informed his wife, in his usual laconic style, that he contemplated a more than usually long and distant journey to Monterey.

"I shall," said he, "return by the first of next month, if possible. Remember what I have said about living here in a strictly secluded manner. You must see

no one till my return. In a few months, probably, we will leave this isolated place, and then you shall see all the society you choose. Till then, I desire that you receive no visitors from the garrison.'

"Going then to the Presidio, he strictly forbade any of his officers from visiting his house during his absence. He then set off for Monterey, on board of a coasting vessel. Two days afterward, pretending to have forgotten something of indispensable importance, he requested to be set ashore on the *rancho* of a friend, where he remained two days, and then set out for home alone, to the surprise and repeated protests of his host. About a league from the old Mission, he drew up before the hut of a native, who hastened to reply to the summons. Though early in the night when Don Lozada arrived, the sun had long since declined in the west.

"'Is there any body in the house?'

"'Yes, your worship.'

"Checking his impatience, he said, 'Are you sure?'

"'Yes, *señor*; I saw him go in, an hour ago.'

"'The Lieutenant?'

"'Yes, *señor*; the Lieutenant.'

"'There is your money;,' so saying, Don Lozada quickened his horse's already furious pace by plying the spurs unremittingly until he neared his own door.

"The major-domo, waiting, noiselessly let him in, nodding affirmatively to the inquiring glance of his master, who proceeded at once to his wife's apartment. As was usual at that hour, the door was fastened, and Doña Maria, after a little necessary delay, opened it, no little surprised at the unexpected arrival of her lord.

"'I did not expect you so soon,' faltered she.

"With a searching, revengeful look out of his glittering, black eyes, Don Lozada replied: 'Madam, I have come

back for a purpose. Is there any one in this house, besides yourself and the servants?'

"'Why—no!'

"'No one in this room but ourselves?'

"'Certainly not!'

"'Here,' said he—reaching from a shelf of books a Roman Missal, once the service-book of the adjoining church—'here, swear that there is no one in this room but ourselves.'

"Proud Doña Maria, overcome with terror, kneeled in the midst of the room, and, pressing the volume to her lips, exclaimed, 'I swear on these holy evangels that you have been obeyed!'

"'After that, I shall make no search.' Ringing for the major-domo, he sternly ordered a mason, with mortar and bricks, to be brought in immediately. In a few minutes, as if the whole thing had been prearranged, two sturdy men entered the room, bearing a load of mortar; others following with bricks and stone. The proud husband and still prouder wife sat silently side by side at the far end of the room, torn with conflicting emotions. After sufficient material had been brought in, Don Lozada, in a clear, unflinching voice, and pointing significantly, said:

"'Wall up that closet-door, and see that you do it well and quickly!'

"It did not take long, though the wall was built three feet in thickness. The passing bell, the creaking of the guillotine over the head of the doomed, were nothing, compared to the sounding taps of the trowel. The work was completed, and the husband was alone with his wife; but Doña Maria was paralyzed with horror. The eccentricity of Don Lozada seemed to freeze her blood and transfix her soul. The dim light of the single lamp showed her the demonic features of her husband, pale and rigid, but determined and inflexible. Not a word was spoken during that long watch;

the lamp expired; a death-like silence prevailed, until, just as the gray dawn began to steal in at the eastern window, a supplicating groan was heard to proceed from behind the wall. Husband and wife remained immovable. Another cry, in a more agonizing tone, and then the last expiring, suffocating gasp; and with it the first act of the tragedy was over.

"At the Presidio, it was said that

Lieutenant Navarro must have deserted, as he was never heard of after that day, when the Commandant's beautiful and accomplished wife became a maniac!"

The estate is still under a clouded title, as my client refuses to proceed; and no one but myself knows where the proper documents of the Lozada Grant are lodged.

MANUEL.

THE long, hot September day was drawing to a close, at last, and the fierce sun of the desert sinking down on the horizon, when our little cavalcade wound round the bend in the trail, and we sighted the little *adobe* inclosure—half fort, half *corral*—called by courtesy "The Station," near the Picacho, on the old overland road, between Tucson and San Xavier del Bac, in southern Arizona, and the Pima Villages on the Gila.

We had left the upper valley of the Rio Grande too early in the season by a month, at least; and our trip thus far, on the road to California, had been a hard one. The coarse, dry bunch-grass or *gaieta*, never abundant on this route, was unusually scarce that summer; and, as we were forced to guard our animals night and day, to prevent a surprise and capture by the Apaches, they got scarcely enough of it to keep life with-in them. We were hurrying on as rapidly as possible for the Gila, where we could purchase corn-fodder and barley from the friendly Indians, and proposed to camp for some time and recruit our worn-down stock, before turning westward toward the Colorado and the Pacific Coast. As we were unpacking that evening on the Picacho, I missed a package containing a valuable set of mathematical and drawing instruments, and

some important papers, which I could not afford to lose. They had been put, with other articles, on a pack-mule, in the morning; but, having been carelessly corded, had worked loose and fallen off on the road, without being noticed. Finding I could borrow a fresh horse at the station, I determined to ride back up the trail in the cool of the evening—preferring to trust the chances of being captured by the Apaches to losing the package. The night was clear, and the full moon lighted up the landscape so that every thing of any size for miles around was almost as distinctly visible as at midday. I had ridden at a gallop some ten or twelve miles, when I saw the package, lying beside the road, under a scrub *mesquite*-tree, which had raked it off, as the mule ran under it. Dismounting, I secured the package upon the back of my saddle, and, having tightened the *cinch*, was just mounting again for the return to the station, when my horse gave a loud snort and jumped backward, looking up the road toward Tucson, with staring eyes, nostrils distended, and ears pricked sharply forward. I knew what this meant in Apache Land, and was on his back in an instant, and out into an open space beyond the reach of arrows, which might be shot from behind any shrub or rock.

Death haunts your steps, day and night, in that land of blood; and man and horse acquire habits of the most intense vigilance. Looking up the road in the direction indicated, I saw something moving along the trail, about a fourth of a mile distant, which looked like a small boy. Proper caution would have prompted me to turn and ride straight back to the station; but just then I remembered that we had seen, some distance back upon the trail, the footprints of a human being—apparently those of a little boy—in the dust of the road; and noticed that they finally left the track and turned away into the *chaparral*. There were no other footprints with them; and this fact, in such a locality, had caused us to indulge in considerable speculation and conjecture as to who had made them. Remembering all this, my curiosity was excited; and, after a few moments' hesitation, seeing that the object, whatever it was, had stopped and crouched down, having apparently noticed me just then for the first time, I rode cautiously up the road toward it. I had reached within ten or fifteen rods of the object, when it sprang up and darted into the *chaparral*, and, as it did so, I saw what appeared to be a young Indian, dressed in Mexican costume—loose shirt and wide pants of cotton goods, and a broad *sombrero*. All was quiet for a moment, and then I called out, in English, "Who is there?" There came no response. I then repeated the question in Spanish. A little, weak, frightened voice replied, in the same language, this time:

"Only a poor *Christiano, señor!* And you are not an Apache?"

"No; I am a friend," I replied.

"Thanks be to God; I am saved!" was the devout response; and the little fellow ran out from his hiding-place, and, coming directly up to me, seized my hand and covered it with kisses, praying and uttering thanks, and crying hysterically, all at once.

He was a boy of apparently twelve or thirteen years of age, small and slender, and dressed in clothes much too large for him. It took me some minutes to get any thing like a connected account of his troubles from him; but I finally gathered that he had been on his way from Hermosillo, in Sonora, to Los Angeles, in California, with a party of Mexican friends, consisting of a man and his wife, another boy, and two *mozos*. They had turned out from the road to camp, where there was some grass; and while preparing for the night, they had been jumped by the Apaches, and all shot down but himself. He had happened to be a few yards away from the camp when the attack was made; and, concealing himself, had escaped detection. The Apaches had only remained at the camp, after committing the massacre, but a few minutes, being evidently afraid of having drawn the attention of some stronger party by the firing; and, after scalping their victims, rode away in haste upon the captured animals. The poor boy had wandered away from the road, in his terror and despair, and for three days had been traveling around at random, endeavoring to regain the trail, or discover a station where he would find shelter and protection. Late that day he had found the trail, and followed it several miles; but, becoming faint and exhausted from long exposure and the want of food, he had turned out to lie down for a rest under a tree; and, having fallen asleep, had missed us entirely as we passed, only a few hundred yards from him. He had found water once, and had eaten a few *mesquite* bean-pods, which had fallen in his way, thus sustaining life. His clothing was torn to shreds by the thorny shrubs through which he had passed; his feet were swollen from long walking on the hot, dry earth, and filled with cactus-spines; and, between weariness, hunger, and thirst, he was so nearly dead that it is

doubtful if he would have had strength enough to reach the station, had he not fallen in with me, almost by a miracle, as he did.

I always loved children, though I had none of my own; and my heart's warmest sympathy was enlisted for this poor, suffering boy. I had some water with me, in my canteen, and, by the greatest good luck imaginable, a handful of dry soda-crackers in my pocket—the remains of my afternoon lunch. He swallowed the water with trembling eagerness, and munched the dry crackers, in spite of his sore mouth, swollen tongue, and bleeding lips, as he rode back to the station behind me on my horse, telling his story, little by little, as he could collect his thoughts and call to mind the incidents.

He was a half-orphan, his mother having died a year before at Hermosillo. His father had gone to Alta California, three years before, leaving him and his mother in Sonora, to follow him when his circumstances would warrant sending for them; and on the mother's death, he had written for the boy to come with the first party of friends who might be going over the road, to join him at Los Angeles. The party which had been murdered were not relatives, but kind friends; and, Spanish-like, he had become so attached to them that he mourned their fate so deeply as to almost forget his own fearful peril and helpless, lonely condition when he spoke of it, with tears coursing down his sunburned, blistered face, and sobs and sighs choking his utterance. Before we reached the station, I had already come to look upon him as my peculiar charge—a waif thrown in my way by Providence, which I was bound to care for and protect; and the idea of adopting him into my family, in case I could not find his father at Los Angeles, more than once occurred to me.

All my traveling companions, save one

—a big, rough brute, known as Waco Bill—took a kindly interest in the little unfortunate, and consented to my adding him to the party. That night we succeeded in finding him a pair of shoes, which would keep his bleeding feet from the sun and the rough rocks of the road, and a blanket to wrap around his shoulders when traveling; and, after a hearty meal of the best we could prepare for him in camp, he fell asleep. I had a large black dog—half-hound, half-mastiff—which had accompanied us on the trip, and was very useful in watching the camp, and guarding us against surprise by the Indians. He was as savage as a tiger, and could scent an Apache a mile away. Butcher went up to little Manuel—the boy's name was Manuel de la Cruz—as soon as I brought him into camp, and, to the surprise of every body, immediately manifested the warmest friendship for him. Thenceforth the boy and the dog were almost inseparable companions. That night Manuel slept near me, with Butcher lying watchfully at his feet; and, time after time, the little fellow would start up, suddenly reach out his hand to touch me, and make sure that I was still there, then, re-assured, curl down again under his ample blanket, and close his eyes in slumber. Next morning, I rigged a temporary saddle for my *protégé*, and, mounting him on one of my pack-mules, installed him as a member of the expedition, as we took up our line of march again for the Gila. Big Waco Bill was a thorough Texan outlaw, who had joined our party more because none of us cared to insist on denying him permission to do so than because any of us really wanted him along. He despised every thing Mexican, and frequently alluded in no friendly manner to “that d— little Greaser” which I had picked up on the road and was taking with me to California. Butcher, who had taken so kindly to Manuel, had hated

Bill from the start, and this fact served still more to awaken his enmity to the boy. However, we got on pretty well for several days. Manuel—though, curiously enough for a Mexican boy, a poor rider, and not at all skilled in packing horses, lassoing mules, or similar accomplishments, on which his countrymen generally pride themselves—showed a genuine anxiety to make himself useful: he was a capital cook, ingeniously adding a number of dishes hitherto unknown to our bill of fare in camp, and with a needle he was as good as any woman, cheerfully setting himself to work to sew on buttons, patch and repair our tattered clothing, whenever he had a moment's leisure. To me he was completely devoted, and there was nothing he would not try to do, if I asked him. On the other hand, he seemed to shrink instinctively from the presence of Bill, and repaid all the hatred and contempt of that worthy with interest, in his own quiet way. His complexion, though his skin was scorched and burned by exposure to the savage desert sun, was much lighter than that of most Mexicans of the lower class, and his features indicated pure or nearly pure Castilian descent. He was not strong, and quite timid and nervous ordinarily, but, in presence of actual danger, would suddenly develop genuine pluck and courage such as constitutes the hero in life. After we reached the Gila, we camped near the Pima Villages, with the intention of remaining there some ten days or two weeks, to thoroughly recruit our animals. One day I had been out with my shot-gun after quail and rabbits, leaving Manuel and Butcher in charge of the camp, and, returning just before nightfall, heard, while still some distance away, a noisy altercation going on. As I afterward learned, Waco Bill, who had been off all day, had returned late, half drunk, and in a quarrelsome mood. On coming into camp, he had ordered Manuel to go

to the river for a pail of water; and the boy, who would have brought it instantly had I but intimated a wish for him to do so, instead of complying with the command, resented it, and kept on with the sewing upon my clothing at which he was busy, showing only by the flashing of his large, lustrous, dark eyes, and the quivering of his red lips over his snow-white teeth, that he had heard what was said to him. Bill, infuriated at this, ran toward the boy to seize and punish him, when the latter sprang to his feet, and, catching the coffee-pot from the coals, where it stood simmering, threw it full at him, a portion of the scalding contents striking him on the arms, the breast and neck, and causing him fairly to howl with rage and pain. As I came in sight, the boy stood a few yards from the fire with the butcher-knife, which we used for cutting bacon, in his hand, prepared to defend himself to the death, though trembling from head to foot like a leaf from excitement, while Bill was coming out of the tent with his big Colt's six-shooter in his hand, and malice which would stop nothing short of murder convulsing his countenance. Butcher, the dog, as if comprehending at a glance the condition of affairs, dashed forward at Bill as he came out, and the latter stumbling over him, both rolled on the ground. Bill was on his feet again in an instant, more fairly beside himself than ever; but I had by this time reached within striking distance, and seeing that he meant mischief of the murderous description, without a moment's reflection dealt him a blow with my full strength with the butt of my gun, and he went down like a bullock. The blow took effect partly on his neck, and, though it brought him down, it did not disable him, and he, still holding the revolver in his hand, almost regained his feet before I could repeat it. The second blow broke his right arm near the elbow, causing the pistol to drop from his now powerless

hand; and at the same moment the dog, which had made several savage snaps at him, fastened his teeth firmly in the muscles of his leg, to which he hung for several minutes with a grip like a vise, before I could break his hold and release the now helpless and half-dead bully.

When the row was all over, and Bill's wounds dressed as well as possible under the circumstances, quiet settled down on the camp. Then Manuel came, and, crouching down on the ground by my side, seized my hand and kissed it, and, his voice half choked with sobs, exclaimed, over and over again: "Oh, my father, my friend, my benefactor, why did not the Apaches kill me before I brought this trouble upon you? I would have died for you—I would, in truth—and here I have put your life in peril! But, father of my heart, don't drive me away from you! I will go through fire to serve you: let me have the opportunity to prove to you my devotion, my eternal gratitude!"

I was not angry with the boy: how could I be? I told him so again and again, and, having quieted him at last, went and consulted with my partners on the situation. They agreed with me that it was best I should leave the party and push on to California ahead. Waco Bill was disposed of for the time being, but he might recover in a few days sufficiently to do me mischief; and we all felt sure that it was in his nature to stop at nothing in the way of obtaining revenge. The party could not move on for some two weeks, their animals being far more worn down than mine; so I determined to go on alone next day with Manuel, and trust to luck to fall in with another party on the trail to Fort Yuma. It was a risky venture, but the best we could do under the circumstances. We were off bright and early next morning. As soon as we were out of sight of the party Manuel gave a sigh of relief, and asked, with affecting earnestness, "Will

you *always* be my friend, *Capitan*?" He asked me the question a hundred times in the course of our journey down the Gila, receiving the same answer every time. Alone with me, his shyness, which had been so marked while with the party, disappeared; his spirits rose day by day, and he seemed to have almost wholly recovered from the terrible shock caused by the butchery of his friends. I had found some cheap clothing at the Pima Villages, which he had quickly razed to fit him; and with this, and with his glossy black hair—which, when I found him, had the appearance of having been hacked off with a dull knife—neatly cut, his appearance had changed wonderfully. A neater little figure than he now presented you would have to go far to see. We slept every night at or near one of the old stage stations, and by care and good-fortune escaped attack by the Apaches, through the whole trip down the Gila to Fort Yuma. At the latter place we stopped some days to rest and recruit, and wait for a party which was bound "inside," like ourselves.

There were quite a number of Manuel's countrymen and countrywomen here, but he seemed to avoid them all so far as possible, never leaving my company for a moment, if he could help it. A priest, who happened to be at the post, was to say mass there on Sunday; and Manuel told me, with satisfaction beaming on his countenance, that we could now say our prayers, and thank God and the saints for our escape from the many dangers of our journey. He looked both surprised and pained when I told him that I was not a Catholic, and could not join him in his devotions; but, after a moment, remarked, "Then, with your permission, friend of my heart, I will pray for you!" and I am sure that he did so with the earnestness of a simple, trusting soul, and a faith which knew no shadow of doubt.

From Fort Yuma to the settlements near Los Angeles, our journey was devoid of special danger or excitement, as we were out of the hostile Indian country and had little to fear from horse-thieves, even, with such indifferent stock as we traveled with. As we drew near our journey's end, Manuel's spirits began to sink again, and I saw that he looked upon the fast-approaching hour, when we must separate, with sadness and apprehension. As we rode along he talked with me of my family, and my prospects in life. He was particularly anxious to know how he could always be certain of reaching me, or hearing from me. When I gave him my address, minutely written out, he immediately sewed it into his jacket, so that it could not work out and be lost, and I saw him pressing his hand against it, over and over again, to be sure that he was not mistaken, and had it safe. He would, indeed, like to go to the great city of San Francisco with me, and always be my son, but then his father was old, and would, now that his mother was dead, find it hard to part with him; and his sister—of whom he knew little, as he had not seen her for years—would need his protection. So he could not go with me to the great city, but he would never cease to pray for me, and if ever I needed his company or assistance, he would leave father and sister, and all, to come to me: I might be sure of that. I looked down into his trusting, tearful eyes, and was sure of it, and felt more kindly and charitably toward all the world for the assurance. On the last day's journey toward Los Angeles, Manuel hardly talked at all. His mind seemed to be filled with sad thoughts which his tongue could not utter.

It was nightfall when we came in sight of the "City of the Angels," and I realized that my long journey of thousands of miles on horseback, from Texas to the shore of the Pacific, would soon be over,

and I should, in a few minutes more, be in communication with home, and wife and friends in San Francisco. Just then Manuel called me back to the rear of the party, and, with quivering voice, told me that I must not think hard of him if he left me immediately on arriving in Los Angeles. His father had not seen him for so long a time that he was in duty bound to seek him out at once. As he said this he held my hand with an eager, trembling grasp in both his own, and looked up, with a longing, mournful expression, into my face. I understood and respected his feeling. He wished to bid me good-by, then and there, when no one was looking at us. I bent down from my saddle, and, throwing his arms around my neck, he kissed me with passionate energy; then, with the exclamation, "Oh, *Capitan, Capitan*, and I am going to see you no more!" released me, commenced sobbing convulsively, stopped it with a strong effort, then rode forward and rejoined the train, without another word.

I had no sooner arrived in Los Angeles than I went to the express-office and got my letters. Every thing was going wrong. My poor wife, whose health had been declining for years, was growing steadily worse; my business was suffering from neglect and the need of money, which my partners hoped I would bring from Texas. My trip to Texas had been a failure, for I had found it impossible to sell the greater portion of the lands from which I had expected to realize a handsome sum, and what money I had obtained had nearly all been absorbed in paying taxes on the lands unsold, and the expenses of the trip. The steamer would sail from San Pedro next morning for San Francisco, and I determined to lose no time, but go at once, leaving my horses to be sold by a friend as soon as they had so far recovered from the effects of the trip as to be salable. Manuel had disap-

peared as soon as we arrived at the hotel, but I felt sure he would come around in good time in the morning to bid me a last good-by. Morning came, but no Manuel. No one had seen him since we rode up to the door of the hotel.

The stage for San Pedro was ready, and I reluctantly got upon the box, wondering all the time why Manuel neither came nor sent me any word. The hostler from the stable came at the last moment to tell me that the dog Butcher was also missing. He had howled and acted like a mad creature from the moment that Manuel left, and, sometime during the night, had gnawed in two the rope by which he had been tied in the stable and ran away, no one knew where. They thought he must have gone to find the boy, but no one knew the family of De la Cruz, and so they did not know where to look for him. There was no time to wait, and I left, feeling more disappointed than I cared to admit. I had believed that Manuel was a living and triumphant contradiction of the vulgar theory that gratitude had no place in the Spanish heart; and yet he had deserted me at the first opportunity, when there was nothing more to be gained from my friendship, and had even seduced my faithful dog from his allegiance to me. Reflection would suffice to dispel such ideas for the moment, but they came back again and again with redoubled force, and at last I came to acquiesce in them, and doubt that such things as disinterested friendship and real gratitude were to be found on earth.

My business, by patient care and attention, became prosperous once more; but my dear wife grew daily weaker and more wan, despite all that loving kindness could do for her; and a year after my return I stood by a new-made grave, alone in the world, still under the middle age, a childless, downcast, disappointed man.

Once only during all this time had I

heard from Manuel. A Spanish lady, well advanced in years—for whose children I had once used my influence with some success, and who thereafter always regarded me both as a friend and a son—returning from Los Angeles, called at my house and said to me: "*Capitan*, I met the sister of your little *protégé*, Manuel, at Los Angeles, and brought you a message from her. She is very grateful to you for what you did for Manuel, and begs you to accept a little gift in token of her regard." In the package I found a pair of fine handkerchiefs, delicately and elaborately embroidered, and bearing the initials, "M. De la C." and a note in a neat little hand, but indifferent English: "Don't think too much hardly of your little Manuel, who will never forget that you were his friend and benefactor, and will pray for you always. He did not wish for leave you, and sometime you will know why he did. He would not if he could help it.—MANUELA DE LA CRUZ."

I was too much occupied with other thoughts and considerations then to pay much attention to this, but I felt glad to learn that Manuel was not ungrateful, and was sorry—probably ashamed—for having left me so abruptly.

After my great loss, I was much alone, and my mind reverted to the subject many times; and the more I thought of them the more satisfied I became that there was some mystery at the bottom of the whole affair which I had never fathomed. Two more years passed away, and I heard no more of Manuel and his sister. I drank at the club, gambled now and then in a small way at cards, and, in short, tried—as lonely, disappointed men will try—to forget the past, kill time in the present, and avoid thinking of the future.

One day I was out riding on the San Bruno Road, in company with a friend. We had both been drinking a little, but only enough to make us feel like driving

a trifle more recklessly than usual. As we were coming home along the bay beyond the Seven-mile House, we came up with a party who had also a fast team, and a trial of speed ensued. Just as we were passing them we rounded a sharp turn in the road, and I saw another team coming from the opposite direction, right before us, not twenty feet off. I had time to see no more. When I regained consciousness, I was lying in bed in my room on Stockton Street, in San Francisco, my leg broken, three ribs fractured, and a terrible gash in my scalp, which extended half-way across my head. They said I had narrowly missed instant death, and it might—probably would—take me six months to recover. As good-fortune would have it, my old Spanish lady friend had seen me brought in, and was attending me assiduously.

Then the fever came on, and for days I was raving in delirium, or tossing in distempered sleep, which brought no rest or relief. One day I was lying half asleep, half unconscious, with my head as it were on fire, and my ideas all distorted and confused by the fever-heat which ran through my brain like molten metal, when I felt, or fancied I felt, a cool, soft hand upon my burning forehead, and the touch of moist, velvety lips on mine. It was some seconds before I was fully awakened to consciousness; and then, when I turned my head painfully on my pillow, I saw that there was no one else in the room. I was sure that I could not have been wholly mistaken; and reaching the bell, I rang it for my kind volunteer nurse, who came at once.

"There was somebody else in this room a moment since?" I said, with a positiveness I did not wholly feel, but with a determination to know the truth.

"Yes, *Capitan*, you are right!" Then, coming to me, she took my hand, and said, "If you promise me not to be angry, I will tell you something."

I gave the promise.

"Well, then, I have taken a liberty. Manuela, the sister of the boy you found upon the desert, has come to attend upon you, now that you are in trouble and need loving care and assistance."

"But I never saw her in my life!" I said.

"You have seen her brother, and been his friend; and for his sake, she is devoted to you."

"But why did not Manuel come?" I asked.

"Their father died recently; and he was detained at home."

Hardly knowing what I did, I said, "Call Manuela in, then!"

The girl came in, and stood, with cheeks suffused and downcast eyes, quietly by my bedside. She was taller than Manuel, and of lighter complexion, but had the same glorious eyes of liquid black, the same dark hair with the tinge of purple when the sunlight rested on it, the same bright, expressive countenance, and quick, graceful movement of the little taper hands when speaking. She was very fair to look upon—as the young palm-tree by the desert spring—and there was goodness, as well as beauty, in her face.

From that day I began to mend. Manuela stopped with my nurse, and was ever at my bedside, or ready to come at my call. Neatness and taste were in all she did, and at her touch all things grew beautiful. She practiced reading English, hour after hour, every day, to amuse me, profiting, at the same time, by the lessons. Her hand prepared little *dulces* and other dishes to tempt my slowly returning appetite. Her hand arranged the flowers which filled my room with fragrance; and her hand bathed my aching brow, and arranged my pillows when sleep grew heavy upon my eyelids. You can guess the rest.

When I was able to sit up once more, and to begin to bear my weight upon the

broken limb and move about the room with the aid of a crutch and the chairs, I was madly, hopelessly in love—despite the disparity of our years—with Manuela, and determined that she should not leave me, if I could prevent it. The time came when she told me that she must go home; that I did not need her care and assistance longer. Then I poured forth all which was in my heart; told her that I should always need her care and sympathy and assistance, and made her the offer of my hand and heart, in all good faith and sincerity, confident of acceptance.

“And she accepted you, of course?”

No; she did not. She broke from me, with a startled look, as if something which she had long dreaded had come upon her at last, unexpectedly; and answered me, proudly, but sadly: Love me? Yes; she could love me—did love me—would always love me. She was proud to receive a true man’s love, and to own that she returned it. But she was an orphan—their father had died since I left Manuel in Los Angeles; poor; almost uneducated, and lacking all of what we call the necessary accomplishments. She could not do me credit in society; and would not risk the chance of seeing me regret my folly, and feeling ashamed of my hasty choice. She loved me too much to make me miserable for life; but would pray for me, night and day, as the dearest and truest friend she had ever found on earth, and would ask me to continue to love her as a sister, or daughter (if I preferred it), and believe her worthy of my affection. She had come to prove her gratitude to me and do her duty, not to entrap me into a marriage beneath me; and she wished me to believe it.

All this, and more, she told me; then broke down wholly, and wept passionately, rejecting all my attempts to comfort her. She must, and would, go at once, now that this had happened; and

she left me—half stunned, bewildered, and utterly downcast at this crushing blow—to make the arrangements for her journey back to Los Angeles.

My other nurse came in soon after, with her eyes full of tears; but I could not talk, even to her, of the great sorrow which had come upon me: it was too sacred for others than Manuela and I to speak of, even though, as I suspected, she knew it all. That night I never closed my eyes in sleep. I formed a thousand plans, but abandoned each, in turn, as impracticable, feeling that, if Manuela had decided on her course, nothing would turn her from it. Manuela came in the afternoon, to bid me good-by. She was pale, sad, and silent. She took my hand; and I, no longer able to suppress my emotion, turned my head away, in speechless agony. She stood a moment, irresolute, and then, in an instant, a wondrous change swept over her. Her arms were around my neck, her head was upon my bosom, and her warm tears falling thick and fast upon my hands. When, at last, she looked up into my face, she said:

“I thought that I was doing my duty, and had the strength to bear it, and go away alone; but I had not. I can not part with you again!”

“Again?” I repeated, inquiringly.

“Yes—my true, my only friend—again! The first time was at Los Angeles. I am the little Manuel whom you found on the Arizona desert, and cared for and protected at the risk of your life. God brought us together then, and now again, for some good purpose; and I will not leave you more! You know all now; and I will be your loving wife, to honor and to serve you always, if you still desire it!”

She said this with trembling eagerness. In truth I wished it. Then she explained how she had come to deceive us in Arizona, and so long kept up the deception. There was a boy in the par-

ty, somewhat older than herself—she was fourteen then—and when the Indians charged upon the camp she was sitting in the shade, a little distance away, mending some of his clothing. When she realized that her companions and protectors were no more, and the full horror of her situation broke upon her mind, instinct told her that her chances of safety would be better with whoever she might meet, if she donned the costume of the other sex—which she lost no time in doing. When we reached Los Angeles, she hurried away to meet her father before the secret of her sex should be discovered by others, and succeeded in assuming again her proper costume, without the story becoming known to any one but him. Meeting our mutual friend—my old Spanish nurse—she had confided the whole story to her, and she had kept the secret well. God bless her!

The dog Butcher was hunting for Manuel for two days, and recognized Manuela in his place the moment that

he found her. He was with her still; he is with us now. That is his bark—the noble old fellow! This is my ranch; that is our house, under the *madroño*-trees up there at the entrance of the *cañon* yonder; and that is Manuela—God bless her!—coming down to the gate-way to meet us, with little Manuel and Manuela by her side. I tell you what it is, old friend, I am just the happiest man in all California, and the most contented, you may believe me!

I went in with him, and there, in the quiet summer evening, when the whole air was fragrant with the breath of flowers, saw him sitting beneath his own vine and fig-tree, with his bright-eyed, laughing children on his knees; and Manuela, whose fair face was radiant with love and pride, leaning trustingly on his shoulder, as one who knows whence comes the strength which, through all trials, shall sustain her: and I did believe him.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. IV.

TO indicate correctly the Indian pronunciation of "Hoopa," it should be spelled "Hoopaw;" but I follow the common orthography. The habitat of this tribe is in Hoopa Valley, on the lower Trinity River. Next after the Cahrocs, they are the finest tribe in all that region round about, and they even surpass them in their astute state-craft and the singular, magnetic influence they exercise over the vicinal tribes. They are the Romans of northern California, in their valor and their wide-reaching dominion; they are the French, in their subtle influence, their intolerance, and their haughty refusal to learn any exotic language. They hold in a state of vassalage all the tribes around them, ex-

cept their two powerful neighbors on the Klamath, exacting from them annual tribute (they did, before the Whites interfered); and they compel all their tributaries to this day, to the number of some half-dozen, to speak the Hoopa language in all communications with them. Although they occupied only about twenty miles of the lower Trinity, their authority was acknowledged at last nearly a hundred miles up that stream, on New River, on South Fork, on Redwood Creek, on a good portion of Mad River and Van Dusen's Fork; and there is good reason for believing that their name was scarcely less dreaded on the distant Eel River, if they did not actually saddle the tribes of that valley with their idiom.

Although each of their petty tributaries had their own tongue, so vigorously were they put to school in the language of their masters that most of their vocabularies were sapped and reduced to bald categories of names. They had the dry bones of nouns; but the flesh and blood of verbs were sucked out of them by the Hoopa. Mr. White, a man well acquainted with the Chimalaquays, who once had an entirely distinct tongue, told me that before they became extinct they scarcely employed a verb which was not Hoopa. In the Hoopa Valley Reservation, in the summer of 1871, the Hoopas constituted not much over a third of the Indians present, who, taken altogether, represented some six languages; and yet the Hoopa was not only the French of the reservation—the idiom of diplomacy and of courtesy between the tribes—but it was in general use, inside of each *rancheria*, as well as intertribally. I tried in vain to get the numerals of certain obscure remnants of tribes: they persisted in giving me the Hoopa, and, indeed, they seemed to know no other—so great was the influence and the dread of this masterly race. While they did not equal the famous Six Nations in their capacity for confederation and government, they were scarcely inferior to them in prowess, and even their superiors in that certain something of presence, of mental gifts, which renders one man a born captain over another.

As an illustration of the knack of affairs, the tact for management displayed by the Hoopas, may be mentioned the chief herdsman of the reservation—a member of that tribe, and the only Indian who was at the head of any department. He had under him some dozen or more herders, and exercised control over an amount of stock which constituted fully half the whole wealth of the reservation, for which he received a salary of \$750 a year.

They appear to be somewhat like the

Mussulmans, who are forbidden by the Koran to learn any foreign language, except Arabic. As the Sultans, for four hundred years, had no interpreters save the versatile Greeks of the Phanariotic quarter of Stamboul, so among the tribes surrounding the Hoopas I found many Indians speaking three, four, five languages, always including Hoopa, and generally English. The Hoopas not only ignored the tongues of their vassals, but contemptuously refused to recognize even their tribal names, giving them such as suited themselves. But this custom is quite general in California.

While the Hoopas were valorous when need was, they also knew to be discreet. They were quick-witted enough to perceive the overshadowing power of the Americans, after trying their hands on them briskly a couple of times; and after that they refrained from butting out their brains against a stone-wall—as some of the fool-hardy tribes farther up the Trinity did. True, they had not the provocations the latter received, for the Americans mined very little on the lower Trinity, and the water muddied farther up nearly clarified itself by the time it reached Hoopa Valley: so that it did not interfere with salmon-fishing as it did above.

The primitive dress and implements of this tribe are about like those of the Klamath River Indians. Their ancient mode of building a wigwam was as follows: They first dug a circular cellar, about three feet deep and ten feet in diameter, walled up the side of it with stone, and leaned up a notched pole against the side for a ladder. Then, around this cellar, at a distance of a few feet from it, they erected another stone-wall on the earth's surface. On this wall they leaned up poles, puncheons, and broad strips of bark, the whole assuming a conical shape. Sometimes the stone-wall, instead of being on the inside of the wigwam, was on the outside,

around the bottoms of the poles, and serving to steady them. Shiftless Indians neglected to wall up the cellar, leaving only a sloping bank of earth.

The Hoopas closely resemble the Cahrocs in *physique*, only they have not such bright and prominent eyes, and are a trifle darker. These and the Eurocs are the only tribes in their neighborhood whom they acknowledge as equals; and with them they sometimes intermarry. They are on cartel with them, sending deputations to their great annual dances, and receiving others in return. Weitspeck, being at the mouth of the Trinity, and the point of rendezvous for the three greatest tribes of northern California—the Hoopas, Cahrocs, and Eurocs—sometimes witnesses the assembling of considerable fleets of canoes, and solemn *sederunts*, wherein important businesses of state-craft are negotiated by dusky Solons of grave and majestic demeanor.

In governmental matters the Hoopas are nearly as democratic as the Eurocs. There is no one Chief with absolute power, but a Captain in each village, with only advisory authority; and, in general, every man does that which seemeth good in his own eyes. They do not scalp a fallen enemy, but simply decapitate him—like the Klamath Indians. Murder is generally compounded for by the payment of shell-money; but they have a singular punishment for adultery committed by a benedict. One of his eyes is pricked, so that the ball gradually wastes away by extravasation. The Hoopas appear to be ashamed of this; and they will not admit that it is done for punishment, explaining the large number of one-eyed men among them by saying that they lost their eyes when children, through their carelessness in shooting arrows at each other's eyes by way of youthful practice. But it is not easy to perceive, on this explanation, why one-eyed individuals should more abound in

this tribe than in others (which is the case); and the beholder acquires a strong suspicion, that, as old pioneers affirm, the eyes have been pricked out for the reason above stated. Among the Hoopas—as among most of the tribes in northern California—the wife is very seldom, if ever, punished for this offense. The woman seems to be regarded as entirely irresponsible for her misdeeds, and all her dishonor, as well as her glory, attaches to her husband.

As with a Cahroc, the more shell-money a Hoopa pays for his wife, the more distinguished is his rank in society. They push their abhorrence of bastardy even further than the tribe just mentioned, which is superfluous. A bastard is a slave for life—a *kiniekil*. His unhappy and despised mother has not even the consolation left to Hester Prynne when she was condemned to wear about on her bosom the flaming emblem of her crime, for her child is not her own. A bastard is the property of some one of the mother's male relatives—her brother, cousin, or uncle—who, as soon as the child is old enough to be separated from the mother, takes it into his service. He is condemned to do the menial drudgery of a squaw. If he is industrious and ambitious, he sometimes accumulates enough shells to purchase his freedom; otherwise, he remains a slave *in perpetuum*. He suffers contumely and hardship; he is loathed and spit upon. Marriage is impossible with him or her, except with another unfortunate of the same description.

The Hoopa language is worthy of the people who speak it—copious in its vocabulary; robust, sonorous, and strong in utterance; of a martial simplicity and rudeness in construction. Of the richness of its vocabulary, a single specimen will suffice: to wit, the words that denote the various climacterics of human life. These are, *hoocheia*, *mechayeta*, *killahuch*, *conchwilchwil*, *hoësteh*, *hoostoei*,

and *coowhean*, which denote, respectively, "boy baby," "child" (of either sex), "boy," "youth," "man," "married man," "old man." The Hoopa shows the Turanian feature of agglutination—that is, the pronoun is glued directly to the noun to form a declension; and herein consists one element of its simplicity and crudeness, for the Wintoon and other southern languages have possessive pronouns. Thus, *hwe* is "I," and *hoota* is "father;" and to express "my father," these two words are simply joined together—*hwehoota*: as if we should write "Ifather." The word for "you" is *ninc*; and, in this case, both words suffer elision in uniting—*nineta*, which is the same as "youfather." The possessive case is formed by setting the two words together—thus, *necho* is "mother," and *cheechwit* is "death;" whence, "your mother's death" is *nincho cheechwit*. But in another respect the language departs from the Turanian simplicity, and that is, in having irregular forms. For instance, *tuchwa*—"to go"—in the first person singular of the present, imperfect, and future, and in the second person singular of the imperative, is as follows: *tuchwa* (same as infinitive), *wilch tan testa*, *holische tucha*, *tach*. It will be perceived that the pronouns are omitted, whereas in Wintoon they are expressed. In short, as the Hoopas remind one of the Romans among savages, so is their language something akin to the Latin in its phonetic characteristics: the idiom of camps—rude, strong, laconic. Let a grave and decorous Indian speak it deliberately, and every word comes out like the thud of a battering-ram against a wall. For instance, let the reader take the words for "devil" and "death"—*keetoanchwa* and *cheechwit*—and note the robust strength with which they can be uttered. What a grand roll of drums there is in that long, strong word, *conchwilchwil*!

The reader has probably observed that

the epochs of life above mentioned are not very accurately defined. The Hoopas take no account of the lapse of years, and consider it a ridiculous superfluity to keep the reckoning of their ages. They sometimes speak of so or so many "snows" passing since a certain occurrence. As for their ages, they determine them only by consulting their teeth—like a jockey at Tattersall's. A story is told of a superannuated squaw, who had already buried three or four husbands—*omnes composuit*—and yet was talking garrulously of remarrying. Some of her friends laughed at her horribly for entertaining such a silly conceit, whereupon the old crone replied, with spirit, showing her ivories and tapping them with her finger, "See, I have good teeth yet!" A grim suggestion, certainly, when taken in connection with possible connubial infelicities in the future!

The Hoopas observe various dances, among which is the Dance of Friendship (*Iuguday*), so called, from the word generally used in salutations. Men and squaws unite in this, dancing in lively measures to suit the joyousness of the occasion, but not observing any particular elegance of costume. Then there is the Dance for Luck, in autumn, wherein only men participate, dressed and painted in the manner dear to the aboriginal heart, and brandishing white deer-skins in their hands—if any are so happy as to possess these articles of happy auspice. They set as much store by them as the Cahrocs do by black ones. The notion seems to be, that, whereas a white or black deer is an exception to the general rule, that animal is the marked favorite of the gods, and its possession will insure them good-fortune. Their greatest dance, however, is the Dance of Peace, the celebration of which—like the closing of the Temple of Janus—signifies that the tribe is at peace with all mankind. In order that the full significance of this dance may be understood,

it is necessary, first, to rehearse the ancient legend on which it is said to be founded. One day I was riding with the Agent of the Reservation, Mr. D. H. Lowry, and reminded him of a promise formerly made, whereupon he halted the carriage in the shadow of an oak, and narrated the following —

LEGEND OF GARD.

About a hundred snows ago, according to the traditions of the ancients, there lived a young Hoopa named Gard. Wide as the eagles fly was he known for his love of peace. He walked in the paths of honesty, and clean was his heart. His words were not crooked or double. He went everywhere, teaching the people the excellent beauty of meekness. He said to them: "Love peace, and eschew war and the shedding of blood. Put away from you all wrath, and unseemly jangling, and bitterness of speech. Dwell together in the singleness of love. Let all your hearts be one heart. So shall ye prosper greatly, and the Great One Above shall build you up like a rock on the mountain. The forests shall yield you abundance of game, and of rich, nutty seeds and acorns. The red-fleshed salmon shall never fail in the river. Ye shall rest in your wigwams in great joy, and your children shall run in and out like the young rabbits of the field for number." And the report of Gard went out through all that land. Gray-headed men came many days' journey to sit at his feet.

Now, it chanced, on a time, that the young man Gard was absent from his wigwam many days. His brother was grievously distressed on account of him. At first, he said to himself, "He is teaching the people, and carries." But when many days came and went, and still Gard was nowhere seen, his heart died within him. He assembled together a great company of braves. He said to them, "Surely a wild beast has devoured him,

for no man would lay violent hands on one so gentle." They sallied forth into the forest, sorrowing, to search for Gard. Day after day they beat up and down on the mountains. They struggled through the tangled *chaparral*. They shouted in the gloomy *cañons*. Holding their hands to their ears, they listened with bated breath. No sound came back to them but the lonely echo of their own voices, buffeted, faint, and broken among the mountains. One by one they abandoned the search. They returned to their homes in the valley. But still the brother wandered on. As he went through the forest, he exclaimed aloud, "O Gard! O brother! if, indeed, you are already in the land of souls, then speak to me at least one word with the voice of the wind, that I may know it for a certainty, and therewith be content!" As he wandered, aimless, at last all his companions left him. He roamed alone in the mountains, and his heart was dead.

Then it fell out on a day that Gard suddenly appeared to him. He came, as it were, out of the naked hill-side, or, as it were, dropping from the sky, so sudden was his apparition. The brother of Gard stood dumb and still before him. He gazed upon him as upon one risen from the grave, and his heart was frozen. Gard said: "Listen! I have been in the land of souls. I have beheld the Great Man above. I have come back to the earth to bring a message to the Hoopas, then I return up to the land of souls. The Great Man has sent me to tell the Hoopas that they must dwell in concord with one another, and with the neighboring tribes. Put away from you all thoughts of vengeance. Wash your hearts clean. Redden your arrows no more in your brother's blood. Then the Great Man will make you to increase greatly and be happy in this good land. Ye must not only hold back your arms from warring, and your hands from

blood-guiltiness, but ye must wash your hearts as with water. When ye hunger no more for blood, and thirst no more for your enemy's soul, when hatred and vengeance lurk no more in your hearts, ye shall observe a great dance. Ye shall keep the Dance of Peace which the Great Man has appointed. When ye observe it, ye shall know if ye are clean in your hearts by a sign. There shall be a sign of smoke ascending. But if in your hearts there is yet a corner full of hatred that ye have not washed away, there shall be no sign. If in your secret minds ye still study vengeance, it is only a mockery that ye enact, and there shall be no smoke ascending." Having uttered these words, Gard was suddenly wrapped in a thick cloud of smoke, and the cloud floated up into the land of souls.

The name "Gard" has a suspicious look, though it seems to be related to the Cahroc "Chareya," which is well authenticated; and at first I was doubtful of the genuineness of this legend. But afterward an old pioneer, named Campbell, told me that the substance of it existed among the Hoopas as early as 1853, so that it is sufficiently improbable that they borrowed it from the Americans. It is possible that it may have come to them in a different shape from the early Jesuits; but of the probability of it the reader must judge for himself. The fact that the Hoopas have founded on it by far the most important and solemn of their ceremonial dances, makes strongly against the latter supposition. And few things are more thoroughly contemptible than that purblind, besotted egotism which accounts for most that the Indians know on the ground that they have learned it from the Whites. That man who attributes every striking idea the Indians have to intercourse with Americans, goes near to be lower than the savage himself, and is every way more despicable.

At any rate, they celebrate the great Dance of Peace which Gard authorized. For nearly twenty years, it remained in desuetude, because during most of that period their Temple of Janus had been open, as they were engaged in numerous wars, either with the Whites or with the vicinal Indians. But in the spring of 1871, the old chiefs revived it, lest the younger ones should forget the fashion thereof, there being then profound peace. This dance is performed in the following manner: They first construct a semicircular wooden railing or row of palisades, inside of which the performers take their stations. These consist of two maidens, who seem to be priestesses, and about twenty-five Indians, all of them arrayed in all their glory—the maidens in fur chemises, with strings of glittering shells around their necks and suspended in various ways from their shoulders; the men in tasseled deer-skin robes, and broad coronets or head-bands of the same material, spangled with the scarlet scalps of woodpeckers, to the value of hundreds of dollars on each coronet. A fire is built on the ground in the centre of the semicircle, and the priests and priestesses then take their places, confronted by two, three, sometimes four or five hundred spectators. A slow and solemn chant is begun, in that weird monotone so peculiar to the Indians, in which all the performers join. The exercise is not properly a dance, but rather resembles the strange manœuvres of the howling dervishes of Turkey, only they do not whirl themselves around. They stretch out their arms and brandish them in the air; they sway their bodies backward and forward; they drop suddenly almost into a squatting posture, then quickly rise again; and, at a certain turn of the ceremony, all the priests drop every article of clothing, and stand before the audience perfectly nude. The two priestesses, however, conduct themselves with mod-

esty throughout. All this while the chant croons on in a solemn monotony, alternating with occasional brief intervals of profound silence. It means nothing whatever. By all these multiplied and rapid genuflections, and this strange, wild chanting, they gradually work themselves into a fanatic frenzy, like that of the dervishes, and a reeking perspiration, though they generally keep their places. This continues a matter of two hours, and is renewed, day by day, until they are assured of the favor of the Great Man Above by seeing Gard ascend from the ground in the form of a smoke.

On this occasion the dance was held in the valley, on the reservation, but an old man was stationed on the distant hill-side, near the spot where Gard revealed himself to his brother, to watch for the rising of the smoke. Day after day, week after week, he took up his vigil on the sacred lookout, and eagerly watched, while the weird, wild droning of the incantation came up to him from the valley below; but still the smoke rose not until four weeks had elapsed. Then one day he saw it curling up at last! Great was the joy of the Hoopas when the news was brought: now they had found favor in the eyes of the Great Man. But the dance was prolonged yet two weeks longer, lasting six weeks in all. Such is the patience of their priestly fanaticism, and the credulity of the spectators.

This Dance of Peace is probably the counterpart of the Cahroc Dance of Propitiation; only the Sacred Smoke of the latter is kindled by the Chareya-Indian, while among the Hoopas it is expected to be created by supernal power. Whatever may be the *fables* on which these observances are founded, the *dances* are thoroughly genuine aboriginal customs, nowise copied from the Americans. It seems hardly necessary to remark, further, that they indicate, on the part of the more thoughtful Indians, an unmis-

takeable consciousness of a Supreme Being somewhere in existence, who holds them accountable for their actions, and whom they think to appease by fasting and expiatory ceremonials. No Indian would fast until he is a living skeleton (as Americans testify that the Cahrocs do) merely to dupe the populace and wheedle them out of their money.

The Hoopas bury their dead in the civilized posture, and mourn for them in the usual savage fashion. They have the same superstitious veneration for their memory as the Cahrocs, and the same repugnance toward allowing any body to view their graves. Most of the valuables are buried in the grave with the deceased, but his clothes they take away into the forest, where they hang them high upon the trees, to remain until they rot away. The Chinese of certain provinces have an absurd notion that when a man is moribund, they can arrest the flight of his soul for a season by hanging his coat on a bamboo-bough and holding it over him; but whether the Hoopas hang the clothes in the forest from any similar belief, or simply from repugnance to the sight of anything that belonged to the deceased, I am not informed.

STORY OF NISH-FANG.

Once there was a Hoopa maiden, named Nish-Fang, who had left the home of her forefathers, and was sojourning with a White family on Mad River. When that mysterious and momentous occurrence first took place which announced her arrival to the estate of womanhood, she earnestly yearned to return to her native valley, in order that she might be duly ushered into the sisterhood of women by the time-honored and consecrating ritual of the Puberty Dance. Without this observance she would be an outcast, a Pariah, dishonored and despised of her tribe. First, it was necessary that she should

fast for the space of nine days. Three days she fasted, therefore, before setting out on her journey, and on the morning of the fourth day she started homeward, accompanied by a bevy of her young companions—Hoopas maidens. It was a long and weary journey that lay before them—over two rugged mountain-chains, across deep and precipitous valleys, through wild, lonesome forests.

Already weak and faint from her three days' nearly total abstinence, Nish-Fang set out to ascend the first mountain. No man might behold her countenance during those nine days; and, as she journeyed, therefore, she buried her face in her hands. Wearily she toiled up the great steep, along the rugged and devious trail, often sitting down to rest. When she became so exhausted that she could no longer hold up her arms, her young companions bore them up, lest some man might behold her face, and be stricken with sudden death. By slow stages they struggled on, among the gigantic redwood-roots, where the sure-footed mules had trodden out steps knee-deep; through vast, silent forests, where no living thing was visible, save the enormous, leather-colored trunks of the redwoods, heaving their majestic crowns against the sky, shutting out the sunlight. Then down into deep and narrow cañons, where the overshadowing foliage turned the daylight into darkness and dankness, where the owl gibbered at noonday, and the cougar and the *coyote* shrieked through the black night. Every night they encamped on the ground, safe under the forest from the immodest scrutiny of the prurient stars. Long pack-trains passed her by day, urged on in their winding path among the redwoods by the clamorous drivers, who looked and wondered if this woman had been stricken blind; but, though these were the hereditary enemies of her race, and she might have destroyed them with

a glance, she lifted not her hands from her face.

At last they found themselves moiling up the yet steeper and higher slope of the second mountain, through tangled thickets of the huckleberry, the wild rose, the silvery-leaved *manzanita*, and the yellowing ferns, with here and there a stalk of dry fennel amid the coarse, rasping grasses, filling the atmosphere with a faint aroma. Near the summit there is a spring, where the trail turns aside to a camping-ground beneath a wide-branching fir-tree that stands solitary on the arid, southern slope. Here they rested and drank of the cool waters. Then they rose to descend into the valley. But Nish-Fang could go no farther; she sunk in a swoon upon the ground. And yet, with the instinct of the savage superstition ever strong upon her, though insensible, her hands still tightly covered her face. Then her companions lifted her in their arms, and bore her down the long descent of the mountain, through the grateful coolness of the fir-trees and the *madroños*, past many a murmuring spring, down into the sunny valley of the Trinity, straw-colored in its glorious autumn ripeness, and tinted with a mellow haze of lilac. There, in the home of her fathers, when her nine days were fully accomplished, in the shadow of a little, thin-leaved grove of oaks, the Hoopas danced around her, and chanted the ancient choral of the Puberty Dance. Then the Chief lifted her by the hand, and the maiden Nish-Fang became a woman of her tribe.

Of the numerous tributaries of the Hoopas, I will mention here only one tribe—the Kailtas, whose home was anciently on the South Fork of the Trinity. They have no tribal name for themselves, or if they ever had one, they allowed it to be supplanted by the one they now bear, given them by the Hoopas. They offer a good illustration of the statements

made in the first portion of this paper—that the arrogant and intolerant Hoopas compelled all their dependencies to speak their language, just as all civilized people are compelled, or think themselves compelled, to learn the prevailing idiom of France. They are polyglots, perforce; and I saw a curious specimen of this class in an Indian called Old One-eye. He was a funny old codger, truly. He had been facetiously dignified by the Whites with the title of “Mr. Baker,” which title had elevated him to an illustrious character in his own eyes; for the seemly maintenance of which he considered an ancient and deplorably smashed tile hat and a cast-off regulation-coat with brass buttons as absolutely indispensable. He wore his shirt persistently outside his trousers, and spoke six languages, it was said, including English. He had one eye in his head, and a Mrs. Winslow’s Soothing Syrup label stuck in his hat-band.

In justice to the California Indians, however, I must say, while it occurs to me, that, however ragged they may be, they seldom ornament themselves with those fantastic medleys of civilized trumpery so dear to the hearts of many of our savage brethren.

A veteran pioneer and “squaw-man” among them affirms that they eat soap-root when hard-pushed in the spring; but this appears somewhat doubtful, for no other Indians eat it, and it is poisonous. He says they extract the toxic quality from it by roasting, which operation they perform by heaping up a large quantity of it on the ground, covering it over with green leaves, and building over it a large fire, which is allowed to burn until the poison is roasted out, when it is said to be quite sweet and lickerish. They also find a root growing in moist places which resembles the potato, and is called the wild potato, which, when roasted, is sweetish and toothsome. The great amount of roots in this State

which are sweet when roasted, and especially the *cammas*—the digging of which procured the California Indians the injurious appellation of “Diggers”—seems to account partly for the sweet-tooth that every one of them has. Let a squaw get together a few dimes, by hook or crook, and she will hie her straight to a trading-post and invest every cent of it in sugar, when she grievously needs a few breadths of calico. They are as fond of the article as the Eastern Indians are of whisky, and eat it as they would bread. The large amount of saccharine matter which the California Indians get in the roots they eat seems to have somewhat to do with their remarkable obesity in youth, just as children are always sucking candy, and have plump cheeks.

They gather, also, huckleberries and *manzanita*-berries, which latter are exceptionally large and farinaceous in the Trinity Valley. I have seen thickets of them wherein an acre could be selected that would yield more nutriment to human life, if the berries were all plucked, than the best acre of wheat ever grown in California, after the expenses of cultivation were deducted. The agriculture of the upper Trinity and South Fork—heaven save the mark!—will never support a population one-fourth as numerous as the Indians were, and I do greatly doubt if the placers, even in the goodliest years of their dust, ever nourished as many as lived there of yore.

Like all savages, the Kailtas are inveterate gamblers, either with the game of guessing the sticks or with cords; and they have a curious way of punishing or mortifying themselves for failure therein. When one has been unsuccessful in gaming, he frequently scarifies himself with flints or glass, on the outside of the leg from the knee down to the ankle, scratching the skin all up criss-cross until it bleeds freely. He does this “for luck,” believing that it will appease

some bad spirit who is against him. The Siahs, on Eel River, have the same custom.

Their doctors profess to be spiritualists, not merely seeing visions in dreams—which is common among the California Indians—but pretending to be able to hold converse with spirits in their waking hours, by clairvoyance. An incident is related, which is about as worthy of credence as the majority of ghost-stories narrated by the *gente de razon*. There was a certain Indian who had murdered Mr. Stockton, the Agent of the Hoopa Reservation, besides three other persons at various times, and was then a hunted fugitive. The matter created much excitement and speculation among the tattle-loving Indians, and one day a Kailta doctor cried out suddenly that he saw the murderer at that moment with his spiritual eyes. He described minutely the place where he was concealed, told how long he had been there, etc. Subsequent events revealed the fact that the doctor was substantially correct, whether he drew on his clairvoyant vision, or on knowledge which he had somehow smuggled.

They make a curious and rather subtle metaphysical distinction in the matter of spirits. According to them, there

is an evil spirit or devil (*keetoanchwa*, a Hoopa word) and a good spirit; but the good spirit has no name. The evil spirit is positive, active, and powerful; but the good spirit is negative and passive—a kind of Manicheism. The former is without, and ranges through space, on evil errands bent; but the latter is within them: it is their own spirit, their better nature, their conscience. The Hoopas have a word, *honisteh*, for "soul" or "spirit," generic in meaning; but these Indians, though they seem to proceed further in their analysis, have no expression for this subtle principle. In conversation with the Whites they express themselves as nearly as they can by calling it their "good think." This reminds one of Confucius, who calls the conscience the "good heart." Like the great Chinese sage, the Kailtas seem to believe the nature of man originally good, but he commits wickedness under the temptation of the evil spirit without him.

When a Kailta dies, according to their poetical conceit, upon the instant the breath leaves his body a little bird flies away with his soul to the spirit-land. If he was a bad Indian, a hawk will catch him and eat him up, soul and all; but if he was good, he will reach the happy spirit-land.

IN SUMMER SHADOWS.

WHO has not felt the mysterious longing that takes possession of us while the spring is passing—the longing for a sight of the green fields and the shady woods—which seems born with us, and ever returns, as the days lengthen and the air grows heavy with the summer's coming? Did not even Phil Squod dream of the country, though he knew of it only from having seen the Marshes once? Something after this manner the San Franciscans know when

it is summer: the cold mornings do not tell them of it, nor does the "overpowering heat" drive them from the city; but, somehow, the roots of the faithful old trees, out in God's wide garden, seem intertwined with the tenderest fibres of our heart, and we *must* go to rest in their loving shadow, if it be but for a brief period. As it was once said that "all roads lead to Rome," so in our day all roads are the same, if they lead out of San Francisco; and though we rove

southward in the spring, as does the swallow in the fall, we shall find it none too warm after having been chilled, for a season, by the winds and fogs of our beloved City on the Hills. And the fogs cling to us, and the winds follow, as we leave the city—clamoring shrilly at the car-windows, as though rebellious that so many of their subjects should withdraw from out of reach. But the precincts of the city once fairly left behind, the winds calm down and finally cease their importunities, and the fog rolls sulkily back to its legitimate home, leaving the landscape free to our hungry eyes. We look vainly, these first few miles, for the trees and the "country" we, too, had dreamed of. The hills are bleak and look forbidding, though many of them are covered with thrifty grain and new-mown hay.

The level land by the road-side is literally covered with flowers of the gayest hues, sending their delegations even to the hill-sides, where the California poppy gives a golden shimmer to the distant view. On the meadows the bright-red Indian pink outshines the more modest larkspur of darkest cerulean; and the lighter blue of the lupines, standing side by side with their pale-yellow sisters, form the solid base around which the thousand smaller and more delicate flowerets cluster. Large fields of pinkish-purple blossoms presently spring up; and I lean eagerly forward to see the new flowers, till the leaves on which they rest tell me that these are plebeians, too low for any lady's nosegay—common potato-vines, with their audaciously pretty blossoms. Could I step from the cars now and gather a bouquet, I am pretty sure that the potato-flowers would not be of it, so apt are we to despise what we have been accustomed to look upon with disdain, even though there be worth and merit in it.

Very gray do the waters of the bay look from here—cold and repellent, as

the flat bordering it, covered with bunches of coarse grass, and broken only by muddy streams, sent up from the incoming tide. A lone white sail glides slowly along on the water, anxious yet unable to reach the other shore, where little white houses look like more sails on dry land. By and by the sun struggles away from the fogs—which have held it in bondage, as they held us, and try to hold every thing—and, rejoicing in its freedom, it throws its light on the valleys and changes the fog-clouds, still lingering about the mountains, into bluish, hazy mist. On the other side—where the low sand-hills seem first to rise out of the white-crested waves, coming in through the Golden Gate, then grow into bald ridges, and finally tower into forest-covered mountains—the sky and air have grown clear, as California atmosphere should be; and, though the few trees we see on the plain are bent and bowed by the prevailing winds that sweep in one direction over them, we see a fairer prospect in the far-off foothills covered with a growth of healthy young live-oaks, looking like an old apple-orchard in the Eastern States.

Can you remember, reader, when you came to this country years ago, by water, and went to San José for the first time, what a desolate feeling these very trees—that seemed stooping their heads and stretching out their arms to shield against a coming blow—awakened in your breast? And did you not often feel as though you wanted to bow your head and cover it with your arms just that way, when the thought of the old home came over you, and a storm of useless longing and bitter repining rushed through your heart?

Onward speeds the train; and soon other trees, tall and wide-branched, beckon a welcome to us with their wooing arms. The redwoods on the Santa Cruz Range seem holding out a promise of still denser woods, if we will but leave

the valley some day and cross the ridge that rises there, its steepest ascents dotted with tiny houses, its dark-browed clefts half lighted by the sun. Long before we reach the Santa Clara Valley, do the stalwart live-oaks and the more polished, graceful white-oaks greet us; the flat, marshy land on the bay-side has changed, and the gray, cold-looking water seems now a placid, sun-kissed river, as it blinks out occasionally from among green meadows and clumps of distant willows and dark forest-trees. San Mateo is passed; and the trees move in closer columns up to the roadside. At Fair Oaks there is such a forest-scene, that, were it pictured on canvas, it would bring the green, soft shadows of a summer's day to any place the canvas might be carried. Magnificent horses are halting beside the platform, and, as the light vehicles to which they are attached fly down the shady lanes, a feeling very like envy creeps into my narrow heart: why are these people alone favored to dwell under the shadow of those grand old trees; why may not I, too, have the right to caress those silken-haired animals that move so proudly in their traces?

As the sun sinks lower the shadows grow longer on the grass, the houses seem to nestle closer under the trees, and when the train halts at some wayside station, it is almost impossible to remain in the cars while such quiet lanes seem inviting us to walk through the green fields and under the silent trees, till some home-like cottage or the more stately country residence is reached. But neither winding lane nor open field must tempt me: to-morrow I will embrace the trees; to-day I must reach my journey's end. It must not be supposed, however, that I reached it in undisturbed peace. The seat in front of me, the seat behind me, the seat opposite to me, and the seat beside it, were occupied all by one family—the husband

and father a sort of Hebrew Jelleby, the wife and mother answering to the character of Mrs. Jelleby, in so far that her children (of which there were not a few) seemed in nowise to come within the sphere of her observation. Indeed, her attention seemed pretty equally divided between a whiskered youth of her own faith, and the water-blue eyes and spindle-legged figure of a foreigner of some other way of thinking, whom she was trying to convert to her own views. Her generous proportions and heavy silk drapey filled one seat; while beside, and around, and on top of the unfortunate father, in the other, were grouped an average of four olive-branches at a time. Occasionally the youngest, in a fit of affection, would clamber up above the rest and imprint a kiss on the father's cheek, the result of which, after his dirty glove had been drawn over it, in a fruitless attempt at removal, was left in the shape of a blackish daub.

How different the awakening of a summer's morning in the country, to the ushering in of a day in the city. We hear the chirping notes of the half-asleep robin, dream-like and faint at first, but growing clearer and more energetic with the growing day. As the bird-voices increase and grow in volume, it happens that they grow shrill and inharmonious, quarreling over their breakfast perchance, or intent on settling old scores. Instead of the fog, the sun greets us as we step from the door to the garden; and, as the promise of early morning is seldom broken at this time of the year, we may get ready for our trip to the Congress Springs. If the drive had not been made early in the morning we might have felt the heat oppressive, for the road lies mostly through open and treeless fields. As we near the springs, we come upon a beautiful piece of mountain road, and a romantic bit of wilderness lies before us: a narrow ravine, falling off abruptly from it, with water

rushing at the bottom, and overhung by redwood, laurel, and oak, so close that scarce a ray of sunshine drifts to the ferns below. After the customary glass of spring-water, and the usual number of wry faces, our horses are turned, on a very narrow plateau, and we descend. At the foot of the hill, under the shadow of the largest oak we can find, we make camp, and prepare to spend the day. Mat and Jo have been tethered to saplings; but they come as near to us as the length of their lines will permit. Jo has been named for me, I am told; but the compliment is not so great as I thought it was at first. It comes out, by and by, that "Jo is a good horse enough, only restless, and headstrong—full of unlooked-for tricks and turns—and just a trifle treacherous, withal." "Poor Jo!" I exclaimed, in generous compassion; "I know what it is to be slandered"—I had risen on purpose to pat her shiny coat—for which she aimed a vicious, but ill-calculated kick at me, causing me to retreat behind a log, where I made up faces at her, till I considered her sufficiently punished.

In the evening we are back to San José. The following morning we continue our journey into the country; and, as we pass southward on the Southern Pacific Railroad, through that thriving town, we obtain glimpses of broad, tree-lined avenues and well-built houses; glide past gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and watch villas and farm-houses, basking in the midday sun. Now we are traversing the valley-land, with Peak Helen standing tallest among the green hills on the right, while off to the left the mountain range looks rusty and yellow, as though the rains of last winter had not drenched them sufficiently for the summer's growth of grass. Many a fine farm lies in the shadow of Peak Helen—many a broad acre of ripening grain; and herds of cattle and

horses rest in the shadows of the giant trees.

Beyond Gilroy—no longer the terminus of the road—the broad fields are still spreading out; and the trees show more variety, after we pass Sargent's and leave the Pajaro River to one side. Farther on our way, sycamores, laurels, and cottonwoods grow in tall groups, forming arches, and leaving vistas, through which horses and cattle are seen quietly feeding on the close-growing grass that covers the earth on either side of us. After miles of country—half forest, half farming-land—we reach Pajaro Valley, with Watsonville showing its white houses in the distance. Here the Southern Pacific Railroad ends for the present; but its extension is vigorously prosecuted to Salinas City, on the Salinas Plains. From there it will be carried on, from one valley to another—bringing the grain of the farmer to a profitable market—carrying passengers from the far East into regions that seem to them so astonishingly fertile—paving the way for civilization and a golden future.

Watsonville is one of the prettiest places in the country. From the windows of the upper story of the hotel at Watsonville, Pajaro Valley presents the freshest, greenest, most charming of landscapes. The outlines are smoother, the green softer, and the light milder than in most of these valleys, where the sun shines with such positive glare that one's eyes ache from the effects. Orchards and groves of forest-trees are scattered through the valley; and the mountains inclosing it like a semicircle, or rather like a crescent, are covered with dark redwoods that make the lower-lying hills look all the lighter and fresher. Where the valley opens on the sea, a white beach gleams in the distance; and on a clear day the sun flashes fitfully on the water, kissing it now with furtive tenderness, throwing over

it, anon, a light mantle of fog, to hide its sparkle from our prying eyes.

Three years had passed since I had visited what was to me a place of pleasant memories—a spot so near the metropole, and yet so wild and picturesque in its grand nature, that one would fancy days necessary to reach so undisturbed a retreat. I am speaking of the Gilroy Hot Springs, lying in the mountains just back of Gilroy, some fifteen or twenty miles. The road had been changed since I last passed over it—the lower part of it, at least—and not till we reached the steeper grade did I recognize its romantic features. The wild vines still festoon the walls of rock beside the road; and the trees, young and old, bend as usual over the wall, to catch a glimpse of the passengers in the stage, as it passes onward and upward. The same fields are again waving their long-bearded sheaves in welcome to the visitor; and the wild roses bordering the mountain valleys, send the old familiar fragrance up to greet us.

Across the chasm, where yonder ridge appears, bare and sun-scorched, the buzzard sits, lazily flopping his wings, as though the day were too warm for him and his appetite; and the crow, with its unchanging cry, hovers, restless, over some choice morsel that it fears to touch. But the bare, ugly ridge creeps back behind some taller mountain, from whose sides the red bark of the *manzanita* and the wealth of pinkish-white blossoms shine out into the cloudless distance. The sycamores that gather in clusters at the many crossings of the stream coming from the highest mountain are dying, I fear. Who can help shedding a silent tear over their wasted appearance, that tells so pathetically of the pinching frosts and drenching rains that came after the cruel drought and sunburn of long, dry years. The waters of the merry brook play caressingly around the roots and trunks of the poor

sycamores now, and smile pleadingly up into their faces. Too late! "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and these trees had looked for succor till all strength had left their souls and the marrow had dried in their bones.

The afternoon was growing sultry: so that the last crossing, which was half a mile in extent, proved a very pleasant water-excursion. There is no danger: the water just wets the wheels, sending up showers of cool, delicious spray. When this is passed, there are several miles of smooth, swift-rising, forest road, where the trees seem to whisper to each other as their branches touch overhead; where the birds call to each other in irrepressible glee, and the butterflies coax us to follow them into the foliage-darkened ravines and farther up into the sunlit mountains. At the last sharp rise we see faces peering down at the coach; and, as we round the last sharp point, the white hotel-building, the garden-crowned plateau, and the surrounding cottages spread out before us. Most of the cottages hang in a picturesque manner on the very edge of the terrace, which seems half formed by Nature, half by hand; and, winding upward in every direction among the gray-green pines, the fragrant laurels, and the stately oaks, are paths that lead to other cottages, looking airily down on people passing beneath, on their way to the Springs. It is a walk well worth taking, along this terrace, where the eye wanders dreamily across to the mountain on the other side of a narrow, green valley—dreamily to rest where the golden sunlight pours all day long on the crowning trees, and the moon at night throws its first cooling rays. At the end of the terrace the springs bubble up, hot and steaming, and tasting of all the five minerals they contain at once. Not over ten yards away, in the coolest, shadiest nook imaginable, is a clear, cold spring, to which I invariably paid my

compliments, in spite of all the kindly attendant at the hot spring could say of its teeming virtues—consisting of iron, sulphur, magnesia, alum, and arsenic.

It was hard to bid adieu to the place,

after so short a time as I had allowed myself there; but, if it must be—why, then, under these solemn pine-trees, through which the breeze is sobbing with such plaintive cry, seems just a fitting place to say, “Good-by.”

A TALK ABOUT ART.

IT is now some ten years since a friend of mine, whom I will call Pictor—then a flaming young Art-enthusiast, now an industrious artist of established reputation—visited Europe, not so much with the purpose of serious study, as of studious recreation. He wandered through the great galleries of the Continent, visited most of the famous collections—both public and private—that were accessible to the traveler and the tourist, and lounged in the studios of celebrated painters in London and Paris, Munich and Rome. He returned bewildered rather than instructed, and almost in doubt as to whether there are any such things as established theories or fixed principles of Art. In every great centre of civilization and culture he had found conflicting schools and rival masters, who acknowledged no principle in common, and poured contempt upon one another’s methods. Captivated at Paris by the eloquence of one renowned lecturer on the “Philosophy of Art,” and a convert to his theory, he had scarcely enjoyed the comfort of a settled creed a week, when he was relegated to the limbo of perplexity and doubt, by hearing a no less eloquent and convincing discourse, at Munich, in which a lecturer of equal celebrity confuted the fundamental doctrines of the Paris professor. Out of this state of confused uncertainty he finally emerged, with the conviction that there is no perfect system of Art-philosophy capable of being set forth in the shape of definite, clear-cut proposi-

tions, while there *is* a philosophy, which, though not reducible to the form of an infallible profession of faith, is sufficiently comprehensive to embrace a great variety of different methods, and to reconcile many apparently conflicting theories.

Strolling into my friend’s studio one afternoon, not long ago, I found him at his easel, putting the finishing touches to a large landscape, and at the same time conversing with two gentlemen who were visitors like myself. These three were the interlocutors in the “Talk About Art,” of which it is the object of this paper to give the more noteworthy features. One of the two visitors was a gentleman of wealth and culture, and also of some taste for Art, of which he has been a liberal patron. Him I will call Mæcenas. The other visitor—a connoisseur, and occasional writer on subjects related to Art—may be designated as the Critic. When I entered the studio, I found the trio engaged in a conversation, or irregular discussion, concerning the degree of fidelity to Nature that is incumbent upon the painter of landscape.

“It seems to me,” Mæcenas was just observing, as he looked at the picture over the painter’s shoulder, “that your mountain is lacking in grandeur. To my eye it does not loom up as loftily as it should above the sharp ridges of the nearer hills.”

“And, no doubt, the lines giving the slope of the mountain do not seem to you steep enough,” said Pictor.

"They certainly do not," answered Mæcenas. "I have looked at the mountain, hundreds of times, from the very point of view which you have chosen; and it really appears to me as if you had dwarfed it in the picture, and made its slopes much farther from a perpendicular than the reality."

"On the contrary," returned Pictor, "I have exaggerated both its height and its abruptness." Leaving his easel, he produced a photograph of the same view, and, handing it to Mæcenas, asked him which impressed him as being the most faithful to Nature—that, or the picture?

"The picture, undoubtedly," was the reply. "In the photograph the mountain seems still more insignificant than you have made it."

"And yet," said Pictor, "the photograph renders the literal truth. Our friend, the Critic, will perhaps give us the philosophy of this apparent paradox."

"It is very simple," replied the person appealed to. "Art demands a certain amount of exaggeration. Without it, no landscape of mountain scenery would seem true. I suppose it is because, in looking at an actual landscape, the imagination influences the eye."

"Whatever may be the true explanation," said Pictor, "I know, as a matter of fact, that it is necessary to exaggerate the truth in such a picture as this, in order to produce the effect of truth. Yet, it seems I have not exaggerated enough to produce that effect to the mind and eye of Mæcenas, though it is certain that I have made the mountain relatively higher and more perpendicular in its outlines than the hills that screen its base. If I were to reduce it so as to preserve strictly the real relative magnitudes of all the objects introduced into the picture—that is, if I were to make it true in the same sense in which an accurate topographic drawing is true—you would scarcely recognize the scene, and the view would impress you as false: it

would so impress you, because of its literal truth."

"More than that," added the Critic: "it would really be false as a work of Art."

"Do you mean," asked Mæcenas, "that an absolutely true picture can not be a fine work of Art?"

"Perhaps," replied the Critic, "the better statement would be, that a literally faithful picture can not be a true one in the higher sense—recognizing a distinction between fact and truth. Truth in Art is not an aggregation of facts, but a generalization from them. The use of the ideal faculty is, I conceive, quite as legitimate in the painter as in the poet; and, in the exercise of that faculty, both arrive at a higher truth than can be attained by literal imitation, or the exact portraiture of facts."

"And it is equally lawful for each," added Pictor, "to throw into his work, if he possess the genius—

" 'The light that never was on land or sea.'"

"I acknowledge that all this sounds to me like transcendentalism," said Mæcenas. "I ask nothing better, either of poet or painter, than to give me the lights that *are* on land and sea. If he does more than this, he gives me something that I have no means of judging of, and which I can not, therefore, intelligently admire. I am free to confess myself a skeptic as to the possibility of improving upon Nature."

"I am not certain," said the Critic, "whether it is Sir Joshua, or Hazlitt, who, in speaking of landscapes composed from studies, says, that it is the function of Art to 'correct Nature by herself:' by which I understand he means, to omit the accidental and non-significant details, and to give only those which are characteristic and essential. This is certainly what the poet and the novelist invariably do, if they are true artists. They make their 'out-door studies,' just as a landscape-painter does,

and they use these studies as *materials*. But they do not use them in the exact shape in which they find them. On the contrary, they select, combine, omit, and modify, so as to produce from heterogeneous elements, a congruous and harmonious whole. There are facts, both in Nature and in human life, that are not significant or characteristic. There are others that are transient or superficial. I do not understand that the artist need concern himself with these facts. My idea is, that a literary work, or a work of fine art, is great in proportion to its ideality; and that it approximates to the ideal, in proportion as it represents characteristics that are stable and elementary."

"Instead of saying that Art improves upon Nature," said Pictor, "I should prefer to put the doctrine in this shape: the necessary limitations of Art constantly require a departure from the literal fact, in order to convey the truth. I do not think that I have ever seen a really noble landscape that was not, to a greater or less extent, a compromise with the truth. I mean truth in its literal sense."

"Would you extend this doctrine to portrait-painting?" asked Mæcenas.

"Most assuredly," returned Pictor. "The exact reproduction of a man's features and expression at the particular time of the sitting can not, according to my ideas, constitute a good portrait. Just in proportion as the portrait-painter is an artist in the higher sense, he will idealize his subject."

"That is," said Mæcenas, "he will not paint the man as he is."

"He will paint him as he is at his best; as he is truly, not as he may seem at a particular moment. How differently the same man looks in different moods, or under the influence of different emotions! The first time I saw Thomas Starr King, he was sitting on a platform at a public meeting, waiting his turn to

speak. His face was in repose, and had a heavy, almost cloddish look. I was greatly disappointed in it, and could find there no indication of the genius I had attributed to him. By and by he was introduced to the audience, and commenced speaking. As I was myself seated on the platform, I could not see his face during his address. He spoke with great enthusiasm, and became much excited as he proceeded. When he had finished, and turned to resume his seat, I looked up and could hardly believe that this was the same man who had left my side ten minutes before. His face was lighted up from within, and his eyes were like two opals. I could think of nothing but transfiguration. Now, I do not conceive that the most exact picture of the man, as he appeared before rising to speak, would be a good portrait. I do not think, however faithful, that it would be a *true* portrait. My general doctrine, applicable to all kinds of painting, to sculpture, and also to poetry, is, that the ideal faculty is the highest faculty in the artist. It is by this that he has a true insight, finer than that of other men, and by which he is enabled to *interpret* Nature in a way more perfect than is attainable by the most accurate observation and the utmost manual skill, unaided by imagination."

"To come back to the question from which we started," said Mæcenas: "you tell me, that, in so far as this picture departs from the literal truth of Nature, the departure is on the side of exaggeration of the relative height of the mountain and of the steepness of the slope. If this is so, how is it that the contrary impression is produced—the impression that it is too flat in its outlines, and that it does not loom up sufficiently above its surroundings?"

"It may be," replied Pictor, "that I have been too restrained and timid in giving the measure of exaggeration which is requisite for true artistic effect. Or it

may be that your eye has not dwelt long enough upon the various parts of the landscape to see and feel their true relations. At any rate, it is certain that Nature produces an impression of massiveness and height in mountain scenery which the painter can only attain by departing from the accurate natural scale. I will mention a singular illustration of this. Last summer, I spent a week at a hotel in San Rafael, from the porch of which there is a fine view of Tamalpais. Among the guests, at the same time, were a skillful photographer, and one of the best topographical draughtsmen in California. The latter made an unusually careful and accurate drawing of the mountain, as visible from that point. But accurate as it was, I think the proportionate length of the horizontal line was diminished and the height slightly exaggerated. The photographer took the same view, which, of course, so far as relative heights were concerned, gave the literal truth of Nature. But both these representations of the scene were pronounced unnatural and unlike the original by persons, who, for years, had had the view before their eyes constantly. The criticism of these people invariably was that Tamalpais was made to look insignificant in both the photograph and the topographical drawing, and that the pictures were flat and tame. I then made a sketch of the mountain from the same point of view. I very considerably exaggerated the height, and contracted the length of the horizontal line. I lifted the blue wedge of the peak far higher above the intervening hills bristling with redwoods, than was consistent with strict accuracy. My picture was relatively false, but it was pronounced by all the local authorities far more natural, and more true, than either of the others."

"There is an analogous fact in literature," said the Critic. "The writer of fiction is obliged to exaggerate his hero, in order to produce a true heroic effect,

just as the landscape-painter has to exaggerate his mountain. Even the historian is under the same necessity. Macaulay, Bancroft, Motley, Froude, systematically do this in the portraiture of their heroic personages. The stage furnishes a still more striking illustration of this necessity. An actor representing a hero, who should faithfully copy the walk, the port, the dress, and the elocution of a *real* hero, without idealization or exaggeration, would be hooted from the stage."

"I can very well understand," said Mæcenas, "how it is necessary for the tragedian, who is representing Richelieu or Julius Cæsar before a popular audience, to assume a stage-strut and an artificial style of declamation. That I conceive to be a concession to the vulgar idea of Richelieu and of Cæsar. Do you mean that Art is under the humiliating necessity of making the like concessions to ignorance?"

"For myself," replied Pictor, "I repudiate the Critic's analogy—at least, so far as the stage is concerned. The exaggeration which I hold to be legitimate is not a temporizing concession to uncultivated taste—a sop to the Cerberus of vulgarity. On the contrary, it is of the essence of Art—an element without which Art could not exist. The actor who enacts the hero struts and rants because that is in accordance with the popular conception of the heroic character. The painter exaggerates Nature in outline and coloring because it is only by so doing that he can produce the effect upon the imagination that Nature produces—because there is in Nature a deeper and more subtle truth than can be expressed by the most skillful copy of it."

"I recently made a conscientious attempt," said Mæcenas, "to read up a little Art-philosophy and Art-criticism, but I have abandoned it in despair. I find no agreement among the standard

writers, even on first principles. Each seems to have a theory or a hobby of his own. The critics do not agree in their doctrines, nor the artists in their methods. I have, at last, come to the resolution to content myself with admiring and enjoying such works of Art as I find myself capable of appreciating, without perplexing myself with the interminable disputes of rival schools and opposing philosophers."

"It is the most comfortable plan," said Pictor; "and yet the diversity in Art-doctrine does not prove that there is no such thing as a true Art-philosophy, any more than the thousand creeds of Christendom prove that there is no Christian truth. As there is some element of truth in all the creeds, so I think that each of the Art-sects has a mission. The complete truth of Art may be likened to a great circle—too great for any one mind to grasp. Each earnest thinker and teacher seizes upon a segment,

and sees the particular truth that is in it so clearly, feels its beauty so deeply, that it somewhat obscures his vision for other related truths, and blunts his feeling for other kinds of beauty. So with method. Nearly every eminent painter has some modes of working (some 'knacks,' if you will) that are peculiar to himself. If he produces remarkable effects in this way, those who don't understand the method are apt to call it 'a trick.' Why, one of your Art-critics, not long ago, charged me with resorting to 'a cheap labor-saving trick,' because I produced the *effect* of foliage without any attempt to draw or imitate it in detail."

"That fellow's idea of the proper way to render foliage," said Mæcenas, "was probably derived from studies of leaves and flowers on patterns of calico and wall-paper."

"Nevertheless," said Pictor, "it is the privilege of every American to be a critic."

HONA MARIA.

SOUTHWARD from the quaint town of Santa Barbara, beyond the Santa Barbara Bay—with its high-arching isles, summery winds, and the softened splendor of semi-tropical skies—five leagues out in the ocean, the island of San Nicolas lifts its brown, rugged outline from the surging waters. Hidden from the main-land by Santa Cruz, an island of greater magnitude, the sun seems to rise from the purpled rim of the waters, and to set where the golden seas meet the horizon of the golden skies. The waves wash far up the sloping, sandy shore, and, receding, leave bright shells, tangled kelp, and smooth, wave-polished stones. The seals sun themselves on the crystallized rocks, and gaze at the intruder with almost human eyes. The sea-wasps shake

their delicate wings in the bright atmosphere; and strange birds call from the high branches of unfamiliar trees. Deep pools lie hidden in lonely gorges, and fold their secrets forever in their dark bosoms. The wild dogs bark from the shelving rocks, and, with uncanny faces, dart into the close ravine.

Years and years ago, ere the energies of the White settlers had made their impress upon the wilderness along the Pacific shore, a tribe of Indians existed on this now desolate isle. Of what they thought, suffered, hoped, or accomplished, we have only scanty tradition. Now and then a pirate's craft anchored along the quiet shore, and, departing, told no tale. Sometimes the friendly voice of the Mission Fathers stole across the calm bay; and the shadow of the Cross, plant-

ed in the wilderness, threw its benign influence even over these undeveloped children of the sun. But the Fathers sleep, and left no record.

Thirty-six years ago the Famine found this isolated band, and clutched them with its gaunt, relentless hand. The parched earth refused her sustenance; the trees stood bare and leafless in the hot wind; the streams ran dry, and the rocks glittered white and salt under the fervid sun. The wild game famished and died; and the fierce preyed upon each other. With pitying horror, these human beings stared into each other's faces, and, with stoical fortitude, crawled away to die alone. Whether the Mission Fathers learned of their distress, or whether urged by other motives, is not known; but they fitted out a boat, which sailed to San Nicolas and brought away the survivors—eighteen, in all. As the rescued islanders were brought down to the shore where the boat was anchored, one of the women—who afterward gave her name as Hona Maria—darted away, over the sandy shore, over rough rocks, through tangled ravines, with savage eagerness, to bring her only child, which, by some oversight, had been left behind. They waited for her re-appearance—they waited long. The skies darkened; the winds arose and tossed the unsteady boat from her frail anchorage, and the reluctant Captain was compelled to put out to sea; and Hona Maria was left alone on that desolate, sea-walled isle.

The thick fog shut down over the ocean, and the heavy swell of the waves tossed the boat rapidly toward the mainland. The rescued Indians were kindly cared for by the humane people of Santa Barbara; but, either from past suffering or the unaccustomed influences of civilization, they died, or dispersed to wilder surroundings. The boat was wrecked, preventing another expedition to the islands, and for years was not replaced. Hona Maria was supposed to have died, and no heart turned to the lonely island.

Eighteen solitary years had passed. White faces peered over the rocky battlement of mountains, and browned under the California sun. Avenues of communication and commerce were opened, and the mysteries of the Golden State were penetrated, Captain Nidever, a resident of Santa Barbara, fitted a schooner at Monterey, and, in one of his cruises, anchored at the tragic island of San Nicolas. In wandering over the island, he found traces of human life: ashes yet warm—a foot-print in the soil. But, again, the storm beat down upon the shore, and compelled the small crew to put out to sea. With clear skies and becalmed seas they returned. Again, the smoldering fire—the trace in the sand; and after a short search, to their amazement, Hona Maria herself—the Hermit Monarch of this lonely isle! Without the least sign of surprise she gazed, for the first time in eighteen years, upon human faces. In unintelligible language, but with expressive, savage gestures, she made them understand that the dogs killed her child. This was the burden of her limited expressions—this longing for human sympathy amid her tragic desolation—bursting the bondage of unintelligible language, and making the grand sorrow of her savage heart known and felt.

A rude hut, constructed of interlaced branches, sticks, and leaves, constituted her shelter. A fantastic robe of gayly feathered bird-skins, neatly dressed and adroitly stitched with fine tendons, by the aid of needles manufactured from fish-bones, covered her dusky limbs, and another of brighter hues was ready for time of need, or possibly reserved for her solitary festivals. Many rude treasures, collected during her hermitage, were transferred to the boat, and afterward landed at Santa Barbara. With astonishment she beheld the mainland. Her rapid glance took in the coast and the placid valley, girdled by the rugged mountains, sloping to the

bay. From the narrow limits of her island-home, the sea only was vast, stretching away beyond the range of vision. The boundless view of land presented a new and strange geographical development to her uneducated mind. A "solitary horseman" galloping along the smooth beach caused her ecstasies of delight, which she expressed in long, wild peals of laughter and fantastic dances. A team with oxen completed her amusement. She observed the unfamiliar actions of people and animals with child-like pleasure, yet never forgot her lost child, nor the horrible manner of its death. She was proud of the attention she received, pleased with gifts and kindness, like a child in a new creation. She spoke a dialect entirely different from the native Spanish or Indians of the Santa Barbara region. A short time previous to her death, which occurred six months after her departure from her native island, an

Indian woman was found who could interpret her strange tongue. She had not much to tell. A life more colorless, devoid of imagery or experience, it is impossible to conceive. The effect of long seclusion, upon her mind so crude and undeveloped, can not be conjectured. In her solitary abode she knew the ways of the birds of the air and fishes of the sea, and fashioned nets to capture them, which, with seals and roots, furnished her sustenance.

Large sums of money were refused by Captain Nidever for the possession of the woman, as an attractive addition to a museum; but she was kindly guarded at his private residence, and in 1853 she passed to the spirit-land. The Bishop took possession of her ingeniously manufactured robes, and carried them to Rome.

Hona Maria sleeps on the quiet hillside; and her strange fate, hitherto, has been a dim tradition.

DISSEVERED.

The Rose renews her sensuous bloom,
 The Lily gems the garden-walk,
 The Pinks above the borders loom,
 I hear the Bluebird's twittered talk.

The sunlight gilds the poplar-leaves,
 And green and gold the meadows glow,
 His wood-side net the spider weaves,
 And hums the blithe bee to and fro.

O, once-beloved sounds and sights!
 That drift my moody vision by,
 Which her dear presence made delights,
 And which her absence makes a lie;

In vain upon my sense you press:
 I know not what the Bluebird said;
 I can not half your meanings guess:
 Your true interpreter is dead.

No more the Rose her perfume gives;
 The Lily's pale with grief and scorn;
 The Pink in scentless beauty lives:
 The world of incense is forlorn!

ULTRAWA: THE HIDDEN HAMLET.

HAWTHORNE dreamed his delicate dream of "The Blithedale Romance;" Fourier and Owen, and sundry more practical followers, have sketched their possible socialisms, somewhat shapelessly, and very much after the manner of those incidental sketches which we were given to make—beneath, above, and roundabout the stationary sums upon our slates—at school, in the odd moments when the school-master was too busy to notice his scholars: slate-pencil sketches of a woman with a bonnet on, instead of a head; of a ship on a slaty sea, or of a house that could pass muster for a ship.

De Foe has taken us to a tropical island, as if his skillful imagination were a little skiff or wherry, rowed with equal speed and silence. The United Brethren and the Quakers have presented us pictures of placid, practical piety and social serenity, after their own Orders. The Shakers have shown us how dullness and dancing could be yoked together, so as to constitute an organized industry. Crude communisms of all sorts have come forward, in a froward forwardness and flagrant flaunting, as who should say, "We would if we could, and we could if we dared; and what could *you* do about it, if we *should* turn the world upside down?" It is singular, however, that the only consistent communism should have been discovered within a very short time, and, while in full avowal, be nevertheless radically different from any previous conceptions of the same ideal.

The obscure, but solid town of Morford lies about half a day's journey from the other principal stations upon the Grand Railway, and a little back from

the bank of Pennsylvania's favorite river. It is a quaint old town, built not unlike a *kraal*—the houses making the circumference of a circle, and the main street running through that, like a diameter, while the borders, or commons, spread out on all sides from the road to the buildings, which can be reached only by traversing these semicircular grass-plots; so that one can literally pass through the town without touching it at any point of its activities or inhabitation. The village itself would be well worth observing, were it not that our story passes through it in just such a manner as its own thoroughfare does—without touching it closely. We describe it because we have little to do with it, correcting ourselves as a lamented friend was wont to revise himself, when announcing his name, "My name is Anselmo Louis Vardoy Zaratto—but Vardoy is *not* my name; it is my grandmother's name."

Morford has many charms, on which we would delight to linger. But its crowning peculiarity is the stillness that comes over it at high-noon. Then, it literally strikes "twelve, and all is well." A solitary cow contemplates the verges of the brook, as if satisfied to see that such a brook is there against emergencies, although there is rather too much water for immediate use. A single rooster sidles along the fence, stops, cocks his eye meditatively, and deliberately utters his distinctive crow with a mild firmness that says, "It is my duty, and I do it." In fact, this crow is articulate—not "cock-a-doodle doo," as some translators render such a strain. By no manner of means. "*Doo*," indeed! What do they mean by their "*doos*" and their

"doodles?" Nor yet, as the learned, but somewhat pedantic Barringer puts it, "Here we make a great ado." But clearly—*chanticleerly*—as any candid listener verifies: "I my duty do. Do your duty, too." Nevertheless, his tone is languid. His only mate is somewhere within stable-doors, attending to her household affairs—laying away, with *henly* hospitality, in generous household store. There is no defiance in this rooster's bearing, for there is no counter-crow to bid him take up the gauntlet.

A single bird is fitting through the trees, and when he carols his voice is very sweet and low, as if he enjoyed this retreat; happily musing within himself, now that there are no foolish fellow-warblers at hand to criticise or debate. Most feathered flights do, indeed, appear to mount very high, and skirt the sky more dimly from this point than elsewhere.

A single mastiff, with a face the soul of good-nature, lies down and gets up, once again lies down and gets up, and shaking off the very flies good-humoredly, as if accepting their attentions, turns himself, once for all, in a small circle, and flops down again, content evermore. It is a drowsy, dozing town, and the people, personally, are like their homes, living just near enough together to be neighborly; just far enough apart to mind their own business.

At this hour of high-noon, on a particular day and date, in 1871, the broad street shows us only two forms of human kind, and these, also, are in repose. Two men are sitting by the road-side. Old black Ben is a clumsy Negro of unwieldy powers, who, at these presents, is repeating to himself a melancholy verse of an old hymn, as if it were a stanza of the choicest poetry—a verse which he learned in his childhood days of church-going or home-schooling. He makes no more verbal alterations than such as

are common to hymns. The refrain runs as follows:

"Hark! from de tooms a dornful soun',
Mine ears attentive cry:
Come every man an' view de groun'
Where your ownelves mus' shortly lie—
Mus' shortly lie."

Ben had been the village sexton, and this was, no doubt, his official refrain. He was now preparing to take his noontide lunch, or, as he expressed it, to "knuckle on a ham-bone." The stalwart form seated over against him, on an opposite rock, is surmounted by a leonine head, not lacking in intellectual power, and mobile with an indescribable shrewdness. "Peter—that is—Hunter" is so named because he has acquired the habit of interlarding all his sentences with the harmless expletive, "That is," without the slightest need or fitness of these words at the time. Some say he acquired it in attempting to break himself of swearing; others insist that he has found it a sovereign cure for stuttering, to which he was sadly addicted. At any rate, whenever his speech might hesitate on the one hand, or explode upon the other, the phrase comes pat, and when he is excited it comes *pattering*, and the measure of its use is the test of his emphasis. At the present moment, however, speech is listless and lazy, and Peter—that is—Hunter draws it very mild, merely observing: "This—that is—day is the—that is—hottest day for a—that is—year. You b—that is—blame b—that is—black Nigger, hurry—that is—up."

Hunter *is* a hunter, like the celebrated Quick family—of which he is a distant branch—who take their names from the fact that they are so quick on foot and quick on trigger. In his youthful days, he must have been very handsome, with his well-cut features and shock of nut-brown hair, which fact his old father expressed by remarking, "Pete was always *sich a belle*." But for a long time

Peter—that is, has been known simply as Hunter by name, and hunter by nature.

Now, however, when the two men start up and begin, with measured strides, to climb the highway hill, the “blame black,” in nowise offended, but rather refreshed by his title, clogs and clumps along, keeping well abreast with his companion.

A silent trudge of an hour brings them to one of those clear lakes with which these wooded hills are studded, and here their paths diverge, “blame black” betaking himself to a cabin at one extremity of the sheet of water, while Hunter makes his way to a cottage on the other side of it, but full in sight. This cottage bears marks of plenty and comfort, and might be styled, in the contrast, a mansion of aristocracy. There is something about the hunting and fishing equipments, hung over the porch-door, which, both as to quality and quantity, is slightly out of keeping with the solitude and simplicity of the hunter’s cot. The rods are handsomely mounted, and the fowling-pieces are of foreign make, with curiously carved stocks.

Presently the Negro, emerging from his cabin, enters that of his companion, unceremoniously, whereupon the latter hands him a parcel, “Take the—that is—mail-bag—that is—right along.”

We will follow Ben, and soon make up our minds that Hunter and he are the outside sentinels and messengers of some interior settlement, lying about five miles from the lake and about fifteen from the somnolent town of Morford, or, as we had almost called it, Morpheus.

Ben certainly earns the adjectives of “Blame—that is—black,” which Hunter will be sure to bestow on him at his return; for he goes very slowly, stumping up, bearing his little packet. He takes a tortuous track through the underbrush, and, where the aisles appear

to open everywhere and lead nowhither, he fetches a sharp circuit, and then mounts a rugged, ungainly hill, which shelves somewhat precipitately on the other side, ending in a table-land below, which in its turn shows a valley, or broad ravine, lying still farther below, and threaded by a silvery stream.

Within this upper valley, and round about this table-land, where the tree-trunks are as stately and symmetrical as in any English park, and there is no underbrush to obstruct the level floor carpeted with moss, you come suddenly upon a number of cottages, far enough apart and hidden by the trees sufficiently to appear, at first, to have no connection with each other, and attracting the eye only to one at a time, but revealing, after a little study, the fact that they are purposely clustered together: small, graceful in the framework, but, at the rear, entering by excavation into the side of the hill a considerable distance—if we may judge from the rear chimneys, which just peep above the surface of the earth at an angle half-way from the hill’s base.

Approaching the first of these abodes, Ben is met by a tall man, of grave and thoughtful bearing, evidently belonging to the higher ranks of character and culture, to whom he makes over his parcel, with the simple preface:

“Boss, ’dis yere!”

The packet is an envelope, apparently containing a few letters, but bearing the mark of a little village post-office on the low, sandy shore of New Jersey, not far from Sandy Hook, and has been thence re-directed, in a plain, rough hand, to “Mr. Peter Hunter, Morford.”

The only other thing significant about this envelope is the curious style in which the New Jersey Postmaster aforesaid makes his dates to be pronounced—misplacing the contractions: thus, if it be the first of the month, he writes it “1th” (“the oneth”); if the third, he puts

it "3st" ("thurst"): in this case, he has it "July 5d" ("fived").

This document Ben delivers, repeating, needlessly, the opinion of Peter—that is, as to the quarter whence it comes; after the manner of the young collegian, who, to be explicit, addressed an early letter to his father, superscribed, "To Mr. Cameron; *from his son.*" So Ben volunteers the information, "Boss, he say it is from New Rope."

"Europe, Ben," replies his auditor, smiling quietly.

"Boss," says Ben, with dignity, "I hain't no larnin'; but two words I kin spell, wot make dem school-boys sweat. Ole Massa larned me in de meetin'. Will de Boss jis' year me spell dose wordses?"

The Boss assenting, patiently, Ben squares himself to enact the parts of "massa" and pupil, both at once.

"You, Ben"—regarding himself sternly—"spell tuzzy muzzy, den."

Then replying very glibly, like a quick, bright scholar: "T-u-izzard-izzard-y; m-u-izzard-izzard-y, tuzzy muzzy"—with great gusto.

"Now, you black Ben, den"—summoning himself more fiercely, as if the next feat might prove impossible, but no subterfuge would be tolerated—"spell burodack baladan!"

"B-u, bu, r-o, buro, d-a-c-k, dack, burodack"—slowly, now, and with great concern—"b-a-l, no, n-o-p, burodack bal, a, burodack bala, d-a-n, *dan!*"—with a ring of breathless triumph—"burodack baladan! Eh, Boss? Yah! yah! Bossy—eh, Boss?"

Not every one of us, it may be, whose memories of early lessons are as intense as those of Ben, or less refracted by the mists of after-life than his—not every one of us could do such thankful justice to the square meal promptly set before him, which he describes as "fus' rate to knuckle on," and which, presently, awakened another poetical reminis-

cence of his youthful days, somewhat distinctive in its style, although in his ears melodious as a hymn, and possessing a hidden import not intelligible to ordinary minds. It ran thus:

"My father had a dung-hill fowl;
He run'd upon de groun':
He clapped his wings, but darsent crow—
He *run'd* upon de groun'."

The spot to which the Black Man had thus made his way became known to the present writer through an incident not to be here forestalled. It may be proper, however, at this point, to anticipate a little, in detailing some peculiarities of a place hitherto unvisited.

Ultrawa is the germ of a new territory in the forest, owned and occupied exclusively by a secret society, or social club. The title to the property, however, is kept in one man's name, and that is always to be the name of the oldest actual resident. He holds it for the sake of convenience as to its outside relations. But it is distinctly understood, within, that his ownership is nominal only; and there are always filed, in advance, a deed from him, and a will, on his part, signed, sealed, and witnessed, for the male inhabitant next in age, and from him to the next—thus providing for two successions, as a matter of security. In reality, the society discards the idea of individual property altogether.

After five years' existence, it comprises forty families—the original number—there being thirty-five married couples, who are all still young, and ten elderly men and women, who are blood relations of some of the others, and appear to be counselors of all. There are in the community, besides, about fifty children, principally between the ages of three and fourteen years—making the whole population about one hundred and thirty souls. Hitherto, not a single death has occurred; and, while five of these families are original members, left be-

hind at first, who have just followed their precursors from the starting-point, no accessions have been sought from the outside world; nor is it known whether any such would be accepted. The intention, however, is—as well as a visitor can make it out—that, whenever a sufficient number of children shall have grown up, a new village shall be located, adjacent to that now occupied; and, with the full sanction of the early managers, the community is to swarm. The Ultrawans appear to regard this matter as within their own discretion and control, not taking any foresight of the confusions that might ensue; and time enough has not elapsed either to embarrass or confirm their romantic notions.

These people are monogamous, holding the marriage-tie in most delicate sanctity. But, at the same time, they rank the home-circle as merely accidental, and exalt friendship, or fellowship, as the essential order of humanity. Pure in their domestic ties—and, in fact, subordinating these to their limits strictly, as mere private personalities—in all other things they share a life in common. Perhaps their community resembles chiefly that of a household, such as is occasionally witnessed, where brothers and sisters, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, contrive to live harmoniously together under one roof; the difference being that the Ultrawans, without being related by blood, *relate themselves* by friendship. For some reason, no jar of discord has been known among them to this date.

The children are singularly cherished in common. There are no officers, while nevertheless they claim that they have never disagreed. The oldest man or woman takes a sort of leadership, for the time, if occasion require; and all take turn at any successive service—not, however, by any formal reckoning of turns, but spontaneously. They have no deliberations or discussions, and hardly any rules, but a kind of general under-

standing, which, according to their statements, has never hitherto been marred. For they hold that the evils of society are engendered by the struggles for existence; and that the proper remedy is, never to struggle.

The philosophy which seems to underlie their scheme is, that, if the human race would be quiet and natural, the human heart would become sound and good; or, in other words, that, if you build the arbor wisely, the serpent would never enter it. Time may confute this idea; but there is no denying that, thus far, it gains in their esteem.

The society in Ultrawa was not originally intended as a religious sect, nor is there any set system of religion adopted as a creed. None the less remarkable are its devotional practices, if such they can be called. Notions of religion do not prescribe their mode of life, but the Ultrawan mode of life appears to dictate a method of religious expression. Observing a group of the whole sitting in a devout silence, as if engaged in worship, one might imagine, at first, that he had come upon a species of Quakerism. The mistake, however, is soon perceptible. The Ultrawan religion might be Quaker, if it did not include the very reverse of Quakerism. It has just two elements: *silence* and *song*. At noon-day there is a song—a hymn—sung simultaneously by all persons, wherever they are, whatever they may be doing. Unlike the Mussulman, who desists from his work at sound of the cry from mosque and minaret, that he may kneel to pray, the Ultrawan, at the precise moment when the sun marks noon, lifts up the voice while hands ply their purpose, or feet pursue their path, all the more vigorously. You can hear the voices radiating toward each other, in tones rather mellow than sonorous, from different points of the compass—the bass and the treble offsetting each other—and even the children prattling whatever they can manage of the same strain.

The song, which we have called a hymn—for the poetry is lofty, and the words are evidently those of adoration—might, with equal accuracy, be styled a prayer. It is brief, and followed by an impressive silence.

At sunset, another ode, or psalm, is lifted up, as a matter of course, and without any previous announcement—swelling from the group that are usually collected in the little central square at that hour, but taken up, all the same, by others who are standing in the cottage door-ways; and, in the only two instances of sickness which we had occasion to discover, the sick joined in, on their couches, with plaintive tones. You can discern that the sentiment of the song is not only sacred, but Christian, in the broad sense in which Pliny tells us that the primitive Christians “sung a hymn to Christ, as God.” It is, however, nothing that would be accepted as authority by any theological school.

There is a kind of Sabbath maintained among them once a week. They all come together at an hour in the afternoon, and take their seats—if the season and weather permit—under a large tree, which stands upon a knoll in the valley. If the weather be unpropitious, they meet in the morning in a central house, which holds a large apartment, fitted up, not like a meeting-house, but like a drawing-room. In either case, those who come first chat at ease with each other until all have assembled, when they drop gradually into a gentle silence, which deepens, deepens, until it becomes either very painful or ecstatic to the last degree—sometimes awakening the one mood, and sometimes the other. That silence broods, as if it were a distinct creation. It almost induces one to think that you can see it, as a substance; that you can recognize it as a form, an impersonation of silence, an angel of space, alighting and presiding. Then it suddenly melts or vanishes: you feel it departing; and, all at once, the

voices lift up the sweetest song, which ripples and trills, and swells and soars, until it seems to the overstrained nerves as if you had never known before the lark-like tones of which the human voice is capable, unless a single note which you may recall in the voice of Jenny Lind—if you heard her in her prime—had something slightly resembling it. As the cadence dies away, they resume their conversation, or depart as they list, as if nothing had transpired.

There are no sermons or addresses of any sort, nor is the Bible ever brought forward publicly, or read aloud, although it is plain to be seen that each individual cherishes a Bible with a peculiar reverence, and reads it apart, as if it were a private legacy. No musical instruments are used in the worship, nor do we see any pianos in the settlement. Individuals, however, contrive, for themselves, little fabrics—mingling the pipe and the string—which utter a melody unlike any thing heard elsewhere, and give forth strains at once more ethereal and more penetrating.

The Ultrawans are pure vegetarians. Their diet is chiefly a combination of forest productions, concocted and cooked to an exquisite flavor, the secret of preparing which they claim to have brought with them. And they claim, besides, to have in their possession the art of distilling, from the herbs and leaves, a beverage which has all the flavor and tonic power of wine, without in the least showing its intoxicating spells. Certainly, they are all youthful and vigorous in appearance; and that ochre-hue, that mixture of redness and sallowness, which stains the tissues in so much of our race, is utterly wanting, as is also that languid suggestion of a torpid liver, which Duparton, in spite of his wretched habit of punning, has accurately called “the livery of mortality.”

Of their peculiar tenets in regard to the animal races—the way in which they deal with them, and their positive theo-

ry, or science, of a language common to all animate creatures, which shall yet be so translated that bird and beast shall converse with the human race—it is better that nothing be said in this place. There is much in their entire schedule of life which we put aside, as being, to say the least, incomprehensible to us.

These families, however, consist of people of intelligence and refinement, who have come hither from a locality on another continent, to which this narrative may have occasion hereafter to refer, and hold themselves commissioned to illustrate man's true nobility and simplicity. They reckon it for life's errand and aim, to discover secrets still hidden in the substances of Nature; to enjoy the world, by means of their disclosure, and so to make each other happy, and benefit the race.

While they possess a comfortable library—in French, German, and English—which consists mainly of works of science and natural history, they give themselves individually to an independent quest of truths in Nature—awaiting discoveries in grasses, trees, rocks, soils, and streams, which our race has hitherto failed to discern. They pursue this as a pastime, with avidity, and as a business, with assiduity. They have in their keeping lenses and instruments, the like of which we never heard of; and, by means of these, they subject the organisms about them to an unusual analysis. This is the only business they pursue. These are the only treasures they seek. At the same time, it must be confessed that there is a great incongruity in their disdain of money-getting, for they have plenty of money, gotten somewhere. There are two chests—the one of gold and silver coin, the other of currency—standing in the central room, which are accessible to all; and they send out to purchase necessaries and luxuries through a trusty representative abroad. In this, as in all other matters, husbands

and wives, men and women, appear to be on perfect equality. And, indeed, the matter of women's rights is not even put in question in Ultrawa.

It is a goodly sight to watch the Ultrawans sauntering throughout the day, in their self-contained, complacent individualisms, about these pursuits, the little satchel hung over each shoulder, to contain the luncheon, as well as the instrument or lens; and then to see them, early in the afternoon, returning leisurely, to group themselves in clusters under the trees and in the door-ways, or, in winter, round about the large wood-fires, resting so quietly, chatting and laughing so contentedly, until the evening hymn; then dispersing gently, as if life knew neither care nor sorrow, sin nor dying—as if the Garden of Eden, instead of being disputed as a myth, were to be recovered in a literal Materialism.

Of the characters, conversations, and adventures of the inhabitants—the history, romance, and poetry of Ultrawa—much remains, thus far, unspoken.

While Ben is busily obeying the scriptural injunction—most sacred in his eyes—to “eat the fat, and drink the sweet,” the Ultrawans group themselves in loving clusters beneath the largest tree, and regale each other with the contents of the letters just received, which seem to kindle the general joy, as at some remarkable occurrence.

The sunset steeps the woods with warm effulgence; the atmosphere flutters, freshens, and floats more freely, as if a further avenue had been opened out in space. Suddenly, the evening hymn soars upward to meet the coming starlight far out upon its way.

The coal-black messenger bids “Good-night to der Boss,” and trudges on his homeward path, his jet face all oily with contentment, and rippling, more than once, with the noiseless outbreak of an inward chuckle.

ETC.

ACCELERATED speed and easy access have brought, of late years, a succession of tourists to California, whose impressions are as varied as the seasons in which they come, or the localities they select for their brief sojourn. We have had visitors of that impatient type who refuse to admit the superiority of our climate over all others in the known world; who speak disrespectfully of our style of architecture, in comparison with that of London or Paris; who talk of the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, when we modestly hint that we are in the infancy of a school of art; who snub us because we have no Central Park; who have actually seen bigger strawberries than ours; and, finally, who scarcely think it "pays" to visit Yosemite.

In the spirit of much dejection and mortification, we sit under the shadow of their disappointment; but rebound, when we remember that we have entertained men of science and culture—artists and writers, theologians and scholars—who, while they have revived our intellectual activity, and perhaps infused a higher standard of morals and manners, have confessed to an exhilarating freshness from the contact, which has reversed the idea that it is more blessed to give than receive. More than this: old-time scientific theories have been overthrown by the caprices of Nature, in her geological formations; and the scientist gathers mineralogical specimens, or studies dips, and spurs, and angles with a new and absorbing interest. To the uninitiated eye, what seems but a chaos of rubbish is to him a revelation, and, with every discovery, he pins old mother earth down to the question of her age with irreverent curiosity. Ah! she is reticent. Let him trace it in her wrinkles; in the foot-prints on her sands, where her baby-feet once stood. Let him lift the awful veil of Yosemite, and question how long the waters have dashed in mad

leaps from summit to base, or scan the boles and concentric rings of her great trees, which were old before he was born.

And the artist, as he transfers to his canvas rich hints of Tyrian purple and glowing crimson—as he catches amethystine hues, fading and breaking into opaline fragments—has he found no new studies in her myriad flosses of color, to repay him for the weariness of climbing inaccessible rocks, and clinging to their jagged points, with Death in the ravine below to catch him if he falls?

Has the author received no hints of a type of character, wholly and solely Californian, developed by the exigencies of time and place? Has he studied the honest miner, making a Hercules of himself with his invincible courage and perseverance; the mountain collector, exacting the poll-tax from the "heathen Chinese," with ways that outstrip that badgered individual's own in darkness and vanity; the ditch-tender, spending his life in rushing from gate to gate, lest an inch of water, more or less, be wasted, and coming down with expletives of original cussitude on the unlucky culprit who has stolen a foot of his Yuba-dam stream?

Has the writer found anywhere on earth's broad acres, save in California, the pioneer woman of the mines spooning pap into a baby with her right-hand, kneading a batch of "ris'" bread with her left, managing a sewing-machine with her elbows, and cutting out work with her toes—to say nothing of the lighter gymnastic exercises of milking and butter-churning? Has the maker of books ever peeped into an editorial sanctum in the mountains, and seen this same woman spinning off "copy" for her husband, or setting type in a *press*-room small enough to deserve its name? Phases of life have revealed themselves to the theologian, also, which have stirred into the profound depths of old dogmas ideas which have annihilated his time-

worn creeds, and convinced him that abstractions and doctrines are unsatisfying husks; and he has gone home a wiser man for his broader outlook upon humanity.

The tourist season is again at its culmination. Groups of strangers meet the eye at every turn. Even* the slow Philadelphia Quaker climbs the shaky steps of the Joss-house, his sedate mind teeming with questions which find their solution in the Chinese Sunday-school; and, though still supremely satisfied with his own comfortable surroundings, he has less commiseration for those of his California friends, as he calls to mind the teeming heat of the dog-days, and weathers with ruddy front the gentle (?) breezes from the bay. Apprehensions of earthquakes vanish from the minds of sojourners, in view of the more terrible sun-stroke, which touches with heated finger the dizzy brain, and with fatal and rapid celerity hurries the smitten to his death-doom. There are some natures in which a germ of the Gypsy element is sown, by some mysterious power, which never finds development till prairie-winds or Indian waters touch it into sudden outburst. To these, California is an earthly Paradise. They fling off the fibrous tendrils which have bound them to circumscribed limits, and become migratory. If they know the meaning of the word "success," it is accidental; for they are generally rolling stones that gather no moss, but, floating down the current of their wishes to the shores they never find, they stumble on Nature's unknown recesses, and, penetrating into the deep heart of her forests or scaling her mountain heights, enter into her grandest reception-rooms—and lo! the Trees, which are a world's wonder, are discovered, and Yosemite is unveiled. Let us welcome them. They are the pioneers of Poetry and Art.

THE art of revealing the literary shortcomings of a writer, without torturing his sensitiveness and discouraging his effort, betokens the possession of a true spirit and genius for criticism. Many an ardent, susceptible, aspirational soul has been crushed out, murdered in cold blood, by those "fierce inquisitors" of literature—malevolent, ill-natured critics, who, to air their own flimsy erudition, are perpetually gibbeting less preten-

tious, but more chivalrous, seekers after excellence. It is pitiable to note with what supercilious, savage sagacity these would-be censors often set about their graceless work of demolition. Place before them the rarest productions of genius and of art, and, like carrion-birds, they spread their wings and sail away, in dull obliviousness to charming landscape or enrapturing scene; and, with dogged persistency, peer forward, with leering, dissatisfied glance, until fetid odors exhale themselves upon the air, giving cheerful promise of the feast their morbid appetite most craves. Having no time or inclination for extended observation, many a cynical ascetic avenges himself by waging a sort of predatory warfare upon such as venture forth upon excursive rambles.

To disclose and hold up to view the excellences, rather than the imperfections of a writer, is the province of true criticism. The merest witting can pick up worthless pebbles; but it is the skilled, well-trained eye that discovers the diamonds among the rubbish and *débris*. An incongruous mixture of philippic, satire, and invective does not constitute conscientious criticism. To be a true prophet of art, a critic must be generous as well as just. Inspiration can never plume itself for loftiest flight, beneath the cold shadow of an Areopagus assembled for judgment. What of fragrance can survive, where every delicate flower of fancy is ruthlessly picked to pieces, in order to make sure that its structure, functions, and classification be scientifically accurate? The subtle, diffusive aroma of the lily or heliotrope never presumes to assert itself while in unfortunate contiguity with garlic or boiled cabbage. Great souls are generous, and diffuse the soft sunlight of encouragement, which promotes literary excellence and growth; while selfish, disingenuous spirits, with the sirocco-breath of censure, can wither the fairest fruitage. Severity in criticism gives no evidence of recondite study or literary acumen. It takes neither wit nor genius to carp and lampoon: it is the connoisseur who discovers the beauties in every art.

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;

He who would search for pearls must dive below."

Then, too, true genius disdains to be fettered and burdened with technicalities: the

rules and exactions of the cold, unsympathetic critic are like weights to the pinions, to keep them earth-bound. Instinct, not mere conventional rule, determines the habit of thought and expression. Idea and sentiment are wedded in love, and the offspring of such marriages have a native, inborn sense of a right to life, without being hunted down like aliens and usurpers. When the heart, obedient to the overmastering inspirations of the soul, speaks out in its fullness, criticism should reverently lay aside the weapons with which it is wont to assail the colder suggestions of the head.

How often is elegant inanity set down for polished erudition; and the most priggish conceits of sentiment and diction are not infrequently applauded as exquisite touches of originality. On the other hand, how perpetually is heard the wailing plaint of dissatisfaction at the lack of originality. With all due severity toward those who "steal a thought and clip it round the edge" till its paternity could never be substantiated; and with just execration and righteous anathema for high-handed plagiarism wherever well established, might it not be well for every patron and lover of literature to leave a generous margin for struggling genius to go upon? Years ago it was asserted by one not wholly given to folly, that there was nothing new under the sun; and *à propos* to this, we may be pardoned for closing our little homily with a few choice and apposite thoughts, which fell under our eye some years since, and which may be no longer preserved, except in the dim pencilings of our commonplace-book. They are too good to be lost. The gifted and sagacious writer says:

"Originality, indeed, in the primary sense, exists mainly in the dreams of him who has never read what people wrote before his day. The ideas, the arguments, the figures of speech, the fancies, and even the fun that we meet every day have many a wrinkle of old age. Let us pray that there may be no literary resurrection. The *disjecta membra*, building up their several skeletons and seeking their 'affinities,' the long-estranged and much-wandering fragments of literature rushing together from far and near, the children of the brain hunting up their fathers, anxious authors frantically pursuing and affectionately claiming their putative offspring, the joyful escape of many a thought from its burial-place among aliens and vagabonds, would be a spectacle too distracting to the literary world. There would be no

new era of literature for a generation to come after such an event. The theretofore credulous and indulgent public, hoping for nothing original, and taught the knowledge of good and evil, would buy no more new books; and authors would abjure authorship as a refinement of larceny, published as such in all the statute-books, and posted on the bulletins. But public and authors would both be wrong. Literature is kaleidoscopic. An author puts into his brain fragments of thoughts, gems of poetry, links of logic, figures, idioms, and minor things—resolves them, and forthwith the charm is wrought: the combination which appears is something new under the sun, gives his brain an impulse with some new purpose or opportune occasion, and lo! logic and fact, figure, idiom, and gems array themselves in still newer relations; and there is another new thing under the sun. The world sees what it never exactly saw before: the pretty glitter of a new combination, or a new, glorious, grand, and symmetrical array of things richest and rare."

THE growth and prosperity of California depend upon increased facilities for bringing to her shores a class of men who will still more fully develop her abundant resources. Hitherto that portion of the State most easily reached has absorbed the immigrant population. There are thousands of uncultivated acres awaiting the hand of labor, which are now idle. The fertility of the Santa Barbara and Los Angeles regions has already induced a great increase of population in that direction. Olive orchards and graperies are rich in the promise of oil and wine. Orange groves drift their sweet blossoms seaward; and the tropical cocoa-palm lifts its stately branches around many a homestead. Still farther and farther south, long lines of sunny acres stretch their barren wastes, which the opening of the contemplated railroad will cause to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Arizona—which has lifted imploring hands in vain for deliverance from the curse of barbarous fiends, and as barbarous desperadoes, who sun their idleness in her white heats, and leave bloody records of rapine and murder—rejoices that this non-producing population, inimical to the progress of industry, will give place to a higher civilization than is possible under her present unfavorable conditions. New Mexico and Colorado await recruits, who shall pitch their tents over spreading plains, luxuriant with almost perpetual summer bloom. China and Japan are ready—with competing roads—to make the commerce of the world a belt, San Francisco

holding in her right and left hands the ends, and the power of clasping them into a circle. Men who have grown old here in years and experience, are young again with the buoyant energy of the early days of pioneership, as they contemplate the possible future which a network of railroads promises. Men who looked forward to the California of to-day, when *adobes* and tents sheltered them, and their infrequent supplies reached them *via* Cape Horn, again project themselves into the future, and realize from the outgrowth of the past what may yet be the triumphant and glorious destiny of the country they love. People become familiar with the repeated details of management, construction, and cost—with the localities through which the roads are to pass—with their present and future advantages—their practical and permanent value—so that intelligent willingness, rather than enforced obligation, shall lead our hope up to its stately coronation.

THE SERENADE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.]

Who wakes me from my slumbers
With these strains from heaven drawn?
Sweet mother! see who it may be
That comes ere early dawn!

I hear not—I behold not—
Oh sleep! thou soft and mild!
They sing for thee no serenade—
Thou little, suffering child.

It is not earthly music
That fills me with delight:
The angel calls me with his song—
Oh mother, dear! Good-night!

J. C. L.

ONE need not reflect very profoundly in order to discover sufficient reasons for the undeniable fact that the most popular book of the day is seldom the best one. Of course, when we speak of the best book, we mean the best in its line. In any other sense, the proposition that the popular book is not the best is a mere truism which furnishes no food for reflection. The very presence in a writer's mind of the idea of adapting his work to the popular taste must impair its literary quality, by lowering the tone of his thought, or confusing the singleness of his purpose. This is as true of the lowest order of literary productions as of the highest. It applies as well to a sensational novel as to an epic

poem; to a cookery-book as to an essay on the freedom of the will. Other things being equal, the literary work done without reference to popularity will be superior to that the conscious aim of which has been to please the greatest number of readers. Popularity, however, is so capricious a goddess—if we may be permitted to make an immortal of her—that her decrees can not be anticipated, or even accounted for. She has but little respect for the established canons of criticism, and utterly ignores the accepted standards of taste. Her caprices constantly lead to decisions which seem to the judicious and the critical to be wholly independent of merit; so that when, by sheer accident, she occasionally bestows her smiling patronage upon something that is really admirable, she is apt to damage the subject of her eulogium with those discriminating minds that have learned to regard her praise with suspicion and her censure as *prima facie* evidence in favor of the thing she condemns. This disquisition has been suggested by the fact that the two best books of the season in their respective lines do not seem likely to achieve the widest popularity. We speak of Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" and George Eliot's "Middlemarch," a novel of the very highest order, compared with which such tales as Readé's "Terrible Temptation" and Wilkie Collins's "Poor Miss Finch" are mere sensational rubbish and stage claptrap. So far as popularity is concerned, "Middlemarch" has proved a failure as a serial, compared with "Poor Miss Finch."

MR. WHITE-LAW REID'S ideal editor, as outlined by him in his "Schools of Journalism," is a very imposing personage. American journalism, however, does not as yet boast such an all-accomplished paragon, and if a board of examiners were to make a tour of the newspaper offices of the land, rigorously applying Mr. Reid's standard of qualifications, we doubt if there is a tripod anywhere between the eastern and western seas but would have to be vacated. The ideal journalist must have a "knowledge of the history of political parties in this country," a "comprehensive knowledge of the entire history of his own country," "an ac-

quaintance with the general history of the world." What Mr. Reid means by the last phrase is explained in his next sentence: "The history of civilization and of forms of government, of the trials that have overtaken each, and of the source from which its real perils come, of the development of diverse forms of civilization, and of the causes that have aided, retarded, overthrown each; the deductions of Guizot, and De Tocqueville, and Buckle; the recitals of Motley, Grote, Gibbon, Fronde, Kinglake—whatever tells how governments have borne the stress of unexpected peril, and men have prospered, suffered, advanced, or lost ground in this or that condition of rule—will furnish invaluable guidance for any intelligent discussion of to-day's problems of public affairs." To all this must be added "a fair general knowledge of the fundamental principles of common, constitutional, and international law;" also, a thorough acquaintance with political economy, supplementing "Adam Smith, and Bentham, and Malthus with John Stuart Mill, and Say, and Bastiat;" and when the ideal editor has gone over this ground and "mastered Matthew Carey, Greeley, and Wayland, and Bowen, he will *still* find the literature of the question expanding into a thousand ramifications, and leading to kindred studies as complex and imperative." Mr. Reid's journalistic prodigy must also be master of at least two of the modern languages. In speaking of the necessity of a better knowledge of grammar than the average editor possesses, the writer repeats Grant White's sneer at "newspaper English;" yet Mr. Reid himself is not quite a purist in practice, notwithstanding the exalted standard he sets up for his journalistic brethren. His essay abounds in blemishes of style, and when he tells us "a school of philosophers have sprung up, who pronounce," etc., he shows that he is not himself guiltless of an occasional contribution to the "newspaper English," the use of which by "professional or semi-professional writers" he so pathetically deplors. The best thing in the essay is the

paragraph on libel suits against newspapers, which is a manly utterance of wholesome truth—a truth, we regret to say, which very few California journals have been willing to acknowledge.

MANY a good article sent to the press for publication is necessarily rejected, from the sheer impossibility of unraveling the chirography. The *m's* and *n's* and *i's* and *r's* have such a loving affinity for one another that there is no such thing as unclasping them long enough for identification. It is a mooted question as to who will be held responsible for the irrepressible anathemas of many a jaded printer, while wrestling hopelessly with a mystical continuity of undecipherable hieroglyphics. Any thing in the wide world but a bootless tilt with pot-hooks! The stone of Sisyphus, or the waters of Tantalus, are nothing when compared with it. A thoughtful observer would have the conclusion forced upon him that there were successful schools devoted to the art of anti-penmanship, and well patronized besides. Might it not be wise for the Bureau of Education at Washington to issue an edict compelling every man, woman, and child in the commonwealth to write a legible hand? In case they fail to act, we call upon "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" to take the matter in hand. It will not do to slowly murder typos at their cases, or kill off the editorial fraternity by inches. We venture to recall Hood's pertinent suggestions in this connection. He says: "Buy the best paper, the best ink, the best pens, and then sit down and do the very best you can: as the school-boys do, put out your tongue, and take pains. So shall ye happily escape the rash rejection of a furious editor, and the heartfelt invocations (?) of the compositor, and fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the press, which, at times, ruin a poet's sublimest effusion, by pantomimically transforming his '*roses*' into '*noses*,' his '*angels*' into '*angles*,' and his '*happiness*' into '*pappiness*.'"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT CHAMBERS; with Autobiographic Reminiscences of W. Chambers. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Perhaps nothing is attended with more profit and pleasure than a review of the life-history of those who have lived to enlighten and bless the world. More particularly encouraging is it to note the obscure beginnings and meagre opportunities of many of the world's greatest benefactors—to follow them in their struggles, as they resolutely resolve that the unremitting activity and assiduity of manhood shall atone for the paucity of advantages in early years. It is inspiring to remember that a large proportion of those who have shed light and radiance upon the world have worked their own way up to eminence and distinction; and proving, by their own experience, that "eternal vigilance" and well-directed energy are the price of honor and success, they are all the better prepared to offer hints and suggestions to others, who, with the same obstacles to overcome, are striving to attain the same desirable results.

No memoir could better show what industry, diligence, and lofty purpose can attain than the work before us. The watchword of the lives herein recorded, was Energy. It was energy that caused the pent-up talent to burst the trammels of poverty and find its eager way forth into more promising paths. The author, in his prefatory note, says, "If a perusal of the narrative serves in any degree to inspire youth with notions of self-reliance, along with a hopeful dependence on Providence, when pressed by adverse circumstances, I shall be more than recompensed." The fact of the author being a brother, and interblending much of interest in regard to his own life-history, adds peculiar value to the work.

Born at Peebles, a small country town on the Tweed, in the south of Scotland, where their ancestors had dwelt from time imme-

morial, William and Robert Chambers spent the early years of their lives—from 1800 to 1813—among the beautiful pastoral hills of that bonny place. The fragmentary notes and memoranda left by Robert, containing reminiscences from the dawn of intelligence to his tenth year, which cover this period, possess a rare interest. Enjoying the fruits of uninterrupted frugality and industry for centuries in the old-town community, the ancestors of these brothers had attained to a somewhat enviable position, in their thrifty but humble occupation as manufacturers of woollen and linen cloths, on an antiquated and meagre scale. In his notes he says: "Upright, pious, and benevolent, my grandfather very acceptably held the office of an elder of the church for the last thirty years of his existence. To the poor and wretched he was an ever-ready friend, adviser, and consoler." Perhaps in this little revelation we have the clew to the remarkable career of the brothers in question, rather than in the strange, congenital malformation of six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, which by the neighbors was regarded as a most favorable omen.

The father of Robert and William was a man more given to intellectual tastes than to business-tact, which fact in the end proved of great advantage to his sons, though a great hardship to his delicate and overburdened wife. It opened the only library in the little, old burgh to the use and enjoyment of these young, craving minds; and a handsome tribute is paid to the liberal spirit of enterprise which animated the cow-keeping country bookseller, whose generous kindness afforded them the opportunity for a desultory course of reading, which undoubtedly broadened the sphere of their ideas, and gave bent to their future career. Heavy pecuniary misfortune and deep family calamity compelled their removal to Edinburgh, in 1813, when

Robert was but eleven years of age; but this catastrophe ultimately proved the most beneficent of blessings: it cleared the way for a new and better order of things. Referring to this sorrow-worn period of their lives, the author says:

"Families falling by misfortune into straitened circumstances, of course lose many old friends and acquaintances, at least as far as familiar, personal intercourse is concerned. This loss, though often the subject of sorrowful and angry remark, is not an unmitigated evil. * * * Happily the defection, real or apparent, of old friends is not uncompensated. Sinking into a lower sphere, a new and hitherto undiscovered region is disclosed. A higher class, as we are apt to feel, has cruelly turned its back on us; but we are received with open arms by a very good and agreeable sort of people, in whose moderate incomes, and, it may be, misfortunes and struggles, we feel the pleasures of fellowship. The Vicar of Wakefield, it will be recollected, did not find the jail such a bad thing after all."

Theirs was the experience of suffering that had in it the victorious element. And now came the tug of conflict, the heroic wrestling with hard fortune. William was apprenticed to an Edinburgh printer—the well-intentioned, but thrifless father having strong convictions in regard to the wisdom of allowing children to think and struggle for themselves, deeming this the truest kindness, and any thing else cruelty. Robert, after an ineffectual attempt to secure a collegiate education, made frantic efforts at self-support, by private teaching and by a clerkship in a counting-house, from which place, he says, "I was discharged for no other reason that I can think of, but that my employer thought me too stupid to be likely ever to do him any good." At this point he entered upon the adventurous project of bookseller upon his own account, and on a very small scale. It was like trying to make something out of nothing—an experiment which resulted in making of him the rare executive man that he was. The success of William in his new enterprise, encouraged Robert to follow suit. He says, "I had no fear of losing caste, because I had no artificial position to lose; and as for losing self-respect, that entirely depends on conduct and the motives by which it is influenced." Brave, true words for a young man to set forth with in life's contests! From this time—1819—until 1832, these two heroic brothers carried on separate establishments; and

their resolute struggles during those Augustan days of Edinburgh, when Jeffrey and Scott, Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd, Dugald Stewart and Addison, were daily giving their rare and ripe thoughts to the world and distinguishing old Edinburgh as a literary centre, are of thrilling interest. The literary ability of Robert Chambers was first displayed in his *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley* and *Traditions of Edinburgh*—the latter being an authentic and amusing detail of old memories and associations with which that romantic locality abounded. It was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, who had generously contributed materials for the work, and who proved a valuable friend and a substantial benefit to him in his labors. Both works were well received. Others followed in rapid succession, still further extending his reputation as a writer. His *History of the Rebellion of 1745* attained the greatest and most enduring popularity of all his works.

About this time, Archibald Constable—then the unquestioned Emperor of the publishing world, pressed Robert into the service of *Constable's Miscellany*. Shortly after, the brothers united their efforts upon the *Gazetteer of Scotland*, as a mere filling in of the intervals of business. In January, 1832, was issued the prospectus of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, which speedily attained a circulation of over 50,000. It would seem, indeed, that all previous hardships and experiences had been but a system of training in strict adaptation for the field they were destined to occupy, as proprietors of one of the largest and most successful publishing houses in Scotland. Of the closing years of Robert's life, his last days, death, and character, we have a full and tenderly written history. He produced upward of seventy volumes during his long and laborious life; and as he died in his sixty-ninth year, it would average more than one to every year. Excessive literary labor produced nervous prostration, and hastened his death. The tribute of his brother to the quality of his literary efforts does not transcend the truth. He says, "His whole writings had for their aim the good of society, the advancement, in some shape or other, of the true and beautiful."

A better book for the perusal and contem-

plation of both old and young, could not find its way into the family library.

GOD-MAN. By L. T. Townsend, D.D., Professor in the School of Theology, Boston University. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The amount of original matter in this volume bears about the proportion to the quotations, of Gratiano's grain of wheat to the two bushels of chaff; but so far as quality and value are concerned, the copious excerpts from other writers are the wheat in the present case, while the scanty disquisition contributed by the author is the chaff. We should infer that Doctor Townsend keeps as many commonplace-books as the eccentric and indefatigable author of *A Terrible Temptation*, with an *Index ad Indices* in addition, and that he had poured out their entire contents into the present compilation. But the book will be found none the less valuable and interesting—rather the more so—to those who are deeply interested in its subject, because of its poverty of original disquisition. Doctor Townsend has collected, with prodigious industry and considerable discrimination, the most noteworthy utterances of the deepest thinkers and the most learned theologians on the religious problems that hinge upon the character of Jesus, and the true place of Christianity among the religions of the world. His range of citation is broad and catholic enough to include such intellectual opposites as Ruskin and Bishop Butler, Herbert Spencer and Cudworth, Ernest Renan and Doctor McCosh. Passages from Schiller, Tennyson, Browning, Emerson, and Theodore Parker figure in strange companionship with screeds of doctrine from austere Calvinistic divines. St. Austin and Tertullian rub shoulders with Victor Hugo and Jean Paul Richter; the deities of the nations—Brahm and Buddha, Jove and Jehovah, and the Great Spirit of our North American aborigines—meet in Doctor Townsend's pages on terms almost as companionable as in Bayard Taylor's *Masque of the Gods*. If, however, there is any thing in what we have said that conveys the impression that the book is a crude collection of heterogeneous material, we wish to correct that impression. Wide as is the range of quotation, it is almost invariably pertinent—so much so, that a

chapter which is a patchwork from a hundred different writers is almost as coherent and consecutive as if it were the work of one.

The spirit of the book is refreshingly large and catholic; and it is an encouraging sign of the times that a Doctor of Divinity and authorized teacher in an orthodox theological seminary can give utterance to ideas so broad and philosophical as find expression in the six chapters on "Essential Theology."

The division of the book entitled "Comparative Theology," furnishes remarkably clear and concise sketches of Brahminism, Buddhism, the religious ideas of the Greeks and Romans, of the Israelites and Ishmaelites, and of the aboriginal Americans. In the fifty-five pages devoted to this branch of his subject, Doctor Townsend has succeeded (chiefly by means of quotations from other writers) in conveying a more accurate and adequate notion of the scope and spirit of these theologies—or mythologies—than one would conceive it possible to give in so limited a space. In all these systems the author finds some elements of "Essential Theology"—some portions of the body of permanent and universal truth which constitutes the religion of humanity. Instead of depreciating the religious ideas underlying the pagan philosophies, he delights in tracing analogies between them and the doctrines of Christianity. Thus, he shows that Brahm, "the One Supreme," seeming to his devotees too awful and too holy to be directly approached by mortals, a mediator, or "intervening one," was sought, and was found in Brahma, an image or reflection of Brahm, "the light flowing from the source of light." Brahma sacrifices himself by descending to the earth, and also sacrifices his own son, or emanation, for human good. The whole development of Brahminism is characterized as "an elaborate, scholarly, and persevering effort to explain the various phenomena of Nature," and also "a restless search after a living and incarnate intelligence to communicate with man and to disclose to him the otherwise unknowable." The "twice-born" of the Brahmins is declared to be "not unlike in form to the second birth of the Christian faith," while the creating Brahm, inseparable from the Absolute Thought, and corre-

sponding with the Egyptian "Intelligence" and the "Wisdom" of the Book of Proverbs, "is the Brahmin's anticipation of the Word-Reason in the Gospel of John." In the same broad spirit, Buddhism is pronounced to be "one of the sublimest religious phenomena that has visited the world." "It is a late day," says the author, "for Christianity to fall into a jealous fit for fear that she has something to lose from paying respect to the thoughts of so many men. There is truth in Buddhism—an inward, perennial truth—or there is truth nowhere. These forethoughts of the Buddhists may be as good and the same as our after-thoughts."

In order to show, that, notwithstanding the lax morals of the Homeric gods, the Greeks and Romans were not destitute of sentiments of religious reverence, Doctor Townsend quotes liberally from their poets and philosophers. From Æschylus, whom he calls "the later theological poet of Greece," he cites such epithets, applied to Jupiter, as the "universal cause," the "all-seer," the "all-wise," the "holy," the "merciful," the "most high and perfect one, the blessed Zeus." Of course, he finds no difficulty in proving by reference to the writings of Plato, Plutarch, Pliny, and Seneca that these "heathen philosophers" were not ignorant of the principles of ethics, and that they recognized substantially the same moral obligations now respected in civilized communities.

Coming to the Israelitish religion, our author declares that it rests upon the same basis as Islamism, and that "the basis of it is not distinctively Hebrew, but is, beyond question, natural, and common to all the other Semitic nations." The old Canaanitish chieftains, Melchisedec and Abimelech, worshiped the same God as Abraham; and "long before the Patriarch reached the Land of Promise, and while his father was engaged in idol-making, the beautiful hills of Palestine were adorned with altars and smoking with sacrifices to the same one Being who is found in the original development of Brahminism."

Mohammedanism is dealt with in the like philosophical and candid spirit. Mohammed, we are told, aroused the Arabs from a state of idolatry. He was one of the greatest of men. He was religious, not ambitious. "His purpose was to revive the religion of

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Like Zoroaster, Sakya-Muni, and Martin Luther, Mohammed was a Protestant reformer; and like them, too, he was no sham or false man." His first public act was to abolish idols and idol-worship, and to point the people to one Allah. His heart is better than his philosophy. Though his system is a system of error, "it has done not a little for the cause of truth."

The division of the book entitled "Essential Theology," seeks to show that the essential truths of religion are confined to no particular system; that there is in the world "a gospel hoary with antiquity," which existed before there was a Bible, or a sacred book of any creed. "Perhaps," says the author, "the gospel has by some been preached everywhere since the days of Abel." Christians ought not, he thinks, to be troubled when skeptics assert that the ideas of a mediator, of incarnation, and sacrifice are as old as the race; "that Christian dogmas based upon these and kindred subjects have no better or different foundation than those of all other [*sic*] Paganisms, and that Christian ideas and symbols are, at best, but second-hand." To meet such assertions by denying the correctness of all heathen conceptions, he pronounces a sad mistake.

Entering upon the subject the discussion of which is the chief object of the volume, namely, the relation which Jesus bears to historic events, Doctor Townsend lays down the proposition that there are but three positions which thinking men can occupy. He states these positions thus: 1. That Jesus was a mere man, not altogether faultless, who fell into line with providential developments. 2. That he was a being more than human, and less than infinite. 3. That "he was both Nazarene, artisan, and Almighty God." The last is the position maintained by the author, in the divisions of the work entitled "Records," "Humanity of Jesus," and "Divinity of Jesus." In the conduct of his argument, he strangely ignores all those aspects of the question developed by recent critical investigations. "In settling these matters," he somewhat vaguely says, "we must depend primarily, of course, upon the records of his life. Taken as a whole, shall we believe them or not? If we can not appeal to them as true, what substitute exists? The life of

Jesus can not be re-written from new *data*." This is a clear begging of the whole question proposed for discussion, and involves an unconditional surrender of modern criticism to authority, wiping out as not worthy of consideration or argument the scholarly researches of the last half-century. The necessity for a dispassionate history of the first two centuries, in order to settle the position of the canon with reference to the general mass of early Christian literature, does not seem to be at all recognized by our author. He assumes that the record of the life and teachings of Jesus, as found in the four Gospels, must be accepted as historical, "because the life of Jesus can not be re-written from new *data*." In proof of the divinity of Jesus, the author appeals, first, to the "Recorded Facts" in the New Testament; second, to "Apostolic Opinions;" third, to "Contemporaneous Public Opinion;" fourth, to "Personal Testimony;" fifth, to "Early Christian Opinion;" sixth, to "Modern Opinions and Estimates;" seventh, to "Christian Consciousness;" and eighth, to "Christianity." To the critical skeptic this mode of arguing the question must be entirely unsatisfactory, because it assumes, as premises, the positions which seem to him the very ones that most require proof; and then marches on to conclusions which he would not care to dispute, the premises being established. The "Recorded Facts" are derived from the four Evangelists; the "Apostolic Opinions" are mainly from the Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles; the "Contemporaneous Public Opinion" is supplied from the same sources; the "Personal Testimony" consists of the declarations of Jesus about himself which are found in the Gospels. "Are not his words, after all else is said," asks Doctor Townsend, "that which must remain for men an ultimate appeal?" It will thus be seen that what the author presents as three distinct lines of argument, or three distinct species of evidence, are in reality but one—and one which can have no influence with the class of minds that need argument to bring them to the conclusion at which the author has arrived. Coming to the fifth head, "Early Christian Opinion," Doctor Townsend, of course, experiences little difficulty in showing that, in the belief of

the infant church, Jesus was a supernatural, or at least a superhuman being. We are not aware that this point has been disputed even by the Theists of the school of James Martineau and Theodore Parker, though they might not be willing to accept, as Doctor Townsend seems to do, the statements of Irenæus and Tertullian as evidence of the opinions prevailing among Christian disciples in the second century. Our author's sixth head, "Modern Opinions and Estimates," consists of a vast number of citations from modern theological and philosophical writers, showing how deeply and reverently they have been impressed by the character of Jesus. These "testimonies" come from minds of great diversity of constitution and training. Among them are Fichte, Lessing, Jacobi, Goethe, Rousseau, Carlyle, Jefferson, Channing, President Walker, and Doctor Bellows. A somewhat curious feature of this branch of an argument designed to establish the proposition that Jesus "was both Nazarene, artisan, and Almighty God," is, that more than four-fifths of the witnesses cited to show what is "modern opinion" on this subject, are utterly opposed to the proposition. Mr. Greg, in his *Creed of Christendom*, says: "We regard Jesus, not as the perfection of the intellectual or philosophic mind, but as the perfection of the spiritual character—as surpassing all men of all times in the closeness and depth of his communion with the Father. In reading his sayings, we feel that we are holding converse with the wisest, purest, noblest Being that ever clothed thought in the language of humanity. In studying his life, we feel that we are following in the footsteps of the highest ideal yet presented to us upon earth." There are very few of Doctor Townsend's "modern witnesses" who go farther than this. Yet how far short is this of a "testimony" in support of the proposition he is maintaining!

Among the more unpleasant features of the book is a certain pedagogical dogmatism of tone on the part of the author in his allusions to eminent thinkers and scholars who differ with him in opinion. This occasionally assumes the form of condescension and gentle patronage. Thus, the Doctor says: "Schleiermacher, and after him Theodore Parker, were not far from the truth in," etc.;

"Our friends of the opposition are right, but perhaps forget themselves when," etc.; "Says Maurice, correctly, in speaking of the Rômans," etc.; "The position taken by Mackay is sensible;" "Dorner's conclusion is liberal;" "No thorough student will hesitate to indorse the statement of Harris;" "Coleridge also expresses what is approved by all." This venial error of taste develops into something offensive, and almost vulgar, when it carries the writer so far as to make him speak of James Martineau's "admitting" this or that "in his better moments"—these "better moments" being those when he sees things through Doctor Townsend's spectacles.

But, with all its defects, the book is a valuable one of its class. It evinces, if not great learning, at least great industry and laborious patience. There are few hopeful fields, either ancient or modern, in which the author has not gleaned for material suitable for his purpose; and he has used little that is not valuable, even if it is not always directly pertinent. Those readers who care enough for such works as *Ecce Homo*, *Ecce Deus*, *Ecce Deus-Homo*, and the like to have given them a place in their libraries, would do well to find space for Doctor Townsend's volume on the same shelf.

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD. By Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We no longer revel in the "bouquet" of foreign travel. Its rich wine has become to us an every-day feast. The annihilation of leagues of space has rendered strange customs familiar, and we turn aside from stereotyped phrases of description, bored with their tediousness, eager for individual impressions. There is an independent and saucy daring in the opening chapter of this volume which, perhaps, belongs to the average American girl, but it is not always supported by the pervading sense of freshness and vitality apparent throughout the book. "We were going to Europe—Mrs. K—and I—alone," is the announcement which prepares the reader to enjoy a sketchy portfolio of experiences delightfully free from statistics. In an off-hand way, we are told that "descriptions are tiresome, and dimensions nobody reads."

In the absence of these at starting, we have little womanly anxieties about luggage, and a complacent appreciation of railway travel between Liverpool and London, relieved by flying glimpses of the road in passing:

"There was a kind of luxury, notwithstanding our prejudices, in this English railway-carriage, with its cushions all about us, even beneath our elbows—a restfulness unknown in past experience of travel, in the ability to turn our eyes away from the flying landscape without to the peaceful quiet, never-intruded-upon, within. . . . I doubt if any part of England is looked upon with more curious eyes than that lying between Liverpool and London. It is to so many Americans the first glimpse of strange lands. Spread out in almost imperceptible furrows, were the velvet-turfed meadows, the unclipped hedges—a mass of tangled greenness between; for miles and miles they stretched away, with seldom a road, never a solitary house. The banks on either side were tufted with broom and yellow with gorse; the hill-sides in the distance, white with chalk, or black with the heather, that would blossom into purple beauty with the summer. We rushed beneath arches festooned as for a gala-day with hanging vines. Tiny gardens bloomed beside the track at every station; and all along the walls, the arched bridges, and every bit of stone upon the way-side, was a mass of clinging, glistening ivy."

There are many such pretty word-paintings scattered throughout the volume:

"Once, when we had begun to wind up the mountains, where a grass-grown precipice fell almost sheer to the valley below, a girl clung to its side, and pulled with one hand the grass from between the rocks, thrusting it into a bag that hung about her neck. She paused to gaze after us as we dashed by, a kind of dull awe that never rose to envy lighting her face for an instant."

Miss Trafton has the knack of producing effect, without entering into elaborate detail—a bit of still-life, a touch of color, and a well-arranged perspective, make a pleasant, though not always artistic picture. She conveys impressions, rather than ideas, to the mind. The gathered wisdom of studious years does not re-appear in her pages; but she gives us what is, perhaps, as well: life-like, instantaneous views of men and things, which are keenly intuitive. The satire, though often sharp-pointed and incisive, is relieved by an abounding and genial humor, which effervesces and sparkles over every thing it touches.

Having done London—superficially, of course—our travelers are "away to Paris," visit its cathedrals and churches—which are considerably grouped for our inspection—

and linger in the picture-galleries, appreciatively enjoying, yet "oppressed by the vastness of many of them." There are no affected ecstasies of admiration for the "old masters." But a little bit of natural description breaks out here and there, which is delicious, but tantalizing. In presenting contrasts, Miss Trafton is especially felicitous. Here is one. Visiting the *Cirque de l'Impératrice*, she says: "A girl, very rich in paint and powder, but somewhat destitute in other particulars, skipped and danced upon a slack-rope in a most joyous and airy manner. When we came out, a haggard woman, with an old, worn face, was crouching in a little, weary heap by the door that led into the stables, wrapped in an old cloak; and that was our dancing-girl."

The little, old woman going on a journey — page 196 — is a tender and exquisite revelation, which convinces us our "American girl" has not in this, her first sheaf, measured her full harvest.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD: A Record of Facts, Authentic Narratives, Letters, etc. — narrating the Hardships, Hair-breadth Escapes, and Death-struggles of the Slaves in their Efforts for Freedom, etc. By William Still. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

This is a bulky volume of nearly eight hundred pages, large size. The author makes some apologies for his style, which lacks elegance and terseness. There is a good deal of trash in the volume, in the line of commonplaces, and of windy, wordy communications. An editor who had more time and skill would have condensed the matter into a book of half the present size, and would have thus improved the publication. Nevertheless the volume is a good one, as a record of the times that were, and has a kind of historical importance. The theme is a novel one, and the facts and incidents recorded may not be fully apprehended by those who live remote from the lines of what were the border States, between slavery and freedom, prior to our recent civil war, unless their reading has kept them aware of what was done by the running off of negroes into Canada, and unless they have been privately told of the practical workings of the "underground railroad" by some who were connected with

its operations — since secrecy was necessary to the success of the operations, and no one could be employed who could not keep a secret, and who did not practically ignore much that he saw and heard.

Years ago, the writer hereof heard in New England, from the lips of a conductor who had lived near Quincy, Illinois, several accounts of the successful running of night-trains through the State of Illinois. And, within a year or two, he has met with one who lived on the line through the State of Ohio — which was reported to have had a depot in the vicinity of one of his barns.

No generous nature could fail to sympathize with the fugitive who was attempting to escape from slavery. None but a cold, calculating, hard man could refuse him food and shelter. Yet there were but few houses to which a fugitive could safely resort, because those who otherwise might have aided him declined to do so, through fear of exposure, of legal harassings, of social ostracisms, of political disgrace, and of popular denunciation.

This volume records the names and deeds and worth of several of those, who, in their hatred of wrong and oppression, freely, honestly, and from the purest devotion to moral principle, sacrificed their property, their health, their reputation, and even their lives, for the sake of the slaves. Their principles, their aims, their wishes, and their devotion to their convictions we can respect; but we can not always approve of their measures, nor see any wisdom in their methods.

The work is illustrated, rather than adorned, with wood-cuts, which serve to enhance its value by giving life and reality to some of the scenes described. Scenes exciting and interesting, pathetic and ludicrous, trying and exasperating, are continually passing before us as we turn these pages; and sometimes we are shocked by "man's inhumanity to man," or thrilled by the fine enthusiasm and heroic endeavor of some soul in which burned the true Promethean fire.

Necessarily these incidents and narratives connect themselves with escapes from Maryland and Virginia principally, since they all came under the observation of the author himself, whose home was in Philadelphia; but things were done in much the same way

in other States. Large cities, however, afford more facilities for successful escape from pursuers than do even forests and sparsely peopled stretches of country; and therefore more negroes have escaped through Philadelphia and Cincinnati than through all other places put together, as we suppose. But all this business is over with now; and we seem like them that dream, when we remember how short the time really is since the "Fugitive Slave Law" was actually in force.

This brief notice of a long story may be fitly concluded with the following narrative of the escape, from Baltimore, of Lear Green, a girl of "dark-brown color," and eighteen years old, who wished to marry, but not as a slave:

"An old chest, of substantial make—such as sailors commonly use—was procured. A quilt, a pillow, and a few articles of raiment, with a small quantity of food and a bottle of water, were put in it, and Lear placed therein; strong ropes were fastened around the chest, and she was safely stowed among the ordinary freight, on one of the Ericsson line of steamers. Her intended's mother—who was a free woman—agreed to come as a passenger on the same boat. How could she refuse? The prescribed rules of the company assigned colored passengers to the deck. In this instance, it was exactly where this guardian and mother desired to be: as near the chest as possible. Once or twice, during the silent watches of the night, she was drawn irresistibly to the chest, and could not refrain from venturing to untie the rope and raise the lid a little, to see if the poor child still lived, and at the same time to give her a breath of fresh air. Without uttering a whisper, that frightful moment, this office was successfully performed. That the silent prayers of this oppressed young woman, together with her faithful protector's, were momentarily ascending to the ear of the good God above, there can be no question. Nor is it to be doubted that some ministering angel aided the mother to unfasten the rope, and at the same time nerved the heart of poor Lear to endure the trying ordeal of her perilous situation. She declared that she had no fear. After she had passed eighteen hours in the chest, the steamer arrived at the wharf in Philadelphia; and in due time the living freight was brought off the boat, and at first was delivered at a house in Bailey Street, occupied by particular friends of the mother. Subsequently, chest and freight were removed to the residence of the writer, in whose family she remained several days, under the protection of the Vigilance Committee. . . . The chest in which Lear escaped has been preserved as a rare trophy; and her photograph, taken while in the chest, is an excellent likeness."

This escape was in 1855.

A MILLER'S STORY OF THE WAR; OR, THE PLEBISCITE. By MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

It has been asserted that these joint authors, by their works—*Madame Thérèse*, *Le Conscrit*, and *Waterloo*—have done more for the cause of peace than all the Peace Congresses ever held in Europe. A later work—that graphic historical romance, *The Invasion*—was reviewed in these columns not long since. In the work before us we have the story of the late great struggle, with vivid and minute delineations of the adventures, sufferings, and sentiments of the Alsatian peasantry, together with a full review of the causes which brought about the dreadful conflict. The authors deal in the most scathing analysis of governmental weakness and corruption, as well as social infirmities and sins. They are well prepared for the treatment of their theme. A prefatory note says: "In the present work they have been influenced by a double motive: the desire to still further emphasize that noble principle—the beauty of peace, industry, and popular education—which has formed the mainspring of their labor hitherto, and the burning scorn and indignation felt by every right-thinking Frenchman for the reckless and selfish ambition, and the besotted ignorance and stupidity, of the handful of men and women who plunged their once smiling country into the late disastrous war." This is strong language, but no more emphatic than might be expected from natives of Alsace, who are essentially French in thought and feeling.

In the volume before us, the energized authors have mainly devoted themselves to a full and thorough *exposé* of the chicanery and corruption by which was achieved a seeming overwhelming triumph for Imperialism. We have, also, a complete and graphic history of the *plebiscite*, or imperial decree, of the year 1870—enacted shortly before the war, formalized by the Emperor, and confirmed by the Senate—giving an illusive air of popular indorsement to the Napoleonic dynasty. Perhaps the logical deductions of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian may be taken with the least degree of allowance, notwithstanding their literary excellence and acumen. It is recorded of Erckmann, that, twenty years since, when he went to Paris to devote him-

self to the study of law, he found the *Code Napoléon* and *Institutes of Justinian* uncongenial tasks, and only succeeded in passing the dreadful ordeal of examination by means of the mechanical knowledge acquired in committing to memory the entire *Code Napoléon*—which marvelous feat cost him his entire suit of hair. He frankly admitted that the simplest legal proposition transcended his powers of comprehension. Hence, if the reader can not as readily discern the full logical connection between the *plébiscite* and the late war as do the impassioned authors, there need be no cause for self-condemnation. No writer can be best in all things, and MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have combined excellences that effectually overshadow any minor imperfections. Their marvelous descriptive talent, their ingenious use of picturesque incident, their affluence of detail, their intellectual sparkle and vitality, their sympathetic appreciation of persons and surroundings, their uncompromising devotion to principle, their frank, sincere spirit, coupled with an unconquerable zeal and devotion to their work, place them in the foremost rank of historical artists.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; AND TALES OF HOME. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

This volume is a compilation of popular magazine articles—the first, which gives title to the work, being the most meritorious. The author is never guilty of stupidity; whatever he writes is readable and refreshing. To say, however, that we like him best in his sketches of travel, is to do him no injustice. He is not only skilled in the art of traveling, but sees all there is to see, and has a capital knack of telling it. He has, however, done something not unworthy himself, in *John Godfrey's Fortunes* and *Hannah Thurston*—the latter especially eliciting pleasant commendations from both the English and American press. As a novelist, he illumines his narrative with graphic description and charming touches of characterization. A playful humor lights up his works, bordering at times very closely upon satire. "Mrs. Strongitharm's Report," in the present volume, is a good illustration of this pe-

culiar vein; as, for instance, where the enthusiastic pleader for "Woman's Rights" is made to say:

"Now, the reason I write—and I suppose I must hurry to the end, or you will be out of all patience—is to beg, and insist, and implore my sisters in other States to lose no more time, but at once to coax, or melt, or threaten the men into accepting their claims. * * * When the States around us shall be so far advanced, we shall then, I firmly believe, devise a plan to cleanse the great Augean stable of politics by turning into it the river of female honesty, and intelligence, and morality. But they must do this, somehow or other, without letting the river be tainted by the heaps of pestilent offal it must sweep away."

Bayard Taylor is a hard worker in the field of literature, and he confines himself to no restricted line of effort. The extraordinary popularity of the *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*, noticed elsewhere, which is edited by this singularly busy author, has enhanced his literary fame. Whatever he does, he does well; and, in his work, he goes far toward realizing Schiller's suggestive hint, that it is the business of the true artist to blend the ideal with the real, and the real with the ideal.

TRUE AS STEEL. By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

No writer can perpetually do his best. There is a possibility of writing one's self out. Many a crop needs turning in for purposes of enriching. The volume before us might have been plowed in to advantage, as might *Ruby's Husband*—a former production from the same author. Mrs. Terhune has never transcended her first public offering—*Alone*. Her later works hover on the borders of insipidity. There is no need for this, if the writer would but gather her forces for a successful charge. There is such a wasteful prodigality of effeminate action, such a feeble diffusion of native strength.

In the present work, one wrestles heroically with her half-score of *dramatis personæ* to very little purpose. After listening with weary unrest to "Violet's" sentimental songs, warbled in her fresh, although thin little voice, to an accompaniment of languishing, roguish glances, we are promptly introduced to "Hadassah Todd," the daughter of a Connecticut store-keeper, whose rage for printed paper dated from her fifth year. What won-

der that such an eventful career should follow so eccentric a childhood? And then the "Humphreys," whose name is legion, "who stop at nothing when their blood is up;" and dear, darling little "Edith," who, in death, enacted the peacemaker's part. But it is not our purpose to tell the story. Read it, and we opine your verdict will be, Let the fair author enjoy a fallowing-time!

WILD MEN AND WILD BEASTS; OR SCENES IN CAMP AND JUNGLE. By Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cumming. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

The same interesting and valuable features which have contributed to the remarkable popularity and success of the *Illustrated Library of Wonders*, characterize the *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*, edited by Bayard Taylor. The distinctive aim of all these works is not alone to communicate instruction, but to awaken an interest that shall result in studious investigation. That education which is genuine is not a pouring in, but a drawing out and developing of that which is within; or, as Yeomans puts it still more forcibly, where he says, "Education is not a filling up of a reservoir, but the formation of mental habits; and science is not an inventory of technical facts to be stored up in the receptacle of the memory, but it is a mode of mental action." These works are calculated to bring the young into close fellowship with Nature.

The volume before us is the second of the series, and is a stirring account of the adventurous experiences of the author during a long residence in India. Vivid sketches of the scenes described are strikingly illustrative. The style is neither flowery nor delirious, yet there is something of dramatic power in description, however inartistic it may be. There is vigor of narration, but it is characterized by the same bluntness and directness that is manifest in the action of the Colonel in the "camp and jungle." As for instance, in the description of an elephant charged by a tiger: "The tigress burst out, I fired down, striking her through the loins, and as she fell over, the elephant turned and fled. I saw the tiger, in spite of her wound, fast gaining on us. Two more strides, and she would have

seized the elephant by the hind leg, but at that moment I grasped the front rail of the *howdah* in my left hand, and firing my rifle pistol-fashion, I dropped her in the middle of an open field." There is no waste of words here—a plain, matter-of-fact way of telling things, an evident predisposition to clutch with a fierce grip, and spend his surplusage of rugged strength, as Byron says, upon something craggy. Its intense literalness argues its truthfulness. The pictures are divested of all poetic drapery. But if forthcoming numbers furnish as clear, practical, and interesting a survey of the fields traversed as the present volume, the high literary character of the editor will not suffer thereby.

THE WONDERS OF VEGETATION. From the French of Fulgence Marion. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This volume is one of a new series of *The Illustrated Library of Wonders*; the extraordinary success of the first series, comprising some twenty volumes, having encouraged the publishers to greater efforts to increase the value and attractions of these admirable books. In this second series, the size of the volumes is increased, the style of binding is substantial and attractive, and the illustrations are abundant, and generally well executed. These interesting and valuable works are edited by distinguished authors and scientists. The present volume comes from the hand of Professor Schele De Vere.

This mode of treating the elementary principles of science is calculated to whet the appetites of the young for such desirable food. There is garnered within the pages before us a large amount of really interesting and reliable information, comprising a charming introduction to a more extended research in the same direction. The student of such a work is in a favorable condition to pursue his investigations into broader fields, with advantage to himself and to the world. Facts are made plain to the simplest understanding. Its clearness and perspicuity make it easily intelligible; and the author has made the world debtor to him for having brought so much of valuable historical and scientific truth within the comprehension of the young.

Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FOR EVERY ISSUE OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGES.				MARRIAGES.			
MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.	MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.
Abbott, H. B.	Nettle F. Stubbs.	Quincy.	Jun. 16.	Maak, Charles.	Nelle C. Hicks.	Gilroy.	June 9.
Adams, N. B.	Mattie A. Richards.	San Francisco.	16.	McClure, E. L.	Sarah L. Halsey.	Dutch Flat.	19.
Allen, John F.	Emma Campbell.	Sacramento.	12.	McCreary, John H.	A. Kirkpatrick.	Marysville.	20.
Austin, Alvah C.	Cornelia J. Lane.	San Francisco.	15.	McDonald, John W.	Hannah Connely.	San Francisco.	16.
Baker, Norman J.	Ana E. Hewett.	Gold Run.	9.	McNorton, Samuel.	Mary A. Brunswick.	Reno, Nev.	25.
Barker, T. L.	Mary R. Simpson.	Oakland.	12.	Metcalf, Charles.	Sarah A. James.	Sacramento.	25.
Barnes, A. J.	Lodiva Robinson.	Grayson.	16.	Miller, F. K.	Anne L. Avery.	Lone Pine.	14.
Baruth, Ernst F.	D. M. Schumacher.	San Francisco.	25.	Millnan, N. G.	Sarah C. Spear.	San Francisco.	16.
Black, William.	Annie F. Delahanty.	San Francisco.	25.	Minor, B. B.	Fannie B. Perrin.	San Francisco.	May 30.
Bogart, Edwin.	Alise E. Bryant.	San Francisco.	1.	Ritchell, Sam'l M.	Heien M. Bennett.	Modesto.	Jun. 10.
Boget, Frank.	Amelia Brandt.	San Leandro.	22.	Ritchell, Thos. F.	Sarah D. Cahbert.	San Francisco.	25.
Boyer, George.	Rosa Guthrie.	San Francisco.	9.	Moore, Ethur W.	Charlotte A. Magee.	San Francisco.	1.
Bryant, S. A.	Mary J. Upp.	San Francisco.	15.	Moore, G. W.	Mary E. Howard.	Sacramento.	14.
Burton, Stephen.	Sarah Shelly.	Yreka.	4.	Moore, William H.	Mary R. Yeates.	American Valley.	May 31.
Butler, Fred, S.	Ida V. Doyle.	San Francisco.	4.	Morse, Benjamin F.	Aggie E. Norton.	Auburn.	Jun. 23.
Butler, John S.	May E. Caldwell.	Havilah.	May 19.	Munson, E. W.	Caroline A. Jones.	San Francisco.	18.
Calmes, Joseph.	Belle Turner.	Colusa.	Jun. 18.	Nedderlip, Henry.	Catherine Dyer.	Carson, Nev.	13.
Qarr, James F.	Ethel E. Mitchell.	San Francisco.	20.	Newstadter, J. H.	Dora Danenberg.	San Francisco.	16.
Charles, Robert H.	Theresa Dirks.	San Francisco.	3.	Newton, Thos. F.	Simonia McConit.	Fiddletown.	May 1.
Clark, John E.	Mattie M. Cobb.	San Francisco.	22.	Newman, George.	Mary E. Newman.	Sacramento.	30.
Clayton, B. F.	Anna A. Gibson.	Maine Prairie.	May 6.	Nickerson, Wm. A.	Sue Richardson.	Auburn.	30.
Connelk, John W.	Sarah De Haven.	Eureka.	June 6.	Norton, David E.	Betay A. Gardiner.	El Dorado.	June 9.
Coster, Thomas.	Anna G. Byrne.	San Francisco.	17.	Nougues, Joseph M.	Anita Hensley.	San Jose.	6.
Crampton, H. J.	Lena R. Kohler.	Virginia, Nev.	15.	O'Brien, Wm. J.	Mary E. Dorgan.	San Francisco.	2.
Crosette, George H.	Isabel L. Tilden.	Chico.	12.	O'Connor, Joseph.	Maggie F. Lyons.	San Francisco.	24.
Davies, Wm. A.	Susan McOarr.	San Bernardino.	May 26.	Oeste, Wm.	Barbara Niedecker.	Sacramento.	9.
Denari, John.	Angel Denari.	Lagrange.	Jun. 17.	Orman, Henry, Jr.	Ellie J. Knorr.	San Francisco.	18.
Derick, Timothy.	Sophronia Jones.	Healdsburg.	28.	Park, Charles T.	Martha E. Barham.	San Francisco.	30.
Dolan, P. C.	Sarah E. Bowles.	Brighton.	1.	Peabody, Morris F.	Luella A. Whitney.	Gold Hill, Nev.	14.
Dowdle, Wm. J.	Martha Clark.	San Rafael.	5.	Pearson, T. R.	Maggie C. Lyon.	Cowlitz, W. T.	May 8.
Dunlavy, Patrick.	Bridget O'Toole.	Gilroy.	9.	Peterson, Chas. H.	D. H. Davidson.	Jackson.	18.
Fahrenholz, Henry.	M. A. L. Bussenchutt.	San Francisco.	19.	Plekens, Jas. R.	Emma Fulton.	San Francisco.	Jun. 20.
Fellnagel, Joseph.	Julia Hill.	Wadsworth, Nev.	9.	Polloek, Wm. D.	Minnie H. Mosse.	San Francisco.	19.
Fick, John F.	Caroline Schrauter.	San Francisco.	3.	Popp, Charles.	Fredericke Krober.	San Francisco.	16.
Flenniken, Robert.	Carrie C. Walter.	San Francisco.	24.	Pratt, James H.	Mary E. Cochran.	Brighton.	6.
Flint, H. T.	Kate Collins.	Oakland.	26.	Pray, Fred, C.	Lorana C. Clark.	Santa Cruz.	16.
Forbes, Robert.	Henrietta Allen.	Downleville.	3.	Purdy, A. J.	E. J. Smith.	Dalles, Or.	2.
Fosten, Charles P.	E. Simpson.	Cherokee.	12.	Resser, Harlimann.	Elizabeth Klare.	San Francisco.	2.
Fox, Henry A.	Annie F. Healey.	San Francisco.	12.	Richards, Chas. H.	M. E. Pawley.	San Francisco.	10.
French, Uza F.	Elizabeth Dent.	Volcano.	May 26.	Richardson, M.	Mary Botoms.	Sacramento.	22.
Garner, J. C. M. N.	Dessille Hopwood.	Modesto.	Jun. 13.	Rigby, A. J.	Emma Stiles.	Grass Valley.	27.
Gilley, Thomas.	Nrull Shepherd.	San Leandro.	21.	Roberts, Thomas.	Mary A. Reese.	Napa.	17.
Gleason, P. L.	Hanna Healy.	Gold Hill, Nev.	May 28.	Roche, James.	Virginia Tojatti.	San Francisco.	20.
Grase, Patrick R.	Emma A. Gass.	Oroville.	Jun. 18.	Rousell, Isidore W.	Johannah E. Welsh.	San Francisco.	30.
Gurnell, John.	Frances A. Fuller.	Pleasanton.	17.	Ruhl, Frederic A.	Mary Christ.	Stockton.	1.
Hannay, James.	E. McN. Macaulay.	San Francisco.	13.	Sagehorn, Charles.	Mary Worth.	San Francisco.	15.
Harris, Harvey E.	Fannie L. Perry.	San Francisco.	27.	Sargent, Edrie A.	Linnie Lupton.	Contra Costa Co.	5.
Hart, William.	Rosaida Goodwin.	Carson, Nev.	11.	Schoonover, S. C.	Lizzie F. Patrick.	Chico.	2.
Harvey, W. W.	Isabelle Stevens.	Alpine Co.	9.	Scolly, Wm. A.	Allie M. Bean.	Napa.	15.
Hatch, W. H. H.	Anna Morris.	Sacramento.	5.	Shade, Joseph.	Mary A. Rodgers.	Vallejo.	23.
Head, John.	Sophronia Jones.	San Francisco.	16.	Shaw, George H. W.	Margret A. Perrell.	At sea.	May 21.
Henderson, O. F.	M. M. Smith.	Wilbur, Or.	6.	Shroder, E. F.	Mary L. Stebbins.	San Leandro.	June 5.
Henderson, W. A.	Lydia M. Harer.	G. Lake Val., O.	May 13.	Slinger, William.	Eliza Kinne.	Nevada City.	22.
Hendrickson, J. A.	Naney J. Parker.	Natividad.	June 8.	Smith, F. M.	Annie L. Hoogs.	San Francisco.	17.
Hilton, Wm. H.	Mary V. Glasgow.	San Francisco.	6.	Smith, James H.	Maggie S. Turnbull.	Brooklyn.	6.
Hogae, Walter.	Alicia Bryan.	San Francisco.	27.	Snyder, A. A.	Clara Baldwin.	San Francisco.	26.
Hornberger, Nicolas.	Sarah J. Miller.	Amador City.	6.	Sponh, Jacob.	Mary Blache.	Sacramento.	9.
Howe, Charles W.	Emma S. Smith.	San Francisco.	11.	Starr, Moses M.	Emma A. Mellsber.	Benton Co., Or.	2.
Hull, Thomas C.	Emma S. Hull.	Sacramento.	21.	Stebbins, Cyrus.	Nancy E. Dewey.	Dry Creek.	May 30.
Isell, A. J.	Aggie M. Forker.	Ione City.	6.	Steel, John.	M. E. Buteaux.	Virginia, Nev.	Jun. 20.
Jalunstein, Zelko.	Hannah Michler.	Jamestown.	18.	Stephens, Geo. D.	Laura Willhoxon.	Yolo Co.	11.
Johnson, Joseph W.	Belle Kemble.	Sacramento.	13.	Stevenson, Jno. W.	Emma A. Gilman.	San Francisco.	12.
Jones, Lawrence A.	M. M. McDonough.	Santa Cruz.	May 26.	Stewart, Hiram.	C. D. Emmons.	Lane Co., Or.	May 30.
Jones, William.	R. Haulterman.	Petaluma.	Jun. 15.	St. Louis, A.	Mary E. O'Brien.	Woodland.	30.
Keller, George W.	L. A. Krumbholz.	San Francisco.	2.	Summer, J. H.	Sarah L. Webster.	Brooklyn.	Jun. 18.
Kelley, Michael F.	Richard Slattery.	Marysville.	May 29.	Swain, George, Jr.	Annie E. Sturgis.	San Francisco.	2.
Kerr, J. P.	Nancy Kane.	Virginia, Nev.	Jun. 13.	Tekner, F. L.	M. A. Retwald.	Scott's Bar.	2.
Kidd, Thomas.	Antonia Rothschild.	Oakland.	Jun. 17.	Trout, John A. S.	N. R. Pagnonsell.	Columbia.	16.
Killer, William.	Juliet Crouch.	Sacramento.	23.	Van Schack, H. D.	Mary A. Wright.	San Benito.	5.
Kinead, S. C.	Armetilla S. Vallejo.	South Vallejo.	6.	Walsh, William.	Sarah Rankin.	San Francisco.	3.
King, Otis B.	Mary A. Thayer.	San Francisco.	4.	Walton, N. C., Jr.	Frances A. Seymour.	San Francisco.	20.
Kirchner, H. G. J.	Rebecca W. Coats.	San Francisco.	9.	Ward, Thomas.	E. Ryder.	San Francisco.	4.
Lake, George C.	Lizzie Burnett.	San Francisco.	15.	Wedekind, O. T.	MaddaLengenbeck.	Chico.	2.
Lee, John H.	Laura H. Hull.	Virginia, Nev.	16.	Williams, Allen.	Mary F. Mitchell.	Healdsburg.	27.
Lindley, Curtis H.	Lizzie Mendenhall.	Santa Cruz.	19.	Wilson, George.	Helein C. Pelton.	Reco, Nev.	2.
Livingston, Chas.	Ida Freeman.	Modesto.	May 28.	Winslow, Geo., Jr.	M. A. Humphreys.	Stockton.	16.
Lundberg, N. P.	A. S. C. Swenson.	San Francisco.	Jun. 25.	Wood, Frank G.	Carrie H. Smith.	Alameda.	4.
Lyford, George W.	Sarah Shear.	San Francisco.	17.	Wood, Wesley.	Annie E. Warner.	Santa Rosa.	May 29.
Maud, A. J.	Angelina Cook.	Modesto.	May 19.	Zumwalt, Louis.	Eleanor King.	Benton Co., Or.	June 6.

DEATHS.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Ahern, Jeremiah.	San Francisco.	June 24.	47 — —	Bachlott, J. C.	Petaluma.	May 19.	35 — —
Ash, Thomas F.	San Francisco.	13	— — —	Baldwin, Frank W.	San Francisco.	June 12.	39 — —
Ashley, Margaret E.	San Francisco.	May 12	12 10 —	Bergeman, Eve E.	San Francisco.	21.	23 1 18
Astredo, Edwin A.	San Francisco.	June 20.	6 11 —	Barnes, Albin.	San Francisco.	21.	2 10 —
Atridge, James T.	San Francisco.	June 25.	14 9 4	Barnes, Marian.	Sacramento.	20.	53 — —
Avey, J. E.	Sacramento.	17.	28 — —	Barney, John C.	Knight's Landing.	8.	71 — —

- DEATHS. - Continued.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Baron, Charles G.	Sacramento.	June 13.	— 1 2 13	Fuller, Ella.	Antelope Valley.	June 6.	— 10
Baner, Charles.	San Francisco.	10.	26	Fulmer, Mrs.	San Jose.	1.	50
Beadle, Milton B.	San Francisco.	27.	6 8	Gas, George M.	Wyandotte.	2.	57
Beck, J. T. S.	Arcata.	12.	65	Gates, Orpha.	San Francisco.	9.	33
Beebe, Addison B.	San Francisco.	15.	7 3 10	Gault, John.	Newcastle.	7.	54
Berhmann, Frederick.	Edgetowne Hill.	7.	47	Gelle, Eleanor H.	San Francisco.	25.	2 15
Blanchard, Edward L.	San Jose.	17.	15	George, Mattie.	Sacramento.	25.	39
Boocuzac, Claude.	Oakland.	25.	36	Goggins, John.	Sacramento.	25.	39
Bonifacio, Bautista.	Monterey.	28.	43 3	Grable, Paul.	Shady Run.	May 23.	60
Bowman, William J.	Napa.	May 26.	28	Graydon, Emanuel.	San Francisco.	June 5.	58
Boyer, Eliza.	Timbuctoo.	25.	36	Green, William.	Pleaser Co.	June 1.	61
Braden, Mary A.	San Francisco.	June 18.	14 6 22	Gunn, William.	San Francisco.	24.	65 11 24
Brand, John G.	San Francisco.	16.	61	Gwynn, Harry H.	Auburn.	2.	3 14
Brasch, Frederick.	San Francisco.	18.	56	Haase, Christian.	Sacramento.	11.	42
Brios, James, Jr.	San Francisco.	17.	31	Habich, Henry.	Sacramento.	24.	21
Brickwood, John.	San Francisco.	13.	38 9	Hackett, Theo.	Stockton.	May 21.	—
Bright, Henry A.	Michigan Bar.	13.	26	Hale, Stephen E.	Grand Island.	May 29.	50
Brown, Augustus.	Modesto.	12.	1 6	Harover, D. C.	Bear Valley.	28.	78
Brown, Bridget.	Sacramento.	18.	34	Hart, Isahak.	Sacramento.	June 4.	41 10
Brown, David.	San Francisco.	23.	47	Hartley, John.	San Francisco.	19.	39 8
Bryn, Wilhelmina N.	San Francisco.	17.	30	Hasky, L. S.	San Francisco.	June 25.	35
Burke, John.	San Francisco.	11.	2 3 15	Hathaway, Emma.	Lower Lake.	7.	1 1 7
Burley, Lizzie M.	San Francisco.	22.	5 10	Hawley, Govcnrecr H.	San Francisco.	29.	18
Burrell, Ivy M.	Oakland.	17.	4 9	Heald, Alice M.	Suisun Valley.	8.	5 3 12
Butler, Joseph D.	San Francisco.	10.	44 10	Henderson, Ella.	San Francisco.	14.	45 7 8
Cadwalder, Henry.	Sacramento.	14.	35	Henry, Samuel T.	San Jose.	15.	1 4
Cafton, Ellen.	Sacramento.	26.	6 21	Heple, Henry.	San Francisco.	19.	52 7
Cahli, Mary.	San Francisco.	19.	75	Hillman, Regina H.	San Francisco.	29.	— 3
Callaghan, Margaret.	San Francisco.	19.	75	Hinkle, Eleanor.	San Francisco.	29.	—
Callahan, Susan.	Eureka.	May 22.	21 7 7	Hogue, James M.	Newcastle.	3.	69
Callaway, James.	Willow Valley.	June 7.	42	Holmes, Beulah J.	San Francisco.	17.	2 2 17
Calnan, Katey.	San Francisco.	June 10.	35	Hooper, George E.	Collinsville.	18.	— 7
Campbell, John W.	San Francisco.	4.	17 1 3	Hosetter, Julia H.	Honey Lake Valley.	May 28.	36
Campbell, John.	San Francisco.	13.	18	Hunt, Ida.	Sacramento.	June 28.	1 2
Carpenter, Abigail.	San Francisco.	May 27.	76	Hunt, Christian A.	Oakland.	21.	30
Carson, Charles.	Reno, Nev.	25.	85	Hutt, James.	Sacramento.	12.	50
Cassman, John.	San Francisco.	June 21.	54	Ingram, Ann.	Wheatland.	May 27.	30
Cashley, Philip.	San Francisco.	13.	44	Jesse, Henry.	Shelburn, Nev.	May 18.	34
Center, John, Jr.	Healdsburg.	16.	36 16	Johnson, Peter.	Sacramento.	June 16.	53
Chaffey, Charles.	San Francisco.	5.	50	Johnson, Robert.	Cana.	June 4.	—
Charles, Peter.	San Francisco.	23.	17 9	Johnston, G. W.	San Francisco.	27.	11 13
Clark, Henry E.	San Francisco.	14.	1 16	Kane, George A.	Ukiah.	13.	26
Clark, Michael H.	Santa Rosa.	14.	—	Kane, Agnes.	San Francisco.	13.	1 3 3
Clements, Louisa H.	Soquel.	May 26.	67 2 24	Kearns, Sarah.	Marysville.	19.	43
Clogh, A. C.	Surprise Valley.	June 2.	50	Kelley, Katie.	San Francisco.	17.	30
Cohen, Frederick.	San Francisco.	June 5.	21	Kelly, Mary A.	Oakland.	24.	— 4
Cobly, Margaret E.	San Francisco.	—	—	Keyes, E. W.	Virginia, Nev.	16.	41
Coman, Robert.	South San Francisco.	18.	1 3 9	King, Sarah N.	Ophir, Nev.	19.	16 10 19
Coles, Edward W. S.	Redwood City.	16.	30	Knox, W. L.	San Francisco.	23.	7 9 12
Collison, Robert.	Mariposa.	27.	55	Krager, Augusta F.	Colusa.	15.	34
Condon, Maurice P.	San Francisco.	1.	5 3 25	Laing, Philip S.	San Francisco.	15.	11 10 15
Connolly, Catherine L.	San Francisco.	24.	— 2 7	Laneaster, Degarmo.	Virginia, Nev.	9.	1 3
Conroy, James.	San Francisco.	16.	32	Laroux, Octave.	Grass Valley.	26.	22 3 3
Conroy, Michael.	San Francisco.	8.	43	Laroux, Octave.	San Francisco.	18.	30
Conway, Ellen C.	San Francisco.	21.	27	Lavenoux, Caroline.	Sacramento.	24.	31
Cook, Kate.	San Francisco.	4.	28	Lawrence, George A.	Sacramento.	23.	5 19
Cook, Williametta.	San Francisco.	10.	6 21	Lawrence, Paul.	San Francisco.	27.	40
Coolley, Carlos P.	Michigan Bar.	10.	—	Leach, Christina J.	Gold Run.	9.	29
Cosvovich, Nicole.	San Francisco.	24.	22	Leach, Isao R., Jr.	Gold Run.	16.	— 1
Cotting, Amos H.	Sacramento.	13.	4 16	Lebeaux, Fraucoela H.	Chile Guleh.	4.	50
Cox, Henrietta.	French Camp.	18.	28	Lee, Andrew.	Campo Seco.	8.	41
Critman, George, Jr.	Auburn.	7.	16 3	Lee, Bernard.	San Francisco.	25.	28
Crack, Frank K.	Sacramento.	23.	9 4 19	Leopard, Hila.	Oakland.	25.	8 20
Crow, Andrew.	Sacramento.	1.	3	Lewis, Seligman.	Petaluma.	16.	36
Crowley, Kate.	San Francisco.	21.	—	Lewis, Seligman.	Salt Spring Valley.	8.	54
Cundy, David.	San Francisco.	21.	27	Linden, John.	Spanish Rauch.	—	38
Cusick, John.	San Francisco.	28.	43	Lindeoz, Christian O.	Yuba Co.	18.	25 6
Cutter, Ann J.	San Francisco.	29.	2 1 25	Logan, Frank.	Sacramento.	24.	— 4 11
Dale, Lillie.	Sacramento.	5.	8 2	Lorenzo, Joseph A.	San Francisco.	2.	37
Dapelo, Cleodice.	Virginia, Nev.	16.	— 5 14	Lutzenberger, Charles.	San Francisco.	9.	37
David, Frank.	Sacramento.	13.	60	Lynech, George A.	San Francisco.	12.	42
Davis, Etta Claribelle.	Visalia.	6.	2 10	Lynham, Thomas.	Bakersfield.	18.	43
Davis, Wilred.	Colusa.	May 31.	—	Magnochi, James A.	San Francisco.	9.	44
Dell, Herbert B.	Pacheco.	28.	— 7	Magher, Hanora.	San Francisco.	3.	— 3 28
Devlin, Daniel A.	Sacramento.	June 17.	11 1 29	Maguire, Edward.	San Francisco.	27.	3 10
Dillon, Catherine.	Marysville.	11.	— 1	Marera, Jose.	Pleaserville.	May 24.	45
Dougine, Daisy.	San Francisco.	26.	— 3	Marrah, G. H.	San Jose.	7.	39
Doyle, David P.	San Joaquin Co.	26.	51 5	McAlden, Cornelius.	San Francisco.	17.	35
Doyle, Thomas.	Sacramento.	16.	28	McCarthy, Mary A.	Stockton.	20.	1 5
Dramler, Charles.	San Francisco.	26.	23	McConnell, Thomas.	San Francisco.	18.	47
Duffy, Michael.	San Francisco.	3.	48	McCrath, Katie.	San Francisco.	6.	— 3 24
Dugan, Maggie E.	Sacramento.	9.	2 4	McKune, James.	Ploche, Nev.	15.	37
Dunn, Ellen A.	Callista.	6.	28	McLaughlin, James H.	San Francisco.	15.	— 4 15
Eaton, William A.	Folsom.	3.	30	McNabb, Bridget.	San Francisco.	19.	39
Eberle, Charles H.	Sacramento.	6.	22 8 2	McNabb, Thomas.	San Francisco.	27.	49
Edwards, Thomas, Sr.	Petaluma.	26.	31 7 21	McNamara, Lucy A.	Eureka.	9.	2 7 10
Ehlef, Frederick.	Grass Valley.	21.	1 5 22	McNamee, Susan.	Independence.	May 29.	42
Ellis, Ardin.	San Francisco.	4.	42 5 16	McNeill, Lyman.	Weaverville.	28.	73
Ellis, Harriet.	Sacramento.	25.	68 10 25	McNulty, Edward C. M.	San Francisco.	June 1.	— 1 14
Ellis, Valentine.	San Francisco.	2.	70 6	Melson, Walker C.	Sacramento.	23.	— 6 29
Eliason, F. A.	Saucelito.	16.	58	McNabb, Henry.	San Francisco.	19.	39
Eliason, F. A.	Stockton.	May 25.	11	Miller, Leonard W.	San Francisco.	14.	47 8
Eze, Charles.	San Francisco.	74.	5 1 24	Miner, B. F.	Truckee.	15.	19 1 26
Ferrie, Patrick.	San Francisco.	12.	68	Mitchell, J. S.	Oakland.	27.	35 7 3
Fillebrown, James.	San Francisco.	17.	55	Molloy, Patrick.	San Francisco.	May 3.	— 42 3 2
Fitzpatrick, James.	San Francisco.	27.	32	Monroe, Mary J.	Castroville.	May 26.	25
France, William.	Stockton.	25.	31 11 21	Morley, Bridget.	Elko, Nev.	June 26.	— 1 18
Frazier, John.	Colfax.	10.	41	Morley, Bridget.	Austin, Nev.	June 6.	— 36
Friede, Charles D.	Butte Co.	May 25.	11 2 5	Mowry, Barton.	Centerville.	June 4.	74
Fricot, Jules.	Stockton.	June 18.	41	Murphy, Dennis.	Sacramento.	24.	36
Frisby, John C.	Pumphrey's, W. T.	May	— 40				
Fuller, Charles H.	San Francisco.	June 6.	32				

DEATHS.—Continued.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE.			NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE.		
			y.	m.	d.				y.	m.	d.
Murphy, Maurice.....	Chile Junction.....	May 26.	42	—	—	Simmons, Frank H.....	Brooklyn.....	June 9.	9	2	7
Newell, Robert H.....	Mayfield.....	June 14.	2	2	—	Slaven, Virginia C.....	San Francisco.....	15.	—	25
Newton, H. L.....	Placerville.....	May 30.	37	—	—	Smith, Albert E.....	Virginia, Nev.....	May 31.	—	7	10
Nichols, Leonie M.....	Sacramento.....	June 25.	1	10	—	Smith, L. B.....	Sacramento.....	June 30.	80	—	—
O'Grady, T.....	Virginia, Nev.....	9.	26	—	—	Snapper, Leah.....	San Francisco.....	23.	—	6 24
O'Keefe, David P.....	San Francisco.....	24.	2	3	8	Spinetti, Antonio.....	San Francisco.....	15.	—	5 3
O'Leary, Julia.....	San Francisco.....	25.	22	—	—	Sterheim, Minna.....	San Francisco.....	27.	74	—
Orr, Samuel.....	San Jose.....	18.	44	—	—	St. Germain, Eugene de	San Francisco.....	22.	60	—
Overtreat, Dora A.....	Oakland.....	23.	—	—	—	Stone, M. S.....	Rio Vista.....	4.	40	—
Palm, August T. A.....	Sacramento.....	12.	8	—	—	Strobel, Otto E.....	Sacramento.....	13.	—	8 21
Parker, Helen.....	Oakland.....	4.	49	—	—	Stroker, William.....	San Francisco.....	6.	2	10
Patrick, George.....	San Francisco.....	4.	53	—	—	Strong, James.....	Reno, Nev.....	6.	26	—
Perry, William H.....	Oakland.....	28.	3	7	—	Sullivan, James.....	Floche, Nev.....	9.	27	—
Peters, Emily.....	San Francisco.....	16.	29	5	—	Swab, Robert B.....	San Francisco.....	14.	48	—
Peterson, Henry A.....	San Francisco.....	14.	2	24	—	Sweany, A. T.....	Nevada Co.....	21.	45	—
Phelan, Ann.....	San Francisco.....	21.	1	10	5	Tasker, B. P.....	Independence.....	8.	31	—
Ponte, Vinie M.....	San Francisco.....	27.	—	5	5	Tate, John E.....	Redwood City.....	14.	33	—
Pool, John.....	Nevada Co.....	14.	52	—	—	Thompson, Hannah L...	San Francisco.....	23.	—	4 16
Poole, Kloney.....	Mark West.....	12.	76	—	—	Thompson, Harriet.....	Mokelumne Hill.....	8.	42	1
Porter, John S.....	Sacramento.....	16.	54	—	—	Thorn, Edna M.....	Woodbridge.....	1.	1	8 7
Pye, Anna A.....	Forest City.....	6.	4	24	—	Tierney, Ann.....	Sacramento.....	14.	37	—
Quinn, Mary.....	San Francisco.....	29.	42	—	—	Tittle, Flavus E.....	San Barbara.....	21.	50	—
Quintrell, Josiah.....	San Francisco.....	29.	49	11	—	Tralnor, Edward.....	San Francisco.....	21.	50	—
Randall, John.....	Portland, Or.....	69	—	—	Trask, Josiah C.....	San Francisco.....	7.	52	2
Reams, Ruth.....	Yolo Co.....	28.	39	—	—	Tucker, M.....	Sutter.....	11.	69	3
Redding, Rosa.....	San Jose.....	19.	39	—	—	Van Horn, W. M.....	Stockton.....	19.	50	—
Reed, Lillian E. L.....	San Francisco.....	26.	—	1	17	Van Pelt, David.....	San Francisco.....	1.	64	4 8
Reeg, Philip.....	Placerville.....	21.	8	2	—	Wallace, Isaac C.....	Brooklyn.....	18.	63	—
Revs, William A.....	Gilroy.....	21.	20	4	—	Walsh, Lillie.....	Sacramento.....	21.	3	5
Rich, Catherine H.....	Alameda.....	27.	—	7	7	Walsh, Lizzie T.....	San Francisco.....	10.	24	—
Ringold, William H.....	San Francisco.....	24.	55	—	—	Walshall, Lawson B.....	Modesto.....	9.	—	29
Riordan, John.....	San Francisco.....	22.	1	3	13	Washington, Willard N...	Stockton.....	7.	1	2
Roberts, Thomas B.....	Suisun Valley.....	12.	44	—	—	Wellington, Charles A...	San Francisco.....	16.	25	—
Robinson, George W.....	Weaverville.....	May 18.	69	—	—	Wheelock, Harriet B...	San Francisco.....	11.	61	11
Rock, Michael.....	Marysville.....	June 17.	23	10	6	White, Ellen.....	San Francisco.....	19.	40	11
Rogers, Frances.....	San Francisco.....	13.	48	—	—	White, Josephine.....	San Francisco.....	9.	32	—
Rohr, Peter.....	San Francisco.....	23.	66	—	—	White, Margaret.....	San Jose.....	9.	3	7 16
Ryan, James.....	San Francisco.....	7.	4	2	9	White, Thomas.....	San Jose.....	14.	52	—
Ryan, Lizzie.....	Virginia, Nev.....	19.	27	—	—	Wieman, Henry L.....	Sacramento.....	12.	42	—
Sands, Laura C.....	Virginia, Nev.....	17.	1	6	5	Wilcox, Frances S.....	Contra Costa Co.....	May 11.	19	1	3
Saul, Addie.....	Smith's Flat.....	24.	3	6	—	Wilcox, Isalah R.....	Contra Costa Co.....	16.	66	11
Schmidt, Andrew.....	Sutter Co.....	18.	7	11	4	Williams, Evan.....	Monte Cristo.....	June 17.	19	—	—
Schott, Louisa.....	San Francisco.....	10.	—	1	19	Williams, Francis.....	San Francisco.....	8.	26	9
Seymour, Mary.....	Virginia, Nev.....	18.	43	—	—	Williams, John.....	Virginia, Nev.....	13.	29	—
Shaw, James E.....	San Francisco.....	16.	48	—	—	Winter, C. P. J. F.....	San Francisco.....	14.	1	6 15
Sheehan, Jerome D.....	San Rafael.....	16.	1	5	—	Yerkes, Daniel.....	Forest Hill.....	6.	22	—

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- THREE BOOKS OF SONG. By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 A MILLER'S STORY OF THE WAR; or, The Plébiscite. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
 A REPRESENTATIVE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY. By L. U. Reavis. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
 CAPER-SAUCE. By Fanny Fern. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
 FINE AT THE FAIR, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN. By Olive Logan. New York: Adams, Victor & Co.
 JOSEPH MAZZINI. His Life, Writings, and Political Principles. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH," AND OTHER ESSAYS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 STUDIES IN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY. By J. C. Shaipr. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 THE LORD'S PRAYER. Nine Sermons preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By F. D. Maurice. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By W. H. Lamon. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 THE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY. By James Parton. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 THE SCIENCE OF ÆSTHETICS. By H. N. Day. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.
 THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS. By Angelina Gushington. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

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

- GOETHE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 LITTLE GRANDMOTHER. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 NOTES ON ENGLAND. By H. Taine. New York: Holt & Williams.

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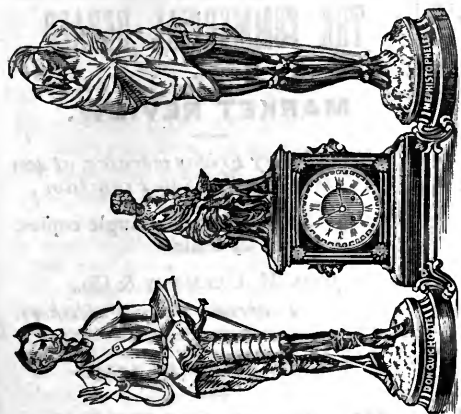
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A Graphic Poem, by Joaquin Miller.

A CHAPTER OF CONDENSED HISTORY;

By Noah Brooks, Editor of the New York Tribune.

ULTRAHA, THE HIDDEN HAMLET;

A most interesting Ideal Sketch,

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Joaquin Miller's South American Poem,

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, is now in its NINTH VOLUME, and, under such encouraging circumstances, may present the following synopsis of its work, and its past and present brilliant and popular list of contributors to its four distinctive departments:

1. Essays on Local Material Resources.

We may repeat what we said, a year ago, under this head:—"The OVERLAND presents, in graphic, perspicuous detail, the peculiar resources of the Pacific Coast and Territories; avoiding all *puffing and advertising* of individual or corporate interests, as well as the dry husks of mere statistics, facts, and figures. The interested immigrant and resident have come to look upon this feature of the magazine as the means of acquiring reliable information in regard to the country, while the general reader has found it interesting by reason of its literary treatment." Among the well-known contributors to this department, we mention the names of Captain Scammon, Arpad Haraszthy, John Hayes, Dr. Henry Degroot, Mrs. F. F. Victor, Judson Farley, Josephine Clifford, etc.

2. Travels and Geographical Sketches.

Under this heading, we call attention to the articles of Mark Twain, J. Ross Browne, Clarence King, Stephen Powers (pedestrian journeys through the States and Territories), Charles Warren Stoddard (South-Sea sketches), Joaquin Miller (homes of poets), the late Col. A. J. Grayson, R. W. Raymond, N. S. Dodge (noted European places), H. D. Jenkins, Rev. Thomas Condon, William V. Wells, and many others.

3. Studies of Western Manners and Civilization.

It remained for the OVERLAND to develop the character of the Western Pioneer, as intensified and heightened in the strange and new civilization of the Pacific Slope. First we had Mr. Harte's unique sketches, which have not been equaled by any of his later productions while away from his field of inspiration, in connection with which appeared Stephen Powers' studies of "A Piney Woods Character;" Mr. Emery's "Centrepole Bill" and "Compasses;" Mrs. Neall's "Spilled Milk" and "Placer;" Prentice Mulford's characteristic articles—"Balty," "Pete," "Camp," "Jo," etc.; Mr. Evans' "Shakes;" Farley's "Rose's Bar;" Green's "Dawn;" Mrs. Victor's "El Tesoro," and Mrs. White's "Spades." In the domain of fiction, the OVERLAND has won the criticism of publishing "the best short stories in any American magazine." Among other writers in this department, we may mention Governor Booth, W. C. Bartlett, Samuel Williams, Noah Brooks, Geo. B. Merrill, B. P. Avery, J. F. Bowman, Mrs. Cooper, Col. Evans, etc.

4. Independent Literary Criticism.

A notable feature of the OVERLAND's criticism has been its entire freedom from the ordinary trammels of "publishers'" influence, and this has given it a weight and authority not often found in other American magazines.

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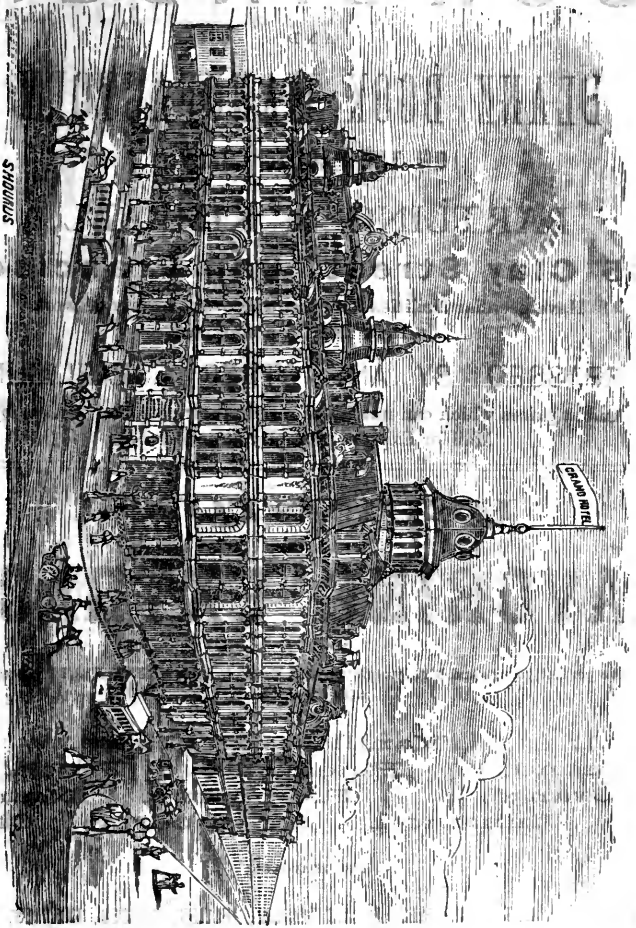
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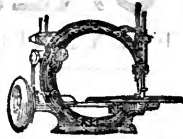
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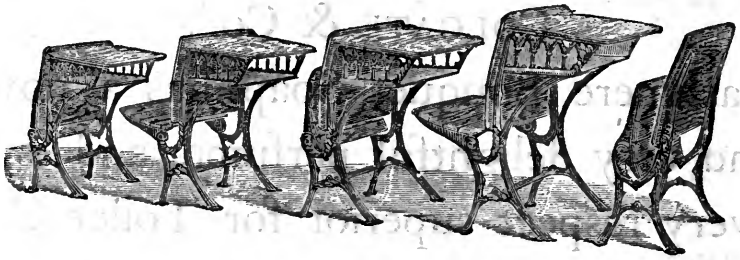
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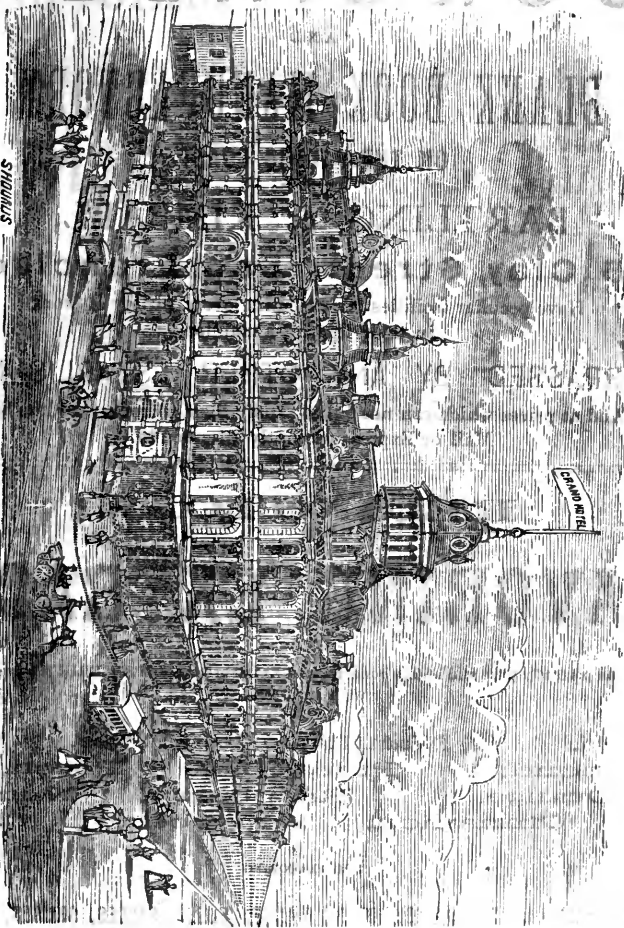
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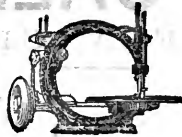
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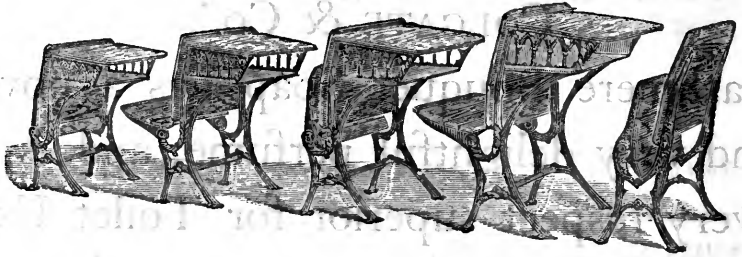
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THE
OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 9.—SEPTEMBER, 1872.—No. 3.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART I.

*Primeval forests! virgin sod!
That Saxon has not ravished yet!
Lo! peak on peak in column set,
In stepping stairs that reach to God!*

*Here we are free as sea or wind,
For here are pitched the snowy tents
In everlasting battlements,
Against the march of Saxon mind.*

Far up in the hush of the Amazon River,
And hid in the heart of the deep Andes,
There are isles as grand as the isles of seas;
And the waves strike strophes, and the keen reeds quiver,

As the sudden canoe shoots apast them and over
The strong, still tide to the opposite shore,
Where the blue-eyed men by the sycamore
Sit mending their nets in the vine-twined cover,

And are weaving their threads of bark and of grasses.
They wind and they spin, on the clumsy wheel,
Into hammocks hued with the cochineal,
To trade with the one black ship that passes,

With foreign freightage of curious store,
And still and slow as if half asleep—
A cunning old trader that loves to creep
Above and adown in the shade of the shore.

And the blue-eyed people that are mild as the dawns —
 O, delicate dawns of the grand Andes! —
 Lift up soft eyes that are deep like seas,
 And mild yet wild as the red-white fawns' ;

And they gaze into yours, then they weave, then listen,
 And look as in wonder, then again weave on,
 Then again look and wonder that you are not gone,
 While the keen reeds quiver and the bent waves glisten ;

But they say no words while they weave and wonder,
 Though they sometimes sing, voiced low like the dove,
 And as deep and as rich as their tropical love,
 As they weave their net threads through and under.

Yea, a pure, true people you may trust are these,
 That weave their threads where the quick leaves quiver ;
 And this is their tale of the Isles of the river,
 And the why that their eyes are so blue like seas —

A curious tale of a curious time,
 That is told you betimes by a quaint old crone,
 Who sits on the rim of an island alone,
 As ever was told in story or rhyme.

And her brown, bare feet dip down to the river,
 And they dabble and splash with her monotone,
 As she holds in her hands a strange green stone,
 And talks to the boat where the bent reeds quiver.

And the quaint old crone has a singular way
 Of holding her venerable visage askew,
 And smoothing the stone in her palms all day,
 As saying, "I've nothing at all for you,"

Until you have anointed her palm, and you
 Have touched on the delicate spring of a door
 That silver has opened perhaps before ;
 For woman is woman the wide world through.

The old near truth on the far new shore !
 I bought and I paid for it—so did you—
 The tale may be false or the tale may be true ;
 I give as I got it, and who can more ?

If I have purchased a beautiful lie,
 And liked it well, and believed it true,
 I have done it before ; and so have you,
 And have been contented, and so have I.

If I have made journeys to difficult shores,
 And woven delusions in innocent verse,
 If none be the wiser, why, who is the worse?
 The field it was mine; the fruit it is yours.

A sudden told tale. You may read as you run.
 A part of it hers, the remainder my own—
 Crude, and too carelessly woven and thrown,
 As I sailed on the Mexican seas in the sun.

And she tells, in her tale, of a brave young knight—
 Of a singer and knight of most singular worth—
 Aback in the darlingest days of earth.
 O, brave old days that are lost to sight!

O, dear old days when the hot rhymes rang
 Like steel upon steel when tossed to the sky;
 When lovers could love, when maidens could die
 But never deceive, and the song-men sang

To the clashing of swords for a maiden's sweet sigh,
 Nor measured for gold as if measuring tape
 In the shelter of wall, in the shadow of grape,
 In a temperate place, till they fatten and die.

O, carpet-knight singer! shrewd merchant of song!
 Get gold and be glad, buy, sell, and be strong!
 Sweet Cyprian, I kiss you, I pay you, we part:
 Lo! you have my gold, but who has my heart?

Go, splendid-made singer, so finished, so fair,
 Go sing you of heaven, with never a prayer,
 Of hearts that are aching, with never a heart,
 Of Nature, all girded and bridled by art,

Of sunlight, with never a soul for the noon;
 Go sing you of battles, with never a scar,
 Move cold and alone like a broken, bright moon,
 And shimmer and shine, like a far, cold star.

It was nations ago, when the Amazons were,
 That a fair young knight—says the quaint old crone,
 With her head sidewise, as she smooths at the stone—
 Came over the seas, with his long, silk hair,

And a great black steed; he had golden spurs,
 And blood that had come from crusaders down,
 Yet a womanly face in a manly frown,
 And a heart as tender and as true as hers.

And the fairest in love and the foremost in war
 Was the fair, young knight of the brave old days,
 Of all of the knights with their knightly ways
 That had journeyed away to the world afar

In the name of Spain; of the splendid few
 Who had borne her banner in the new-born world,
 From the sea-rim up where the clouds are curled:
 And to Cross and to King how faithfully true!

He was born, says the woman, where the brave are fair,
 And blown from the banks of the Guadalquivir—
 And yet blue-eyed, with the Celts' soft hair,
 With never a drop of the dark, deep river

Of Moorish blood that had swept through Spain,
 And plashed the world with its tawny stain—
 To the far Sierras, so white at noon,
 And as fair forever as a new-born moon.

He sat on his steed, and his sword was bloody
 With heathen blood, for the battle was done.
 Below on the plain, all wreathed and ruddy
 With its antique temples built up to the sun,

And crowned in fire, lay the beautiful city
 At the conquerors' feet, the red streets strewn
 With dead, with gold and their gods o'erthrown;
 And his heart rebelled and arose in pity,

As the heathen poured, in a helpless flood,
 Without one wail and without one blow,
 At the last, to even provoke a foe,
 Through their gateways, wet with the pagan blood.

"Ho, forward! smite!" but the minstrel lingered,
 He reached his hand and he touched the rein,
 And he hummed an air as he toyed and fingered
 The arching neck and the glossy mane.

He rested the heel and he rested the hand,
 Though the thing was death to the man to dare
 To question, to doubt, or to falter there,
 Nor heeded at all to the stormy command.

He wiped his steel on his black steed's mane,
 And he sheathed it deep, then looked at the sun,
 And he counted his comrades, one by one,
 Returning again from the pagan plain,

And laden with booty of gems aglow ;
He lifted his shield of steel as he sang,
And he flung it away till it clanged and rang
On the granite rocks in the plain below ;

Then touched his bosom, made overbold,
Then lifted his voice and he sang, quite low
At first, then loud in the long ago,
When a love endured though the days grew old.

And they heard his song, and the chief on the plain
Stood up in his stirrups, and, sword in hand,
He cursed and he called with a loud command
To the blue-eyed boy to return again,

To lift his shield again to the sky,
And come and surrender his sword or die.
But he wove his hand in the stormy mane,
He leaned him forward, he lifted the rein,

He struck the flank, and he wheeled and sprang,
And gayly rode in the face of the sun,
As he bared his sword, and he bravely sang,
"Ho! come and take it;" but there came not one.

And so he sang, with his face to the south :
"I shall go ; I shall search for the Amazon shore,
Where the curses of man they are heard no more,
And kisses alone shall embrace the mouth.

"I shall journey in search of the Incan Isles,
Go far away to traditional land,
Where Love is queen in a crown of smiles,
And the ruthless foot and the reckless hand

"Of man has never despoiled nor trod ;
Where a woman's hand with a woman's heart
Has fashioned an Eden from man apart,
And she walks in her garden alone with God.

"I shall seek that Eden, and all my years
I shall sit and repose, I shall sing in the sun ;
And the tides may rest or the tides may run,
And men may water the world with tears,

"And the years may come and the years may go,
And men make war, may slay and be slain,
But I not care, for I never shall know
Of man, or of aught that is man's again.

“The seas may battle, and the winds may blow,
 The mellow rich moons they may ripen and fall,
 The seasons of gold they may gather or go,
 The partridge may whistle, the *mono* may call,

“And who shall take heed, or take note, or shall know
 If the Fates befriend, or if ill befall,
 Of the world without, or of worlds at all,
 Of heaven above, or of hades below.”

’Twas the song of a dream and the dream of a singer,
 Drawn fine in its delicate fibres of gold,
 And broken in two by the touch of a finger,
 And blown, and spent as a tale that is told.

And alas! for his dreams and the songs he sung:
 The beasts they beset him; the tiger, awake,
 And black as the night and lithe like a snake,
 Stood out before him; the serpents they hung,

Red-tongued and terrible, over his head.
 He clove and he thrust with his keen, quick steel,
 He coaxed with his hand and urged with his heel,
 Till his steel was broken, and his steed lay dead.

He toiled to the river, and he leaned intent
 To the wave, and away through the fringes of boughs,
 From the beasts that pursued; and he breathed his vows,
 For soul and body were well-nigh spent.

His arm arched over, as do arms on seas,
 For sign, or for sound; the thin lips pressed,
 And the two hands crossed on the helpless breast:
 For there came no sound through the sweep of the trees.

’Twas the king of rivers, and the Isles they were near;
 Yet it moved so strange, so still and so strong,
 Yet gave no sound, not even the song
 Of a sea-bird screaming defiance or fear.

It was dark and dreadful! Wide like an ocean,
 Much like a river but more like a sea,
 Save that there was naught of the turbulent motion
 Of tides, or of winds blown back, or a-lee.

Yea, strangely strong was the wave and slow,
 And half-way hid in the dark, deep tide
 Great turtles they paddled them to and fro,
 And away to the Isles and the opposite side.

Yea, stately it moved it, mile upon mile,
 Above and below and as still as the air ;
 The bank made slippery here and there
 By the slushing slide of the crocodile.

The great trees bent to the tide like slaves ;
 They dipped their branches as the stream swept on,
 And then drew back, then dipped and were gone,
 Away for the seas with the resolute waves.

The land was the tides ; the shore was undone.
 It seemed as the lawless, unsatisfied seas
 Had thrust up an arm through the tangle of trees,
 And clutched at the citrons that grew in the sun ;

And clutched at the diamonds that hid in the sand,
 And laid heavy hand on the gold, and a hand
 On the redolent fruits, on the rubies-like wine,
 And the stones like the stars when the stars are divine ;

Had thrust through the rocks of the ribbed Andes ;
 Had wrested and fled ; and had left a waste
 And a wide way strewn in precipitate haste,
 As he bore them away to the buccaneer seas.

THE OLIVE AND ITS OIL IN CALIFORNIA.

WHEN other trees of the semi-tropical orchard—even the fig and the almond—have cast their foliage, and their branches spread naked and melancholy in the air, the olive, with the orange and the lemon, still wears its leaves, and glows in as vivid a green beneath the lowering clouds of December as in the golden days of June.

While young, the olive-tree in its general appearance bears a strong resemblance to the straight pond willow, but when it has attained its full growth, as at the Mission of Santa Barbara, it becomes graceful and elegant ; its arms, commencing high up in the trunk, spread outward and downward, and its silvery, aspen-like leaves and slender branches give play to those rifts of sunshine and sun-flecked shadows that artists love to

depict on the greensward beneath the groves of the "Mount of Olives" of Jerusalem. The berries of the olive-tree are nearly of the shape of the plum, though rather smaller in size. The color known as "olive-green" belongs to the olive only before it has ripened. When matured, its hue has changed to a deep-dark maroon.

The olive is propagated almost entirely by cuttings taken from the sprouts and branches of mature trees at the time of pruning. The cuttings are generally from ten to fifteen inches long and from half an inch to three or four inches thick ; the thickest are the best. These are placed in a perpendicular position in a bed of good soil, six, eight, or ten inches apart, their tops level with the surface. The earth is pressed closely

around them, and their ends are slightly covered to protect them from the drying influence of the sun. Here they remain, throwing out leaves and branches, until April or May, when, with as little disturbance as possible of the roots, they are taken up, and, after being trimmed to a single sprout, are set out in the orchard, in rows about twenty-five feet apart each way. The ground between the trees may be cultivated for several years, with little or no detriment to the young trees. When the olives are to be gathered, cloths are spread under the tree and the berries are pulled from their branches by hand and thrown upon the ground, or are beaten off with a long rod. If they are intended for their oil, they are carried to a dry room or loft and scattered upon the floor, or, where this is not convenient, a drying-frame is made—consisting of broad shelves one above another, and sliding in and out as the drawers of a bureau—and the berries are spread upon the shelves. By this exposure to a dry, in-door atmosphere, the berries ripen further, their watery juices are evaporated, the oil is released, and, when the skins have been broken, flows more readily under pressure. A slight mold may gather upon the berries during the few days that they remain here, but not sufficient to have an injurious effect upon the oil, or it may be prevented entirely by stirring the berries daily.

The process of extracting the oil, as practiced in Santa Barbara, is simple, even to mediæval rudeness. A large, broad stone-wheel is held by an arm from a centre-post, and, by a horse attached to this arm, is made to traverse a circular bed of solid stone. The berries are thrown upon this stone bed, and are shoveled constantly in the line of the moving wheel until they are considerably macerated, but not thoroughly, nor until the stones are broken. This process finished, the pulp is wrapped in

coarse cloths or gunny-sacks, and placed under a rude, home-made screw or lever press. The oil and juices, as they ooze through the cloth or sacks, flow into a small tank, and, as they increase, are distributed into other vessels, from the surface of which the oil is afterward skimmed. The oil flowing from this first pressure is that known as "Virgin oil," and commands the highest price from connoisseurs of the table. Without further preparation the oil is now ready for use, except that, in order that any intrusive matter may be separated from the body of the oil and collected at the bottom of the oil-cask or jar previous to bottling, it is set away for a time to rest. At the Mission of Santa Barbara, the oil is stored in huge antique pottery jars, that, ranged round the room, remind one of the celebrated scene of the jars in the story of "The Forty Thieves." The "second-class oil" is the result of a second and more thorough crushing of the berries, in which even the stones are broken, and of a subsequent subjection of the pulp to the press. The berries are sometimes submitted even to a third process of crushing, and, previous to pressure, are brought to a boiling heat in huge copper kettles. The oil thus obtained is of an inferior quality, and is sold for use as a lubricator and also as an ingredient in the manufacture of castile and fancy toilet soaps, and for other purposes, for which it is superior to animal oil. The residue of the berries is then returned to the orchard and scattered under the trees, and, possessing the qualities of a rich and rapid fertilizer, may be said to be yielded to us again revived and luscious in the richer fruitage of succeeding years.

It is common for persons to whom the imported olive-pickle has never been palatable, to become quite fond of the fruit grown in Santa Barbara. Nor is this remarkable. The difference between the olive received from foreign

countries and that obtained by domestic culture is so marked and so strongly in favor of the domestic production, that we may be almost justified in saying that those who have never eaten any but the imported olive do not know the true delicacy of the olive's flavor. The difference is probably attributable to the respective ages of the fruit at the time of picking. That received from abroad seems to have been gathered from the tree while yet hard, tough, and acrid, and before it had developed any considerable amount of oil; while the olive has attained its sweetest, most luscious condition for pickling when its color is approaching a brownish maroon. It is then mellow and rich in oil, and has parted with a great deal of its acidity. There is a bitter flavor, however, associated with the olive in all its stages of growth, which is extracted previous to pickling, by steeping the berries for about five days in fresh, cold water. It is necessary that the water should be changed every day, and this is most conveniently accomplished by putting the berries in a cask, from which, when desired, the stale water can be discharged by means of a spigot. The process is more perfect, however, if the spigot be allowed to remain unclosed and the cask constantly replenished by a stream of running water. At the end of five or six days, the olives are transferred to jars containing a strong brine, and in a few months are ready for use. The Spanish mode of pickling requires the addition to the brine of a profusion of sliced onions, garlic, and Chilean peppers—a strong decoction of flavors, yet producing pickles by no means unpleasant to the taste.

The olive is wholesome, and is said to contain all the qualities necessary to nutrition. It is designated by the native Californians as being "both bread and meat;" and among them it is not uncommon for persons to spend whole

days, sustained, and sustained well, on nothing more than a quart of pickled olives.

Olive-culture, it is anticipated, will prove a lucrative business in the county of Santa Barbara and elsewhere on the southern coast of California. The labor required in its cultivation, compared to that demanded by ordinary field and garden farming, is trifling. The tree, at five years of age, returns a slight recompense for care; and at seven an orchard should afford an average yield of about twenty gallons of berries to a tree. If there are seventy trees to an acre, there should be obtained from it one thousand four hundred gallons of berries. From twenty gallons of berries may be extracted three gallons of oil; and, if properly manufactured, olive oil will command \$4 to \$5 a gallon, at wholesale. Thus, an average yield of olives, derived from an orchard covering one acre of land, will produce about \$800 worth of oil. After deducting the entire cost of production and manufacture, a net profit may be anticipated of at least \$2 per gallon; and thus, one acre, containing seventy trees, yielding an average of twenty gallons of berries, or the equivalent of three gallons of oil, each, will afford a surplus above all expenses of about \$400 a year.

Olive-culture is so simple, that any one of ordinary intelligence may engage in it. Its results are such, that any one may find it profitable. As a business, it offers the advantage that it may be carried on at the home; and that a man of culture may engage in it, and yet find intervals for the pursuit of other objects and more varied themes. I speak here merely with reference to olive-culture. The process of manufacturing the oil is an entirely different business, and belongs separate and apart from the cultivation of the olive. In time, it will not be expected, as now, that each grower shall be manufacturer also. As soon

as the supply of olives in a neighborhood is sufficient to warrant the erection of suitable machinery for expressing the oil, every requisite for the purpose will be at hand. The olive-grower's labors for the season will end with the deposit of his berries at the oil manufactory; and, according to the custom of the olive districts of Europe, one-half the oil from his berries will subsequently be returned to him, ready for use and for market.

The "Virgin olive oil" of California will, in time, altogether supersede the foreign oil for table use in the United States. The "Virgin olive oil" of European manufacture never reaches this country. It is reserved abroad, for the demand of the wealthy of Europe. That which is imported to this country is the "second-class oil," or that obtained from the second crushing and pressure of the olives. It is inferior to the "Virgin oil" in delicacy and sweetness of flavor, in purity and transparency, and in its qualities for preservation. A large part of the oil sold in this country, and purporting to be olive oil of European manufacture, is the product of adulteration and imitation. It is generally manufactured in this country, and is composed principally of animal oil, though mustard-seed oil and other inferior vegetable oils also form materials for its adulteration. Every housewife knows that olive oil purchased from the grocer, when exposed to a cold atmosphere, sometimes thickens and turns white or opaque in the lower part of the bottle; and every one familiar with the nature of olive oil knows that it retains its perfect transparency and uniform oily consistency under any temperature. Ani-

mal oil condenses under the influence of cold; but vegetable oil does not. This difference has been well noted on the shelves of stores where the genuine and the adulterated oil have been ranged for sale, side by side. The genuine oil glows clear beneath the glass in all weathers; the adulterated oil turns flaky with the cold, and the lard goes down with the fall of the winter's thermometer. It is an advantage, also, of the genuine "Virgin oil," obtained by home manufacture, that it retains its perfect sweetness longer than any other oil. "Virgin oil" made at the Santa Barbara Mission four years ago, is to-day in possession of the nice delicacy of its first flavor when fresh from the berries.

Santa Barbara, the locality from which I have derived my information, is making olive-culture an important feature in her husbandry. The character of the climate, and every foot of the soil of the valley of Santa Barbara, and of the foothills of the Santa Inez for sixty miles along the coast, is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the olive. The olive-trees of the valley that are approaching maturity are legion; and there has been no abatement in the annual increase of their numbers through the planting-seasons of several successive years. As yet, Santa Barbara has manufactured but little oil for exportation, and prepared but few pickles: her trees have been too young to yield any large proportion of fruit above the demands for local consumption. But should her orchards be increased in the same ratio in the future that they have been during the last several years, Santa Barbara will one day be numbered among the celebrated olive districts of the world.

THE SACRILEGE.

PERHAPS you have noticed a little stone cross, in a most charming, but retired spot, on the northern side of Lone Mountain, already beginning to look worn and weather-stained, and usually called, by the keepers of the ground, the "Stranger's Cross," erected by—no one knows who, over a body—no one knows whose. The inscription on the cross—carved in old English letters, so small as to escape any but very close observers—is the saddest ever penned on earth: "*Sine spe*"—"without hope."

Every one acquainted with the history of Mexico under the reign of Iturbide will recall the name of the great banking firm of Earl & Co., Mexico. William Earl possessed enormous wealth, and wielded almost unlimited power. He apparently controlled the whole commerce of Mexico; possessed countless silver-mines, and loaned millions to the Government (when it suited him), millions to the Church, millions to the planters—but always on the best security, and at fabulous rates. He never forced you to borrow from him (if necessity did); but if you signed the fatal bond, he would have his pound of flesh, *colite que colite*. He had formerly lived in great splendor; but, since the death of his wife, contracted his establishment, and lived very retired, at his country villa, with his infant son and only child—scarcely six months old—when he lost his life by the hands of the executioner; or, rather, was shot in the public *plaza* of Mexico, having been convicted of high-treason against his Serene Majesty, Iturbide First.

Whether he was really guilty of plotting against the peace and tranquillity of the Government—which he made no

secret of detesting—or whether his enormous wealth was the object of such harsh measures, can not now be discovered, as the state papers of the Mexican Government are utterly valueless on the score of veracity, even if they were not regularly burned—say once a month—by the last authority in power. At all events, the estate was wholly confiscated, and the child left destitute. Fortunately for young Willie Earl, his nurse—wife of the parish priest—adopted him as her own. This priest, like most of his Order in Mexico, cared much more for his own convenience than for the papal bulls. Nor did he wrong his conscience in the least, as celibacy forms no part of Roman dogma, but is simply a matter of discipline invented by the Popes from motives of policy. The strict integrity of this *padre* had long been known to the wealthy banker, who regularly advised with him regarding certain financial negotiations with his Grace, the Archbishop, and certain wealthy abbots, who had loans to raise on golden crucifixes and silver statues. The banker had been generous to the priest—though he, too, often relentlessly sent the plate of the superior clergy to the melting-pot. The priest and his wife became extravagantly fond of their foster-child, and brought him up as their own eldest son. As he grew up, he displayed extraordinary talent, and was a decided favorite with the whole circle of the priest's acquaintance. Fond of horses and athletic exercises, the boy was allowed to spend more of his time rambling over the country in quest of amusement than over his books—for which he had a decided distaste. This distressed his foster-parents, who hoped much from

his high intellectual capacity; but his incorrigible giddiness, his wild but good-natured pranks, led them, at last, to consent to his adoption of the profession of arms. As he wanted to be a soldier, it was decided to yield to his taste; and it was settled that a soldier he should be. The *padre*, however, was no friend to the existing order of public affairs: Iturbide had been banished, and Anarchy reigned in his stead.

Willie Earl had reached the age of twenty with no settlement in life beyond a vague purpose of a future military career. One day he told his foster-father that but one thing remained to make him perfectly happy. He had cleared the ground, and knew the realization of his fondest wishes now depended upon a mere formality. In short, he was smitten with the beauty of *Señorita Luscinda*, daughter of a wealthy magnate—Don Antonio—whose great estate and political influence made his name famous throughout the country. The young man's suit had progressed so favorably—though all unknown to the parents of the young lady—that the lovers had decided that the next step would be for the old *padre* to state the case, secure the license, and unite the interested parties in his own church without further delay.

Alas for lovers!—things are not managed in this rude world of ours from a rose-colored point of view. The priest was evidently very much annoyed at this news. He saw it was time to inform his young ward of the real relationship between himself and young William—or, rather, of the total want of relationship—the facts of which had not been divulged hitherto, for the obvious reason of saving the boy from feeling a sense of dependence and misery. "I have not," continued the priest, "saved anything from my slender income, beyond what will prove a mere trifle when divided among my children, with whom you will share alike. Besides, let me

tell you that your real father—who was of English descent—was never on friendly terms with the proud old Don Antonio. Considering our poverty, and the antipathy I am sure the haughty old man feels for the name you should rightfully bear, I can not think of approaching him on the subject. My advice to you is this: go into active service; win your own place in the world; carve out your own fortune, and then seek the hand of a lady in that position in life equal to your own. A fortune-hunter is a scoundrel. You would not merely expose me to the embarrassment of being insulted by a purse-proud aristocrat, who would form no better opinion of us than that we planned an attack upon his strong-box, but the very first question he would ask, is, 'What income can you settle upon my daughter?' What could I answer? Is not the case a perfectly clear one?"

The effect of this sound advice upon the impatient, but astonished ears of the listener, was precisely opposite to what had been intended by the *padre*. The young man looked upon himself as a victim of misfortune; and instead of rising above what seemed a calamitous position of life, sank under it, and became moody, gloomy, and despondent. He went, however, to *Luscinda*, and told her the exact truth, binding her to secrecy, but promising that he would never desist till he had gained his point. "But," said he, "I will marry you honorably, in broad daylight, with the consent of your father and my friends. I have a high sense of honor, and will one day claim you, I hope, as an equal in fortune."

Instead of seeking a worthy field to rise in the world, through persevering industry, or the pursuit of some profitable object in life, young Earl became more and more depressed in mind, and was known to frequent company of no reputable position in society, in spite of

the remonstrances of his foster-father, the good *padre*. Whether instigated by some low associate, or of his own motion, he conceived the plan of influencing Don Antonio to give him the hand of Doña Luscinda in marriage, through the confessional, being well aware that the young lady's father was not only pious, but bigoted, and not a little superstitious. Don Antonio was accustomed to perform his "Easter duties" with great punctuality; and that season was drawing to a close. In order to avoid the crowd, he usually sought the "tribunal of repentance" in the evening of Good Friday. At least, so he chose to do on this particular occasion, sending a written request to the priest to be in attendance at an hour named. The note fell into the hands of young Earl, who read it; and instantly the resolution was formed to personate the priest, and so work on the fears of Don Antonio to grant the object he had in view. The "confessional" was a dark box in one corner of the church, which was very rarely lighted, beyond the feeble, flickering flame of the sanctuary-lamp before the distant altar, quite hidden in the deep embrasure of the vault-like chancel of the sacred edifice. To make sure of the *padre*, the young man sent him on a distant sick call, half an hour before the expected arrival of Don Antonio.

Scarcely had he assumed the priestly robes of the Father, and placed himself in the confessor's half of the confessional, when the wealthy penitent arrived. Kneeling a few moments upon the marble floor, he entered the box.

"Say the '*confiteor*,'" said the false priest, in the very tones of the true one.

"*Mea culpa! mea maxima culpa!*" replied the penitent.

"Go on with your confession. I will advise you when I have heard your sins disclosed."

"Shall I make a general confession this year, Father?"

"Yes, if you choose. I have forgotten your last confession."

"Well, to begin: I have as yet been unable to make restitution of that money."

"What money?"

"Do you forget so soon? Heretofore you have always borne it uppermost in your mind. I mean the money I borrowed and never paid to old Earl, the banker. God have mercy on him!"

"How much was it?"

"Forty thousand dollars, interest besides; but you agreed to let me off with that."

The false confessor could hardly control his emotions. With the utmost difficulty, he continued:

"You must restore that treasure to young Earl without delay, or I shall denounce you to him as a debtor of his father's—a fact which I know outside of the confessional. You must, moreover, give the hand of your daughter to the young man, now your creditor for such a considerable amount."

"But, Father, you surely forget very strangely—your memory used to be better. You know I can do no such thing."

Here the sacrilegious wretch trembled so with emotion that he could scarcely restrain betraying his disguise. His knees trembled, his heart seemed to stick in his throat, and his breathing became hard like the panting of one in the agonies of terror. He pretended to be absorbed in prayer, in order to gain time and compose his excited nerves. An overwhelming curiosity induced him to continue his infamous researches into the sacred confidence of the penitent. Had the latter been a person of the least penetration, he would have discovered the cheat.

"Explain the reason why not," continued the false priest.

"Why, you know it was I that lodged the false information against the poor

banker. You know I denounced him as a traitor against the Imperial Government; it was I that suborned the witnesses, in order to save myself from the clutches of the banker, to whom I owed the money. He or I had to be sacrificed: so I chose to compass his ruin, in order to save myself. Besides the fact of my daughter being pledged to another, loving and beloved, she shall not be the price of blood. She can not marry the son of my unfortunate enemy, for it was *I that murdered William Earl!* Iturbide's minions fired the bullets, but I was the real assassin! God have mercy on my soul."

The attendants of Don Antonio became impatient over their master's seemingly interminable devotions. José, the coachman, remarked to a companion that "his old master must have a big balance to clear off this time, if his stay in the church meant any thing."

"Well, you know what the *padre* said last Sunday, that a man *could* only commit just so many sins: then the devil got him sure."

"Well, the devil take my master if I wait another minute!" Scarcely had the servants come to this conclusion, when they observed the good *padre* advancing along the street in front of the church, evidently arriving from a long walk. "Why, Father," said José, "we thought you were confessing Don Antonio!" "Don Antonio? Where is he? In the church?" With that the priest and two servants entered the church—the former proceeding to the sacristy for a candle. On reaching the confessional, an awful sight met their astonished gaze. Before them on the floor lay the body of Don Antonio, his head on the raised platform of the confessional, and the body on the marble pavement. He had been stabbed twice through the heart with a small poniard, which was found lying near the inanimate corpse. The mus-

cular action of the heart had pumped a pool of slippery blood upon the now accursed spot. The alarm was given, but the assassins or murderers were never discovered, and the circumstance was variously interpreted by the people, while the dreadful end of Don Antonio remained the nine-days' wonder of the Mexican capital, so rich in histories of rapine and bloodshed. Young Earl was not for a moment suspected of the crime. He displayed no signs of guilt, or the least emotion beyond what would have been naturally expected from a suitor of the murdered man's daughter. That the murder had been committed with his poniard was well known by the *padre*, but how or wherefore he could not explain. The priest, however, respected his foster-son. One day young Earl and the *padre* were closeted in the good man's study for hours. When they, at last, came out of the room, they were both in tears. The last words ever uttered between them were:

"Go, my son, and join the army fighting for the best interests of our country. Lay down your life for the Republic, if needs be: it will be a small expiation for your past life. Let us never meet again on earth!"

When young Earl left the abode till now his home, he took nothing with him but a sword; and his last words to his friend were, "Adieu till we meet in Paradise!"

The sudden death of Don Antonio left his affairs in a deplorable condition; and the young lady, Doña Luscinda, naturally sought the protection of some lady friend, instead of remaining alone either at the town house or the country villa of her father, prostrated as she was by the shocking calamity which had overtaken her only surviving parent. Madame Iturbide had long been her intimate friend, and to the Empress she betook herself, at that lady's pressing solicitation. The Empress, however—beset by spies and

informers, that she well knew were conspiring against her husband's throne, in spite of their outward flattery—was on the point of flying the country. Doña Luscinda decided to accompany her only friend, powerful enough to protect her. In less than a month after the tragedy of Good Friday, the Empress and *suite*, with her family, were *en route* to Philadelphia, where the Iturbide family possessed an elegant residence, and where they have continued to reside ever since. Iturbide, the Emperor, since his expulsion from the Mexican throne, had the folly to set on foot countless intrigues to regain his lost empire. At last, he determined to make another vigorous effort to regain what he called "his crown." Landing once more on Mexican soil, he was captured and shot by the revolutionists. Among his executioners, was the superior officer before whom the unfortunate Emperor was tried and condemned to pay with the penalty of his life his invasion of Mexico as an arch-traitor. This was unusual, but the motive is evident, when the officer's name is revealed. The man so thirsting for the blood of the unhappy Emperor was—William Earl's son. What had been sown now produced its fruit. The desperate young man whose father had been so cruelly outraged, had sworn within himself to exact a mighty retribution from the authors of what he unjustly deemed his overwhelming woes. No sooner had he imbrued his hands in the blood of vengeance the second time than he, too, fell under the suspicion of the violent men at that time guiding the destinies of Mexico. One morning the suspected Earl was conducted to the frontiers and mercifully exiled from his native country. Instant death was the threatened penalty of ever setting foot on Mexican territory again. Escaping to the Sandwich Islands, he was there for years a "noble military attendant" of Kekuanoa, Governor of Oahu, till the

cry of "Gold!" startled with its echoes enterprising spirits from Yerba Buena to Timbuctoo. Thither, too, went young Earl. Of his Mexican friends he heard nothing, and of course less, if possible, from Doña Luscinda; but they in Mexico, however, knew of his every movement. The old *padre*, through means at his command, constantly communicated with the priests in Honolulu and Yerba Buena, and so was enabled to correspond closely with both Madame Iturbide, the Empress, and her ward, Doña Luscinda. Time with its noiseless foot was stealing by, robbing—

"Poor pensioners on the bounty of an hour,"

when Doña Luscinda began to discover she was no longer young: would *he* ever come to claim her hand? He had promised to do so; he had even written to her to beware of any thing that might be said to his disadvantage by the *padre*, her constant correspondent, and this was his last letter dated years before. The day came, at last, when the *padre*, too, wrote her his last letter, announcing the death of William Earl. Rest had come, at last, to that turbulent soul, and his ashes long reposed in the Yerba Buena cemetery, his grave undistinguished beyond a small wooden cross, bearing the initials, "W. E." Not yet ten years ago, the unforgotten ashes were solemnly transferred to Lone Mountain, and there lovingly deposited in a sequestered vale far from the beaten track of vulgar sight-seers. The sad inscription was traced by the hand of the single mourner that *would* still believe in the injustice of fate, that had seemingly done its worst to ruin the happiness of not only him under the lonely sod, but also wrecked the forsaken one, who could not forget the past, nor learn the ever-new truth that "*all of life is not to live— all of death is not to die.*" When the melancholy ceremony was at an end, who could describe the silent agonies

of that broken heart, as the pale-faced mourner turned away to seek her distant home, desolate and alone with God and her own faltering heart? Sorrow

soon claimed her. I saw her name, not long since, engraven upon the narrow house of death. It was "LUSCINDA *in pace.*"

GOVERNMENT SURVEYS.

THE present survey system of the United States being, with the exception of a few slight modifications, in force during the greater part of a century, one would think that so much experience would, by this time, have enabled the authorities in Washington to make the system, both in principle and details, as near perfection as possible. A synopsis of the method pursued in surveying government land will assist the reader in judging whether there is still room for improvement.

The public lands of the United States are surveyed into uniform rectangular tracts, called townships, six miles square, bounded by lines conforming to the cardinal points, and containing, more or less, 23,040 acres. The townships are subdivided into thirty-six tracts, or sections, each one mile square, and containing, more or less, 640 acres. The sections are numbered consecutively from 1 to 36, beginning with number 1 at the north-east corner of the township and numbering west with the north tier of sections to the western boundary, thence east with the second tier, west with the third tier, and so on to section 36, in the south-east angle of the township. The annexed diagrams will show the manner in which townships and sections are subdivided; that marked A. showing the subdivisions of a township, and that marked B. showing the subdivisions of a section.

The sections are divisible into four equal parts called quarter-sections, containing 160 acres each; the quarter-sections are divisible into two half-quarter

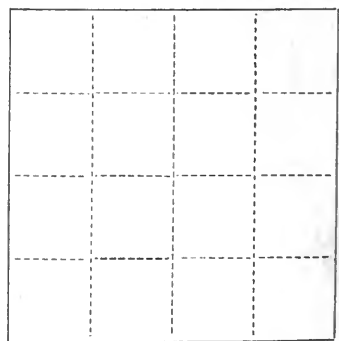
sections of 80 acres each, or into four quarter-quarter sections of 40 acres each. These are called legal subdivisions; and they are the only divisions which are recognized by the Government in the disposal of the public lands, except in the case of town lots, or where the tracts are made fractional by being contiguous to rivers, lakes, private land-grants, etc.

DIAGRAM A.—SUBDIVISION OF A TOWNSHIP.

6	5	4	3	2	1
7	8	9	10	11	12
18	17	16	15	14	13
19	20	21	22	23	24
30	29	28	27	26	25
31	32	33	34	35	36

Each block, one mile square.

DIAGRAM B.—SUBDIVISION OF A SECTION.



The dotted lines not surveyed. Each block, twenty chains square.

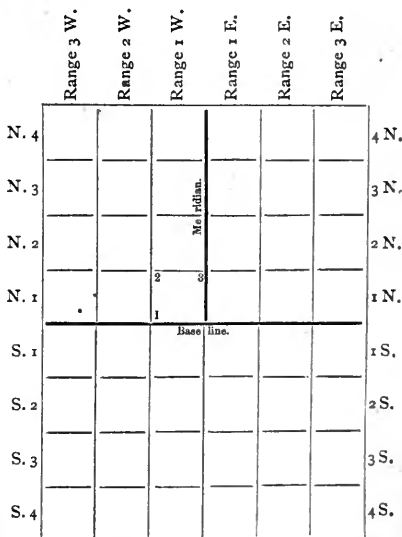
In pre-empting, the settler may take up his 160 acres in a square block, forty chains long and forty wide, or it may be eighty chains long and twenty wide, or he may take any four of the forty-acre tracts marked on diagram B., provided no tract is isolated from the others. All these subdivisions, however, are not actually surveyed and marked in the field. The outside boundaries of the sections are marked by driving stakes at every corner, and also one at every half-mile; but when the settler desires to establish any line running through the section, he must employ a private surveyor, at his own cost.

Prior to the survey of the townships, two principal lines are established—namely, a principal meridian, running north and south, and a base-line, running east and west. The first step in proceeding to establish a meridian and a base-line, is, to select some prominent natural landmark convenient to the locality where the surveys will soonest be required, for an initial, or starting-point. There are in California three such points, called respectively the Mount Diablo, San Bernardino, and Humboldt meridians. The meridians are run due north and south, the base-lines due east and west, with stakes on both lines on every half-mile.

Any series of townships in a tier running north and south is denominated a range; and the ranges are designated by numbers east or west, as the case may be, from the governing meridian. The townships in each range are also numbered north or south from established base-lines. A reference to diagram C., on this page, will show in a more obvious manner how townships are designated. Townships are said to be six miles square; but since the law requires that the north and south lines shall conform to the true meridian, it is evident, that, in consequence of the convergence of the meridians, these lines

will continue to approach one another as they are extended northward, thereby throwing the townships out of square, and making each of them smaller than the one south of it. To correct this convergence and preserve as nearly as practicable the square form of the townships, standard parallels are run every five townships, or thirty miles north and south of the base-line. On the standard parallels the full distance of six miles for each township is again measured; and from this base are surveyed fresh tiers of townships, the north and south lines of which, of course, converge like those in the first tier, and must be remedied in like manner.

DIAGRAM C.—THE SURVEY INTO TOWNSHIPS.



Each block, six miles square.

All the township-lines must be run from south to north. After running due north for thirty miles, the surveyor meets the standard parallel, which is usually surveyed before the township-lines. All his stakes must be half a mile apart, and any excess or deficiency in his measurement must be thrown into the northern half-mile. Suppose the

surveyor to start from number 1 on diagram C. After running north six miles, that point, which we shall designate as number 2, is established as the corner of four townships. From number 2 he runs a "random" line east, which should intersect the meridian at number 3—the township corner previously established. The officials in the Department of Land do not place a very high estimate on the accuracy of the surveyor, since they allow him for errors a margin of three chains and fifty links, or seventy-seven yards. In other words, it is only where the line running from 2 to 3 falls short or overruns its true length by three chains and fifty links, or intersects the meridian three chains and fifty links north or south of number 3, that the surveyor has to go back to the starting-point and re-survey his work. If the "random" line intersect the meridian within three chains and fifty links of number 3, the surveyor measures the distance from the point of intersection to the established corner, and then calculates a bearing that will run a true line back to number 2, the point from which the random line started. He then measures westward to number 2, putting in permanent stakes at every half-mile, and throwing the excess or deficiency into the western half-mile. In this manner all the townships in that tier are surveyed, and then the surveyor returns to the base-line and begins the next tier. In surveying this he closes on the permanent corners established on the western boundary of the last tier, in the same way that he closed upon those on the east boundary of the township.

In subdividing the land into sections, the same principle is followed. Let us suppose the surveyor to begin at number 1, diagram A. From number 1 he runs north forty chains, where he establishes the quarter-section corner; he runs north forty chains farther to num-

ber 2, where he establishes a section-corner common to sections 25, 26, 35, and 36. From number 2 he runs a random line east to number 3, and if the township-line is intersected exactly at the section-corner thereon, the random is established as the true line; but if the random line strike the boundary either north or south of the section-corner, the distance of the point of intersection from said corner is measured, and a course calculated that will run a true line from the corner back to number 2. This line is marked, and the permanent quarter-section corner is established at a point equally distant from the two section-corners. Here again the surveyor is allowed a large margin for errors. The east-and-west boundary-lines of the sections are to be within twenty-two yards of the actual distance established on the south boundary-line of the township for the width of said tier of sections. He may, therefore, have one line twenty-two yards more and the other twenty-two yards less than the established length; or one of two lines, each intended to be a mile, may be forty-four yards longer than the other. A flag-man, accustomed to his work, can, on level ground, step a mile with more accuracy than this.

The land is surveyed by deputy surveyors, under contract with the Surveyor-General, to whom alone the giving out of these contracts is left, and to whom all applications for work as Government surveyors should be made. He can award the contract to whom he pleases. There is no such thing as advertising for tenders for the doing of the work, and granting it to him who does it cheapest. The prices in California are the same in all parts of the State: namely, \$15 per mile for meridian and base-lines, \$12 per mile for township-lines, and \$10 per mile for section-lines. The prices are the same whether the ground be hilly or level, open or covered with

timber and brush. Every surveyor must keep notes of his work. These field-notes are the official records of the boundaries of the public land. They afford the elements from which the maps in the Surveyor-General's office are constructed; and must contain descriptions of the soil, surface, minerals, timber, natural curiosities, or any other information the surveyor may consider useful. When the work is completed, the field-notes are sent to the Surveyor-General's office, where maps and transcripts are prepared and transmitted to the General Land office. The surveyor is not paid for his work until the transcripts and maps are examined and approved of at Washington; and the time that afterward elapses before he is paid depends, to some extent, on his influence with the Government officials.

Another peculiarity in the system, is, that the deputy who surveys the township-lines is not allowed to survey the section-lines. This is done so that the work of one deputy may be a check on that of another. This, in theory, is very good; but we shall see, further on, if the end in view could not be more economically obtained.

It is difficult to ascertain by what rules Surveyors-General are governed in causing one part of the State to be surveyed before another. It can not be because the great demand for land in a certain locality renders a survey there more necessary, for we have instances where the land has been surveyed for many years without any of it being pre-empted; while, on the other hand, settlers have occupied and cultivated land for ten or twelve years without being able to get it surveyed. In many cases, indeed, the settlers have found it expedient to take advantage of a law which allows them to have the land surveyed at once, but at their own expense. They ascertain from the Surveyor-General the estimated cost of the survey, and when they deposit that sum

in his hands he sends a deputy to perform the work. The money is not refunded to them; neither does the fact of their paying for the survey give them any legal claim to the land. They must be on the alert, and as soon after survey as the land is open to pre-emption, file their claims. If we did not know Surveyors-General to be the very pink of honesty and incorruptibility, we should suppose them to be guided in their selection of the townships to be surveyed by the solicitations of some favorite deputy who found it more profitable and convenient to survey a certain locality rather than another; or by the persuasive arguments of some shrewd land-grabber, who knows that the land, when only of medium quality and in a remote district, would, after survey, be more likely to fall into his clutches than if the soil were better, and more accessibly situated. Good land, though unsurveyed, will be taken up by settlers in preference to land a little poorer, though subdivided into quarter-sections; and, in the course of some time, the inferior soil would become open to private entry—that is, to the monopolist.

This is a statement as brief as possible of the present method of surveying government land. It contains the principles and some, but not all, of the details of the system. Indeed, many of the detailed instructions are of such a nature as would lead one to believe that the authorities from whom they emanated gave those to whom they were issued but little credit for either theoretical knowledge or practical experience.

The most glaring absurdity that strikes one in examining the survey system, is, the uniformity in the price paid for doing the work. If, in one place, \$10 per mile is only sufficient to pay the surveyor a fair remuneration for his services, in other places that sum will be wholly inadequate. What would be thought of a railroad company, which, in building a

line of railroad from one end of the State to the other, over ground possessing every variety of surface, let their work to different contractors at the same price per mile? There is just as much difference, proportionately, in the cost of surveying different kinds of land as there is in building a railroad over different kinds of country; and, while it is true that if a mile of railroad in one part of the State will cost \$20,000, a mile in another part will cost \$100,000, it is equally true that if a mile of surveying costs \$10 in one place, it will cost \$50 in another.

While the instructions as to how the deputy surveyor shall do the work are so minute, it is a pity that no steps are taken to see that these instructions be carried out. The surveyor goes into a remote district, and afterward, on his own affidavit—supported, it is true, by the testimony of some of his assistants, who are incapable of passing judgment on the matter—receives payment for his work. If there be one person more than another looked upon as unwilling to perform his contract in good faith, it is the Government contractor. All over the world, men that would not cheat a private individual out of a cent have not the slightest compunction in swindling the Government to any amount possible. Few persons have a better opportunity of avoiding the fulfillment of their contract than the Government surveyor. He might only ride over the ground, and, from his observations, compile a field-book containing notes of hundreds of miles of fictitious survey; and neither the officials in San Francisco nor in Washington could detect any thing in it to lead them to suspect that the work was not faithfully performed. Nor is there any probability that the hope of being retained if the work is well done, or that the fear of having his services dispensed with if it is not well done, would induce the surveyor to perform his contract with accuracy. The proba-

bility is, that, before any thing is known of the merits or defects of his work, the authorities in Washington will have appointed a new Surveyor-General, who would bestow the office of deputy on his own friends and political supporters.

That a given lot of land should contain a few acres more or less than is represented, is not, where land is as cheap and as plentiful as it is here, of any great importance. But it is of the utmost importance that the marking be well done, so that the settler may have no difficulty in tracing out his boundary-lines long after the land has been surveyed: This we know is not done; and he who believes that it will be done under the present system is credulous in the extreme.

In such places as the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Tulare valleys, no very serious objection could be offered to the running of the boundary-lines of the farms in the direction of the cardinal points; though there is no reason why the boundary of a field, any more than the streets of a city, should run north and south, and east and west. In the greater part of the land to be still surveyed, the circumstances are quite different. Open plains, like those mentioned, offer few impediments to the construction of roads in any direction; and hence in such places the roads are straight and parallel to the section-lines. In the land remaining to be surveyed, the roads must take a winding course; and any system of survey that does not make a provision for roads and give every farm a frontage to one, is a failure. The line of the section boundary is open to all; but, in a hilly country, this route is often impassable, and many a settler is wholly at the mercy of his neighbors for the means of ingress to and egress from his farm until he petitions the supervisors of the county, and thus gets a road opened through the land adjoining his own.

Under the present system, the land is surveyed three times. The first, done by the Federal Government, is perhaps the cheapest of the three. The second is made by the individual, when he wants to fence his land. As the marks of the deputy surveyor soon become obliterated (that is, on the supposition that the marks were made at all), the settler must employ a private surveyor to trace out his boundary-lines. This surveyor will have to survey not only the boundary-lines of the settler's quarter-section, but, in all probability, some miles on either side of it, to find an initial-point; consequently, this survey will cost more than the first. The third survey is made by the county. The settlers, finding that they can go nowhere by following the section-lines, petition the supervisors to have a road opened. There will always be people that will naturally object to have a road running through their land, and cutting their farms into two subdivisions. These men use their influence with the supervisors, and the opening of the road is deferred from time to time. At length, increased traffic and the imperative demands of the public render further delay inexpedient, and the road is at last thrown open. The land by this time has increased considerably in value. It may be necessary to take the road through a tract highly improved—say an orchard or a vineyard—and therefore the county must pay the owner a large price for the land required. This, with the cost of surveying the road, arbitration, and putting up fences, makes the last often the dearest survey of the three.

In June, 1871, there were in California 34,000,000 acres surveyed, and unsurveyed about 87,000,000 acres, or nearly 136,000 sections of 640 acres each. As only the outside of the sections is surveyed, there would be in each section two lineal miles of surveying, costing \$20 for field-work alone. If all the land were subdivided into sections, the field-

work, at this rate, without taking into consideration meandering surveys along creeks, rivers, and swamps, would cost \$2,720,000. Office-work and meandering surveys would swell this sum to a much larger amount. With so much work to be done, and with such a demand, both present and prospective, for land, it is necessary to initiate some system that would give more satisfaction than the present one.

The first step would be to portion the State into land districts, and in each district appoint two or three commissioners. The commissioners should be old residents of the districts for which they are appointed, so as to be familiar with the quality of the soil and the nature of the surface. Upon receiving their appointments, they should go over the land, and, according to its quality, determine the size of the lots into which it should be divided. There are many parts of the State in which it would take several acres to feed a sheep. It would be useless to subdivide such land into blocks of less than a few thousand acres each. A tract of land fit only for grazing purposes would be scarcely considered adequate to the support of a family in California, unless it were able to afford pasturage to a thousand sheep. The commissioners need not wait to classify all the land; but as soon as they have determined on the size of the lots in a portion of it, call for tenders for surveying it—the contract to be let, as usual in such cases, to the lowest bidder. There should be some provision made for inspecting the work. It would not cost much to examine the survey after it is made. One line, run through a tract several miles square, would enable the inspector to form a pretty correct opinion with regard to the work. The mere fact of their work being inspected at all, would induce the contract-surveyors to be more careful than they would otherwise.

The plan of surveying the State into townships might be still followed; but the subdividing of the townships into square tracts, with boundaries agreeing with the cardinal points, should be discarded, at the discretion of the commissioners. As has been said, much of the land unsurveyed is hilly or mountainous; and almost all the remainder consists of long, narrow valleys, from a few chains to a mile wide. A glance at one of these valleys will show the most obtuse, that, no matter where the settlers' houses are built, the road must run through the centre of the valley, and wind about, if the valley is a narrow one. Survey the land in the usual manner, and afterward, when a road is built by the county, the farmer finds that his quarter-section, which he expected to have in one square block, is divided into two or three irregular-shaped pieces, some at one side of the road and some at the other. There can be no reason why, in such a place, the road is not laid out at the time the land is surveyed. It would save trouble, expense, and lawsuits, and give the settler his farm in a more compact shape than does the present system. Again: in many instances, all the water in a tract four or five miles square is to be found on one quarter-section. He who obtains this can monopolize the whole. Instead of throwing all the water into one quarter-section (which is likely to happen at any time under the present system) as many farms as possible should have a frontage to it. Where the land consists of narrow, fertile valleys, a quarter of a mile or so in width, with a background of broken country fit only for grazing purposes, it should be subdivided so as to give each farm a portion of agricultural and a portion of grazing land. The present system makes no provision for any thing of this kind; though we know that a man can do much better by cultivating some, and keeping stock on the remainder of his

land, than if he confined himself exclusively to grazing or agriculture.

Some such system as the one here sketched has also the advantage of being cheaper than the one now in use. There will be hundreds of competitors ready to tender for the surveying. If it can be done under the present system for \$10 per mile, under a more judicious one, it is not too much to say, it could be done for \$5. The work should be let in large contracts. Under the patchwork system now pursued, the length of time spent by the surveyor in going to the part of the State where the work is situated, in hunting out the old survey-marks, previous to finding a starting-point, and in returning home after his survey is finished, is often greater than the time spent in surveying the land. If a township is required to be surveyed, two deputies must be sent to do the work. The first one is sent to survey the township-line, and the second, to survey the section-lines, and to see if his predecessor did his work accurately. The work of the last surveyor, of course, is not inspected at all.

A well-equipped survey party will consist of the surveyor, two flag-men, two chain-men, one cook, and one teamster. The usual price paid to surveyors on railroads and canals in California is about \$100 per month and board. Any number required could be obtained for this salary. Surveyors acting as chief-engineers of railroads often get from \$200 to \$400 per month. Such positions, however, are not very numerous; and men capable of filling them are often working for \$100 per month. An ordinary surveyor, required to subdivide land, does not stand in need of the skill and experience of a railroad engineer, neither could he expect to receive so large a salary. This salary of \$100 per month, paid by the great railroad companies, stops whenever the work stops; and it is very seldom that any engineer

engaged in field-work receives pay for more than ten months yearly. Flag-men and chain-men can be engaged for \$40 per month and board. The teamster would be required to carry provisions to the party, and to remove the camp from time to time. The bedding, clothing, and a few weeks' provisions for seven or eight men would not make a very heavy load, and could be easily removed by a team of horses. The price of board for each of the party, since they buy their own provisions and cook them in the camp, would not amount to more than \$10 per month. In calculating the expense of this party, we shall be more liberal than the railway companies, and allow not only a larger salary, but payment by the year, whether wet or dry. Let us say \$150 per month for the surveyor, and \$60 per month for the cook and each of the field hands. As their board would not cost over \$10 per month, these prices are higher than could be obtained elsewhere by either the surveyor or his assistants. A teamster with his wagon and horses can be hired for \$4 per working-day—probably for less, as the work is light, and the horses could live on grass most of the time. At this estimate, the total expense of the party would be \$554 per month, or \$6,648 yearly.

Though paying by the year, we shall assume that the party can not be at work all the time. Let us suppose that a month is lost every year on account of rainy weather. This is a liberal estimate for the climate of California. In fact, the farmers only in very few years lose so much time during the plowing season. This is the only time that rain falls; and, as the surveyor could work many days on which the softness of the ground would compel the farmer to remain idle, he would not be likely to lose a month. In each month there are, on an average, twenty-six working-days. Let us also suppose that in each month

one day is lost in shifting camp, correcting accidental mistakes in work, etc., and we have a total of 275 working-days in every year. A competent surveyor, with the assistants provided for in this estimate, could, unless the ground is extremely rough, survey a line six miles in length daily. On level, or slightly undulating land, he could do ten or twelve miles. Any one having any experience in this kind of work knows very well, that in open ground two chain-men will chain a mile an hour, and do it with a much greater degree of accuracy than is required by the United States Government. Say six miles daily, and we have 1,650 miles of survey completed, at a cost of \$6,448. At the present prices, and under the present system, this work would cost \$16,500 in currency, or \$14,850 in gold.

The plan here recommended would, to be successful, render it necessary, on the part of the Government, to exercise good judgment and good faith in appointing the commissioners. These should be workers; and should be appointed to subserve the interests of the State—not, as is usual in such cases, to obtain their influence at the next election. One of them, at least, should be a practical surveyor. His experience would be valuable, in aiding the commissioners to form an estimate of the cost of completing a survey; and he could also inspect the work when it was finished. The commissioners could be obtained for the same rate of salary allowed to the surveyors; or, as they would have to travel about occasionally, say \$2,000 a year for each of them. Three commissioners, who understood their business, could classify the land and inspect the work as fast as half a dozen survey parties could survey it. This would add about another thousand dollars to the expense of each survey party. Hence, if the land is surveyed under the contract system, we can have it done, and inspected—so

as to make sure of its being accurate—for less than half the price it now costs.

When a private individual subdivides his land previous to sale, is he satisfied with suspending a map of it in his office? No; he gets this map lithographed, and copies are freely distributed to the public. The Government should act in the same manner. The commissioners—though each body would have an office in its own district—should have a central office, where the lithographers would be at work. As much as possible of the surveyors' notes should be lithographed. A glance at the lithograph would inform the settler of the quality of the soil, the facility for building and fencing, the distance to markets and railway stations. At present, the settler, who wishes to learn the quality of the soil in any locality, must visit the land personally. He can, it is true, obtain transcripts of the surveyors' notes by paying for them; but this is too expensive to be followed to any extent. Lithographs could be made to convey so much valuable information to the public that the number sold would, in all probability, pay for the work of printing them. A lithograph of a whole township need not cost as much as is now paid for a transcript of the surveyor's notes of a single quarter-section. The lithographs could also be made the means of disseminating a vast amount of information abroad. Some should be prepared especially for this purpose. A lithograph, containing the surveyors' notes and an abstract of the pre-emption law, would, if placed in any city in Europe where the public could have access to it, have thousands of readers.

Doubtless, there remain to be surveyed in California vast quantities of land that can not be surveyed for even \$10 per lineal mile. That the plan here recommended will allow of its being done cheaper than it could be under the pres-

ent system, will appear obvious to any one, for the following reasons:

First, the work is let in large contracts. The advantages of this over the patchwork system now pursued have already been presented. Second, the surveyor is not hampered by useless mandates and restrictions. He must be allowed to run the section-lines south as well as north; and, if he finds it more convenient, to survey the northern before the eastern boundary-line. Being compelled to begin the survey of every section at its south-eastern corner, necessitates much lost time. Let us suppose that the surveyor has finished the survey of a tier of sections, from the south-east corner of section 35 to the north-east corner of section 2. If he follows his instructions, he must return on the surveyed line, and proceed to the south-east corner of section 34, previously to resuming his survey. Unless he is too ignorant to calculate the convergence of the meridians per mile, at any given latitude, there is no reason why he should not save himself a seven-mile walk. Third, the placing of the section-lines a mile apart, and in the direction of the cardinal points, often causes much useless labor. The boundary of any section may come in a place where dense brush, steep ravines, or precipitous rocks would render the survey impracticable; while a line a few chains east or west of it would offer no impediments.

The authorities in Washington have always doled out, in a penurious manner, the money for carrying on the public surveys. But if the field-work can be done without drawing a dollar from the United States Treasury, the Government can have no objection to the carrying on of the work on a scale so extensive that it would be completed in a few years. This can be done by allowing the commissioners, surveyors, and field assistants to take their pay-

ment in land, say at a price of \$5 per acre. As they would have an opportunity of seeing all the land and picking the best of it, they would be quite willing to pay this price. Under these circumstances, many would, perhaps, think the price too small. The price per acre for the land would not be a matter of any importance. If it were less than the land is worth, surveyors, of course, would know it, and put in tenders for work accordingly. Neither would there be any danger that, by this system, vast quantities of land would fall into the hands of one. Each of the surveyors would receive for a year's work a farm of only moderate size. According to the judgment exercised in obtaining his contract and performing his work, he might expect to own from two hundred to five hundred acres of land at the end of the year. The assistants would obtain, in the same time, about a quarter-section each. In this way, the survey of a section would cost the Government only two acres of land. Under the present system, inaccurately and carelessly as the work is done, the survey of each section costs thirteen and one-half acres.

The cheapness of this plan is neither its only, nor its greatest recommendation. The immediate marking out of the boundaries of the various Spanish grants is a subject of far more importance to the community than is the sum of money the work would cost under the most bungling system of survey. The title to hundreds of thousands of acres of good land is still in a state of uncertainty, and must remain so until the land is surveyed. The evils arising from this state of things are numerous. In a previous article, we said that it would have been better for all concerned, if the United States Government had issued a patent for every grant, without further in-

vestigation, twenty years ago. Of course, we referred to the claims that were presented before the Board of Land Commissioners that met in 1851. After a more careful observation of the facts, we repeat the assertion, with a firmer conviction of its correctness. If the land had been given, at that time, to the claimants, they would have sold it to settlers, and thus prevented many thousands from leaving the State. We find that many of the original claimants are to-day beggars—beggared by the litigation which arose from their claiming Spanish grants. Patents have been, or will be, received for most of the grants—not, however, by the original claimants, but by the lawyers they engaged to represent them in court. Hence, the Government might as well have granted the patents first as last, and saved so much litigation. Another phase of the evil is exhibited in the disputes that arise between the grant-owner and the settler. Probably there is not an unpatented grant in the southern counties that has not been “jumped” many times. The slightest rumor that the land belongs to Government is enough to send the settler off on a wild-goose chase. His common sense tells him that his chances are small; but delusive Hope whispers that his fortune is made if he only succeed. It is like a lottery. The land they are “jumping” is often worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre; and we need not be surprised if the man who has no land of his own, risks a good deal to obtain a quarter-section of it. One or two failures are not enough to satisfy him. If he has already wasted a season in “jumping” land in Monterey County, this will not prevent him from wasting another in Los Angeles, and still another elsewhere. It can be prevented only by having the land surveyed and patented.

LONDON ART EXHIBITION OF 1872.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts (the one hundred and fourth) opened, as usual, on the first Monday of May—that is, to the general or one-shilling-paying public. On the preceding Saturday was the private view, the occasion on which the friends of the academicians, the art-dealers, and the best-known patrons and buyers of pictures, are invited by special card to view the collection, and on which auspicious day the majority of the works of art get the red star affixed to them—the sign of their being sold and disposed of. But so far back as Wednesday, the art-critics of the leading English journals were favored with a quiet inspection of the works submitted to criticism; Thursday was set apart for royalty; and on the evening of the private view-day, the annual banquet of the Academy took place, at which were gathered a distinguished crowd of men famous in art and letters: nobles, bishops, judges, and a numerous delegation of the Cabinet. Gladstone made the speech of the evening—a graceful, scholarly oration, and with as much originality as the rather threadbare topic of the beneficent influences of art would admit of. The Academy is an institution especially patronized by rank and fashion, and consequently the great mass of middle-class people follow dutifully in its wake. But no doubt many an honest British *pater familias* has a secret dread of the weary round of picture-seeing, which his womankind impels him reluctantly to perform during the early part of the season. The ladies come to see and to be seen. They are impulsive, but not very discriminating critics, and are suspected to take more interest in the painters than in their

pictures, and to divide their attention at the Academy between the spectators and the works of art on the wall—at least, Mr. Punch insinuates this in his cartoon representing three young ladies remonstrating with their papa, who has brought them to the Academy at the early hour of noon, thus: “I told you, papa, there would be nobody here, only these horrid pictures.” Some determined picture-haters (“art he loathed, with a guardsman’s loathing,” as Mr. Punch has it in one of his prize novels) manage to keep away, say to July, but the pressure of fashion and custom is too severe, and, sooner or later, every body makes his or her appearance at Burlington House.

As the standing topic of conversation at dinners are the Academy and the pictures, the man of fashion and diner-out can not afford to be ignorant of a subject of which every body is bound to talk, wisely or foolishly, as the case may be. Then there is the attraction of a crush of well-dressed people. For two months, at least, it is the big afternoon gathering of London society. You not only meet people you like to meet, but those you must meet, yet wish not to meet oftener than you can. “Glad to see you; we are sure to meet you in the Academy,” is so convenient when a country cousin or unfashionable acquaintance—come to town for a week’s holiday—chances to meet you in the street, and harasses your soul with a piteous look of entreaty for an invitation.

The galleries open at 8 A. M., but the fashionable world is a very late riser, and if you can manage to get down at that unearthly period of the day, you may indeed, for a couple of hours, at

least, have the galleries all to yourself, and have the opportunity of studying the pictures at leisure, without having your attention distracted by the number of pretty faces at your elbows, or your temper ruffled by the angry looks of dowagers, on whose train you have stepped, or by having your own toes trod upon. At nine, or thereabout, a stray art-critic may be seen, here and there, scrutinizing the pictures with a knowing look, and jotting down notes occasionally in his catalogue, or pumping some wandering artist or connoisseur for anecdotes of the studio or gossip about the artists, to serve as a garnish for his fourth or fifth notice of the Academy in the next morning's paper. In May, art and piety go together, and toward noon a goodly number of white chokers and round hats tell of May meetings in Exeter Hall. A view of the Academy pictures in the forenoon is considered a highly proper and graceful introduction to the religious exercises later in the day. After noon the clerical element disappears, and the world begins to set in in a steady stream, which presently fills the rooms, and, when the weather is at all favorable, to overflowing. After 5 P.M. the stream ebbs rapidly away to its drive in the park or its dinner and tea. The doors are not closed until half-past eight o'clock. The gas is lighted at seven, although it is broad daylight, and will be so for another hour and a half. The evening visitors are, of course, the people who can not spare the time during the day. They do not belong to the world of rank and fashion, but are mostly intelligent working-men, who, after their hard day's work, snatch an hour or two from their scanty leisure to feast their eyes with the glory and beauty around them—splendors which, one would think, would contrast too painfully with the mean appointments and dull, hopeless routine of their daily life.

The Exhibition of 1872 comprises

about 1,200 oil-paintings and some 700 works in water-colors, engraving, and sculpture. About three thousand contributions were rejected. It can not fail that some injustice is occasionally done, but it is generally conceded that the committee of acceptance exercise their arduous and ungrateful task with commendable fairness, as certainly a great many pictures would seem to indicate a great deal of good-nature on the part of the hanging committee. The honorary foreign academicians do not seem to value the distinction conferred upon them at a very high rate. None of Gerome's superbly drawn and richly colored Eastern figures glow from the walls, nor does Meissonier exhibit any of his gems of cabinet pictures to excite the envy and despair of the native artists. Gillait, the Belgian painter, is the only foreign academician who sends a contribution this year. He has two companion-pictures, "La Paix" and "La Guerre," the last representing a mother and her two children lying dead on the threshold of their ruined home—a painful and ghastly subject, but not in the awful sense of a former and famous picture of his—Counts Egmont and Horn lying in state, their severed heads arranged upon their pillows, surrounded by sorrowing friends. The pictures compare unfavorably with Landseer's famous "Peace and War," so well known in the engraving.

Among the several foreign artists domiciled in England, Alma Tadema and Israels hold a high rank, and are conspicuous exhibitors this year. In the "Mummy—Roman Period," by the former artist, we have a picture painted very much as an ancient Egyptian artist of the period might have done it. The strange, labyrinthine hieroglyphs, gilded and painted in various hues on the mummy case, and the complex detail of the Egyptian interior, are a marvel of workmanship, but all presented under a broad, diffusive light, which leaves nothing of

the gloom and mystery that might seem appropriate to the subject—that of the last rites being paid to the inhabitant in the mummy case, previous to its being consigned to the tomb. Israels has a picture of an old fisherman showing some brightly painted tin-soldiers to a little child, fastened in a rough chair made of an old barrel. It is a powerful work in a strong *impasto*. The depth and color are strong and rich.

The Exhibition is considered an average good one—that is to say, the academicians and leading contributors sustain well the reputation in which they are held by the art-world of England. A noted exception to this are the two landscapes by Millais, which it puzzles one to believe are from the same hand that painted the sad and solemn “Chill October,” which drew such universal attention at last year’s Exhibition. His “Flowing to the Sea” and “Flowing to the River” are two of the queerest compositions I have ever seen by an artist of reputation. In the latter, a broad river divides the canvas in two: the upper half, some dull fields, intersected with stone-walls, a few distant trees, and a flat, uninteresting sky; in the foreground, a piece of level ground with the corners of a blank wall, near which is seated a vacuous lassie in confabulation with a huge Scotch soldier in kilt and white gaiters and red jacket; farther to the left, stands another Highlander, in the same regimentals, looking vacantly at the flowing river, and between them, moored to the shore, a pea-green boat—to judge by the perspective—hardly capable of holding the head-gear and towering plumes of the two soldiers. “Flowing to the River” is a confused representation of a mill-race whirling through a wilderness of weeds and brush to the river. A very fashionable fisherman is tempting the wary trout, and the background is a bewildering kaleidoscope of color, a mass of trees and

bushes, without any depth and distance. The whole has, indeed, a very summery aspect, and there is a great deal of sun in it; but as a picture it must be considered a failure, in spite of its being the work of the great John Everett Millais, who, like Homer, is occasionally caught napping. But there must be something in these two landscapes which ordinary observers fail to see, as Agnew, the great Birmingham dealer, has purchased them at 1,000 guineas apiece. The artist’s queer signature in the corner—a black-letter M transfixéd with an L—is, however, of magic potency, and Mr. Agnew will probably not have the pictures long on his hands. Any vagary of Millais’s (supposed to be the Phœbus, the artist of Aryan proclivities, in Disraeli’s “Lothair”) is bound to find admirers in England, and, what is better, a purchaser with a long purse. His *pièce de résistance* this year is a large picture, entitled “Hearts are Trumps.” Three handsome, showy young ladies—three Misses Armstrong—are seated at a tiny table, playing at dummy whist. To avoid, perhaps, the charge of plagiarism—as Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a similar subject—he has drawn two of the players with their faces toward the spectator. They certainly look alive on the canvas, but are not very well detached from the wonderfully well painted Japanese screen and a mass of azaleas, which form the background. The lady in the middle seems to me to have a slight squint, which, if intentional, is very creditable to the conscientiousness of Millais as a portrait-painter. The drapery is slashingly painted, and is very effective at a distance, but there is no attempt of imitation as to stuff and texture. *On dit*, that Mr. Armstrong was dissatisfied with the likenesses of his daughters, whereupon Millais at once consented to cancel the commission, and the picture was sold the next day at an advance of another 1,000 guineas. Among Millais’s

portraits—and he is a portrait-painter of the highest rank—Lupus Grosvenor, Marquis of Westminster, and Sir William Paget, Bart., are conspicuous. The rich Marquis is painted in hunting-garb—scarlet coat and top-boots—putting on his gloves in the hall in the most natural way in the world. The face of the English Cræsus is in noway noticeable; but what a wise and thoughtful countenance is not that of the renowned surgeon. Sir William, who is Professor of Anatomy, is represented standing before a black-board, upon which is a chalk-drawing of the neck of the *femur*; on a table are scattered other parts of the human skeleton.

“The Earl of Fife,” by Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Academy, is a fine full-length portrait of a Scottish nobleman—who does, indeed, look like a nobleman. Among portrait-painters outside the Academy, Mr. S. Lawrence holds a high rank. His crayon heads are beyond praise. Among them I noticed a splendid head of Benjamin Moran, Esq., Secretary to the American Legation. Mr. Fr. Leighton, R. A., the Velasquez of the British school, as he is sometimes called, was, I believe, a pupil of Delacroix. He is the Colonel of the Artists’ Volunteer Corps, and is a scholar, as well as a painter, and imbued with the best traditions of the continental schools, ancient and modern. He is a thorough draughtsman, as that title is understood in France and Germany, and is a splendid colorist. Certainly one of the finest pictures in the Academy is his “A Condottiere”—a half-length figure, in cuirass, of some bold captain of mercenaries—a calm, haughty face, with some cruel lines about the mouth. If one should come across the picture in some old castle or *château* in Spain, one would readily pronounce it a Velasquez. His “Summer Moon,” representing two lovely girls, locked in each other’s arms, asleep under a skillful arrangement of

reflected moonlight, claims to be no more than a piece of decorative painting, and is, I believe, intended for a panel in a ceiling; but it looks as if some old master had designed and painted it.

Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by three large pictures, or rather sketches, in oils—of course, not executed recently, as, since his attack of paralysis, two years ago, he has not touched a brush. In his “Lion and Lamb,” we see the first sketch (the lamb is an after-thought) for the majestic brutes which Sir Edwin modeled for the four angles of the base of the Nelson Column, by far the finest piece of sculpture in London. In his “Baptismal Font,” we have a study, which, if it could be carried out in a picture by the famous artist—of which there is now no hope—would bid fair to rank among his very best. A flock of lambs, with unconscious reverence in their every attitude, are grouped around a rudely sculptured font, above which are fluttering some doves. It is, in sentiment, suggestive of a kindred subject, by the same artist—“The Shepherd’s Prayer”—of which there is a very beautiful engraving. The way-side crucifix, before which the shepherd is kneeling in adoration, surrounded by his reposing flock, is, however, an object more naturally to be met with in the open air than the baptismal font, which forms the central feature of the present composition. The lambs and doves, though only smudged in without *impasto* or high lights, show the practiced touch of the master, both in form and texture.

F. Goodall, R. A., maintains in “The Head of the House at Prayer” his high reputation as a painter of Oriental scenes and customs: a sandy and arid level, on whose sparse vegetation a herd of camels are grazing; in the middle-ground, the tents of some wandering Arabs—mere loose pieces of black and yellow cloth stretched on poles like an awning, very unlike the lodges of our Indians

—from under which peep the swarthy faces of women and children. Immediately in the foreground, an aged *sheik* is standing on a praying-carpet, with bowed head and outstretched arms, facing Mecca-ward. "Waiting for the Procession" is a capital composition, by H. S. Marks, representing a number of people in antique holiday costume, of both sexes and all ages, awaiting the coming of their lord, or some pageant or another. The eager and joyful anticipation manifested is quite catching, and you experience a sense of disappointment in not seeing the show, which is evidently within the vision of the good-natured and quaintly attired crowd. "Terms to the Besieged," by J. Pettie, A. (associate), tells its story forcibly. A herald in armor, one gauntleted hand raised in the air, delivers his *ultimatum* to the authorities of some besieged town, seated at the council-board. One old burgomaster stares at the mail-clad figure in a state of mental collapse, with his arms hanging listlessly at his side, and other members show plain signs of "caving in," in their hungry and despairing faces; but an old, grizzly knight in the centre—in full armor—faces the swaggering herald with a look of stolid defiance, which reads plainly, "No surrender." The attitude of the herald is, perhaps, a little exaggerated. In composition, drawing, and color the picture takes a high rank.

H. B. Roberts has this year an excellent picture, illustrating an episode in "The Last of the Barons," where old Warner is pursued through the streets by a yelling crowd of boys, who believe him to be a wizard. The perplexed look of Warner, who, in a deep scientific abstraction, seems only half conscious of the rag-and-bobtail behind him, is well conceived and rendered. A woman is shielding the face of her little son against the supposed evil-eye of the necromancer; and the mean, shabby houses are composed from architecture of the pe-

riod still extant in England. Several years ago, I saw Orchardson's "Hamlet and Ophelia" in a private gentleman's gallery—a fine work of art, which, I believe, gained him his associateship; but he has certainly nothing equally good this year. He is particularly slovenly in his landscape backgrounds—a mere smudge of raw green paint, without an attempt of depth and distance. "From Generation to Generation," by C. Calthrop, is a marvel of imitative skill. An aged cavalier, leaning on the arm of his son or grandson, is traversing his ancestral hall. The youth is pointing proudly at a full-length portrait of some ancestor, but the old gentleman's attention is not withdrawn from an old deer-hound, whose head he is caressing. At the end of the hall is seen seated an old lady, and some gay children are playing on the floor. The long perspective of the great hall is a perfect illusion, and the light projected from the painted casement on the faded carpet is positive sunshine.

Mr. Boughton, the American painter, has this year a very clever picture, or rather three pictures framed together—a triptych, which might be called the idyl of the birds. In the first—"Spring Time"—an upright composition, we see a young girl, in white, watching the "Coming of the Birds," which are darting to and fro among the trees. In the second, two maidens are mourning the "Departure of the Birds"—a fine, sombre autumnal effect; and in the last—"The Coming of Winter"—the first gay girl contemplates sadly a little dead bird lying on the snow. There seems to me a certain parsimony of color in these three pictures. The tone is a little monotonous; but Mr. Boughton has imbued his poetical subject with true sentiment, and his work ranks among the best of the season. Another American artist—W. J. Hennesey, now domiciled in London—has a picture named "Drift-

ing"—a scene on Long Island Sound—an American autumn effect, which some English critics think too exaggerated in color; but which I rather think below than above the key of color of the gorgeously "painted" woods of an American autumn. The figures in the boat, drifting idly on the leaf-strewed water, are capitally drawn. A third American artist—Mr. Whistler, one of the best etchers of the day—exhibits a work which he calls a "Study in Black and Gray," being the full-length figure of an old lady seated in a chair (a portrait of the artist's mother), with a sad, sweet face, tenderly drawn, but almost colorless. The dress is black, the curtains gray. A drawing in black and white hangs in a black frame on a leaden wall; even the old lady's face is of an ashen hue. Mr. Whistler is an arduous student of the laws of color, and has exhibited several of these "symphonies of color" experiments, which would seem more appropriate to the walls of a lecture-room than to those of the Academy. Of other American artists, J. McIntee has a fine landscape, entitled "November"—the melancholy days have come—favorably noticed in *The Times*. Innes is also represented by a clever landscape; and Lafarge exhibits "A Decorative Flower-panel"—an artistic arrangement of flowers of very high qualities of color.

A beautiful allegorical design, by Mr. Armitage, is entitled, in the catalogue, "In Memory of the Great Fire in Chicago, and of the Sympathy shown to the Sufferers, by both America and England—a study for a large picture to be presented to the new town-hall of Chicago, by the proprietors and artists, and the literary staff of *The Graphic*." Mr. Armitage is the painter of "Judas"—offering to return the thirty pieces of silver to the high-priest—one of the most admired pictures in the Kensington Museum, and his name is a guaranty that the "testimonial" will be a work

of sterling merit. "Left to Die," by Mrs. Hopkins, has no very high artistic merit; but the picture tells its story well, at least to the writer, who, by experience, can fully sympathize with the situation of the poor Indian, who, being wounded and unable to mount his horse, has been left to his fate in the wilderness. He is sitting, stolid and expressionless, by a smoldering camp-fire near a pool of water. On the distant horizon of the plain is seen a band of Indians, one of whom is dragging a riderless horse, which holds back in the true "cayuse" fashion.

An artist of high mark is B. Riviere, the painter of the "Lovers of Circe"—transformed into swine. He contributes this year another work, which sustains his acknowledged mastery of animal expression. His "Daniel in the Lion's Den" is a picture of note. In the foreground of a large, stone den, on the upper part of whose walls we discern some rude Assyrian sculpture, stands Daniel, a grizzly-headed old man, his hands pinioned behind him—calm and passive before the blood-thirsty brutes which are crowding around him. The lions farther off are in full spring, rushing at their supposed victim, with blood-stained lips and glaring eyes; but those nearer by are already crouching and fawning at his feet, awed by the mysterious power which holds the prophet and servant of the Lord harmless. "Howard Succoring the Galley-slaves of Venice," by E. Crowe, represents a huge, many-oared galley, admirably detailed. The philanthropist has come alongside with a barge, laden with stores of all kinds. He is seen on the deck, cutting up big loaves of bread, which is served round to the poor wretches chained to their oars. They have received a brief respite from their toil; and one of their cruel task-masters is seen chastising a slave, who is tugging at his chain and cowering under the lash. The diffusive light of a bright Venetian sky is finely rendered.

"Escadron de l'Armée de Loire" is a masterly sketch, in oils, by Regamey, of a squad of French troopers of all arms—the *débris* of the cavalry dissolved at Metz and Sédan. Chasseurs d'Afrique in their wide red trousers, the remains of gay Lancers, a sadly faded member of the dandy Guide Corps, a few stalwart Cuirassiers, and some dusky Spahis in dirty burnouses, form a very picturesque troop, and no doubt an effective one if it had been decently mounted; but the wretched jades they are bestriding look as if they would give way under their riders at any moment. The sorry cavalry excites a momentary smile; and yet, the desperate and utterly hopeless effort of stemming the tide of invasion by such inadequate means has a pathos which presently asserts itself.

Mr. S. Long, in his "Expulsion of the Gypsies of Spain," deals with a subject congenial to the fancy of John Philip, the deceased academician—the Murillo of the English school, as he may be called. A band of tawny gypsies—men, women, and children—are grouped in abject supplication before a stony-eyed priest, or cardinal, who has pronounced their doom of banishment. It is a striking composition; and the color is glowingly rich, yet harmonious. The mantle of John Philip seems to have fallen on S. Long.

Mr. Poynter has this year a huge canvas, named "Andromeda and Perseus." It is painted for a billiard-room, I understand, and is a queer production for an R. A. A very lank Andromeda, her robes curving balloon-like above her head, is chained to a rock, a few feet from which a green-scaled dragon—seemingly painted from one of the stage-properties of the Drury-lane—is receiving the *coup de grace* in its gullet from a dandified Perseus, whose heart doesn't seem to be in the business: he looks so indifferent and bored about it. The rocks and sea are equally conventional. Mr. Poynter

is Slade Professor of Painting at the London University, and contributes occasionally excellent papers on art to *The Fortnightly Review*, a monthly of the first rank; and his picture, "Israel in Egypt" (Exhib. 1867), deservedly ranks as one of the very best of the English school. The subject is that of a colossal Sphinx being dragged to its destined position in front of a temple, by a large gang of Israelites. Some of the human cattle, overcome with toil and heat, are shirking a little; but the cruel driver uses his lash unmercifully, and the panting crowd tug at the ropes again. A young beauty, reclining in a litter under an awning, is borne past, and looks at the spectacle with languid indifference. The heat and glare of an Egyptian noon are fully conveyed. Another strange picture by an artist of rank is "The Punishment of Cain," by Mr. Watts. It is his diploma picture—a work which each member of the Academy must paint within ten years of his election, to entitle him to the full privileges of membership. The diploma pictures are the property of the Academy, and are supposed to exemplify the best phases of contemporary English art; but I imagine that neither of the three academicians—Messrs. Poole, Frost, and Watts—would consent to rest his reputation on his diploma picture, which they severally exhibit this year. "The Punishment of Cain" is a very large, upright picture. The first murderer stands over his prostrate victim, with arms stretched out to guard him against the wrath of the angels or demons, who descend from above and quench the fire of his unaccepted sacrifice: just such a subject as Fuseli or Blake would have chosen. It is a murky, coarse painting, slovenly drawn; but the conception is fine, and, at a distance, looks not unlike a Tintoret or Michael Angelo. It hardly deserves the sarcasm of a well-known critic, who says that Cain would have suffered one

pang the more, if he could have imagined the additional punishment to be inflicted upon him by a Royal Academician in 1872.

James Sant, R. A., on his recent appointment as Court Painter, *vice* Mr. Hayter, deceased, has painted a large, full-sized picture of her Majesty and three of her grandchildren (Albert Victor, George, and Victoria of Wales). I had a fair view of the Queen on Thanksgiving Day, and she has certainly a better face and a more queenly look than Mr. Sant has given her, Court Painter though he be. The two Princes are handsome little boys; and the baby Princess, Victoria, sitting on the Queen's lap, is a sweet little creature, somewhat pale and languid from her recent illness. Mr. Davis's "A Panic," is as fine as it is immense. It represents a stampede of cattle, frightened by a thunder-storm. Mr. A. T. Stewart, or other rich American patron of art, would do well to commission Mr. Davis to paint him a herd of buffaloes thundering across the plains. The cattle (almost life-size), drawn to the life, and rushing along—panting, bellowing, with lowered heads, and tails on high—in blind terror and wild confusion, would seem as if presently to plunge out of the frame on the heads of the spectators, and cause a pretty stampede among them.

Space compels me to make but a brief allusion to the landscape and marine department of the Academy. Foremost among the former is Vicat Cole's "Noon"—a sumptuous picture of a wooded landscape, palpitating under the rays of the sun at midday, and melting in the distance, through endless gradations, into the warm, hazy sky. Among a number of fine seascapes and coast-views, Peter Graham's "The Cradle of the Sea-bird" is of surpassing merit. It is truly a superb picture of one of the grandest aspects of Nature. A precipitous coast-wall (somewhere in the Hebrides or

Orkneys, I imagine), seamed with deep fissures, and streaked with bird-lime, its base green and slippery with sea-weed and slime, towers before you, one massive buttress succeeding another, until they are lost in the gray, misty sky. You almost hear the boom and crash, as the waves spend themselves in the caves at the bottom of the cliffs, and the wild clangor of a myriad of sea-fowl, circling and gyrating through the air like snow-flakes, or sitting in solemn phalanx on the narrow ledges projecting from the vertical precipice. In the foreground protrudes part of a sunken wreck, almost white with sea-auks and gulls. It is a masterly painting in every way, and ought to be Mr. Graham's card of admission to the Academy. "A Misty Morning," through which looms a huge three-decker, and "The Tower, from London Bridge," both by Dawson, are very fine pictures. "The Ford," by J. Linnell, Sen.—reckoned England's first landscape-painter—is to me a hot and disagreeable picture. The sunset is a violent, crude mass of yellows and red, not toned down and harmonized, as in J. Danby's beautiful "Coast of Scotland." "Auld Peat-hobs" is a fine, sombre moor-scene, with an admirable sky effect, by J. Smart, of the Royal Scottish Academy. "White Cactus" and the "Flower Market," by Miss Mutrie—the celebrated flower-painter—are simply perfection, both in color and drawing.

Among the water-colors in the Academy, Stokes's "Glen Head" struck me as particularly good, and as perfectly embodying the quotation:

"Its vast and awful form
Girt with the whirlwind and sandaled with the storm."

In the Sculpture Gallery, I noticed especially, "Phryne Unrobed before her Judges," by a French artist—an exquisite marble of the perfect female form; "Maternal Joy," in a material resembling *terra cotta*—a young mother dandling her babe in an ecstasy of joy; a

"Bull in Bronze," by Davis, the painter of "The Panic;" and a fine medallion head of "Joaquin Miller," our now famous California poet, by A. B. Joy.

The best water-colors are, of course, to be seen on the walls of the two societies. Leading water-colorists, like Hine, Mogford, Roberts, W. Goodall, Prout, Linton, Reed, Walker, Danby, etc., exhibit only in their respective galleries, and excel, as usual, in their various specialties. By an oversight in my last report on English art [OVERLAND, September, 1871], I did not mention Mr. Hine, who deservedly holds a foremost rank among the many excellent practitioners of this peculiarly English branch of painting. Mr. Hine's specialty is the perfect rendering of the long, lazy swellings of the Surrey Downs, which one would hardly think would make good material for a picture, until he sees a painting of them by this artist. They are delicately wrought, too, but without the loss of breadth. Minute finish and much washing and sponging frequently deprive a water-color of its luminosity; but Mr. Hine knows how to escape "smokiness," and to preserve the valuable "inner light"—the great charm of the *aquarelle*. Mr. Danby is another water-color painter of high rank. His works seem indeed, to the unpracticed eye, somewhat parsimonious in tint; but, upon a closer examination, a great deal of subtle coloring is revealed, in the endless variety of grays which pervade the greater part of his pictures. The color is suggested, not asserted—a fact true to Nature, which, in most of her aspects, is rather stingy of positive color. Danby, like Reed and Hine, paints in pure, transparent colors, without having recourse to any opaque medium or magilp to give his water-colors a factitious strength and brilliancy.

I refrain giving a description of the many exquisite water-colors of the two societies, whose galleries are almost as

much visited as those of the Academy, and, I fancy, by a more really art-loving public: as Fashion does not insist upon your doing the societies, but reserves her countenance and patronage for the Academy—the Exhibition *par excellence*—which is a time-honored and royal institution, and whose members are a recognized part of the best society.

A notable event in the world of art, this spring, was the sale, at Christie & Manson's, of the Gillott collection. The deceased steel-pen manufacturer had bought judiciously, and in time; and his investment turned out to be a splendid one. It contained some of the best works by Turner, Cox, Muller, Gainsborough, and Constable, most of which fetched perfectly fancy prices. A. T. Stewart—the Prince of Dry-goods—bought half a dozen or so, at about \$20,000 apiece. To my mind, there were a great many commonplace paintings; but the great names, combined with a flourishing state of trade just now, making money easy, insured their ready sale, at unheard-of figures. The Gillott collection—say four or five hundred pictures, big and small—realized, in the three days' sale, the fabulous sum of \$925,000 in gold. It is asserted (at least by art-dealers) that in another decade these works of defunct British masters will sell again at enhanced prices. *Quien sabe?* Perhaps not so unlikely, considering that works by Cox or Turner confer on their possessors a brevet rank of fashion and cultivated taste—a reputation much coveted by the English merchant Cræsus-es, who begrudge no expenditure which will tend to give them *éclat* and consideration over and above that of mere wealth. They like to be considered munificent patrons and good judges of art; and are indeed the most extensive and liberal buyers of art in the country or in the world. The artists would fare badly indeed, if they depended on the patronage

of the aristocracy. Many of the nobility possess, indeed, famous collections of paintings, and in their country houses and castles may be found many a fine specimen of the old masters; but, as a body, they are but poor patrons of modern art, save to the extent of an occasional portrait or a hunting-picture, by the President or one of the members of the Royal Academy.

LITTLE EDITH MURRAY.

ONE bright, warm spring-day, I sat at the open window of my chambers, waiting the appearance of the parties to the suit of Edith Murray *vs.* Gordon Murray—divorce on the ground of habitual drunkenness—set for ten o'clock, when I heard a timid rap, which I felt was that of a woman. I arose and opened the door.

"Is this the place, please, sir, where the case of Mrs."—and then the voice faltered—"Mrs. Murray is to be tried?"

"It is, madam. Are you the plaintiff?—I beg pardon—are you Mrs. Murray?"

"I am," she replied.

"Will you walk in and sit down? It is not time yet by twenty minutes."

"I came early on purpose, for I would like to see you, Judge, before they—before the people come. I hope I do nothing improper."

"By no means, Mrs. Murray. Come in, and be seated."

There entered a medium-sized woman, who led a six-year-old, blue-eyed, golden-ringlet child, and as pretty as I had seen for many a day. The mother—the likeness between the two declared the relationship at first sight—was a sweet specimen of the best type of English beauty—fair, full, and lustrous blue eyes, and rich, copious hair of the color Lander called "pellucid gold." She was trim and graceful in figure; her costume neatly and tidily arranged, in which appeared the testimony of a former well-to-do life and a threatened poverty. As she sat down,

I felt assured, from her whole carriage and address, I was in the presence of a woman who had been nurtured in a cultivated and gentle society.

"I hope, sir, you will attribute it to my ignorance if I am doing wrong in seeing you before the case commences. I am, in a certain sense, a stranger here; but from what I see and have heard of you, I feel sure I can talk frankly to you. Indeed, I am in sad need of a friend." Her voice trembled and died away in a most touching silence, and her big, blue eyes mirrored a pining and unhappy heart.

"If I can serve you in any manner I will be glad to do so," I said.

She bowed, but did not immediately reply. She looked away with a far, *dis-trait* look, as if she was wandering back through the gone years, perhaps to a happy childhood; and as I regarded her and the little face of the child, who looked up to her mother in half wonder and half loving sympathy, my heart was touched in a moment—indeed, without using too strong a phrase, thrilled with a strange compassionate tenderness—and I felt as if I would do any thing within my power to assuage her grief.

"You are very kind. I am English; we—that is, my husband and I—are both English. We came here from Australia a year ago. He is by profession an artist—a painter—a person of great cleverness, with a highly cultivated mind, and by birth a gentleman. He is affectionate and gentle; and, but for the one besetting vice of drink, which is the cause

of all our woes, there could not be a kinder and better husband. We have a little home here I purchased from some savings; but he has now ceased to labor, and we must soon come to want. I have an only brother, who, hearing of Gordon's condition, has but recently come here. He is trying to persuade me to abandon Gordon and go to England with him. The price of his aid is the prosecution of this suit, and a legal separation from my husband—poor, poor Gordon! I can not part with him. It will break my heart to leave him and see him no more; for, notwithstanding his vice, I love him." She ceased, and bent her head over the little one, and indulged in a transport of tears. "Oh! if he will only promise to drink no more! Even now I'll forgive him, and go back to him. I can not give him up, fallen and intemperate as he is."

Another pause—another swimming of the big, violet eyes, and then they closed upon that little world of tears and woes.

"My brother had this suit commenced, not I," she resumed. "But since then I have thought that perhaps it would frighten Mr. Murray, and would be the means of reforming him." And, as she rested her hand upon the head of her sweet child, I thought Gordon Murray a brute to place so pretty and true a wife in such an unhappy strait.

"I have inquired of you; and if they did not say that you are kind and that your home is blest, I would not have come here as I have done. If there is any thing that exalts a man and opens his heart, it is the possession of a happy home. Please think whether you can help me in this sore trial. It is, perhaps, odd I should appeal to you, a stranger; but I am impelled to do so by an inward monition I can not explain. I can expect nothing from my brother; for he doesn't like Gordon—never did like him—and has been trying to separate us ever since my father's death,

when he came into the property. His animosity precludes me from going to him in this my deep distress. In the names of your own wife and little ones, let me appeal to you to help—at least, to advise and counsel—me. Please do."

And again, as I looked at her beautiful face, I thought Gordon Murray a fool and a brute. I explained to her the law governing such cases, telling her that if the suit went on to judgment, the divorce was absolute, and that the parties were then rehabilitated to their former condition, as if they had never married.

"But," interrupted she, "can't we marry again, and be just the same?"

"Oh, yes; that can be done. The law doesn't prohibit that. If you will tell me how I can aid you—in what way—I will use my best endeavors to do so."

"Ah, sir, I am at a loss what to say. I scarcely know where to turn—what to do. I know I am unhappy, and I came here supposing that you could suggest something."

I must confess I was deeply interested in the woman, and racked my brain how I could serve her. Her sweet, sad face; the big, blue eyes I have spoken of full of tears, through which gleamed a gentle and pure expression, and her soft, tearful voice, all touched me deeply. I told her to let the case go on, and afterward I would consider what was best to be done.

I had scarcely uttered these words ere the door opened, and there entered the plaintiff's attorney, her brother, and several witnesses. I found Mr. Dalton—the brother—a person of very gentlemanly appearance, comparatively young, and evidently a man of intelligence and position in the world.

The defendant did not appear. He was in default, and so the taking of the proof went on without him. The wife sat apart, some moments evincing much interest in the proceedings, and again

falling away into dejection. She roused herself when proof was being made as to the unfitness of defendant to have the custody of the little child—their only one—who was then playing about the office with the joyousness and rapid movement of a sunbeam, and in strange and painful contrast to the depression of her mother.

“Do you or do you not consider the defendant a proper person to have the care and custody of the child?” asked the attorney of the witness.

“I certainly do not,” answered he. “He is all the time in liquor, and passes his time in the grog-shops. He shouldn’t have the care of the child; he’s a low fellow.”

“No, no; that’s not true—not just,” broke in the poor wife, starting to her feet with excitement, and approaching the table where I and the witness sat. Her brother moved forward, expostulated with her, and vainly endeavored to persuade her to sit down. And the little child stopped short in her play, and, looking at her mamma’s excited face, ran forward, seized her by the gown, and then buried her dear face among its folds.

“No, sir, no—not low. You do not know him. Except that one fault of drunkenness, he is all that is good and kind. Never—never, even in his intoxication, has he spoken an unkind word to me, or done an unkind thing. Let him come here and promise he will drink no more, and I’ll forgive him, and go to him, and cling to him so long as we live. No, sir,” added she, addressing me, “he’s not low; and don’t, please, let that word go down there.”

Her brother again tried to soothe her, but she was not quieted until, at the witness’ request, I expunged the obnoxious word.

The proof sustained the allegation of habitual drunkenness, and it was complete in all other respects.

It didn’t take long to finish the case;

but I determined to withhold my report until I had seen Gordon Murray. I had a hope, that, as he had not yet got into the low stages of inebriety, when all shame is lost and callousness supervenes, I might, by a gentle and judicious course, save him, and make his sweet wife happy again.

I had tried a score or two of such suits, and while I had frequently been touched by some little incidents of an affecting character, brought out by the evidence, never before had my sympathies been so excited as in the present case. The evident superiority of the wife, her abundant and clinging love for a worthless husband, her education and refinement, the sprightly beauty and winning innocence of the child, all consecrated by a nameless sentiment and sadness, not only profoundly moved me, but gave me the zest to know her history—their history. I hoped, too, I would be able to save them from the shipwreck that was imminent, if not inevitable. As suggested, the brother was not fit to be a peace-maker, simply because he desired to separate them forever.

The second day after the conclusion of the case, when I was on my way home after business hours, quite contrary to my habit I turned into Commercial Street from Montgomery; and as I came *vis-à-vis* to the well-known club-house, I saw a female, with a child, emerging from a door over which hung the three gilded balls of Lombardy. It was early twilight, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the sad, sweet face of Mrs. Murray and her little Edith. I crossed the street and joined her.

“Oh, Judge!” she said, with a tremulous voice, “I am deeply mortified that you should meet me here. I needed money for him, which my brother mustn’t know, and I pledged a parcel of paltry trinkets, that I will not, can not, in my sad circumstances, wear.”

I told her that I regretted most deeply her necessities, and felt sorry she had not come to me.

"Oh, thank you; but I could not go to you. I have no right to go to you. Besides, for my own wants, I should not hesitate to go to my brother. I have heard of some pressing necessities of my husband, and it is to relieve him I have pawned the jewels, not myself. You will appreciate my vexation and humiliation at being compelled to resort to such means to procure money." And, notwithstanding the darkness was rapidly filling the street, she drew her veil over her face, as if by that act she could hide from all the shame of her visit.

We walked to Kearny Street and along toward Market, unheeding all her surroundings—even the surprised exclamations of little Edith, as she saw the newly lighted gas-lights revealing to her wondering eyes the fairy worlds in the shop-windows. As we went slowly on, I told her I proposed to find her husband, and that I had determined to use every effort to win him from his vice and depraved haunts, back to herself, their child, and home. After I had unfolded all my plan, she bade me good-by; and her trembling hand and broken "God bless you!" adequately revealed her profound emotion.

The law made it my duty to file my report within ten days; but I determined to overlook that requisition, and to be guided by circumstances. I rather doubted the effect on him of a judicial separation, fearing that it would retard, if not absolutely defeat, a reconciliation.

The next afternoon I had nothing especial to detain me at my office, and so I started to find Mr. Murray. I had been directed to a certain tap-room he frequented, on Stockton Street; and I had, too, a fair description of him. I was told he bore an unmistakable earmark: a deep scar on his right cheek. I found the place, easy enough, and

passed into the bar-room. To afford me leisure for espionage, I ordered a glass of beer. I saw no one there at all, much to my chagrin; but observing a small apartment beyond, and a table covered with newspapers, I took my beverage there, to discuss it at leisure. The suggestion was *à la bonne heure*, for, as I entered, I saw a man seated at the opposite side of the table, with a piece of paper before him, upon which he was drawing—evidently with no purpose, but led idly along by the wanton vagaries of a restless and capricious mind. I watched him closely, and in a few moments he raised his head; and there, sure enough, dropping from under his hat far down the cheek, was a scar. The table concealed most of his figure, allowing me to see only his head, arms, and shoulders. His face pretty plainly indicated his history for the past few months; and yet, there was no bloated appearance—nothing of the repulsive incarnadine and pustulous outbreak which declare the ultimate stages of the inebriate. At a glance, a gentleman would have recognized in him the kinship of his own order. His head was small, covered with thick, curly hair, and well poised upon a pair of broad, brawny shoulders; his complexion florid; a full, dreamy, hazel eye, that indicated a pensive, imaginative temperament, and a small mouth—so far as his brown mustache disclosed its contour. There was that about him—that *air noble*—that would have arrested and engaged my attention anywhere.

As we were the only persons in the little room, I drew up to the table, and, putting my glass down, picked up a newspaper, the better to enable me to prosecute my observations of my *vis-à-vis*. He did not notice me, at first, so far as I could see, but continued his drawing. However, he soon commenced to eye me askance, yet with nothing rude or sinister in his look and ex-

pression. I resolved to break the silence:

"Excuse me, sir; but as I love companionship when I drink, will you join me?"

He raised his head, gazed at me one moment, then dropped his eyes upon the paper and resumed his occupation.

"Perhaps you didn't understand me. Shall I have the pleasure of drinking with you?"

He lifted his look to me again, and this time his soft eyes were full of the melancholy that lies close akin to tears. "Pardon me," he said. "I heard, but I could not answer, for your invitation invoked a spirit I have long tried to exorcise; and my silence was that of one who anxiously watches a contest between an evil angel who would destroy, and a good angel who would save me. Do you remember—to me it is the most pathetic and intelligible part of 'Faust'—where Margaret, tempted by Henry, exclaims: 'Thine am I, Father! Save me, ye angels!' Well, even as Margaret sinned and repented, have I sinned and do repent. Please tempt me no more."

How gladly I heard these words, and saw the presence of his better angel, to whom he appealed!

He thrust before me the piece of paper on which he had been drawing. "See here!" said he. "This aperture is Tartarus; and the shadowy figures within are the souls of drunkards, damned. This group is made up of characters such as Hogarth drew with such terrible energy and warning in his 'Idle Apprentice.' There—there, that wanton is Idleness; these are the *bon-vivants* that allure and ruin. Here, to the right, is a home, covered with vines; and, standing at the open door, is the lovely genius of that home, who watches the child there, tumbling among the clover tufts. Above the roof—here, away up, and stretching along the infinite sky—is the

simulacrum of a temple. That represents heaven, for which every happy, Christian home is the nursery."

"And this figure you call the genius of the home," said I, pointing to it; "whose is it? Is it a likeness, or a fancy sketch?" I recognized it and the child as the portraiture of Edith Murray and her little one.

"That? No; it is not fancy. It is the face of one whom I believed an angel—who was angel to me—to whom I am indebted for the best happiness of my life, and whom I have rewarded perfidiously. She was my wife a day or two ago."

"Was? And why not now—she is not dead?"

"No; not corporeally dead. But when she asked the law to separate us, she died to me. Whether the court absolves us or not, she and I meet no more. That is an infidelity I deem no less dishonoring than if she had run away with one of our sex. In a word, sir, I fell into bad habits, neglected my wife, spent her substance; treated her, to be sure, with cruelty—rascally, if you please—but, in all this, there is no excuse for publishing my sin through that trumpeter called the Law, and asking that she and her child be separated from me, because I'm an habitual drunkard—for so the paper reads, sent to me by that same Law. That one offense—crime it is—excepted, Edith Murray is an angel. But it has had one good effect; for, by the Lord God who judgeth all, I will never drink again"—and the table reeled under the blow he gave it, by way of emphatic invocation.

"But perhaps I can give you such an explanation of that suit as will change your views, and prove that she does not deserve your censure. I can, I am sure, convince a sensible man as you are, that she has, at the worst, committed only an error of judgment."

"And who are you, that knows so

much of me and mine?" asked he, impatiently and angrily.

"I am the Court Commissioner, before whom the case is pending; and I go further than you, who says your wife *was* an angel: I add, she *is*."

"Strange!" said he. "I had a presentiment, the first few moments I saw you, that in some inscrutable manner you are to affect my future. But let us leave this place: it is odious to me. It is redolent with impurity, and vice, and ruin. I must go." He rose on the instant; caught up the drawing, with a nervous clutch, and, thrusting it into his pocket, strode rapidly through the bar-room to the street. Tossing a dime upon the counter, I hurried out, and, with Gordon Murray, turned toward Washington Square.

As we walked on, I purposely avoided all further allusion to Edith and the divorce; but led him away from all such matters by cheerful observations on the city, its growth, and colonization. When we reached Meiggs's Wharf, after making an appointment to meet him at my chambers the following week, I bade good-by to him. But, before I left, he said to me:

"I note your remarks as to the divorce suit. I will see you again in reference to it, and hear what you may have to say regarding my wife. Be assured, I shall do nothing rash nor unkind. You'll find that Gordon Murray is no longer the fatuous sot he has been. Good-by."

The next morning Mrs. Murray, with Edith, came, with a face full of impatient interest.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes." And I recounted all that had occurred the day before. She listened, with an eager face; and when I related the incident of the drawing of the home, herself, and the child, she seized my hand and wept, in a transport of joy.

ut when I went on relating his resolu-

tion to drink no more, and the evil effects of the suit, her face blanched, her hands worked with a restless twitch, and she fell insensible to the floor. In a little while, however, she recovered; but her distress was lamentable to see.

"Oh, you don't know him. He will keep his word inviolate: he will neither drink any more, nor see me. My brother! my brother! you have done me an irreparable wrong. The hateful suit! I must stop it. Please destroy all the papers at once."

"Madam, I will see your attorney, and arrange with him to discontinue the proceedings. I beg of you to be calm, and not to take so melancholy a view of the situation. When your husband learns all—and I assure you he shall be informed of every thing—I feel sure that he will fully excuse you. I feel convinced, by something I can not explain, that you and Mr. Murray will soon be re-united."

"God grant it!" said the poor woman, through her tears. She was so nervous and sick that I begged her to go home and get some rest, and finally persuaded her to do so. As she left my office, I pitied her with all my heart; for, with her suffering, there was so much of patience—such composure and dignity—as to win me completely to her interest, although I felt that Gordon Murray had good reason to fortify himself in the stand he had taken.

It was my plan to keep Mr. Dalton ignorant of the proposed discontinuance of the suit, and of my endeavor to reconcile the parties, rather than to separate them; and so, when he called to see me the next day, stating that he desired to leave for Los Angeles for a fortnight, I was delighted.

"I hope, sir," said he, "that, when I return, a divorce will be formally decreed, for I am not well, and desire to return to England without delay, with my sister and her child. She needs rest and

change, and I shall take her to Los Angeles with me. Edith I will leave with a friend of my sister during our absence, for the necessary care of the child will fatigue her, and be an unnecessary tax on her while so weak."

The next day, Mrs. Murray called to advise me of her brother's invitation to her to go to Los Angeles with him. I persuaded her to accept it, stating that it would aid my plan materially. "Leave Edith at the house with the servant your brother has engaged, and with no other custodian. It will persuade Mr. Murray to go there; and his return to his old home, with its influences and all the tenderness coming from the child's presence and affectionate ways, will do much to subdue and soften him. By all means, go, for the good results the absence of you and Mr. Dalton promises."

Unwilling as she was to leave Edith and the place that held her husband, she was finally persuaded. A day or two afterward, they left on the steamer, proposing to be absent about three weeks or a month.

They had been gone but a few hours when Mr. Murray entered my office, and I was delighted to see the pleasant change made by a few days—a change that had improved him to a remarkable degree. I then told him the history of the lawsuit—the arrival of Mr. Dalton, who had by some means, but, I assured him, not through his wife, heard of his bad habits; the suit he had instigated, not Mrs. Murray; her sufferance of, not her consent to, the proceedings, with the hope some good might grow out of them; her vindication of him when the witness used the word *low*, and her discontinuance of the case. I advised him of her departure, and I assumed the responsibility of it, and of Edith's being left behind—*for him*.

"I'll send for her," said he, "and take her to my room."

I dissuaded him from that, on the

ground of the child's comfort and health, and I was glad to see that my wishes had the desired effect, for he promised he would return to his own home that day.

"But," added he, "so soon as she comes, I will leave. I see much in what you say to palliate Mrs. Murray's conduct, but had she loved me as she should have done, she would have perished rather than consented to the infamous proceeding set on foot by her brother. He shall answer for it."

I mildly suggested to him that he had placed his wife in an anomalous position—had abandoned her, and that her sufferings had unnerved and almost overthrown her.

"In looking at this matter," said I, "would it not be well to remember how far you are responsible? The duties of husband and wife are reciprocal, and, to my idea, equally binding. If you, through a bad habit, became incapable of supporting and comforting your wife, there is much excuse—ay, much to praise—in a brother doing what the husband fails to do."

"You speak a sad truth, and yet few men would have the boldness to utter what you have done. Your hand, if you please! No man is more ready to atone than I for any fault—crime, if you please—I may have committed. I will esteem it an honor, as it will certainly be a favor, if you will come to see me."

The following Sunday I determined to visit Mr. Murray, who lived in the northern part of the city. I had purposely, for a few days, left him to himself, feeling that the weakness and dependence of the dear child would have a strong and controlling influence to restrain him from a relapse into a vicious course. I was not sanguine as to his resolution. But if he had only that one passion to struggle with, I could have believed he would arise the victor; but to stifle a habit of drink, in the face of what he re-

garded an inevitable, overwhelming disappointment of all his domestic hopes, or, to use his own language, the infidelity of a wife he had considered august and superhuman in her love and purity, called for the exercise of a moral courage I scarce gave him credit for. His little girl I rightly deemed a dear little St. Christopher, who would bear him in safety across the turgid stream; and I felt that in her presence every reminder of his wife would rather serve, with their tender perfume coming from the past, to subdue all harshness rather than to exasperate him.

It was a sweet afternoon in March, and, as it had rained the previous day, the air was filled with a delicious freshness. The sky was clear, except that from the apex and clinging to the flanks of Tamalpais, were a few cirrous clouds; but all the heavens else were one unbroken sea of azure, along which I saw processions of wild fowl, which swept through the infinite distance toward the north. Not a breath of air stirred; the waters of the bay alone moved in that grand, onward swell, so full of power and energy, anon breaking with a sullen dash upon the sanded shore.

There is something peculiarly sympathetic in ourselves with Nature, and we do not appreciate how much our moods depend upon our surroundings. On the day in question, the unusual beauty of the landscape—its tender charm and exquisite beauty—had the effect of softening me, and, as I entered the little gate which admitted me into the yard where Mr. Murray lived, I felt for him a throb of charity and good-will I had never experienced before. The place, too, enhanced that tenderness; for everywhere about me I saw a hundred evidences of a refined and intelligent hand. The garden was carefully cultivated and arranged with graveled walks, little parterres rimmed with box and concentric circles of daisies and soft-eyed pansies, and

along and running through the latticed street-fence, the purple pendants of the fuchsia hung like jeweled drops from the ear-like leaves of the geranium. On the front of the cottage, clinging to verger-board, and running about the cornice of the deep bay-window, clung an English ivy, its broad leaves shining with a rare polish, and from the angle of the house swung the coral tubes of the honeysuckle. It was plain to be seen that Mrs. Murray's hand had not for some days touched many of the plants, which, in her absence, rioted with an abounding exuberance of joy over the borders, trailing leaves and blossoms along the garden-paths, and throwing out soft, exploring tendrils to whatever they could cling. An Englishwoman's home is always buried among vines and flowers, and her chief delight and occupation are their culture. Even there, under so many untoward circumstances, that national trait displayed itself, and any one in passing through the garden felt a tender presentiment of the owner's delicacy and feeling.

I pulled the bell, and soon Mr. Murray opened the door, who extended his hand and drew me in. We passed through a vestibule into a small drawing-room where were several pictures; and, while all the appointments were plain, there spoke in every thing the presence of refinement and taste. Beyond, was still another apartment, looking upon the garden, and which was then used as a studio; an open piano furnished one side; a small *étagère* the other, on which were a few books; in the centre was an easel, and near it a small table, full of pigments, a palette and a maul-stick. On the easel was a small landscape, almost finished, on which Mr. Murray was working when I came, and naturally I halted before it. I was surprised and charmed. It was a lake, with a flowery strip of foreground, lapped among hills. On the right were dense

forests that came down to the tarn, and threw quivering shadows far into its silver depths. In the perspective, the purple mountains bore up vapory masses of summer clouds, and above stretched a charming bit of crimson and green sky. In the foreground there was a clump of trees crowning a mound, from whose base shot far into the water a heathery point of land; and, to the far left, the lake-line ran along the edge of hillslopes, bright with the sweet verdure of spring. It was a gray landscape, and yet replete with a delicious tenderness that touched one from its happy similitude to Nature.

The artist watched me closely while I examined the picture, evidently wondering whether I was a competent critic, and, if so, whether I admired his work—its composition and handling.

“Is it a fancy sketch?”

“No. It is a home-scene I brought away in my memory, and dear from association. It proposes to reproduce a little loch lying within sight of Wether-lamb, in Lancashire, near which she—where my wife—was born and lived. I commenced this picture the day I came here, and this occupation and the society of my child alone reconcile me to the sad reminiscences that belong to this house.”

He sent the painting to me, and it is an exquisite gem I prize highly. It hangs near me now; it has hung within my home ever since. When I placed it here, the glad sunshine and a sweet voice filled the house with gladness. Now, the sunshine comes as of erst, but the voice is heard no more.

Just as the shadow was falling across Gordon Murray's heart, as he alluded to his absent wife, and touched upon a time when, perhaps, nothing stood between them, the door leading into an inner room opened, and the blue-eyed child—the beaming little Edith—burst into the room, and, without heeding me, ran to

her father, climbed to his lap, put her white arms around his neck, and hid all his face with her golden hair. That little incident re-assured me as to his steadfastness of purpose as to drink, and I ceased to fear for him.

I remained there all through the twilight, listening to the sweet prattle of the child, and watching with great interest the tenderness he manifested for her. And when the darkness came, and the skies were kindling with the tremulous light of the stars, and before he led Edith to bed, the darling dropped to her knees beside her father, and, folding her hands upon his lap, lisped the prayer she had been taught in happier days. And when the soft, earnest voice rose out of the darkness, asking God's blessing on the house, and praying Him “to bless mamma and bring her safely back to papa and me,” I bowed my head, and felt that if the angels do really weave crowns from prayers, how superbly beautiful must be that woven from Edith's simple supplication!

When he returned he sat where the child had just been, from which point I could see through the bay-window the shadowy form of Tamalpais, Alcatraz—with its light gleaming over the waters of the bay—and the great plane of the firmament, sown with silver stars. He and I were long silent, for the hush and mystery of the hour and scene touched us with—at least, it was so to me—an influence and sentiment peculiar to themselves. There was just enough of sympathy with, and intuition of, each other's thoughts and feelings to keep us quiet, both fearing to touch on matters that held so much of pain, and yet feeling that any other subject would be dissonant and repulsive.

“Have you been in England?” at length inquired Mr. Murray.

“Yes.”

“In Warwickshire?”

“Yes; in that part of it lying near to

where Lady Godiva rode and Shakspeare was born."

"I mean just there. I was born on that spot, and I love it, too, because it is one of the most attractive in England. I do not feel exactly at home here—because, perhaps, I have but little to look back to, since I came, that is pleasant and estimable." I said nothing in reply, for I was eager to hear all he might say of himself.

"Do you paint?" he asked.

"I love your art with much of an artist's enthusiasm, but I have no practice in it."

"It is a glorious occupation, and yet, only those who have reached distinction in it have a recognized social *status*," he replied. "I have accomplished nothing as yet."

"Have you been a regular student in painting?"

"Ay; 'bred to it. I am a *Cantab*, and left my *alma mater* with a Bachelor's gown. I entered Holman Hunt's studio, when he and Millais and Rossetti associated themselves as that celebrated trinity from which emanated what is called pre-Raphaelism. I then went abroad; passed three years in the German and French schools; and, returning to England, started at once for Ambleside, in the Lake District, where I remained some months making studies."

"Excuse me; is not that the district where your wife was born?" I asked.

"It is; and there I first met her. One day I had been sketching the heights of Loughrigg Fell, when I saw a young girl, attended by a groom, engaged in doing the same thing. I had a dozen or so studies to make of it, and it seemed as if she had as many. Her sketch, one morning, was blown from her, and landed near me. I was some distance below her; of course, I picked it up and looked at it. It was clever, but not faultless; and when I handed it to her, I took the liberty of pointing out

some errors in drawing, and suggested changes. She was very young, and, as I heard, the only daughter of a well-known gentleman of the neighborhood. I saw her several successive days, and frequently examined her studies. One day, she was descending the slope leading down from what is called Blea Tarns, driving herself in a small wicker phaeton, when her horse suddenly took fright and dashed at a furious rate down the steep, winding road. It is a wonder she wasn't killed; for she had lost her reins, and, on one side, the road hung almost over the valley below. Fortunately, I was on a spot where the way widened. I stopped her horse: and this scar upon my cheek is the memorial of that rescue. Well, you can easily guess that it was Edith I had saved. After that, I saw her almost every day: and, when she resumed her sketching, you may be sure I was near her—first, instructing; then, laying aside pencil and portfolio, we hunted mosses and ferns along the Brothay where it leaped among the hills, and—well, well—we slid into tender touches of the hands, and then, to lips. In good time I told her father all, and, like the Lord of Burleigh, he said I was 'but a landscape-painter,' and refused me his consent. My father had, in the meantime, died, leaving me a small fortune; and Edith would have, from an aunt, a competence on her coming of age. Her governor still obdurate, I persuaded her to elope; and we were married. He never forgave her; and, on his death, left all his fortune to Mr. Dalton, her brother, who is here now.

"England was no place for us; and so, getting our means together, we sailed for Australia. There, little Edith was born; and there commenced the habit of drink, which came near wrecking me. The society of fast young men, races, and cards, soon disposed of all my means; and to save me, to separate me

from my evil associations, my wife persuaded me to come here. What I have been since my arrival, the testimony of the suit has fully informed you."

He stopped abruptly, and went to the piano, which he touched with a rare skill. He commenced with a plaintive minor air, as if he repeated on the keys the sad disappointments of the past few months; and then he wandered off into an obscure world of melody—capricious, fantastic, and even wild—but always pathetic, as if each note was stained with tears. He improvised the whole performance; and yet, I never heard music before so full of the wail and pathos of a breaking heart. I no longer wondered, as I sat in the darkness and listened to his fingering of the piano, that Edith Dalton had given her heart to the young and impassioned artist.

It was midnight before I reached my home.

A few days after that visit, Mr. Murray came to see me, with little Edith—for the two were inseparable. I noticed that the child drooped—was not vivacious as was her wont, and, generally, seemed indisposed. I called his attention to her condition, telling him that her languor and flushed face surely indicated febrile symptoms. He left me, promising to call in a physician the next day, if the child was not decidedly better. The second day thereafter, I received a note from him, beseeching me to come to him at once. I started on the instant; and, when I reached the house, he met me at the door, informing me that the child was alarmingly ill. I was taken to her room—found her in her little bed, slightly delirious from fever. No physician had seen her—for Mr. Murray, with reluctance, told me, that he had not the means to meet such expenses; that all the property in the house belonged to his wife—none of which he could sell, especially under the peculiar relations he held to her. I

called in my own physician, who pronounced the child far gone in scarlet fever. By his advice I telegraphed Mrs. Murray, as I had promised I would do should any thing happen, advising her to return at once.

I saw little Edith from day to day: she was precociously patient—full of tenderness for her father—never uttering any complaint—sometimes, though, saying: "I wish mamma would come. When will she be here?" The disease went on with unabated symptoms—indeed, more exacerbated from day to day; and Doctor M. told me that he had grave doubts of her recovery. He was fearful, indeed, she would not survive to see her mother, who had replied to my telegram, saying that she would sail the following day.

At last she came. I met her at the steamer, and announced to her that the doctor had lost all hope. The poor woman was overwhelmed with distress, and I could offer her no consolation. What human tongue can utter a single word to soften the despair that sits upon our hearts at such a moment—darkling the whole world about us—shutting out all light, even that which, ordinarily, is shed over our bruised hopes from the Star of Immortality? I was silent, pressing her hand in affectionate sympathy.

When we reached the house, no one met us. A premonition of evil sat upon all things, reaching out to us from the quiet we encountered at the very garden-gate. Mrs. Murray went on in silence. As she entered the chamber, her husband stood at the side of the bed whereon the child was—just then performing some offices for the sufferer. She ran rather than walked to her bedside, sank beside it, and passionately kissed Edith. "Dear, dear mamma, I am so happy you have come," murmured the poor darling, as she weakly and pitifully struggled to put her wan, white arms around her mamma's neck.

Presently, they looked up from that embrace — both mother and child turning imploring, loving, and eager faces to his ; but he moved not, spoke not, and yet I could see that his whole frame quivered with intense emotion.

Oh, strong, yet weak man ! Oh, husband ! father ! here, at least, where God is so plainly manifesting Himself, who is gently and surely drawing your darling to His own Beautiful Land, drop from you all passion and resentment for a poor, loving wife, and let your little one bear with her the tidings of your reunion !

The child gazed intently at him, and then on the pale, mournful face of her mother, with a tender, wistful expression ; and both saw that her big, bright eyes floated in tears.

“Your dear child is going to leave her papa all alone, and you, too, dear mamma. If dear papa loves Edith, he will love mamma when I’m gone.”

No answer ; but both, by a common and irresistible impulse, dropped to their knees, one on either side, and each holding a hand of the child, over whose face came a strange and warning pallor. In a few moments she looked up, about her eyes and mouth played the sweet smile, so marked a feature of her beauty, and made a sign to her mamma to kiss her, then repeated the gesture to her papa. All this while, she was pulling their hands, until

she drew them over her little, throbbing bosom, and then, when they clasped, she kissed them again and again. Gordon and his wife leaned forward, and, across the narrow bed, their lips met in reconciliation. When their tears had cleared away, and they looked again, the setting sun was streaming through the window, and over little Edith’s placid face a sunbeam swayed and mingled with the mysterious light which shone through from heaven, as the Father opened the gate to the spirit of the sweet child. She passed away, even as her parents’ lips met in that embrace of peace and love : her last breath respired in the kiss she gave their folded hands.

And that kiss God turned to blessings. To-day, Mr. and Mrs. Murray are happy — happier from the sorrows they have borne, and the weakness he has conquered. His last painting took the Royal Academy medal ; his means are ample, and it was only a few weeks ago, that, in their English home, I saw running among the fuchsia bushes, scattering their flowers in a coral shower over the graveled walk, a little Edith, as if the old, dear child had come back again to earth to touch the hands she had clasped in reconciliation and happiness — a happiness, which, can we not hope, will be eternal in the Hereafter that looks down upon us from the sky and the smiling stars ?

FACTS ABOUT NEW ZEALAND.

THE inhabited part of New Zealand consists of two narrow islands some five hundred miles long, and it possesses a great variety of climate; some parts, such as Wellington and Otago, being quite English in their temperature, while the provinces on the eastern coast have a climate resembling that of the Santa Clara Valley, in California. All over New Zealand the summer winds are so boisterous that the culture of the grape is impossible, even in parts where the heat of the sun would otherwise admit of it; but all other fruits of temperate regions grow well. These islands are sheep-pastures, *par excellence*, and sheep thrive well on the natural grasses; and wherever the English grasses are sown, they spread so rapidly as to eradicate the native growth, and to afford the flocks a still more abundant nourishment.

In Hawkes Bay, in the north island, the runs are put up at auction by the Government, in blocks of thousands of acres, and bring from £5,000 to £20,000, or £30,000. In the province of Canterbury, in the middle island, the runs are not sold, but the leases are put up at auction. The capital required to engage in sheep-farming is about the same in both islands, and an investment of £5,000 is required to make it profitable: a New Zealand laborer, therefore, never thinks of settling in that country. He gets about £1 per week, with board and lodging included. This he saves up (frequently leaving it in his master's hands, who gives him ten per cent. per annum for the loan of it) till it amounts to a sum sufficient to enable him to go home and start some little business, thus adding to the overcrowded state of En-

gland and depriving the new country of a valuable settler. The wages I have stated are those of a common laborer; a shepherd gets £2 per week and sometimes more—at least, such were the prices three years ago. In Hawkes Bay, the minimum price of government land is five shillings per acre, and land not bought in at the public auctions is open to settlers at from ten to five shillings per acre; but this land is generally in inaccessible situations, and therefore useless. In Canterbury, the minimum price of land is £1, and this is the reason the lands are leased and not bought in that province.

The greater part of the land is unfit for agriculture; but its poverty and ruggedness agree well with the flocks, who are strangers to the diseases that afflict them elsewhere, and their pastures are well watered by numerous streams and rivers. Owing to the formation of the country, the Auckland land-grants furnished by Government to immigrants are a delusion and a snare, being generally quite valueless.

One can not take a ride in New Zealand without having to ford at least one river, and, as these rivers are of a restless nature and seldom stay long in one place, the fording of them is not always free from danger. A gentleman told me that when he was setting out for New Zealand a German scientist sought to dissuade him, on the plea that the country *was only making itself*, and would not be fit for habitation for several hundred years. My friend is now an old resident of New Zealand, but he says he thinks the German was right! During my two years' sojourn in Hawkes Bay, one river took itself out of its old bed and ran off

to a neighboring sheep-run, where it materially altered the face of the country. I visited it soon after, and saw it in the act of cutting quite a ravine through the valley. Riding at the time with my friend and his daughter, we were greatly puzzled where to find a ford, until Mr. R——'s horse felt its way through, we following in the rear. Mr. R—— was going to review a militia company, of which he was captain, and we had to ride sixteen miles through an uninhabited country. On returning, this same changeable river puzzled us so greatly that we finally lost our way and got benighted—rode hither and thither for the lost trail, shouting aloud for guidance. At last we struck the old empty river-bed, and, following it up, reached home. It is said that the only epidemic from which New Zealanders suffer is drowning.

During my visit, several hundred Maories—men, women, and children—were assembled to have a feast in an inclosed piece of ground near to a native village. Down the middle of the inclosure were arranged sacks of flour and baskets of potatoes, and at either end two large frame-work towers were filled with pumpkins and melons. This was a large dinner-party, given by one tribe to another, and was to last three days. The women, arranged in groups, were busily cooking; the men, also in groups, squatted on the ground in circles, listening to the political harangue of one of their number, who walked up and down in the circle formed by his auditors, talking in a sort of chant, and occasionally leaping in the air to add force to his remarks. The cooking is a very simple process. A hole is dug in the earth and a fire lighted in it, by which a number of stones are heated, the stones then replace the fire, as the latter dies out, when potatoes, dried fish, and eels are placed upon them, and the whole covered up with a cloth and allowed to steam

for an hour, after which dinner is served on pieces of dried gourds to each circle, whose mode of eating is summary, knives and forks having no recognized existence among them. I was told the dinner was delicious, and was invited to partake of it; but I was not hungry—the cooks and the process of dining had taken away my appetite.

While the Maories were eating, our party retired to the primeval forest, called "bush" in New Zealand, and lunched under the shade of the trees. This was in the month of May, which corresponds to November in England. After dinner we returned to our Maori friends, and they entertained us with a *haka*—a native dance, if dance it can be called, which is only performed with the hands and head. As a preliminary, the men, who were mostly dressed in European costume, commenced taking off their clothes. Coats, waistcoats, and shirts flew off, when I thought it was time to go; but a member of our party laughingly interposed, and said the unrobing process would go no further. Retaining their pants, these Maories squatted in a row before us, and behind them a row of women arranged themselves: these kept on their garments. The men and women commenced chanting alternately verses of poetry, in praise of the *pakehas*, or foreigners, and, at the end of each verse, all joined in a most extraordinary chorus; the only sound audible was a gasp, performed in perfect unison. It had the effect of a rushing wind. Their arms and hands swayed from side to side, their fingers shook, and their facial expressions were hideous. Aside from the frequent airing of their large tongues, as they became more and more excited the poetry became less and less complimentary, until we four or five Europeans in the midst of five hundred natives, many of them known to be secretly hostile, gradually moved outside the circle, and

then, without any further demonstrations, the dance ended.

Soon after, I took refuge from a severe rain-storm in the house of Hapuku's brother. Hapuku is a celebrated Maori Chief, and an ally of the British Government. The brother of Hapuku had left his comfortable *whare* (native house), whose walls and roof were thickly thatched with stout reeds, and had built himself an English house, omitting the windows: outwardly, it was European; inwardly, it was Maori. There was a fire in an iron pot in the middle of the room, and the smoke went out at the door. Men, women, and children were seated round the fire with their knees on a level with their mouths, and they invited me to join the family circle. I preferred sitting on a box near the door to sitting on the dirty floor in the circle, and he poked by the little pigs which were running from one to another of their foster-mothers.

The family with whom I took refuge was supposed to be tinged with the *Haw-haw* (pronounced how-how) fanaticism, which has wrought such disastrous results in New Zealand, and occasioned so many wars. This religion is like that of the *Tae-pings* in China—a relapse from Christianity. The prophets believe themselves inspired. They dance round a pole, chanting in Maori and English, stringing the words together without any meaning. They chant—if such it can be called—and run as fast as possible, until, becoming exhausted, they fall down, foam at the mouth, and rave incoherently; and this, by their awe-struck hearers, is believed to be prophecy. It is very difficult to find out their tenets, for *Haw-hawism* is a sort of Masonic society, and its secrets are seldom revealed. But their cardinal doctrine is supposed to be the killing of all the Christian ministers, in the hope that, when all are killed, the gifts of genius and science, which they

believe are procured by the White race through the intercession of their clergy, will forsake Europeans and descend, through the medium of the prophets, upon the Haw-haws. Only a few natives are suspected of leaning toward this religion in Hawkes Bay. Some of the prophets are warriors as well, and convert their countrymen, Mohammed-wise, by the sword. All Haw-haws are cannibals: to devour their prisoners is a part of their religion; and when three years ago, the English volunteers were attacking a fort belonging to Titoko-wharu in Taranaki, the Haw-haws within chanted an invitation, of which the burden was—

“The oven is ready: come and be cooked—come and be cooked.”

All Maori tribes have their prophets. There was one in the house I entered. He was a dreamer of dreams, and was fast asleep on a mat. In another corner of the room was crouched a fine young man—one of Hapuku's sons. This youth was clothed in a large shawl—his only garment. He formerly wore European clothes; but he was reported to have turned Haw-haw, and to have taken to the shawl and strong drink simultaneously. Hapuku, the Chief—whose promising son I have just described—has thirteen wives. He thought, once, of turning Christian; but, on being informed that he would have to discard twelve out of the thirteen Mrs. Hapukus, he replied that he had married them all from political motives, and he was not going to part with any. The fact was, he got landed property with each of them, and he did not want to give it up. When a Maori dies, his land belongs to all his children, irrespective of sex; and should he be a Chief, the chieftainship descends to the eldest, whether son or daughter—the Maori women having full right to speak at political meetings. If Hapuku relinquished his wives, their property would

go with them, and he would lose a great part of his territorial influence. Hence his affection for them.

Hapuku is a fine-looking old fellow, very much tattooed. He dresses and eats like a Christian. I have dined at the same table with him, and he conducted himself like a civilized being. I was much amused at his objection to a vase of flowers on the table. "Tables were made for meats, not for useless things," he said. The Maories have very material minds. They will tastefully ornament a canoe, a house, or a spear; but any thing that is merely ornamental—such as a flower-garden, or even a musical instrument—they despise. This Chief was a jesuitical reasoner. Being accused, at one time, of sheltering a band of Haw-haws—who, although they had not then broken out into rebellion, were still suspected of such tendencies—"Why," said he, "do you accuse me of being disloyal because I allow these men in my district? The fact that a man dances round a pole by way of saying his prayers, does not prove him a rebel. You might as well accuse your own Government of being disaffected, because it harbors Roman Catholics and Dissenters, and such-like enemies of your Established Church, in your dominions."

Yankee notions, generally, are in great demand everywhere in New Zealand. The stages are copies of American ones, and go by the name of "Cobb's coaches." They were imported while I was in the Colony, but came, I believe, from Australia. Owing to the scarcity of saw-mills, together with the want of roads through the interior, the immense forests of the country are unavailable for timber. The lumber is mostly brought from America and Australia. The native forest-trees are all of the pine species; but the undergrowth is quite tropical in luxuriance. One needs to carry, as one's companion, a hatchet through

"the bush." There are two species of palms that grow here: the cabbage, or *ti*-tree, and the fern-tree. There are, besides, a number of trees that belong more to the order of shrubs—such as the *karaka* and *marpa*, and a few species of acacia. The *kauri* pine, a native of Auckland, exudes a gum which is a valuable article of commerce. When you approach a New Zealand "bush" from the plains, its appearance is any thing but picturesque, for the trees stand straight up before you, herded together in a dense, black mass, the foliage being all of a very sombre green, and the forest growing in a blot, as it were; but when once within its precincts, you find it the most beautiful of woodlands—a mass of tangled greenery of all shades of brightness, dotted with white *convolvuli* and interspersed with feathery ferns. Besides, to add to the attraction, the gleam of a lake or river is an inseparable adjunct.

In the former part of this narrative, I alluded to the fact that the English grasses are quite eradicating the native growths. Even when not sown, the seed from the British clover is blown on to native pastures, and takes a tenacious hold of the soil; but this is not the only English product that acts injuriously upon native ones. Some enterprising colonist (so report says), being much troubled by the large New Zealand blow-fly, that lays its eggs alike in blankets and meat, took a notion of effecting a settlement of the small black English house-fly in the Colony; so he imported some in a *pill-box* pierced with pin-holes. The experiment was highly successful: the enterprising English fly has utterly ruined the prospects of his big, lazy brothers, who are fast disappearing. It is not known exactly whether the smaller kind *eat* the larger, or whether they simply starve them out; but the fact that the British fly is thriving in New Zealand while the native fly is dy-

ing out, is so patent that the Maories have taken a mournful view of the circumstances. They say, "English grass come, Maori grass go; English fly come, Maori fly go; English man come,

Maori man go!" and so, poor creatures, they resign themselves to their fate, and keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down, thus helping to fulfill their own prophecies.

A FEW SNAP-SHOTS.

IT is gratifying to reflect that the practice of dueling is losing its prestige. It is gradually falling into disuse on the continent of Europe, where, if we except an occasional *affaire* between army officers, or hotspur editors, it is for the most part encouraged by boyish students, whose petty squabbles, and subsequent meetings, savor much of the burlesque. We hear much less of it in America; and accounts of the semi-savage, bowie-knife duels, which are a blot upon our boasted civilization, no longer furnish almost daily items for Southern newspapers. This more healthful aspect of social ethics may be due, in some measure, to the purging effects of the late civil war. Men who have stood side by side in many a hard-fought and bloody field, it may be, have learned to curb themselves more than of yore. Still another reason may be found in the custom having of late years been followed by people of much lower *status* than those to whom it was formerly in general confined, and in the consequent almost total departure from all the old-time, chivalrous rules of the duello. Many men of refinement, disgusted with the degrading influences of the more recent style of dueling, have abjured thoroughly that which, in their earlier days, they considered to be a necessary check upon the abuses of social intercourse. A republic has its aristocracy, as well as the most despotic of monarchies; and when the American aristocracy of intellect, of position, and of standing repudiate a custom, it loses

much of its attraction to the vulgar, who are the more likely to abstain from a habit when it is no longer fashionable.

Dueling may be said to have almost ceased to exist in Great Britain and in her foreign possessions. The famous duel of Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Monro, of the Guards, struck a death-blow to the custom there. The close connection, by marriage, of the parties (they had married two sisters), the fatal result, and the trivial matter which led to the meeting, were productive of more good than all the arguments ever advanced against the code. The trial of Lieutenant Monro, and his conviction and imprisonment, despite the highest interest—family, military, and political—which was brought to bear, in hopes of obtaining a pardon, were not without their moral effect. This was the more marked among the officers of the army; and that profession may be considered as having always been the fostering hot-bed of the germs of the duello, which might possibly have sooner died out but for the rigidity with which military men maintained the so-called laws of honor.

In Ireland, as in the United States, duels have often been fought before a host of spectators: so that abundance of evidence could always be obtained. How, in the face of this fact, the laws have not been carried out, is something of a mystery; but in England, Scotland, and in Great Britain's foreign possessions, the greatest care has always been taken to avoid witnesses. The seconds in a duel, being implicated, were not

bound to answer questions which might criminate themselves; and no other persons were allowed on the ground.

A medical friend was requested to be near to a certain spot, at a certain hour. As a matter of course, he asked no questions, but obeyed, and was within call, if needed. As he did not *see* the encounter, his evidence amounted to nothing.

With regard to the army and navy, it must be remembered that to be either a principal or a second in a duel is in contravention of the articles of war; for officers are liable to be tried by a court-martial, and cashiered for such acts. Nevertheless, these affairs were, until lately, always winked at; and refusing to go out when challenged, or pocketing an affront instead of demanding satisfaction, subjected a man to being posted as a coward, and ostracized from society; for the advocates of a pistol settlement of difficulties had it pretty well their own way.

A curious case occurred some years ago, in India, illustrative of the strong feeling evinced by a Commander-in-chief in favor of the custom, and how he stretched a point to clear a culprit.

Two officers had a meeting, which resulted in one of them losing his arm. The other and his second belonged to a regiment commanded by a religious Colonel, who had set his face against dueling, and who placed them both under arrest, and brought them to a court-martial. The principal was tried first, and the seconds being the only witnesses, and they, of course, declining to criminate themselves, he was acquitted for lack of evidence. The second was then placed on trial before the same court, and the duelist called as a witness for the prosecution. Upon his declining to testify to what might criminate himself, the Judge-Advocate informed him that he *could not criminate himself*, inasmuch as he had been tried already and acquitted, and could not be tried again

for the same offense. If, therefore, he now refused to give evidence, he would be court-martialed for disobedience and contempt, and most assuredly be cashiered. With tears in his eyes, he was obliged to acknowledge that the officer had been his second; and his friend was found guilty and sentenced to be dismissed from the service. When the Commander-in-chief received the finding of the court, instead of approving and confirming it, he quashed the whole proceedings, as being "contrary to common sense; for how could a rational court find a man guilty of being second to a principal in a duel when they had already found that principal not guilty of fighting the duel?"

A fatal meeting, which took place between Lieutenants Rattray and Miller, of the Fourth Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, was one which, in spite of their dueling proclivities, cast a gloom over military circles. These young officers had long been bosom-friends. Indeed, it was reported that the one who was killed was attached, if not actually engaged, to his friend's sister in England. The officer of the day being unwell, to Miller had been assigned the performance of the remainder of the day's duties. Late in the afternoon, Rattray entered the house, and, partly in joke and partly in earnest, asked him why he was lying reading instead of visiting his rounds. Miller replied sharply that it was "none of his business." Further words ensued, till, in the heat of passion, Rattray lifted a chair and struck the other with it. At this instant a friend arrived and stood between them. Miller went to a brother officer's bungalow, and sent a message demanding satisfaction. The next morning they met. To his second, Miller—who was a crack shot—remarked, as he received from him his pistol, "I'll just give him a nip where school-boys catch it with the cane."

At the word *one*, the report of both pistols was simultaneous. Miller was uninjured, but Rattray fell. To the surgeon, who was summoned, he pointed to his left thigh, the inside of which was pierced by the ball. Binding it hastily up, the doctor ordered him to be carried home in a palanquin. The distance was considerable, and, on his arrival at the house, he was dead. It was *then* discovered that the ball had first passed through the right thigh, dividing the femoral artery, and that he had bled to death. Miller was tried by a court-martial, but from lack of evidence was acquitted. So acute, however, was his remorse, that he died in less than three months, literally of a broken heart.

Even more distressing were the circumstances attending the duel between Captain Ross, of the Queen's, and Lieutenant Martin, of the East Indian army, which arose from a dispute at a game of billiards, as to whether a carrom had been made or not. Hot words passed, the Lieutenant remarking that "it was an attempt to take an advantage." A blow from the Captain followed, and a duel was the inevitable result. Captain Ross had but recently rejoined his regiment, after a prolonged leave of absence, and had brought with him a young bride, who was the admiration of all who had met her.

The next morning, shortly after Captain Ross had left his house, his wife accidentally got an inkling of what had occurred, and also that he had gone toward the race-course. Instantly ordering her pony to be saddled, she galloped off, and arrived just in time—as she emerged, from a grove of trees, on to the open ground—to hear the report of pistols, and to see her husband fall. For a moment she was paralyzed, but, catching the words of Mr. Martin's second—"Fly, Martin, fly; he is killed"—she sprang from her horse, and fell insensible on her prostrate husband. On ex-

amination, Ross's skull was found to be fractured, and the surgeons gave little or no hope of saving his life. The operation of trepanning was, however, successfully performed, and he recovered; alas! but to find his wife a hopeless maniac.

A good deal of chivalrous feeling was sometimes displayed by duelists in their care to avoid taking any unfair advantage. Seconds who had not had much experience in these affairs, sometimes committed egregious blunders in placing their principals.

Captain Kirby, one of the most dashing and thorough soldiers in the East Indian army, "went out" with another officer at the Cape of Good Hope. When the question was put, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" he replied, to the surprise of the seconds: "No; I am not ready, as we stand. You have placed my opponent in a line with that column, and I could hardly miss him, if I tried." The unfairness of the position being rectified, the duel proceeded, and both were severely wounded. The cause of this meeting was neither more nor less than this: the gallant Captain had inadvertently remarked, in the hearing of the other, of a certain young lady, that she was too clumsy for him to desire another waltz with her.

One of the most beautiful examples of high-mindedness in dueling was that of the Earl of Balcarras, in his duel with Benedict Arnold, the traitor. It will be recollected that part of the reward of that wretched man's treachery was the rank of General in the British army; yet few, if any, of the officers would associate with him.

One day, King George III., with Arnold beside him, addressed Lord Balcarras, and asked him if he was not acquainted with General Arnold. "What—Arnold, the traitor?" replied the high-spirited Tory. "No, may it please your Majesty; nor have I any desire to know

him." So crushing an affront could not be passed by, in those days. Arnold sent Balcarras a challenge, and, as he held a commission in the army, the nobleman felt that he could not refuse to meet him. They met, and, when the word was given, Arnold fired, but the Earl stood motionless, looking contemptuously at his opponent, whose ball had grazed his cheek. "My lord," cried Arnold, at length, "are you not going to fire?" Balcarras elevated his pistol, discharged it in the air, hurled it toward his adversary, with the memorable reply, "No, sir; I leave traitors to the public executioner." As his lordship had received Arnold's fire without returning it, no further satisfaction could be demanded, according to the rules of dueling which then existed.

Very ludicrous was the manner in which Captain Foster insisted on giving his adversary fair play, in his duel with Mr. Molineaux. When the old veteran, who had lost his left leg twenty-five years before at Assaye, appeared on the ground, a servant followed him, carrying a piece of four-inch teak-wood plank, twenty-two inches long and some eight inches wide. The servant being sent home, Foster's second took the plank to the other, with his principal's compliments, and the request that it should be placed as a protection in front of Mr. Molineaux's left leg. The other side demurred to this, but Captain Foster refusing positively to take his stand upon any other terms, the point was conceded. At the first shot, which terminated the affair, the Captain deftly shot off Mr. Molineaux's little finger, and the latter gentleman's ball struck and broke one of the springs of the cork leg.

For many years previous to the virtual abandonment of dueling in the British army, the rules on which these encounters were conducted were very much modified in regard to the manner of firing.

In olden time, it was customary to toss up for the first fire; but the more modern fashion was for both to fire together. When the duelists were in position, they were not allowed to raise their pistols till the word *One*. The formula of the second who officiated, was: "Are you ready, gentlemen? *Fire*—*ONE, TWO, THREE.*" The pistol, which was pointed to the ground, must be raised and fired between the words *one* and *three*—not *before one*, nor *after three*. Thus, taking good aim with the eye, if the words were spoken quickly, was almost impossible. Men, nevertheless, became frequently so expert at this *snap-firing*, as it was called, that they could come very close to any mark or target. Captain Kirby, whose name has been mentioned, could repeatedly hit a fig by raising and instantaneously firing at the word *One*.

Not a bad story is told of an expert *snap-shot*, who had, however, never "been out" before the occasion referred to. His adversary was a very large man; but he missed him, and was slightly wounded himself. "How on earth *you*, who can snuff a candle with a bullet, came to miss him, I can not imagine," said a friend. "Ah, my dear fellow!" he replied; "the candle could not fire at me; and that makes all the difference."

For the last thirty years, many senior officers, of undeniable gallantry, have used their best efforts to suppress the custom of dueling, and that with such success as very greatly to lessen the number of hostile meetings. Foremost among these may be mentioned the noble old Sir Peregrine Maitland, when Commander-in-chief of the Madras army; and Major—afterward Sir Henry—Havelock, the hero of Lucknow. The influence of officers of such standing was of course great, and tended to reconcile military men to the thought that the abolition of their pet relic of semi-barbarism was but a question of time.

LONELINESS.

The waning moon was up; the stars
 Were faint, and very few;
 The vines about the window-sill
 Were wet with falling dew;

A little cloud before the wind
 Was drifting down the west;
 I heard the moaning of the sea
 In its unquiet rest:

Until, I know not from what grief,
 Or thought of other years,
 The hand I leaned upon was cold,
 And wet with falling tears.

SANNY.

I HAVE always felt the liveliest interest in boys. Therefore, when Nurse Witherspoon placed in my arms a bundle of embroidery and flannel, and informed me that I was the father of a fine son, I reverently received the carefully wrapped atom of mortality, and inwardly congratulated myself that it was *not* a girl. It must be confessed, I was some moments in discovering the flame-colored spark of mortality she had maliciously informed me was the picture of myself; and my feelings were a little shocked by the sight of a nose so disproportioned to the rest of the weazened features, that it was the first obtrusive object peeping from the small opening I made in the blanket thrown over the child's head. A sense of relief that Nurse Witherspoon had left me alone with my treasure, and so could not see the shade of disappointment which must have passed over my countenance, was my first experience. But finding I *was* alone, I tenderly clasped the tiny thing

to the place on my vest overlying my heart, and brought a bearded kiss to bear on its raw little face, which decomposed it into a sudden opening of the eyes, blinking even in the shaded room. "Dear little noodle!" I murmured. "Welcome to this world of scratching for a living! Kick thy tender feet now; grasp the empty air, and lie contentedly, waiting developments. While I live, thou shalt —"

Cousin Em. came in. "Edward, I declare! that baby is the very image of you — just look at its nose!"

The frivolity and lightness of that girl are unbearable at times; but I trust I pardon her with becoming severity. And when she spitefully added, "My! won't you have to get up nights and walk the floor with the lovely colicky burden, and stifle its vociferations with pap"—a malicious emphasis on the word — I merely observed:

"Emily, I am surprised you imagine I should think any thing a hardship for

the sake of the dear boy. Why, I would lay down my life for him at any moment."

"Ah! Wait till you see what a capacity he will have for spoon-victuals! Wait till he goes through a series of teething, whooping-cough, measles, and scarlatina! Wait until you are sent out at midnight for the doctor—your repose broken in upon by a succession of shrieks, penetrating to your very marrow! Nobody will ask you to lay down your life; but the thing is, to possess your soul in patience, and keep your usual undisturbed serenity of temper. I know what boys are!"—with a disdainful sniff.

"Thank goodness, it is a boy!" I shouted, as she retreated. "But"—*sotto voce*—"I do wish Nurse Witherspoon would come and take it;" for the sweet imp had found his voice by this time, and was screaming vigorously.

Em. put her head into the door-way. "I say, Edward: what lovely lungs that boy has! I'd apprentice him to an auctioneer."

"Where's the nurse?" I desperately inquired, walking rapidly up and down, and swinging the br— the sweet infant, I should say—in my arms, in the way I had seen young mothers do.

"Oh! she's busy. You are to be invited in, bearing your sheaf with you, directly, to see Nettie. But don't drop it"—and the vixen shut the door in my face.

I suppose it was but two minutes, but it seemed an hour, during which I tried to soothe that wretchedly parboiled-looking little animal. The amount of yell in its tiny frame would have stocked an Apache Indian; and when Nurse Witherspoon, from the next room, said, "Come in," it was like a respite from the galls. Great beads of perspiration stood on my forehead, and I panted as though I had taken the most exhaustive gymnastic exercises. If ever I bore a package carefully, I did that boy—though the

rascal writhed as if I was pinching him, and the nurse said, in taking him back, "Allow me to relieve sonny from your grasp."

"Pinched him black and blue, I venture to say," said Em.

Nettie, the darling, smiled—a sweet, wan smile—but, with a grieved air, saluted me with: "Edward—to think of its being only a boy, after all! I suppose you are pleased; but I do wish it had been a nice little girl. Boys are such torments! You know, I have six great brothers—and now"—she pouted—"this seems like one of them, continued."

"Yes, dear," I replied, tenderly; "your brothers were terribly mischievous; but then, I shall manage this child, and you will see the difference."

Nettie said Yes; but Em. fairly shouted: "Oh, dear! Do, somebody, bring me some cologne—the new honor overcomes us!"

At that moment I hated Em.; but, on reflection—she could not understand the feelings of a father, and therefore I excused her.

Nurse Witherspoon was unexpectedly called away, at the end of three weeks, leaving Nettie too feeble still to take charge of the boy, and we were obliged to supply her place with such temporary help as we could find. The era of Mrs. Magoram was the most exasperating experience of my domestic life, yet so blended with the ridiculous that even now, when time has mellowed the impressions of those days into reminiscences, her *régime* is an unfailing source of amusement, both to Nettie and myself. She was a little, dried-up, old Irishwoman, wearing an immense cap with broad ruffles; her small face in the centre being suggestive of one of those truffled ducks, bordered by spinach, so often set before the unhappy restaurant-liver in the early days. Her expansive mouth and small eyes gave her a weird

and uncanny expression. Her voice was a cross between a tin trumpet and a cracked jew's-harp, and had the same rasping effect upon the nerves as the scraping of a slate-pencil with a dull knife.

As I came home a few days after her arrival, and was passing hastily up to my room to prepare for dinner, I heard a strange sound, as though some fluid was being drawn into a siphon; and, happening to look into the glass opposite the open door, saw the hideous little woman—sipping up my wife's broth, as she carried it past—putting the spoon into her capacious mouth with infinite relish. With ineffable disgust, I was about expressing myself to Nettie on the subject, when a frown from Cousin Em. nipped my communication in the bud; and I actually had the pain of seeing the poor dear enjoying the leavings of Mrs. Magoram—as she often afterward enjoyed the tea or cocoa, which was always thus surreptitiously shared.

She was careful of my wife, after a fashion; but I really thought she would have dislocated the baby's spine with excursions to Banbury Boss, so continuous and rapid as almost to take away his breath. And her shrill lullabys always struck terror into his young soul, for he distanced her in frantic screams—which were attributed to colic; and the tortured baby was the victim of spearmint and catnip, soot-tea, and heaven only knows what, to cure this. Then, as he was left hoarse after the exertion, she would frighten Nettie with saying "she never knowed croup to fail setting in after them wheezes;" and administer squills or soothing sirup, never omitting a plaster of Scotch snuff and onions, whose stench would react on the poor baby and make him really ill.

"I'm 'feared you won't never raise that young one," she would observe, threateningly; "he's wantin' the tenderest care and coddlin', and ought to be

nursed by a monthly, day and night, for a long spell."

Em. came down, one morning, with serious alarm on her face: "I tell you, Edward, if that old hag is to stay here much longer, the boy won't live. Just look here!" and she spread on the table various small parcels, labeled, respectively: Spearmint, Catnip, Soot, Peruvian bark, Alum, Hoarhound, Anise, Sago, Ground rice, Tapioca, Whisky, Squills, Soothing sirup, Radway's Ready Relief, Pain-killer. "Now, you need not tell me that a healthy child needs an apothecary's stock-in-trade emptied into his stomach. Nettie is worried, hearing him scream; and the poor little soul is as uncomfortable as he can be. Just discharge old Magoram, and Nettie and I can manage him well enough."

It was late in the afternoon when I came home, after the trials of that morning—for Magoram threatened us with awful predictions of coming trouble, after being informed she was no longer needed. But a delightful surprise awaited me. Nettie sat in the large arm-chair, in our cozy dining-room—baby fast asleep in his dainty crib—table set—and Cousin Em. playing a triumphant medley on the piano; while the bright wood-fire sparkled on the hearth, sending a ruddy and cheering warmth through the room. It was the most serene and peaceful of home-pictures, and made my heart glow with a great sense of comfort and love.

"Now, sir, that boy is just splendid—hasn't had a mouthful of any thing but mother's milk to-day—crows and laughs, wakes and sleeps, when he ought to," said Em.

Nettie chimed in: "O Edward! we have been such fools to think he was delicate! Em. says it's nothing but that horrid soot scraped from the chimney and made into tea; and that it is only a wonder we have not killed him. He is just the sweetest and dearest little fel-

low!—and I would not change him for the best girl living!”

What a happy evening that was! what a dear, docile baby—no trouble whatever! If ever a father thought perfection embodied in a child, I did, in my son.

I became a regular Betty: administering advice on all occasions; scolding the dairyman, if the least perceptible tendency to curdle was found in the milk; visiting the bakery and selecting crackers, especially light and crisp, to be pulverized for his use—mentioning, in a sort of careless way, that I had a fine son, and was anxious that he should be healthily developed. I pounded crackers, rolled sugar, boiled milk, saw to the farina, and, in fact, made a perfect nuisance of myself, going into the kitchen and overseeing the preparations for the child's food. Two cooks left in disgust; and, one morning, a dish-mop fastened to my coat, forcibly expressed the opinion of the new autocrat, whose supremacy I dared not dispute.

Nettie was patient as a saint, and rather admired the fussiness of my devotion to my boy. I always forgot to say *our* son; but spoke of him altogether as an individual possession. I seldom angered her, or disturbed the serenity of her temper; though I was occasionally harsh on the subject of his clothing, finding fault with lamb's wool, and suggesting linen, as less likely to irritate his skin. An air-bath I insisted upon, night and morning; and held the little cupid myself by the open window, in a state of nudity, thinking him an angel, and very much fearing a sudden sprout of wings would bear him heavenward. When Em. called me a ridiculous old granny, and said she believed in woman's rights regarding babies, I privately cautioned Nettie not to trust my boy to her inexperience. In fact, Em. made all manner of fun of me, imitating my style of holding the infant at arm's-length, suggesting the endowment of a foundling-hos-

pital, of which I should be matron; played practical jokes upon me; insisted that the slightest eruption was small-pox; assured me diphtheria was prevalent, and I had better plant the baby in a flower-pot and set him in the conservatory to catch the sunbeams; and altogether tortured and irritated me to such an extent that I wished she was thirty, instead of twenty, so that I could retaliate by calling her a sour old maid.

Through her also my friends began to take a quizzical interest in my theory of the physical education of my son. Aunt Sodis solemnly questioned whether I thought a BOY brought up by hand was likely to prove equal to a conflict with the world, and suggested a patent for a new sugar-teat I had patiently invented. I had always been (without much comprehension of it) a great advocate of the movement cure; and, at the least symptom of uneasiness in the overfed darling, I held him head downward, reversed the position, laid him on his back, lifted him up and down horizontally, vertically, and in every other direction, and went through a series of manoeuvres with him which effectually produced a vacuum in his stomach, and bid fair to do the same with his brain. On no account, however, would I allow him to be trotted, fearing a curvature of the spinal column. To walk up and down with him in my arms was one of my great sources of delight; and I so inured him to this habit that he exacted it, with fearful kicks and screams, from the whole family.

Emily finally protested: “Edward, you are making a guy of yourself. I should not care for that; but you are spoiling the child. Your system is ruinous; in fact, you have no system at all. You are at the mercy of his every caprice; you will make him the most disagreeable and exacting little fellow in existence. I did think, after Magoram left us, you had some sense, and an idea of the general requirements of children.

But you are simply absurd. You neglect your business; you make a laughing-stock of yourself; you are becoming a domestic tyrant, by reason of your unreasonableness. Nettie does not remonstrate, and I wonder at it. Now, do go—there's a good fellow—and leave the baby to its mother."

I never was so exasperated. "You have neither judgment nor sense, Emily. You would subject this tender infant to a tepid bath every day. You would give it food only at stated hours. You would wrap it in woolen garments, and let it sleep half the time; and, as for exercise, I never yet saw you walking with it."

"No—you never will. I have something better to do than prancing up and down, with a twenty-pound weight, half the day and all night, as you do. What with your scorching sun-baths and your freezing air-baths—your temperatures, and your general experiments—you will kill the boy as effectually as Nurse Magoram would have done with her condiments, as she called them."

It came near being a drawn battle between us. To think of my wife's cousin presuming to dictate to me—the father of the boy—a course of healthy letting-alone, was intolerable. I wished a thousand times she would accept one of her numerous beaux, and relieve us of her presence; for my wife seemed more inclined to adopt her opinions than to follow my advice.

"Such a dear, good, sensible girl as she is, Edward—why, do you know, baby never cries when she has him? He seems so serene and happy; and you do keep him screaming so."

This, from Nettie, was too much. "All experiments resulting in success, my dear," I said, sententiously, "involve suffering; and if, through my boy, I teach the world a needed lesson, I shall feel that I have accomplished much good."

"But I do not see the use of making

us all so anxious, and baby so uncomfortable," said she; "and, besides, I know how to manage him better than you do. He is as much my child as he is yours, and I won't have him tormented any longer—there, now!"

And she put the cherub in the bathtub, where he splashed and frolicked like a water-sprite, sending the crystal globes in little sparkling showers all over his curly head, laughing gleefully in his mother's face, and plashing his pink hands against the softly resisting surface in a rollicking *abandon* of joy, certainly delightful to witness. But two minutes, by my watch, was the time allowed for the bath; and I seldom left in the morning till I had seen him safely out and sunned. Absorbing the moisture with a towel I considered a mistake, and the nurse-girl was always on hand to lift him out and walk him rapidly up and down the room, till the skin was dry to the touch. As ill-luck would have it, however, on this particular morning, as I sat, watch in hand, not feeling very well pleased with the little altercation with Nettie, Em. came in, and exclaiming, "Oh, half a second more than two minutes will be the death of him!" lifted him suddenly out and dumped him, all dripping, into my lap. My best suit of broadcloth, my white vest, and glossy shirt-front were saturated; and Nettie, Emily, and the baby shouted in a perfect chorus of risible enjoyment. Aunt So-dis (who was staying with us during the sittings of the Woman's Suffrage Convention), hearing the noise, entered; and, snubbed and subdued, yet wrestling with the kicking urchin, I had the mortification of hearing her say: "How sweet—to see a father so fondly careful and attentive! My dear, you have a treasure in Edward; and, as I have heard a great deal of vituperation and abuse of the men at the convention, I will take occasion to offset it, by mentioning this pleasing instance of remarkable personal de-

votion to his callow offspring in your husband."

Aunt Sodis and Em. were too much for one man to encounter successfully; and I slipped away into the dressing-room, feeling not only defeated, but enraged, and really nervous lest the former should publicly make me the victim of her satire. Callow offspring, forsooth! My boy callow! She might as well have called me an old hen. From that moment, I entertained a decided aversion to Aunt Sodis.

I will pass over some months, during which I subjected the infant to various changes; pitying the practical father who had no theories of education, no original plans for development, and deaf to all entreaties that I would either walk in the beaten track or let the child alone. It was, perhaps, fortunate that I had so little time to bestow upon the boy; but I left orders to be strictly enforced, which, I am convinced, were unheeded the moment my back was turned. To bestow a suitable name upon him exercised all my ingenuity. I was certain he would become a great man, after paying \$10 for a phrenological chart of his "intellectual organs," which the Professor assured me were in every way remarkable, and hence a name was of great importance. Zerub struck me as unique; and I had almost decided upon it, when that tantalizing Em. provoked me by saying that it was only a scripture name cut in two, and that if Zerub was to be the horse, Babel should be the cart to come after it. "Zerubbabel—never!" said Nettie.

Aunt Sodis said if I really wanted an illustrious handle by which to lift my boy into fame, nothing could be more appropriate than Susanbanthony, which Em. caught at, and, with a vindictiveness for which I shall never forgive her, corrupted into San Banthony; and, although he was eventually christened Edward, he never went by any other title

than San Banthony, until the diminutive of Sanny became the popular pet-name in the family.

I argued with Nettie; I almost insulted Aunt Sodis; I scolded Em.—but all to no purpose. Sanny it was, and a very emphatic San Banthony, if I ventured a remonstrance. I inwardly anathematized the whole race of women reformers, and said so much against Aunt Sodis and her clique as to bring tears to the eyes of my wife.

"Sanny wants this, and Sanny must have that:" how soon the months flew by, and the imperative mood found language in my son! I pursued my system vigorously now, substituting mental training for bodily care. To break the will of a child I had always considered the most important duty of parental responsibility; and as Edward had a will as remarkable as his genius, I studied night and day how to conquer it. "Control it," said Emily. "I dislike to hear a child spoken of as a colt; and your breaking process is breaking his heart"—for I became severe, and had several times spanked my son, which Aunt Sodis, who occasionally dropped in to launch a few bolts of satire at me, contended was entirely unnecessary, and argued more ill-temper, in myself than obstinacy in darling little Susanbanthony. What I underwent from that woman no mortal knows; and I realized how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child, when, after a salutary correction, Edward would rush into the arms of Aunt Sodis and sob on her bosom, as if comfort and rest were to be found there from what Nettie called my persecutions.

Nettie had always been a timid, gentle little creature, never disputing my will, and with less of self-assertion than any woman I ever saw. But, day after day, a something—undefinable at first, and only sensible to feeling—came creeping in between us. She no longer ran

to greet me with a kiss. She contrived, instead of the sweet welcome home I expected from my boy, to have him snuggled away in his crib, where I was requested to gaze upon his sleeping loveliness, as if he was her treasure, instead of mine. She exercised the prerogative of partnership in the child more and more decidedly; and her winning "If Sanny loves mother, he must be a good little boy," commanded more respect than my threat of punishment if my demands upon his obedience were not complied with. "Naughty papa" and "tross old boy" did not contrast pleasantly with "pecious mozzer," or "Sanny's Emmy." As for Aunt Sodis, she never came without some attractive toy; and if I argued that money spent thus was foolishly wasted, and she had better save it to buy him something useful, she questioned whether I had better not live on the plainest of diet, banish all luxuries from my table, and all ornaments from my house.

One day, Edward had been unusually refractory. The weather was stifling; and the little fellow, toward evening, was fretful and impatient—wanted something one moment, and the next rejected it; was illy pleased with any attention; and to all my requests that he would speak a piece for some visitors, was mute; for it was one of my especial vanities to display him as a prodigy, and I had trained him, parrot-like, to repeat "My name is Norval," and Mark Antony's oration, the effect of which Emily always nullified, when she was present, by "Now, Sanny, say 'Ban, baa, black sheep!'" and when, at the top of his voice, he would gleefully shout, "Pa, pa, black seep!" she never corrected his mortifying mispronunciation.

On this evening, I was particularly anxious to exhibit my son's wonderful accomplishments; so I forced him into a repetition of his pieces, and finished by urging him to sing "I want to be

an angel." I shall never, never forget the pleading tenderness of that little voice when he said, "Sanny does want to be an angel: he's so tired!"

Nettie was seriously displeased. "You are taxing the child's nervous system beyond endurance, Edward. I will have no more of this. You shall not tamper with his strength and vitality. Let him play about as other children do. Cease to teach him what he can not understand. You are only forcing him into premature growth, to dwindle into a final nonentity. You are cultivating a hot-house expansion, alike unhealthy and unnatural. He is restless in his sleep, variable in his appetite, and flushed with the fever of excitement half the time. Leave the baby to his milk and his playthings. Give him intellectual culture when Nature demands it, and not when it is an unjustifiable stimulant."

Alas! that I had heeded the wise warning. But the compliments of my friends on his wonderful proficiency, and my own gratified vanity, blinded me. If I could forever blot out of my existence the agonies of the ensuing three months—the days of anguish and nights of regret—I would gladly forget the superhuman enjoyment of the first years of his blessed little life. But suffering impels me to speak, as well as a desire to warn other parents of the consequences of a fatal forcing process.

The grave physician who came three days after this evening of exhibition and pride, was reticent and cautious of expression. But Aunt Sodis had a private interview with him, and the angelic tenderness with which she soothed the boy after, told us that life and death were struggling for mastery. Would that the white-winged angel had lifted my idolized boy in his arms, and so spared me the dreadful retribution I live to pay. But he lived; lived, to be—oh, God! that I should speak the dreadful word—an idiot!

In that hour of awful conviction, when the truth dawned upon us, and the physician sadly confirmed it, my educational theories were shattered into fragments; and the dear old man, with a tenderness I shall ever remember, taking me by the hand, said: "You have attempted to fill this golden bowl too rapidly. The work of a life-time can not be accomplished in a few years. Stimulated mental activity, resulting in precocity, is no evidence of genius or great talent. You are paying the penalty of transgressed physical laws—a painful and sad one—but Nature demands the exaction, sooner or later. May God pity and help you."

In my unutterable sorrow, I covered my face and sobbed aloud. Nettie uttered no word of reproach. Emily wept silently, as a little hand reached out for mine, seeming to ask guidance and help through a dark and wandering way. I lifted it reverently to my lips, and vowed to devote my life to my child, and re-

deem, if possible, my errors by my tenderness and love.

Years have passed away. Nettie and I have other children now—bright and lovely boys and girls; happy and healthful. We have endeavored to train them wisely and well. But we have guarded them from precocity as we would have done from disease. Em. has never married. But no one could be less like a "sour old maid." She is the joy and delight of the children, and the great comfort and stay of their mother. Aunt Sotis has gone to the quiet land. She left Sanny her whole fortune, which, we trust, will shield him from want till he, also, is called home. He and I spend hours in the woods and fields. He is gentle and harmless, but is ever seeking for something he has lost and can not find. Poor child! it is the lost path. He is almost a man in years and stature; but I speak of him yet as MY BOY.

A NATURALIST'S VISIT TO THE "TRES MARIAS."

FEW persons are aware of the exceeding beauty and the delightful climate of these islands. Possessing a health-giving atmosphere, free from the pestilential insects that infest the main coast, and an exceedingly prolific soil, it is a surprise that they have remained to the present time in a state of virgin Nature. In any other portion of the globe, so long settled as the nearest main-land of San Blas and Tepic has been, they would have been occupied for the cultivation of the rich soil, and as a delightful retreat, during the rainy and sickly months of summer, for the people of the adjacent coast.

The fauna, and especially the avifauna, are very interesting, differing in many respects from the main-land species, though closely allied. Some are

peculiar to the locality, and constant residents, while others are only visitors.

This beautiful group of islands is situated about seventy miles west of San Blas, and about ninety or one hundred miles south of Mazatlan, in latitude $21^{\circ} 30'$ north, and longitude $106^{\circ} 30'$ west. They are severally named, Maria Madre, the northern and largest; Maria Magdalena, the middle and second in size, and Cleofa, the most southern and smallest. The smallest of the whole group is San Juanito, lying at the north-western extremity of Maria Madre. A deep and narrow passage divides them all, except San Juanito, which is connected with Maria Madre by soundings of no great depth. They range nearly south-east and north-west.

On the 3d of January, 1865, I sailed

from the port of Mazatlan, together with a *compañero de viaje*, upon my long-contemplated visit to the "Tres Marias." The craft was a small schooner of ten tons' burden, bound for San Blas—the vessel only touching at the islands, to discharge provisions for the timber-cutters there located. With fine weather, and the favorable aid of the trade-winds, we sighted the islands on the fifth day. I observed large flocks of birds, resembling the plover; and as I have no other means at hand of knowing a better name, I shall call them "sea-plover." Large flocks of these birds were flying over, and resting on the smooth waters, feeding upon a very small shell-fish floating on the surface. I am sorry that it was not my good-fortune to get a specimen, as I had seen them frequently before, when the sea was calm, and always far from land. I wished to know them better; but we had no small boat to pick them up, if shot. *Sula bassana* and *Sula fiber* were quite abundant—following a school of porpoises. A few gulls and terns were flying about; also, the dusky petrel, which is always common on this coast. During the day we saw many large turtles, floating upon the calm sea; and, in every instance, a gannet (*Sula bassana*) resting like a sentinel upon the sleeper's back. One of the turtles immediately in our course was harpooned and dragged on board, the bird remaining on its back almost till the moment of striking.

As the day advanced we gradually neared the islands; and my interest in them became greatly augmented when their magnificent forests were slowly unfolded to view. They are truly "green isles of the sea," and present a picture of contentment and calm repose. The tropical foliage, extending to the water's edge, and densely covering hill and vale, inspires the ornithologist with enthusiasm, as he feels certain of finding there the many objects of his research.

The prospect, too, of discovering new birds, to be added to the fauna of this coast, or of assisting the scientific naturalist in determining the geographical distribution of species hitherto known, warms his imagination as he thinks of the beautiful denizens such woods must reveal to his inquiring mind. About sunset we anchored in a nook fronting the small settlements of the timber-cutters. A canoe came out to us, and in it we went ashore, glad to leave the miserable craft and the more miserable crowd.

We landed without difficulty upon a beautiful, shingly shore, over which were scattered shells and snow-white coral. We were received with suspicion on the part of the proprietor, who claims, with General Urrega, to have a Mexican title to these islands; and it took some time to satisfy him of the object of our visit.

Maria Madre is about fifteen miles in length by ten or twelve in width at the widest point. At the extreme southern end there is a salt pond; but, at present, no attention is paid to it. The salt is crystallized, formed by the flow and ebb of the tide, filtering through a narrow sand-ridge, from the sea. The pond—which is clear, and free from brush or weeds—is about three-fourths of a mile long and a hundred and fifty yards wide. Maria Magdalena, or Middle Island, is about twelve miles in length and nine in width: it is unoccupied, and covered with a grand forest of fine timber. The immense cedar, *Cedrela odorata*, grows in great abundance, and has not yet been disturbed by the wood-cutters. This tree makes the finest timber in the world. It is also common to the coast, or Tierra Caliente. Cleofa is also well wooded, and has a good little port. All these islands, except San Juanito, are covered with a dense forest, from the water's edge to the top of the highest hills. The character of the trees, of which there are a great variety, is generally straight—much straighter and tall-

er than upon the main-land. There is but little thorny underbrush, so characteristic of the Tierra Caliente.

The morning of the 6th was bright, and the air exceedingly pleasant. As I entered the magnificent forest, upon the duties of my mission, it was with no little pleasure that I found the woods well peopled with remarkably docile birds, many of which were familiar to me, and others entire strangers. Some species, common to the main-land, were so tame as to be easily taken by the boys with a running noose upon the end of a rod; while upon the main, the same species are difficult to approach within gun-shot. All the birds, with one or two exceptions, in these islands, are very tame, and pay but little attention to the intruder on their shady retreats. Another fact, worthy of note, is, that they are all very fat; so much so as to render the preparation and preservation of the specimens very difficult. The abundance of food that the insectivorous birds find among the vast amount of decaying logs and branches, which harbor innumerable *coleoptera* and their larvæ, is one cause of their fatness; and another, we may add, is their being free from molestation by man or the various species of hawks and other animals of a ravenous nature, which keep them in a constant state of watchfulness on the main shore.

If these islands are interesting to the ornithologist, they would be equally so to the botanist and geologist. I never became tired of rambling amid these superabundant displays of vegetation. At every turn something new presents itself to our wonder and admiration. The giant cactus (*Cereus giganteus*) grows to an enormous size, but not so abundant as at Cape San Lucas. Other varieties of this plant are also met with.

The dark *higuera* (*Ficus Americanus*) spreads its immense branches, pillowed by the roots sent to earth to support them, giving the tree the appearance of

the famous banyan-tree. The stupendous cedars (*Cedrela odorata*)—rough bark and primated leaves, its huge branches overgrown with curious orchil—is king of the woods, and resembles in its outward form the black-walnut. *Palo prieto*, with its smooth green bark, its tall and straight trunk, crowned with fresh-looking and ever-green foliage, together with the hardness and durability of its wood, is one of the most beautiful, as well as useful trees of the forest. Here, too, the gigantic silk-cotton tree (*Eriodendron anfractuosum*), with its spheroid pods suspended to its wide-spreading branches, is a conspicuous tree. Various other handsome and strange trees—interlaced and festooned with the innumerable *lianas* and creepers, among which the wild hop is the most abundant, overshadowing the ground—give to the forest a dark and wild aspect.

I saw here a species of maguey that exceeded in size any plant of the kind I had ever seen, the long, dagger-shaped leaf of which measures from eight to ten feet, and the head, or stalk, three feet in diameter. When in flower, the flower-stem reaches to the height of forty or fifty feet, when it branches off like a candelabrum. It is very abundant in certain localities. The San Juanito is covered by it. The palm, nor any of its family, are represented on the islands; while on the near coast below San Blas, they are numerous, particularly *Palma real*. Here are hundreds of plants to interest the botanist, many of which, I am certain, are new. I found, also, the true wild cotton, not growing as a tree, but a plant, laden with small bolls, or pods, containing a very silky, yellowish fibre and black seed. The bolls were not well opened, but it is doubtless of the same species from which the cultivated cotton has been originally obtained. Wild tomatoes and capsicum are found growing in the woods.

The physical and geological structure is strange and peculiar, especially differing from any other formation found upon the coast. The indications and unmistakable evidences we read upon the surface lead us to the conclusion that the material of which they are composed once lay at the bottom of the sea, and was undoubtedly released from its submerged position subsequent to the adjacent region composing the main-land. The stratified formation appears to be horizontal, and but little broken or disturbed, throughout the island of Maria Madre. The strata are well defined, particularly where there is a precipitous bank or cliff exposing them to view. The composition of these layers is various, the most common being a conglomeration of sea-mud and gravel, in which vast quantities of fossilized shells and coral are mingled. Some consist entirely of soft sandstone, while in others lime and chalk are found. Large bowlders lying detached and scattered over the surface, have the appearance of granite, but, upon nearer inspection, prove to be solid blocks of coral formation. Where they are gradually becoming decomposed, vast masses of fossilized shells, cemented compactly together, form in many places the upper strata. I recognized in this conglomerate many of the shells to be varieties of *Pecten*, *Spondylus*, *Pallium*, *Venus*, *Arcopagia*, *Arca*, *Crasatella*, *Scutella*, etc., and identical with fresh shells found upon the shore at the present time. I discovered no indications of volcanic phenomena.

Pumice-stone is found in some localities near the beach, but its rounded and water-worn appearance shows it to have been drifted there by the waves of the ocean. In fact, the regularity of the strata and the general physiognomy, especially the larger island, do not ap-

pear to have been subject to any remarkable convulsions. The island of Socorro, about two hundred and forty miles west of the Marias, which is about thirty miles in length and fifteen in width, presents a very different aspect. Its formation is entirely volcanic. Its strata tilted and thrown into every position, its mountains high and peaked, prove it to have undergone severe convulsions. But the "Tres Marias" seem to have gently and gradually risen from the sea, nearly in the shape they now present, with the exception of the ravines and creek-beds formed by the natural courses of the water from copious rains.

In ascending the elevated plateau upon the northern and southern end of Maria Madre from the sea-shore, we find the country to be as flat as a table for several miles in extent, and covered with large trees and rank vegetation. This horizontal formation of the underlying strata retains the moisture in the earth throughout the dry season. Good water is found by sinking a well fifteen or twenty feet. In the latter part of the dry season, I saw young and tender plants growing luxuriantly. The cotton and tobacco planted by the *mayordomo* continued green and fresh throughout the dry season; also, squashes, melons, beans, etc. The shelly *débris* and vast amount of decaying vegetable matter have created an exceedingly rich and prolific soil.

During the dry season heavy dews are frequent, the drops of which I have often seen the birds sipping, for the want of other means of quenching their thirst, as there are but few *ojos de agua* (springs).

Thus we see in these islands a little world, whose creation seems to be comparatively modern, or of the Tertiary period, and whose fauna and vegetation are in many respects peculiar to itself.

THE OWEN'S VALLEY EARTHQUAKE.

IN TWO PAPERS.—II. GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

IN the preceding paper,* some local details of the phenomena of the earthquake of March 26th, 1872, have been given, and especially the facts observed in Owen's Valley. It now remains to extend the area of our observations somewhat, and also to inquire what general conclusions can be drawn from them with regard to the nature and origin of the forces there displayed on so grand a scale. But first it will be desirable to give, in simple language, and as concisely as possible, some idea of what earthquakes really are, and what seismologists are aiming to find out with regard to them. Any thing like an exhaustive discussion of the subject would, of course, be out of place in a popular magazine, lack of space being of itself sufficient reason for not entering into any details. But it may be possible to give in a few words some better idea than people usually possess—judging from the character of the contributions to our daily journals on this and kindred subjects—of what is already well established in regard to this class of phenomena, and also of the direction in which further research is desirable.

An earthquake is the passage of an elastic wave of motion through a portion of the crust of the earth. All have some idea of the nature of wave-motion, although but few have taken the pains to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the subject. All know that sound is propagated by wave-motion; that light is wave-motion. Every body has observed that if a stone be dropped into still water, the impulse will make itself

manifest in a series of waves extending in all directions from the point where the stone came in contact with the water, and gradually dying out in advancing from that point. There is no one who does not know, that, when he feels the jar of a heavily loaded wagon passing through the streets, the shock of the wheels against the paving-stones has been communicated by a wave-motion through the pavement and the ground into his body. The tremulous motion of a building, caused by the passage of heavy vehicles, has often been mistaken for the effect of an earthquake; and vibrations caused by real earthquakes have frequently passed unnoticed, because so slight that they could not be distinguished amid the noise and jar of a crowded street. Quite severe shocks of earthquake have occurred in San Francisco, alarming people so as to cause them to rush into the streets, while persons riding in the street-cars felt nothing unusual. The explosion of a nitro-glycerine factory near San Francisco, a few days ago, was thought by many to be a first-class earthquake, the shock being felt for miles in every direction, the windows rattling and the walls shaking, although in a more sudden and jerky way than they usually do when the disturbance comes from deep down in the bowels of Mother Earth. It is evident that we have only to imagine an impulse given, like that produced by the nitro-glycerine explosion—only on a vastly greater scale—to produce all the effects of the most disastrous shock.

The general character of earthquake shocks being thus easily understood, it is evident that the investigation of them,

* See the August number of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

with all their attendant phenomena, belongs partly to the geologist and partly to the physicist. A great earthquake is an historical event, of importance in proportion to its magnitude and the locality of its occurrence. A severe convulsion might take place in an entirely uninhabited region, and thus have no special interest to any but the scientific investigator. But if the scene of the event was laid in a thickly populated country, so that cities and towns were destroyed and thousands of the inhabitants killed, then the occurrence would become part of the world's general history, and have a significance entirely distinct from its scientific aspect.

The scientific investigation of earthquake phenomena has two distinct sides to it—the physical and the geological. All that relates to the mechanics of these occurrences—such as the method of transmission of the wave through rocks and soils, or media of different densities, the velocity of such transmission, and the effect in fracturing and displacing objects on the surface—comes within the scope of the physical investigator. These phenomena are all governed by regular laws, and are to be studied, with the aid of mathematical science, just as other physical phenomena are.

The results of earthquakes, on the other hand, as manifested on the surface by changes in its condition, have a geological bearing, for they throw light on the long series of events by which the earth has assumed its present condition. Hence the student of geology is especially interested in these events, and in the permanent record which they leave behind; and this interest is the more profound because these investigations connect themselves directly with some of the most interesting and difficult questions of geological science. From the study of earthquakes we are led directly to that of volcanoes and volcanic phenomena, and from these to

the structure and mode of formation of mountain chains and continents.

For a long time in the world's history, earthquakes were looked upon as mysterious occurrences—awful warnings, sent by a higher power, to remind us of, or punish us for, our sins—and the idea of investigating them scientifically never occurred to any one. When the thoughts of men began to be turned toward the cycle of changes which the earth has undergone—in the very first dawn of that science which is now known as geology—the changes which have been wrought, and which are, and have been, all the time taking place through the agencies of the volcano and the earthquake, strongly excited the imagination of numerous writers, and formed a fruitful topic for speculative discussion. But many years elapsed before systematic investigation began to be made into the *modus operandi* of earthquake forces, for it is only within a short time that “seismology,” or the science of earthquakes, can be said to have acquired a right to an independent name and existence among the numerous branches of scientific inquiry.

It being admitted by all that an earthquake shock is caused by an impulse communicated to the earth, at some point beneath the surface, the first questions which would naturally suggest themselves would be: Where is that point situated, and what is the cause or origin of the impulse? These might seem very easy questions to ask; but it is only within a very few years that either of them could be answered with any precision of statement. The line of seismological inquiry followed for a long time an easier and more obvious route. The first step was to compile and collect from every possible source historic accounts of all the earthquakes which have ever happened, and of which any records have been preserved. This would furnish a body of material capable of being used

in various ways, and which could not fail to give valuable hints as to future desirable points to be investigated. Several authors have been engaged in compiling earthquake catalogues; but Mr. R. Mallet and M. Alexis Perrey have made by far the most important contributions to this department of knowledge. Mr. Mallet published a catalogue of all the recorded earthquakes from 1606 B.C. to 1842 A.D.—a work of immense labor, in which he had the assistance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and in whose proceedings it was published. This catalogue has been extended by Perrey, Kluge, and others, and has formed the basis of numerous more or less valuable speculations and combinations.

One of the first questions which would suggest itself in working up this material, would be: In what regions is the crust of the earth most unstable? To present to the eye an answer to this question, seismographic maps have been prepared, showing the distribution of earthquakes over the whole surface of the globe, their relative frequency and intensity being shown by varying tints of color. From such maps important hints have been gathered; and it would be very difficult for any one who has studied them, to arrive at any other conclusion than that earthquakes are phenomena connected with, and closely related in their origin to, volcanoes, mountain chains, and coast-lines; in short, one could hardly, by any possibility, fail to perceive that vibrations of the earth's surface are phenomena having a deep geological significance, and not mere local and superficial occurrences, without any inner connection with each other and with the past history of our globe. It is clearly shown by these maps that great earthquakes are connected in their place of occurrence with the position of the oceanic basins and with the existence of great mountain chains; also,

that they are much more liable to occur where the more recent geological formations exist, and especially where these bear the marks of geological disturbance, or are turned up at a high angle, indicative of change of position since their deposition.

Another line of inquiry is suggested by the comparison of earthquake catalogues and the examination of seismographic maps, the results of which point in the direction just indicated. This is, the connection of earthquakes with volcanoes, whether active, dormant, or extinct. The almost invariable occurrence of seismic disturbances at the time of volcanic eruptions, the remarkable coincidence of areas most liable to heavy shocks with those of the greatest volcanic activity, the often-noticed fact of the cessation of earthquake disturbances at the moment of the commencement of activity in some neighboring volcanic vent—these are facts which can not be overlooked, and the popular idea of the causal connection between volcanoes and earthquakes is clearly founded in fact, as every geologist is willing to admit. This connection was distinctly recognized by Humboldt many years ago, and fully set forth in the pages of "Cosmos;" and by him the term "volcanism" was used to include all the phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes, *solfataras*, hot-springs, and the like.

We consider it as clearly proved that earthquakes are geological phenomena, and that their causes and effects are to be studied from that point of view, as has been done, indeed, more or less thoroughly and completely, ever since geology began to assume a position as a science. Early geology, indeed, was hardly any thing more than vague speculation as to the cause and nature of volcanic and seismic phenomena, as a reference to the works of the older authors—from Strabo down—will clearly show.

The aim of modern science is to give

more precision to the results of all investigations, and the study of earthquakes has begun to make steps forward in this direction, although the path in this line of inquiry is one beset with difficulties. It is much that already, even if only for one or two great earthquakes, we are able to state with precision the depth and position of the point at which the shock originated, and that the methods have been worked out by which similar results can be obtained with facility in other great earthquakes, provided the conditions of their occurrence are favorable. It is chiefly to Mr. Mallet that is due the credit of having inaugurated a more scientific method of investigation into seismic phenomena than was formerly in use; and his great work on the Neapolitan earthquake of 1857 is an admirable example of what can be effected in this direction under favorable conditions for the collection of facts, and with time and means at one's command for entering into an exhaustive discussion of them. It will rarely happen, however, that circumstances will be found so admirably adapted for giving good results as they were in the great earthquake investigated by Mr. Mallet. The region in which it occurred was densely populated and thickly covered with buildings, many of which were very large and substantial—such as old convents and cathedrals—and of a kind well calculated to preserve a record of the passage of the waves of motion through them. The only other elaborate investigation of the same kind yet undertaken, so far as we know, is that of Mr. Oldham, the chief of the India Geological Survey, into an earthquake which happened in Cachar in 1869, but the results of this inquiry have not yet reached us.

With the above brief statement of the nature of earthquake phenomena, we may proceed to inquire what general results can be gathered from the facts ob-

served in connection with the seismic disturbances in Owen's Valley. And in this connection we shall be led naturally to a consideration of the nature and origin of the forces by which the wave is set in motion, which, as it emerges to the surface, produces such disastrous effects as those described in the preceding paper, or the still more fearful ones which are so familiar to us in the accounts of the great Lisbon earthquake, and of other calamities of this kind, in which populous cities have been instantly destroyed and thousands of their inhabitants killed.

And we may first notice the extent of the area over which the disturbances of March 26th and the following days were felt. The shock does not seem, from any facts which can be gathered, to have been perceived in the extreme northern portion of the State; but it was quite severe in the direction of the axis of the Sierra Nevada, as far south as Camp Cady, in the Mojave Valley, while beyond that, in the same direction, the country is an uninhabited region, from which no accounts are likely ever to be received. It is safe to say that at least two-thirds of the area of the State of California were shaken by this earthquake, or fully 100,000 square miles. How much of the adjacent State of Nevada was disturbed by the same shock, we shall probably never know with any considerable approach to accuracy, the region being one so sparsely populated. It is probable that nearly the whole State was affected, and certain that at least 50,000 square miles of its area was—thus making, in California and Nevada, an area of over 150,000 square miles set in motion by one impulse. The farthest points from which information has come of the shock of the 26th of March having been felt are about 150 miles distant, in a direct line, from the axis of the Sierra, on each side, and this belt of 300 miles in width was fully 500 miles in

length in a north-westerly and south-easterly direction.

It is a matter of congratulation that the central area of the disturbance lies in one of the most thinly settled portions of the country. East of Owen's Valley, with the exception of two or three small mining-camps at the east base of the Inyo Range, there is no White population at all, until we reach the borders of Utah—a region probably outside of the area of disturbance. The region just east of the Inyo and White Mountain Range is dry, barren, and desolate in the highest degree, and remains mostly unexplored to this day. West of Owen's Valley is the Highest Sierra, as it may be called—a stupendous pile of mountains—not only entirely uninhabited, but hardly accessible, except to the skillful mountaineer during two or three months of those years when the snow is only ordinarily deep. A belt of two hundred miles long and a hundred broad probably includes the area where the shock was so violent as to be classed as destructive, and within this area not more than one thousand to fifteen hundred persons were living, and these almost exclusively in Owen's Valley.

The same conditions which seem so desirable from the point of view of the humanitarians—since they indicate clearly, that, if a great shock must come, it could not easily be placed in a region where it would do less damage to life and property—present themselves in a very different light to one seeking scientific information in regard to its occurrence. Our *data* are necessarily very vague on many points; and just the region from which we most desire information is uninhabited, and this year, perhaps, quite inaccessible, for the high mountains to the west of Owen's Valley have never been so deeply covered with snow as they were during the preceding winter. We know that the shock of the 26th March was severely felt in Salinas

Valley, at the eastern base of the Inyo Range, and from beyond that we have no information, until we reach the White Pine mining district, a distance of fully three hundred miles. With regard to the extension of the area over which this shock was felt in the direction of Arizona and Mexico, our *data* are also extremely vague. The farthest point in California, in the direction of the axis of the Sierra, from which we have any account whatever, is Camp Cady, on the Mojave road. Here a Government wagon-train happened to be passing or staying at the time of the shock, which the conductor of the train represents as having been very severe, so much so as to throw the mules off their feet. A quite independent report came to San Diego of the occurrence of a tidal wave on the coast of the Gulf of California on the morning of March 26th, showing that the shock was certainly felt as far as this in that direction. It is also true that the city of Mexico was shaken on the same day, between eight and nine in the morning, which would correspond nearly in time with the half-past six o'clock shock felt so severely in California on that day. But the *data* are too incomplete as yet to enable us to say, with certainty, that the disturbances which occurred in California and Mexico on the 26th were continuous over the whole intermediate distance, so that they can properly be considered as belonging to one earthquake, or whether they were different shocks starting from distinct centres, and not due to one impulse. The latter is the most probable hypothesis.

It seems very clear that there are times when the earth's crust is in a peculiarly "ticklish" condition—if the expression may be allowed—so that one portion is ready to respond to another by a nearly synchronous movement. Thus it happens, that, for weeks or even months in succession, we are constantly hearing of

disturbances of the equilibrium in every quarter of the globe. Such a time as this were the autumn and winter of 1755—the year of the great Lisbon earthquake—when, for several months, with occasional intervals, the whole circumference of the Atlantic Ocean was in a disturbed condition, while the East India islands, on the other side of the globe, were the theatre of violent seismic demonstrations. Still more remarkable was the earthquake cycle of November, 1852, when the Pacific Coast of North and South America vibrated synchronously, on the grandest scale, with the whole of the East Indian Archipelago. At this time both borders of the Pacific Ocean, from China to Australia on one side, and from California to Chile on the other, were in a condition of seismic disturbance, while minor disturbances were taking place in the intermediate regions. This earthquake period lasted nearly two months.

A similar, and perhaps even grander, display of seismic forces appears to have been exhibited during the past winter and spring; for the statements which have come in from every quarter of the globe show clearly enough that the number of severe and even destructive earthquakes which took place about the time of the Owen's Valley shock was, indeed, most extraordinary, while the attendant phenomena of volcanic action have been equally remarkable.

The following extremely concise list of the earthquake and volcanic disturbances which occurred during the spring of 1872, is presented as evidence of the above statement; and it must be remembered that this catalogue is necessarily imperfect, both on account of the slowness with which such information comes in, and our distance from the most direct and authentic sources of information. The time embraced is from December to April, 1871-72:

Dec. 23-Jan. 6.—Terrible earthquakes

in Persia. Khabooshan, in north-west Khorassan, entirely destroyed, and 30,000 persons killed.

Jan.—Severe earthquakes in Australia. Regions afflicted by them which never before had been shaken since the country was settled.

Jan. 16.—Shamaka, at the southern base of the Caucasus, seventy-five miles west of the Caspian Sea, entirely destroyed, and over one hundred persons killed. The surrounding country suffered severely.

Jan. 28.—Smart shock in Malaga, at 3 hours 1 minute P. M., lasting from four to six seconds.

Feb. 6.—At Winona, Minnesota—8 A. M.

Feb. 8.—At Cairo, Illinois—5 A. M.

March 6.—In central and eastern Germany. A large area shaken; disturbance lasted over an hour.

March 11.—Yokohama, Japan. About this time destructive earthquakes took place in Japan. The town of Hamada was destroyed, and five hundred persons killed. The *North China Herald* says, in its Japanese news, "Great earthquakes in the south, and much damage to life and property."

March 23.—At Unionville and Winemucca, Nevada. Slight shocks.

March 26.—The series of earthquakes in California and Nevada commenced, and continued for two months and over; especially severe at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, in Owen's Valley, where between twenty and thirty persons were killed. This earthquake was felt over all of California, except its extreme northern end, and throughout nearly all of Nevada.

March 26.—The same day as the Owen's Valley earthquake, the city of Mexico was shaken, between 8 and 9 A. M. It is said that this disturbance extended over a wide region to the south—that Oaxaca was seriously injured, and that the volcano of Colima burst into

eruption. No authentic details, however, of these occurrences have been received.

March 26.—Slight shock at Paducah, Kentucky.

March 28.—Slight shock at Salt Lake City.

April 3.—Terrible earthquake at Antioch and vicinity; felt far to the east, and over a wide area of territory. The shocks continued for a week or more. Some 1,000 or 1,500 persons killed in the vicinity of Antioch.

April 14.—Earthquake at Accra, on the Gold Coast of Africa.

April 15.—The volcano of Merapi, in Java, which had been quiet since 1863, burst into a terrible eruption. Great destruction of life and property followed.

April 16, 17, 18.—Severe shocks in Iceland, partly destroying the town of Hasvick.

April 24.—Mt. Vesuvius commenced its greatest eruption since 1632, much loss of life and property resulting.

April —.—Eruption of the Mayou—a magnificent volcano in the Philippine Islands. A letter published in *Nature*, May 16, 1872, from W. W. Wood, of Manila, says: "The terrestrial disturbances still continue in the Philippine Islands, and almost every post brings us intelligence of earthquakes in the provinces. The past year has been remarkable for the great number of earthquakes throughout the archipelago, especially on the great island of Mindanao, where the new military colony on the great river suffered severely."

From the above list—which no doubt will be extended considerably, as detailed news reaches us from the far-off regions of the earth—it will be seen that the winter and spring of 1871-2 were a season of extraordinary seismic disturbance; North America, Iceland, Europe, Africa, Asia, the Japanese, the Philippine, and the East India Islands, as well as Australia, being all visited by severe

shocks, which in many cases were highly destructive. Probably over fifty thousand, and possibly as many as one hundred thousand, lost their lives in these convulsions of Nature. This excited period lasted over four months.

It may now be asked: What general results can be drawn from the Owen's Valley earthquake, and can any light be thrown on the special causes of that disturbance?

In the first place, the impulse by which this earthquake was originated was undoubtedly given somewhere nearly in the axis of the Sierra Nevada, and the resulting waves were propagated in both directions away from that axis and nearly parallel with it. The impulse originated—or, as we may say, the blow was struck—at the same moment, along a line of very great extent—probably as much as a hundred miles, perhaps considerably more. This is indicated by several considerations, and especially by the times at which the shock was felt at various points in California and Nevada.

In preparing a statement of the times at which the wave of the first great shock reached the surface at different places, we have encountered great difficulties, as it was easy to foresee. There is no absolutely accurate record of the instant when the shock occurred at any locality, because there are no self-registering instruments (seismometers) anywhere on the coast or in the interior. The nearest approach to accuracy is the observation of Mr. Thomas Tennent, in San Francisco, who is an experienced observer, and has the means of determining the local time with precision. Some of the statements published in the newspapers are quite wild, and evidently far from the truth. Indeed, the local time is rarely known at any point off the line of the telegraph with any thing more than a distant approach to accuracy. And, besides this difficulty, we have, of course, the uncertainty which always at-

tends the observation of the precise instant of the occurrence of a catastrophe of this kind by any other than self-recording machinery, which acts independently of the alarm and agitation by which an earthquake shock is naturally attended. The mental faculties are not to be trusted when the earth is in motion under one's feet.

However, by a careful comparison of between fifty and sixty statements of time at as many different localities, chiefly obtained from telegraphic reports in the newspapers, it seems quite clearly established that the great shock of half-past two on the morning of the 26th of March was felt simultaneously at points situated along lines drawn parallel, or nearly so, to the axis of the Sierra, and extending longitudinally through that portion of the State comprised between the parallels of 34° and 38° , or from the latitude of Los Angeles to that of San Francisco. The same appears to be true for the region on the eastern side of the Sierra, although here the *data* are very meagre. Our defective observations allow us to make no more precise statement than this: that the seismic wave reached the centre of the San Joaquin Valley in from two to three minutes; the centre of the Sacramento Valley in from three to four minutes, and the coast, from San Francisco to Los Angeles, in from four to five minutes, after it had started, or after the impulse had been given along the line of the axis of the Sierra. If the time given for the occurrence of the shock at White Pine, Nevada, can be trusted, the disturbance was felt there at very nearly the same instant that it was at San Francisco and Los Angeles. This much can be safely stated: that the shock was very nearly synchronous at points situated on lines parallel with the axis of the Sierra, and through a region extending between two and three hundred miles in a north-westerly and south-easterly direction. While

no great accuracy is to be expected in results obtained from the *data* at our command, when examined with reference to a determination of the velocity of transit of the wave, it is nevertheless true that the figures are less discordant than might have been expected. From thirty to thirty-five miles in a minute seems to have been the rate at which the disturbance passed from point to point on the surface, if measured in a line at right-angles to the axis of the Sierra. As far as our imperfect *data* enable us to judge, the velocity of transit was nearly the same in both directions from the axis. In other words, the shock was felt simultaneously at points equidistant from the crest of the Sierra on both sides of the chain.

As before remarked, the fact that the whole of the higher portion of the Sierra, from Silver Mountain south, is entirely uninhabited, and even unvisited, except in summer, is sufficient reason why we have no *data* from the higher portion of that chain with reference to the severity of the shock. No doubt that it was very heavy, and especially in the High Sierra at the head of Kern and King's rivers. Indeed, the reports of terrific noises of falling rocks heard in the direction of the crest of the range by settlers in the foot-hills east of Visalia appear to be well authenticated, and indicate great disturbances of the surface in that region. The shock was felt severely in the Yosemite Valley, at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea, and large quantities of rock are said to have been thrown from the cliffs by which it is surrounded. Farther north, where settlements extend to the summit of the Sierra—as at Silver Mountain, the Placerville Pass, and on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad—the shock seems to have been felt less severely than it was lower down on the flanks of the range. Indeed, there are several reasons for believing that the axis of

the shock was not exactly coincident with the axis of the Sierra, but slightly oblique to it, inclining to the west as it is traced north, and also leaving the Sierra to the south, and passing off eastward.

That the wave of the shock emerged from under the Sierra, in the region between Owen's Lake and Bishop Creek, in a line nearly parallel with the axis of the chain, is sufficiently established by a consideration of the position of the fissures in the soil and rocks, and of the direction in which objects were thrown by it. As the wave entered the valley, its advancing edge was probably somewhat convex to the east, and a portion of it was deflected from its normal course and forced to expand itself toward the north and the south, perhaps undergoing several reflections from one wall of the valley across to the other, and thus complicating the disturbance and adding seriously to the destructive character of the shock.

Of the depth at which the impulse started by which this disturbance was produced, we have no precise statement to offer. The want of self-registering instruments, the perishable and crumbling character of the buildings overthrown or partially demolished, the limited area occupied by them — these are the circumstances which entirely prevent any accurate deductions being made in regard to the distance from the surface of the seismic focus. There can be no hesitation, however, in saying, that this depth was very great—probably not less than fifty miles. This we infer from a variety of circumstances connected with the effects of the shock: such as the position of the cracks in various buildings examined, indicating the emergence of the wave at a very steep angle on both sides of the Sierra; the great extent of the areas affected by the shock; the synchronous occurrence of the disturbance at points so very distant from each

other, and the very great velocity with which the wave progressed on the surface, which could only have happened from the giving of the impulse at great depth. No shallow wave could have affected so extensive a region almost synchronously. Indeed, it is safe to affirm, that, wherever very wide areas of territory are shaken, the cause must be a deep-seated one. The wave must die out within a limited area, if propagated only from the surface, or from a point but little beneath it. In this light we may compare, in respect to the destructive effect produced, the deep-seated earthquake and the superficial explosion like that of the nitro-glycerine factory near San Francisco, to which reference has already been made. The nearer the surface, the more violent the effects of the explosion, but over a proportionally lessened area. A ton of nitro-glycerine, exploded at a depth of twenty-five or fifty feet beneath the surface, would probably tear every thing to pieces, and destroy all living things, within a radius of a few hundred feet; if buried a thousand feet deep and then exploded, the destructive effect on the surface would probably be almost null, although the ground would almost certainly be perceptibly shaken for many miles in all directions.

Considerations like these indicate how stupendous the force must be, which, starting from such great depths beneath the surface, yet produces a destructive effect over so wide an area, and perceptibly moves a mass of material the superficial extent of which is to be measured by hundreds of thousands of square miles. And it must be remembered that it is not the surface only which moves, but the whole mass of the earth underlying the disturbed area, down to the seismic focus itself. It would be useless to compute the number of cubic yards of material moved by one of these great convulsions of Nature, for the figures

would be almost too great for comprehension.

The nature of the force which originates the impulse, the results of which are manifested in the form of the earthquake, remains to be considered. What this is has already been indicated when showing that the phenomena of earthquakes are intimately connected with those of volcanoes, mountain-building, and continental upheaval. Earthquakes, then, are simply jars in the crust of the earth occasioned while this is undergoing those changes of level of which we see the results in the mountain chains which encircle the globe, and the continental areas and oceanic depressions by which its surface is diversified. There are abundant reasons for believing, and most geologists do therefore believe, that the earth was once a mass of molten matter, and that it has been for unnumbered ages cooling down to its present condition. They infer that the inequalities of its surface have come into existence during the progress of this cooling, and chiefly as the result of the effort of the consolidated crust to adapt itself to the still shrinking nucleus; in the course of which operation this crust has been broken in various places, portions of it pushed up on one side or the other of the fissure, other portions bent, or even folded together, and, in short, all the varied forms of mountain chains developed, as we now see them. Neither must it be forgotten, in this connection, that it has often happened that the molten material of the interior has found its way to the surface through these fissures, thus giving rise to the complicated phenomena of volcanic outbreaks and lava-flows, and of mountain chains with axes of eruptive and crystalline rock. It is certain that the mountain masses like the Himalaya or the Andes have not been lifted five miles vertically above the sea-level without prodigious exertions of force; and there are abundant reasons

for believing that this force has acted in such a manner as to make itself sensible in the earthquake, as one of its manifestations.

On the usually adopted theory of mountain-building, the crust must be, in places, in a condition of tension, and in others, of compression. Tension or compression accumulates, until the cohesion of the material is no longer capable of resisting the pressure, and the rocks give way, a fissure is suddenly formed, and a powerful impulse communicated to the superincumbent mass. A wave of motion is thus started, spreading in all directions, and becoming manifest when it reaches the surface. Just as when a number of balls of ivory, or other elastic material, are suspended in juxtaposition with each other, and one is drawn back and then let go, so as to strike on the next to it, which receives the impulse and transmits it to the next, without itself perceptibly moving, and so on, until the last or outside one of the row is reached, which then flies off—thus proving that the motion has been transmitted from one ball to the next—so the wave of motion is transmitted through the crust, which shows no change after the transmission, provided the material be homogeneous, all the effects being displayed upon the surface, when the wave passes out into the atmosphere. Thus we see how it is that earthquakes are so little felt in mines, especially in deep ones; and also, why the effects of the shocks are chiefly perceptible on the surface where there is a break in the geological formations—as in Owen's Valley, where the sage-brush slope joined the alluvial soil, the dry abutting against the wet material. At such points the rate of motion of the wave is changed, in consequence of the change in the density and elasticity of the material through which it is passing; and here a disturbance necessarily ensues.

There is reason to believe that the portion of the Sierra which lies in the vicinity of Owen's Valley is in a rather unstable condition of equilibrium, such as the geological conditions of the region, as has already been suggested, would lead us to expect. This stupendous mass of rocks, deeply intersected by *cañons* with almost vertical walls, and situated between two ranges of different geological ages, would seem to be an excellent field for geological disturbances, and especially for such as might have their origin in the compression exercised by an enormous weight of material raised to a vertical height of two or three miles above the surrounding country. We were informed, on entirely reliable authority, that the region at the head of Kern River—deep in the recesses of the Sierra, and near the line where the Hackett trail from Visalia to Owen's Lake crosses that stream—is the scene of almost incessant earthquake shocks, which are accompanied by loud, explosive sounds, and frequently by the noise and crash of falling rocks. These disturbances have been repeatedly felt by parties going up from Owen's Valley to hunt and fish in that region, and in some cases they have been so alarming as to cause the visitors to take rapid flight from the disturbed district. Similar stories are told about the country at the head of Kaweah River, but of these we have no positive authentication. For how long a time these shocks and noises have been felt in the High Sierra, we have no means of ascertaining. Certainly they have been experienced there for three or four years. It is worthy of notice, in this connection, that there are several well-formed cones in this part of the range, indicating, by their appearance, a quite recent cessation of volcanic activity.

A few words may be added in reference to the sounds heard in connection with the vibrations of the surface during

and after the great shock of March 26th. At the time of the occurrence of the first throe, by which all the damage was effected, and which was far heavier than the succeeding ones, noises were heard, which are described as having been terrific, resembling repeated discharges of heavy artillery, accompanied by a rolling fire of musketry. These sounds continued for some time; but whether they lasted longer than the heaviest vibrations did, we were unable to ascertain. That they were caused by the actual tearing asunder of the rocks, there is little reason to doubt; and they were heard in a succession of crashing reports, continued for a considerable time, because the fissures produced were along a line of great extent, the extremities of which were many miles distant from any one point in the valley. Hence, the sound necessarily reached the ear at different intervals of time, according to the distance which it had to traverse. The explosive reports heard by our party just before noticing the light vibrations of the surface which were felt while we were in Owen's Valley, were not actual explosions, such as would be produced by the ignition of detonating gases; for there is nothing in the character of the rocks of that region to warrant any such supposition as that there was anywhere a disengagement of explosive substances from them. The mass of the mountains is of granite, which can not by any possibility be made to give off any thing of an explosive nature. The volcanic rocks of this region are equally inert in themselves; and no signs of active volcanism in the region were discovered. All these sounds seem to be due to one and the same cause: namely, the cracking and rending of the rocks, in their prolonged efforts to get themselves into a position of equilibrium. They were produced near the surface, and hence were heard and felt over only a comparatively small area. They were heard as coming from

the direction of the Sierra, in all cases, and evidently by sound-waves borne through the atmosphere and not through the earth. The detrital mass which fills the bottom of the valley and extends high up on the flanks of the Sierra, is made up of loose fragments of rock, of all sizes, mixed with gravel and sand, and would seem to be a material eminently ill-fitted for the propagation of the waves of sound. These must have emerged into the atmosphere, high up in the mountains, where the rock is bare of *detritus*, and have thence been borne to the ear through the air.

Having thus given some of the general scientific conclusions which we have felt justified in drawing from our observations in Owen's Valley, we will append a few words of practical application—a branch of the subject to which we expect to be able to revert at some future time.

That there ever can be any hope of our being able to predict the time of occurrence of an earthquake shock, is in the highest degree improbable. Seismic disturbances do not belong to a class of phenomena of which we can ever expect to know much in detail. We can say that such and such regions are more liable to be visited by these catastrophes than others are; but when they will happen, there is no possibility of ascertaining in advance. Neither are the various warnings supposed to be given by peculiar meteorological occurrences of any value. There is a slight preponderance in the number of shocks occurring in winter, over that of the summer disturbances, and it is quite probable that the moon is not without some influence on the movements of the crust of our planet; but neither of these circumstances affords any basis for prediction.

If the evils of earthquakes can in any way be mitigated, it is in preparing for them by building in a suitable manner. It was the opinion of Mr. Mallet, formed

with much deliberation, after his elaborate investigation of the Neapolitan earthquake, that most of the horrors of these catastrophes might be averted by proper care in the construction of houses and public buildings. This opinion is of great value, because this able investigator had the most excellent opportunities of studying the effects of movements of the crust on edifices of a great variety of form and material.

The results of the Owen's Valley earthquake are not without considerable value in this respect. The fact that wooden buildings are superior to all others, for regions liable to severe shocks, seems clearly established, at least in cases where the edifice is to be one of moderate cost and size. We would not be taken as positively asserting that a building of brick or stone may not be made as safe as one of wood; but it is clear that it can not be without a very much larger expenditure of money. Of all the materials which can be used for building purposes the *adobe* is most unsafe. The walls built of this material have the least possible cohesion and elasticity. However convenient the *adobe* may be, in certain localities, where wood is dear, and protection from cold wind and hot sun much to be desired, it should not be used anywhere on this coast. Where brick buildings are absolutely necessary, as in the large cities, they should be constructed in the most substantial manner, with special regard to the quality of the mortar, and well tied together with iron rods. The use of heavy cornices and massive chimneys should be entirely abandoned. In all the brick buildings overthrown or badly injured by the shock of March 26th, the *bad* quality of the mortar was most distinctly noticeable. That of the court-house at Independence, which was almost destroyed by the earthquake, had no more coherence than so much dried mud.

Finally, the desirability of a scientific

record and examination of the earthquakes occurring on this coast is too great not to be here touched upon. Three observatories, at least, should be established and fitted up with self-registering instruments like those of Professor Palmieri, on the flanks of Vesuvius. The cost would be nothing like as great as that of establishing and supporting one efficient astronomical observatory. Of these we have several already in this country, and a number of others are soon to be built and put in operation. From what has occurred elsewhere, there is much reason to fear that the ambition to have a "big telescope"—the "big-

gest in the world"—may possess this city, as it has others; and that the crying need of this coast for physical observatories, rather than for astronomical ones, will be neglected. To the seismometric observations, in the proposed establishments for this coast, should be added meteorological ones. If we can work out some of the mysteries of our own climate and look after our earthquakes in a suitable manner, we may safely leave it to the Eastern States to attend to the astronomical contributions to science, and rest satisfied that our own share of the work will not be lacking in interest or value.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART I.—*Concluded.**

O, heavens, the eloquent song of the silence!
 As asleep lay the sun on the vines and the sod,
 And asleep in the sun lay the green-girdled islands,
 As rocked to their rest in the cradle of God.

God's poet is silence! His song is unspoken,
 And yet so profound, and so loud, and so far,
 That it thrills you and fills you in measures unbroken,
 And bright, and as light, and as far as a star.

The shallow seas moan. As a child they have muttered
 And mourned, and have fretted and wept at their will,
 But the poem of God is too grand to be uttered:
 The dreadful deep seas they are loudest when still.

"I shall die," he said, "by the sad, deep river,
 By the king of rivers and the mother of seas,
 Far, so far from my Guadalquivir,
 Near, so near to the dark Andes.

"Let me sing one song by the grand old river,
 And die;" and he reached and he brake him a reed
 From the rim of the river, where they lift and quiver,
 And he trimmed it and fashioned it well to his need

* The following new and additional stanzas were received too late for insertion in the position for which they were intended.

With his treacherous blade, in the sweep of the trees,
 As he stood with his head bent low on his breast,
 With the vines in his hair and the wave to his knees,
 And bowed like to one who would die to rest.

"I shall fold my hands, for this is the river
 Of death," he said, "and the sea-green Isle
 Is an Eden set by the gracious Giver
 Wherein I shall rest." He listed the while,

Then lifted his head, then lifted a hand
 Arched over his brow, and leaned and listened—
 'Twas only the bird on a border of sand—
 The dark stream eddied, and gleamed, and glistened,

As stately and still as the march of a moon,
 And the martial notes of the Isle were gone—
 Gone as a dream dies out with the dawn,
 And gone as far as the night from the noon.

'Twas only a bird on a reach of sand,
 Slow piping, and diving it here and there,
 Gray and shadowing, and light as air,
 That dipped below from a point of the land.

And the flashing swords they sank in the air,
 When the notes were gone; and so, sadder now,
 He swept his hand to his bended brow,
 And crossed his breast in a plaintive prayer.

"Unto God a prayer and to love a tear,
 And I die," he said, "in a desert here,
 So deep that never a note is heard
 But the listless song of that soulless bird."

He moved to the burthen of blossoms there,
 And stood in the red-white sweets to his knees—
 The pink and the purple that filled the air
 With fragrance sweet as a breeze of bees.

And he crushed the blooms to the sod untrod—
 The mateless man in an Eden fair
 As the one of old, in his fierce despair,
 And hidden from man by the hand of God—

And hidden and hung by the vines and mosses,
 And shadowed about by the dark Andes,
 And curtained about by the linden-trees,
 Well wove and inwove in delicate crosses;

The trees that leaned in their loves unto trees
 And locked in their loves, and so made strong—
 Stronger than armies; ay, stronger than seas
 That rush from their caves a storm of song.

“A miser of old his last, great treasure
 Slung far in the sea, and he fell and he died;
 And so shall I give, O terrible tide,
 To you my song and my last sad measure.”

He blew on his reed by the still, strong river,
 Blew low at first, like a dove, then long,
 Then loud, then loud as the keys that quiver,
 And fret, and toss with their freights of song.

And he sang and he sang with a resolute will,
 Till the *mono* rested above on his haunches,
 And held his head to the side and was still,
 Till a bird blew out of the night of branches,

And alit on a reed, and with delicate skill
 Sang sadder than love, and so sweeter than sad,
 Till the boughs did burthen and the reeds did fill
 With beautiful birds, and the boy was glad.

Our loves they are told by the myriad-eyed stars,
 And yet love it is well in a reasonable way,
 And fame it is fair in its way for a day,
 Borne dusty from books and bloody from wars;

And death, I say, is a delicate need,
 And a calm delight, and the lastingest good;
 But a song that is blown from a watery reed
 By a soundless deep from a boundless wood,

With never an ear to hear or to prize
 But God and the birds and the hairy wild beasts,
 Is sweeter than love, than fame, or than feasts,
 Or any thing else that is under the skies.

The quick leaves quivered as to dance with desire,
 As the boy sang sweet, and the birds said “Sweet;”
 And the tiger crept close, and lay low at his feet,
 And he sheathed his claws, and his eyes of fire.

The serpent that hung from the sycamore bough,
 And swayed his head in a crescent above,
 Had folded his neck to the white limb now,
 And folded it close like a great black love.

But the sweet birds echoed no more "O sweet,"
And the tiger arose and unsheathed his claws,
And the serpent extended his iron jaws,
When the reed all shivered fell down at his feet.

A splash in the tide, and he turned and he cried,
"Oh, give God thanks, for they come, they come!"
Then clasped his hands, and his lips were dumb
As he looked out afar on the opaline tide.

In a sweeping crescent of sudden canoes,
As light as the sun, and as swift and soon,
And true and as still as a sweet half-moon
That leans from the heavens, and loves and woos,

The Amazons came in their martial pride,
As full on the river as a studding of stars,
All girded in armor as girded in wars,
And in foamy furrows dividing the tide.

With a face as brown as the boatmen's are,
Or the brave, brown hand of a harvester;
And girdled in gold, and crowned in hair
In a storm of night, all studded with rare

Rich stars, that fretted the sun at noon,
The Queen on a prow stood splendid and tall,
As the petulant waters would lift, and fall,
And beat, and bubble a watery rune:

Stood forth for the song, half leaned in surprise,
Stood fair to behold, and yet grand to behold,
And severe in her face as saturnine-souled,
Yet sad and subdued, in her eloquent eyes;

And sad were they all, yet tall and serene
Of presence, but silent, and brow'd severe
As for some things lost, or for some fair, green,
And beautiful place, to the memory dear,

That they might not mention, nor no more recall
In crowds, apart, in gest or in jest,
In thought or in image, in rest or unrest,
But with pain to the one and a peril to all.

"O, Mother of God! Thrice merciful saint!
I am saved!" he said, and he wept outright;
Ay, wept as even a woman might,
For the soul was full and the heart was faint.

“Stay! stay!” cried the Queen, and she leapt to the land,
And confronted the beasts till they fled from her face,
Then turned to her braves as she stood in her place,
And bade them approach with the beck of her hand:

“A woman! a woman! Fie, level your spears!
Nor man now is this nor monster of prey,
But a sister that seeks us, far wandered away:
A woman—a woman, we know by her tears!”

Then tender and true as the touch of a woman,
They lifted him up from the earth as he fell,
And into the boat, with a half-hidden swell
Of the heart that was holy and humanly human,

They bore him and laid him all tenderly there;
And they pillowed his head as only the hand
Of a woman can pillow, and pushed from the land,
As the Queen she sat threading the gold of his hair.

Then away with the wave, and away to the Isles,
In a song of the oars of the crescent fleet,
That timed together in musical wiles,
And a bubble of melodies swift and sweet.

ETC.

THE recent meeting of "The Associated Alumni" was much nearer a failure than a success. There are upward of two thousand men of liberal education on this coast. But at the dinner only about three hundred persons of both sexes sat down. More than half of these were women; and of the remainder, probably thirty per cent. were innocent of college diplomas. The occasion brought together a little over five per cent. of the men who rank as graduates, and many of them would not have been present had there not been the additional attraction of Commencement in the earlier part of the day.

The novelty, spice, and piquancy of the *alumni*-meetings of other days are qualities hard to perpetuate. First, there was the failure of the *alumni*-orator, and the ungracious refusal of skeptical people to be satisfied with the excuse that was tendered. The classical pundits hinted that the defaulting orator had not been able to come to time since he wrestled with "*conqueremus*" and gave it a judicial sanction. However, the missing orator was duly rewarded by an appointment to preside over the missing *alumni* at the next annual meeting. There is nothing so fatal to wit as the necessity which destroys all spontaneity. How can one say his best things when he is under an engagement to do his best, and every body is expecting as much? If the President felt this disadvantage, he was entitled to some sympathy. Several gentlemen who had been designated in advance to respond to toasts, failed to answer to their names, and another wet blanket fell unseasonably on the meeting. The toast in glorification of the Regents elicited a fitting response from a member of that body who had lent his eulogistic powers in other days to exalt the Confederacy, and therefore had a special aptitude for saying handsome things on desperate occasions. The "bird of freedom" could not have been put up higher

in the same time than the Regents were elevated by one of their number. The toast to literature was assigned to a gentleman who wrote two ponderous volumes to punish his enemies, which nobody ever read, save the proof-reader and the reviewers. If there was a single individual who failed to think better of the literature of the Pacific Coast after it had thus been spiced and garnished, let him hide his ungracious countenance at once. There certainly is a literature characteristic of this coast. It "smacks of the soil." There is nothing like one of these *alumni* occasions to illustrate its peculiar grace and beauty. The toast to the press was also opportune. It came in near the foot of the list, as usual, and might have been dropped out without the least inconvenience to any one. The response was ingenious and most appropriate to the occasion. The speaker evidently considered that burlesque ought to be met by burlesque. The wine-press and cider-press were very properly exalted, under an honest Bohemian inspiration, as two of the most potent revolutionary agencies in the world. As the toast evidently was not intended to refer to the newspaper-press—the committee having no use for that except when they have axes to grind—the speaker very properly omitted any allusion to it. After the literature of Paraguay had been considerably recognized and the "third estate" felicitously disposed of, there was not much more to be noted in the way of light comedy. It is not quite clear, however, whether the prandial part of the affair consisted of a dinner, a lunch, or a cold "snack." A single waiter for a hundred people rushing wildly down the aisles, spattering coffee here and dropping tea there, serving some and omitting more, amused all who were in the mood to turn every thing to a happy account. On the whole, it was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. There was grace at the feast, and a

comforting absence of the dreadfully thin lemonade of other years. The speeches were good, particularly those of the absentees, and notably so that of the spirited lady from St. Louis, who came to time handsomely, warming up the conservatism of the gray-beards to the pitch of a generous enthusiasm. Next year there may not be so much necessity for beating an official tattoo on the shell of the University.

THESE revelations of the editorial rooms may interest some of our readers: of course, the autograph-gatherer is curious to note the pot-hooks of the inspired Nubbs, whose poems he has so long and so ardently admired, and he will be gratified to learn that it is Nubbs's custom to scratch at least three lines in every five, and to erect a perpendicular substitute, from time to time, as a necessary support for his uncertain parallels.

The various literary characters that enter to us are no less interesting to the student of human nature. The anxious and timid applicants usually offer the more serviceable wares; while he who exacts his legitimate space with the air of one who will not be imposed upon, generally seeks to cover the same with an inferior article that ultimately lodges in the waste-basket. Some are hungry for suggestions, and very ready at remodeling their sketches to suit them; others resent any such proposals as personal insults, and pocket their manuscripts rather than sacrifice their honor. As for chirography, it may be classed under three heads: to wit, the good, the bad, and the very worst. If we may be permitted to give expression to our feelings upon this subject, we will say that Joaquin Miller's manuscript comes honestly under the third head. In fact, his lines resemble dilapidated hedge-fences. On one occasion, having become hopelessly involved in the midst of his poem, we applied to him personally for relief. He willingly proposed to read us the puzzling passages, but in a few moments he also stumbled, and threw down the mystery, exclaiming, "D— it, I can't read it myself!" Perhaps scout-bullets and Indian arrows are in some measure accountable for the impediment in his fingers.

Dickens affected blue ink; Bret Harte prefers violet: he writes a legible, uniform hand,

is a slow producer upon unruled note-paper, and seldom leaves a page without some erasures upon it. His best sentences are laboriously chiseled, and there is much waste of stationery in the process. Probably the quickest and most satisfactory work he did while editor of *THE OVERLAND* was the poem entitled "Dickens in Camp." If we remember, the news of Dickens's death reached us on Saturday evening. Bret Harte was then staying at San Rafael. On the following Monday morning, he appeared, in unusually good spirits, and placed in our hands those remarkable verses which have been pronounced the best poetical contribution to the literature of the day on the death of that distinguished author.

Mark Twain and J. Ross Browne prepare "good copy." Our own Charlie Stoddard must have been born when the particular stars of Josh Billings and A. Ward were in conjunction. He seems to spell according to his mood. There is sometimes an astonishing development of consonants; again, he divorces his double letters; and, as for his chirography, he is apt to break the backs of all the loops in the alphabet—but, as he philosophically remarks, "You would never know the difference when it is read to you!" Prentice Mulford stands all his letters in a row as though each were on its separate block, and sprinkles his words sparingly over long, narrow slips of paper. Ina D. Coolbrith, whose delicious poems have been one of the chief features of *THE OVERLAND* since its first issue, writes a swift, flowing hand, as plain as print, with a little whip-lash at the top of each *d*, and a long thread through the eye of every *t*. Stephen Powers writes a neat and delicate hand, that travels between the lines like a narrow-gauge railway train.

Clarence King—whom we may, in a measure, claim as a Western author—talks just as his "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" reads. That delightful volume, we are informed, grew under the hand of his amanuensis in King's leisure evening moments during a period of four months, while he paced the room and lived over again his wonderful experiences on Shasta and Mount Tyndall. Professor Whitney, our State Geologist, is a rather nervous writer, who furnishes accurate and carefully prepared copy.

AGAIN and again the century's civilization questions the impenetrable Sphinx, who holds unsolved her reticent mysteries in the heart of the torrid zone, or keeps silence amid the girdled snows of the boreal regions. Again and again the eager explorer encounters suffering, hardship, and danger, in the prosecution of geographical research; and we follow with fascinated interest the pathway of the latest daring adventurer, who has penetrated into that mysterious region known as the interior of Africa. In the scorching silence of that burning clime we have imagined the lost traveler Livingstone wandering in a labyrinth of vegetation, rank and luxurious; navigating unknown rivers; listening to the luring voices of murky and murmurous seas; or pressing on, under a vertical sun—attended by mild-eyed barbarians—toward the secret sources of the mysterious Nile. The reports concerning him have been so conflicting and unreliable, that, while many supposed his bones were whitening in the shining silence of the summer-land, others gave credence to the idea that he was passing days of indolent enjoyment, and nights of voluptuous repose, in the swinging hammock, content to loiter away years in the researches which had become to him the prominent object of existence. Happily these speculations have been set at rest by letters from the explorer himself—letters as touching in their pathos as they are brave and determined in their manliness. The authenticity of these was at first questioned, but confirmation of their genuineness has been received from reliable sources; and we rejoice in the personal safety of the long-lost traveler, whose valuable statistics promise extended information regarding that hitherto almost unknown country, southern central Africa. The system of fountains converging into four large rivers, though mentioned in Herodotus, and partially spoken of by subsequent authors treating of the mysterious sources of the Nile, has never been systematically explored. Livingstone seems to have followed their line of drainage with indefatigable and persistent perseverance (although he confesses that “almost every step of the weary, sultry way was in pain”) for some four or five hundred miles, beset by dangers and difficulties innumerable; and, finally,

when “almost in sight of the geographical part of his mission,” forced to return without its full accomplishment. There is something grand in the heroic and uncomplaining endurance of this man. Separated from the dearest ties of humanity; associated for years with naked and barbarous savages, kept only from taking his life by the glittering baubles he bestowed upon them, or the ultimate hope of richer rewards; disappointed and wandering for days under a blazing sun, farther and farther from his kind—we can imagine the supreme felicity of that moment when the American flag—for the first time seen in those parts—greeted his hungry eyes. Events which had become history to us were to him news of thrilling interest. The political changes sweeping over Europe; the successive events following our own disunion and reconstruction; the affiliation of foreign nations heretofore seeming almost as remote as Africa itself; and, above all, and dearest of all, the central joy of hearing directly from family and friends—revived his drooping spirits, and recuperated his bodily health, so that, in writing to the gentleman who had generously instituted the search for him, he intimates a desire to finish his work, in spite of his sore longing for reunity with his family. Such a man as David Livingstone is a gift to the age. He belongs to no nationality; and if an American citizen is so fortunate as to have been the means of rendering him aid in his hour of need, it is like the largesse bestowed upon a prince. The proud obligation remains with the giver—an honor to him and his forever. In the closing paragraph of the interesting letter referred to, the explorer loses sight of his great work of discovery in the broad humanitarianism which dictated these words, “If my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slavery should lead to the suppression of the east coast slave-trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together.”

FROM the notes of one who willfully went back to barbarism and refused to be comforted with the thermometer below eighty, we extract this fragment. His thousand-and-one tropical nights seem to have been simply a repetition of the same, with a small variation

of latitude and a slow decrease of enthusiasm as the monotonous months went by. Hear how he celebrates his South Sea solitudes :

"At Kahakuloa, under a terrific hill and close upon a frothing tongue of the sea, I draw rein. The act is simply a formality of mine ; probably the animal would have paused here of his own free will, for he has been rehearsing his stops a whole hour back, during which time he limped somewhat and reaped determinedly the few tufts of dry grass that Nature had provided him by the trail-side. The clouds are falling ; the cliffs are festooned with damp gauze ; the air is moist and cool ; a grass-hut of uncommon purity stands invitingly by. A moon-faced youth, whose spotless garments appealed to me as he overtook our caravan a mile back, says, 'Will you eat and sleep?' I am but human, and a hungry and sleepy human at that, so I tip off from my mule's back with gratitude and alacrity. In a moment the fine linen of mine host is hung upon its peg, and a good study of the Nude returns to me for further orders. I am literally famishing, and the mule is already up to his ears in water-cress ; but then I have ridden and he has carried me. How just, oh Mother Nature, are thy judgments !

"With the superb poses of a trained athlete, the Nude swings a fowl by the neck, and shortly it is plucked and potted, together with certain vegetables of the proper affinities. Then he swatches a fish in succulent leaves, and buries it in hot ashes, and then he smokes his peace-pipe. Pipe no sooner lighted than mouths mysteriously gather : five, ten, a dozen of them magically assemble at the smell of smoke and take their turn at the curled shell, with a hollow stalk for a mouth-piece. Dinner at last. Oh, fish, fruit, and fowl on a mat on a floor in a grass-hut at evening ! How excellent are these—amen ! Night—supper over—some one twanging upon a stringed instrument of rude, native origin. Gossip lags—darkness and silence, and a cigarette. The Nude rises haughtily and lights a lamp that looks very like a diminutive coffee-pot with a great flame in the nose of it. He hangs it against a beam already blackened with smoke to the peak of the roof. Again the peace-pipe sweeps the home-circle, and is passed out to the mouths of the neighborhood.

"Guests drop down upon us and fill the one aperture of the hut with rows of curious, welcoming faces ; assorted dogs press through the door in turn, receive a slap from each member of the family, and retreat with invisible tails ; sudden impulses set all tongues wagging in unison ; impulses, equally sudden and unaccountable, enjoin protracted intervals of silence. The sea breathes heavily ; there is a noise of rain-drops sliding down the thatch. Guests disperse with a kind 'aloha.' We are alone with the night. The spirit of repose descends upon us ; one by one the dusky members of mine host's household roll themselves into mummies and lie in a solemn row along the side of the room, sleeping. I, also, will sleep. A great bark-cloth (*kapa*) that rattles as though it had received seven starchings, is all mine for covering—a royal *kapa* this, of exceeding stiffness. I lie with my

eyes to the roof, and count the beams that look like an arbor. What is it, as large as my thumb, cased in brown armor ? A roach!—a melancholy procession of roaches passing from one side of the hut, over the roof, with their backs downward, and descending on the other side by the beams—a hundred of them, perhaps, or a thousand : the cry is, 'Still they come !' There is a noise of tiny feet upon the roof, and it isn't rain ; there is a sound as of falling objects that escape before I can catch them. My hand rests upon a cool, moist creature that writhes under it—an animated spinal column with four legs at one end of it. Away, thou slimy newt ! Something runs over the matting, making a still, small clatter as it goes—something looking like a toy train of dirt-cars. Ha ! the venomous and wily centipede ! Put out the coffee-pot, for these sights are horrible !

"Now I will sleep with my face under the *kapa*—silence, serene silence, and darkness profound ; the sea beating in agony at the foot of the big hill—a time for lofty and sublime reverie. More rain outside the hut ; gusts of wind, wailing as they rush past us : thanks for this shelter. My pillow saturated with cocoanut-oil—ah, what savage dreams may have disturbed these sleepers ! No matter. Will get a wink of sleep before daybreak. Sleep, at last—how refreshing art thou !

"Hello ! the coffee-pot in a blaze again ; the Nude smoking his peace-pipe ; children eating and making merry. Daybreak ? No ; midnight, perchance—darkness without, darkness once more (by request) within. 'Come again, bright dream.' Horror ! the house shaken as by an earthquake—gnashing of teeth distinctly audible ; the mule undoubtedly eating up the side of the grass-hut ! Anon, quiet restored. A suggestion of moonlight through the open door ; the twanging of the stringed affair ; a responsive twang in the distance. Some one steals cautiously forth into the starlight. All is not well in Kahakuloa. Rain over ; mule vegetating elsewhere ; roaches subdued ; sea comparatively quiet. Welcome, kind Nature's sweet restorer ! . . . Humming of voices ; rolling of dogs about the house ; ditto of children ditto ; broad daylight, and breakfast waiting. Mule saddled, and, with a mouthful of roses, looking fresh and happy. Mule-boy eager for the fray. Time up. Adieu, adieu—oh, beautiful Kahakuloa ! I must away.

"Above the terrible hill hang clouds and shadows ; fringes of rain obscure the trail as it climbs persistently to heaven ; but up that trail, into and through those clouds and shadows, I pursue my solitary pilgrimage.

"SWALLOW."

"We're a-going to keep a-poundin' away at this 'ere thing, till we fetch 'em all up to it." This less classical than forcible expression saluted our ear in passing out of a recent woman-suffrage meeting, held in this city. The audience had been slim, and enthusiasm was at its ebb-tide ; and in response to a remark of commiseration in view of the

case, came the above, from one of its most zealous promoters.

On the not less important theme of popular education in our public schools, we trust its advocates will show themselves energized by an equally persistent, if not pugnacious purpose. There are faults and prejudices to be fought and conquered, vital in their significance, and momentous in their results upon the race. A recent law enacted by our State Legislature (passed surreptitiously, let us hope, in the flurry and precipitancy of its closing work), would seem to suggest that some of our educational pontificates in California had but recently awakened from their Rip van Winkle snooze, and were still dreaming of the barbaric days when remorseless pedagogues were expected to "take in" school at precisely seven o'clock in the morning, and keep up a straight fire of palaver, prattle, and philippic at the poor little victims until five in the evening; barely giving them time, at high noon, to cram down an enormous lunch, calculated to enfeeble and prostrate the physical organization with equally as fatal a facility as was wrought by the intellectual pabulum upon the mental structure. These scholastic magnates were doubtless moved by the same sagacious spirit of logical argumentation that impelled the old lady to administer a double dose of laudanum, on the ground that if *a little* was good, "it stood to reason" that *more* was still better. The results in both cases are not dissimilar. The forcing process is alike destructive to both physical and mental growth; and instructors, against their own better judgment, are compensated for enfeebling and dwarfing faculties, which, by more judicious culture, would be strengthened and developed into a healthful maturity.

An article "On the Artificial Production of Stupidity in Schools," in a recent number of *The Popular Science Monthly*, is deserving of especial mention in this connection. There are deep-seated defects in many of our educational rules and formulas.

But, as says the article in question, "the practical difficulties, which it is easy to foresee, all resolve themselves pretty clearly into one. An inquiry after intelligent and intelligible teaching has not yet issued from the public. They are content with something

else. Whenever this contentment ceases, the means of supply will spring out of the want. And, until then, we would urge upon individual parents that they may accomplish much by encouraging in their little ones a spirit of curiosity and a habit of comprehension. Whether the fire of intellect shall blaze or smolder will depend, in many cases, upon the manner in which it is kindled; and this kindling is among the things that can be done most effectually under the mild influences of home."

We may not hope to arrive at the perfection of a well-devised system at once; but every lover of his kind should be inspired with that spirit of heroic purpose which resolutely resolves "to keep a -poundin' away at this 'ere thing, till we fetch 'em all up to it." There may be very little that is fresh and original to be said upon the subject; but the conservators of our educational rights and privileges can not be too often reminded that the custom of pouring knowledge into the mind, as you would pour vinegar into a cruet through a funnel, is destructive to all salutary growth. There must be more of developing that which Nature has bequeathed us as an inheritance; more of an unfolding by a patient, careful system of training. The mind must be taught the knack of doing clean, inductive work for itself—must be led forth, and judiciously chaperoned in excurive thought-rambles; it must be encouraged to pick up facts upon subjects scientific, philosophical, and practical, and then set to work to assort, group, and gather truths therefrom—minding, always, to keep cautious vigil over its backward leaps from facts to principles. The mental habit thus acquired of measuring things according to the law of evidence, is of incalculable value.

There is all the difference between gathering up a great mass of indiscriminate literary rubbish in the repository of the mind, and the acquiring of an accurate and exacting mode of mental analysis in regard to this mass of facts, that there is between the mere gathering of grains and fruits into a storehouse, and the intelligent discovery of the best conditions for the growth and perfection of those products. The veriest dolt of a field-hand could do the former; but only the skilled husbandman can attain to the latter.

Facts, of themselves, are worth little, unless the mind is set to work to deduce antecedent and resultant forces therefrom. It may be all well enough for your boy to pick up the evening paper and read to you the multiplied depredations of the Hoodlum fraternity; but the wholesome lesson contained in these ugly facts is to be derived only through a careful analysis and exposition of the complicated causes that have conspired to bring about the mischievous issue. And that parent who spares neither time nor pains to discreetly trace back the heinous act to its legitimate cause, has thrown about his own child the stoutest armor of defense.

Exactly so is it when we leave individual experience, and step a little higher—into the domain of national history. The nature and object of study here should be the same. The intent should be to discover how men have thought, felt, and acted, under certain conditions; and further, what ultimate causes, or predisposing agencies, have determined those conditions. In this we find the true value of historical study and research. Upon

this principle of studying the phenomena of social progress and development, and by making descriptive sociology the dominant idea in getting at the laws of life, have Buckle, Taine, and Guizot been doing their grand work for humanity; in other words, by getting at the philosophy of civilization, the science of history.

So, too, are educators coming to understand more and more, that the most perfect curriculum of study is, after all, but a means to an end—that end being the surest and safest development of the native powers of every individual mind: not a pouring in, but a bringing out; that every faculty, to be developed, must be set about performing the work for which it was destined, and that in the most straightforward manner; that the simple possession of a talent in a given direction is a perpetual and emphatic plea in behalf of its cultivation and use, and that the starving and dwarfing of the mental faculties, either by a dull inactivity or an excessive stimulation, is as criminal as it is disastrous.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A MANUAL OF AMERICAN IDEAS. By Caspar T. Hopkins, M. A. San Francisco: Bacon & Co.

How to live—not in a mere material sense alone, but in its broadest, deepest, and highest sense—is the problem which the conscientious educator is endeavoring to solve. To prepare the young for a full, rounded, and complete life should be the purpose and intent of all education. In the subjects and methods of instruction, looking to this important end, the functions and duties of citizenship are too often ignored or forgotten. How to live, as an individual; as a member of the family; in the social circle—all these are branches of education which demand close attention. But how to live as a citizen of a commonwealth is second to none of them in interest and importance. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, perhaps no branch has received so little attention as that which refers to the establishment and promotion of proper polit-

ical relations. As the welfare of society and the perpetuity of national government is ultimately dependent upon an intelligent comprehension of the principles which are at the foundation of that government, it becomes a matter of vital import that a full and accurate knowledge of those principles be held up to the reach and grasp of the masses. To accomplish this most surely and successfully, it must be brought within the scope and domain of our popular school system. Although in times past this feature has not been entirely overlooked, as the curriculum embraces certain studies which nominally have a bearing upon political science, yet practically it has amounted to nothing, as text-books of history and treatises on government have been dry and diffusive, and illy adapted to the tastes or comprehension of youth. For purposes of study and guidance they have been valueless, giving no adequate clew to the principles and bearings of political action.

In view of these facts, therefore, we hail with grateful appreciation the text-book (for such it is designed to be) before us. After a close and critical examination, we are prepared to express a hearty indorsement, not only of the plan and purpose of the work, but to commend, also, the wisdom, discrimination, and thoroughness manifest in the selection and treatment of the subjects discussed. The salient idea and design of the manual is to teach and indoctrinate the youth of our country in the rights and duties of citizenship; to show them in what respect a republic takes precedence of a monarchy; to reveal to them the value of free institutions; to instill patriotic sentiments and principles, as a necessary condition to the life, growth, and perpetuation of all government; and "to rouse the mind, whether of the youth, the foreigner, or the native voter, to an intelligent attachment to American ideas."

We are pleased to note, also, that the author touches briefly, but pertinently, upon the labor question; discoursing sensibly upon the dignity, honor, and triumphs of American industries. We might wish that he had elaborated this portion of his work; hinting at the division of labor, the relation between employers and employed, the control too often exercised by class over class, thus getting at the natural history of society. The brief lectures on "Home" and the "Universal Brotherhood of Man," do equal credit to the heart of the writer, and give pleasant promise of a day not far distant (let us hope) when the study of descriptive sociology shall be deemed an indispensable branch of education; when the laws of life, on which all social phenomena depend, shall be thoroughly taught and understood; when the rudimentary truths, at least, of biology and psychology shall be so well mastered by masters themselves that they shall impart some elementary knowledge of human nature to their pupils, which shall be of incalculable benefit to them in their contact with the world. Text-books like the one before us are delightful prophecies of an era just at hand, when the greatest good and the greatest happiness to the greatest number shall be the test of educational, as it now is of political legislation. We see in it a harbinger of "the good time coming," when Nature's policy shall be carried out,

and the splendid capital of native genius and inborn talent shall be caressed and nurtured into healthful activity, by an early, judicious, and comprehensive education; when all processes of study shall be made to pay tribute to that spontaneous unfolding which Nature demands in order to a substantial maturity; in short, a time when the educators of the young shall know how to make the most of individual minds, and shall thus teach mankind the art of living completely.

The author, in his note to Teachers, says: "The more the pupils know of history, the better will they be able to appreciate the study of American ideas. Without some knowledge of the history of the United States, they can not be interested in the principles of the American system." But how much of that which is properly entitled to the name of History do we find in text-books heretofore used? Are mere desultory facts, and frivolous gossip concerning men and things, to be set down as genuine historic lore? We have come to understand that history means something more than mere annals; that the history of a nation comprehends much more than a flippant record of its rulers, statesmen, political intrigues, revolutions, and wars. To acquaint one's self with all the historical facts concerning these, is all well enough; but to get at the meaning and ultimate bearing of these facts, is of far greater import. To study the origin, nature, progress, and development of these facts, is to understand the true life and growth of the nation. This is the science, or philosophy, of history, by which alone we can accurately arrive at the predisposing agencies which operate for the establishment of the political, municipal, military, industrial, and social organizations of government. These are the features which constitute the peculiar excellences of the text-book before us. The author has succeeded admirably in carrying out his avowed purpose of preparing a manual which shall give an adequate conception of the differences pervading our whole political and legal fabric, as compared with those from which it was eliminated.

We should be glad to see the work universally adopted as a text-book in all the common schools of our country, as well as in the higher universities and colleges. To this end, we question somewhat the expediency

of the author's suggestion to teachers, where he says: "There is no subject treated in it that would not make a fruitful theme for a lecture of an hour's length. Those teachers who take interest in political affairs can easily prepare such lectures, in which they will be aided to some extent by the notes and references given in the book." Could the spirit of the author's suggestion be carried out, the results would undoubtedly be in the highest degree satisfactory; but in the present attitude of political affairs, it would be liable to great abuse, and might work unhappy results. The highest welfare of our public schools demands that they shall be preserved, as far as possible, from the least tendency to political or sectarian bias; and, while "we must sow the seed of universal homogeneity among the serried millions of future generations," and instill the principles of a *pure* patriotism into the youth of our country, let us not forget the suggestion that "patriotism is not an absolute and positive virtue like temperance, but a relative one like loyalty; and may be a merit or a fault, according as the love evoked by the passion be wise or unwise." There is a spurious loyalty which may be inculcated, and a false patriotism which may be implanted, if the matter is left to individual discretion or choice.

We are glad to see that the work in question starts forth with the warm indorsement of prominent educational men, and we trust that it will meet with the full success to which its rare and exceptional merits so justly entitle it.

SAUNTERINGS. By Charles D. Warner, author of "My Summer in a Garden." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

To do systematic traveling—which in its full sense means, to carry an over-sensitive conscience and a guide-book full of statistics, and to be true to both—draws a line through "pleasure," and puts that oppressive word "duty" in its place. Ringing the changes always on our obligations to ourselves, and hinting of what we ought to accomplish and learn, will soon persuade us that work is all we have to do, and pleasure should be only incidental. Yet however much we talk thus, when in a highly didactic and moral state of

mind, we very few of us practically believe it. This may not be the manner in which a clergyman would write a sermon; but then, we are not a clergyman, and we are not trying to write a sermon. When one goes the ways of travel, among the historic mountains and the unfamiliar peoples, he gets the congratulations of the best of us, if he takes with him his home common sense, and does not observe every thing as from a watch-tower, but gets down to the plain of ordinary living. And he will get our attention and thanks, after that, if he can tell what he has seen in an undidactic way, with the air of one who tells not for the sake of instructing us—we none of us like the school-master at home—but as if he had seen a good thing, and would like to have us enjoy something out of his memory.

To make a good traveler, one must have the capacity of being a good companion; and to be that, is to be possessed of some patience, of a liberal view, and of a not over-dull wit—of a mind that does not toil with mental dyspepsia, that is not illy affected by little things, and that can appraise the pretentious great things of this ridiculous and absurd world. And the good traveler will not be over-hasty, nor dully slow. He will, likely, be more entertained by historic remains than by the present life of any people, apparently more delighted by things than by men, though the records of the past that remain on the earth only tell more emphatically than do the activities of to-day the real movements of a people, and what of their life was really worth noticing and remembering; and he will saunter with observant eye and only half-opened ears, for he can not afford to take in half that he hears, and he knows that that only is really worth taking in that is worth telling again—though he may not afterward tell it all. For some things that one hears are not only worth telling, but are worth more: they are worth keeping to one's self.

Mr. Warner has been a good traveler for himself and his friends, the public. He is, plainly enough, a good companion; sees and remembers the pleasantest sights and sounds; is not the slave of the guide-book; and assumes the somewhat infrequent virtue of relying upon his own judgment. He tells

what he has seen and heard, with freshness and vigor; remembers the limited quantity of patience allotted to the ordinary American mind; and does not afflict us with descriptions of journeys more wearisome than the journeys themselves, nor with mathematical expressions of dimensions and measures, and years and peoples, which indicate greater industry in study than good use of a good traveler's clear perceptions. As a human phenomenon, we should say that he was more fond of telling an anecdote with some humor in it, or of saying something with crispness and wit, than of being a school-master, or of toying with the differential calculus. He sauntered over Europe in the year 1868, passing most of his time (while he allows us to be his companions) in the Low Countries and Rhineland, among the Alps, in Bavaria, at Ravenna, at Rome, at Vesuvius, and at Sorrento. But lest you may have some misapprehensions that may need correcting, he prefaces his volume with a warning of its utter worthlessness as "a text-book in schools, or for use of competitive candidates in the civil service examinations." He gives, preliminarily, a hint of the entire absence of pleasure in crossing the Atlantic Ocean, believing that "a square yard of solid ground is worth miles of the pitching, turbulent stuff." He is restless over its entire restlessness. He considers being on the Atlantic Sea is "to lie on the deck when the sun shines, and swing up and down while the waves run hither and thither and toss their white caps; to lie in your narrow berth and roll from side to side all night long; to walk up-hill to your state-room door, and, when you get there, find you have got to the bottom of the hill, and opening the door is like lifting up a trap-door in the floor; to attempt to sit down on your sofa, and find you are sitting up; to sit at table holding your soup-plate with one hand, and watching for a chance to put in your spoon when it comes high-tide on your side of the dish," and so on.

Throughout the book he tells the tale of his profession. He is a newspaper editor; and the marks of the editor are many times apparent. The book is plainly not one written as a book. It is part of what was orig-

inally much writing, put together for entertainment. He stands in dread of wearying his reader; and so likes to say what he will briefly, and then stop. And the little volume presents the appearance of a small boy's analyzed plum-cake, after his process of youthful analysis: cut up into tempting little bits, almost all plums and very little else, because the plums are without mistake the best of it. One has a suspicion that the author wished to make his book distinctive and peculiar, and to have said his things different from any one else—which may be a virtue, in some respects, but may defeat its object, which is success, when one does not say his things better than others have said them. He is occasionally, too, a little ambitious in his phrasing, and apparently, in spite of his instincts, his pen runs at times into fine writing. But if so, it is evident very soon that he feels there is something to be atoned for, which he speedily does by some exquisite piece of drollery, or anecdote sparkling with humor.

The volume is a success, for what it was intended by the publishers: a little book, convenient in size for your satchel, when you get into the cars for your summer travel; entertaining, and not too large to take to the woods or by the summer sea. We know it to be a gentle tonic for the restless mind, loitering its hours in the summer air of the country. If you do not rely on yourself too much for entertainment—and no sensible person will stay alone on any summer sojourn—choose a little your surroundings. This little book of saunterings will help away many bits of hours for many. If you are inclined to grouping, under the shadow of a rustic awning pleasant middle-aged ladies with gold-bowed glasses may read it aloud, while you sit otherwise listless in the summer heat. It will prove serious enough for their maturity; and its occasional piquancy will ruffle the current of their monotone sufficiently to give a moment's rest, as a cool breeze touches your moist forehead. That is a memory we have of it; and it is much of any volume of summer reading to say that it never has put you to sleep, even though you listened to it while the mercury stood at 90° Fahrenheit.

THREE BOOKS OF SONG. By H. W. Longfellow. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

There is a secret satisfaction in the perusal of a volume like this. We feel that no new poet is here, endeavoring to catch the attention of the public with ingenious inventions in the way of metre, or any other extravagances, which may sometimes pass for originality. It is the same poet, who has charmed us for so many years, continuing his familiar song; and yet without repetition. The third book, *A Handful of Translations*, is like a handful of fresh flowers—pretty and suggestive; though, as is the case with most translations, scarcely life-like. Book second, *Judas Maccabæus*, seems less like Longfellow, and more like the writers of dramatic poems, who apparently have some rule of their own for the composition of the same, which effectually excludes that vital element of the drama that brings us into intimate relation with the characters represented. The first of the three books has all the sweetness and subdued power of Longfellow's earlier poems. In it he sees all things with the humane and romantic eye of reverie. This is the Jew that Longfellow drew when he gathered his several story-tellers together in the way-side inn; and it is certainly poetical:

"At last the aromatic Jew
Of Alicant, who, as he threw
The door wide open, on the air
Breathed round about him a perfume
Of damask roses in full bloom,
Making a garden of the room."

Perhaps if Poe were living he would feel inclined to renew his charge of plagiarism—a charge which, by the way, he was very fond of making.

These lines do seem to echo the monotonous refrain of the lugubrious raven:

"Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had not heard before."

But here are verses so truly Longfellow's, that, had any one else dared to write them, we should indignantly accuse him of deliberate imitation, if of nothing more sinful. Fair weather, at last, liberates the little company of story-tellers at the way-side inn; and this is the spectacle that greets them:

"A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill;
The windows rattled with the blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,
And straight, as if by fear possessed,
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent
Vanished into the firmament,
And down the valley fled again
The rear of the retreating rain."

CAPER SAUCE. By Fanny Fern. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Some of these spicy capers have been condiments to our more solid literary food, before they were bottled in this refreshing little volume. And an evidence of their popularity is found in the fact of their having been so extensively circulated. The audacity of "Fanny Fern," in speaking her mind, has become proverbial; but the exquisite tact and good-humor, which lead her to say disagreeable things in a very agreeable way, are a rare gift. She has, emphatically, a "manner of her own," in attacking the foibles and peculiarities of mankind—but a very admirable manner it is. The charm of freshness and originality in the volume is greatly enhanced by the sound common sense displayed in her treatment of almost every topic (and there are a variety of these) upon which she touches. "Blackwell's Island" is a chapter on morals, to be commended to every woman in the land:

"Now, you can step aside, Mrs. Grundy; what I am about to write is not for your over-fastidious ear. *You*, who take by the hand the polished *roue*, and welcome him with a sweet smile to the parlor where sit your young, trusting daughters; you, who 'have no business with his private life, so long as his manners are gentlemanly;' you, who, while saying this, turn away with bitter, unwomanly words from his penitent, writhing victim. I ask no leave of *you* to speak of the wretched girls picked out of the gutters of New York streets, to inhabit those cells at Blackwell's Island. I speak not to *you* of what was tugging at my heart-strings as I saw them, that beautiful summer afternoon, file in, two by two, to their meals, followed by a man carrying a cowhide in his hand, by way of reminder: all this would not interest you; but when you tell me that these women are not to be named to ears polite, that our sons and our daughters should grow up ignorant of their existence, I stop my ears. . . . You would push them 'anywhere out of the world,' as unfit to live, as unfit to die; *they*, the weaker party, while their partners in sin, for whom you claim greater mental superiority, and who,

by your own finding, should be much better able to learn and to teach the lesson of self-control—to them you extend perfect absolution. Most consistent Mrs. Grundy, get out of my way while I say what I was going to, without fear or favor of yours."

"Writing Compositions" is a sensible hint, from which inexperienced teachers might derive great benefit. "Women's Need of Recreation" is full of benevolent suggestions, for the amelioration of the hard conditions associated with a life of unceasing labor. Almost every page is prolific with ideas of help to those who need it. A sprinkle of this easily digested *Caper Sauce* will be found an excellent appetizer for "those things which are of good report."

FABLES AND LEGENDS. By John G. Saxe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

There are some literary reputations that can not easily be accounted for. Verses become popular because they are quotable, and not that they are by any means meritorious. The industrious versifier keeps his name afloat, till, almost from necessity, he is established among that class of favorites without which no gentleman's library may be considered complete. We do not find fault with Mr. Saxe's verse: as a versifier, he is all that can be desired. But we are tired of amusing anecdotes rendered into rhyme by any one; and we do not feel like asking

any thing further at his hands in the same line. If "Love Omnipotent: A Dialogue of the Gods," beginning, in the language of Pluto:

"My furies all are getting old, and fill
Their office, I protest, extremely ill;
Go, Mercury, to earth, and gather there
A score or so; there's plenty and to spare,
I warrant me, among the woman-kind"—

if all this reminds us of Ixion, without the gauze and the tinsel and the profuse blonde locks, we are none the more willing to accept it for home-reading. Nor do the more serious poems satisfy us: the funny man, who assumes gravity, appears affected, no matter how earnest he may be. But Mr. Saxe can produce his annual volume, in excellent style, and is sure of a multitude of readers. Let the poet congratulate himself.

THE MASQUE OF THE GODS. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

We believe Mr. Taylor will be remembered as a poet, and a very excellent one, when volumes of travel shall have become obsolete. The world progresses; every man books his own foreign notes; but only the elect are poets. Let us consider that Mr. Taylor possesses a fertile imagination, a good command of rhythmical language, and a very noble ideal—as is evidenced by this, his latest volume.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT? Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MY HERO. By Mrs. Forrester. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

THE DICKENS DICTIONARY. By Gilbert A. Pierce. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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

THE ROSE GARDEN. Boston: Roberts Bros.

MIREIO: A Provençal Poem. By Frederic Mistral. Boston: Roberts Bros.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

MY LITTLE LADY. New York: Holt & Williams.

Miscellaneous:

MIRIAM COFFIN; or, The Whale-Fishermen. By Joseph C. Hart. San Francisco: H. R. Coleman.

Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FOR EVERY ISSUE OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

MARRIAGES.

MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.	MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.
Abbott, Joseph P.	Meille McMaster	Antioch	July 25	Kellett, Wm. F.	Elizabeth Floyd	San Francisco	July 20
Abrams, Robert	Mary Brown	Cedar Riv., W. T.	18	Kennedy, W. H.	Georgiana Maxzer	Sacramento Co.	28
Adams, Isaac	Augusta Leibrich	San Francisco	July 21	Kirk, John	Kmilcy C. Hardwick	Yuba City	Jun. 27
Anderson, Chas. F.	Ella Crooks	San Francisco	11	Levy, T. J. P.	G. M. Thompson	Oakland	July 10
Antrim, William	Ed. River	San Jose	28	Laughton, L. H.	Annette DeFrey	San Francisco	15
Ayer, H. N.	Hattie M. Reese	San Francisco	21	Lawton, John	Fannie Harris	San Francisco	4
Bachelor, F. J.	Isabella Matthews	Oakland	Mar. 29	Legro, Richard P.	Kate A. Smith	Suisun	17
Bailey, Samuel	Margaret Potts	Tehama County	July 21	Lemmon, D. H.	Elvira S. Stanton	Hamilton, Nev.	14
Baker, Stephen P.	Mary Sweney	San Francisco	19	Lorber, Jos., Jr.	Adelaide Andrew	San Francisco	17
Barton, B. F.	A. M. Tomlinson	Liberty	14	Loustein, Niels P.	Lisee M. Olsen	Woodland	13
Bebee, J. P.	M. C. Farris	San Francisco	18	Love, W.	Mary A. Coyle	San Andreas	15
Bennett, Alfred	Julia A. Rogers	Sacramento	4	Murray, A. A.	Sue E. Mesinger	San Francisco	Jun. 29
Berry, Silas	Elizabeth Handly	Napa	7	Lowery, Z. R.	Eliza K. Nutt	Stockton	July 28
Berryman, A.	J. E. Desmoine	Santa Cruz	20	Lund, Chas. H. F.	Julia Whitman	Jackson	11
Block, Maurice	Bertha Hauser	San Francisco	27	Lyford, G. W.	Sarah Shear	San Francisco	Jun. 17
Bones, Nathan R.	Carrie E. Simmons	Goodyear Bar	13	Macaulay, Thomas	Mary E. Duffy	San Francisco	July 24
Botcher, Albert	Mrs. La Caserly	San Francisco	13	Marshall, Sam'l P.	Sophronia A. Davis	Colusa	23
Bothor, Victor	Catharina Meyer	San Francisco	Jun. 16	Mayfield, Wm. R.	Mary E. Horrow	Colusa	23
Botzger, John	Elizabeth Handly	San Francisco	Jul. 28	Murray, A. A.	Sue Williams	Marysville	18
Bowley, Argile D.	Mary Spottiswoode	Benicia	10	McCarthy, T. H.	Sophia A. Sheffield	Marysville	1
Brady, J. P.	Mary Tomlinson	San Francisco	10	McCloud, Wm. L.	Suzanna Cole	Yolo County	14
Brek, Francis	Mary Tomlinson	San Francisco	18	McCorkin, M. K.	Arah T. Ordway	Santa Rosa	10
Brown, David S. L.	Kate Francis	Virginia, Nev.	3	McKibbin, H. J. B.	Mary A. Fellows	San Francisco	17
Brown, John	M. P. Maurae	Colusa	16	McKlurcy, J. T.	Anna M. Yeckley	Yuba City	3
Bryant, Archy C.	Ellen M. Nowel	Sacramento	Jun. 30	Meln, J. C.	Mary E. Foster	Suisun	3
Burns, Henry	Clara A. Keyser	San Francisco	July 17	Merriman, Wm. P.	A. Mae Mackin	San Francisco	18
Campbell, John S.	Helen Jennings	Folsom	Jun. 25	Moore, Richard	J. Sherman	Jackson	Jun. 30
Carter, James	Emma M. Mabel	San Mateo	July 14	Morris, T. A.	Louisa Williams	Marysville	11
Casey, William	Fannie E. Rodgers	Marysville	10	Mulstay, Patrick	Sallie A. Bruceup	Lockland, Oreg.	June 3
Cedil, Daniel L.	Mollie E. Smith	Napa	13	Munster, Henry	Eleanor McQuade	San Francisco	July 7
Chapman, W. H.	H. Christiansen	San Francisco	24	Murphy, Eugene P.	Mary Ludensien	San Francisco	Jun. 30
Childs, George A.	Suzie L. C. Nye	San Francisco	20	Murphy, R. F.	One Rayner	San Francisco	July 1
Clark, Emory F.	Mattie Pritchard	San Francisco	20	Nau, Peter	R. Belinger	Portland, Oreg.	14
Clark, L. D.	Ellie Jennings	San Francisco	25	Newman, Wm.	Johanna A. Phelan	Big Oak Flat	21
Conish, John S.	Lucy S. Taylor	Grass Valley	8	Newberger, S.	August Schrage	Marysville	11
Cosgriff, John E.	Amelia Joeice	Aurora, Nev.	July 14	Nichols, William	Ellie Meyer	San Francisco	28
Culberson, Wm. A.	E. A. Connover	Seattle, W. T.	18	O'Toole, John	H. Frauenthal	San Francisco	14
Curlie, Patrick	Elizabeth Gobar	San Francisco	18	Ott, A.	Ann McCloghin	Stockton	27
Cutter, Samuel L.	Mary L. Bulline	Virginia, Nev.	14	Perry, William	Annie Stewart	Stockton	28
Dajonet, Gilles	Leale Collins	San Francisco	14	Peterson, Marius	Mary Davis	Martinez	24
Davis, Thomas	Clara McClusky	Santa Rosa	Jun. 17	Peyton, James	Mary Middleton	Virginia, Nev.	28
De Bernard, Morris	Sophonra Jones	San Francisco	28	Plyon, Paul	Sarah F. Ford	Santa Cruz	18
Derrick, Tim. F.	J. J. Armstrong	San Francisco	28	Powers, George H.	Ruth Soule	San Francisco	20
Dixon, Robert	Hattie Brown	San Francisco	20	Powers, John	C. J. Chapman	Sacramento	30
Diederling, Leopold	Philie Currey	San Francisco	4	Preedy, John T.	Hattie Newcomb	Vallejo	4
Doekendorff, Emil	Kate O'Connell	San Francisco	8	Price, W. H.	Maggie Mahler	Coloma	3
Dunham, W. W.	Rena K. Vose	Reno, Nev.	Jun. 22	Robasco, Jacob	Clary Armstrong	Oakland	23
Dwight, Wm. A. D.	Louisa Astell	Sacramento	July 9	Ralph, J. B.	Anna O'm.	Mariposa Co.	24
Fell, George	Mary A. Casbolt	Sau Francisco	4	Rand, William B.	Ellie Dietz	San Francisco	7
Fleisch, John V.	Zorah A. Moffet	Petaluma	7	Reinersman, Fred.	Hattie P. Burr	San Francisco	20
Fleck, George	Ellie Turner	Virginia, Nev.	July 7	Reynolds, Thomas	Emma Brulin	Sacramento	25
Flinch, Miles	Wilhelmina Houser	San Francisco	2	Richards, C. F.	Emily A. A. Daly	San Francisco	3
Fisher, Louis	Ellen V. Tierney	San Francisco	3	Richards, C. F. D.	Annie A. Coldwell	San Francisco	1
Fisnang, Michael	Lila Rhodes	Jackson	July 17	Ring, R. S.	Emma G. Gray	San Francisco	11
Foley, Michael	Mary Striker	Stockton	18	Rison, William T.	Belle Cotton	San Francisco	9
French, Charles L.	Ruth Park	Santa Rosa	June 2	Rosa, Robert	Ida V. Cook	San Jose	17
Friedman, Fred.	M. Alice Schovee	San Francisco	July 24	Roas, Robert	Lou Hall	Santa Rosa	Jan. 26
Fuller, James M.	Roenna Herron	Santa Rosa	1	Resseau, James	Amanda Helmerle	San Francisco	30
Gill, H.	G. Curotto	Jackson	1	Schwarz, Hermann	Agnes Cooper	Sacramento	July 24
Giocchino, E.	Janie Davis	San Francisco	Jun. 30	Schneider, N. W.	Ann W. Curtis	Santa Cruz	3
Gusto, Ambroio	Jessie L. Conover	San Jose	July 18	Shaker, George	Schwartz, Hermann	Sacramento	28
Goldsberg, S. L.	Mary A. Hughes	Souira	18	Shelton, J. I.	Eliza Carpenter	Petaluma	7
Goodwin, Henry K.	Mary A. Miles	San Francisco	18	Smith, Charles M.	Anna Hildebrand	Sacramento	6
Gurney, Elijah	Ida Lamoreaux	San Francisco	28	Smith, Clark	B. H. Amberg	Oakland	16
Grant, Emanuel	M. A. Adington	Anderson Valley	8	Smith, Mariner	Marietta Holmes	Sacramento	25
Griesser, Fredline	Mary E. Gordon	San Francisco	Jun. 27	Spurr, E. W.	Fanny Thomms	Folsom	25
Hargrave, J. P. P. C.	Fannie L. Perry	Sheridan	July 30	Sterling, W. H.	Edith K. Ellsworth	Santa Barbara	17
Harmon, E. F.	Christilla Noble	Seattle, W. T.	10	Stewart, George W.	Mary L. Bromley	San Francisco	7
Harris, Thomas	E. E. Sterling	Petaluma	23	Stewart, John	Anina T. Royal	Portland, O.	17
Harris, Louie E.	Kate Stephens	San Francisco	6	Stoble, Samuel	Louisa M. Reser	San Francisco	5
Harvey, John	Mary M. Smith	Willbur, Oregon	June 6	Stocklager, Fred.	Nellie Murray	Virginia, Nev.	5
Haskins, Thomas	Satherine Hock	Virginia, Nev.	July 3	Stokes, Chas. M.	Ellie McCutberg	San Francisco	7
Hawthorn, Robert	Mary E. Goodin	San Francisco	21	Stout, W. H.	Fannie Banks	San Francisco	4
Henderson, O. P.	Coram M. Gordon	San Francisco	21	Strobridge, T. W., Jr.	Sarah C. Marvin	Sacramento	23
Heusch, Charles	Mary A. Stewart	San Francisco	Jun. 30	Sullivan, Geo. F.	J. Sophia Ward	San Francisco	3
Hewett, William	Elizabeth Kernahan	Aurora, Nev.	July 9	Sullivan, Michael	Ethan Mufseigh	Oakland	16
Holland, George	Christina Klefaber	Yreka	13	Sullivan, Michael	Marta L. Plasket	Marysville	28
Huchina, Wm. P.	Ellie Flint	Lincola	Jun. 19	Taylor, J. M.	Minnie Perrin	San Francisco	10
Hule, Gustave A.	Mary E. Lloyd	Virginia, Nev.	July 28	Taylor, Joseph	Ellie Barber	San Francisco	9
Huntoon, Almun.	Fannie L. Perry	New York Flat	25	Tillis, Joseph	Mary Kramer	Sutter County	21
Iffand, Adam	Mary M. Bltt.	Stockton	28	Towle, Thomas S.	M. A. Held	Calistoga	3
Jeffries, R. F.	Mary Ingram	Pleasant Valley	11	Twin, James	Celia Hancock	San Francisco	23
Johnson, J. P.	Mary Hettenhausen	Alameda	5	Tucker, Wm. M.	Katie Dooley	Sutter Creek	5

MARRIAGES.—Continued.

Table of marriages with columns for Male, Female, Where, When, Male, Female, Where, and When. Includes names like Vanoe, Edgar; Von Helmrck, Max; Von Langen, H., etc.

DEATHS.

Table of deaths with columns for Name, Where, When, Age, Name, Where, When, and Age. Includes names like Alexander, Edwin; Allen, Theophile; Anderson, Benjamin, etc.

DEATHS.—Continued.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Koster, Ida M.	Sacramento.	July 5	— 1 10	Pohlmer, Wilhelm	San Francisco	July 30	— 4 —
Laird, J. W. B.	Upper Tuile River.	June 23	— 61 —	Polidexter, Henry L.	Dayton, Nev.	29	1 6 —
Landy, Michael	Virginia, Nev.	July 15	— — —	Potter, Henri	San Jose	27	1 — —
Lane, William C.	Yolo County	12	1 6 19	Quick, Salina	Grass Valley	14	— 11 15
Leary, Johanna.	San Francisco.	29	46 —	Ramage, Edwin	Danville	June 26	— 1 —
Lee, Abigail	Dallas, Or.	14	47 5 17	Ray, Samuel	San Francisco	July 1	86 —
Lee, Edwin	Thomces Creek	18	42 —	Reilly, Martin J.	S. Juan Capitranco	June 24	32 —
Lee, Nancy E.	Chalome Valley	5	23 6 24	Rice, William M.	San Francisco	July 23	1 11 —
Lehn, Michael	Eureka, Nev.	16	32 6 —	Richards, Nicholas	Virginia, Nev.	23	— — —
Levinon, Barnard	San Francisco	25	1 8 12	Riessner, Anthony C.	San Francisco	17	4 10 —
Lyons, Henry A.	Butte County	10	67 —	Rivers, Henry	San Jose	23	46 8 —
Loeber, Henrietta.	Brighton	31	59 —	Rogers, Kate L.	White River, W.T.	June 17	9 —
Lindsay, A. B.	San Francisco	10	46 —	Rooker, Minnie A.	Austin, Nev.	July 26	28 1 27
Littelford, Annie L.	San Francisco	30	— 1 6	Root, Mabel G.	Dragon Gulch	17	1 7 5
Lochbaum, Eva M.	San Francisco	31	— 6 8	Ryan, Edward J.	San Francisco	81	— 9 17
Lovejoy, Howard B.	Whidby Isl'd, W.T.	6	45 —	Ryan, Martin	San Francisco	26	65 —
Ludlum, G. W.	Headsburg	June 20	71 —	Sainsot, Katharine	San Francisco	10	8 7 10
Lux, Emilie L.	Auburn	July 23	— 5 23	Salburg, Vernon W.	Sacramento Co.	27	1 5 —
Lyons, Henry A.	San Francisco	27	62 9 22	Saunders, Hannah T.	San Francisco	17	73 —
Lyons, James	San Francisco	15	55 —	Schack, Herman	San Jose	5	— 8 5
Lyons, Michael	San Francisco	21	19 11 7	Scott, Martha E.	Santa Rosa	15	1 7 3
Maclin, John E.	San Francisco	5	— 20	Scott, Robert G.	San Jose	19	7 1 19
Maguire, William	Nevada County	June 27	6 3 7	Severino, Mary E.	San Francisco	17	16 4 7
Maloney, Thomas	San Jose	June 27	23 —	Severino, Antone	San Francisco	21	29 6 —
Marden, Eddie	Davisville	July 28	15 4 8	Sewell, A.	Napa	29	48 —
Marshall, Richard D.	San Francisco	7	60 —	Shalby, Elizabeth	Vallejo	14	38 —
Martin, Alice	Grass Valley	22	19 —	Shattuck, Jane B.	San Francisco	11	52 11 —
Martin, D. D.	Nicolaus	8	— 8 9	Sherman, George	San Francisco	26	29 —
Maxfield, Dorca C.	Santa Barbara	26	1 6 —	Shiel, Maud M.	Oakland	21	— 5 —
McBrine, Mary J.	Oakland	19	— 2 14	Sinclair, W. B.	Whidby Isl'd, W.T.	June 5	46 9 9
McClenahan, Louise	Clark & Moore's	19	35 —	Skinner, Thomas	Preshtown	July 20	45 —
McCready, P.	Virginia, Nev.	1	43 —	Slack, George R.	Oakland	29	— 25 —
McElligott, Maurice	Sacramento	21	— 1 —	Smith, L.	San Jose	June 30	60 —
McFarland, Elizabeth	Virginia, Nev.	3	2 —	Smith, William	San Francisco	July 2	30 —
McGinn, Elizabeth	Sau Francisco	1	40 —	Smith, William M.	Visalia	1	— 8 2
McGovern, Jane	San Francisco	1	88 —	Sneed, Virginia	Napa Valley	23	23 —
McGrath, James	San Francisco	11	27 4	Snider, Cels T.	Sacramento	June 29	22 8 2
McGuire, Bernard	Sacramento	20	7 —	Soulsby, Thomas	Sonoma	July 23	70 —
McIlale, Catherine J.	Sacramento	2	— 5 6	Spicer, Elizabeth	Knight's Ferry	June 23	53 8 —
Mellwan, Robert	San Francisco	7	29 —	Sproll, James	Sacramento	July 12	62 —
McKenzle, Daniel	Gold Hill, Nev.	27	24 —	Staley, Edward	San Francisco	12	62 —
McLellan, James L.	Camptonville	27	3 8	Stanwood, William	San Francisco	28	44 —
McNamee, Mary	San Francisco	11	33 —	Stevens, Charles G.	Oakland	2	21 2
Melster, Carl F.	Green Valley	7	44 11 6	Stevenson, Henry L.	Ashland, Or.	6	1 —
Mentel, Emma	San Francisco	15	13 7	Stewart, James	San Francisco	30	41 —
Meyr, Charles C. H.	San Francisco	12	— — —	Stoddard, Edward P.	San Francisco	31	53 11 —
Michelsen, Maria J. M.	San Francisco	25	1 —	Streep, Charles	San Francisco	29	28 —
Mitchson, William H.	Headsburg	June 20	56 —	Strocker, Elizabeth	Marysville	24	84 —
Miller, Frank F.	Stockton	July 4	2 19	Stubs, Cora L.	Sacramento	13	1 4 8
Miller, Helen P.	Sacramento	4	— 8 9	Sullivan, Honora	Brown's Flat	June 30	70 —
Miller, Henry	San Francisco	22	3 8 2	Sullivan, John	San Francisco	July 16	26 —
Miller, Thomas C.	Watsonville	18	— 5 3	Swett, Walter H.	San Francisco	19	1 —
Milnthorp, Nelson	Grass Valley	21	— 9 20	Switt, Margaret A.	San Francisco	5	— 4 21
Milnhan, Cornelius	Vallejo	June 28	59 —	Taylor, Earnest P.	Sutter Creek	25	1 11 21
Mirabich, John	San Francisco	30	— 4 —	Taylor, Margaret	San Francisco	31	60 —
Monahan, James L.	Virginia, Nev.	July 16	1 13	Taylor, Mary A.	Oakland	15	60 —
Monahan, William	San Francisco	25	— 9 23	Taylor, Melvina	San Francisco	13	23 —
Morehouse, Juanita E.	Salinas City	June 24	— 3 7	Taylor, William, Sr.	El Dorado County	June 27	53 6 —
Morton, Lily J.	San Francisco	July 28	— 2 18	Thomas, Robert McE	Angels	July 8	31 2 —
Moses, Lotie J.	San Francisco	11	19 9 11	Thompson, Mary	San Francisco	24	70 5 —
Mullendore, Noah	San Francisco	19	31 4	Tibbetta, Lua L.	Tibbetta's Ranch	13	4 9 7
Murray, Philip	Knight's Valley	June 26	30 —	Tolladay, Isane	Tehama County	5	37 —
Nevel, Theodore	San Francisco	July 24	52 —	Tranor, Ann	San Francisco	5	53 6 —
Nichols, Ernest U.	Grass Valley	14	— 10	Tucker, John H.	Gold Hill, Nev.	15	38 —
Nichols, Hannah	Marysville	25	53 —	Turner, William	San Francisco	24	48 —
Noavell, Edward	San Francisco	22	1 8 —	Van Hoeseu, William	Redwood City	7	33 —
Nuas, Sophie L.	Stockton	7	33 11 21	Vannerande, Rosa	Scott's Valley	June 29	28 —
O'Brien, John	San Francisco	31	65 —	Vasquez, Jose	Sau Francisco	July 24	62 —
O'Brien, Maggie	San Francisco	27	9 5 —	Wacker, Alice	San Francisco	1	— 3 6
O'Donnell, Catherine	San Francisco	15	1 1 —	Wade, Clara I.	San Francisco	2	— 3 15
O'Donnell, Mary F.	Angel Island	31	11 3 15	Wagner, Mary	Scott's Valley	2	26 —
O'Farrell, Charles	Empire City, Nev.	21	15 —	Walden, Peter D.	Rocklin	6	— 8 19
O'Hare, James	San Francisco	21	28 —	Waldron, Mary	San Francisco	10	70 —
Olland, Dierich B.	San Francisco	9	28 3 —	Walker, Alice	San Francisco	1	— 3 6
O'Keefe, Dennis	San Francisco	23	50 —	Walsh, Catherine	San Francisco	30	5 7 10
O'Malley, Charles R.	San Francisco	15	29 —	Walsh, Mary J.	San Francisco	18	40 —
Orno, William	Tehama	12	31 —	Waters, Mary	San Francisco	18	— 2 11
Orno, Domingo	San Francisco	20	49 —	Watson, John	San Francisco	6	67 —
Osborne, John P.	San Francisco	24	36 —	Webb, Peter L.	San Francisco	6	56 —
O'Sullivan, Francis P.	San Francisco	18	— 1 20	Weems, Carlissa	Sonoma	20	— — —
Owen, Louise E.	Ukiah Valley	18	16 9 13	Weitz, Leonora	San Francisco	5	19 6 19
Partridge, Jackson	San Andreas	24	38 —	Welch, William	Pacheco	8	46 —
Patrick, Lizzie	Susnaville	June 9	22 —	Weller, Samuel M.	Martinez	12	45 —
Pawley, George C.	San Francisco	July 8	15 3	West, Jennie F. G.	Santa Cruz	12	33 —
Pemberton, John	Gold Flat	10	— 3 14	West, John	San Francisco	30	36 —
Phillips, Abe M.	Lake City	17	— — —	Whitlock, Samuel	Bishop Creek	30	— 9 —
Phillips, Hattie	Sacramento	3	— 6 1	Whitney, George O. E.	San Francisco	30	1 —
Phillips, L. D.	Pierpont, Nev.	16	55 —	Wolcott, Sarah C. P.	San Francisco	29	39 —
Phillips, Leo R.	Lake City	17	— — —	Wolstenbalm, William	Alleghany	16	48 —
Pierce, John	Ploche, Nev.	13	26 —	Wood, Elbert B.	Virginia, Nev.	12	— 1 21
Platt, Samuel, Sr.	San Francisco	14	50 —	Wright, H. S.	Gold Hill, Nev.	8	32 —
Poetz, Mary	San Francisco	12	19 5 23	Wylie, Catherine	Vallejo, Nev.	16	— 3 —

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Disease, like the rattlesnake, usually gives fair warning before it strikes. A falling appetite, a furred tongue, nausea, headache, want of proper action in the bowels, feverishness, lassitude, nervousness, an uneasy feeling in the stomach, etc., etc., are all symptomatic of a coming attack of indigestion, biliousness, colic, fever, or some other positive form of disease. When thus menaced, resort immediately to Tarrant's Effervecent Seltzer Aperient, and thus avert the attack. Acting simultaneously

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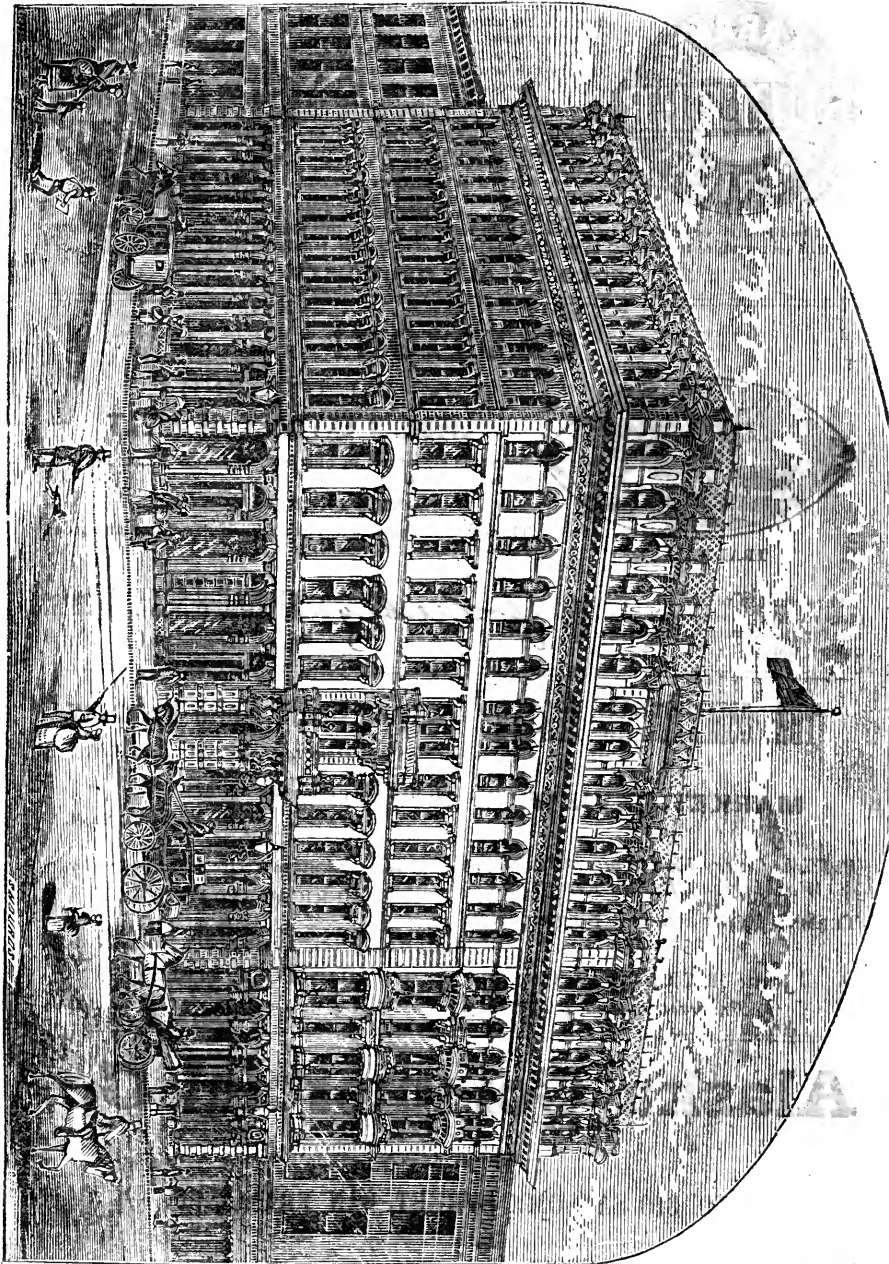
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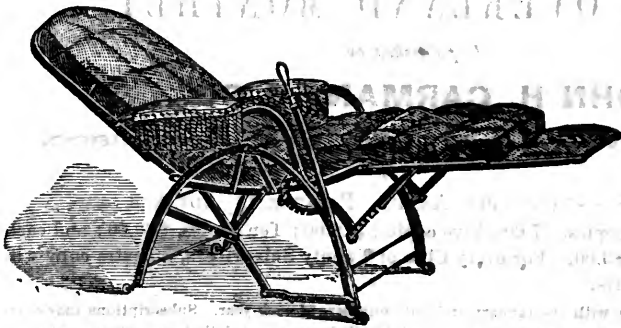
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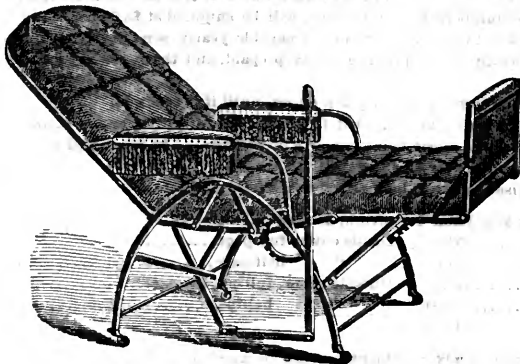
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Parlor Position.



Lounge.



Child's Crib and Swing.

AFTER a day of weary toil, no matter in what capacity it may be, whether in the counting-room, law-office, at the editorial tables, in the store, workshop, or on the farm, we all seek for an agreeable and easy position in which to rest. Rest is a sweet word to the weary in all lands. To those traveling over vast deserts, footsore and fatigued, vainly seeking shelter under some umbrageous shade-tree, the musical word "rest!" has peculiar significance. "Let me rest," says the tempest-tossed mariner, after hours of weary watching and toiling at the helm, looking in vain for a lull in the furious tempest. "Oh, for one hour's refreshing rest," says the emaciated invalid, after days and nights of restless tossing upon a bed of languishing and pain. In the latter case, constant changes in position are requisite to the comfort of the sick ones. To be able to find something in the form of a Chair to meet all these various wants and necessities of the weary ones, is a treasure which should be prized by those fortunate enough to possess it.

In Wilson's Adjustable Iron Chair—

which we had occasion to examine not many days since—we can say the public will find a chair wonderfully adapted to the wants of all. This chair is so constructed as to assume all the necessary positions required in the parlor, sick-room, offices of business, of physicians, etc., etc. In the illustrations accompanying this sketch, the different positions are represented.

The letters on engraving 5 (fourth page of the Cover) are points of description. For shipping, it folds up within the circle. The back lifts up as a parlor chair, and can be adjusted as such to different angles. The foot-board and front part fold closely into the seat of the chair. The upholstery is made in sections, and fits comfortably, as in fig. 1. For invalid position, the front part should be taken out of the seat. A ratchet with six notches on each side is joined to an arm lever A, on a rod across

at U. The foot-board is provided with two notches. The least pressure on the back raises the front, or a light pressure on the front brings up the back; the top notch is the level for a regular chair or bed; the front part can be raised to any elevation and retain the back in a square position; while the back can be reclined to any position independent of the front, as the two can be adjusted together. Thus it will be seen that any position to cater to the most capricious desires of the invalid can be obtained in this chair.

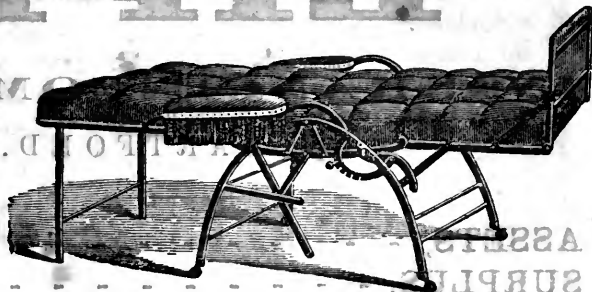
It can also be easily adjusted as a lounge, as fig. 2 will fully illustrate, by simply raising the front on the ratchet from U to L and drop the foot-board straight, by putting the braces on each side at S, into second notch at E, will elevate the front. The entire frame can be left clear at these side-braces, and lie on cross-bar at A, with heels higher than the head. This chair can not upset in any position. It can also be converted into a child's crib, or a bed—all of which positions are represented in the engravings.

Constant improvements have been made by the patentees during the past few years, but the latest invention was patented two years since.

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The several patents recently added to Wilson's Adjustable Chair make it the handsomest, most convenient, durable, and comfortable adjustable chair, either for the invalid, sick, or well, that was ever



Bed.

(Continued on fourth page of Cover.)

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General Agent for the Pacific Coast.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Owing to the extensive additions to the original manuscript of the "ISLES OF THE AMAZONS," by JOAQUIN MILLER, we publish a continuation of the first part of this Poem—without question his greatest poetical achievement—on page 278 of the present issue of the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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"The August number of the OVERLAND is laden with rare and ripe intellectual fruits that must delight its patrons, and add somewhat to the reputation of the Magazine as an exponent of Western literature."

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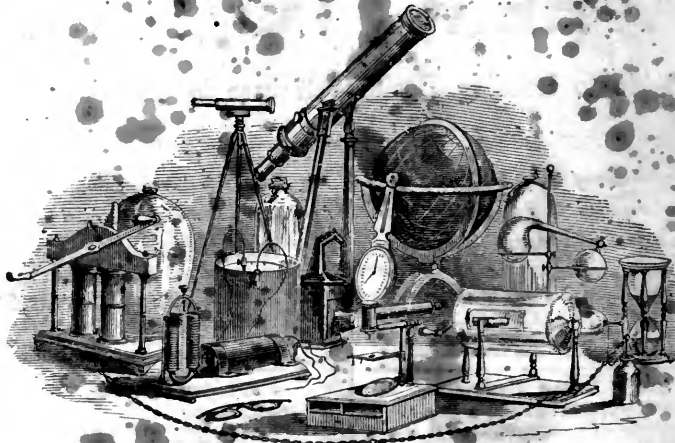
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(Continued from page xv. of Advertisements.)



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VOL. 9.



No. 4.

THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

OCTOBER, 1872.



SAN FRANCISCO:

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THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

117, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York,

Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

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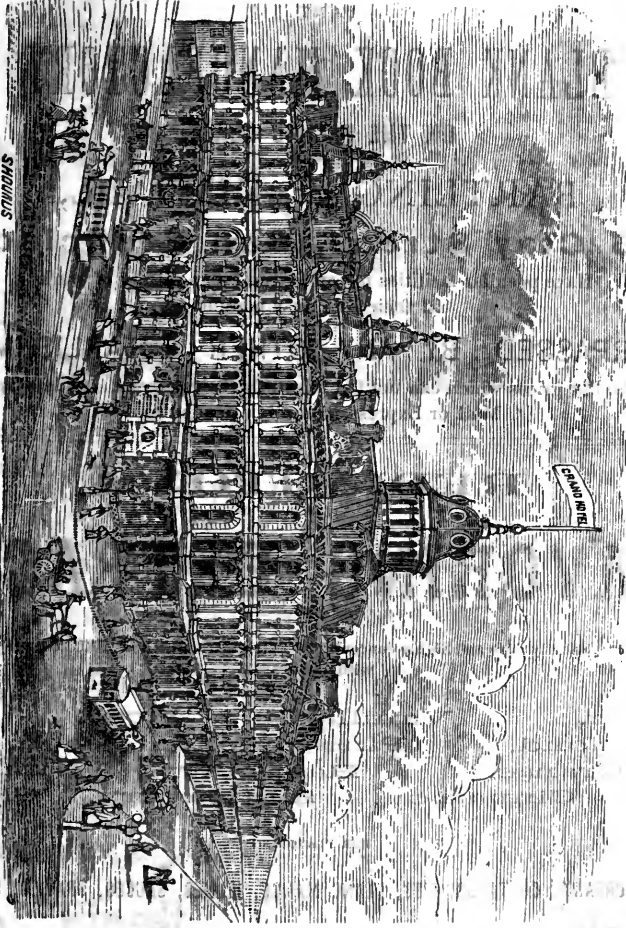
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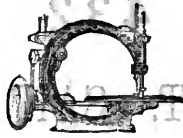
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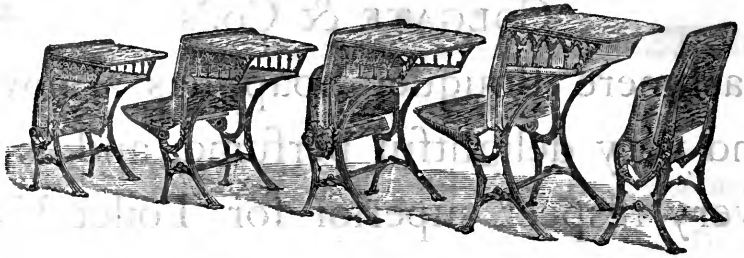
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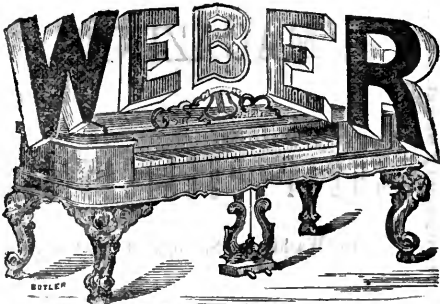
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[OVER.]



THE
OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 9.—OCTOBER, 1872.—No. 4.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART II.

*Forsake the city. Follow me
To where the white caps of a sea
Of mountains break and break again,
As blown in foam against a star—
As breaks the fury of a main—
And there remains, as fixed, as far.*

*Forsake the people. What are they
That laugh, that live and love, by rule?
Forsake the Saxon. What are these
That shun the shadows of the trees:
The Druid-forests? . . . Go thy way,
We are not one. I will not please
You . . . Fare you well, O wiser fool!*

*But you who love me . . . Ye who love
The shaggy forests, fierce delights
Of sounding water-falls, of heights
That hang like broken moons above,
Believe and follow. We are one;
The wild man shall to us be tame;
The woods shall yield their mysteries;
The stars shall answer to a name,
And be as birds above the trees.*

In the days when my mother, the Earth, was young,
And you all were not, nor the likeness of you,
She walked in her maidenly prime among
The moonlit stars in the boundless blue.

Then the great sun lifted his shining shield,
And he flashed his sword as the soldiers do,
And he moved like a king full over the field,
And he looked, and he loved her brave and true.

And looking afar from the ultime rim,
 As he lay at rest in a reach of light,
 He beheld her walking alone at night,
 Where the buttercup stars in their beauty swim.

So he rose up flushed in his love, and he ran,
 And he reached his arms, and around her waist
 He wound them strong like a love-struck man,
 And he kissed and embraced her, brave and chaste.

So he nursed his love like a babe at its birth,
 And he warmed in his love as the swift years ran,
 Then embraced her again, and sweet mother Earth
 Was a mother indeed, and her child was man.

The sun is the sire, the mother is earth!
 What more do you know? what more do I need?
 The one he begot, and the one gave birth,
 And I love them both, and I laugh at your creed.

And who shall pronounce that the child of the sun,
 With his warm, rich worship, was utterly wrong
 In the far, new years when the stars kept song? . . .
 . . . But judge, and be judged . . . Condemn, and have done.

Lo! Isles of the Incas! Amazon Isles!
 The sun he has loved you, clothed, and crowned,
 And touched you tenderly, girt you round
 With a sunset wave in a wealth of smiles.

O Isles of a wave in an ocean of wood!
 O white waves lost in the wilds I love!
 Let the red stars rest on your breast from above,
 And sing to the sun, for his love it is good.

He has made you his heirs, he has given you gold,
 And wrought for you garments of limitless green,
 With beautiful bars of the scarlet between,
 And of silver seams fretting you fold on fold.

He has kissed and caressed you, loved you true—
 Yea, loved as a god loves; loved as I
 Shall learn to love when the stars shall lie
 Like blooms at my feet in a field of blue.

It is swift, it is sweet, when born of a kiss;
 And who shall marvel, and who shall chide,
 That the sun-loved children should turn aside
 To the love of the sun for a love like this?

And who shall say that they were not wise
 In their great, warm faith? Time answers us not:
 The quick fool questions; but who replies?
 The wise man hesitates, hushed in thought.

* * * * *

As strong as a love, and as swift as a dove
 When the loves of her little ones hasten her home,
 They swept to the Isles through the furrows of foam;
 They alit on the land as if blown from above.

And below the banana, with leaf like a tent,
 They tenderly laid him, they bade him take rest;
 They brought him strange fishes and fruits of the best,
 And he ate and took rest with a patient content.

They watched with him well; he arose up strong,
 And he stood in their midst, and they said, "How fair!"
 And they said, "How tall!" And they toyed with his hair,
 And they touched of his limbs, and they said, "How long

"And how strong they are, and how brave she is,
 That she made her way through the wiles of man,
 That she braved his wrath, that she broke the ban
 Of his desolate life, for the blisses of this."

And they wove for him garments of delicate plan;
 But he put them away with a feeling of shame
 That the sexes were not—man, woman—the same,
 The man as a woman and the maid as a man.

And they wrought for him armor of cunning attire,
 And they brought him a sword and a great shell shield,
 And implored him to shiver the lance on the field
 Where they followed their Queen in her beautiful ire.

For ever in battle the brown Queen led,
 With her cry for Freedom and her wave-washed land,
 Until far and wide was her great fame spread,
 And the terror of man was her brave right-hand.

With a sense of shame, and a singular pride,
 And a sharp reproach, and a quick distress
 At the sight or the touch of the sexless dress,
 He pursed his brow as he pushed them aside.

Then he took him apart, and the Amazons came
 And entreated of him with their eloquent eyes
 And their earnest and passionate souls of flame,
 And the soft, sweet words that are broken of sighs,

To be one of their own ; but he still denied.
And he warred with himself, and his chivalrous heart
Arose and rebelled at the duplicate part ;
And bowed and abashed he stole farther aside.

And he stood by the palms and he leaned in unrest ;
Then he stood out alone, and he looked out afar
For his own fair land where the castles are.
With irresolute arms on a restless breast,

He relived his loves, he recalled his wars,
He gazed and he gazed like a soul distressed,
Or a far, sweet star that is lost in the west,
Till the day was broken to a dust of stars.

So they sighed, and they left him alone in the care
Of faithfulest matrons, and they moved to the field
With the lifted sword and the sounding shield
A - fretting their eloquent storms of hair.

And, true as the moon in her march of stars,
The Queen stood forth in her battle attire,
Worn as they trained or worn in the wars,
Bright and chaste as a flashing of fire.

There were girdles of gold and of silver crossed,
And platted, and chased, and bound together
Broader and stronger than belts of leather,
Cunningly finished and richly bossed ;

With diamonds circling stone upon stone
Above the breast where the borders fail—
Below the breast where the fringes zone,
A splendid and glittering coat of mail.

The breastplate fastened with clasps of gold,
And clasped, as close as the breasts could bear,
The form made hardy and the waist made spare
From her athlete sports and adventures bold ;

It was bound and drawn to a delicate span—
It flashed in the red, front ranks of the field—
Was fashioned full close in its intricate plan,
And gleamed as a sign, as well as a shield,

That the virgin Queen was unyielding still,
Pure as the tides that around her ran,
True to her trust, and strong in her will
Of war and hatred to the touch of man.

And the field it was theirs in storm or in shine,
And so fairly they stood that the foe came not
To the battle again, and the brave forgot
The rage of battle; and they trimmed the vine,

And they tended the fields of the tall, green corn,
And they crushed the grape, and they drew the wine
In the great, round gourds or the bended horn,
Till their sad, sweet lives seemed as half divine.

They bathed in the wave in the amber morn,
Or they took repose in the peaceful shade
Of eternal palms, and were never afraid:
Yet still they did sigh, look far and forlorn.

Then down where the wave had forgotten the land,
Or had left it laved with his kisses, and these
Had journeyed away with the caravan
Of the grand old tide to the grander seas —

Where the rim of the wave was a-weaving a spell,
And the grass grew soft where it hid from the sun —
Would the Amazons gather them every one,
At the call of the Queen or the sound of her shell.

They would come as queens through the kingly trees,
And train and marshal them brave and well
In the golden noon, in the hush of peace,
Where the splendid shade of the fan-palms fell.

They would lean on their long, quick, quivering swords;
They would rest on their shields in a line at the side;
They would lift their brows to the front like lords,
And look like kings in their splendid pride.

They would train till flushed and as warm as wine,
They would reach with their limbs, would thrust with the lance,
Would attack and retire, retreat and advance,
Then wheel in column, then fall in line;

Stand thigh to thigh with the limbs made hard,
And rich and round as the swift-limbed pard,
Or a racer trained, or a white bull caught
In the lasso's toils, where the tame are not.

They would curve as the waves curve, curve in line;
They would dash through the trees, would train with the bow,
Then back to the lines, now sudden, then slow;
Then flash their swords in the sun at a sign.

Would settle the foot right firmly afront,
 Then sound the shields till the sound was heard
 Afar, as the horn in the black boar hunt:
 Yet, stranger than all, say never a word.

They were daring of heart, they were supple of limb,
 They would test their full strength in the wrestle or race,
 They would thread through the forest, would leap and would swim,
 And stripped to the waist, would spring to the chase.

They would brave the deep jungle, would beard the wild beast
 In the tangle of wood or at bay in his den;
 And alone or in troop, in the *fêtes* or at feast,
 Would bear them as bravely as even did men.

They were out with the morn and were in with the night,
 And reckless of danger and careless of toil,
 They would bear to the village the shaggy-haired spoil;
 And shout and lift hands at return in delight.

And when shadows fell far from the westward, and when
 The sun had kissed hands and made sail for the east,
 They would kindle the fires and gather them then,
 Well worn and most merry with song, to the feast.

And, feasting in circles, would sing of the sun,
 Their prowess or valor in peril or pain,
 Till the Isles were awake and the birds were outdone;
 And long ere the dawn were up singing again.

So they sang of all things but the one sacred one
 That could make them most glad, as they lifted the gourd
 And passed it around, with its rich, purple hoard,
 From the island that lay with its front to the sun.

And though lips were made luscious, and eyes as divine
 As the eyes of the skies that bend down from above;
 Though hearts were made glad and most mellow with love,
 While the dripping gourd drained of its burthen of wine;

And though brimming, and dripping, and bent of their shape
 Were the generous gourds from the juice of the grape,
 They could sing not of love, they could breathe not a thought
 Of the savor of life, in love sought or unsought.

For their loves they were not; they had banished the name
 Of man, and the uttermost mention of love—
 The moonbeams about them, the quick stars above,
 And the mellow-voiced waves, they were ever the same,

In sign and in saying, of the old true lies ;
But they took no heed ; no answering sign,
Save of glances averted and of half-hushed sighs,
Went back from the breasts with their loves divine.

Yea, the Queen was profound ; her prophetess-eyes
Saw the peril of loves ; that her crown should lie
In the dust and despised, that freedom should die
When their loves should live, and decreed most wise.

So they sang of their freedom with a will, and well—
They had paid for it well when the price was blood—
And they beat on the shield and they blew on the shell
When their wars were not, for they held it was good

To be glad and to sing till the dawn of the day,
In an annual feast, when the brown leaves fell.
And yet some sang not, and some sighed "Ah well!"
For there's far less left you to sing or to say,

When mettlesome love is banished, I ween—
To hint at as hidden, and to half disclose,
In the swift sword-cuts of the tongue made keen
With wine at a feast—than one would suppose.

So the days wore by, but they brought no rest
To the minstrel-knight, though the sun was as gold,
And the Isles were green, and the Amazons blessed
In a splendor of arms, and as pure as bold ;

And he moved in a legion, yet he lived as alone,
And his breast arose with a quick unrest
And the weary sense of a soul distressed
In intolerable strife at its own hearthstone.

With a chivalrous sense and in sad distress,
He warred with himself, yet he dared not guess
What next he could do or what now was best,
And he deemed him damned where he erst was blest.

He now would resolve to reveal to her all,
His sex and his race, in a delicate song,
And his love of peace, his hatred of wrong,
And his own deceit, though the sun should fall.

Then again he would linger, and he knew not how
He could best proceed ; he deferred him now
Till another day. Then another came,
And still he delayed, and reproached him the same ;

Then again he did vow to reveal ere noon ;
Then deeply he blushed, then upbraided sore
The winds that had blown from the Castile shore,
As he walked by the waves in the great white moon.

But he still said naught ; he subdued his head,
And he wandered away in a dubious spell
Of intolerable thought of the truth unsaid,
To the indolent shore ; and he gathered a shell,

And he shaped its point to his passionate mouth,
And he turned to a bank and began to blow,
While the Amazons trained in a troop below,
As soft and as low as a kiss of the South.

And it pleased them well ! And they ceased to train
For a resting - spell, as the dulcet strain
Fell down from the hill through the tasseling trees,
And a murmur of song like the sound of bees

In the cloven crown of a queenly spring,
Come back unto him, and he laid the shell
Aside on the bank, and began to sing
Of eloquent love ; and the ancient spell

Of passionate song was his, and the Isle,
As fanned to delight with seraphim's wing,
Came back in echoes ; yet all of this while
He knew not of all of the sin of the thing.

Then the Amazons, lifted with a glad surprise,
Stood splendid at first and looked far and fair ;
Set forward a foot and shook back their hair,
Like clouds pushed back from the sunlit skies.

Then they bared their brows to the palms above,
But they then looked level in each other's eyes,
And they then remembered that the thought of love
Was the thing forbidden, and they sank in sighs.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. V.

TO the traveler arriving on the summit of the mountains, on his way eastward from Long Valley, Mendocino County, there is presented a magnificent panorama. The name Round Valley describes the noble domain he is in quest of; and there it lies beneath him, encompassed around on all sides with a coronal of blue, broad-based mountains, which are dappled green and golden with wild-oat pasturage and shredded forest; while the valley spreads broadly out, in its great circumference, an ocean of yellow grain and pasture-fields, islanded with stately groves of white-oak. Blunted indeed must have been the sensibilities of the pioneer Sam Kelsey, the trail-cutter, when, one mellow, lilac evening at nightfall, his eyes—probably the first of all Americans—gazed down from the summit upon this large round of meadow, and beheld all its broad sheet spangled with Indian camp-fires, even as the heaven was studded with stars, if he did not feel his soul kindle a little. Yes, here in the heart of California, he had stumbled upon a little Indian empire, all unknown and untroubled yet by the American. And yet the immediate occupants of this little *cockaigne*—the Yukas—strange to relate, are the worst of all the Pacific Indian race, save the Apaches alone.

It is singular what an intolerable deal of pother I had in finding this people. I heard about Yukas away over in Sacramento Valley; I heard of them again at Weaverville, on Hay Fork, on Mad River, on Van Dusen's Fork, and all along Eel River; and always the next tribe I was to find would be Yukas; and always when I discovered them, at last, they were not there. I began to be

skeptical of their very existence, and smiled a superior, incredulous smile whenever I found any body so simple-minded as to make serious mention of Yukas. They seemed as mythical as the *Fata Morgana*, as phantasmagorical as Sinbad's great fish; but, unlike that monster, they would not remain in one place. Even when I found them, at last, in Round Valley, I was very dubious if they really were Yukas, so often had I gripped thin air in my investigating hand.

The reason for this is singular. The word *yuka* in the Wintoon language signifies "stranger," and hence secondarily "bad Indian" or "thief;" and it was applied by that people to almost all the Indians around them, just as the ancient Greeks called all the outside world "barbarians." There were anciently many mountain tribes contiguous to them who actually were "bad Indians," compared with the peaceful Wintoons; but the latter applied the epithet so indiscriminately, that the Whites, not troubling themselves to sift the matter, got very much confused on this subject; hence the infinite perplexity I had for weeks. As a matter of fact, there are several tribes whom both Americans and Indians call "Yukas;" but this tribe alone acknowledge the name, and call themselves by it. All about Red Bluff, in Cottonwood Creek Valley, and about Shasta City, whenever a depredation was committed in early times, it was a "Yuka" who did it; but alas! the simple-minded Wintoons generally smarted for it at the hands of the summary miners. These highly unphilosophical and double-seeing aboriginals described the "Yukas" to me as terrific fellows, truculent giants,

living on the coast mountains, dwelling in caves and dens, horribly tattooed (which they are), and cannibals.

In Round Valley, then, live, not the Forty Thieves, but The Thieves — all thieves — 305 of them, though they formerly numbered thousands. If they ever had any tribal name in their own language, they dropped it, and, in a spirit of braggadocio which well comports with their character, dubbed themselves as above.

And, indeed, they are well worthy of their christening, for they are thorough-paced rascals. So double-tongued and suspicious are they that I could not even procure their ten numerals. The Chief Clerk of the Reservation, F. A. Gibson, brought me two in succession, whom he counted the most intelligent, but they chose to consider me bent on some errand of sorcery, and lied to me with such consistency that they did not at any time, or by any accident, deviate into the truth. Not one of the numerals they gave me was correct, and I was obliged to learn them from an Indian of another tribe. Their language is like none other in the vicinity, but singularly it is closely related to that of the Ashochemies (Wappos), whose former habitat was in the mountains, from the Geysers down to the Calistoga Hot Springs. Hence there are two systems of language running parallel for more than a hundred miles—the Yuka dialects in the Coast Range, and the Pomo dialects along Russian River Valley; though the latter break across eastward at Ukiah, reaching to and surrounding Clear Lake. Neither the Pomos nor the Wi Tackees can understand the Yukas until they study their language two or three months. William Potter, who speaks several Pomo dialects, told me he could understand only a very few Yuka words. The Wi Tackees alone appear to value their friendship at all, notwithstanding they fought often and fiercely; and as the two tribes join territories a

little way north of Round Valley, they intermarried a good deal, giving rise to a border progeny who are called Wi Tackee-Yukas.

It is difficult to distinguish these two races externally, except by the tattooing. Both of them tattoo wavy lines in blue all over the face, including the nose; but the Yukas make the lines straight down the face, while the Wi Tackees slant them backward and upward.

The Yukas are notable for disproportionately large heads, mounted like great cannon-balls on smallish bodies, with protuberant abdomens. Their eyes are rather undersized, but keen and restless, and, from the execrable smudge in which they live, they are often swollen and horribly protruding. Their noses are stout and short, the nostrils something more oval and expanded than the American, but less than the Chinese; and they have heavy shocks of stiff, black, bristly hair, cut short, and hence bushy-looking. Like all California Indians, they are variously colored, without any perceptible law, from yellowish-buff to brown or black. They are a tigerish, truculent, sullen, thievish, revengeful, and every way bad, but brave race.

The original population of Round Valley has been variously estimated—from 5,000 all the way to 20,000. William Potter places it at the latter figure, but this is manifestly too great. I am told that Sam Kelsey, the discoverer, reckoned it at 10,000. But let us take the lowest estimate, and we shall even then have one inhabitant to every four acres in the valley, or 160 Indians to the square mile. This figure is startling at first sight; but when we recollect that anciently Round Valley was one vast oat-field, and was occupied by Indians who had usufructuary possession of ten times its area of nut-bearing forest on the surrounding mountains, besides a stream that swarmed with salmon, we need not be surprised. Round

Valley thus affords us a means of making a close conjecture of the ancient population of California. Of course, the wide plains of the interior could not maintain a population so dense as this isolated valley, with its immense borders of acorn-bearing forest; but, considering the quantity of wild-oats formerly produced there, it would not be extravagant to estimate their capacity at one-third as great as that of Round Valley. The natural oat-bearing area of the State may be safely set down at 25,000 square miles, which, at the rate of fifty Indians to the square mile, would have sustained 1,250,000 inhabitants. In speaking of the Klamath River Indians, in a former paper, it was computed that the salmon-streams alone, with the nuts, roots, and game along their banks—not counting in any wild-oat lands—would have supported a population of 270,000. Added together, these sums aggregate 1,520,000 souls; which figure, no doubt, comes near the aboriginal population of California before any European colonies were planted within it.

The Yukas construct dome-shaped sweat-houses, with only a shallow depth of earth scooped out for the floor, though the structure is commodious, capable of containing fifty people. It is thatched with straw, and rendered air-tight with a heavy layer of earth. The common wigwam is conical, smaller than the sweat-house, constructed of poles and bark, and thatched in winter. Most of the northern peoples, especially on the Klamath, make their cabins of stout puncheons, not intended to be burned down every autumn, but permanent, leaving interstices between the pieces, and employing very little or no thatch, while their well-sized cellars assist in protecting them from the smoke, and so they have neat, clean eyes; but, coming as far south as Round Valley, they must have thatch; and are too shiftless to excavate cellars—hence ophthalmia and

blindness prevail to a disgusting extent.

It is in the sweat-house that the candidates for the degree of M.D. pass their competitive examination, more terrible than the contention of Doctor Cherubino and Doctor Serafino in "The Great School of Salern." It consists simply of a dance, protracted day and night, without cessation, until they all fall utterly exhausted, except one, who is then entitled to practice the healing art. From physicians thus qualified, one could hardly expect treatment equal to that of Abernethy, even when he was fuddled. For instance, one method of procedure is as follows: The patient is placed on the ground, stark naked, face upward, and two medicines take their stations at his feet, one directly behind the other. Striking up a hoarse, crooning chant, they commence hopping up and down the afflicted individual, with their legs astride of him, advancing by infinitesimal jumps all the way up to his head, then backward to his feet. They keep close together, and hop in unison, while the invalid lies there like a turtle and blinks at the sun.

There is an anniversary dance observed by the Yukas, called the Green-corn Dance, though this manifestly dates only from the period when the Spaniards taught them to cultivate maize. It is a joyous occasion, but, as usual, is not made a pretext for feasting. The performers are of both sexes; the men being dressed with a breech-cloth and a mantle of the black tail-feathers of eagles, buzzards, hawks, or owls, reaching from the arm-pits down to the thighs, but not encumbering the arms; while the squaws wear their finest skin-ropes, strings of shells, etc., and hold gay-colored handkerchiefs in their hands. The men hop to the music of a chant, a chorister keeping time with a forked stick; but the squaws, standing behind their partners, simply sway themselves back-

ward and forward, and swing their handkerchiefs in a lackadaisical manner.

In common with all the California Indians, the Yukas entertain a vague belief in a Supreme Being, who passes among different tribes by the name of Great Man or Old Man; though he seems to be always weaker than the various evil spirits. But, with the exception of the Klamath Indians and the Hoopas, who belong rather to the Oregon Indians—apparently a different race—this conception of a Divinity is so weak, so shadowy, and so entirely devoid of positive and active qualities, that it seems to be an exotic thing, as it were, an engraftment upon their aboriginal beliefs, and it leads me to suspect that a great majority of the California Indians proper are indebted to the early Jesuits for their few notions of a Creator and Preserver. Certain it is that it is inaccurate to speak of them—as many persons do—as believing in a “Great Spirit,” like the Algonquin race; for the Indians of this State, though full of ingenious and cunning fables, are greatly lacking in elevated, spiritual conceptions, and seek always to personify and materialize. Hence it is that they constantly speak, in their simple way, of the “Big Man” or the “Old Man.” What imagination they possess is not at all of the Hindoo type—introspective, theological, sublime—but eminently like the Chinese—wonderfully shrewd, sly, running on a low level, fetishistic, prone to invest brute beasts with human and divine attributes. Among the Klamath Indians and the Hoopas this Great Man is full of tangible and robust qualities; he created the world and all its inhabitants; he alone can avert earthquakes, calamitous landslides, floods, etc., and to him they sacrifice. But among all the Indians south of them; whenever one is closely questioned, he points upward and refers to a being named as above; but this being takes no part in their af-

airs, and never did; created nothing, upholds nothing, has no hold on their fears or their offerings, is honored with not a single act of worship, and seems to have no function whatever, except to rule over them as a vague, indefinite “good Chief” in the Hereafter. In short, there are a hundred signs which mark this being as so much waste matter in their *credo*, a foreign acquisition, an unassimilated thing, a civilized scion grafted on a savage stock, and therefore, though not absolutely lifeless, yet producing no fruit. From the outrageous character of the Yukas, White Men know less about their beliefs on these matters than is known of almost any other tribe.

Most California Indians are conspicuously lenient to their children, never punishing them on any occasion; but the Yukas are often brutal and cruel to their women and children, especially to the women. Thievery is a virtue with them, as it was with the ancient Spartans, provided the thief is deft enough not to get caught. Quarrelsome, choleric, vengeful, they are frequently involved in murderous feuds among themselves, and were seldom off the war-path in former times, the pacific and facile Pomos being their constant victims.

A veteran woodman related to me a small circumstance which illustrates the remarkable memory of these savages. One time he had occasion to perform some long labor in a certain wood where water was exceedingly scarce, and where he was grievously tormented with thirst. He remembered to have seen a little spring somewhere in that vicinity, and he considered it worth his while, under the circumstances, to search for it two whole days, but without success; when there chanced to come along a Yuka squaw, to whom he made mention of the matter. Although she had not been near that place for six years, and probably never had seen the spring but once, like himself, yet, without a moment's hes-

itation or uncertainty, she conducted him straight to the spot. In this country, so arid through long summer months, probably there is no other thing of which the Indians have better recollections than of the locations of springs.

a bad Ind
THE YUKA DEVIL.

On the Reservation there once lived an Indian who was so thoroughly bad in every respect that he was generally known by the sobriquet of The Yuka Devil. He committed all the seven deadly sins and a good many more, if not every day of his life, at least as often as he could. One time he wandered off a considerable way from the Reserve, accompanied by two of his tribal brethren, and they fell upon and wantonly murdered three squaws, without any known provocation whatever. They were pursued by a detachment of the garrison, overtaken, captured, carried back, manacled hand and foot, and consigned to the guard-house. In some inexplicable manner, The Devil contrived to break his fetters asunder, and then he tied them on again with twine in such fashion, that, when the turnkey came along on a tour of inspection, he perceived nothing amiss. Being taken out for some purpose or other soon afterward, he seized the opportunity to wrench off his manacles and escape. But he was speedily overtaken again, and brought down with a bullet, which wounded him slightly, taken back to the guard-house, heavily ironed, and cast into a dungeon. Here he feigned death. For four days he never swallowed a crumb of nutriment, tasted no water, breathed no breath that could be discovered, and lay with every muscle relaxed like a corpse. To all human perception, he was dead, except that his body did not become rigid or cold. At last a vessel of water was placed on a table hard by, information of that fact was casually imparted to him in his native speech, all the attendants

withdrew, the dungeon relapsed into silence, and he was secretly watched. After a long time, when profound stillness prevailed, and when the watchers had begun to believe he was in a trance, at least, he cautiously lifted up his head, gazed stealthily all around him, scrutinized every cranny and crevice of light, then softly crawled on all-fours to the table, taking care not to clank his chains the while, took down the pitcher, and drank deep and long. They rushed in upon him, but upon the instant—so fatuous was the obstinacy of the savage—he dropped as if he had been shot, and again simulated death. But he was now informed that his play was quite too shallow for any further purposes, and as soon as the gallows could be put in order, the executioners entered and told him plainly that the preparations were fully completed for his taking-off. He made no sign.

Then, half dragging, half carrying the miserable wretch, they conducted him forth to the scaffold. All limp and flaccid and nerveless as he is, they lift him upon the platform; but still he makes not the least motion, and exhibits no consciousness of all these stern and grim preparations. He is supported in an upright position between two soldiers, hanging a lifeless burden on their shoulders; his head is lifted up from his breast, where it droops in heavy helplessness; the new-bought rope, cold, and hard, and prickly, is coiled about his neck, and the huge knot properly adjusted at the side; the merciful cap, which shuts off these heart-sickening preparations from the eyes of the faint and shuddering criminal, is dispensed with; and everything is in perfect readiness. The solemn stillness befitting the awful spectacle about to be enacted, falls upon the few spectators; the fatal signal is given; the drop swiftly descends; the supporting soldiers sink with it, as if about to vanish into the earth and hide

their eyes from the tragedy; with a dead, dull thud the tightened rope wrenches the savage from their upbearing shoulders into pitiless mid-air; and The Yuka Devil, hanging there without a twitch or a shiver, quickly passes from simulated to unequivocal and unmistakable death.

In connection with the Yukas, I will give some statistics, to show how much a Reserved Indian is worth in annual dollars and cents. In 1871, the inmates of Round Valley Reservation had in crop 850 acres, besides a matter of thirty acres cultivated for themselves, and produced the following yields: wheat, 6,476 bushels; oats, 920; barley, 3,684; potatoes, 550; turnips, 250; corn, 1,736; hay, 350 tons. At the ordinary market rates of that year, these productions were worth \$18,803. Add to this the yearly increase on 700 cattle and 400 swine—say \$10,000—which makes the total year's product \$28,803. I was at some pains to get accurate statistics of the year's expenses of the Reservation for everything, including the merchandise, medical and clothing supplies furnished to the Indians, but not including the pay and rations of the garrison (about a company). This expense account was \$20,751.11. Deducting this from the entire product of the Reservation industries, we have the sum of \$8,051.89. Dividing this sum by 793, the whole number of Indians, we have \$10.15 clear money as the amount which every Indian, old or young, made above the expenses of keeping him a year. Had it not been for the generous yield of acorns and salmon in the contiguous forests and streams, and the noble domain of native pasturage, nourishing their great herds without money and without price—and that to the exclusion of dozens of substantial citizens, who could have lived on these margins which the Reserve cattle overlapped—the Government would have been out of pocket, which it probably was anyhow, since we

did not reckon the cost of the garrison. And all this accomplished nothing, and less than nothing, of benefit to the savages. Whatever of protection the California Reservations may once have afforded them against the indiscriminating rapacity of the earlier gold-seekers, or *vice versa*, they have latterly become mere lazarettos, pest-houses, which are finishing well the work that was initiated twenty years ago with bayonet and bullet. When the California Indians were once thoroughly subjugated, they were aware of that fact, and after that nothing whatever was required but the presence of a few detachments here and there, with permission to the Indians to gather acorns and spear salmon where they would. The infinitely happier and wholesomer condition of the savages on the Klamath is sufficient proof of these assertions, for the Indians are like wild wood-birds: they can take care of themselves a mighty deal better than White Men can take care of them. You may fasten your linnet in a gilded cage, tuck it away never so tenderly in a nest of cotton-wool, and cram it with sugar and things, and it will die all the more certainly.

In the Reservation estimates, about one in every six is counted an able-bodied Indian, but they have a great deal of trouble in rallying them out afield at all. They are as cunning as the plantation Negroes in "shamming Abraham," and it is wonderful what a number of afflictions an Indian has in crop-time. He has a face-ache on occasion, or an eye-ache, or he has swallowed a frog, or he has cracks between his toes. In a pinch of work they sometimes call out the squaws, and one of them generally gets through as much in one day as a brave does in a fortnight or a month. The squaws carried to the granary on their backs the entire corn-crop—1,736 bushels—in three days, each squaw averaging about six bushels per day.

On the Hoopa Reservation, Mrs. Ida Wells was giving the best endeavors of a noble Christian matron to the instruction of the children, in day-schools and Sunday-schools, wearying not through all the week. She had infinite difficulty in inducing the indifferent savages to come to the Sunday-school, and only succeeded at last in enticing them thither by the promise of a lickerish luncheon; but after the school had been in progress many months, still the ruling Indian passion was so strong that she dared not withdraw the post-Biblical dough-nuts. The religious instruction was wisely limited to the recital, in simple phrasing, of some old human story from the Bible; and such is the fondness of all fresh and healthy natures for narrative, that the children talked all the week among themselves of the matter that was rehearsed to them. Mrs. Wells played for them little melodies on a family organ, and the young savages equaled the Southern pickaninnies in "the good old times" of the plantations, or in the more recent and lamentable epoch of "Shoo, fly," in the endless repetition with which they trolled these ditties over and over through the week, to the mighty weariness of the listeners.

In Hoopa there was a school-house of sufficient commodiousness, but at the Round Valley Reservation, for lack of the same, the youthful disciples were compelled to sit under the great, over-shadowing branches of the white-oaks, after the fashion of the Platonists long ago in the olive groves of Academus. But on a frosty and nipping morning, such as that when I was present, they preferred to sit sheer in the sun, for a California Indian has an Ethiopian fondness for caloric. Mrs. Gibson, wife of the agent—perfect type of that good and notable Methodist minister's wife who can fricassee the Sabbath fowl no whit less worthily than she leads in her husband's congregational choir, or performs

the sweet and gentle minor ministrations of his wide-scattered flock—had them arrayed along on boards stretching from log to log, in old-time camp-meeting fashion; and she caused them to do a lesson, that I might listen. It was a highly picturesque regiment—I doff my apologetic hat to their excellent commander—like to that ever-remembered company of Jack Falstaff's, who possessed only a shirt and a half among them; though the little pudding-sack faces, so wise-looking with that premature gravity of the Indian, and those dark, shining eyes, were very pleasant to see. The captain of a company—Pitt River, Eel River, or what not—would sonorously spell the word "C-a-t;" and all his command would follow him, letter by letter, "C-a-t;" whereupon he would pronounce the completed "Cat," and they would all with one accord ejaculate "Cat." Then he would read, "The cow can run in the lot," pausing after each word for the others to follow suit, which they did mechanically, though, I warrant, a great majority of them had not the remotest apprehension of the unrestricted potentiality of the female bovine quadruped's coursing with celerity in the inclosure.

Mrs. Gibson tried to induce some of her little pets, who were able to show better things than this mere parroting after the captain, to do a lesson alone; but they hung down their heads, screwed themselves about on the boards, and sucked their thumbs with a highly refreshing naturalness. One little, lively, beady-eyed shaver accomplished the following quite by himself, "h-a, hay-stack."

After seeing the facility with which many of these little fellows learned to print letters on a slate, or to write their names, I am surprised that the California Indians have no picture-writing and no ornamental carving. In such purely objective studies as these, Indian chil-

dren not infrequently slip their heads into the noose quicker than White children. Like all Turanian races, they are more imitative than inventive.

The Shumeias lived on the extreme upper waters of Eel River, opposite Potter Valley, and were Yukas in every respect, except in name, being sometimes called Spanish Yukas, for the reason, that, living farther south than those in Round Valley, they adopted a number of Spanish words and usages. In the Pomo language, the word *shumeia* is said to signify "stranger," and, secondarily, "thief" or "enemy." Some writer has finely remarked that it is a good commentary on our civilization, that, in frontier parlance, "stranger" is synonymous with "friend." In the Indian tongues, however, it seems to be generally tantamount to "enemy." The Pomos regard this branch of the Yukas very much as the Wintoons do the main people, as is shown by the name given them. Both branches were ever on the war-path against their peaceful and domestic neighbors, and the brunt of their outrageous and wanton irruptions generally fell on the Potter Valley Pomos, because the mountains here interposed slighter obstacles to their passage. At the head of Potter Valley the water-shed is quite low, and the pass is easy, and could readily be traversed by heavy masses of civilized troops. On the summit of it, a rod or two from a never-failing spring, there is to this day a conspicuous cairn, which was heaped up by the Indians to mark the boundary; and if a member of either tribe was caught beyond it, he suffered death. When the Shumeias wished to challenge the Pomos to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches around their ends and in the middle, tied them in a fagot, and deposited the same on this cairn. If the Pomos took up the gauntlet, they tied a string around the middle notches, and returned the fagot to its place. Then

the heralds of both tribes met together on the neutral territory of the Tahtos—a little tribe living at the foot of the pass—and arranged the time and place for the battle, which took place accordingly. William Potter, the pioneer of Potter Valley, says they fought with conspicuous bravery, employing bows and arrows and spears at long range, and spears or casual clubs when they came to a square, stand-up fight in the open. They not infrequently charged upon each other in heavy, irregular masses, but not with "that terrible silence" wherewith Wellington's grenadiers used to go after the French.

The following almost incredible occurrence was narrated to me by a responsible citizen of Potter Valley, and corroborated by another, both of whose names could be given, if necessary:

STORY OF BLOODY ROCK.

After the Americans became so numerous in the land that the Indians began to perceive that they were destined to be their greatest foes, the Shumeias abandoned their ancient hostility to the Pomos, and sought to enlist them in a common crusade against the new-come and more formidable enemy. At one time a band of them passed the boundary-line in the defile and came down to the Pomos of Potter Valley; and, with presents, and many fair words, and promises of eternal friendship, and with speeches of flaming barbarian eloquence, and fierce denunciation of the bloody-minded intruders, who sacrificed every thing to their sordid hankering for gold, tried to kindle these "tame villatic fowl" to the pitch of battle. But the Pomos held their peace; and after the Shumeias were gone on their way, they hastened to the Americans and divulged the matter, telling them what the Shumeias were hoping and plotting. So the Americans resolved to nip the sprouting mischief in the bud; and fitted out a com-

pany of choice fighters, went over on Eel River, fell upon the Shumeias, and hunted them over mountains and through cañons with sore destruction. The battle everywhere went against the savages, though they fought heroically—falling back from village to village, from gloomy gorge to gorge, disputing all the soil with their traditional valor, and sealing with ruddy drops of blood the possessory title-deeds to it they had received from Nature.

But, of course, they could not stand against the scientific weapons, the fierce and unresting energy, and the dauntless bravery of the Americans; and with sad and bitter hearts they saw themselves falling, one by one, by dozens, by scores, all their bravest dropping around them, fast going out of existence. The smoke of burning villages and forests blackened the sky at noonday, warping and rolling over the mountains; and at night the flames snapped their yellow tongues in the face of the moon; while the wails of dying women, and of helpless babes, brained against a tree, burdened the air.

At last, a band of thirty or forty—that was as near the number as my informants could state—became separated from their comrades, and found themselves fiercely pursued. Hemmed in on one side, headed off on another, half-crazed by sleepless nights and days of terror, the flying savages did a thing which was little short of madness. They escaped up what is now known as Bloody Rock—an isolated boulder, standing grandly out scores of feet on the face of the mountain, and only accessible by a rugged, narrow cleft in the rear, which one man could defend against a nation. Once mounted upon the summit, the savages discovered they had committed a deplorable mistake, and must prepare for death, since the rifles in the hands of the Californians could knock them off in detail. A truce was proclaimed by the Americans, and a parley was called.

Some one able to confer with the Indians advanced to the foot of the majestic rock, and told them they were wholly in the power of their pursuers, and that it was worse than useless to resist. He proffered them the choice of three alternatives: either to continue the fight, and be picked off one after another; or to continue the truce, and perish from hunger; or to lock hands and plunge down from the boulder. The Indians were not long in choosing; they did not falter, or cry out, or whimper. They resolved to die like men. After consulting but a little while, they replied that they would lock hands and leap down from the rock.

A little time was granted them wherein to make themselves ready. They advanced in a line to the brow of the mighty boulder, joined their hands together, then commenced chanting their death-song, and the hoarse, deathly rattle floated down far and faint to the ears of the waiting listeners. For the last time they were looking upon their beloved valley of Eel River, which lay far beneath them in the lilac distance; and upon those golden, oat-covered, and oak-dappled hills, where they had chased the deer in happy days forever gone. For the last time they beheld the sweet light of the sun—that sun which the California Indian loves so well—shine down on the beautiful world; and for the last time the wail of his hapless children ascended to the ear of the Great One in heaven. As they ceased, and the weird, unearthly tones of the dirge were heard no more, there fell upon the little band of Americans a breathless silence, for even the stout hearts of those hardy pioneers were appalled at the thing which was about to be done. The Indians hesitated only a moment. With one sharp cry of strong and grim human suffering, which rang out strangely and sadly wild over the echoing mountains, they leaped down to their death.

HAWAIIAN FUN-BEAMS.

A MAN without a funny side to him is badly constituted from the beginning, or he is the victim of a subsequent morbid development. In either case the sum of his personal happiness is diminished, and he is necessarily less companionable than if he were something other than one-sided, and sober-sided at that. Doubtless the best type of character for this mixed and transient state of being is of the composite order: a harmonious blending of antagonisms. While there are crises of duty and of danger which call for sterner qualities, and which gird all the energies for sober, earnest work, there ought, also, to be place and play for the more sportive proclivities of a race of beings constituted with a natural sense of the ludicrous, and surrounded with so many materials of happiness. The dignity which is always girt up and on parade will not abide as long nor support itself so well as that which knows how at times to relax some of the severer constraints, and to be both amusing and amused. What in this respect is true of persons is as true of peoples. The nation that has no diaphragm, and that knows no holiday, is in danger of dying before its time.

While there are elements of sadness alike in the character and history of the Hawaiians, it is pleasant to persuade ourselves that the depleted population is not dying out for want of cheerfulness. They are pre-eminently a talkative people. With a language that is fluent rather than voluble, they experience the luxury of talking made easy. No jaw-breaking combination of consonants impedes the flow of speech. No rasping gutturals require that the average throat shall be coppered and copper-fastened before

venturing to give them utterance. No language is more readily learned, and none seems more thoroughly enjoyable to those using it. The most illiterate Kanaka talks as easily and as rapidly as either we or he can laugh. Talking is with him an amusement, a pastime. Not that it is a mere senseless chatter. The islanders are earnest and often eloquent talkers. Adepts in the use of sign language, expressing as much by the turning of the hand as the Frenchman expresses by the shrug of his shoulders, they throw the whole body, if not the whole soul, into their conversation. So characteristic, copious, and natural are their gestures, that a stranger to their language can often guess the subject of discourse from the motions they make.

A heavy-laden cloud or a water-spout coming up from the sea has burst upon the high hills back of Honolulu, and sent a freshet, the advance wave of which is several feet high, along the valley streams, sweeping away the bridges in its course. A bill is before the Parliament to rebuild the bridges, so that the finest carriage drive on the islands may again be available. A sturdy native from one of the rural districts has the floor, and, though we know not the import of a single word he utters, yet, from the perfect pantomime he is acting, we gather the drift of his argument, and appreciate the force of the jokes by which he is damaging the prospect for the passage of the bill, and jeopardizing the proposed improvement. Now he is painting the able-bodied peripatetic, shows how nimbly he can run down the bank, and jump across the stream, and bound up the other side. What need has he for a bridge? He is strongly insisting that the common

people who walk require no costly structure to bridge the streams, since at best a narrow foot-path might serve their purpose. And now he mimics the mounting of a steed, and shows you how the rider gallops and races along the highway; and you see with hardly less force than if you heard it his argument in favor of such a bridge as may suffice for the use of the country people, who come to the city on horseback and never in carriages. And now he rises to a higher reach of sign-language, and fairly revels in enacted sarcasm, as he pictures the helpless and proud aristocracy, partly native but chiefly foreign, riding in carriages. He holds in the horses, snaps the whip about their ears, raises a cloud of dust, describes the whirl and rumble of the wheels, the swaying of the vehicle, the pompous self-complacency of the occupants, and the airs of the beavered and banded driver, if it should chance to be a royal coach that is passing. In spite of yourself, you are almost convinced that the proposed improvement is an unjust and inequitable tax upon the poor, who need no such luxury, for the benefit of a worthless and pampered aristocracy, who can well afford to pay for their broad bridges and carriage-ways, if they must have them.

The argument has been streaked with fun, and intensified by natural and forceful acting which the most artistic and popular of comedians might envy. The grave assembly sways with laughter, and applauds the champion of popular rights; and, if some one on the other side has not the wit to outjoke him, they are ready to vote a heavy carriage-tax to pay for the new bridges. After once witnessing such an exhibition of native talent, one is in little danger of accepting the too common statement that there is no argument in sarcasm, and that wit is not logic; for eye and ear alike testify that sarcasm may be the most effective argument, and that

wit is often condensed and conclusive logic.

Though a peculiarly peaceable people, the loquacious Hawaiians are heroic in word-warfare. We see two, or a dozen, it may be, confronting one another in menacing attitude, gesticulating with the utmost violence, and pouring out a torrent of loud and uncomplimentary words. We tremble to think of the flow of blood and the crash of skulls which may at any moment result from this demonstration of wrath. But we are presently relieved when the explosion ends in smoke; for, with some timely joke, a by-stander or a party to the quarrel has made an end of controversy by putting the crowd in that happy mood of mind which makes logomachy a harmless amusement. One may live upon the islands a quarter of a century, and listen to countless noisy controversies, without ever seeing blood drawn or even a single blow struck. Indeed, one of the most amusing features of Hawaiian life crops out in this propensity to play fight just for fun. Nothing more ludicrous appears in the state-craft of the kingdom than the navy and standing army, which so largely tax the poor people to test their patriotism and tickle their vanity. Squads of regulars daily pass through the streets, with we forget what colored jackets, but with never-to-be-forgotten unmentionables of light buff, which we suspect is only a dusty degeneration of white, so tightly fitting, withal, that we conclude the fat-limbed Kanakas have been simply dipped in melted tallow, and not any otherwise clothed. To see this is to smile audibly, as you are reminded, that, if there is any thing more ridiculous in this world than military glory, it is militia glory.

The Hawaiian navy has seldom attained a magnitude beyond one small fore-and-after, with a couple of field-pieces threatening to sweep the high seas. But this pop-gun armament has been more than sufficient, since the weakness of

such a kingdom is its chief source of strength. None but a very ill-natured bully would, without great provocation, encroach upon the rights, or jeopard the integrity of so feeble a folk.

The grand military pageant of two or three companies of soldiers on parade at the opening or closing of Parliament, is quite as amusing to the foreigner as it is gratifying to the vanity of the soldiery then put on exhibition.

A fire department, which affords so many occasions for parade and display, is an efficient and well-filled force; and the native fireman finds it never difficult to obey the first and last precept of the department, the world over, to "keep a yelling all the while."

The popular love of fun and frolic is manifest, whether in aquatic sports—in which they excel, and in which both sexes engage, playing in the surf like so many sea-birds, for hours together—or in equestrian feats—where men, women, and children are equally at home—or in their fondness for those more common sports and amusements, in which, among us, children alone engage. At one time, crowds of young men and women may be seen on the sidewalks of the capital city, playing the one-legged game of hop-sotch. At another time, two or three generations are equally intent upon flying kites; and yet, again, they are hardly less generally engaged in playing marbles. But while, like full-grown children, they are fond of children's sports, they are seldom vexed at being beaten in the game, and are uniformly cheerful and good-humored in their recreations.

Aside from the superstitious and semi-heathen associations of some of their ancient athletic games, it may well be questioned whether any thing, either of dignity or healthfulness, has been gained by the substitution of foreign amusements. Certainly, running foot-races, jumping, pitching quoits, rolling the

round stone, hurling the javelin, and other exercises requiring a good eye and a powerful arm, favored physical development far more than do the lazy flying of kites and the groveling work of knuckling marbles.

The fun-loving proclivities of the Hawaiians appear in their readiness to nickname persons, places, and things. Few foreigners land upon those hospitable shores without having attached to them some characteristic name, more or less sportively hinting at their habits, manners, or personal appearance. Any peculiarity, such as largeness or littleness, a stride or a limping gait, a stooping of the shoulders, or a too thin thatching of the head, an affectation of style, a slovenly dress, or a neglect of any of the proprieties of life, may give occasion for the invention of some jocular phrase, by which the unconscious object of ridicule may be known all over the islands, and which shall cling to him as long as his memory lives among them.

A fair sample of this nick-naming propensity appears in the origin of the native name for the sugar-mill of Wilder's plantation, on the north side of Oahu. One of the Kanakas employed in digging the trench for the foundation of the mill had lost an eye; and, not being accustomed to use the spade, he followed each spadeful of earth thrown out by a needless motion of the head. As the natural result of thus frequently twisting his neck, it became very lame before night, when, with comical gravity, he used a native compound word, expressing the idea, "This is a regular old twist the neck;" and to this day that mill is known among the natives by the phrase signifying "Twist-the-neck Mill."

Nick-naming, like other habits, is catching, and foreigners who have long resided upon the islands are apt in this, as in other things, to fall into the native ways. An ex-sea captain, who was especially gifted in this line, and was known

to have a pet name for almost every body, one day received a call from King Kamehameha IV., that courtly gentleman, who, in personal presence and kingly bearing, compared favorably with any monarch of his time. The King inquired what nick-name the funny foreigner was accustomed to apply to him. "I should, of course, not venture to take such liberties with your Majesty," was the reply. "No, but I am sure you do not thus considerably pass me by when my back is turned. I am curious to know what you call me; and, I assure you, I have too much good sense to be offended at any play of your fancy, even if my name should not be very complimentary." "Well, then," said the quick-witted joker, who really never before had thought of nick-naming the King, "since you insist upon it, if I should venture to confer any odd title upon your Majesty, I should call you the Poi King;" whereat his Majesty, who had an ear for euphony, was greatly pleased.

The whims and oddities of the islanders in business affairs are comical enough, even where they do not purpose to be funny. Accustomed to bear burdens suspended from the extremities of a pole placed upon the shoulder, if they sell the live pig, bunch of bananas, or other article of merchandise suspended from one end, they place a stone in its stead, to balance the still unsold article at the other end. But odd as this seems to us, they find it easier to carry a double burden upon the shoulders than the single weight at arm's length. Their amusing device is, after all, hardly so senseless as many of the expedients to which more enlightened traders resort, to keep their balance.

A tricky native will often spend more time and ingenuity in attempts to defraud in weight or measure than it would cost to be honest, though it is doubtful if in that case he would enjoy it so well. Grass, which is a perennial supply, is

cut green, and daily brought to market in bundles about a foot and a half in diameter and six or seven feet long, from two to four bundles making a load for one man. These are often, with the greatest care, puffed out, to make bulk, and then, perhaps, a stone is nested in the centre, to make weight, when it would cost less to make honest bundles. Rather than take a few cents less per bundle, thus readily selling all four at once, they tenaciously insist upon the accustomed quarter of a dollar, and will carry their load back and forth for days till it spoils on their hands. The idea of quick sales and small profits has never yet found lodgment in the cranium of the common Kanaka. Let a person riding in the country offer a trifle less than the city's price for an article, and he will find that the owner makes no account of the time and labor of carrying it to market, but wants as much or more than he thinks he could get for it in the city. But this is no uncommon experience among those who regard themselves as higher in the scale of civilization than the Hawaiians. As with office-holders and others among us, it is there found much less difficult to raise the charge for any service than to reduce it again. Many years ago, a reckless foreigner, traveling upon the islands, offered \$5 to a native for taking a letter from the west end of Oahu to Honolulu, twenty-eight miles distant. Any native, having occasion to go, would gladly have taken it for twenty-five cents, and a dollar or two had been ample compensation for a special messenger. But to this day, we are told, \$5 is the price charged for carrying a single letter over that particular route, though you may put your letter in a covered pail and have both safely and promptly delivered for one-twentieth of that sum, if the messenger is ignorant of the fact that he is carrying a special mail. That same spendthrift foreigner so demoralized the natives on the island

of Kauai by the reckless manner in which he threw his money about on every hand, that the gathering of that year's crop on the sugar plantations was jeopardized and very considerable loss was sustained by the planters, since the native laborers could not be induced to work hard for money when it was distributed so freely for the most trifling service. But what is this but a fair sample of human nature the world over? Where Nature is most lavish of her golden treasures, or where successful speculation makes many rich without toil, the useful industries suffer.

Housekeepers are often amused at the cunning devices by which their Hawaiian servants seek to evade duty and to gain almost as many holidays as are claimed by the most devout Bidy, whose faith and works are apt to be in inverse ratio. There is often a vacancy in the cook-house (the kitchen is not a Hawaiian institution), because the cook has gone to attend the funeral of a near relative. You could calmly consent to the imposition of having him drafted to bury one father this week and another a week hence. But when you have spared him to bury six or eight fathers and as many mothers, not to take account of a dozen or two brothers and sisters, you think it time to look into this matter of near relationships, and to post yourself upon these novel laws of population. After a careful investigation, you find that the cunning culprit has only availed himself of the laxness prevailing among the tribes of Asia and Africa, as well as on the Pacific islands, where uncles are reckoned as fathers, aunts as mothers, and cousins as brothers and sisters. There was a time when it was hardly a matter for wonder that such relationships were somewhat obscure and slightly mixed.

By the way, it is remarkable what a fondness they have, in common with all the sun-kissed races, for finery and pa-

rade. This propensity crops out with comical emphasis on funeral occasions. Several years ago, a large society was formed in Honolulu, the chief end of which appeared to be the honoring of each defunct member with a first-class funeral. The men on such occasions were topped out with uncomfortable beaver hats, the women clad in rich and gay-colored dresses, both sexes wearing gay sashes. The coincidence, if not the result, was the remarkable increase of deaths among those who were ambitious to be thus highly honored by their associates. Ah, how many mortals are tempted to die for the sake of as transient an immortality! Strangely enough, this love of display and finery is the peculiar weakness of the women, who may almost any day be seen on the streets, clad in silk, satin, or rich woolen goods of scarlet, crimson, or solferino hue, and proudly striding along, bare-headed and bare-footed.

Though thoroughly in earnest in their religious devotions, they sometimes say and do things that seem amusing enough in the midst of their most serious services. We remember to have had our gravity disturbed by seeing a tall Kana-ka rise from his seat during the delivery of the most impressive part of the sermon, deliberately take aim over a knot-hole in the aisle, and spit through it without leaving a mark.

On another occasion, a woman, troubled with an itching of the back, relieved herself by inserting her umbrella under her capacious garments at the neck and using the handle as a scraper, vividly bringing to mind an incident in the early history of Yale College, as related to the writer by the venerable and serene President Day.

Soon after the Revolutionary War, when infidelity of the French type had inoculated the Americans, to whom English Churchism was then specially odious, President Dwight, who was strong

in Natural Theology, was lecturing to the Seniors on the wisdom and goodness of God in the structure of the human frame. He closed a climactic argument of great power with the triumphant challenge :

"The structure is absolutely perfect. Could any of you young gentlemen suggest a possible improvement?"

"I think I could," promptly responded a graceless chap, who had little reverence for his Maker or the President.

"You think you could? Well, what improvement would you suggest?"

"I think a third arm and hand would be convenient."

"And, pray, what would you wish to do with them?"

"Scratch my back, sir."

And so thought the Hawaiian woman, who used an umbrella for that purpose in church.

The first church service among the natives attended by the writer was notable for the comical scene in one act performed by the devout and truly excellent old deacon, Timoteo. During the singing just before sermon, at the close of the interlude, and just as the choir was about to strike the next verse, some one, in a quick, sharp voice, cried out, "*Maikai, maikai-loa!*" ("Good, very good!") Looking around, we discovered an old man, with a grimace upon his dusky face, who, during the playing of the interlude, raised his hands on a level with his head and gesticulated vigorously, making his hands fly over an imaginary key-board, and then again crying out as before. Supposing that he was either drunken or crazy, or both, we waited to see some church-officer eject him as an intruder and a disturber of the worship. But no one thought of ejecting the funny, but much-respected deacon. He was a privileged character in church that day; and any demonstrations of joy he might have made could well be tolerated; for the kind-hearted old man, having at his own expense given a musical education

to several promising boys, had some right to be ecstatic over the success which one of his *protégés* was achieving, in his first public performance upon the organ.

At another time and place, in a crowded church, we witnessed a performance quite as novel, and yet more ludicrous. Two aged women, both more than ordinarily beautiful — taking fat as the Hawaiian standard of beauty — sat on the front seat by one side of the pulpit. Presently, during sermon-time, one began with double fists to punch and pound the other in the back and shoulders. Instead of hitting back, the poundee seemed to enjoy the striking demonstration. A deacon, on the other side of the church, clad in dark pants, over which gracefully drooped the flaps of his only other garment — a gray-flannel shirt — seeing that one of the hearers was making more gestures than the preacher, passed over, as we supposed, to expel the Hitite. But, instead of this, he placed himself in front of the woman who had been so vigorously poked and pounded, and, while she confidently bowed her head against his breast, he doubled his fists and kneaded her fat and doughy back, as though it had been a batch of bread. The good old lady, having an attack of rheumatic pain and cramp in the back, was, by this sensible practice of *lomi-ing*, very soon relieved; and nobody but our company of foreign spectators appeared to think it a strange proceeding. As though this were not enough for one service, and that a solemn sacramental service, we were amused by the very odd and fantastic rig of one of the seventy-five or eighty persons that day received into the Church. For some reason, or without any reason, she chose to wear her coal-scuttle bonnet so inverted that her forehead was where her neck ought to have been. Her hat, if not her head, was turned; and we were left in doubt whether it was her

purpose to attract attention to her grotesque attire, or whether she had adapted her head-gear with special reference to convenience in the baptismal ceremony. Certainly, the officiating clergyman might have said to her, as the professor said to the student who so obsequiously pulled off his crownless hat and placed it under his arm, "You have no need to take it off." It was itself a take-off.

We should remember, however, that there are exceptional cases, even in the rural districts. It is commonly true, that, in conformity to what good sense and good taste require, the Hawaiian assemblies compare favorably with those in other civilized States. The common people have a growing sense of the fitness of things; and they are quite keen in discerning the faults of foreigners who offend against their own standard of propriety. The day has passed when a man could be seen stalking proudly into church with a broad-brimmed hat and a pair of thick-soled boots—simply these and nothing more.

Though not deficient in good common sense and in quickness of apprehension, the Hawaiians afford us samples of the wit of stupidity, which might be taken for genuine Hibernianisms. The notable suggestion of that thick-headed sage, the Governor of Kauai—which has before appeared in print—is a case in point. The schooner on which he, with many others, had taken passage from Kauai to Oahu, had in the night passed to the northward of the latter island; and, after many days of wandering on the broad Pacific, till the provisions were exhausted and all hands were reduced to the necessity of living on the cargo of sugar, a council was held to decide upon the best course to take to reach a port and escape starvation; when the venerable Governor suggested, that, if they were really lost, the best thing they could do was to go back to where they started from.

Laughably simple was the argument of the native preacher, who, while eloquently urging the people decently and with religious ceremony to deposit their dead in public cemeteries, and no longer continue the heathen custom of keeping their encoffined friends in their own dwellings, or burying them in their gardens, or hiding them away in some lonely place among the hills: "It is not respectful toward God," said he, "thus to put him to so much needless trouble in the resurrection, compelling him to go about and find and gather up the bones of your friends; when you might just as well have placed them in some more convenient place, where he could easily find them.

We laugh at this limited view of Divine knowledge and power; but who has not, at some time in life, heard more learned preachers as absurdly blunder, when speculating about the unknown and the unknowable?

The blunders of the Hawaiians, in their early efforts to use English—which is so much more difficult than their mother tongue—are hardly more laughable than the first attempts of foreigners to air their Hawaiian.

An English-speaking foreigner, having been invited by the missionary-pastor of one of the largest churches on the islands to address the great assembly of worshipers, somewhat playfully illustrated the awkward attempts at religious progress which some of them might be making by the old story of the boy in America, who in winter was late at school, and who, on being called to account for his tardiness, said it was so very slippery that every time he stepped forward one step he slipped back two. On being asked how, then, he could get there at all, he quickly replied, "I should not, only I happened to think, and turned round and tried to go the other way."

All this, and much more, was translated by the worthy missionary, he back-

ing up in the pulpit and acting off the progress of the boy, who was such a backslider that he could only reach his destination by attempting to go the other way. During the subsequent week, a composition was read by a hopeful young Hawaiian, in a school for teaching natives English. The following literal extract from that document is so superlatively funny that the reader can have no difficulty in seeing where the laugh comes in:

"Much I could go same that boy which the minister recite the last Sabbath, were going to school, and snow spread on the ground, that boy could go fast. Then he turn his back forward and he go fast quick he can because only rison he going so, when he going just same before one step forward then he slip two steps backward, he going same way. He thought he could go faster that what is he turn *his backward* before and how quick he go as well as he going front."

An American physician was not a little amused at receiving a well-written note in English from a very intelligent native, requesting him to visit his sick family without delay; adding, as a motive, "I will pay you *behind*." The physician remarked that he had many patients who paid him *behind*; but none had before been honest enough to declare a purpose so to pay him.

Though this is hardly the place for the discussion of such a closely contested question, it is worthy of remark that the planters, as well as the missionaries, very generally, take issue with the newcomers—who are wondrously wise about such matters—respecting the importance of teaching the natives English. They claim, on historical and philosophical grounds, that loyalty to the vernacular is the best method of preserving a distinct national identity. And they assert, as the result of an almost uniform experience, that the natives who get a mere

smattering of English learn only just enough to swear by, and are thenceforth of little service for any industrial purpose, being puffed up with the notion that this accomplishment exalts them above the masses, and fits them for the position of bosses and sub-overseers.

It can not be denied, however, that a few of the chiefs and others, who have been thoroughly instructed in English, at the Royal School and at the Oahu College, have learned to speak the language very correctly, and are able to hold rank in the best society.

Prince William, one of the highest chiefs in the Kingdom, is as quick-witted and as ready at repartee in English as in Hawaiian. A few years ago, the somewhat pompous and patronizing French Minister, at a royal reception, turned toward Prince William, and—having for the moment forgotten his name, yet wishing officially to recognize him—said, "And your name is, —?"—pausing for a reply. At once, the Prince—who did not care to be patronized—threw himself into a theatrical attitude, and, with a capital rendering of his apt quotation, replied: "My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock; a frugal swain." Nobody could more thoroughly enjoy than did he the confusion of the courtly Frenchman, who knew too little of English literature to comprehend the force of the extract which so much amused the by-standers.

A kind-hearted clergyman, earnestly endeavoring to dissuade a high chief from the indulgence of his intemperate habits, was balked by the quick repartee in good English: "I am obliged to you, sir, for the interest you take in my affairs. But consider the fitness of things: every man to his calling. You, sir, plead in the pulpit; and I *practice at the bar!*"

But better than any of these examples of Hawaiian wit was the reply of the

shrewd native guide who accompanied us on our trip in the great crater of Kilauea. One of the party, being crippled, had to be carried on the backs of the native guides down the precipitous sides of the crater and over some three miles of its black lava-floor, before coming to the open, burning lake. Through the cracks and seams of this pavement of the pit steamed up the hot and noxious gases from the fires below; and often on our course we were compelled to deviate from direct lines of travel, to avoid recent outflows of lava, which had burst through the crust on which we were walking. Reaching, at length, the open lake, and standing, for a time, awe-stricken upon its crazy shore, we saw great jets of lava shoot upward, the quickly forming crust—like ice-cakes—breaking against the trembling sides, and the great waves of fire dashing their spray high up on the rocks. Though a hundred feet above the surface of the molten sea, the heat was intense, and the glare from the surging mass of liquid fire was a severe test of the soundest optic nerves; nor could the bravest divest themselves of the thought, What if some sudden convulsion should precipitate the cliff on which we are standing into that awful abyss! We had stood silent and spell-bound on the fearful brink, contemplating, for an hour or two, the terrible grandeur of the scene, when our lame friend—taking a humorous view of the special danger of the situation to one so helpless—turned to the guide, and, with simulated gravity, said:

“If anything happens here to harm us, or if a sudden outflow of lava should threaten to cut off our retreat, you must not run off, like a coward, and leave me. You brought me here, and you must see me safe back.”

The sentence was scarcely finished,

when, with a twinkle of fun in his eye, the witty native replied:

“O no. You very good man; God get you. I run like the devil.”

Seldom, if ever, has a heartier shout of laughter gone up from the borders of that burning lake; and none enjoyed the joke more fully than the helpless victim of it, who was thus called upon to make a practical application of a faith which the half-reconstructed heathen confessed could not prevent him from running.

The sources from which to draw such rambling sketches of the humorous side of Hawaiian character are almost exhaustless. We stop because of other limitations than lack of material. Nor can we cease from this pleasant task of catching these few “Fun-beams” from the sunny, mid-ocean isles, without giving one example of wit not wanting in gravity, so eloquent and classical withal, that it had not done dishonor to the noblest Roman, lamenting the decline of the Empire. We were visiting the Royal Tomb, and reverently looking upon the gorgeous coffins which held the remains of monarchs and chiefs, who had once held absolute sway in those gems of the Pacific Sea—some of whom, more illustrious than the great warrior-king, Kamehameha I., had been valiant champions for the Truth, and had helped to achieve one of the most notable moral revolutions of modern times. As we stood there, surrounded by the mortal remains of those whose lives had spanned the great gulf between Barbarism and Civilization, a gray-haired chief, who had himself witnessed this change, and was one of the noblest survivors of a royal race, said, with touching emphasis:

“Alas, all our great men and women are gone! Foreigner, you have come too late!”

THE VICTORY AT FORT FISHER.

WHEN, as a school-boy, I used to read that "then Cæsar crossed his entire army into cis-Alpine Gaul and went into winter-quarters," I felt the relief of winter-quarters greatly. It was the end of a chapter, and consequently of the day's lesson, and release, for twenty-four hours, at least, from wearisome soldiering in a dead language. In later days of actual warfare and the wearisome campaigns of autumn, I learned a new significance in winter-quarters. Know, O future school-boy!—son, perhaps, of the coming New Zealander—who wearisomely translates these lines, that winter-quarters are more blessed to receive than to read about. Then Virginia roads are quagmires impassable; then flood, and frost, and snow, and ice, combine to form a danger more formidable than the enemy: artillery can not move; baggage, commissary, and ammunition-wagons must halt; human nature—even horse and mule nature—must avoid the exposure of an American winter, and seek for shelter. Winter-quarters, then, are quarters of some transient permanence, of some comfort, of certain plenty and warmth. Earth-works shelter from the enemy, and log-walls shelter from the weather; chimneys are built, and fires crackle with the luxuriance of forests of free fuel. The Commissary Department becomes systematized into great efficiency by the fixed point of its delivery; mails, and news, and parcels from the North begin to flow more surely and steadily to the army as the route becomes worn smooth by custom, and sutlers practice extortion in newer and broader fields. But, greater than all, leaves of absence and furloughs are granted, and granted liberally. What

sight of land is, after a long sea-voyage; what recovery is to a sick man; what pardon is to a criminal—this, or something like this, a leave of absence is to a soldier. Blessed were the fifteen days in which to leave desolation and the army behind, and look once more upon inhabited houses, fields unravaged, fair cities, womanhood, friends, home! Back again then with new uniforms, and new resolves, and new hearts and hopes.

Out of the slime and pestilence of Dutch Gap Canal, and beyond the field of unburied dead at Newmarket Heights, came visions of the rude comforts of the winter log-camps, and the sweet and blessed prospect of the week's run to the North. And; in spite of the fine weather of the first days of December, 1864, the dreams and hopes of many blossomed into fruition and fact. From the Weldon Railroad to the cavalry outposts at Chaffin's Bluff—along the whole of the vast intrenched line—there began now to be daily departures northward.

But all leave-applications from one or two brigades of the Army of the James seemed unaccountably to come to naught in official pigeon-holes, or to be returned with the hackneyed "exigencies of the service." And just as this striking proof of official ill-will toward the excluded brigades became fairly noticeable, the explanation came in the embarkation of these troops on the first Fort Fisher expedition. Then the sea-tossing and the winter-quarters off Cape Hatteras; the failure and the return; the debarkation at the old landing-place, and the march by night through ice, and mud, and water to the desolate old camping-grounds.

One day to shake off the sea, to scour

the salt rust off musket-barrels, to drain the water out of the camp-hollows, to build up again the fallen huts and chimneys; another, to write in due form, with the necessary military persiflage, the inevitable application for a leave; then to lobby it through, waiting in General's ante-chambers, and button-holing the beleaguered Adjutant with explanations of its real necessity. Two days only of actual foot-hold on the firm earth, when all aspirations for the sweet North are rudely nipped by blank refusal of all applications, and the substitution of the ruder order to "march in two hours."

This came on the third of January, 1865, and to the same troops that had landed from the first expedition late on the last night of the old year. All granted leaves—if any had been granted—were countermanded, and before sunset we were again marching over the now frozen ground toward the landing at Bermuda. In the interval, General Butler had been relieved from command of the Army of the James, but so promptly were we pushed forward and embarked that we only fairly learned our new commander's name when we were on board the transports. It is worthy of remark that we went at once on board of the sea-going steamers, so that the delay of the transshipment at Old Point was avoided at the outset.

On the fifth, we passed Fortress Monroe with hardly a pause, and in the night steamed out through the gates of the Chesapeake into the stormy sea.

Winter reigned in triumph on the ocean, and for a week, at least, after passing capes William and Henry, the wind blew in a prolonged and furious gale. All the terrors of Hatteras were in the ascendant, and our winter-quarters were stormy and comfortless. An age of misery was compressed into a week of sea-sickness, as we almost vainly strove to buffet our way round the cape of storms. Cloudy skies, angry

seas! this was the only prospect we could see, in the few and far-between intervals of our escapes from the nauseous cabin to the quarter-deck.

But the seemingly endless struggle had its end at last. On the night of the eleventh, we had conquered the cape, and were running smoothly into the familiar offing of Beaufort Harbor. Here we rendezvoused simply, not now needing the refitting that the former expedition required. General Terry only waited to find his whole force about him, and sailed before noon of the twelfth. It was a grand and inspiring sight to see the long lines of vessels; the placid beauty of sea and sky banished seasickness and roused our hopes. The transport vessels sailed in a single line, each in the wake of its predecessor; the naval fleet formed two lines, one on each side of the transports—the three together stretching away to the southward with a perspective convergence somewhere at the horizon: a grand display of naval beauty, and symmetry, and power.

It is but a short sail from Beaufort to the mouth of Cape Fear River; we finished the run early in the night, and lay to for daylight. The navy meanwhile got herself into position, and turned her iron muzzles toward the fort—"her guns all shotted and her tompions out." The daylight found all ready, and wind and weather fairly beautiful—mild, balmy, and soft as spring.

This time—taught by the experience of a former effort—all the boats of the naval and transport vessels were put into the service of disembarking the infantry, while a few of the iron-clads and monitors drew near the great serrated mass of Fort Fisher, and opened a majestic and leisurely cannonade to cover the landing and smother any effort from the fort to thwart our purpose. The boats, on approaching the line of surf, threw out small anchors and grapnels, and then let themselves wash shorewards on the

wave that was rushing to break on the beach. When the undertow began to recede, one of the sailors jumped into the water and held the boat's stern against the seaward wash, while the armed passengers climbed over the sides into the knee-deep water, carrying knapsacks and the sacred ammunition high up on fixed bayonets, and ran for the shore, chased by the crested advance of the succeeding billow. No time to hesitate, after once leaving the boat; those who paused a moment, to square themselves for the run, or to settle their top-heavy muskets, were likely to pay for it in the souse of the approaching wave. On the dry, warm sand of the beach we emptied the water out of our shoes and wrung it out of the saturated lower garments, leaving them in the bright sunlight to dry, while we sat and watched the continued disembarking. This was exciting and amusing sport. The troops were evidently not of those who pass their summers at Newport or Long Branch, and they consequently brought to the disembarking an ignorance of the manners and customs of ocean waves that made the scene delightful and ludicrous. "Jump now," cautioned Jack, when the undertow was running out and the water at its shoalest; but many jumped so carefully and slowly that they were only fairly over the boat's side when the next wave had deepened the water to their necks or eyes. The presence of the unexpected is irritating to the actor in any such scene, but vastly amusing to the spectator. To step carefully into knee-deep water and find it suddenly somewhere over head and ears is unpleasant to experience, but very funny to see; or funnier still the complaisant pause of one unsuspecting of the coming rush of the liquid wall behind him, and the sudden upsetting of dignity and all hope of a dry landing by the blow of a wave that breaks about him and rolls him in toward the shore in its mass of foaming suds. The

laughter grew into a roar that rivaled the noise of the breaking waves, and the landing became a scene of merriment that would have done no discredit to the jolliest of picnics. A picnic it was, too, in the feast of oysters furnished by the salt pool behind the beach; in the delight of being on firm earth, after one week off Hatteras; in the bright sunshine and beautiful weather; the grand naval display, with its holiday of bunting; the smooth and shelving beach; the rolling waves, and the swimming boats.

Before the troops were all landed, small fires of drift-wood were crackling everywhere, coffee was boiling, and oysters roasting. By the middle of the afternoon, every infantryman was on shore, and from basking on the beach we were roused to the serious business of our presence on that coast. Regiments were gathered out of the chaos, rolls were called, and work began. The fort seemed close at hand, though really four miles away; but we were in such full view, and made so much martial display with regimental colors and the glitter of burnished musket-barrels in the sunlight, that we wondered at the silence of the enemy and his apparent indifference to our proceedings. But with all our parade before him not a shot was bowled at us over the smooth beach from the sullen, silent walls.

The beach was perhaps two hundred yards wide, then came about two hundred more of the salt-marshy pool, beyond which were the tall pines of the forest, with its undergrowth of tangled vines and thorny bushes. With as broad a front as the beach gave us room for, we finally put the column of General Paine's division in march toward the fort—skirmishers in advance. About a mile of progress brought us to the head of the salt-pool, and to the hour of sunset, as well. Here we turned away from the sea and marched to the right, into

the darkness of the forest and the coming night. It was a low forest, full of the alternate grassy hummocks and wet places of a marsh, with a tangled mass of vines and bushes. Our column front became strung out to a single file, winding with difficulty among trees and thickets, turning away from the deeper pools and fallen logs. It was hard to keep trace of the leader or to hold on to the points of compass, but we struggled on in the darkness, till, exhausted with the hard tramp, dripping with perspiration, and torn with thorns, we at last felt the sand growing firmer and drier under our feet. The line of struggling men, too, began to close up somewhat more compactly. At last, a gleam of open water through the trees, and the line soon compacted itself into a halt. We were on the bank of Cape Fear River.

The Cape Fear flows nearly parallel with the coast-line of the ocean for some twenty miles or more above its mouth. At the point where we struck it—three miles above Fort Fisher—it was about a mile across from sea to river.

Our line was made as straight as the swampiness of the ground permitted, and faced toward Wilmington. A mile farther down, the division under General Ames was facing toward the fort and intrenching. At the order to intrench, we fell to, with coffee-cups for shovels, and very soon had a mass of the soft sand put into semblance of an earth-work. But at midnight our left was thrown somewhat farther back, where a higher part of the river bank gave a more defensible position; and here an allowance of shovels—landed wisely by some how-to-do-it quartermaster—was dealt out, and the new line of earth-works soon became really formidable. Logs were gathered and staked into position for a revetment, and the sand was soon banked against it. A buzz of industry all along the line, lasting through the whole night, and by morning we had

a line too formidable and too well protected by abattis to be rashly attacked. Strolling up and down the length of the growing line in the chill moonlight, from the placid expanse of the broad, bay-like river to where the surf was breaking on the sea-beach, we found a universal industry. Even the landing-boats were still at work, ferrying through the surf, and piling the beach with stores of ammunition and provisions. Batteries of artillery were landed in the morning, and during the forenoon were got into position on the new lines.

So far we had let the fort severely alone, paying our whole attention to the establishment of a permanent foothold on the peninsula, and securing it against the possible attack of the enemy, and the chances of starvation. The position also gave us an outlook over the river, but the ship-channel was too near the western shore of the broad river to be under the command of our field-guns.

The warmth and brightness of the next day—the fourteenth—atoned for the coldness of the night, soothing many of the night-laborers into comfortable sleep under the blaze of sunlight. The whole day was taken up with the further landing of provisions, ammunition, and artillery, and in completing and improving the lines. Weariness and a feeling of security in the finished works made the day for the troops one of comparative rest. We relapsed into lazy criticism, which, though this time favorable to the steps so far taken, inclined to discredit the theory of an intended assault upon the fort. It was argued, that, in occupying the peninsula, we were cutting off the fort from the land of its friends, and effectually extinguishing the Wilmington blockade-running. What more could the fall of Fort Fisher accomplish? This was fallacious reasoning, however, which hardly satisfied its authors, and which the next day's work disproved.

Next morning it fell to my lot to have

charge of the picket-line. My instructions from General Terry were to take charge of the pickets from the ocean on the right over to the river-bank, thence down the river-bank to the picket-line of General Ames' division, and, in case of an advance by that division, to fill up the gap in the river picket-line.

The warmth of spring was in the balmy air, and the tramp from the beautiful beach, through the resinous pines, was thoroughly enjoyable. No sign of any enemy in the Wilmington front; nothing but the beauty of the thorn-bushes, the brightness of the sunshine, and the peaceful chirrup of birds. But from below came the gradually increasing thunder of the great naval guns opening their iron shower once more upon the doomed fort. Turning down the river-bank, I passed across the end of our new intrenchments with the garrison of colored troops, and on down the narrowing peninsula. The river-bank was six feet or more above the water, and the soil almost wholly white sea-sand. The pines dwindled into shrubs, with thorn-thickets in marshy places; and these again into bare, grassless ridges of sand, and shallow pools of water. A country road on the river-bank ran apparently to the fort, though it was of older date, as several shabby Southern houses—one or two with some faint trace of small fields, as if agriculture had once spaded up the sand—stood along it. Strolling down the sandy road, I could see the masts of the naval fleet, the notched ridge of Fort Fisher, and then the hulls of vessels and squat turrets of the monitors, rise alternately above the low land; while on the right the placid expanse of river reflected the glare of sunshine. Near the farther shore were several steam-tugs busy moving to and fro between the various defenses of the river's mouth. But most attractive to the eye was the grandeur and beauty of the great naval fleet, her flags lazily flapping in the

soft air, and her black guns putting forth their strength of destruction against the sandy fortress.

The uproar of the cannonade kept sea and shore in a tremor, which was fainter or stronger as lighter or heavier guns were discharged. And occasionally a jar like an earthquake shook the ground as the enormous guns of the iron-clads, lying very near the shore, gave tongue. The huge projectile itself was quite visible, leaping from the rolling masses of smoke at the gun's muzzle, through its deliberate rush to the end of its flight—an explosion near the fort, or silent burial in the soft sand. The noise of its slow passage through the air was a deep, hoarse roar that drowned the shriller scream of the smaller missiles.

From the constant noise and jar of the firing and the screaming of the flying shells, the volumes of gunpowder smoke, the movement of troops on the shore, it was evident, that, for better or worse, the metal of Fort Fisher was to be put to a genuine test. The navy had got to work in terrible earnest, and had apparently extinguished the feeble effort of the fort to reply. But, though silent and sullen, the Rebel flags still fluttered, and the walls loomed huge and formidable through the smoke-clouds. Once before the impregnable aspect alone of the great sand-pile had driven off her foes, but now a new commander had brought back the same troops, and his reputation depended on his not blenching at a horrid front. A trial was to be made, and at once.

On approaching still nearer, I began to pass lines of men in battle array, but seated on the ground while waiting the order to advance. They were chatting and laughing indifferently, behaving, as troops before a battle always do behave, as far as my observation goes—that is, doing anything except indulging in the heroics of a grand moment or the prayers of an awful one. Passing down,

still nearer, and where now and then a *wide* shot from the ships exploded over their shore allies, I reached a low line of rifle-pits, where were more soldiers, still busy with cards or luncheon, and indifferent to the coming moment. From near the end of this line of works, another rifle-pit line ran over toward the sea, and at right-angles with the road and the first line. At the angle was a square, inclosed redoubt of sand, Rebel-built. The nearer end of the hostile fort—where it touched the river—was perhaps eight hundred feet from this redoubt. The peninsula here was very low—merely a beach—and less than half a mile from sea to river. In the sand-redoubt I found General Terry, the commander of our troops, with his staff, and General Ames, the latter just about to push on with his division to the assault.

With this grand war-drama about to open before my eyes, it was impossible to resist the excitement of the moment, or the desire to see the opening of the assault; so I prolonged my duties at the lower extremity of my line of river-pickets.

A brigade—that of Curtis, the same that had thrown its skirmishers on the slope of the fort on the former expedition—now led the way. The skirmishers had crept up as close to the fort as the naval fire permitted, and were now lying in hastily-scraped holes in the sand, and the brigade-line was behind the low bank of a ditch, a little in their rear.

A signal-flag fluttered in the redoubt, and the hail of naval shells swung obediently away from the nearer end of the fort and concentrated on the great angle farther down. Then, amid shouts of command, and with a cheer, Curtis's men rose from their ditch and rushed forward; and the skirmish-line seemed to reach the stockade of logs at the edge of the ditch.

At the same time a band of men in

naval uniform, brilliantly led by officers conspicuous in gold-banded caps, dashed forward from the left of Curtis's line of infantry. All of this advance movement was met by a fierce rattle of musketry, and the angry crash of cannister from field-pieces, which fired through the port-holes of the stockade. The sullen and hitherto silent walls now swarmed with gray uniforms.

Before this discharge the naval party—which bore the brunt of it, being more directly in its front—melted away into a few figures of men flying through the sulphurous smoke, and a few more lying motionless on the beach. But the infantry brigade was only checked, and was soon returning the fire of the fort, from the hastily extemporized shelter of sand-holes. "Put in Pennypacker's brigade," I heard General Terry say to his Adjutant; and the new line soon moved forward and joined the rest. Under their increased fire, another move forward was made, which brought the assault to the log stockade at the scarp of the ditch.

This log-work was originally a formidable defense, consisting of a close fence of upright tree-trunks, of six or eight inches in diameter and eight or ten feet in height. Outside of this, torpedoes had been buried in the soft sand. But the rain of naval shells had cut the wires connecting the latter with the electric batteries in the fort, and had breached and shattered the logs so that the volunteer axe-men had little trouble in cutting a passage for the assault. Enough of *débris*, however, remained to break up such symmetry of brigade formation as the hurried advance and the enemy's fire had left. As the troops neared the fort, the line of naval fire, and the resistance of the enemy, as well as the natural obstacles of the ground, narrowed their objective point to the upper, or river-end, of the fort-wall. And this narrowing, of course, compressed the wings of each brigade to its centre,

and the two brigades themselves together. In the crash and uproar of the battle, and the enthusiasm of the advance, the men shouldered their way forward with little regard to the regimental formation. The result was, a crowd of men pouring through the log obstacles into the ditch, cheering and impetuous, but with no longer any visible military formation. Such a crowding together would have been a terrible exposure to the hostile fire, and fatal to the assault, under ordinary circumstances; but, from where I stood, two causes seemed to operate in our favor.

In a scientifically built fort, the ditch is, of course, no place for the attacking party: a bastion, or flank-wall, is always arranged to enfilade it; and, in the present instance, the bastion was duly placed and properly armed to rake and harrow with lead and iron all points of the ditch. But the immense scale of Fort Fisher had removed this threatening bastion more than a quarter of a mile from the present point of attack; so the navy could rain shells upon it during the whole of the assault, without endangering our troops in the ditch. Practically, the naval fire silenced the flanking bastion—not wholly, of course, but the scattering fire from it was a small matter to the men who had just passed through a far deadlier one.

The second apparent cause of safety was the vertical immensity of the fort. The great height of the work, and its width of parapet—several times the length of the muskets leveled over it—gave a wide space at its foot which was below any possible line of fire coming from its top.

Partially sheltered, then, at the very foot of the fort, both from direct fire and enfilading bastion, our troops gathered in the ditch, and, reassured by their safety, began with wild cheers to swarm up the green slope of the fort itself. It was an exciting moment. Regimental

pride—nothing shows a soldier's spirit more strongly—animated the broken mass of men, in the rough clamber up the slope; and a rush of color-bearers led the way, in the ambition to be first on the parapet.

A fierce outburst of musketry greeted the first heads that rose above the level of the fort; and at least one flag and its bearer rolled down the slope into the ditch. But the fort-wall once gained, the assaulters are as much protected by it as the garrison; and so our men made some sort of foothold on the slope, and delivered over the parapet as fierce a fire as they received. They were thus burning powder close in each other's faces. Burrowing for foothold, and firing steadily over the bank, the character of the battle changed from the wild, dashing assault to a steady deliberation of attack, until the inspiration of the hitherto unbroken success, and regimental rivalry, once more urged the men forward another step, which turned the wavering balance against the Rebels.

Like a vessel divided into bulkhead compartments, Fort Fisher is divided into many separate compartments by traverses. These are earth-walls standing at right-angles with the fort, and rising some eight feet or more higher than the parapet. Their object is to protect the gunners from a flank fire. Between the traverses are the gun-platforms and guns, with separate *ramps* and stairs from the parade-ground inside. Each compartment mounts one or two large *barbette* guns, besides holding two or three hundred infantrymen.

The assault was directed only against the two compartments nearest the river-end of the fort; but the Rebel fire was delivered not only from the troops in these compartments, but from all the rest in range, and from the tops of the traverses on the left.

The soldierly ambition of one or two color-bearers is the cause of their dis-

covery of ragged hollows on the tops of the two nearest traverses; and, with a simultaneous rush, they push upward, and plant their flags above the heads of the Rebel troops. A dozen or more men follow them, and fill the shell-hollows, from which they open fire downward upon the Rebels in the two compartments. This was the grandest and most stirring moment of the fight. The regimental flags floating in the battle-smoke, close above the heads of the Rebel garrison, and the daring of the men, who, though few in numbers, were able to disconcert the defenders with the plunging fire from their elevated position on the traverses—it was almost hand-to-hand business! This new fire from above checked the direct fire of the Rebels; and the slackening was at once taken advantage of by the assaulting troops, who sprang on the parapet, with ringing cheers, and poured over it to the gun-platforms, among the now passive Rebels. The first two compartments were thus surrendered. And presently, one or two hundred unarmed Rebels came filing down the outer slope of the fort, through the ditch and stockade, and across the sandy plain, running and crowding, under the whizzing of shells and bullets, back toward the sandy road—two or three armed Federals in charge. These were prisoners of war—the garrison of the captured compartments. The garrison of the third compartment, which soon fell into our hands, escaped into the fourth.

Hitherto the attack had been against a small part of the fort, but directed full in front. The capture of the first three compartments changed the direction of attack toward the left, and still more narrowed the objective to the depth of the traverses. In an ordinary case, the capture of any part of a fort would have given the victors command of the whole interior—in other words, would have been its immediate fall—unless, indeed, the

garrison was strong enough to retake it. Here, however, the victors found the interior untenable, both because of a fire opened from an interior rifle-pit line, and because the great siege-guns mounted on the other face of the fort were reversed and brought into play against the captured flank. And this fire grew more effective, as further captures unmasked more guns. As fast, then, as our troops captured any part of the wall, they had to abandon its interior themselves, and, still clinging with insecure foothold on the outside of the slope, to edge their way along, delivering a left-oblique fire, scrambling over on reaching the shelter of a traverse, climbing up this higher perch, and, at last, delivering over it a downward and direct fire that was beautifully effective.

Slowly and obstinately the Rebels yielded traverse after traverse, compartment after compartment, to the dash, enthusiasm, and soldierly spirit of their enemies. The courage of the first assault was admirably supplemented by the persistent, bull-dog tenacity of the assaulting troops all through the long afternoon. Wounded men only came straggling back over the sands; and these spoke exultingly, in spite of their pain and loss of blood.

The roar of naval fire—as its area of action became lessened by the continued success—gradually gave way to the deadlier crash of musketry. The shouting, too, lessened, as the work became hotter, and both sides settled to the business. With the slackening of the naval fire, the great bastion at the angle grew freer to offer resistance; the reversed guns of the inlet-face of the fort, and the rifle-pit line inside, found more area to play upon. So the work grew harder, and the progress slower. The Rebels gained by the concentration—their artillery swelling a louder and louder roar, as our naval fire grew faint. Then they turned assaulters, and dashed at the near-

est traverse in our hands. Then came a time when, for hours, the battle made no progress either way. Here, perhaps, the wavering balance might have been turned against the jaded assaulters by a leader of nerve, with a soldierly eye for the supreme moment. The ring of the old "Rebel yell," with an attack of real force and obstinacy, might have thrown back the assaulters with an impetus that should carry them entirely away from the fort—into defeat. But it was not to be, though anxiety and doubt clouded the brilliancy of the first success for a time, and the soldiers lost their elation, and with it not a little of their fighting force.

Somewhere about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the obstinate fight looked dubious, a distant sound of startling omen came to my ears: a sound of firing from the north. Absorbed as I was in the terrible game in front, I was alive enough to the responsibility of my position, as commander of the picket-line, to hear this sound, which was probably inaudible to all other ears at Fort Fisher. An outburst of musketry from the north was to me an attack from Wilmington upon my northern picket-line—an attempt to force our northern line of works across the peninsula. And this, too, coming at the critical hour when the assault at the fort had slackened to a stand-still, and the exhausted men were losing heart.

Turning to the northward with reluctant haste and anxious forebodings, I ran ankle-deep through the loose sand, which was dotted and spattered with grape-shot and bullets—too full of the new danger to *dodge* the whirring missiles; past skirmish-holes, rifle-pit lines, and sand redoubts; out of fire at last, and among extemporized hospitals and busy surgeons, and the *corral* of rebel prisoners; and so, hot and breathless, up the country road. But no more firing sounded from the north; it was absolutely still

in that direction. This was so reassuring that I slackened my pace as I came among the pines; and, presently, coming upon the idle groups of Negro soldiers lolling about the rear of their unscathed breastworks, I knew, at last, that General Hoke had made no impression upon them.

However, the picket-line might be broken, and the works therefore unguarded; so I hurried on to the left group of pickets, next the river-bank. The first station was unbroken—indeed almost unconscious of any attack; the second reported firing, but had seen no enemy; and so the report grew, until, near the middle of the line, I got exaggerated particulars, and found the break in the line. The last group had seen a line of Rebels—or they said so—and had returned their fire and held their station-pit, although the next two or three—in among the thickets of a swamp—had been captured, and were still occupied by Rebels. This last report seemed more than doubtful, though, if true, the stations were unapproachable, hidden as they were in swamp and thicket, without certainty of capture. But from the beach-end of the line the way was clearer. Hastening back to the works, and passing rapidly down among the lazy coffee-boilers, till the firm beach and rolling wave-line were reached, a squad was soon got together, and we began to trace up the picket-line once more—the same story growing more distinct till it ended at the broken line again. But it was now an easy matter to skirmish through the swamp; and we soon found a line of three or four deserted picket-stations. These we re-garrisoned, and left behind us a continuous chain of pickets.

This was the whole of Hoke's attack from the north—if indeed it was an attack at all, and not a mere escape by a small squad of cavalymen. But it was militarily correct in every respect,

except force, and could hardly have come at a wiser moment. But its feebleness was so striking that it did us good service in showing how little we had to fear from that quarter, and that it was possible to reinforce the troops at the fort from the idle defenders of the north line. And so—thanks to General Hoke—fresh men aided the tired soldiers in the fight; and freshening musketry told of the tightening of the Federal grip upon Fort Fisher.

The darkness of night had come upon us while busy in the swamp-jungles, and prolonged our work until a late hour, before the line was made whole again, and the details and reliefs properly arranged and provided for. And it was still later when, at last, we got back to the lines and could rest, watching the belated moon rising over the water. And still the angry crash of musketry came swelling up from the fort; and the constant flashing glimmered like heat-lightning.

Presently came an order to collect shovels to be sent to the fort; and, as we busied ourselves about it, there was a new sound from below—a sound like a distant cheer—and again the same sound from the water, as if the sailors on the fleet were cheering. The mus-

ketry, too, had lulled—was now, at last, silent; and the heat-lightning glimmered no more. What was it? At once, the southern sky seemed full of rockets and many colored lights; and, as the showers of red, white, and blue stars fell into the sea, we knew that the navy was proclaiming *Victory!*

Victory!—and we proclaimed it, too, bursting into full-throated sympathy, in the contagion of rejoicing, till sea and shore, and the tall, solemn pines, echoed back wilder and heartier cheering than had ever before disturbed a midnight at Federal Point. Our men wanted to leap their breastworks and march on Wilmington at once, midnight as it was, in the fullness of their joy and soldierly ardor.

And so fell Fort Fisher! and with it many an English blockade-running house, and the ephemeral prosperity of Nassau. Our navy gained a fleet of ships that had been tossing perilously off the dangerous mouths of the Cape Fear for four years; and the South lost her supply of foreign arms and clothing and medicines, her *active* foreign sympathy and her export trade in cotton, and Wilmington—her only mart—was closed at last.

A ROMANCE OF GOPHERTON.

IN 1863 Gopherton was outgrowing its period of *placer*-mining, roughs, vigilantes, gamblers, and adventurers of every sort. It was, in fact, fast gaining a reputation for solid business prosperity, good-living, piety, and handsome women. It had so far progressed in nineteenth-century civilization that it boasted three churches with paid ministers—one extremely “fashionable”—and dispensed entirely with the ill-compensated labors of home missionaries. In-

stead of those unseemly revels which tradition imputed to its earlier days, ladies' lunch-parties, church-festivals, and Sunday-school picnics were among its fashionable recreations.

The 12th of May had been set apart for one of these latter. The weather was as bright and sparkling as only California May days can be. Gopherton was all abloom with roses, fuchsias, geraniums, heliotropes, and the thousand beautiful shrubs and plants that attain

their highest perfection in the quick and fertile soil of the foot-hills. The heights, which inclosed the little town as in an amphitheatre of green terraces, still wore the freshness of spring in lush verdure and gorgeous wild blooms. Overhead, the sky was one cerulean arch, without cloud or speck. As for temperature, never had a more delightful day dawned on the world since Paradise was forfeited.

By eleven o'clock the gay procession of omnibuses, carriages, wagons, and vehicles of every sort, packed with all that was choice in the way of youth, beauty, and provisions, was on its winding way out of town. Along the tortuous road among the hills it rattled, waking the echoes in answer to many a merry shout and song; halting, at last, about two miles from its point of departure, in a pine grove, where the ground was as nearly level as the ground anywhere about Gopherton was inclined to be—perhaps we should have said, disinclined to be, since a disposition to inclination was the predominating one in this romantic region, and this particular spot was nearly an exception.

As the carriages were speedily emptied of their inmates, Miss Marion Halley stood for a moment in the door of hers, taking in the scene, and thinking that it was almost a pity that the holy stillness and perfect beauty and grandeur of the place should be profaned by the riotous merriment of all that miscellaneous crowd. For Miss Halley was a poet in sentiment, albeit she had never strung two rhymes together in her life. It was this poetical sentiment which led her soon apart from the crowd, to a spot where the soft monotone of the pines was uninterrupted by its boisterous merriment. Her light footfall on the grass returned no sound; her blue-muslin dress made no rustle. Only the note of a wild bird, or the chirrup of a squirrel overhead broke in upon the low, pleas-

ant murmur, so like that of the distant sea.

Presently a new sound touched her consciousness with a sense of wonder—almost of affright. Was it the moan of a human voice? The pine-cone she was examining dropped out of her hand; her fingers relaxed their hold of the young ferns and wild flowers. Again that moan! Miss Halley was genuinely terrified at the thought of what that sound might mean, and felt at first rather impelled to flight. But the heroic in her nature asserted itself on second thought; and she determined first to learn what there was to flee from. Accordingly she directed her steps slowly in the direction of the mysterious sound, listening meanwhile for its recurrence. When she had reached a clump of *manzanita*-bushes, growing on the edge of a ravine, once more she heard the sound, this time unmistakably a human voice, and almost at her feet. Pausing a moment to recover courage, she peered beyond the bushes; and there, right upon the edge of a frightful precipice, discovered, stretched at full length, the form of a man.

An instant's observation showed her a well-dressed man; then, a further glance, a young man, and—when she was quite sure he did not observe her—a handsome man; and lastly, that this handsome, well-dressed young stranger was either ill or intoxicated. Now, if there was one vice which Miss Halley hated more than another, it was drunkenness; and she certainly suspected the stranger of being in this condition, as the only intelligible explanation of his being in the singular and dangerous position he was unconsciously occupying. What should she do? She was half-minded, since he was drunk, to let him take his chances, and roll over the cliff if he would. But, upon further reflection, she concluded that such indifference was hardly humane; and besides,

just then, another grievous moan escaped the brown-bearded lips, finding its way straight to the generous heart under the cool-looking blue muslin, and the matter was decided in favor of philanthropy.

Miss Halley first spoke softly to the unconscious man, with the intention of gently arousing him. But finding that her voice had no other effect than to occasion more moaning and increasing restlessness, she next knelt by his side, placing her hand on his brow, which she discovered to be burning; and finally consulting his pulse, which convinced her that, to whatever cause the man's illness might be owing, he was at that moment exceedingly ill and suffering. The situation was embarrassing. Alone she could not rescue him. If she left him, he might move so as to fall down the cliff. The more she looked at and pitied this helpless Adonis, the more the trouble grew; but fortunately, when her indecision had grown unbearably painful, the voices of some of the Sunday-school children were heard approaching the spot. Miss Halley called to them with all her strength of lung, and happily so as to arrest their attention. That once gained, the youngsters came rushing pell-mell, each more desirous than the others to be first on the ground.

"O Miss Halley!" they all exclaimed in a breath, "we have been looking everywhere for you. Lunch is all ready, and the swings are put up, and the dancing-floor is put down; and O, everything is so nice!" Then, as they came nearer, and beheld the form of a man stretched on the earth and unconscious of his position, a sudden awe came over them, causing them to be very quiet in their movements; yet all were curious enough to gather about and gaze upon the stranger, while whispers of "Who is it?" "Is he sick?" "How did he come here?" and similar queries, buzzed about like bees, and stung Miss Halley while they buzzed.

For with that singular sense of possession which the first perception of anything gives to all of us, Miss Halley had already begun to look upon this poor, unconscious Adam as belonging to herself by right of discovery; and here, almost at the moment of her appropriation of him, she was called upon to abdicate in favor of any one who might be physically better able to serve him than his Eve; and also, to renounce her sovereignty in favor of the public, who, she felt instinctively, would never allow her to assert her ownership, without making her pay the penalty of slighting its opinion. It was with a pang, therefore, that she gave the children their orders, to "Go, tell Dr. Blair and some of the other gentlemen that a man is lying very ill, all alone on the ground; and she would thank them to come and see what could be done for him."

So, presently, the needed assistance came; Dr. Blair made a professional examination of the case, and the stranger was carefully placed in a wagon and sent to a hotel in town, to be treated for congestive fever. Of course, there was much talk, at the somewhat delayed lunch, about the stranger, and conjectures as to his history; and Miss Halley listened with well-assumed indifference to the comments of the masculine half of the party, most of whom assumed that there must be something wrong about the antecedents of a man found lying under a *manzanita*-bush, two miles or more from town—"gambler," "highwayman," "fugitive from justice," "dead-broke," and similar opprobrious epithets being smilingly brought forward to account for the circumstance.

Notwithstanding the cool-looking blue muslin and white straw-hat, Miss Halley found herself growing very warm and uncomfortable during this conversation. She felt it to be a sort of imputation upon herself, that she had rescued from peril, perhaps from death, a person

of so little worth; inasmuch, too, as she felt herself guilty of having adopted this unworthy creature into her most pitying regard, not to say affection, with so little question. Of all the surmises uttered by these unsympathizing people, the one of "dead-broke" was the only one she could tolerate; and she thanked, from the bottom of her heart, blunt old Mr. Hodgekiss, when he spoke up, at last, after listening to all the gossip going on about the adventure of the day:

"Young man—tall—light complected—long, light-brown beard—han'some features—good clothes—waal, yes; that's the young feller that was into my store, yesterday, wanting a situation. Said he was out of money, and would take 'most anything to do that he could git. Told him I was sorry; but I hadn't anything for him to take hold on—not jest yit. Hoped he'd find somethin'; call around agin. I never thought nothin' more about the feller, 'cause, you know, we have so many calls o' this kind—one every day of the week. Might have let him done somethin', if I'd known his case was so pressin'; but we can't discriminate—we can't discriminate."

This, then, was the explanation. He was not criminal, nor a vagabond; only unfortunate, and ill. She hated those men for being so suspicious. She would get old Mr. Hodgekiss to be kind to him. And, the burden off her mind, Miss Halley danced and swung, laughed and sung, as gay as the gayest, all the bright May afternoon; albeit there was a smothered sense of anxiety underlying her gaiety, which was as new to her as it was secretly oppressive. She could not say the day had not been a pleasant one; yet never had a pleasant day in the woods left her feeling so weary and dejected as this one had done. Never had she so nearly owned that she was "nervous."

Gopherton was rather glad of the stranger's illness, because it furnished

a topic of talk. And Gopherton, feeling that it had no right to purchase its "sensations" at so serious a cost to a fellow-creature, was disposed to make accounts even by bestowing many kind attentions upon the sufferer. Accordingly it fell out, that, when Mr. Walter Mason had convalesced sufficiently to realize his position, he found himself surrounded with every comfort possible, and by a large circle of self-constituted friends and nurses, all eager to promote, not only his recovery, but his future prosperity. In this light, therefore, his illness might be considered a stroke of fortune and a piece of diplomacy equally.

Among the eatables and drinkables, the flowers and books, furnished for the invalid's nutrition, delectation, and amusement, perhaps those contributed by Miss Marion Halley were most seldom; but as they were also the most choice, and as the story of his rescue by that young lady had been often jestingly repeated to him, it was but natural that Mr. Mason should strongly desire to make her acquaintance at as early a day as he felt himself presentable.

Miss Halley was cutting a nosegay of the rarest flowers in her garden, one lovely June morning, when the light wagon of old Mr. Hodgekiss stopped at the gate, and his hearty old voice was heard calling out to her:

"Come and look at your boy, Miss Marion, and see what you think of him now. Don't look as he did when you found him under a *manzanita*-bush; does he? Miss Halley, Mr. Mason; Mr. Mason, Miss Halley." And so they were acquainted.

Now Marion had never quite lost her sense of ownership; but she had, of late, striven womanfully against it, because she saw the romantic folly of caring for a man just because it has chanced that you have done him a service; and although she would not be left out from the number of his friends, she had not

allowed herself to be at all forward in bringing herself to his notice, as she might so easily have done. Therefore, when Mr. Hodgekiss reminded her, never so innocently, of the first feeling she had had about him, the color rose strong in her cheeks, and her eyes avoided those of "her boy," in a way that made her indignant with herself, and rather formal with him.

"Mr. Mason and I have just been round to see your father; and he has promised to take him in the bank," said Mr. Hodgekiss, after the introduction, in a tone and with a manner as if he were conferring a favor upon Marion by giving her such news; but she only looked surprised, while Mr. Mason answered, smiling:

"Mr. Hodgekiss has placed me under lasting obligations for two introductions this morning. With Miss Halley's permission, I shall pay my respects to her at the earliest day possible." After which brief interchange of civilities, he was driven off, richer by the picture of a noble womanly face, and a handful of choice flowers from a fair womanly hand.

From being a clerk in the bank, Mr. Mason came to be a member of the family at the Halley mansion; a leader of the choir in the "fashionable" church, and its Sunday-school Superintendent. His popularity was unlimited. No social gathering was complete without him; no undertaking acceptable without his sanction. Old ladies were motherly with him; young ones pulled caps, and set all manner of prettily-artful little snares for him. In short, he was in as fair a way of being spoiled as any handsome, agreeable, and exemplary young man ever was.

But the strangest part of the affair, to observing eyes, was, that, in proportion as young Mason grew popular and successful every way, his cheerfulness seemed to decline. Though friendly with every one, he was confidential with none.

Though he must have known that his addresses would be well received in certain influential quarters, he paid court to none of the beauties of Gopherton. Miss Halley herself—to whom Gossip had begun to assign him, because it could not assign him elsewhere—was extremely puzzled by his demeanor. She had "summered and wintered him," and never found any occasion to think otherwise than well of him. She enjoyed his handsome face opposite her at table, his pleasant ways, and fine singing. She was forced to confess to herself that "her boy" (she had almost conquered that romance now) was a very delightful person for a friend, but not in the least what she had imagined a lover—her lover—must be. She could even be sorry for him sometimes, he seemed so sad and preoccupied, though she did not know how he demanded her sympathy. Perhaps, after all, it was only her imagination. Perhaps he was too much at figures. Perhaps he was homesick. Ah! who held the strings of his heart in the old home? Then Miss Halley mused again, and declared to herself that she was sorry for him, but not the least interested in him: that is to say, not the least in love with him.

Summer fled; winter followed; and May came back once more. The Sabbath-school Superintendent decreed a picnic; and once again, as in the previous years, the whole of respectable Gopherton turned out to eat, drink, dance, swing, and sing, among the whispering pines. All these things had been done, and thoroughly enjoyed also, when, somehow—she never quite knew how it happened—Miss Halley had strayed away, as usual, to quieter places, and found herself standing, with Mr. Mason, upon the identical spot where she had found him the year before. When she perceived that this was the place, she laughed a little, not to seem to think anything of it, and said, rather saucily:

"I found a man under these bushes last year. An odd thing to find; was it not?"

"Do you keep what you find, Miss Halley?" asked Mason, quietly, but with a certain intensity of expression in his voice.

"That is the children's rule," she answered, smiling; "leastways, if no owner can be found. I have not advertised my 'find,' thinking if he had an owner, he would return of himself."

"And if he had no owner, would you keep him? Please answer me candidly, Miss Halley."

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure. It would depend upon his value, wouldn't it?"

"And you do not value *me* very highly—is that your answer?"

"No; of course, I value you—you know I do. I am quite certain I have shown it. But in this sense that you put it"—she added, blushing and faltering—

"You do *not*? Miss Halley, I wish, instead of saving my life, you had tumbled me down this cliff. I was unconscious of my misery then. I shall always be conscious of it now."

"Why should you be miserable, Mr. Mason? I have never seen any one with greater chances of happiness."

"Because the one thing I covet I can not have. It is the old story, 'The desire of the moth for the star.'"

"Ah, now you are not like 'my boy' whom I found under these bushes last year. He was a delightful fellow—cheerful and friendly always, and did not want to be rolled over a cliff. Fie, Mr. Mason! Let us go away directly, before something happens to us."

Miss Halley was piqued that her lover had snatched at such words as could be construed into a refusal. Again she said to herself: "He is not my ideal of a lover. *My* lover must have ardor enough to press his suit; *I* will never

go half way." And still the resolution cost her something. She was disappointed and a little bitter. Why had he spoken at all, if he did not mean to have it made clear? She was sure she should never accept him. He had surprised her, and hurt her pride; he was, in fact, altogether odious now.

These reflections, very much jumbled together, were passing through Miss Halley's mind while she beat the ground with her parasol, waiting for Mr. Mason to move. Suddenly she turned back. He was standing dangerously near the brink of the precipice—so frightfully near that her terror overcame every other consideration. Pale and breathless, she stretched out her hand to him.

"Come, for God's sake!"

"Say 'for my sake,' Marion," he answered, pale as she.

"For *my* sake, Walter," she almost shrieked, and then burst into tears, like any silly woman.

In an instant he was at her side, his arms around her. If she had thought him lacking in fervor and the lover's pride and tenacity of possession before, she revoked that opinion now. The change was wonderful. He was so elate that he seemed to tread on air, and bear her along with him. His beauty, which had seemed to fade away lately, grew resplendent. Miss Halley, when her eyes were clear again, looked at him in a sort of delighted wonder.

"I have found 'my boy' again," she said, with an attempt at gayety; "the very same that he used to be. Oh, wonderful boy! never hide yourself any more."

"Hold me close, darling. Never let go my hand, or I shall sink again into perdition. What did I say? Who talks of perdition, with my soul in paradise? Marion, you will cling to me always?"

"I shall not promise, if you frighten me again as you did to-day," said Marion, now as tired of her lover's fervor

as she had before been of his coldness. "I shall want to see how you bear your 'reverse of fortune.'"

"Did I frighten you into acceptance, Marion?" asked he, with quick jealousy.

"Oh, I knew you wouldn't let yourself fall," she answered, laughing and blushing, as she remembered her late resolves.

What more was said is not relevant to this story. All Gopherton heard the news next day of the engagement of Mr. Mason and Marion Halley, who had been seen walking arm-in-arm with certain conscious looks upon their faces which were easily interpreted. There were a few who "made remarks," but most people considered it a very good match; for, though the money was all on the lady's side, the beauty, talent, agreeableness, and general popularity of the two were about equal; and, while women acknowledged the fitness of each for the other, men said Mr. Halley had secured the ablest assistance which he could have in his business, and all agreed that it was a remarkably pleasant arrangement every way.

As for the young couple, they lived through the summer in a garden of delights, literally and metaphorically. The rose-arbors of the Halley place could not but have witnessed many charming passages of romantic passion and tender sentiment; for these two souls were truly as nearly in perfect unison as it ever falls to the lot of souls in the flesh to be, and the more intimate the acquaintance, the more they were delighted with each other. With mutual sentiments like these, their marriage would not be long deferred. In fact, it had been agreed upon that the ceremony should take place by the middle of September.

About the first of the month, when the bridal *trousseau* was engaging so much of Marion's attention that her lov-

er was frequently half jealous of the finery, Gopherton had a fresh sensation, the direct cause of which was the appearance in a San Francisco paper of the following:

PERSONAL.—Walter Mason will please send his address to his anxious and devoted

CAROLINE MASON.

Social thunderbolts detonate always directly in inverse ratio to the size of the communities into which they fall. All Gopherton was in a state of feverish excitement three hours after the mail was distributed on this fateful morning: all of it, except Marion and her little army of seamstresses, among whom she sat, fresh as a rose, her brown eyes full of happy dreams, and her lovely cheek a tinge more rosy than its wont, toying with some dainty fabric which entered into the composition of that magically interesting thing—a happy bride's wedding-dress. It should be a picture, a poem, a ravishment, that dress. She wanted to look, O! so lovely, in his eyes. She longed to please him beyond anything he had ever imagined by her looks on their wedding-day. She meant he should be the happiest husband, as she knew she should be the happiest wife, in all the world.

The click of the garden-gate, and the sound of a rapid, well-known tread on the graveled walk broke in upon her dream, pleasantly enough, but with a little surprise; for "her boy," as she still called him, in her secret thoughts, and sometimes audibly, beneath the rose-bowers of the garden, was not used to appear at the house during the business hours of the day. Divining that his errand was to her, Marion ran down to meet him, and found him standing by the great bay-window in the parlor with such a look upon his face as she had never seen there before.

"O Walter!" she cried, with a vague alarm, her thoughts reverting to her father, to a public calamity, to any possi-

bility but the true one—"something has happened: what is it?"

"Have they not told you?" he inquired, hoarsely, without moving.

"I have not heard anything. If it concerns me, Walter, please tell me at once," said Marion, pausing close beside him, and feeling as much wonder as alarm at his strange manner, that was not even friendly.

Savagely, almost, he thrust the paper into her hand, with the "Personal" strongly marked, as it had been by some one who had laid it on his desk at the bank. She read it over—twice, thrice—her color paling slowly, until the horrible meaning at last had reached her reluctant comprehension.

"What is Caroline Mason to you?" she asked, coldly—O, so coldly—as people ask and speak who have had all the warmth and brightness of life suddenly extinguished for them, yet do not care to own it, preferring to "die and make no sign."

"Nothing—everything. O God! O Marion! How much better for us both if you had let me die! But you brought me back to life—you made life dear to me—and now——!"

He reeled like a drunken man, catching Marion's hand as he sank into the nearest seat. She withdrew her fingers from his grasp, and stood looking down into his upturned tortured face as calmly as a statue—really, for that moment, scarcely more sentient.

"Do you hate me, Marion, darling?" he asked, more softly, searching her cold eyes, with the eager, tormented soul in his.

"I do not think," she answered, returning the gaze steadily, "that I either hate or care for you at all. You are a false man, Walter Mason; a false coward, whom either to love or to hate were a condescension. Since you have no further news for me, I will bid you good-morning." When she had thus spoken,

she turned to leave the room, with slow proud steps, and a cheek as white as her dainty white morning-dress.

"Is that your parting, Marion? Marion, my love—my love—how can you bear this dreadful thing? I thought I should have killed you, as well as myself; and you do not even weep. Oh, then it is less bitter if you do not care."

That last word touched her. His frenzy was not, then, all for himself; he was thinking of her, and bearing her grief as well as his own. With a sudden impulse she yielded to his detaining hand—for he had followed her—and, turning back, sat down beside him, upon the same *tete-à-tete* where many happy plans had been discussed between them almost daily of late.

"Tell me all about it, Mr. Mason," she said, with evident effort to retain her composure, and only partial success, for the flood-gates were hard pressed by that touch of sympathy.

He withdrew from her slightly. He could not bear to make his confession and see her withdraw from him. With his hand over his eyes, not to see what her looks might be, and in a tone of forced steadiness, the recital was given.

The too frequent story of breaking away from home restraints, of evil associations in a city, of money squandered upon a worthless woman, who, not content with achieving his material ruin, had intimidated him—a mere boy—into conferring upon her a respectable name, to hide their mutual sins; of disgust, despair, flight, poverty, illness, and—she knew the rest. Then he sat waiting to hear the expression of her righteous indignation.

"You have not yet explained your motive for silence on this subject," said Marion, still coldly, and with downcast eyes.

"When I recovered from that illness, the past seemed like some horrible dream, which I could not bear to recall.

I hoped never to hear of her again, now that she had exhausted all my means of gratifying her luxurious tastes. I did not doubt she would find other victims, and trusted that her fears would prevent her ever attempting to renew our acquaintance. I loved you, Marion, and I could not bring myself to tell you anything so repulsive to your purity; and I repented—oh, so bitterly—that I was not as sinless as your own sweet self. I *was* a coward, Marion, but it was you who made me one. My sin has found me out; my punishment is greater than I can bear.”

“I thank God, Mr. Mason, that you have escaped a greater sin, and I——” but here Marion’s firmness broke down, and only a convulsive movement of the lips indicated that she would have spoken. He stretched out his arms with the instinctive desire to shield her from the tempest he had brought upon her; but, with a mighty effort, the weakness of her heart was conquered, and she was able to command words in which to convey her final farewell, that were neither reproachful nor complaining.

“Good-by, Mr. Mason,” she said. “After what you have told me it is impossible that I should see you again under this roof. You will please explain to my father. The suddenness of this news makes me feel as if the world were slipping out from under my feet.” With the last word the world was gone from under her feet, and she had fainted.

The gossips of Gopherton were never very clear about what happened at the Halley mansion. Mr. Mason’s place at the bank was vacant next day, and Doc-

tor Blair’s carriage stood at Mr. Halley’s gate two hours every day for two weeks. Every man “found drowned” in the city papers was conjectured to be “that wretched young Mason;” and suicide by shooting was earnestly sought for in the public prints. One anxious person went so far as to ride out to the picnic grounds, and to look for Mason’s body under the now celebrated cliff, feeling sure that it would hereafter be known as The Lover’s Leap. But their scrutiny was never rewarded by certain discovery of his fate.

Six weeks after the above unhappy *denouement*, a close carriage conveyed Miss Halley away from Gopherton, to Sacramento, it was thought, where she took steamer for San Francisco and New York. That was in 1864. Only the other day the announcement appeared in a city paper of the death of a child of three years, “daughter of Walter and Marion Mason.” Upon this slender thread of circumstance we hang the presumptive evidence of events which probably have transpired: a chance meeting after release from sinful bonds; love stronger than wrong or time; a union less joyous perhaps than their first youthful dream, but not less tender or true. All this we believe we are warranted in conjecturing; the more so, as we remember hearing one lady telling another not long ago, in a street-car, that Mrs. Mason had a habit of calling Mr. Mason “my boy,” when she addressed an aside to him, as she often did, and that he seemed to like the foolish namelet. We truly believe this to be our Walter Mason.

BY THE SEA.

The curdling waves crept up the beach,
 The fishes swept their nets to land,
 Behind us lay the clover reach,
 Before us gleamed the pleasant sand.

A deeper blue was on the sea
 Than ever touched its waves before ;
 In sweeter fragrance bloomed the lea,
 In purer silver stretched the shore.

We sat on rocks where time and age
 Had fretted many a curious trace.
 Her heart was mine—an open page ;
 Her love was written in her face.

A ship sailed by. The sea-birds led ;
 The waters clasped her gliding form :
 “And so shall be our lives,” she said,
 “With never sorrow, never storm.”

A black cloud darkened all the sky,
 And darkened all the smiling land ;
 A sunbeam chased the cloud away :
 My love then raised her dimpled hand,

And said, “If shadows chill our hearts,
 ’Tis aye for fear the sun may cloy ;
 For when the past of gloom departs,
 The warmer glows the present joy.

PHONETICS AND DOLLARS.

ONE of the most serious evils of our time is the defectiveness of the English alphabetic system. Its pernicious influences are rapidly increasing in relative importance, and they demand reform, with more and more urgency, as time advances. Many political and social abuses are felt more keenly, and contribute more directly to oppress mankind, but they are protected by powerful class interests, and by the inability of their victims to work together efficiently; so, that, however certain ultimate reformation may be, it is so remote that public-spirited men have little encouragement to hope for any material improvement in this generation. The prospect of success within a life-time is a necessary stimulus for enthusiastic labor, and such a prospect opens out before phonotypy. The alphabetic evil enriches nobody; it confers no honor or

power on any great hereditary class; it is protected by no superstition; it is not woven in with any ancient political, social, or ecclesiastical institutions; its chief injuries are inflicted on those able to work together most efficiently; and it has no protection, save custom and prejudice, which, if the daily English press would but co-operate, could be overthrown in a few months.

Will the editors of the United States and Great Britain co-operate? They will when they are convinced that the present system is pernicious, and that a better system can be introduced with little inconvenience at the time of the change, and with great ultimate benefit. It is the object of this article to convince them, to call their attention to the subject, to awaken their interest in it, and to put them on the track for finding conclusive proofs, if those here presented should not be sufficient. The reform now demanded is strictly literary in its character, and it has special claims upon all literary men, of every creed and class, in the Anglo-Saxon dominions. It is a measure for the diffusion of information among the ignorant, for the elevation of the standard of knowledge among the learned, for the increase of the influence of letters, for the decrease of the power of superstition, and for the spread of our language. Such is the grand cause in aid of which a combined effort of the newspaper press is solicited.

An alphabet should have only one letter for each sound used in speaking, and only one sound for each letter. Our alphabet has many letters for one sound, and many sounds for one letter. The pronunciation of a word under our system of orthography conveys no certain knowledge of the spelling, nor the spelling of the pronunciation. The accepted English alphabet is not constructed on strict phonetic principles, as it might be, and should be. Similar complaints may justly be made against the alphabets of

other languages, but no other in Christendom is so bad as the English. We are especially unfortunate in our vowels. Not one of them is restricted to a single sound. Each has at least four sounds, and several have as many as six sounds each; and which one of the sounds is to be given in any special case can only be learned by long, tiresome, and costly practice. As every word must have at least one vowel, and no vowel has a uniform phonetic value, the alphabet does not properly perform its function for any one word.

Its defects are so great that they are ludicrous. The pronunciation of "coffee" could be better represented by "kawphy," which does not contain one letter found in the word as properly spelled, and each contains two letters more than would be necessary to convey the sound in a strictly phonetic alphabet. The letter "a" has six different sounds, as observed in the words "pate," "pat," "par," "pall," "pillar," and "peal," that is, if the silence of the letter in "peal" is to be counted as a sound. There are, if not six sounds, at least six different phonetic values; and several other vowels are as treacherous as "a." The consonants have not so many differences of phonetic value as the vowels, yet many of them vary considerably. As examples of the uncertain consonants, we cite "c," "g," "q," and "s," and the combinations "ch," "gh," "th," "sh," and "ng." The combination "ough" is pronounced six different ways in "rough," "dough," "cough," "through," "plough," and "hough." In "her," "fur," "fir," and "myrrh," we have the same sound from four different vowels in monosyllabic words. We might fill pages with examples of the remarkable defects of our alphabet, but as the attention of every one has been called to them by the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of mastering the orthography and orthoë-

py of the English language by memory, we shall pass on to other points.

The first strictly phonetic alphabet, suited to our tongue, was devised about 1835, by Isaac Pitman, and several improvements have since been proposed. Every sound has its letter, and every letter its sound, in Pitman's phonetic system; so that he who can properly pronounce a word, can not misspell it after learning the alphabet, and, knowing its spelling, he can not mispronounce it except by misplacing the accent—a minor difficulty—and even that could be obviated by the use of accent marks in cases of deviation from general rules. In case that the Anglo-Saxon governments should determine to accept the phonetic reform, the selection of one of the alphabets would be a matter of no difficulty, since the variations are slight, and there is little difference of opinion among those who have studied the subject.

The defects of our present orthography are matters not merely of curiosity or criticism, but of material, of national, of world-wide importance. They levy a tax of many millions annually on America and Britain; they hamper their progress at home, and their influence abroad. The English language, which, by the simplicity of its inflections, the directness of its syntax, the monosyllabic form of most of its words, and the ease of its enunciation, should be the easiest of all to learn, is made one of the most difficult. Several years are spent by natives in learning to spell words with the pronunciation of which they are familiar, and by educated foreigners in learning to pronounce words the spelling of which they know. The English is the mother tongue of 80,000,000 people, and the average daily attendance of pupils in the schools is probably about 10,000,000. It is not extravagant to estimate the average annual expense to these scholars, on account of the defects of our alpha-

bet, at \$4 each, or \$40,000,000 in the aggregate annual loss, without reference to the cost of the school-books.

The common orthography requires us to use many silent letters, averaging one in five or six. In the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence, there are 334 letters, and of these fifty-seven, or seventeen per cent., are silent; in the Lord's Prayer, forty-eight out of 256, or eighteen per cent., are silent; and in the names of the cardinal numbers, from one to twenty, inclusive, twenty-three out of 113, or twenty per cent., are silent. The number of silent letters is ascertained by counting the number that would be saved by the phonetic alphabet. The surplusage of eighteen per cent. may be accepted as a fair indication of the proportion of useless letters in our books and writings generally. Now, if we could save eighteen per cent. in the cost of all our written and printed matter, we should accomplish much; but perhaps we should not expect to save more than fifteen per cent., since the number of words would not be reduced by the reform, and the spaces between them would occupy as much room as at present. How much do Great Britain and America pay annually for writing and printing? The total annual industrial production of the two nations has been estimated by political economists at \$8,000,000,000; and it is perhaps not extravagant to allow ten per cent., or \$800,000,000, for the expense of official and unofficial records, books, pamphlets, newspapers, and letters. Under the head of books, we must allow for all school-books; under newspapers, for all advertisements, handbills, etc. Our governmental business is to a large extent conducted by means of records; our mercantile business, with the help of advertisements. The edifice of modern civilization is held together by ink. Take away that invaluable cement, and the gorgeous palace of human progress would soon tumble into ruin. If ink

does not represent one-tenth of the production, it represents far more of the intellectual wealth. Writers and printers do not form one-tenth of our population, but they get far more than the average wages for their labor.

It would occupy far more space than we have to spare in this article to explain and prove satisfactorily what large sums are spent for written and printed matter by the Anglo-Saxon nations; and the estimate of \$800,000,000 must serve our purpose for the present. The loss upon this sum, at fifteen per cent., is \$120,000,000 paid for silent letters; and, adding this to \$40,000,000 wasted upon unnecessary teaching, we have \$160,000,000 as the direct annual cost of bad orthography to two nations.

There is also an indirect loss, which is, perhaps, not less serious. It arises from the check on the education of children, and the obstruction to the spread of our language among foreigners. A considerable proportion of our people never learn to take pleasure in reading, because of the vexations of spelling and pronunciation, and they are thus cut off not only from the enjoyment of books, but also from the valuable practical instruction conveyed in them. With a reformed orthography, the English would soon become the common language of commerce, diplomacy, and letters, as it will, in any event, after a time. Circumstances have greatly changed since the time of Louis XIV., when France was the centre of wealth, civilization, and military power, and its tongue was in fashion at all the courts. Germany, by its consolidation and educational development, has reached an equal political, literary, and social influence; and Russia has risen to equal military position, and promises soon to become a rival in industry and general intelligence. While France has thus lost her predominance in continental Europe, the Anglo-Saxons have obtained dominion over Hindostan,

Australia, New Zealand, the greater part of North America, and best part of South Africa; have built up a mercantile marine seven-fold greater than that of all other nations together; have established a manufacturing industry more productive than that of all continental Europe; have encircled the world with their lines of steamers; have secured the larger part of the foreign commerce of Asia, Africa, and South America; and they have already given their tongue a pre-dominance in most of the seaports of the Pacific, Indian, and South Atlantic oceans. English newspapers are published now at Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Bangkok, Singapore, Levuka, Honolulu, Panama, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Montevideo, and the city of Mexico; and English is rapidly advancing to the position of the diplomatic language in Spanish America and in pagan Asia. The phonetic reform is greatly needed to help it forward.

The chief objection urged against the phonetic reform by literary men who have written against it—and very few have done so—is that it would conceal the traces of the derivation of many of the English words. Mr. Schele de Vere—one of the few literary men who have opposed the phonetic reform—says, in his "Studies in English:" "If the form [of words] were to follow the sound, there would soon not a single trace be left of the language used by our forefathers. This is the principal and all-powerful argument against phonography." Dean Trench expresses similar views. It is quite true that the silent letter in the word "debt" reminds us of the etymological relation with the Latin "*debitum*," and a similar remark may be made in regard to many other English words. But the loss of etymological suggestion by the abolition of silent letters would be far more than compensated by the increase of educated people, the spread of our language, and the release of our

students from useless bother about orthography and orthoëpy, so that they could devote themselves to the study of the spirit of the language and the true force of its words. The supposition that the knowledge of etymology would decline when the study of the language is facilitated and learning generally increased, is worthy of a conservative. It deserves to be classed with the argument against free schools, that philosophy and science will be degraded when they become familiar to the multitude.

Another objection, though we suspect that it is ironical, is made by the author of the article on phonetics in "Chambers' Encyclopedia." He remarks that "at present spelling is the test of a good vernacular education, and the applicability of this test phonetic writing tends to destroy." The evil that would result from correctness of orthography among ignorant people is one which the world would probably survive, even if gentlemen of aristocratic descent were compelled to find some new test whether this or that man had been trained for years in school. Bad spelling, while an excellent touchstone, is also a millstone, since many persons of much general intelligence, but defective training in orthography, are ashamed to expose their ignorance in black and white, and carefully avoid the practice of writing, which is a great aid to education.

The short-hand phonetic alphabet—considered the best of all the stenographic systems, because it saves a number of letters—has come into extensive use, and is generally called "phonography," as if it were the only kind of phonographic writing, whereas there is a long hand for phonetics, as well as for the common alphabet. It has been claimed by some friends of the phonetic reform that its adoption would lead to a very extensive use of short hand in common business, and a vast saving of time and labor in writing letters and records, and

even in printing. This claim may be extravagant, but it is at least worthy of mention, as a point to be considered. We have no brief and comprehensive treatise on the proposed reform. For the information of the general reader, the article on phonetics in "Chambers' Encyclopedia" contains nearly all that is needed. The "Essentials of Phonetics," by A. J. Ellis, is perhaps the best work on the subject, but it is rare.

It may appear strange, if the statements of this article are true, or within even a considerable variation from the truth, that some organization, imposing in numbers and powerful in influence, should not have undertaken, before the lapse of thirty years from the publication of the scheme of phonetic reform, to urge it upon the governments and people of Great Britain and America. But conservatism and ignorance are mighty in their inertia, and they are not now showing their influence for the first time. We have the satisfaction of knowing, that, whatever may be the opinion of stupidity and prejudice, the highest authorities are with us. Max Muller, the first philologist of the age, in the third lecture of his second series on "The Science of Language," says: "As the innate regard for truth and reason, however dormant or timid at times, has always proved irresistible, . . . I doubt not but that the effete and corrupt orthography will follow in their train." W. D. Whitney, who occupies a high position as a linguist, in his twelfth lecture on "Language and the Study of Language," says: "A reformation is greatly to be desired, and perhaps in the future a way will be found to bring it about. If we expect and wish that our tongue one day should become a world-language, understood and employed on every continent and in every clime, then it is our bounden duty to help prepare the way by taking off its neck this heavy millstone." G. P. Marsh, in his excellent and comprehensive lect-

ures on our language, does not mention the phonetic reform.

The reform should be established by a treaty between Great Britain and the United States. It can not be introduced by books or newspapers, because there is no certainty that readers can be obtained for them, nor by schools, for there is no supply of school-books. The relations between readers and publishers are such that they can not co-operate effectively in such a reform, which must be undertaken mainly with reference to the benefits to accrue after a lapse of three years or more. The individual who should publish a large stock of works in the phonetic alphabet would expose himself to ruin; but if the two governments will take the lead, the change can be made with little loss to anybody. A proper method of procedure would be to appoint a mixed commission of philologists, including such men as Max Muller and R. G. Latham, of England, and W. D. Whitney and G. P. Marsh, of the United States, to report upon the advisability of the reform, and, if they decide favorably, a treaty should be framed providing that after the lapse of a certain period—not more than ten years—all Government documents should be written or printed with the phonetic alphabet, and no copyright should be granted to any English work printed in the Latin type. Immediately after the ratification of the treaty, the Phonetic Commission should adopt an alphabet fixing the phonetic values and typographic characters of the letters, and compose a dictionary fixing authoritatively the spelling and pronunciation of all the words found in Webster. As the alphabet would concern all civilized nations, it should not be adopted until after consultation with learned men representing the leading tongues of Christendom, including such distinguished linguists as Doctor Lepsius, of Berlin, and Barthelemy St. Hilaire, of Paris.

The labors of the commission, after the treaty, could be completed without difficulty in less than a year, and five years after the publication of their dictionary would probably be ample time to prepare for the final enforcement of the treaty.

So soon as the adoption of the phonetic system becomes a certainty, and a time is fixed when the change shall go into effect in official documents, the people generally will begin to study and adopt the new alphabet. The casting of the present style of type and the printing of books with the Latin alphabet would rapidly decrease in importance, and the new type and phonetic books would take their places. The public would lose nothing, because any one educated in the present alphabet can in a few hours learn to read the phonetic letters. The book-sellers would lose nothing, because the present generation will continue to prize the books in the old type. The compositors would lose nothing, because the change would require additional work, and the reduction in the cost of printed matter would make an increased demand for it.

As copyright is necessary for the protection of literary property, the authors and publishers would at once become the advocates of the phonetic reform, and their influence, combined with that of the Government, would make it certain that at the end of the period fixed by the treaty, all the more important new publications would be printed phonetically. The teachers would also prefer that their pupils should be familiar with the alphabet of the future. A memorial praying Congress to appoint a committee like that suggested in this paragraph was presented in the United States Senate by a Senator from California, but the members of that body failed to comprehend the importance of the subject, and gave it no attention. Without governmental action, we see no prospect of the success of the reform.

AN INEXPLICABLE FANCY.

FRENCHMEN and Frenchwomen are tragic, or nothing, unless they happen to be comical. Nature has endowed the Gallic mind with an adroit aptness that seizes with equal facility upon the terrible and the grotesque—a revolution or a masquerade. This, by way of preface; and the story of “An Inexplicable Fancy” begins:

Henri Cardone was a young French artist of distinguished promise. His neat little domicil and his pretty little wife were situated in suburban Paris. One early twilight in the month of November of a certain year, as he entered his home, his wife ran up to him, twined her plump arms about his neck, bestowed a kiss of full-blown affection upon his responsive lips, and immediately exclaimed: “O, dear Henri! I have had such a surprise—such an odd visitor—this afternoon: a man with such an inexplicable fancy that I have been aching these two hours for your arrival, and (bestowing a playful cuff thereupon) your ears.”

“And now the ears have arrived, Irene, my pet, I suppose your merry tongue will rattle away as glibly as a newly wound-up music-box; and, once started, I shall not have an opportunity to put a word in even edgewise until you have run down completely, and ended with a long final thr-i-i-i-i-l-up, after the manner of music and chatter-boxes generally. But, for this odd man, with the ‘inexplicable fancy.’ He could not have taken a fancy to you, for that would have been neither odd nor ‘inexplicable.’ Did he, utterly regardless of the divine set of his trousers, go down upon his knees, and beseech you to fly with him to some intensely rural retreat, there to

subsist upon moonshine and his adorable mustache?—and was it his ‘inexplicable fancy’ that you should be accompanied by such little articles of available value as this poor hovel might afford? Or, was he a wandering Gypsy lord, who predicted that you were to be queen of all proud France, instead of one humble French heart?—and did he, just as he was about to surround your august brow with the imperial crown, suddenly suspend it and take an ‘inexplicable fancy’ to have his dirty palm first crossed with a crown of silver? Or——”

“There—there! do cease your *badinage*,” said the pouting little woman, stamping her small foot impatiently. “You will never become wise listening to your own wisdom.”

“Nor weary listening to yours, my charming sage,” laughed the voluble Henri, caressing her soft, brown hair fondly. “Proceed: from this on I am all ears.”

“Well, let all ears listen. At about three o’clock this afternoon, as I was sitting intent upon taking the finest possible stitches around the border of your finest cambric, there came a sharp rap on the street-door. I hastened, opened it, and found myself face to face with a man of middle age, who bowed politely, and inquired if he was on the Rue de Chalons. On being informed that he was, he thanked me very affably, and was turning to depart, when his glance chanced to fall on this little cornelian cross, which, then as now, was lying on my bosom. He stopped short, gazed fixedly at it as though it possessed some horrible fascination, turned first deadly pale, then livid purple, and, in a hoarse whisper, articulated, ‘Madame, you will

pardon me—it is no ordinary curiosity that prompts the question—but might I venture to ask how that trinket (pointing a trembling finger at the cross) came into your possession—under what circumstances?”

“Well,” queried Henri, in a low, interested tone, “what was my little wife’s reply?”

“Your little wife told him, sir, that it was a present from her husband, and that it had been in her possession four years. How or where you came by it, she could not inform him.”

“Then he departed satisfied?”

“No, indeed.”

“No; what then?”

“Then he inquired your name, age, and profession.”

“Did he? I do not know whether I ought to feel complimented or insulted. Did you tell him?”

“I hesitated, and then told him.”

“I wish you had hesitated, and then not told him. Something of moment may grow out of his curiosity. But it will not matter. Then he departed?”

“No. He stood absorbed in troubled thought a few minutes, as though weighing a deep problem, and then said he had taken a very strong and eccentric fancy for the trinket, and asked if I would for a consideration consent to part with it.”

“What was your reply to that very business-like proposition?”

“That, being your gift, I should much dislike to let it go.”

“Of course, that *must* have terminated the conversation.”

“Of course, but it did not, though! It became more pointed directly.”

“Well—*well!* I am eager to learn the *dénouement*,” said Henri. “If I am not much at fault in my surmises, something will shortly grow out of this affair that will interest a very wide circle. Give me the exact particulars. What followed?”

“He said he was wealthy, and did not value money; that he had conceived so strong a desire to possess the cross, that, wild as the offer might seem, he would not demur at giving *five hundred francs* for it.”

“Five hundred—*parbleu!* The trinket is not worth five francs,” said Henri, excitedly. “The man is either a lunatic, or—what I more strongly suspect him of being.”

“And what is it possible for you to more strongly suspect him of being?” asked Irene.

“A knave. In spite of the temptation of five hundred francs, I see that you still bear your cross. I would have thought the sum sufficient to buy up all the crosses in Paris, and all the women bearing them. How did you resist?”

“If I did not know your slur on women and their crosses was said more in humor than earnest, I would not give you another word of information. I told the man that the offer was very tempting, but that I could not possibly accept it without first consulting you.”

“That was a noble reply, my darling,” said Henri, drawing his wife close to his side, bestowing on her an eloquent glance and several passionate kisses. “Hereafter I shall consider you cheap at fifty thousand francs! What said old Cræsus to your priceless answer?”

“At first he appeared much discomfited. After a little, he said he was going into the country to remain one week, that he should return this way, and if I, in the meantime, gained your consent, or concluded to part with the cross without it, he would make his offer good. And then he bade me a reluctant adieu, went to a post-chaise that was waiting in the road, got in, and drove off rapidly toward Chalons.”

“Finally, we have the *finale* of act first,” remarked Henri.

“Yes,” responded the musing Irene, toying with the object of so much dis-

cussion; which was in reality of but little intrinsic value, and in no way remarkable, excepting from peculiarity of design. It was of a clear, blood-red cornelian, the upright pillar being carved to represent a descending arrow, and the cross-piece a very finely wrought imitation of flying wings.

"What attraction this bit of a thing, which, aside from being your gift, I look upon as worthless, can possess to render it so exceedingly precious in the eyes of that man, I can not conjecture," continued the puzzled Irene.

"I think I can furnish you with a clue to the foundation of his extraordinary interest," remarked Henri. "What was his general appearance?—that of a coarse, ill-bred person?"

"Far from that. He was quite tall, not over-fleshy, well dressed, and refined in his bearing and language. His countenance betokened much illness at some early period in his life, or excessive dissipation."

"Should your cross-enamored friend call again, and I much doubt if he ever does," said Henri, "I am the person with whom he must deal."

"Why with you, dear?"

"Because the object he is so extremely solicitous to possess has a mysterious history known only to myself."

"And that mysterious history affords a key to the solution of the seemingly insane offer of five hundred francs?"

"I apprehend such to be the case. That cross was found on a spot where, but a few days previous, a revolting crime had been committed. If my surmises are correct, this strange visitor of yours was the author of that crime. If so, he and that little red cross are old acquaintances, and he would readily sacrifice several times five hundred francs to compass its possession. Why? Simply because, so long as it remains in other hands than his own, he is painfully conscious that it may at any moment rise up in judgment

against him, and cost him the more irreparable sacrifice of his head."

"And you have kept all this dark mystery from me," complained Irene.

"I have, but will no longer. I have refrained from making you acquainted with the circumstances that are associated with my finding of the trinket solely from a fear that the knowledge might cause you to conceive a morbid dislike for it, and as it is really a pretty toy, I liked to see you wear it. And now for the mystery. Do you remember the murder, six years ago, of a nobleman of the name of Comte de St. Armande, in the Rue de Germaine?"

"Distinctly," replied Irene. "All Paris was thrilled with horror at the mystery and barbarity of the deed. But what association can this cross have with that dreadful affair?"

"An intimate association. That cross was found by me on the identical spot of the murder, and but three days thereafter. If you closely examine the under side, you will observe a small drilled hole at each extremity. From these holes I am led to infer that it was worn originally as a breastpin, and that it was so worn by the unknown assassin on the fatal night in question; and, furthermore, that it was wrenched from its fastenings by the hand of the hapless Comte in his dying struggle. Naturally enough, it fell to the ground, where I found it. To this day, in spite of the superhuman efforts of a by no means obtuse police, and the incentive of fabulous rewards by St. Armande's relatives, the murderer is undiscovered, and the whole affair remains wrapped in impenetrable mystery. After all these unrevealing years, who shall say that the coming together of this man and the cross is not the working of a retributive fate? Too well does the man of 'inexplicable fancy' know that the little toy he so covets is adequate, if it falls into proper hands, to work the crucifixion of a great scoundrel."

"Ugh!" shuddered Irene. "And I have been wearing it all this time, and admiring it, totally ignorant of the terrible thing its blood-red color symbolizes. Ugh! I can wear it no longer. Every time my eyes shall hereafter rest upon it, imagination will conjure up the phantom of a struggling man, and I shall expect to see gory drops ooze from its barbed point and trickle down my dress. Here,"—removing from her shrinking neck the chain by which it was suspended—"I return it to you. I can now view it with no interest but that of horror;" and she threw it nervously into her husband's lap.

"Why, you little fool!" said Henri, in a jocose tone, "are you going to faint? Are you afraid of it? It is just as harmless as it has been, and just as beautiful."

"I do not fear it," replied Irene, shrinking from it, nevertheless. "I am not that foolish. But I dislike it. Its innocent charm is lost to me forever."

"Be it so," said Henri, winding the chain about the cross and conveying it to his pocket. "There is no reasoning women out of their whimsical sensitiveness regarding things that have unpleasant stories attached to them. My nerves will be equal to the bearing of your rejected cross until the return of the gentleman of the prodigal purse, and it shall then cost him his life, or nothing, as our interview may determine."

After weighing the matter in his mind until the specified week had nearly elapsed, Henri suddenly and sagely concluded to acquaint the Prefect of Police with the story in all its bearings, real and suppository. That astute functionary proved to be an intelligent and patient listener, and was only too glad to detail two subordinates to further a scheme that promised to result in the capture of a criminal who had so long succeeded in eluding the pursuit of justice. Early in the morning, a week subsequent to

that on which the supposed criminal had called, Henri sent Irene into the city on a visit to some friends, with the explicit understanding that she was not to return until he came for her. Following close upon her departure, came the arrival of two *gendarmes*, who were forthwith secreted in her but recently vacated bedroom, thereafter to make their *rentrée* in the presence of the expected stranger, or not, as he might or might not criminate himself in the interview with Henri.

All the preliminary arrangements being made, our artist-detective took his station at a window, and, behind closed blinds, became a silent and intense watcher. He was a brave and resolute man; but, nevertheless, an occasional misgiving flitted across his mind. The business before him was of an extremely hazardous nature. Should the supposed criminal prove to be the *real* criminal, his capture would be likely to be precluded by a desperate and perhaps fatal encounter. If fatal, fatal to whom? Henri thought of this, then of Irene, and closed his eyes. Then he thought of the *gendarmes* in the next room, set his jaw, and, in a spirit of grim defiance, put all forebodings from him. Morning, noon, afternoon, and evening glided by, with no result. Henri yawned with impatient discouragement. His allies took to the bedroom-floor and cards early in the forenoon. Hitherto the excitement of the chase had been strong enough to sustain Henri's interest. But now? Would the expected not come, after all? A brief consultation with the officers—who adhered to the opinion that *he* would come, and was much more likely to make his appearance within the next three hours than at any previous time during the day, especially if he was a rogue, and was not lacking in their usual low cunning—braced Henri somewhat. Lighting a lamp for the quondam gamblers, and another for

himself, he camped on the lounge. He had but got comfortably settled, however, before a resonant rap on the street-door brought him instantly to his feet. Schooling himself to meet the probable crisis with quiet deliberation, he leisurely proceeded to the door and opened it. From Irene's graphic description, he had no difficulty in recognizing his visitor. The expected man of the cross stood before him. His heart gave a tremendous thump against his breast; but his voice was steady and quiet, as he saluted the stranger with, "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, sir," responded the visitor, scrutinizing Henri closely. "Is the madame at home?"

"My wife is the lady to whom you refer, I presume," said Henri. "She is absent on a visit. Can I serve you in anything? Will you not step in, sir?" Henri threw the door wide open, that the man might see that the room was vacant, and hence imagine him to be alone.

"Ah! you are the husband of the lady," remarked the stranger, who, after peering in, walked in.

"I have that honor. Pray be seated."

"I will trespass upon your hospitality but for a few moments——"

"No trespass, I assure you. Solitude is not the best of companions."

Without removing his hat, the stranger took the proffered chair. "I can tarry but a short time," he said. "Probably your wife has informed you of an offer she received, a week ago, for a small, fanciful, cornelian cross that was in her possession?"

"Yes; she did mention the matter to me, and we both wondered at the strange fancy of the man, and the excessive price he offered."

"Well," replied the stranger, with a forced laugh, "the fancy can not matter to you; and as for the price, if you get it, that ought to satisfy you on that point. I am the man; and I renew the offer."

"Ah! No, certainly not, the fancy does not concern us—of course not," and Henri eyed the stranger keenly. "But you know that unusual occurrences will set the least curious of mortals to surmising."

"Of course—of course," said the stranger, with strong symptoms of uneasiness. "People can not help thinking—that's what brains were made for. But to the point: if you still possess the cross, and will exchange it for the sum offered, that sum is yours. Your answer? You will excuse my seeming abruptness: I am pressed for time, and can not dally."

"I hold you perfectly excusable," said Henri, drawing the coveted cross from his pocket, and noting the eager flashing of the stranger's eyes, as his gaze fell upon it. Deciding to thrust the probe home at once, he deliberately added, "Another reason, other than want of time, may exist to occasion your abruptness, my friend: *want of confidence.*"

"What, sir!" ejaculated the man, starting up in a threatening, apprehensive way. "What do you mean by that remark, sir?"

"Listen, and I will tell you," replied Henri, fully convinced that he was on the right track, as his visitor indecisively sat down again. "Listen, and I will tell you what I mean. This cross, for which you have taken such an inexplicable fancy, came into my possession under very peculiar circumstances—circumstances that invest it with extraordinary interest." Pausing a moment to note the effect of his language, Henri fixed his burning eyes on the stranger's. Speaking slowly and emphasizing every word, he continued: "I found this cross on the 3d of January, 1849, on the Rue de Germaine, on the very spot on which, three days previous, the Comte de St. Armande was brutally murdered."

During the utterance of the concluding words of the above, the countenance of the listening man underwent a most

appalling change — as dreadful, indeed, as though he had heard the sentence for his immediate execution pronounced. The muscles of his face twitched convulsively, his under jaw fell, and his eyes rolled about in their sockets as though following the fantastic evolutions of some horrid goblin.

The paroxysm lasted but for a moment. By a superhuman effort of the will he recovered his bewildered faculties, sprang to his feet, and, with the demoniac fury of a madman, dashed at Henri; hissing between his set teeth, "D — you! the telling of that tale is your death-knell!"

Just as his muscular hand closed oppressively on Henri's throat, he was violently jerked backward, and found himself in the tenacious clutches of the two *gendarmes*.

"So, ho! my fine fellow!" ejaculated one of the officers. "We are altogether too deeply concerned for the future welfare of your soul to permit you to perpetrate such a crime. You have done bad enough already to bring you to hanging, and that is quite sufficient for our purpose."

The foiled villain glared sullenly from one to the other, and made no attempt to escape.

"That is right," remarked the officer who spoke before. "Take it easy — shows you to be a philosopher and a man of uncommon sense."

The prisoner coolly folded his arms, and stood silent.

"Monsieur Cardone," continued the officer, "as your friend seems to take kindly our interference with his little plan to afford you a long resting-spell, will you, with equal disinterestedness, provide us with a rope for his benefit? Unluckily, we came from town and forgot to bring the professional bracelets — an unintentional oversight, which, I assure you," addressing the prisoner, "we deplore even more than you yourself can. In fact, we were rather uncertain of hav-

ing the pleasure of your company on our return."

"Nor will you have that pleasure," growled the hitherto quiescent captive, suddenly striking out with his two powerful arms, upsetting both officers, kicking over the table on which stood the light, and leaping out of the door into freedom and darkness. As he vanished, a bullet hissed by either ear, but he escaped unhurt.

The reports of the pistols hurried Henri back into the room, from which he had gone in quest of the rope.

"Quick!" exclaimed one of the officers. "The devil has outwitted and escaped us. We must after him at once. I know the rascal of old. It is Leone Breme, the most reckless and ferocious of the many cut-throats who infested Paris six years ago. He most miraculously disappeared about the time of the St. Armande murder, and the department had given him up for dead. We must allow him to have his length, for the moment. Our first move is to lodge information at the three heads of the Police Department. He is an astute dog, of infinite resource, and the whole force on the scent will hardly suffice to capture him."

Breme was eventually taken. But so adroit was he, that he contrived to remain at large for three weeks after his escape from Cardone's house. He was tried, condemned, and executed, for the murder of St. Armande, several witnesses being found who identified him, and testified to having seen fastened to his shirt-bosom, on the evening of the murder, that identical blood-red cornelian cross.

Irene was never afterward persuaded to wear it. It has hung over the mantle in her *boudoir*, and many an evening-visitor has been beguiled by Henri with a recital of the two dark episodes in its history which are embodied in this story, and have departed shuddering at its sanguinary hue.

JAPANESE WRECKS IN AMERICAN WATERS.

DURING the past ninety years, at least fifteen Japanese vessels have been stranded on the west coast of North America and its outlying islands, or picked up in their neighborhood. There may have been many more, but of this number we have record, and the story of these vessels will form the subject of this article. These facts were not gathered from mere idle curiosity, although, as a narrative of human endurance and hardihood, they rival the most wonderful tales of shipwreck told in history. But they have a direct scientific bearing, which of itself makes them worth collecting and preserving.

Among the various subjects of modern study, hardly any has excited more general interest than the origin of the various races of men, and their wide migrations by land and sea. The aboriginal race of America especially seems to baffle all inquiry into its origin; and the source of these people, with their singular habits, developing in some regions into a native semi-civilization, has raised the wildest speculations, while it still remains almost a sealed book.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences of this city, some two years ago, this subject was incidentally discussed, and Professor Davidson, in speaking of the likelihood of an Asiatic origin of these tribes, alluded to the fact, that, within the memory of man, several Japanese vessels had been wrecked upon our own shores, drifted hither by the great ocean currents of the North Pacific, and, in nearly every case, there were living men saved from the wrecks.

The Kuro Siwo, or Japan Warm Stream, has been the agent that brought them here. This ocean-river, corre-

sponding with the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, is thus described by Professor Davidson: "The great northern equatorial current, leaving the coast of Lower California and the Gulf of California between the latitudes of 15° and 25° , sweeps across the whole Pacific, with its axis two or three degrees south of the Sandwich Islands; thence continuing on the parallel of 15° , and coming gradually northward until it passes the position of the Ladrone Islands, is gradually deflected to the north and north-east, along the Asiatic coast. In the parallel of 31° , it strikes the southern extremity of Japan, and passes close along the north-eastern coast of Nippon. Off the south and east point of Nippon, the stream begins to spread, and, by the time it reaches latitude 38° , it has been split in two. One branch, called the Kamtschatka current, moves to the north-east, running directly for Behring Straits. The other, and greater branch, follows the parallel of 35° , eastward. The main body of this branch stretches directly toward the coast of America, is deflected to the southward, following down the west coast of Oregon and California, and finally sweeps back into the great northern equatorial current." He then proceeds to quote some of the wrecks we are about to narrate, to demonstrate the existence and force of this current.

Necessarily, any vessel blown off the coast of Japan, would fall into this current, and, if disabled, would be drifted helplessly along its course. If she was dismasted on its western edge, she would perhaps be thrown upon the coast of Kamtschatka. Taking by chance a more easterly track, she might be wreck-

ed on the Aleutian Islands, or even be carried clear across to the shores of America; and so we find these wrecks scattered along the whole course of this North Pacific current. Even after it leaves California, on its return flow westward toward Asia, as we follow it through the islands of the Pacific, we find the same record in the remains of Japanese vessels stranded on their island beaches.

For greater simplicity, our search will follow the course of the Kuro Siwo from its beginning. Leaving Japan, the first land we encounter is the Aleutian chain of islands, reaching out from America almost to Asia, about latitude 52° . Indeed, the outermost of these are so near the Old World as to be in east longitude, and come within the scope of the Kamtschatka branch of the Great Stream; while the North Pacific current curves round toward America, just south of the main Aleutian chain.

Before commencing our record, I would say, that, in every instance, the narrative has been followed as nearly as possible to its original sources; and the curious reader can, in most cases, examine the first authorities, by the aid of our public libraries.

The Island of Attou is the furthest of our outlying possessions purchased from Russia, being in latitude $52^{\circ} 40'$ north, longitude $171^{\circ} 40'$ east. "In September, 1862," says Professor Davidson's "Alaska Coast Pilot," "a Japanese vessel was wrecked upon Attou. She had been driven off the coast of Japan, two or three months before, with a crew of twelve men, of which she had lost nine before going ashore, and had thus been drifted 1,800 miles in this current, at an average velocity of twenty miles per day." The United States Revenue steamer *Lincoln* visited Attou in July, 1871. By the politeness of Captain Scammon, I am furnished with the following memorandum from Mr. Doyle, her Chief Engineer: "I was shown the

remains of a Japanese junk that had been wrecked on the island not far from the harbor. The people told me that they saved four of the crew, and kept them for nearly a year, until they were taken off by one of the Fur Company's vessels, on her annual visit to the islands. The old Chief (he was about seventy) said that during his time three junks had been lost on the surrounding islets, and he wished the Great Spirit would direct them to their harbor, as the Aleuts were very much in want of firewood."

On Saturday, December 16th, 1871, the schooner *H. M. Hutchinson* brought into San Francisco three Japanese, taken from Atka Island, latitude $52^{\circ} 20'$ north, longitude 175° west. They were the sole survivors of the crew of the junk *Jinko Maru*, of Matssaka, province of Isé. Their vessel sailed from Isé with a cargo of rice for Kumana Province, met with a severe gale on the twenty-eighth of November, 1870, and, having lost her rudder and masts, drifted with the current, till, on the fifteenth of May, 1871, they were brought close to the island of Adakh. At this time there were only three living persons on board the vessel. They managed to let go the anchor within a mile of shore. The Aleuts came off, and towed her into the harbor, where she shortly afterward drove ashore. The Japanese went in the junk's boat to Atka, an adjacent island, where they were kindly received and entertained at the station of the Alaska Fur Company, whence Captain Patridge, of the *H. M. Hutchinson*, took them to Ounalaska, and thence to San Francisco. From San Francisco they were returned to Japan, by C. W. Brooks, Japanese Commercial Agent, to whose courtesy I am indebted for a portion of this narrative. I also had the satisfaction of hearing the story from Captain Patridge and Captain Barth, who rescued the survivors. Adakh is near Atka, to the west-south-

west, situated about 520 miles from the peninsula of Alaska.

Captain Barth also told me that his wife's father—who is one of the leading Aleuts of the tribe on the island of Atka—assured him, that, many years ago, in his younger days, for he is now an old man, a similar wreck occurred on that island.

Mr. Brooks has also given me the two following cases of dismasted vessels boarded at sea in this portion of the great stream, but I have been unable to ascertain the authorities from which he derived them: "In 1848, Captain Cox, of New London, Connecticut, picked up fifteen or twenty Japanese from a disabled junk, in latitude 40° north, longitude 170° west. He kept them on board during a cruise in the Okhotsk Sea, and finally landed them at Lahaina. In 1855, Captain Brooks, of brig *Leverett*, picked up an abandoned junk in latitude 42° north, longitude 170° west. Both these positions are toward the southern edge of the North Pacific current, and about 500 miles south of the Aleutian Islands."

The next instance, taken from P. Tichmeneff's "History of the Shelekoff Russian American Commercial Company," was kindly furnished by Professor Davidson. It is alluded to in Hawkes' "Narrative of Perry's Japan Expedition:"

About 1780, a clerk, named Delaroff, in the employ of the Shelekoff Company, being temporarily on one of the Aleutian islands—which one is unknown—found there a wrecked Japanese junk. Delaroff took all the Japanese, the number of whom is not stated, in his vessel to Okhotsk, and thence to Irkoutsk. They were detained in the Russian dominions for ten years, during which they were converted to Christianity. At the expiration of this period, they were forwarded to Japan, by order of the Empress Catharine, and sailed in the autumn of 1792, from Okhotsk, in the transport

ship *Catharine*, with valuable presents for the Japanese Government. After wintering in the northern part of the island of Jesso, they succeeded, the following summer, in entering the harbor of Hakodadi. The Japanese were polite, but refused to receive their countrymen, and the expedition left, without landing the luckless mariners.

About 1800 to 1805, a Japanese junk was wrecked on the coast of Alaska, probably near Sitka. The sailors were landed and assigned a residence on an island opposite Sitka, which was thence called Japonski Island. Professor Davidson, to whom I am indebted for this interesting circumstance, has been unable to find the account in the Russian documents. The shipwrecked crew afterward returned to Japan, either in a Russian vessel, or some craft built by themselves, perhaps, from the wreck. The compass of the junk and many stone carvings are in the possession of Doctor Hough, of the United States Army. Professor Davidson also has some of the carvings.

The following story of a junk picked up at sea is taken from "Forbes' California:" "In the year 1813, the British brig *Forrester*, bound from London to the River Columbia, and commanded by Mr. John Jennings, fell in with a Japanese junk of about 700 tons burden, 150 miles off the north-west coast of America, and abreast of Queen Charlotte's Island, about 49° north latitude. There were only three persons alive on board, one of whom was the captain. By the best accounts Captain Jennings could get from them, they had been tossing about at sea for nearly eighteen months; they had been twice in sight of the land of America, and driven off. Some beans still remained, on which they had been maintaining themselves, and they had caught rain-water for their drink. This vessel had left the northern coast of Japan, loaded with timber, for some of

the islands to the southward, and had been blown off the coast by gales of wind. She had no masts standing, but was in other respects not much injured. Captain Jennings took the survivors on board of his vessel, and delivered them at the Russian settlement at Norfolk Sound, the Governor of which, owing to the friendship existing between Russia and the Japanese, sent a vessel on purpose with them to their own country."

In 1833, a Japanese wreck occurred on the coast of what is now Washington Territory, below Cape Flattery, about 125 miles north of Columbia River. The particulars are drawn from "Belcher's Voyage," Irving's "Captain Bonneville," "Wilkes' Expedition," and "Perry's Japan." She appears to have been driven ashore in the early part of the year. During their long and wearisome voyage, most of the crew had died of starvation or disease, and their bodies, with that tender reverence for the dead, so characteristic of Oriental nations, the survivors had inclosed in casks, rather than commit them to the waters. When the vessel struck on the rocks, she was speedily boarded by the natives, who murdered all the survivors, except two men and a boy, whom they reduced to slavery.

The officers of the Hudson Bay Company, says Wilkes, became aware of this disaster, in a singular manner. They received a drawing on a piece of China paper, in which were depicted three shipwrecked persons, with the junk on the rocks, and the Indians engaged in plundering. This was sufficient to induce them to make inquiries, and Captain McNeil was dispatched to Cape Flattery in their vessel, the *Lama*. He had the satisfaction to find the three Japanese, whom he rescued from slavery by purchase, though there was some difficulty in obtaining the boy. Belcher and Wilkes both mention seeing porcelain ware of Japanese manufacture, which

had been obtained from the junk. The Hudson Bay Company forwarded the survivors to England. Thence they took passage to Macao, and were sent to the Bay of Yeddo, in 1837, on board the *Morrison*, by Mr. C. W. King, an American merchant. The *Morrison* was fired upon by the Japanese, and sailed away to Kagosima. There she was again fired upon, and obliged to return to Macao with the Japanese on board.

Following down the American coast, we meet with the relics of a junk, on Point Adams, the south shore of the mouth of the Columbia River. Indian tradition said she was cast ashore many years before the occupation of the country by the Whites. Sir Edward Belcher, who was at Astoria in 1839, was told she was laden with beeswax, and had many hands on board. The vessel was broken up by the surf on Clatsop beach, but her crew got on shore, and much of her cargo was thrown up by the waves. The beeswax, he adds, is even now, in 1839, occasionally cast upon the beach; and he had a specimen of it in his own possession. Professor Davidson, in his "Coast Pilot of California, Oregon, and Washington Territory," mentions seeing, in 1851, several pieces in the possession of persons living on the Columbia. When thrown on shore, the wax was coated with sand, and bleached nearly white. A late article in THE OVERLAND also speaks of these specimens, mentioning particularly large wax candles, whose wicks had entirely decayed, leaving them hollow shafts of wax. The fate of the crew is entirely unknown. Perhaps they were murdered by the Indians, or became absorbed in some of the neighboring tribes.

In 1815, three men were saved alive from a Japanese junk, 350 miles west-south-west of Point Conception. The story is told by Kotzebue, the eminent Russian navigator, who copied it from the journal of one of the officers of

the rescuing vessel. Kotzebue says: "Looking over Adams' journal, I found the following notice: 'Brig *Forrester*, twenty-fourth March, 1815. In the sea, near the coast of California, latitude $32^{\circ} 45'$ north, longitude $233^{\circ} 3'$ east ($126^{\circ} 57'$ west). During a strong wind from west-north-west, and rainy weather, we descried this morning, at six o'clock, a ship at a small distance, the disorder of whose sails convinced us that it stood in need of assistance. We immediately directed our course to it, and recognized the vessel in distress to be a Japanese, which had lost her mast and rudder. I was sent by the Captain on board, and found in the ship only three dying Japanese—the captain and two sailors. I instantly had the unfortunate men carried to our brig, where they were perfectly recovered, after four months' careful attendance. We learned from these people that they came from the port of Osaca, in Japan, bound to another commercial town, but had been surprised immediately on their departure by a storm, and had lost their mast and rudder. They had been, up to this day, a sport of the waves for seventeen months; and of their crew of thirty-five men, only three had survived, who would have died of hunger.'"

Professor Davidson, alluding to this, in "The Alaska Coast Pilot," remarks that the position indicated is about 350 miles west-south-west by compass from Point Conception, and adds: "Supposing this junk to have kept on the south side of the axis of the great current, and to have been carried directly down the American coast, on the western part of this current, it must have traversed 5,300 miles in 516 days, or a trifle over ten miles per day, for that whole period." I know of no story on record which surpasses in endurance the dreary voyage of these poor fellows floating helplessly along for a year and a half at the mercy of the winds and waves, without food,

without water, without hope, and so crossing the whole breadth of the North Pacific. We have no knowledge of what became of them after their rescue.

Some points of coincidence between this narrative and the one given above from Forbes, lead to a suspicion that they may be two versions of the same story; but it is much more likely that Forbes, who wrote after a lapse of twenty years, has confused two separate accounts, and merged them into one. Though the name of the vessel is the same in both authors, the Captain's name, according to Kotzebue, was Pigott, while Forbes calls him Jennings. Kotzebue says the junk sailed from Osaca, one of the southern harbors of Japan, while according to Forbes she came from one of the northern ports of the empire. The discrepancy between the two positions assigned to the vessel is no less marked, they being nearly a thousand miles apart. The minuteness of Forbes' narrative seems to indicate, however, the presence of an eye-witness of the events he details. From all these circumstances, it is reasonable to conclude the story told by Forbes is a record of an entirely distinct occurrence.

In 1853, Captain Scammon, of the United States Revenue Service, discovered the wreck of an Asiatic vessel on the largest of the San Benito Islands—a group lying off the coast of Lower California, near Cerros Island, in about latitude 28° north, longitude 116° west. Cerros Island will be readily remembered by every Californian who has crossed the Isthmus, as the first land made after passing the Santa Barbara Islands on the trip to Panama. Captain Scammon describes his discovery, in an article contributed to the *Alta California* of April 22, 1860, in these words: "That it was some Oriental sailing-craft there can be no doubt. The planks were fastened together on the edges with spikes, or bolts, of a flat shape and with the heads

all on one side. The seams were not straight, although the workmanship otherwise was good. It appeared to be the bottom of a vessel that was seen here, and gave evidence of having been a long time on shore." This meagre statement is all we can ever know of this unfortunate vessel; but it has a peculiar interest, as lying farther south than any other yet found on the Continent of North America.

This completes the record of all the Japanese wrecks I have been able to collect, throughout the course of this great ocean current, from Attou to Cape St. Lucas. On its return toward the Asiatic shores, it sweeps through the numerous islands which dot the Pacific Ocean below 28° north latitude, landing on their beaches the drift-wood which has been poured into it by the rivers of California and Oregon; and here and there it casts up the shattered remains of some poor junk, which has thus nearly made the complete circuit.

I will enumerate a few of these, confining myself to the eastern half of the Pacific Ocean. Sir Edward Belcher tells the following story of one of these castaways, the details being taken from the *Hawaiian Spectator*. It is also mentioned in Forbes' "California." "On the last Sunday in December, 1832, there anchored near the harbor of Waialea, Oahu, a junk of about eighty tons burden. Ten or eleven months before, with a crew of nine men, and a cargo of fish, she had left one of the southern islands of the Japanese group for Jeddo; but, encountering a typhoon, was driven to sea. They were soon reduced to a diet of salt-fish and rain-water. One after another died, of suffering and starvation, and when they were boarded by a Chinaman, residing upon Oahu, only four living persons were found on board, and three of these were severely afflicted with the scurvy—two being unable to walk, and the third nearly so. The

fourth was in good health, and had the sole management of the vessel. After remaining at Waialea five or six days, an attempt was made to bring the vessel to Honolulu, when she was wrecked off Barber's Point, on the evening of January 1, 1833. Everything but the crew was lost, with the exception of a few trifling articles. The men remained at Honolulu eighteen months, when they were forwarded to Kamtschatka, whence they hoped eventually to make their way by stealth into their own country—approaching by the way of the most northern islands." Mr. Brooks has also been informed that a Japanese junk once drifted upon Kauai, the northernmost of the Hawaiian Islands; but I have been unable to ascertain the authority for the statement.

In the *Old and New* magazine of June, 1870, is an article entitled, "Our Furthest Outpost," by C. W. Brooks. Speaking of the cruise of the *Gambia*, in 1859, among the small islands to the north-west of the Hawaiian group, he says, "On these and many other islands and rocks visited were found wrecks of Japanese junks." Again, speaking of the Midway Islands—the subject of the article—he says: "On the east side are the remains of two Japanese junks, their lower-masts stranded high up on the beach. The north-east shore is lined with drift-wood, among which are many redwood logs of formidable size, evidently from the coast of California." The Midway Islands are in latitude 28° 15' north, longitude 177° 22' west. Mr. Brooks also states that Captain Brooks, of the *Gambia*, found the remains of a junk on Ocean Island, in latitude 28° 25' north, longitude 178° 21' west. There are many other Japanese wrecks strewn among the islands of the Pacific; but I allude especially to those just mentioned because they are situated partially in the return flow of the great current, and, as is shown by the character of the drift-stuff

thrown on the beaches, these wrecks had very likely once been near the American shores.

Many wrecked junks have also been found on the islands nearer to Japan than Midway; but as they are foreign to the object proposed for this article, they are only worthy of general mention, as increasing the sum of probabilities. Perry found them on the Bonin Islands; Brooks mentions them among the islands between Midway and Japan. Many others have been found among the islands nearer Japan.

The number of castaway Japanese who have been picked up at sea, and brought into San Francisco and Honolulu, is also considerable, taken from over a score of vessels; but I have been unable to obtain any correct *data* of their positions at the time of rescue, which alone would render them valuable for my purpose. Besides, many of them were picked up very far to the westward of America, comparatively near to the coast of Japan—for example, the two crews brought into San Francisco, early in 1871, by the ship *Annie M. Smull* and the P. M. S. S. Company's steamer *China*.

In this connection, it is worthy of mention, that when the Japanese Government adopted the policy of non-intercourse with other nations, about 200 years ago, they not only forbade their vessels to trade with foreign ports, but they altered by law the construction of their junks, rendering them unfit for anything but coasting voyages. By prescribing an open stern, and a huge rudder like those of our river-steamboats, they made their vessels very liable to a loss of their steering apparatus, which must speedily be followed by cutting away the masts, and then the junk was helpless. Of course, this confining them near the shore would very much lessen the chances of their falling within the influence of the Kuro Siwo, while on the other hand, in case of their being

caught in a storm, this clumsy method of construction made them very liable to be crippled. These laws have been abrogated: an account of them can be found in "Perry's Expedition."

The foregoing list might probably be very much extended by careful reference to the voyages of early navigators, the records of the fur companies, the experiences of the pioneers on this coast, and the logs of the whalers of the north-west. And I would urge upon every person in possession of such knowledge to make it known to the public through the press. Enough has been shown, by collecting these isolated facts, to establish the antecedent probability of an Asiatic migration to these shores. Indeed, there can be little doubt that an admixture of Japanese blood has considerably modified the population of the Aleutian Islands. The dialects of the Aleuts, especially of the furthest outlying islands, are said to resemble very closely those of the Kurile Islands, on the Asiatic coast; and their features bear the same testimony. The islands of the Aleutian chain are separated from each other by various passes, the widest gap—the Amoukhta Passage—being about 45 miles; indeed, many of them are in sight of each other, and the broadest intervals are crossed by the natives in open canoes, in fine weather; while the channel separating them from the outlying Asiatic islands is about 210 miles wide, and Attou is hardly 400 miles from the main-land of Kamtschatka.

It is not surprising, then, to find on the North-west Coast, in some localities, habits and customs which remind us of Asiatic nations—such as carving, articles of domestic manufacture, and dress, somewhat resembling those Oriental peoples'—and also, a marked similarity of personal appearance. This last is so pronounced, that it is often difficult to distinguish the natives from the foreigners, when both are in European

dress—as many of us Californians are aware, who often meet both Indians and Chinamen in their new garb.

We must remember, too, in discussing this question, that this chain of connection, between the two continents, stretches across in latitude 52° to 55° north, in a climate rendered comparatively mild by the perpetual flow along its shores of the great Japan Warm Stream. We need not look to the arctic desolation of Behring Straits for the bridge of connection, for Nature has provided a much more tempting means of access, and has directed her great ocean-river along its shores.

The contrast between the course of the Kuro Siwo and that of the Gulf Stream is very marked. While the latter is lost in the arctic seas north of the Atlantic, the main body of the former is swayed to the east, across the Pacific, till it impinges upon the American Con-

continent. While the latter, before the days of Columbus, washed only the shores of a thinly populated land of savages, the former, from time immemorial, has borne upon its bosom the commerce of comparatively civilized peoples. The difference in result would be infinite. Why then should it seem strange, that, while the Atlantic told no tale to Europe of life on its western shores, the Pacific was constantly bearing a living freight across its wide extent, perhaps to people the vast solitudes of America, perhaps only to modify the customs of an already existing population. I do not aim at solving the wider problem of the origin of the Indian tribes; but, in collecting these scattered narratives, I have tried simply to map out some of the effects of the great North Pacific Ocean currents, and establish the likelihood of some communication between Asia and America.

EL RIO COLORADO DEL SUR.

A THOUSAND busy streams gather up the waters of the Great Central Basin of North America, to form El Rio Colorado del Sur—The Red River of the South. Once formed, it plunges into that dark, mysterious gorge, or chasm, for which no better name has yet been found than Big Cañon, to wind its way therein for 250 miles, and to emerge therefrom, into the glad light of day, near the mouth of the Rio Virgen; thence, 700 miles and more, scarcely augmented by a tributary, it rolls its waters through barren deserts or rank wildernesses to the sea—but everywhere through scenery so grand, that, once seen, it unceasingly haunts the memory, and lives in mental vision, in ever-present pictures.

Forty miles below the mouth of the

Virgen is the town of Callville—a town founded a half-score of years too soon. Exercising the virtues of faith and hope, it bides its time. In 1866 a steamer woke the long-slumbering echoes with its whistle, and roused the town to unwonted efforts in the way of improvements; but, the steamer making no second trip, the echoes and efforts alike died away, to await the resurrection attendant upon a second advent. Civilization voices itself to-day in the steam-whistle: where that is heard, is progress; where it is not, retrogression. Sweeping past Callville, describing the arc of a circle for nine miles, between low-bluff shores, the river enters Black Cañon. It is rightly named, for the dark-gray rocks (sometimes taking a bluish tinge) look black as night when the sun's

rays do not rest full upon them. The *cañon's* sides are not precipitous merely, but smooth, polished faces of stone, with scarce a seam, fissure, or crevice. These vast, perpendicular masses push their brows upward until their dim and dizzy summits seem to prop the sky. Did the stream once flow on their summits, and has it in the vast eons worn its way to the present depths below, or did a mighty convulsion of Nature rend a passage for the waters?

Throughout the *cañon*, whatever fall there is in the river is by successive steps: for long distances the water, with the depth of a hundred feet, seems motionless, or only driven forward by lateral pressure; then a ripple is reached, with a few yards of swift current below, to be followed by another stretch of lazy quiet. At low water, narrow strips of sand appear at the base of the cliff; but when the melting snows of spring, far in the northland, pour forward their volume, the river rises thirty feet, and few and distant are the places where landings may be made. The walls are not entirely continuous: there are, in places, recesses extending inland; but they afford no outlet, for in every case, at a little distance, the rock rears its form, saying, "Thus far shalt thou come."

The Roaring Rapid, situated a few miles below the *cañon*, and so long supposed to forbid the navigation of the upper Colorado, is nothing more than the rush of the stream over a low dam thrown across the river by the waters from one of those phenomena of the country, a cloud-burst in the neighboring hills. For hundreds of miles, at short distances, the banks of the stream are broken by deep and wide *arroyos*, carved out by immense volumes of water, bearing along with their swift currents the *débris* of the mountains, and rocks of every size, from pebbles to those weighing many tons. A cloud rests ominously upon some high peak

at a distance of five, ten, or twenty miles; and soon, at the foot of the *arroyo*, is heard the rush and roar of waters. Down the incline they come, a moving wall, higher than a person's head, the base lingering and toying with the thirsty sands, and the brow toppling over. The earth trembles as the fore-front of the torrent rolls past; and the frightened waters of the river are cloven and rent in twain by its surge. For two or three hours the flow continues with unabated volume; then it shrinks, dwindles, and disappears, while the pent and narrow river struggling past, close under the opposite bank, tells what freight the cataract bore in its bosom.

Twelve miles further is El Dorado Cañon—a misnomer, for the *cañon* is but an *arroyo*. Here, or rather a few miles distant, are good mines; but the uncertainty and high price of supplies forbid their present working. Since 1865 two or three men have stood guard over two quartz-mills and some other property, waiting the advent of railroads in the vicinity, or the multiplying of boats on the river. How wearisome is waiting! Small work and high wages are no compensation for isolation; and new *employés* have to be sought at short intervals.

Among those who tarried longest here—and until murdered at Callville, for some imaginary offense—was Jeff Hartman. Jeff was the perfection of physical form and vigor—a type of that class, so large-hearted and full of sympathy; one so frequently meets in all the mining camps of the Pacific Slope. One day he accompanied a party of travelers to Cottonwood Island, merely to break the wearisome monotony of life. In the expressive language of Arizona, the Indians at the time were *bad*; hence traveling was mostly done at night, that the movements of the wayfarers might escape the notice of their alert enemies. The party left the *cañon* in the after-

noon, passed the high mountain intervening in the first ten miles, and then skirted the river to the island, arriving at daybreak. All day they slept, dozed, and grazed their animals, under the shadows of the grand old trees; and at dusk Jeff, alone and on foot, started on his return. Hardly had he made five miles, when he came directly upon a group of sleeping Apaches. The alarm was given by one more wakeful than the rest, and all immediately sprang to their feet, while Hartman took to the brush. The alluvial banks of the river are covered by a profuse growth of arrow-weed, so called—a plant with a long, straight, and pliable stalk, surmounted by a bushy head, affording a splendid cover, so far as escaping from sight is concerned. Into this he plunged, on all-fours, and began crawling away. The Indians, fearful of losing their prey, followed close after him—so close, that, with pistol almost touching their persons, he shot two of them. This made them more cautious; and they apparently gave up the idea of his immediate killing, and determined simply to hold him in check till morning, when his escape would be impossible. Jeff divined their policy; and, as silently as the mole digs in the earth, he wormed his way through the cover, holding his breath and listening at the slightest sound. For hours he crept steadily on. He heard his enemies on every side, and reasoned correctly, that, while they had lost his immediate whereabouts, they were blustering around, that he might not presume on their want of vigilance and attempt direct flight. With a native instinct he crawled toward the trail, and found it. Ignorant of the hour, he knew that the morning would dawn at half-past four, and if by that time he failed to reach the summit of the mountain, thirty miles distant, his life would pay the forfeit. His enemies would soon post themselves on the trail—perhaps were there already. Starting up, he

broke into a long, swinging trot, and, when the sun rose in the east, Jeff, from the summit, looked down the slope and saw his foes scattered over the plain, some of them stationed at the very base of the mountain. With a loud yell of victory, and gesticulations of defiance, he turned his back to his enemies and his face toward El Dorado Cañon. For a week or two the story of Jeff's escape was the theme of the camp, but was then forgotten, for it was but an incident of frequent occurrence in Arizona life.

To the east and south of the *cañon* stand a great number of pyramidal hills, of the height of 2,000 feet or thereabouts, each surmounted by a flat cap, projecting, without support, from ten to thirty feet—the whole presenting a very singular appearance. The ascent of one of these hills reveals that their chief substance is conglomerate, consisting of sand, gravel, clay, *débris* of all kinds, and rocks of every size, while the cap is pure, yellow lava, almost as compact and smooth as an asphaltum sidewalk, and nearly as destitute of vegetation. Lying upon the level crown of lava are countless volcanic rocks, seemingly fresh from the fires in the bosom of the earth, for they have not dented the smooth pavement. The summits of these hills have a common level; and it seems as though, at a day comparatively recent, this was also the common level of the country, and that for a vast area the sheet of lava over it was continuous. The present process of demolition is in this wise: the storms beating on the side of the hill, and the water which falls on the lava-surface and runs off the edges, washes away the soft, supporting conglomerate, until the projecting crown can not sustain itself; then a huge piece breaks off and rolls down the mountain-side, in due time to be followed by another. The progress is very rapid: a few years, and the capped hills will be

things of the past. Black Cañon suggests that countless thousands of years have been required for the Colorado River to carve its channel there. These hills make mention of very recent volcanic action, of almost inconceivable magnitude.

Some forty miles below El Dorado Cañon, Cotton-wood Island, like an emerald, meets the gaze. Horses and mules, weary and half-starved in the journey over deserts, crop the abundant grasses with a manifest joy, while the big old trees wave their long branches in greeting, and invite tired travelers to repose in their shade. The island is a debatable land, situated at the boundaries of the territories of the Pah-Utes and the Mohaves. It is claimed by both, and possessed by neither. It and the river-banks have been the scenes of many battles. Here Irataba, the Chief of the Mohaves, resplendent in the Major-General's uniform presented to him by the authorities at Washington, marshaled his forces, in 1865, and gave battle to his enemies. Alas, for the fickleness of fortune! Alas, for faith and trust. The Mohaves expected that their foes would be paralyzed at the sight of the gorgeous trappings of their Chief. They believed in the golden epaulettes; they had hope in the nodding plume, and a sublime confidence in the potency of the sword: they relaxed their own efforts to watch the effect of these auxiliaries. There was one fatal error in their calculations: the cupidity of human nature was not taken into account. At sight of so much bravery of apparel, the Pah-Utes were seized with a strong desire to become possessors of it, and acquitted themselves valiantly. The Mohaves were defeated, and Irataba was taken prisoner. The United States not having recognized a state of belligerency between the parties, and Irataba being a man of much consequence and a fast friend of the Whites, the Pah-Utes did

not dare put him to death—but did infinitely worse: stripped him, and let him go; and straightway his raiment was parted among as many claimants as there were pieces. The loss was duly reported, through the post-commander, to the authorities at Washington; but, to this day, it has never been made good. Republics are ungrateful. Irataba sits in sadness; his influence, in a measure, has passed to other chiefs, who have never soared so high, nor encountered such a fall.

A few miles below the island, the walls of Painted Cañon, looking dull and cloudy in shadow, light up in the sun's rays and gleam with purple, green, and gold. A few miles further, and huge rocks, arranged in the outline of a bull's head, give the name to a *cañon*. We now approach Hardyville; first, the steam quartz-mill, erected to crush the ores from the, at one time, celebrated Moss Mine; then Hardy's store, and the few *adobe* buildings clustering around. Of all the Colorado River towns, this has suffered most from the depredations of the Indians. The territory of the Hualipis, a branch of the Apache nation, lies a little distance to the eastward; and this subdivision bravely maintains the reputation of the parent stock. So embittered have the Whites become against them, that shooting the Hualipis on sight is deemed a religious duty, and hunting them is regarded as a pastime. The boldness and adroitness of the Red rascals almost exceeds belief. They have killed men almost in sight of the town, at midday; and yet their coming and going was so mysterious that their bloody work alone spoke of their presence. Colonel Aiken, distinguished in the war of the Rebellion, came here, bringing with him a fine, large, gray horse. The Colonel was fond of horses in general, and this one in particular. Every night he put him—in common with all the other horses of the town—

in a large *corral*, formed by setting the trunks of trees in the ground, close together, and lashing them to each other at the tops with raw-hide; and, in his blankets, took his turn at the bars, or gate, as watch. Every morning he would look admiringly into the inclosure, and congratulate himself on the possession of the finest and largest gray horse there. One morning he woke to find that the Apaches had come down during his own watch—O, how softly!—and, on the far side, had cut the thongs and lifted out two or three posts, entered, and led away the fine, large, gray horse and one or two others of the most valuable, not daring to stampede the herd. The Colonel comprehended the disaster, and made some remarks, which can hardly be quoted in the pages of a family magazine.

In 1866 Jim Canover came in, after his long race of twenty-eight miles—the only unwounded man of a party of six victims of Hualipi-Apache treachery in the Sacramento Mining District. Jim says it is time thrown away to train for a foot-race: all that is wanted to insure speed and endurance is to put a dozen hostile Indians on a man's trail.

Hardyville is situated at the point on the river known as Beale's Crossing. It has a good site for a town, and has a natural levee. The river-banks are permanent—a desideratum, when a location for a town is to be selected.

Six miles below is Mohave City, and Fort, or Camp, Mohave. The soldiers drill lazily, morning and evening, and lounge away the remainder of the long, yellow, monotonous days. The wearisomeness of their life is broken in upon by an occasional scout after Indians—never resulting in any damage to the Red-skins, unless there are volunteers or Mohave Indians along, who are versed in the ways of the wily Apache. The Mohave Indians from the reservation, twenty miles below, swarm around, lying

in wait for crumbs of civilized comfort. The big, burly form of Irataba is often seen. As a warrior, he is not a success; his forte is statesmanship, and he still wields a powerful influence over the Mohaves and their allies. Here, too, is Sickerhoot, the War Chief—the noblest Roman of them all—the hero of many well-fought battles. His big-toes are separated from the others by the space of two inches. "It is, that when my enemies see the print of my foot, they may say, 'Sickerhoot has been here.'" So he explained. Is there anything more heroic in Cooper's novels than this?

Below Mohave the Colorado is a beautiful river. For miles the banks are alluvial deposits of rare fertility, teeming with an abundant growth of cottonwood and willow trees and rank grasses. As the traveler floats along, to the left is seen San Francisco Mountain, pushing its slope far out into the plain toward the river; hour after hour goes by, still it is abreast; a half-day, and it has not fallen behind. From the mountain the gaze turns to the Needles—those minarets of an unseen mosque—those slender spires springing from the ragged crags on the river's brink—formed by stratified rocks set on edge, continuous when seen from the east or west, but when viewed from the north or south they push their tapering forms, light and graceful, high into the thin air.

At the Needles it is supposed the Thirty-fifth Parallel Railroad will cross the Colorado. Easy approaches, and high, bluff banks of solid rock, point it out as a most proper site. A suspension-bridge might be cheaply constructed, the abutments, and almost the towers, being in position; and it may be observed, that this river is peculiarly adapted for spanning by suspension-bridges. They may be thrown across at any point for hundreds of miles in the aggregate, there being but one ob-

jection to most localities: that the bridge would be entirely inaccessible to any creature not possessed of the power of flight.

Down through the Mohave Cañon—stupendous to him who has not seen the greater wonders of Black Cañon; past many a frowning rock; dallying under the shade of bordering trees, or gleaming in bright sunlight where the valleys widen, winds at low-water the stream of the desert, breaking the silence of ages with beautiful melody.

Aubrey City, or Bill Williams Fork, is a surprise to the visitor. Almost unapproachable by land, it lurks at the confluence of the river and the fork, waiting for a rise in the value of copper, to mines of which in its vicinity it owes its existence. Here is first met the Mexican element. *Keno* and *monte*; long, keen knives; *tortillas* and crimson sashes, and the soft, musical voices of *señoras* and *señoritas*.

Among the many phenomena of the Colorado River are swirls, so called. They occur everywhere, but only at high stages of water. A bubble rises from the bottom, and breaks with a slight sound on the surface. The water at the point begins a rotary motion, so small that an inverted tea-cup might cover it. Larger and larger grows the circle, till a surface of forty feet in diameter is in motion, spinning around a funnel-shaped hole in the centre, two or three feet across at the top, and coming to a point in the depths below. Often a large tree floating down the stream is caught, and its foremost end thrust up in the air twenty or thirty feet, while the other passes underneath—the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again, and to disappear.

Three soldiers—deserters from Camp Mohave—passing in a skiff through the cañon immediately below the fork, suffered their craft to run into a swirl. One of the crew, at the first intimation of

danger, threw himself overboard beyond the charmed circle; and, as he swam away, he turned his head and saw the boat spin round and round, until, one end being drawn into the vortex and the other upheaved in the air, it slowly sank, as it revolved, into the turbid bosom of the river, its human freight to be seen no more; for the Colorado River does not give up its dead—no corpses lodge on its shores.

Corner Rock, Chemuevis, and Black Mountain fix the attention of the traveler as he drifts with the current. The utter desolation of these hills! Between them and the water often intervene narrow strips of alluvial soil, luxuriant with trees and shrubs, whose foliage relieves the eye; but the hills are ever the same—red as brick-dust—sustaining no vegetable life, save that of plants of the cactus family, the presence of which anywhere is evidence of a desert. A strange family is that of the *Cacti*. Sixty-odd varieties flourish in Arizona: some bear fruit; nearly all have flowers, some of which are of the most gorgeous hues; while others bring forth neither branch, leaf, flowers, nor fruit, but thrust up stalks a foot in diameter, twenty feet high, and stand as lone sentinels over the desert wastes, intensifying the sense of barrenness and solitude, as a single, far-off sound at night intensifies the consciousness of silence. But one thing all have in common: with no more root than just sufficient to keep them in place, they have abundant moisture in a country where rains are infrequent. The ball cactus is nearly as juicy as a water-melon and quite as large.

La Paz has grown very peaceful of late—a martyr to that inexorable law which requires that a seaport shall be on the coast, and a river town near the water. Three miles inland, it has surrendered its population and commerce to Ehrenberg, situated at the landing.

Weary with monotony, the traveler

floats down past The Barriers, through Picacho Cañon, the last on the river, seeing to the left the wondrous Castle Dome, and to the right the no less marvelous Picacho Peak. A vast mountain, round and symmetrical as one-half of the great globe itself, is surmounted by a dome duly proportioned, circular, with sheer perpendicular sides and swelling roof. The illusion is perfect—a tabernacle where the gods might worship. It is forty miles distant. Eighty miles farther down the stream, far below Fort Yuma, it still looms on the sight—solemn, grand, majestic—one of the chiefest of Arizona's ten thousand wonders.

And now, just above Fort Yuma, comes in the Gila—fierce and turbulent when the snows of the distant mountains are melting, or when a water-spout deluges the area of a township, but of little force or volume at other times. Immediately at Fort Yuma the river breaks through a ridge of quite solid conglomerate, or what the hydraulic miners of California would call hard cement. This being some eighty feet in height, furnishes an excellent site for a bridge. A single arch of no very great length would span the stream above the reach of the smoke-stacks of passing steamers, and engineers would escape the necessity of devising piers of extraordinary strength to hold their own against the turbulent Colorado at high water.

Along the ridge, to the westward and in the State of California, is the collection of buildings known as the Fort; while on the other side of the river, in Arizona, between two ridges, nestles Arizona City, with one main, wide street, leading up from the landing, cut across at right-angles by half a dozen of lesser width. The population of the city, numbering some eleven hundred, is exceedingly cosmopolitan, almost every nation of the earth being represented. Mexican habits and customs are in

the ascendant. Beans are the staff of life, and red peppers the universal condiment. St. John's is a better day than the Fourth of July, and a *siesta* in the afternoon a recognized necessity. The Mexican residents are not wholly of the lower classes, as in many Arizona towns. Stately Dons bear themselves with Castilian pride, and look with contempt on the *peones* below them. For deportment, commend us to the *piés alta* of the Mexicans. In comparison, Turveydrop was a failure; and from them the most accomplished society-man in America might learn something. Witness the reception of a guest: the host meets him at the door; his face lights up with joy at his beholding; he clasps both his hands, and, stepping backward, he leads him to the seat of honor, presents him the *casa* and all things therein, hangs upon his words, and, with ready "*¡Sí, señor!*" persuades him that for once, and at last, he is appreciated. The city has a large commerce; the stores are numerous and well furnished. In the hot months, the business-day is divided into two parts, between which intervenes that burning heat which has made this locality famous the world over as the hottest place where men live.

At the early dawn, while the stars are still shining, the cup of morning-coffee is drank, and the business-day opens; for three or four hours after, the activity continues; then silence succeeds to the hum of voices, the people disappear from the streets, and a populous town becomes, to appearance, a deserted village. The sun has mounted on high; the mercury is climbing in its tiny tube—now it marks one hundred, anon five, and then ten; the distant white sands gleam in the sun's rays, like snow-fields in winter: fifteen—the far-away hills and even the barracks, just across the stream, quiver in the sight; twenty—and the whole landscape shakes with tremulous motion; twenty-five—and the at-

mosphere is flooded with light: the great glory that attends the sun in the heavens at midday has come down to earth, and is everywhere about. The blaze burns the eye-balls in their sockets, and a great fear of blindness takes hold of the mind, and not only shade is sought, but darkness—the long-time residents to sleep; the new-comers to drink deep draughts of the sweet waters of the Colorado, and, with chests laid bare, and reeking with perspiration, to gaze in each other's faces with looks of abject terror. The hours creep on; the strangers, astonished to find themselves still living, gather courage to hope for the shadows of evening. The faint sound of a breeze breaks on the ear, and they start up in expectancy. The promised zephyr stifles them. It comes from the desert, hot as a blast from the furnace, thick-laden with the odors of desolation, and charged with an impalpable dust that irritates the air-passages, and tortures the lungs—the sirocco of the American continent. The shadows of evening lengthen, and business again resumes its sway. The mid-day depression is followed by a corresponding elation of spirits, and the sounds of jocund voices break upon the air. The streets are again alive. At from ten to eleven the stores close; the night has become not cool, but comparatively so, and slumbers follow—deep, quiet slumbers, utter forgetfulness, entire restfulness—atoning for the day's miseries.

The water of the Colorado is palatable, even when loaded with sediment; when settled or filtered, it becomes delicious, and there is health in every gulp. No matter how warm one may be, or how cool the water may be made by the use of a porous earthen vessel—called an *olla*—no evil consequences result from excessive drinking. The people in Arizona City are only sensitive in respect to their several water-coolers. You may possibly call a man a thief with impuni-

ty, but you must not reflect on the quality of his *olla*, for it is as the apple of his eye; not only is his pride bound up in it, but his prosperity also. It invites patronage to the store, saloon, workshop. "Let us go to Jim's; he's got a first-rate *olla*"—that settles the question. This important vessel is very nearly the shape of a bean-pot, enlarged sufficiently to hold, in some cases, a half barrel. It is formed of a peculiar clay, and burned without glazing to the hue of a pale brick. It is exceedingly porous, and the water, seeping through, evaporates rapidly from the outside, by which that within is reduced to and kept at a very low temperature—simple, but effective. Equally simple are the methods of the water-carriers. In the centre of each head of a water-cask is inserted a peg, to which are attached the two ends of a raw-hide, the pegs doing duty as swivels. An Indian harnesses himself into the loop of the thong, and marches down the street, the cask trundling behind. Arrived at the water, he removes the bung and allows the cask to be filled by the stream, then, replacing the bung, he attaches himself, and tows the freight to his customers.

Among the discomforts of life on the Colorado, may be counted the torture of insects. There is a little fellow, in comparison to which a flea is an elephant, who displays a capacity for biting at once astonishing and distressing. You feel the pain, but see no cause, until you search as with a microscope, and find a fly in miniature—a tiny fellow, with white or transparent wings, but perfect in all his parts. You crush him in your anger, and there is not matter enough in his whole body to leave a trace. To play the part of giant to this dwarf, the desert furnishes still another fly, twice the size of a bumble-bee. He is magnificent in raven velvet robes, with a spot of gold where the wings join the body; his head sparkles with countless eyes,

and his motions are quicker than those of a humming-bird. He does not bite, but lances—cuts a jagged, three-lobed hole, from which the blood jets out in a stream—and this from pure “cussedness,” for he never stays to partake of the feast. This fellow is a terror; his size lends him dignity. He is not a pest, but a foe.

“I will now show you some industrious amusement,” said the learned Italian cook, who served up *frijoles* in five languages; and, producing one of these monsters, he inserted in his rear the end of a splint of broom-corn, three inches long, and cast him loose. The rudder had the effect of preventing his tacking, and he sailed off into space, till distance hid him from sight. Forthwith the company voted this a fit amusement for human beings, satisfying as it did two of the cravings of the human heart—the desire for revenge, and a thirst for knowledge, for the laws of motion were involved—and straightway six able-bodied men dispersed to hunt up stock for the pursuit. There were hurrys to and fro; the tramp of feet resounded from the upper and lower decks, for flies were everywhere. In ten minutes all had reassembled, and, with one voice, said that it was beneath the dignity of men to torture the brute creation; besides, God had made insects with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. No one had succeeded in catching a fly.

However forbidding the aspect of the country in the vicinity of the Colorado may be, when viewed as a proposed residence of White Men, it is a paradise for the native Indians. For a greater part of the year, clothing of any kind is a superfluity seldom indulged in; while, for the remainder, a single blanket, or a few skins of birds or small animals sewed together, is an abundant wardrobe. Their rude husbandry produces a considerable yield of corn, beans, squashes,

and melons; the natural supply of grass-seeds and mesquit-beans is inexhaustible, and the river and gulf supply fish without limit. One of their methods of catching fish is both simple and ingenious. A piece of bloody or juicy fresh meat is secured by a string, so that it floats in the stream, where it is shallow, and where there is some current. Just below, the fisher takes his stand, laying the back of his hand on the river-bottom. The poor fish, unable to see his danger through the ever-muddy water, scents the bait and follows up the current, and, as he passes over the hand, it closes on him, and he is gently taken in out of the wet. Those people whose knowledge of Indians is only derived from the sight of the wretched Diggers of California, or the poor remains of the tribes in the Atlantic States, should see the Yumas and the Cocopahs, that their respect for the genuine native Americans may be enhanced.

With bright-red complexions, and tall, straight forms, they are a handsome people. Neither stupid nor taciturn, they chat, laugh, bathe, hunt, fish, play various games involving strength and agility, gamble, and otherwise enjoy themselves rationally, as do the Whites. Capable of great physical efforts—for their runners will carry a letter one hundred miles in twenty-four hours—they see little occasion for activity, but idle away their lives upon these warm sands—creatures only of circumstance and impulse.

From Fort Yuma to the Gulf of California there are but two points where the natural formation of the country reaches to the present river-banks; all else is alluvial. The Colorado flows in a bed of its own making. Once, and that recently, the stream ended and the gulf began a hundred miles higher up than now. Through this distance the river now winds its mazy course—flowing by turns toward every point of the

compass, and making, as the sailors phrase it, two miles of distance to one of departure.

This alluvial soil is of wonderful fertility. Scarcely does a deposit show above water, but it is green with embryo trees, which, in three years' time, attain to forty feet in height, and stand so close together that one can hardly thread his way among them. In a few small cleared places the Indians plant corn, beans, and squashes, and the product they realize is marvelous. Could the river be confined to a given bed, and its waters controlled for irrigation, here would be a field for sugar and rice-planting that America does not elsewhere offer. There is one terrible drawback: for three or four months succeeding the high water, the mosquitoes are as plentiful as were the lice, flies, or locusts in Egypt. Woodchoppers and others, forced to tarry in the vicinity, give over striving, and suffer themselves to be bitten, only now and then raising a hand, when the torture is too great, to brush them off the face, like sweat from the brow. The officers, crew, and passengers of steamers, after making a landing, get under mosquito-bars, while it is still day and the sun still shining, to escape the avalanche that comes on board at nightfall. The watchman stands guard in the sweltering hours of the early night, his face shrouded in a thick veil, and his hands encased in buckskin gloves.

As tide-water is approached, the river frequently widens, to form considerable bays. Immediately below Howard's Point is a broad bay, formerly looked on as the head of the gulf, inasmuch as here freight was transhipped from the sea-going vessels to the boats and barges plying on the river. Now, through shallowing and narrowing, occasioned by the deposit of sediment, the river is considered to extend forty miles further to the south and east. Still, the salt-water flows up with the tides past the point,

and over the bay roll those terrors, to river-navigators, known as *bores*.

The maximum rise and fall of the tides at the head of the Gulf of California is thirty-two feet, and it may easily be conceived that the current at both ebb and flow is exceedingly rapid. A boat cast loose will drift forty miles with a single tide, or at the rate of six miles an hour. The ebb has not ceased running, when there comes a sound of mighty breakers, and, in the distance, is seen a snow-white line, speeding like a race-horse across the watery plain. Its impact has rolled over and wrecked a stanch brig lying here at anchor. In the sunlight iris-hues sparkle on its crest, and in the night it gleams out of the darkness like a ghost wrapped in a shroud of white. It sweeps past like a meteor athwart the sky, and dashes heavily on shore, throwing a cloud of spray far beyond high-water line, to be followed at a little interval by a second and a third—no more nor less, for the remainder of the tidal-flow comes in rapidly and quietly to bury what its advanced guards have destroyed.

Port Isabel, the present point of transshipment of freight, is merely a slough, the banks of which (when not leveed) are overflowed with all leap-tides. The land is formed from the sediment of the river, and is nearly pure clay, always wet and sticky as dough, and, being cut up into ten-acre lots or less by impassable sloughs, there can be no considerable locomotion on land; hence, all communication is by water. Sweltering heats are unknown, and, save during an occasional "norther" in the winter months, there is no cold weather. No insects torture, and no reptiles terrify. It is a paradise for sportsmen: the waters swarm with fish, and there is an endless profusion of edible aquatic birds.

Just off Port Isabel, slowly, year by year, Goree and Montague islands are rising from the waters. To the left of these, hard by the Sonora shore, is now

the channel by which is reached the gulf with its waters of deep green, still and smooth as glass in a calm, but so furious in a storm that they are dreaded more than the broad ocean. Slowly over its six hundred miles of length creeps a sail vessel, making little progress with the morning and evening breeze and the lazy drifting in the midday calm. The listless passengers, from under the shade of idle sails, watch the myriad sea-fowl that cleave the air or sail upon the waters. Note the patient pelican between two thieving sea-gulls, and huge turtles, green and mossy, floating slowly past, to sink beneath the surface at the first sound of danger. Whales, with clumsy gambols, heave their vast bulks out of the water, and sometimes pass so closely that the form of their eyes may be observed. Here and there, emerging six inches above the surface, and cleaving the water like the sharp prow

of a steamer, are the dorsal fins of sharks. Throw a stick overboard, and see how they swarm to the point of disturbance: what if the stick of wood were a man! There is a profusion of animal life: the air above and the waters below abound with it.

From the real, the attention is often diverted to fix upon the unreal—upon inverted islands of pyramidal shape, with their pinnacles in water, and the broad bases, connecting high in air, forming an arch, through which the vista seems to stretch out interminably—the mirage of the gulf and its desert shores.

The eastern shore recedes and disappears. We skirt along the western, bearing more and more to the right, until the bold head-land of Cape St. Lucas is left behind; and we pass from regions of enchantment and galore, to confront the realities and the nakedness of the broad Pacific.

AGASSIZ.

Out of the bosom of the deep
 A secret he hath wrung;
 And the forgotten hosts, that sleep,
 In him have found a tongue.

• That he hath swept the by-ways rude
 Through dells that erst were dark,
 Behold, the forest solitude
 Built the seer an ark!

Then Glaucos in his galleon, new,
 Along the ocean floor
 The joyous Nereides drew
 To the hesperian shore.

A prophet of the future he;
 A high-priest of the past;
 And for her worthy king, the sea
 Upon him doth hold fast:

Yet unto us again she yields
 Her monarch, that his feet
 May tread our new and untried fields,
 To make their paths complete.

SEEING A PRINCE.

ON June 4th, 1872, full thirty thousand people were in attendance at the Horse-show, Agricultural Hall, Islington Road, London. Four hundred of England's choicest horses and the Prince of Wales constituted the chief attractions.

This was no vulgar cattle-show. The coarser atmosphere of the stable was modified by the finer fragrance of parlor and *boudoir*. Ladies walked from stall to stall, and, through their eye-glasses, regarded the inmates with an air appreciative of equine anatomy. The steeds were numbered and divided into classes, each class being exercised separately in the ring.

The man-show was for me a most attractive portion of the exhibition. There seemed to be present the pick of England's men, as well as horses. The stock was full-blooded, features regular, complexions ruddy, chests full, carriage erect. It was evident that these men, as well as their fathers and grandfathers, had been allowed time and opportunity for full physical development. They had not been hard-riden in the race of life, although, in some cases, a trifle too highly fed. It was good blood all around—male, female, and equine—although, for a rough trip, I think one of our scraggy California mustangs—that will pick up a living on the sun-baked plains, where not a blade of grass has been seen for months—would finally bring his bundle of hide and bones into camp, while the nobler English steed would be inquested by the crows.

A few days previous—on Whit-Monday, a holiday—I visited the Zoölogical Gardens. Surging through the walks, and crowding in front of the wilder

beasts' cages, were thousands of the "lower orders." The gentler animals attracted comparatively but little attention from them. There is a large space fronting the lions', tigers', and leopards' cages. All that Monday afternoon it was packed. The crowd stood there by the hour. They could not be satiated with the "bloody" beasts. Here was congregated the pick of England's overworked, badly-fed, and badly-aired manhood, shuffling in gait, bent in form, dead in complexion, twisted, gnarled, strained, and cramped through over-exhaustion. A rank cloud distilled itself, and hung over and around this throng—a cloud of beer-fume and tobacco-smoke. Every other woman carried a child; every other man led two. Imperfect humanity breeds apace: so do weeds. The men gathered at the horse-show were the oaks of Britannia; the Whit-Monday crowd at the Zoölogical Gardens, the *fungi* of London's lanes and cellars.

I attended the horse-show mainly to see the Prince, having a weakness for seeing not merely great people, but people who have greatness thrust upon them. I was curious to see a man born and bred to title, who has never been obliged to consult parents, guardians, and uncles as to the profession he shall adopt for life; who has never been under the necessity of "looking out for a situation;" whose life, from earliest consciousness, has been a steady advance toward a throne, and who has been an object of superlative attraction to thousands of earth's fairest daughters. I was curious to look on this choice product of royal culture for generations. Some people say they would not go

round a corner to see a potentate. I would—especially the English Prince; for, as the chief male representative of an ancient royal family, he is a living tangibility around whom clusters a thousand associations of past Anglo-Saxon history, and I regard him with a sensation akin to that with which I look upon the old chair in Westminster Abbey, in which, for six hundred years, the British sovereigns have been crowned.

These are my reasons for standing as I did at the London Horse-show for five hours, resting the weight of my anatomy first on one weary limb and then on the other, merely to look on the outside of a genteel-appearing, slightly bald young man, with lavender-tinted kids. I envied then the Egyptian ibis I had seen at the Zoölogical Gardens. The Egyptian ibis can stand for hours on one of its legs—quite as long as yours or mine—while it rests the other; that other being snugly triced up under its wing, somewhat as they stow away a studding-sail boom on shipboard. Had the Egyptian ibis powers of observation corresponding to the length of its legs, it would be well adapted to wait for princes of Wales in crowded horse-shows, where there are no facilities for sitting down, lying down, or even leaning up. The inclosure surrounding the ring was lined with English four deep. I forced a passage among them, gained the interior of the ring, and there found I had only exchanged one misery for another; for now, in addition to the annoyance of dirt thrown in my eyes by the hurdle-leaping horses, I had to sustain a large portion of the exterior three-tier deep ring of English flesh, blood, bone, brawn, and muscle behind me. I suffered internally and externally; but his Royal Highness formed a portion of the show, and I endured it all that I might see him.

Put not thy trust in the punctuality of princes. Wales, it was rumored, would

appear at five P.M. Long past five P.M., the royal stall in the gallery was empty. Time and tide wait for no man. There has been one exception to this rule; for one king the sun stood still: but it is doubtful if all the clocks in the world be re-set for any modern potentate. Thus one by one are the privileges of royalty lopped off.

The crowd massed itself more and more opposite the royal stall. There were surges of suppressed applause. The great multitude momentarily expected the royal entrance. A few gigs were spun around the ring. The multitude groaned at the drivers, and bade them "get out." Finally they left; the inclosure was empty, and still no Prince.

Three individuals fluttered about the stall set apart for the Distinguished Presence—an old lady with a towering development of iron-gray hair, an usher in a broad, blue ribbon, and a policeman with the inevitable black pot on his head. The English policemen, wherever you find them, move like machines. It is rumored that they are created, molded, cast, and turned out, per order, at the foundries. I saw one attempt to run once in Liverpool, after a boy who had been trespassing on some forbidden grounds. As an automaton, he was a success. Nevertheless, the boy escaped.

The old lady, the usher, and the policeman manœuvred in and around the royal stall. They held little discussions, and separated, and disappeared, and re-appeared, and re-discussed, and seemed having a busy and rather a nice time, in full view of the thirty thousand people, who were necessarily obliged to look upon them, because they were compelled to look in that direction to see the expected Prince.

By half-past five it seemed evident that something was nearing a climax. The old lady's oscillations in and out of the royal inclosure became more violent

and frequent. Her voluminous dress threw the chairs from their exact angles. The blue-ribboned usher would rush in and re-locate them. Near six, the motions of the trio—the old lady, the usher, and the cast-iron policeman—became still more rapid and eccentric. To have ended them consistently with their commencement and growth, they should have entered into a double-shuffle or a Virginia break-down. They did nothing of the sort. They stood all at once quite still; the Great Expected entered, and then they disappeared forever from human sight.

It was only a gentleman, a lady, and two delicate, fair-haired boys clad in black velvet tunics. The assemblage cheered scatteringly. They had exhausted themselves in this exercise prematurely. The Prince amiably bent his head. That is a part of his business. His countenance shows well at a distance. I extricated myself from the press of Britain's sons about the ring, and reconnoitred the royal presences at close quarters. He still preserved with me his reputation as a fine-looking man. The Prince and Princess chatted together amiably, thus giving the public the impression that they were on the best of terms with each other; and turned, from time to time, to speak to their interesting children. It was a pleasant exhibition of England's topmost family.

All eyes seemed to centre on them with an expression of interest and sympathy. There was a sort of family atmosphere pervading the entire assemblage, one individual excepted. That one was myself. I felt like a republican outcast, shorn of all sympathetic connection with royalty. I had little part or parcel in the pleasure experienced by these loyal subjects in greeting their possible future sovereign. I felt now the full weight of the odium we had incurred by our rebellious conduct in 1776, to say nothing of our last capital and

deadly sin in the presentation of the Indirect Claims. I felt the full force of British reprehension for American lawlessness, rowdiness, crudity, and imperfection; because that is the sentiment largely prevalent concerning us. We are a "great people; but raw, you know." I plead guilty. Compared with us, everything in England is shaven, shorn, cut, dried, and polished. But I excused my country.

England having a smaller territory, there has been a better opportunity to "fence it in." Cutting across lots is not so common as in America. Put fifty boys in a ten by twelve school-room, and there must be order, or there can be no school. Free them from restraint, give them the liberty of a forty-acre field, and they will probably act out what is inherent in their natures. England is the school-room; America the larger field. England banishes her bad boys, and then cries out, "Behold our happy family at home." It is a pretty well-ordered household: fewer smash-ups, boiler-burstings, excitements, and mobs; no gaudy Fisks; less six-shooting; no jumping from a hop-field to the legislature; religion established by law; no thinking without a university education, and, atop of all, the Prince!

I left the Prince and horse-show, tired and unhappy—especially in the legs. My balance of amiability departed. I went into a savage, International, Red Republican mood. I said to myself: "Who is this man, whom so many thousands flock to see—who has rings on his fingers, and perhaps bells on his toes, and cheering, and banners, and powder-burning wherever he goes? What hath he done, what hath he said, what hath he thought, that thus he should be fussed over? Nothing. He is only a gilded tradition of custom, precedent, and semi-barbarism; by these only upheld above his fellow-man, and by the same probably deprived of that strength which

can only come by the exercise of mind in a conflict single-handed with the world. Put Albert Edward in the San Joaquin Valley; put him in a board cabin eighteen by twelve feet; give him a plow, a team, a frying-pan, a sack of flour, a side of bacon, a bag of beans, and a box of matches; then leave him to make a start in life, and the probabilities are, that in a twelve-month the Prince would 'vamos the ranch,' and a bundle of old clothes on a very poor horse would be seen making its way into Stockton, to escape starvation. Put the other man there—the American Jack-at-all-trades, who can 'boss' a house-raising, break a horse, teach school, practice law, edit perchance a newspaper—the noisy, garrulous, tobacco-chewing, disagreeable man, talking horse and doctrinal points in one breath—and he in the same period will have turned his ranch into a town, sold the corner-lots at good profit, engineered himself to a seat in the State or National Legislature; and while Albert Edward is writing home for remittances, our rugged, inelegant, uncultivated knight of the Western frontier—a lank and straddling giraffe in the parlor, an elephant in the ball-room, a hippopotamus in the *boudoir*—will be sitting in his cushioned senatorial chair, with his democratic legs on the desk before him, choking off some adversary by raising interminable points of order."

These thoughts came of an exhausted body. No man is a fair judge of his fellows while cross, tired, hungry, and feverish. The brain then clouds itself with its own vapors. My musings might have been very different had I just stepped out of Carlton House—wherein the Prince, having dined and wined me, having allowed me to bore him for hours

with stories of the flush-times on Hawkins Bar in "'50," or of the reign of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco in "'56," had just had me put in a state-carriage, full of royal turkey, pastry, and sherry, and thus (lackeys, silk stockings, and staffs preceding, flunkeys, brass buttons, and powdered heads following) I had been driven to my humble lodgings in Charrington Street—why, then, I should more likely have said: "Albert Edward is a good fellow. Royalty has not been useless to mankind. Kings have made history. Albert Edward will do his share toward making it. If the history of the past concentrates so much about the king, it has shown us, by his follies and vices, what manner of men were his subjects. Like master, like man. The pen has written much concerning the oppression and vice of those in authority. It has often forgotten to make it equally clear, that the oppressed—the people—were equally vicious. The noble, in past time, ground and beat the peasant; the peasant beat his wife; the wife beat her child; the child tormented the cat. The clearer story of the past, yet to be written in the future, will make it evident that kings have been overloaded with odium. If Henry Seventh was a miser, so was many a private citizen. If Richard Third was a murderer, so at the same time was many a villain whose history is unwritten. We must have a more truthful and general average of crime. We will have it, for history will become more and more impartial, as Intellect reads clearer the past by its own illumination, and the love of truth becomes stronger than the desire either of pandering to any prejudice, or flattering any pedigree. Long live Albert Edward!"

ETC.

WHAT is California that she should attract the pilgrim, the poet, and the pickpocket; that her praises should be sung by singers at home and abroad; that she should be petted and persecuted, and celebrated and snubbed, till her admirers continue to admire her with a sense of guiltiness, and her revilers turn to revile her in secret? If she merits eulogies on the one hand, why is she scorned? If she deserves reproaches on the other hand, wherefore is she congratulated? Something is wrong somewhere. Perhaps enmity argues her greatness. We believe no one denies her wealth. The artist and the scientist revel in her rich treasures; there is health for the sick and suffering; there is prosperity for the impoverished; there is likewise nakedness and despair for the dissipated speculator. There is no limit to the opportunities she offers the immigrant; the earth is all before him where to choose, but let him choose wisely. She is young, lusty, fruitful, generous to a fault; she is warm-blooded, swift to act, durable, does not sleep under snow-coverlets for four months in the year. The ladder of latitude that tops her majestic stature embraces two zones; a great sea plays along the hem of her ample garments. What is the matter with her?—a young giantess, whose physical development is superb, whose strength has not yet been thoroughly tried; full of good impulses, giving lavishly to those who are in need of succor—but, after all, is it not simply an impulse? Is she well regulated? Does she work with any noble aim? Is she living for any lasting good?

Some months ago a distinguished traveler revisited her. He had known her from her infancy and loved her, but she used him badly; while he remembered her and gloried in her increasing strength, she forgot him. He lectured through all the mountain towns, and, at the expiration of an unprofitable tour, he

was forced to confess, that, while in many respects California was progressing, intellectually she was degenerating. It is not pleasant to have the fact get abroad in the world.

We are whole-souled, liberal (after a sensational fashion), attractive; we win friends and admirers; but we lack culture and refinement, and we are not good to ourselves. We live well enough, we summer in Yosemite, we see the *Exposition Internationale*; our hearts and our pockets bleed over the ashes of Chicago; we bet high on the winning horse, we drink more than any people of our size and blow more than any people of our wind; but our university buildings lie dormant in the quarry, and our Academy of Sciences is hid away in an attic.

The *savant* who now honors us with his presence observes this, and has justly reproved us for it. The transcontinental artist, when he comes over to paint us, discovers it, and sends his work out of the country, having more confidence in the home market. The great singer and the *tragédienne* know us to be fickle, and avoid us; our native talent goes abroad for culture, and is forever weaned from us. Eastern fortunes come out to greet us; but if we see no speculation in their eyes, they leave us unregretted. What shall we do to be saved? It might be well for us to arise and shake off this tinsel of show; to think less on to-day's pleasures and per cent., and more on the results of tomorrow. When duty and dollars have come to a mutual understanding, we shall hope for the salvation of the State. Were old King Nebuchadnezzar to fall a-dreaming again, he might, in the monstrous image of his dream, realize this modern California, with her head of fine gold, her breast and her arms of silver, her belly and her thighs of brass, her legs of iron, and her feet of clay; for the soul is not yet alive in her, and her case is critical.

FEW cities have such picturesque surroundings as San Francisco. Built on a narrow peninsula that divides the bay from the ocean on the west, as the bay separates the peninsula from the main-land on the north and east, it has noble water-views on every hand, and its site is elevated enough to command these for the delight of most of its citizens. Look where you will, along the streets leading either north, south, or east, in that part of the city most thickly settled, and from the heights in its suburbs, you have at least a glimpse—often an expanded view—of the gray, dancing waters of the bay, or the vasty blue of the Pacific. The peninsula swells into ridges and peaks, 500 to 1,500 feet above sea-level; the oak-clad valley on the east side of the bay is backed by a ridge as elevated, beyond which is seen Mount Diablo, nearly 4,000 feet high; and on the north the bluffs that wall the entrance to the harbor rise into mountains, more irregular in form, and more verdurous, which are crowned by Mount Tamalpais—a long ridge ascending from the ocean, and divided into two peaks, nearly 3,000 feet high, that overlook the Golden Gate and dominate the scenery of the upper bay and its approaches for many miles. Thus this water-girt city may be said to have also a frame of mountains, just distant enough to undergo all the witchery of morning and evening tints, and to be softened by the intervening haze that sometimes hides them, but is oftener a veil that enhances their beauty. They are brightly green and flower-spangled in the rainy season, brown or golden in the dry season, when seen sharply through a very clear atmosphere; but at all seasons take on very tender gray, lilac, or purple tints, according to the distance, the time of day, and the amount of forest-growth on their flanks. Perhaps the richest in color and most attractive of all the peaks crowning these mountains is Tamalpais. Certainly it is the favorite of our local orators, writers, and artists, who have nearly all celebrated its charms. Stoddard has sung, and Keith has painted it, with particular felicity; and the tourist finds one of his choice resorts in the noble redwood forests that circle its base and crowd up its sides, or in the picturesque valleys of mingled gold and green that lie between its

foot-hills, where in spring the blue lupin and the orange poppy cover the earth, making the landscape one gay parterre.

Just now, by the necromancy of art, this delectable mountain has been set down in the midst of our sandy city for all to see and comfort themselves withal. We read in the "Arabian Nights" how favored people were suddenly transported on bits of carpet, or on outspread robes, to distant scenes. Mr. Keith has taken us all on a bit of painted canvas to the scenery of Tamalpais. In the picture from his hand lately exhibited in the Museum of the Mercantile Library, we see what months of patient and loving study in the field will do for him who bases art on truth, who discards alike the conventional and the sensational, and who makes Nature, which Sir Thomas Browne called the Art of God, his only mistress and model. Mr. Keith has often studied Tamalpais before, from various points of view; but the present work is the largest and most successful he has yet produced. Mere size of canvas goes for nothing by itself, though with the multitude it goes for so much; but seventy-two by forty inches of stuff is not too much for spacious treatment of a noble theme. The point of view in this picture is beyond San Rafael, looking south-westward over the succession of low hills and intervalles which lead to the ascent of our favorite mountain. In the foreground we see to the left a hill-side yellow with the stubble of wild-oats, a few bits of the gray sandstone of the country cropping out, and here and there the dry skeletons of shrubs and bushes, relieved by the suggestion of an occasional lingering flower. At the foot of the slope curves a road, along which a few cattle are driven—the foremost well-defined; the hindmost, with their mounted drivers, obscured by the cloud of dust they raise. To the right a shallow brook spreads its moisture in grateful contrast, and two or three cows are cooling in its waters, under the shadow of a grove of redwoods, oaks, bay-trees, buckeyes, and willows. The redwoods lift their long arms high above the other trees, and glow with the sunlight that bronzes their foliage; the buckeyes put forth white spikes of bloom from round masses of verdure; the bay-trees are glossy in their dark green, and

the oaks display sturdy gray trunks that stand out in fine relief by the road-side. Just behind this forest-group is a brown hill curving down from the right, its surface dotted with bushes and mottled with soft shadows. The redwoods seem to lead to far retreats, and the perspective of their dark trunks is increased by the dead tree that curves its gray and mossy length across the front. The middle distance of the picture is a succession of rolling hills, generally green with a low growth of bushes, but patched with yellow bits of wild-oat stubble, until, in the distance, the dark-purple wall of Tamalpais rises against the sky, crowned with its double peaks, overlooking a far glimpse of the bay and the peninsular heights. Ocean vapors are floating lightly in, and have condensed about the nearest peak in a snowy mass; but flecks and streaks of vapor are floating further inland, faintly roseate with reflected light. Otherwise, the spacious sky is clear; yet it is the sky of the coast, purged by ocean winds, and with a suggestion of mists and salty smells all through it. The picture is full of midday light, toned down by the greens and grays of the wooded landscape, and the darker hue of the mountain. All the detail hinted by the above description is suggested, rather than closely realized—that is, there is nothing finical in the manipulation to conflict with general breadth of effect; yet the forms and details are as faithful as the color is pure and true. Indeed, truth, in all its simplicity and repose, is just the distinctive merit of the picture. It is a genuine bit of San Francisco coast scenery, which would make a Californian home-sick if he should see it abroad. Such conscientious painting must ultimately bring its reward in fame and fortune; although, to the enthusiast who makes Art a love and a mission, instead of a trade, it must be already, as poetry was to Coleridge, “its own exceeding great reward.”

Mr. Keith has struck the key in art which Bret Harte struck in literature, when the latter devoted his nice talent to unique local themes, the spirit of which he had absorbed by long residence and observation, and which he reproduced with touches whose happy effect concealed the careful labor that made them possible. All the best successes in art

and letters, in every land and time, are outgrowths of the near and familiar, studied and liked for what is characteristic and peculiar. Only by persistence in this direction can any school of art worthy of the name be founded in the metropolis of the Pacific, where, as throughout California and adjoining regions, Nature has done so much—with a climate and scenery equaling, if not surpassing, those of the Mediterranean—to make an original school some day possible. In this connection, we are glad to notice several other examples of honest work, in different walks of painting. S. M. Brookes, whose faithfully studied still-life subjects we have had just occasion to praise, has lately made several fruit-studies from Nature, which are no less remarkable for realistic finish than for purity of color and a bright richness of effect. Two small paintings of various kinds of plums—still hanging on their leafy stems, in all their ripe plumpness and delicate bloom—against a background of light gray sanded brick, are simply exquisite. William Hahn is also at work in an original line. Several careful studies he has made of Chinese street-scenes and interiors, reveal an element of picturesqueness in San Francisco which he is the first artist to use. He realizes such scenes with all the pains of the German school, yet does not lose the rich effects of light and color peculiar to this locality. His painting of the *gamins* on Vallejo-street Wharf is also notable for spirit and truth of design, as well as for nice execution. He is engaged now on a large market scene, containing thirty figures, all drawn from the life—a very animated and picturesque group. The true artist will find good subjects (as Goethe says, the wise man will duties) near at hand; and such subjects, rightly treated, appeal to the public with all the force of novelties.

MEHLIG—the superb Mehlig—who plays so divinely, has smilingly bowed herself out of the charmed esoteric circle in which she has been reigning queen so long, and her admiring devotees have sorrowfully bowed themselves into an unwilling submission to the decree of departure; while they send enthusiastic plaudits after the great artist, whose sweet, entrancing music breathes

—“In tender musings through the heart,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all above the reach of art.”

Her concerts and recitals have been rare treats to all lovers of that divine art, whose masterful supremacy lies in the fact that it commands access to the innermost sanctuary of the heart. Her *repertoire* is as varied and unlimited as are her capabilities for rendering the same. She possesses, in a wonderful degree, the power of awakening the sensibilities, both subjectively and objectively. The elements of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, contentment and disquietude, are instinctively bodied forth in her marvelous performances. More than this: the element of a genuine sympathy is plainly discernible, though, perhaps, it is a sympathy the dominating impulse of which is to rejoice with those that rejoice, rather than to weep with those that weep. It is of an exhilarating rather than a lugubrious tendency. It loves less to interpret the grief-worn plaint than the jubilant exultations of riotous glee. The faculties and resources of a beneficent soul pay tribute to the performances of this great artist, whose grateful mission among us should have another and still more advantageous aspect—namely, to stimulate to faithful study and unwearying effort after the excellent in musical art. All great intellectual achievement which has its foundation in genius is the fruit of persistent and patient elaboration. San Francisco boasts a few masters in music second to none. Let them have full and legitimate scope for the exercise of their educational functions in the slow and thorough development of true musical talent, with systematic and unremitting assiduity on the part of all aspirants after a high order of art. When the fundamental conditions of a thorough culture are observed in the nurturing and developing of the sensibility according to the laws of its nature, we shall have more of genuine artistic excellence. As says the great Spinoza: “I am certain that the good of human life can not lie in the possession of things, which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose; but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man’s wealth promotes his neighbor’s.”

In a much broader sense than is wont to be conceded, is this applicable to the attainment

of artistic wealth. With no small show of good sense, has some one termed great genius great patience. At all events, we hazard nothing in affirming, that, for a full and rounded success, genius and patience must go hand in hand. And it is only when the “invisible helmsman”—genius—is recognized and rewarded by grateful activity and effort, that her highest behests are attained. A conscientious obedience and fidelity to the divine stirrings within, from four years of age, has produced a Mehlig, who to-day deems a four-hours’ practice but a mere pastime, and feels that she has but planted her foot upon a stairway whose summit is never to be reached. Such artists may be compelled to create a taste that will enable the masses to enjoy their excellence, but they thus leave a legacy to the world.

In this connection, we are pleased to note a compliment accorded to our own favorite artist, Mrs. Marriner, at the late Jubilee, when, after a severe rehearsal, in which she sustained the difficult *arias*, almost entirely unaided (owing to the absence of prominent soprano voices), one of the noted European leaders present took occasion to publicly recognize the service, and especially commend the conscientious study evinced by her trying performances. A characteristic which these two notable artists possess in common is the habit of never attempting anything that they are not resolutely conscious of being able to render in a manner satisfactory to themselves and to their audience. Hence the listener may dispose himself in an easy attitude of receptivity, without the slightest anxiety in regard to the successful rendition of the programme. The most sensitive friend need not experience the faintest flutter of solicitude. A well-grounded assurance forbids fear.

Perhaps no form of art has so beneficent a ministry as that of music, and there are no ministrations so exalted and pure. “Unlike the other arts,” says Richter, “it can not paint anything but what is good.”

Indeed, should not this be the mission of all true art—whether in music, painting, or sculpture? Should not the finest feelings and emotions find embodiment in song, in picture, and in statue? The artist is a preacher to mankind. He can not afford to waste

himself upon trifles, much less upon unworthy themes. He is responsible for the thoughts, longings, and sensations which his works inspire. He enforces his lessons as no mere word-painter could do—the latter reveals thought, but the former interprets feeling; the veritable soul of the artist embodies itself in the subjects chosen and elaborated. One catches the magnetic sympathy that existed between him and his work. We feel, in contemplating his productions, in some measure the enthusiasm which inspired his soul, while his genius was actively engaged in the creation of the work. How desirable, then, that the rare products of art should be pure in their conception and design. That genius which would expend its best energies in working out and depicting the ideal creation, or *fac-simile*, of a perverted and sensual taste, is of questionable value to the world. Ruskin says, truly, that “a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable, constitutes a painter of the highest order.” That art is high-handed, indeed, which would violate all natural feelings of delicacy, in its resolute determination to flaunt its nude productions in the face of propriety—and a propriety, too, that deserves not the name of prudery. Such art might be in keeping with the licentious, heathenish age that gave it birth; but surely the genius of the present age needs not to go careering back to the days when the Grecian athlete was stripped to the buff, in order to find a subject for his inspiration. If he persists in such a purpose, let us hope he may also find his patrons and admirers there, as well. The moral sentiment of to-day resents such shameless effrontery, notwithstanding the sophistical suggestion, that to the pure all things are pure. Art has no right to insist upon standards of its own. When mankind attains again to its original Edenic purity, then, and not till then, can virtue and delicacy afford to dispense with befitting drapery, at once their beauty and perfection.

It is certainly a matter of fervent congratulation, that, among the rare works of our own cherished artists, as exhibited in the Art Association of this city, we find nothing obnoxious to criticism in this regard. The pure artist soul scorns to resort to any such adventurous means to enforce attention. We are

glad to know, that, for the few exceptional subjects on exhibition there, we are indebted to European genius—a most unwelcome tribute paid to our American art-collections; for it is unquestionably true that “nude art, the world over, comes forth from a libertine atmosphere, and has only skulked with partial sufferance in pure communities.”

“SMALL are the seeds which we unheeded sow
Of slight beginnings to important ends.”

Some years since, a devoted missionary—whose interpretation of Christianity led him to believe that it was a system of influence designed by its great Author, and destined by Him to educate the whole human race into a perfect manhood—went to China, picked up some poor boys around Macao, gathered them into a school, and began teaching them the rudiments of English and Chinese. He fed his soul on faith and patience, while his body took its meagre chances. Subsequently he went to Hongkong, where he established a school, naming it after the sleeping Morrison, as a just tribute to a self-devoted life—the chronicler of noble actions. A number of pupils from Macao followed their enthusiastic teacher, and still availed themselves of his valuable instruction. After the lapse of years, he returned to America, bringing with him three of the most promising of his early pupils, whom he placed in an academy at Monson, Massachusetts, where they were prepared for college, which they entered in due time, at New Haven, Connecticut. All finished their course of study with distinction, and graduated with high honors. One of them—Wong—went to Edinburgh, Scotland, and finished a thorough medical course; returned to Canton, where he soon established himself in the foremost rank of his profession, and received the patronage of all distinguished natives and foreigners.

Yung Wing took the prize as essayist in English Composition, and was recognized as a sort of private arsenal of facts and figures. He returned to China, and, in process of time, came to the notice of prominent Chinese officials, who detected the magnificent genius of the man; saw how wonderfully fertile he was in expedients; observed the harmony, order, and originality of his habit

of thought ; discovered his self-disciplined fervor, calm intensity, and mathematical accuracy in detail ; detected his marvelous intellectual vitality, his undaunted purpose, and unconquerable courage—all of which qualifications eminently fitted him for national work. He was selected by the Government and commissioned to visit England and America, to inspect internal improvements, take notes on commerce, and acquaint himself with manufactures. All this was done in a manner so satisfactory that he was sent back a second time, to purchase machinery and appliances for the setting up of mills, shops, and manufactories.

But all this time his fertile brain was evolving a scheme, vast in its conceptions, stupendous in its intent, immeasurable in its grasp, and inconceivable in its results. The Guardian's Chinese Educational Mission was the child of his own conception, and he has matured it to its present aspect. It was at his instance that the Chinese Government set apart \$1,000,000 to educate one hundred and fifty children—the brightest and most promising in the empire, without regard to blood—in all the branches of a complete English education ; while, at the same time, a competent Chinese tutor keeps them up to the highest standard in their own national studies. They are to be sent in installments of thirty each year for five consecutive years, to remain at school for fifteen years, and to be distributed through our prominent educational institutions.

Yung Wing, who recently arrived in this city, in advance of the students, is a man of the rarest culture and attainments ; fully posted on all philosophical, scientific, and ethical subjects ; is conversant with all current topics of interest ; familiar with the history of all prominent men of note in the political and literary world, and perfectly at home with the eminent *savants* of the day. He delayed his overland trip, in order to journey with Professor Gilman, the President of our State University, whom he knew in New Haven, during his college-days. He now purposes to devote himself to the study of jurisprudence, and the science of government. He is already a mandarin of the blue button—that is, of the third rank.

Chapter second of our strange romance

takes us to Singapore, where a bright Chinese lad came under the instruction of a weary, toil-worn missionary teacher, who, needing rest and recreation, returned to his native land, bringing with him the bright boy referred to above. He was placed in school at Bloomfield, New Jersey, under the faithful tutelage of a noble man—a well-known, philanthropic, highly-esteemed citizen of San Francisco to-day. From Bloomfield he was sent to Hamilton College, where he remained two years, evincing rare powers of mind, and unusual executive and administrative talent. He returned to Canton, was employed by the missionaries there as a native assistant ; subsequently went into extensive business operations for himself, where, amid his varying fortunes, we leave him, while we pay a hasty visit to a small school in Java, taught by Miss Aldersy, who was sent out under the auspices of an English Female Missionary Society, for the promotion of female education in the East. Two beautiful Indo-Chinese girls fell under her instruction, and became so ardently attached to their faithful instructress, that, when she left for China, they furtively followed her to Ningpo, where she established and carried forward a successful girls' school, in which they made themselves useful as assistants. One of them, Ati, with a brow bright with intelligence, and a native grace and dignity that fairer beauties might covet, again steps upon the scene as the wife of our Hamilton College *débutant*, whom we left engaged in large business enterprises in Canton. His marvelous executive talent, strict business integrity, and far-reaching ken, signalized him as the proper person to be appointed as Commissioner of Education for the Chinese Government, and have in charge the Educational Mission ; and we now recognize in Tsang Lai Sun the bright Chinese lad at Singapore, afterward the pupil of our San Francisco friend, then at Bloomfield, New Jersey. He is now a mandarin of the fifth rank, wearing the crystal button. He is a man of fifty years ; has with him his thrifty, well-kept, intelligent wife ; and six bright, promising children, including two cultured daughters, full of sparkle and *naïveté*, who have enjoyed a European education ; two grown sons, courteous, manly, and well-bred ; and two younger children, debonaire

and bonny. They all speak the English with nicety and precision, and seem perfectly at home in their new surroundings.

The magnitude of the prospective results of this great and important mission transcends all human calculation; the significant and suggestive lesson for our study, just now, lies in the retrospect. There are bright and beautiful prophecies of labor's fulfillment and fruition for the obscure and heroic toilers of to-day; for

"Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain
And keep for good effects the seed of worth."

* * * * *

"What sundry helps doth that great power assign
To prop the course which He intends to hold?
It is His wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends."

THE scientific world, particularly that portion of it devoted to the investigation of natural history, has recently met with a severe loss by the death of Dr. William Stimpson, the scientific head of the Chicago Academy. The oldest of the younger class of naturalists, of what we may term the modern school, all of whom were boys when their great master, Agassiz, arrived in the United States, Dr. Stimpson had achieved a reputation among his co-workers second to none, save that of his former teacher, the eminent scientist who is sojourning in our city. His researches were not confined to the material peculiar to this continent, as, when quite a young man—for he was only forty years of age at the time of his death—he made a voyage around the world, as Naturalist of the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, the voluminous and important manuscripts of which, the result of years of patient investigation, and unpublished, were destroyed by the great fire in Chicago. His health, impaired by pulmo-

nary disease, broke down under this severe affliction; and, though he subsequently went into the field to replace, in part, by new collections, what that terrible conflagration destroyed, his strength was so far gone that he died soon after his return. Of modest demeanor and generous nature, quite free from the petty jealousy which is frequently met with in scientific men, it is readily seen why, in connection with high attainments, he was so much beloved by his scientific and other friends. Twenty years of his short life were devoted to researches in natural history; and the many papers and preliminary descriptions published by him "will forever connect his name with the marine zoölogy of the world."

In this connection, we publish the following tribute to his memory, from the pen of a warm friend:

There seems a sadness in the air,
A shadow on the eastern sky;
The breezes wafted to the west
Are burdened with a sigh.

The birds are silent in the trees;
With grief each wild flower droops its head;
The butterflies have furled their wings—
For Nature whispers, "He is dead."

I walk upon the sea-girt sands:
A shell is cast within my reach;
Unto my ear I place its lips,
And listen to its speech.

From far within its heart of pearl,
A low and saddened undertone—
A blending as of words and tears—
Says softly, "He is gone."

Dear Mother Earth, within thy breast
Press tenderly his wasted form;
Sing soothing hymns, ye summer winds;
Blow gently, winter's storm.

Affection, from thy deepest well
Renew, with waters sweet and pure,
The freshness of his memory,
That it may long endure.

R. E. C. S.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GOETHE: His Life and Works. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Perhaps no author has been more universally criticised than Goethe; and it is he who says, that, in treating of writings, as of actions, unless one speaks with a loving sympathy—a certain partial enthusiasm—the result is so defective as to have very little value. His many admirers have given him the benefit of this opinion, and in their partial enthusiasm have regarded the outpourings of the emotional and passionate nature of his youth as of equal value with the mature creations resulting from the manifold experiences of riper years. In the *Sorrows of Werther*, and *Wilhelm Meister*, we have but the effervescing of the rich wine of genius—the white foam blown from the vat, whose depths were active with the grand lyrical drama of *Faust*.

We have seen time-worn paintings, which were considered invaluable, simply because they were the inspirations of some old master, who would in the present day be scarcely equal to an apprenticeship with Bierstadt; and the promiscuous works of a famous author are often valued by the same standard of merit. It is questionable whether the thoughts of the great German writer would have found so wide a range of readers, had it not been for the completion of *Faust*. This was his literary life-work—or, as Calvert expressed it, the poetical reverberation of Goethe's individual life. "In his earliest manhood he conceived the idea of *Faust*, and completed it in his eighty-second year." The central interest of the essay before us lies in an exhaustive and complete analysis of this wonderful drama—which, like the Book of Job, continually reveals new and exquisite interpretations. The Mephistopheles of *Faust* is the Satan of Job, eliminated. Although this latest and best work of Goethe has passed through an infinite variety of translations, and has been reproduced on the dramatic

stage (never yet adequately), it has the fascination of continued newness, and we read with unabated pleasure the thoughts and suggestions which ripe mental culture has derived from the marvelous tragedy. Goethe himself has pronounced it as "ranging from heaven, through earth, to hell." And, in his searching criticism, Calvert has so penetrated and interfused himself with its spirit and aim, that he portrays with masterly fidelity the successive scenes of *Faust*, and gives us their interpretation in rapid and crisp sentences, so clear in their meaning as to be like the reflections thrown from a mirror. Of the diabolical spectacle of Walpurgisnight on the Hartz Mountains, he says: "What does this caldron of bestiality and extravagance, of juiceless fun, and gloomy insights of the grim and the grotesque stand for, except the dregs which lie at the bottom of the human heart, and now and then blow themselves up into momentary bubbles?—the foul imaginations of "Hamlet?"—the black, jointless fancies that will haunt us like waking nightmares? Roots in the mind this ghastly phantasmagoria has, or it could not grow into a popular legend, to be hung by a great poet upon the Brocken."

Unfailing as are the springs of inspiration and suggestion to be found in *Faust*, the keenly appreciative essayist has not confined himself to this poetical reverberation; but, rapidly touching on the wide range of topics presented in the consideration of Goethe's life and character, has, from the abundant material to be found in his scientific and philosophical pursuits, with admiring fidelity, selected that which not only presents him in the most favorable light, but communicates something of his own enthusiasm to the reader. Notwithstanding this, however, in laying bare the springs of action which actuated Goethe, he has also, without intending it, and even while he labors to give a contrary

impression, deepened the idea in the mind that selfishness was a prominent trait in the character he describes. It is perhaps to this very quality we are indebted for some of Goethe's most interesting psychological studies. "Whatever Goethe did, saw, read—whatever he experienced in any shape—he made subservient to his self-culture. In pains and in pleasures, in the most plodding labor and the most fantastic amusement, in all the passages of his daily life, he kept his growth and improvement ever before him. From everything and everybody he came in contact with he drew some food. Like Prospero, 'he was all dedicate to closeness and bettering of his mind;' but he did not need, like Prospero, to neglect worldly ends; all such he made serve his primary end of self-culture—moral, æsthetical, intellectual self-culture." This is the key-note of his character. He sought society from the impulse of feeding his affections, and from his never-satisfied appetite for knowledge. Herder writes of him, that he was all his life a great child. But Calvert contradicts the sentiment, by representing him as always rounding his ideas to completeness, and seldom abandoning an intention until it became a fulfillment. If his mind was eminently generative, it had also great capacity of absorption. His receptivity was no less remarkable than the continued efflorescence of his thoughts; they were perennially in blossom; and his partial biographer sees digestive fruit in many of the utterances of *Werther*, which Nicolai of Berlin turned into ridicule. Through the translation of *Hermann and Dorothea*, by Miss Frothingham, Calvert attributes the introduction of Goethe's writings, extending over a period of many years, to that class of cultivated students who seldom seek poetry or fiction for mere amusement, and who are perhaps on that account more just in criticism and more appreciative in art than the desultory and aimless readers who are deficient in that subtle intellectual recognition which places them in congenial *rapproch* with an author.

The episode resulting in the cordial intimacy with Schiller, and the consequent interchange of ideas and sentiments between the two, Calvert has managed with admirable artistic skill, exhibiting Goethe in one of

the few phases of constancy his nature reveals. In his rapid sketch of the earlier life of his subject, events are followed by sequences, which have the effect of continual surprises, presenting a versatility of mental resource unusual in the endowment of so poetical a nature. Calvert idealizes Goethe. His discrimination fails to comprehend why, in some of the strictures even German critics have placed upon *Wilhelm Meister* there may not be a degree of careful truth. He discovers, with apparent surprise, that while he is reproached by some with being too exclusively intellectual, others fail to see in his sentimentality evidences of pure and noble affection. We would willingly omit from the life of Goethe the degrading experiences of intensified passion, which the essayist has dignified by the title of "Loves." The inconstancy and fickleness, and utter disregard of any high moral obligations, this phase of his sensuous nature displays, would disgrace an accomplished *roué*, and we have no patience with apologies for the maudlin sentimentality which parades his love-sick fancies as evidences of greatness in that most sublime and sacred region of experience, the human heart. "Gretchen," and "Kaetchen," and "Bettine," and "Frederika," and a dozen others, melt into his idyls with an easy grace. The active element, which made so constant a demand for variety, had in it none of the concentrative force of undying love; and we regard with a mingling of pity and contempt the "tumultuous unrest" which exhales in sighs, and stills itself in sensuous lamentations; while we smile at the simplicity which tells us:

"Goethe was attracted to the buds of womanhood. Was it that 'sweet sixteen' is more fragrant with the poetry of feminine beauty? By successive attachments to fresh, unformed girls, he became charged with this poetry. From his twentieth to his twenty-fifth year Goethe's heart was busied, and charmed, and warmed by the constant presence in it of one or other innocent, lovely young creature: Frederika, Charlotte, Maximiliane, Antoinette, Lili. It is a striking, significant phenomenon."

If space did not fail us, we should like to be severely scrutinizing on the false reasoning which, in extenuation, pronounces "constancy not always a virtue," and thus gravely moralizes:

"If the capacity to harbor so many loves in suc-

cession in one heart, proves rather that heart's inconsistency than its largeness, it is at least a presumption of its purity."

The man, the enthusiast, the poet, the scientific scholar, the ripe thinker—in these and other many-sided aspects, Calvert has presented Goethe; and we rise from the perusal of his essay, educated into deeper insight and greater familiarity with a mind not yet wholly comprehended by a majority of its students.

NOTES ON ENGLAND. By H. A. Taine, D. C. L. New York: Holt & Williams.

To those who have closely followed the distinguished author in his *History of English Literature*, and acquainted themselves fully with his system, or method, this volume will follow as a sort of natural sequence. The material for the work was gathered during a tour for protracted and personal observation in behalf of the historical treatise named. The *Notes on England* first made their appearance in the columns of the *Paris Temps*; and selections from them, translated into English, appeared almost simultaneously in *The Daily News*. They attracted the attention of the press, eliciting much discussion, and calling forth many leading articles.

M. Taine is certainly indebted to his translator, Mr. W. F. Rae, for faithful and conscientious work, he having rendered the author's inimitable French into a fascinating and befitting English dress, permitting him to speak for himself as delicately and clearly as if he had been "to the manner born." In addition to this, Mr. Rae has contributed a biographical sketch of the author, which is by no means the least valuable feature of the work, considering the fact that from the best of sources can be gathered only very meagre and unsatisfactory details concerning the life and doings of M. Taine. To widowed, careworn mothers, entrusted with the rearing of sons, it should be an incentive to know that the mother of this eminent writer was unremitting in promoting his welfare and advancement, "watching over his studies with tender solicitude, rejoicing in his triumphs as if they were her own, encouraging him amid his difficulties and mortifications, nursing him during long illnesses, keeping house for him in his riper years, and only relinquishing her

assiduous maternal cares when he finally obtained a not less devoted and affectionate companion in the person of a wife."

According to the views of the translator, M. Taine deciphers the man in the age, and the age in the man; and the fundamental proposition is, that man is the unconscious agent and manifestation of unseen forces. It is the author's work to discover, from the writings and doings of individuals, the mental history of past generations; it is for him to explain the reason why the Middle Age was succeeded by the Revival, and the Revival by the Reformation. He becomes the historian of the human mind, in exhibiting the share which the finished work of one era, or race, has had in molding the work of the era which has succeeded, or the race which has displaced it. In his *Notes on England*, M. Taine adheres with loving fidelity to his favorite method. He is perpetually tracing the effects of social surroundings upon literature. Facts, incidents and matters of detail, however interesting in themselves, are not simply to be recorded; they are to be subjected to the most critical analysis, and arranged under the proper domain of those comprehensive laws by which they are to be tested, according to the relations of mutual dependence. It is sometimes amusing to observe what a vast catalogue of actions, both good and ill—of peculiarities, eccentricities, and exploits—are set down to climatic influences. He is very emphatic in connecting drunkenness in England with the villainous climate; and contends that a people living in a murky air and beneath unkindly skies, must necessarily have an inordinate fondness for strong drink. But what about drunkenness in countries whose skies are bright, and whose air is fresh, pure, and exhilarating?

In reading the introductory chapter, it is very evident that the translator, though keenly appreciative of the merits and excellencies of M. Taine, is, at the same time, wisely discriminative; and, while acknowledging a warm admiration for his skill and genius, he confesses his inability to advocate many of the purely speculative points involved in the application of his scientific method to historical literature. Perhaps no more just tribute could be paid to the work than Mr. Rae gives, in the closing paragraphs of his intro-

duction. After referring to what he considers a few trivial blemishes, he goes on to say, that, "in estimating the work as a whole, it would be as well to exchange what Chateaubriand called the petty and meagre criticisms of defects, for the comprehensive and prolific criticism of beauties. These *Notes on England* are really of first-rate quality; they form an admirable picture of what is truly distinctive and noteworthy. M. Taine approaches so closely to the ideal intelligent foreigner, whose advent is so often proclaimed, but whose presence in the flesh we never enjoy; his general tone is so excellent, and his endeavor to be fair so conspicuous; his qualifications are so exceptional, and his actual achievements give him so clear a title to our esteem; he is so singularly free from the sins which beset his countrymen who retail their experience, after having sojourned in this country; he is so sympathetic without stooping to flattery, and so candid without lapsing into discourtesy; he is, in short, such a model traveler, such an acute observer, such a graphic and artistic narrator, that he merits, what he will doubtless receive, a cordial welcome from all who enjoy reading the opinions of a genial and capable foreign writer upon the social life, the domestic arrangements, the religious sentiments, and the political constitution of this country."

Mr. Rae shows himself at home, not only in the province of translation, but in the function of a critic. He has the wit to judge of a work from the writer's stand-point: divining the object of the author; estimating the value of that object; and deciding how successful the author has been in the attainment of that object. He is neither harsh nor unjust, but genial, high-minded and generous, making criticism what it should be—

"Soft as the angel's step along the path
Of saint and seraphin; and yet severe,
Full of wise rigors, and the dainty care
Of one, who, for the object so beloved,
Inflicts the pain, that thereby from the pang
May spring joy, hope, gentleness and sweet virtue."

FIFINE AT THE FAIR, AND OTHER POEMS.
By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

We do not propose to unriddle the latest mystery of that poetical sphinx, Mr. Robert

Browning. If at times we seem to have caught the main thread of his musical discourse, we know that we shall not follow it long. His exuberance of fancy and a certain willful disregard of continuity, as related to a poem of some three thousand lines, will, sooner or later, surely defeat us. By and by, we fall to selecting pictures, here and there, whose infinite beauties are almost sufficient to console us for the knotty argument we have vainly sought to unravel.

In this poem, Elvire—the poet's wife, or the phantom of the poet's wife—revisits him, and, if we are not mistaken, finds him deeply interested in Fifine, a dancing-girl at a fair. At any rate, the poet makes voluminous explanations, and betrays thereby a deep interest in Fifine and her Bohemian tribe. His apology is a grand symphony, whose psychological theme occasionally breaks forth into measures so sweet and lucid that we can not refrain from quoting some of them. Here is Fifine's portrait:

"This way, this way, Fifine!

Here's she shall make my thoughts be surer what they mean!

First let me read the signs, portray you past mistake,
The gypsy's foreign self, no swarth our sun could bake.

Yet where's a woolly trace, degrades the wiry hair?
And note the Greek-nymph nose, and—O, my Hebrew pair

Of eye and eye—o'erarched by velvet of the mole—
That swim as in a sea, that dip and rise and roll,
Spilling the light around! while either ear is cut
Thin as a dusk-leaved rose carved from a cocoa-nut."

* * * * *

"What pearl-moon would surpass
That string of mock-turquoise, those almandines of glass,

Where girlhood terminates? for with breasts'-birth
commence

The boy, and page-costume, till pink and impudence
End admirably all."

And this is her home:

"Yet morning promised much; for, pitched and slung and reared

On terrace 'neath the tower, 'twixt tree and tree appeared

An airy structure: how the pennon from its dome,
Frenetic to be free, makes one red stretch for home!"

From this "airy structure" appears Fifine and her gymnastic family, who, in turn, are pointed out; but the star of the arena is yet to come:

"Next, who is this performs the feat of the trapeze?
Lo, she is launched: look, fie, the fairy!—how she
flees
O'er all those heads thrust back!—mouths, eyes, one
gape and stare.
No scrap of skirt impedes free passage through the
air,
Till, plumb on the other side, she lights, and laughs
again—
That fairy-form, whereof each muscle, nay, each vein,
The curious may inspect."

These mummeries do not charm Elvire,
who sees nothing but vulgarity in such an
exhibition. The poet, however, can regard
them with the eye of philosophy, and he
draws the parallel between man and woman:

"I wish

Some wind would waft this way a glassy bubble-fish
O' the kind the sea inflates, and show you, once de-
tached
From wave—or no; the event is better told than
watched:
Still may the thing float free, globose and opaline
All over, save where just the amethysts combine
To blue their best, rim-round the sea-flower with a
tinge
Earth's violet never knew! Well, 'neath that gem-
tipped fringe
A head lurks—of a kind—that acts as stomach, too;
Then comes the emptiness which out the water blew
So big and belly-like, but, dry of water drained,
Withers away nine-tenths."

* * * * *

"But take the rillet, ends a race o'er yonder ledge
O' the fissured cliff, to find its fate in smoke below!
Disengage that, and ask—what news of life, you
know
It led, that long lone way, through pasture, plain,
and waste?
All's gone to give the sea! no touch of earth, no taste
Of air, reserved to tell how rushes used to bring
The butterfly and bee, and fisher-bird that's king
O' the purple kind, about the snow-soft, silver-sweet
Infant of mist and dew; only these atoms fleet,
Ibittered evermore, to make the sea one drop
More big thereby—if thought keep count where sense
must stop.
The full-blown ingrate, mere recipient of the brine,
That takes all, and gives nought, is man: the femi-
nine
Rillet, that taking all, and giving nought in turn,
Goes headlong to her death i' the sea, without con-
cern
For the old inland life, snow-soft and silver-clear—
That's woman, typified from Fifine to Elvire."

He unfolds his philosophy of life:

* * * "In yonder bay I bathed
This sunny morning; swam my best; then hung, half
swathed
With chill and half with warmth, i' the channel's
midmost deep:

You know how one—not treads, but stands in water?
Keep
Body and limbs below, hold head back, uplift chin,
And, for the rest, leave care! If brow, eyes, mouth,
should win
Their freedom—excellent! If they must brook the
surge,
No matter though they sink, let but the nose emerge."
* * * * *

"Try to ascend breast-high? wave arms wide free of
tether?
Be in the air, and leave the water altogether?
Under went all again, till I resigned myself
To only breathe the air, that's footed by an elf;
And only swim the water, that's native to a fish."
* * * * *

"I liken to this play o' the body—fruitless strife
To slip the sea, and hold the heaven—my spirit's life
'Twixt false, whence it would break, and true, where
it would bide.
I move in, yet resist; am upborne every side
By what I beat against—an element too gross
To live in, did not soul duly obtain her dose
Of life-breath, and inhale from truth's pure plenitude
Above her."

The poet avows his preference for Fifine's
masquerading, and his scorn of proud hypoc-
risy:

"A word, and I have done.
Is it not just our hate of falsehood, fleetingness,
And the mere part things play, that constitutes ex-
press
The inmost charm of this Fifine and all her tribe?
Actors! We also act; but only they inscribe
Their style and title so, and preface—only they—
Performance with, 'A lie is all we do or say.'
Wherein but there can be the attraction, Falsehood's
bribe,
That wins so surely o'er to Fifine and her tribe
The liking, nay, the love, of who hate Falsehood
most,
Except that these alone of mankind make their boast,
'Frankly, we simulate!'"

* * * * *

"Therefore I prize stage-play, the honest cheating;
thence
The impulse pricked, when fife and drum bade Fair
commence,
To bid you trip and skip, link arm in arm with me,
Like husband and like wife, and so together see
The tumbling-troop arrayed, the strollers on their
stage
Drawn up and under arms, and ready to engage."

Here is the poet's prophecy of love, as it
will be in the social millennium:

"While, oh, how all the more will love become
intense
Hereafter, when 'to love' means yearning to dis-
pense,
Each soul, its own amount of gain, through its own
mode

Of practising with life, upon some soul which owed
Its treasure, all diverse, and yet in worth the same,
To new work and changed way!"

* * * * *
"What joy when each may supplement
The other, changing each, as changed, till, wholly
blent,
The old things shall be new, and, what we both ig-
nite,
Fuse, lose the varicolor in achromatic white!"

In the prologue to *Fifine* we find this key,
which has helped us somewhat toward inter-
pretation:

"What if a certain soul
Which early slipped its sheath,
And has for its home the whole
Of heaven, thus look beneath;

"Thus watch one, who, in the world
Both lives, and likes life's way,
Nor wishes the wings unfurled
That sleep in the worm, they say?"

* * * * *

"Does she look, pity, wonder,
At one who mimics flight,
Swims—heaven above, sea under,
Yet always earth in sight?"

There is an epilogue done in vigorous and
eccentric verse. The poet seems to be ques-
tioning the ghostly visitor who haunts his
house, and a brisk dialogue concludes with
this line from the lips of the spirit—a line
which harmonizes with every page of the
whole poem:

"'Love is all, and Death is nought!' quoth she."

The same volume contains the poem enti-
tled "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangan," which
may be classed as a blank-verse philosophi-
cal treatise on the tendencies of the age. It
is argumentative, off-hand, forcible, suggest-
ive, and a little tedious before it is ended.

The volume concludes with that splendid
ballad of "Hervé Riel," an excellent speci-
men of Browning's muscular genius—if we
may so express it—and whose nervous lines
follow one another like the boom of surf
upon the shore.

MIRIAM COFFIN, OR THE WHALE-FISHER-
MEN: A Tale. By Colonel Joseph C.
Hart. San Francisco: Republished by
H. R. Coleman. 1872.

An inhabitant of the rural districts, at the
further reach of the White Mountains, in the
State of New Hampshire, upon being told,

in answer to his interrogatory concerning the
residence of a certain summer traveler there,
that he lived in the city of New York, showed
plainly his amazement that any one "Could
live so far off from anywhere as that." The
amazement was, perhaps, natural, though it
left the rustic suspected of taking a somewhat
circumscribed and provincial view. He prob-
ably believed he lived at the very centre of
the world—as, indeed, literally, though not
socially speaking, every one does.

There is an island, situated near the south-
ern portion of the State of Massachusetts,
that has been inhabited for more than a cen-
tury by a plain and simple folk, who must
impress strangers as quiet, not to say narrow-
minded, and who might, you would easily
suspect, make expression of a similar amaze-
ment as the interrogator named, upon view-
ing a citizen of Boston, of London, or of
Paris. It is the island of Nantucket. It
may be only an amiable weakness of the
people who reside there, that they have al-
ways been, and are still, living upon one of
the fabled Isles of the Blessed. To the dis-
interested eye it appears like an arid and
sandy waste, unlovable and unattractive as a
place of habitation for man and his kind,
and fit only as a trysting-place and final
abode of that insect known to the entomol-
ogist as the *pulex irritans*. Yet the disin-
terested observer, in coming to such a con-
clusion, will be criticised to his discredit by
the true Nantucketer, and will be met with
some suggestion holding a suspicion of the
actual worth and intelligence of the person
who "lives so far off from anywhere." Nev-
ertheless, the worst criticised observer might
yet come to the conclusion, that, being there,
he was, as near as mathematical expression
will permit, absolutely nowhere.

The occupation of the happy citizen of
that place is, and has been for a century
past, that of being a whaleman or a relative
of a whaleman. There is a dreadful smell
of oil pervading the whole civilization of
that spot. It seems as if no true life could
come from anything but the flame of an as-
tral lamp or of a spermaceti candle. You
get easily, speedily, and completely possess-
ed of that and similar ideas, if once you dare
to cut away from the world and go thither to
dwell. But this is not all. You will be

touched in your methods of life, and transformed in the habits you will wear, in your speech, and your religion. To be a Nantucketer is to be a Quaker, and to use the second person singular of the personal pronoun in all your personal intercourse, with the most exact and complacent ungrammaticalness. But this is not a vice, and will be considered, if considered at all, only as a weakness common to our nature; and everybody knows it is better to be weak than vicious. To the inhabitant of that island, the consummation of manhood and the complete realization of the hopes of life did of old, and we believe does to-day, lie in being a successful whaleman; there was no nobler occupation than that of killing a hundred-barrel whale, cutting him in, sending him home by some other vessel that hadn't been successful, and repeating the operation. The thing may seem to be trivial, and to call for no extraordinary sum of skill and intelligence, and to be better left to a lower order of being than the passable man, or the person who keeps his knife out of his mouth. But what if the noble whaleman brags of the successful use of the knife, and the complete success of his dietary arrangements, with an absolute emancipation from the use of the fork? Yet it was a fact long ago, on that distant island, that no boy could be a man, and a man of society, who hadn't killed his whale. It was a peculiar idea, and a provincial one; yet why not, in that isolated country, as valuable as the contemporaneous one on the main-land: that intelligence and education, moral worth and industry, combined with absolute ignorance of the noble whale, was a passport through all the world?

Forty years ago, an admirer of the simple life of the islanders, their devotion to the fisheries, their annual dissipation of shearing sheep, conceived the idea of weaving essay, history, and story into one grand literary effort, and startling the reading world by a perfect flood of information of peculiar value. And we can conceive the gusto with which this sophomore writer began his task; the admiration with which the work, which he called by the above title, was received by the not over-literary people of the island, and the constant hold which it had, and even now retains, in the affections of the citi-

zens of that province and their descendants.

We will not say that there are characters in the volume from every family on the island, but we believe that most of the families of importance were honorably noticed, by a proper representation within the folds of the book. When you had counted the Coffins, the Macys, the Starbucks, the Barnards, the Colemans, the Husseys, and Folgers, there was no one left, save a few Swains and Mayhews, and Rays and Russells, and Mitchells and Barkers. Any one will tell you that either of these is a real Nantucket name, which of itself establishes the real worth of the person so named. Colonel Hart, with a regard for his personal happiness, treated tenderly all these names. All the personages who bore them in his volume were people of respectability. The names of the unrespectable characters were borrowed from people who lived on the main-land. To be a real author among such a simple folk must have been honor enough in itself, but to be the one among that people suspected of being the original of a character in the tale of *Miriam Coffin* must have been as great, if not greater, honor than to be the writer of it. For us to run over the story with a closely critical pen would seem now to be of little use. We take notice of its issue as the republication of a tale, which, to Nantucket people, held nearly the same place in the affections as *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress* to the simple Christian, or *Robinson Crusoe* to the rising youth of the continent lying next north of the island of Nantucket. It was written while Walter Scott was holding the eager attention of the reading world by the rapid succession of his wonderful novels. Colonel Hart evidently took note of that fact, and, taking Scott as his model, commences his tale with a tedious introduction, the only feature of Scott's novels which it was an affliction for every reader to get through. We can not say that we notice any other resemblance to Scott. Probably satisfied with his success in imitating the first characteristic of the *Waverley Novels*, he did not pursue the model further, but chose his own way of glorifying his people. We wish he had followed Scott further. Yet it would not be fair to say that *Miriam Coffin* is a failure as a publication of to-day. It has had its success,

and, in its way, we believe a real and substantial one. We do not know of any work, not sacred, held in greater love and respect by the Nantucket people to-day than *Miriam Coffin*. We suspect that children learn their alphabet from it; that nurses have told and still tell to little children their first stories of the peculiarities of the monster of the deep direct from these pages; that maids and swains learned their first verses from the headings of these chapters; that it was the theme of society when first published, and still remains the one literary sensation to the people of the island; and to people who had libraries consisting of not more than two volumes—and we do not charge any one there of greater extravagance—we venture to say that one is the Bible and one this volume, excepting perhaps in a few cases where they consist of two copies of this work alone. And yet, unless you have been to Nantucket, or perhaps to that neighboring whaling city on Buzzard's Bay, where—though the business has nearly come to its end—the merchants (who are all captains or owners) still visit the insurance offices, and gossip of their neighbors, and measure every man's intellectual or moral worth by his accurate and detailed knowledge of the parts of a whale-ship, you will hardly think of reading this volume the second time. You will find the title a delusion and a snare. *Miriam*, the heroine, is not the heroine at all. She is quiet and patient under the infliction of the author's pitiless and everlasting essays and episodes, describing the habits and customs of the islanders, the annual sheep-shearing, the manner of catching whales, and the true nobleness of the occupation of whale-fishing, till the 295th page, when she begins to be a feature of the tale. *Miriam* appears with great spirit, but, in about twenty pages, she completes her work and disappears, an extinguished party; and the author is obliged to use up the rest of space with taking up in detail and disposing circumstantially of each and every other character, apparently forgetting that they have most of them passed quietly out of the reader's recollection, and that it were much better not to afflict him by forcing him to recall what little part each one had played. And yet the work may have had some real value in its day; but is

this its day? And does the republisher, infused with blood of the original from that barren island, hope to make immortal the one tale written by a citizen of his native place? One of the hardest things in the world, we believe, is trying to help some one else to immortality. If an author has any of that quality in him, the world will keep him always in memory, and will not be asking the question why any one should republish him, in hopes that posterity, not himself, may keep him immortal.

GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN. By Olive Logan. New York: Adams, Victor & Co.

Of books consecrated to the "Woman Question" there is no end. The volume before us is a plump and comely 12mo. of 300 pages, dedicated to the same subject. It is, however, *sui generis*, and will run little risk of being dubbed a plagiarism by even the most zealous detective in that line. It flits with astonishing alacrity from marriage to divorce—smiling at the former, and frowning at the latter. The fair authoress makes bold to assert, again and again, that

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love."

We doubt not but her "BEST FRIEND, COMPANION, GUIDE, HUSBAND," to whom the work is touchingly inscribed, is prepared to fully indorse the sentiment. We trust we shall hear from the party in question (who, by the way, is prominent among the *dramatis personæ* of the book) at no distant day. Free-love is handled without gloves, as it should be. The servant-girl question, employments for women, fashion, dress, gossip and general good-for-nothingness, are treated, each in turn, with characteristic piquancy, tartness, and power. If there is more of raciness than elegance, it may be all the better for the publisher. It steps along nimbly—milk and water can always outrun thick cream. One is perpetually wondering what she is going to say next. If it is lax and frothy, it certainly is not dull and melancholic, which, in these days of dubious stocks and apocryphal diamond-mines, is certainly no mean recommendation. Bravo! *Get Thee Behind Me, Satan*.

Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FOR EVERY ISSUE OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

MARRIAGES.

Table with columns: MALE, FEMALE, WHERE, WHEN, MALE, FEMALE, WHERE, WHEN. Lists numerous marriages with names, locations, and dates.

DEATHS.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Adams, Ella A.	Temescal.	Aug. 10.	31	Downey, George.	Virginia, Nev.	Aug. 15.	43
Alexander, Daniel G.	Virginia, Nev.	July 30.	62	Drroll, Charles H.	San Francisco.	July 23.	47
Allen, Edward.	San Francisco.	Aug. 9.	60	Duffy, Ann H.	Santa Rosa.	July 27.	—
Amey, Leon.	Curtis Creek.	20.	30	Duval, Amadee.	San Francisco.	Aug. 28.	42
Andrew, Charles.	San Francisco.	11.	19 8	Eddington, William R.	Yountville.	13.	34
Andrews, Charles R.	Crystal Springs.	11.	19	Ellis, Lizzie A.	San Francisco.	26.	4 2
Asaelm, Joseph.	San Francisco.	15.	46	Elya, Isaac.	Virginia, Nev.	14.	24
Antonlaen, Annie M.	San Francisco.	12.	1	Fehrenkrug, Christian.	San Francisco.	22.	4 6 10
Armstrong, Edward.	Gold Hill, Nev.	28.	49	Farman, Matthew.	San Francisco.	18.	— 10
Arthur, Thomas.	San Francisco.	3.	43	Farr, Edith E.	Sacramento.	27.	— 2 15
Asbby, Lou F.	Yreka.	14.	— 4 6	Felt, Johann M.	San Francisco.	5.	30 3
Astell, Ann.	Roseville.	14.	—	Ferguson, William.	San Francisco.	19.	46
Astell, Margaret.	Center Township.	July 22.	38	Fewings, Sarah.	Auburn.	5.	40
Baird, Silence.	Fiddletown.	Aug. 16.	66	Fitch, Frederick.	Healdsburg.	30.	5 7 10
Balzard, Georgiana E.	Napa.	14.	—	Fleming, Lols.	San Francisco.	26.	—
Balke, John G.	San Francisco.	24.	3 15	Forayth, Emma A.	Princeton.	July 15.	14 11 11
Barrett, Elizabeth S.	San Francisco.	11.	25	Foster, William.	Sacramento.	Aug. 21.	70
Barrett, Ellen.	San Francisco.	20.	22	Fortune, James A.	San Francisco.	Aug. 7.	50
Bartholomew, Lucy J.	Hydesville, Nev.	July 16.	25	Fox, Humphrey B.	San Rafael.	31.	22 11 24
Batesman, Edie.	Virginia, Nev.	Aug. 16.	17	Frazier, Stanislaus.	San Francisco.	30.	57
Batlyan, John.	San Francisco.	31.	36 9	Frost, Jacob L.	Flah Lake Valley.	6.	61
Batters, William F.	San Francisco.	7.	7	Gagne, Sophie.	San Francisco.	1.	58
Beattie, Clement.	Long Valley.	9.	52 6	Garrett, Samuel R.	San Francisco.	17.	— 6
Behrmann, Harry E. C.	San Francisco.	24.	— 8 28	Gehagan, Christina.	San Francisco.	26.	— 2
Bell, John.	San Francisco.	6.	7 8	Gie, Helen M.	Virginia, Nev.	21.	— 1 19
Bendalneck, Lily M.	Boston Ravine.	July 25.	2 4	Gillikin, Samuel F.	Eureka, Nev.	19.	46
Bird, Hattie.	Lafayette, Or.	Aug. 8.	1 1	Gneza, Stefano.	Pleaserville.	July 25.	36
Blahop, John.	San Jose.	July 31.	31	Goetz, Charles.	San Francisco.	Aug. 6.	37
Blain, S. A.	Silver City, Nev.	Aug. 23.	2 4 23	Goraco, M. Inez.	San Francisco.	11.	32
Rlgh, Catherine.	San Francisco.	10.	59	Gould, James R.	San Francisco.	3.	—
Blossom, Susan.	San Francisco.	28.	54	Gregg, Charles I.	St. Helena.	—.	18 4 26
Blumberg, Johann.	San Francisco.	4.	31	Grennan, Margaret.	San Francisco.	16.	1 6
Borgan, Bridget.	San Francisco.	21.	60	Hagerty, Daniel S.	San Francisco.	6.	3 10
Borger, Frederick.	San Francisco.	19.	— 10 28	Haight, M. H.	Lakeport.	3.	42
Borlog, William M.	Aurora, Nev.	7.	43	Hall, Thomas, Sr.	San Francisco.	9.	50
Bourke, John.	San Francisco.	4.	25	Hamilton, Mary J.	Sacramento.	12.	30
Bourke, Patrick.	San Francisco.	19.	48	Gablan.	San Francisco.	28.	55
Bowman, Charles C.	San Francisco.	20.	60	Hansen, Peter, Jr.	San Francisco.	25.	7
Boyce, James A.	San Francisco.	16.	38 7	Hanson, Johanna M.	San Francisco.	9.	25 10
Boyle, Maria.	San Francisco.	27.	84	Hanson, John H.	San Francisco.	15.	— 2 17
Breen, George.	San Francisco.	24.	— 6 2	Harrington, James.	San Francisco.	31.	— 8
Brierley, Patrick.	San Francisco.	29.	55	Hartis, Anna.	San Francisco.	16.	— 11 11
Briggs, Sarah E.	Milton.	July 30.	6 14	Hartz, Marie.	San Francisco.	28.	34
Brommer, Robert H.	San Francisco.	Aug. 27.	6 10	Hascam, John F.	San Francisco.	7.	50
Brown, George K.	San Francisco.	28.	1 10	Hauser, Antone.	Jackson.	18.	—
Brown, Willie.	Campville.	10.	— 3 15	Hausman, H.	San Francisco.	28.	55
Bruns, Bertha.	San Francisco.	13.	— 20	Hawko, Richard.	Picoche, Nev.	5.	32
Brusch, J. B.	San Jose.	13.	34	Hawkins, Mary L.	Yocell Valley.	July 1.	9
Bryant, Frederick H.	Valejo.	25.	—	Hawley, Eugene J.	Oakland.	Aug. 27.	28
Buckley, Joseph.	San Francisco.	4.	— 9 8	Hawley, Grace A.	San Francisco.	Aug. 10.	2 1
Buerer, Harriet A.	Bartlett Springs.	—.	22	Heacock, Verdia.	San Francisco.	6.	1 4
Bullivant, Louise.	San Francisco.	27.	— 12	Heber, Barbara.	New York Valley.	5.	32
Burke, William J.	San Francisco.	6.	6 7 22	Henderson, Alexander.	South Yuba.	4.	32
Burrell, Joseph.	San Francisco.	14.	56	Henley, Patrick.	San Francisco.	9.	45
Burton, Hulda.	Sacramento.	10.	1 25	Henry, George.	Pleasant Valley.	5.	72
Cahill, Annie.	San Francisco.	10.	1 4 9	Hickey, Margaret.	Sacramento.	19.	19
Cantebury, Jennie.	Santa Rosa.	16.	13	Hickle, Lily F.	San Francisco.	50.	— 2 5
Carr, Nicholas E.	San Francisco.	15.	59	Higgins, Mark J.	San Francisco.	11.	— 11 11
Carrigan, James.	San Francisco.	18.	7 6	Hofman, John G.	Carson, Nev.	16.	33
Carroll, Mary A.	San Francisco.	16.	— 4 20	Hoge, William J.	San Francisco.	7.	14 7 14
Carisella, G. B.	Virginia, Nev.	1.	30	Holbrook, Bertie.	Washington.	—.	11
Carter, Sol.	Havilah.	10.	45	Holbrook, Frances W.	Washington.	16.	13 7
Cavanagh, Charles.	Marysville.	July 31.	23 1	Holland, Margaret F.	Virginia, Nev.	July 31.	— 8 16
Chalmers, Thomas.	San Francisco.	Aug. 6.	1	Holmes, S. O.	Auburn.	Aug. 3.	47
Chapman, Sarah.	Sacramento.	4.	52	Holtz, Adella.	San Francisco.	7.	5
Cheminant, Hortense F.	Alameda.	1.	— 10	How, Ann.	San Francisco.	8.	30
Christian, James.	San Francisco.	12.	55	Huber, William H. H.	Los Angeles.	8.	32
Childers, Henry.	Unionville, Nev.	1.	58	Hurley, Ellen E.	San Francisco.	25.	— 8 19
Clapp, Ruth A.	Sacramento.	1.	48	Ingargiola, Lawrence.	San Francisco.	31.	23
Cohen, James.	San Francisco.	12.	39	Jackson, Thomas.	Stockton.	14.	67
Collins, Ray F.	Oakland.	4.	— 10	Jacobs, Charles.	Woodland.	17.	16 1 17
Conolly, Catherine.	San Francisco.	6.	64	Jacobs, Henrietta.	San Francisco.	31.	— 5 26
Conors, John.	San Francisco.	15.	6 25	Jajloa, Feliciano.	Creshtown.	14.	—
Cook, J. B.	Coon Valley.	July 26.	—	Jarvis, William.	San Francisco.	2.	41
Cook, Nelson.	San Francisco.	Aug. 20.	32 7	Jaycox, Burgess B.	Sheldon.	11.	— 2 8 21
Costello, Josephine M.	San Francisco.	1.	— 2 5	Jefferson, Elena.	San Francisco.	28.	28
Coy, Grace A.	Alameda.	1.	1 13	Johnson, Anna J.	San Francisco.	26.	— 7 24
Crane, Nannie M.	Yuba City.	5.	22 2	Johnson, James.	San Francisco.	28.	62
Cranoan, Mary.	San Francisco.	13.	35	Johnson, Matilda.	San Francisco.	13.	36 8
Crotty, James.	San Francisco.	4.	27 11 20	Jones, Charles L.	Empire, Nev.	7.	— 9
Crow, John W.	Stanislaus County.	Aug. 26.	47 6 12	Jones, Frank.	Grass Valley.	—.	6 16
Crowell, M. Hiram.	San Francisco.	26.	95	Jones, Herbert F.	Oakland.	22.	— 1 6
Crowley, Ann.	San Francisco.	28.	— 4 23	Jones, Mary C.	East Portland, Or.	10.	—
Curry, Nathaniel.	San Francisco.	13.	29	Jordan, Grace.	San Francisco.	27.	— 5 12
Daley, Mary.	Portland, Or.	13.	8	Justi, Alinda.	Sonoma.	26.	21 6 3
Daly, Gertrude E.	San Francisco.	13.	45	Kahl, John.	Picoche, Nev.	22.	35
Daly, William.	San Francisco.	16.	45	Kanc, Robert.	San Francisco.	17.	15
Davis, Doris.	San Francisco.	13.	27	Keanan, Frank.	San Francisco.	31.	36
Davis, Frank.	Monterey.	13.	55	Kelly, Rose C.	San Francisco.	7.	1
Davis, James H.	San Francisco.	28.	— 6 24	Kelly, Evelyn M.	San Francisco.	19.	15 3
Day, Mrs.	San Rafael.	9.	38 9	Kennedy, Richard.	San Francisco.	2.	57
Decker, M.	San Francisco.	31.	—	Kent, Isabella O.	San Francisco.	5.	26
Dent, Margaret.	San Francisco.	20.	— 4 20	Ketchum, M. M.	Santa Clara Co.	3.	—
Devoll, Willie.	Stockton.	26.	1 1	Kiehl, Emeline.	San Francisco.	17.	35
DeWitt, Theodore.	San Francisco.	6.	22	Kiernan, Mary.	San Francisco.	12.	72
Dixon, John.	San Francisco.	20.	33 14	Kingsbury, Ellisa.	San Francisco.	10.	50
Dobson, Robert.	Lower Gold Hill, N.	5.	23	Kison, George W.	San Francisco.	20.	35
Douglas, Frederick M.	San Francisco.	11.	8	Kirk, Elizabeth.	Sacramento.	19.	41 6
Downer, Abner J.	San Francisco.	14.	—	Kirwood, Mary.	San Francisco.	12.	1
				Kronholm, Catharina S.	San Francisco.	18.	31 9 18

DEATHS.—Continued.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Kattburt, H.	San Francisco	Aug. 31.	24	Randolph, Benjamin H.	San Francisco	Aug. 11.	59
Laird, Joseph L.	El Dorado County	16.	26	Ravnska, George H.	San Leandro	11.	2 3
Langan, Mary	Gold Hill, Nev.	19.	48	Reeder, Flora	Sonora	18.	—
Lanigan, Patrick	Alder Creek	16.	48	Riso, Marco	San Francisco	24.	19
Larvie, Gilbert	San Francisco	29.	67	Roach, Bridget	San Francisco	31.	33
LeBrun, Eli S.	Dry Creek	4.	62	Roades, Ann L.	San Francisco	8.	52
Lehard, Louise	San Francisco	13.	47	Robert, Frank	San Francisco	5.	66
Lee, Minnie	Chico	8.	1 7	Roberts, Albert C.	Grass Valley	24.	— 26
Leiland, S. A.	San Francisco	13.	68	Roberts, Nellie	San Francisco	31.	— 10 19
Leonard, Maggie	Virginia, Nev.	17.	2 8	Robinson, Willie	San Francisco	21.	4 7
Levy, Pauline	San Francisco	24.	1 8	Robinson, Annie	Eberhard City, N.	9.	—
Levy, Samuel	San Francisco	22.	65	Robinson, John E.	San Francisco	12.	36
Lewis, Mary A.	San Jose	21.	—	Rocha, Paula de la	San Francisco	30.	48
Lilly, John B.	San Francisco	9.	50	Rodriguez, Dolores R.	San Francisco	29.	45
Lockhart, Robert C.	Mill Creek	14.	58	Rodriguez, Isabella	San Francisco	24.	9
Loh, Anna E.	San Francisco	27.	5 25	Roeiland, John	Sonora	7.	54
Lohmann, Kathrina	San Francisco	13.	48	Rose, Margaret J.	San Jose	23.	43
Loughran, Thomas J.	San Francisco	21.	7 21	Rogers, John P.	San Francisco	5.	1 14
Lozier, Peter A.	Milbrae	1.	42	Rosenbrook, H.	San Francisco	25.	38
Lucas, Philip	Grass Valley	6.	9 13	Rosenzweig, Henry	San Francisco	12.	55
Mackay, Barbara J.	Santiago Mill, Nev.	23.	5	Rouet, Francis	San Francisco	23.	48
Madero, Francisca C.	San Francisco	28.	23	Russell, Affron W.	La Porte	July 21.	8 7 21
Madora, Lodovico	San Francisco	26.	—	Russell, Judson A.	San Jose	Aug. 9.	32
Manony, Dennis	San Francisco	23.	25	Ryan, P. N.	San Francisco	2.	35
Manoney, Margaret	San Francisco	28.	4 11	Samuelson, Katie	Sacramento	2.	24 2 27
Marson, David P.	Roca	12.	3 9 27	Sanders, Austin L.	Utah	July 30.	— 9
Martini, Rosa D.	San Francisco	18.	18	Sande, Mary A.	San Francisco	Aug. 10.	1 9
Marvin, D. D.	Sutter County	July 5.	8 9	Sawyer, Lotie E.	San Francisco	Aug. 24.	33
Mason, Frank	San Francisco	Aug. 26.	7	Schankner, Herman	Virginia, Nev.	13.	—
Mason, Frank	San Francisco	13.	58	Schriebe, Robert N.	Marysville	23.	1 6
Matthews, Honora	Independence Flat	23.	58	Schultz, Ludwig	San Francisco	24.	47
Maxfield, Dora E.	Montezuma	July 26.	1 7	Scribner, Dany	Silver City, Nev.	20.	— 10 9
McArdie, Catharine M.	San Francisco	Aug. 21.	32	Sellva, Joaquin	Sacramento	17.	— 6
McAuliff, Michael	Virginia, Nev.	Aug. 6.	45	Shanon, Ann	Knights Landing	23.	1 3 6
McAulvey, Margaret A.	San Francisco	27.	3	Shelton, Mary	Reno, Nev.	23.	—
McCaffrey, Thomas P.	Oakland	31.	5 6	Short, George F.	San Francisco	19.	1 5 16
McCarolin, Grace	San Francisco	3.	96	Silva, Antonio	San Francisco	25.	6
McCarty, William	San Francisco	6.	37 4	Sloan, Charles	San Francisco	25.	41
McClinton, William	San Francisco	6.	40	Sleeper, Hanson M.	San Francisco	24.	44 6
McKean, James	Marysville	2.	42	Smalley, George	Loze Pine	July 28.	2 9
McKenna, John P.	San Francisco	1.	2 23	Smith, Ellen	San Andreas	30.	65
McKenna, Mary T.	San Francisco	16.	— 7 2	Smith, John T.	San Francisco	Aug. 6.	1 7 22
McMorty, Alice	Gold Hill, Nev.	10.	9 24	Smith, J. Ross	Woodland	July 30.	54 6 3
McPhillips, Daniel	San Francisco	10.	17	Smith, Mary A.	San Francisco	Aug. 5.	45
Mead, George	San Luis Obispo	16.	2 1 19	Smoot, Joseph K.	St. Helena	Aug. 17.	30
Meek, Joseph	Rough and Ready	17.	57 7 17	Snyder, Frances	San Francisco	23.	— 2
Merrill, Laurens P.	San Francisco	13.	—	Sontag, August	San Francisco	31.	—
Merritt, Henry W.	San Francisco	6.	51	Stephens, Richard	San Francisco	16.	54
Merry, Bertie P.	San Francisco	24.	1 13	Stevenson, Frederick F.	San Francisco	9.	8 11
Miller, Adam	San Francisco	25.	— 2 7	Stock, Elizabeth W. T.	San Francisco	10.	35 5 19
Miller, Anne M.	San Francisco	1.	4 11	Stroley, Gertrude B.	Tehama County	July 31.	43 4 20
Millsop, Lucy E.	Cacheville	3.	8 2 1	Sullivan, Jeremiah	Boston Ravine	Aug. 1.	45
Mohlstet, Fernine	San Francisco	1.	32	Sullivan, Sarah	San Francisco	Aug. 11.	35
Moore, Bartholomew	San Francisco	29.	52	Sweeney, John	San Francisco	21.	48
Moore, Garholm	Oakland	22.	—	Taylor, James H.	Sutter Creek	6.	5 20
Morrill, Susan	San Gregorio	10.	22 5	Thomas, Charles	Grass Valley	25.	1 12
Morris, A. S.	San Francisco	11.	4 7 15	Thomas, Mary A.	San Francisco	16.	3 23
Morris, John	San Francisco	13.	34	Thompson, George F.	San Francisco	29.	4
Morris, Samuel	Ploche, Nev.	July 24.	40	Thompson, Kate	Virginia, Nev.	16.	21
Moskman, Edward	San Francisco	Aug. 9.	7 6	Thomson, John	San Diego	8.	—
Mueller, John	San Francisco	Aug. 26.	— 5	Thorne, Hattie	San Francisco	20.	23 1
Mulloy, Agnes	San Francisco	8.	9	Thornton, Julia	San Francisco	11.	4 10
Murphy, John	San Francisco	24.	38	Tibbitts, Emma S.	Inyo County	2.	27
Newhall, Allen B.	Washington	9.	59 2 22	Tibbitts, Mary	San Francisco	14.	67
Nolan, Patrick	San Francisco	19.	32	Tikner, Alice M.	Yreka	2.	4 12
Noland, James	Jaquinto	3.	51	Ti-tyen, Richard	San Francisco	27.	35
Norcom, Casper W.	Stockton	14.	51	Traul, Charles R.	Eureka, Nev.	July 29.	2 11 19
Norie, Helena	San Francisco	31.	24	Tregaskis, Charles R.	Bollinville, Nev.	Aug. 10.	5 10
Nunn, Thomas	Sonora	20.	64 8 4	Tucker, Catherine	San Francisco	16.	8 16
O'Brien, Catherine	San Francisco	16.	—	Tully, Hugh	Sacramento	11.	44 9
O'Brien, David	San Francisco	5.	28	Turley, William	Carson, Nev.	27.	26
O'Brien, Edith M.	San Francisco	26.	—	Vau Norden, Eugene B.	San Francisco	9.	7 6
O'Connor, Honora	San Francisco	17.	32	Veal, James	Virginia, Nev.	7.	23
O'Connor, James	Santa Clara Co.	22.	72	Vellia, Charles F. M.	San Francisco	25.	44
O'Connor, Mary A. J.	Santa Cruz Co.	11.	29 4	Verry, Patrick	San Francisco	19.	50
O'Keefe, David	Lakerville	11.	29 4	White, Frank	Jamestown	22.	44
Oswald, Frank	Weaverville	16.	43	Vogelsang, George L.	Petersburg	11.	51
Pascal, John P.	Santa Clara	5.	73	Voight, Christian	Santa Cruz	21.	38
Pearl, Sarah	San Francisco	12.	25	Wagner, Ernest	San Francisco	19.	1 10
Peck, John H.	San Francisco	2.	18	Watt, Lucretia	Sacramento	Aug. 2.	8
Pegullian, Francis P.	South San Fran'co	11.	10 25	Welch, James	Ploche, Nev.	23.	30
Penfield, Hattie W.	San Francisco	26.	31 1	Wheeler, Martin	San Francisco	7.	71
Perkins, Grace	San Francisco	24.	92	White, Catherine	Colusa Valley	—	9
Perrott, James	Santa Cruz Co.	23.	32 4	Whiting, Pamela R.	San Francisco	13.	43 9
Pickett, Eliza	San Francisco	11.	35	Wilhoie, Elizabeth	San Francisco	19.	34
Pinto, Maria	Monterey	22.	—	Wilson, Charles	San Francisco	2.	24
Pixley, Ralph G.	Elko, Nev.	21.	5 21	Wilson, George F.	San Francisco	6.	42
Platt, Samuel	Yorktown	9.	45	Wilson, Laurence J.	Virginia, Nev.	12.	1 4
Pomeroy, Francis B.	San Jose	13.	7 24	Winter R.	Oroville	22.	51
Post, Alfred B.	Santa Clara	2.	28 8	Wockenoff, Charles	San Francisco	24.	35
Pratt, John	Forest City	1.	63	Wood, Hattie M.	Gold Hill, Nev.	1.	2 9
Price, William	San Francisco	29.	1 7 29	Wood, Laura	Meridian	—	—
Price, W. W.	Donita Lake	18.	54	Worth, Francis	San Francisco	3.	1
Qu il, Henry P.	San Francisco	17.	—	Wyant, Augusten E.	San Francisco	21.	— 1
Quinehard, Sarah	Santa Cruz	17.	—	Yanter, Jacob	Virginia, Nev.	14.	55
Quinon, Mary A.	Vallojo	23.	11 17	Younggold, Alstie H.	San Francisco	29.	— 8 13
Ralph, Joseph	San Francisco	17.	24	Zimmerman, Conrad	Bakersfield	15.	—

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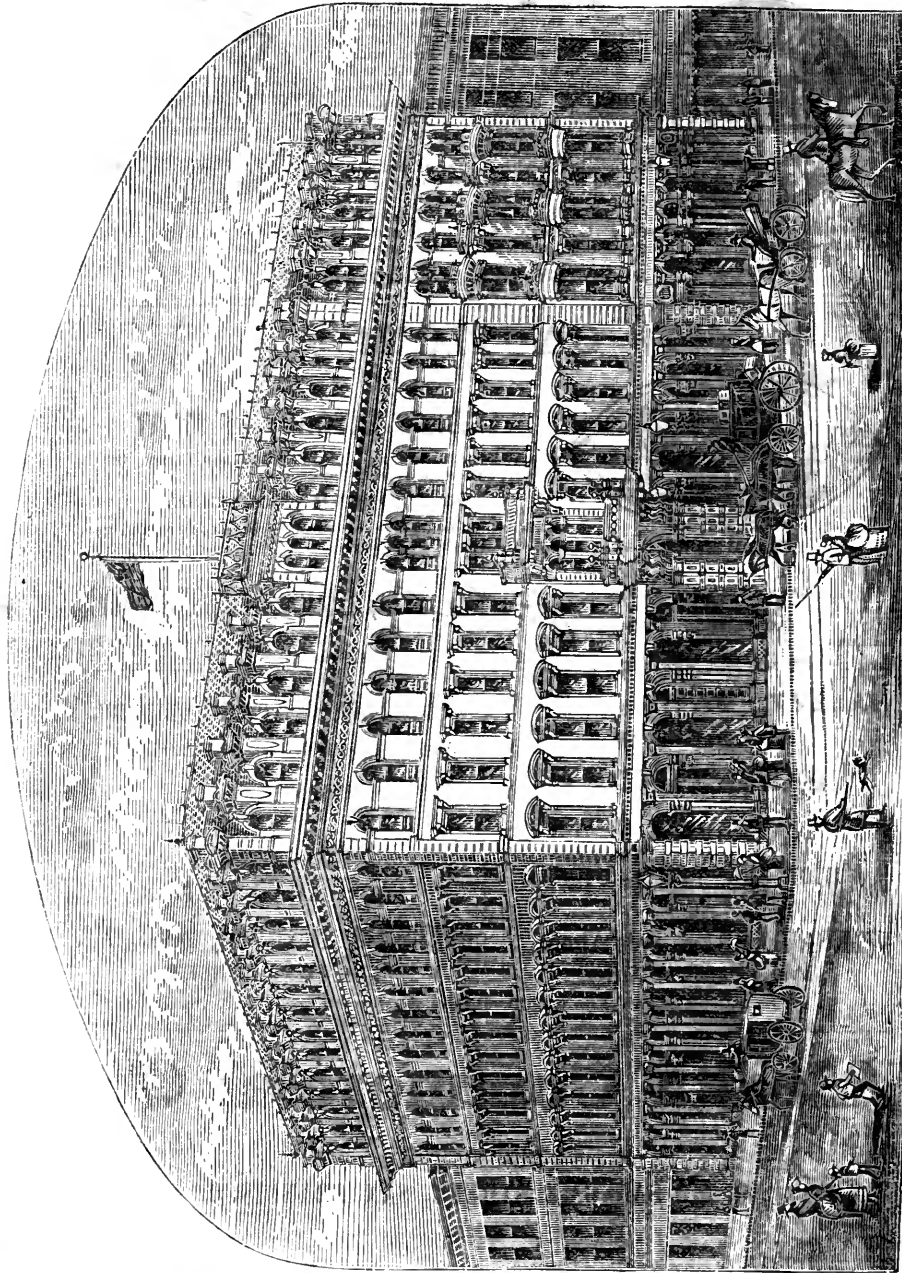
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No. 5.

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DEVOTED TO

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NOVEMBER, 1872.



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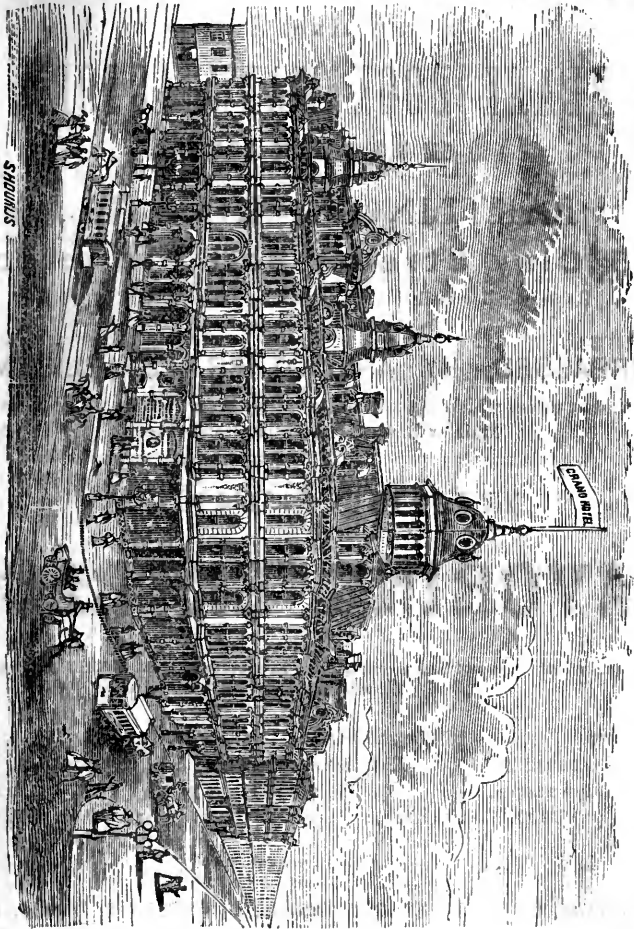
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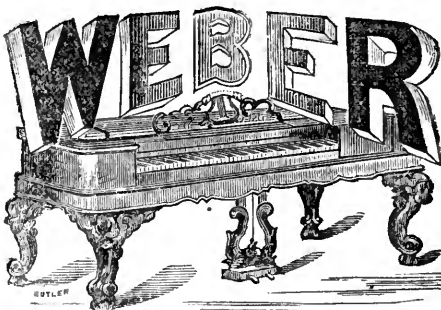
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THE
OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO
THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 9.—NOVEMBER, 1872.—No. 5.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART III.

*Thatch of palm and a patch of clover. . .
Breath of balm in a field of brown. . .
The clouds blew up and the birds flew over. . .
And I looked upward: but who looked down?

Who was true in the test that tried us? . . .
Who was it mocked? . . . Who now may mourn
The loss of a love that a cross denied us,
With folded hands and a heart forlorn? . . .

God forgive when the fair forget us. . .
The worth of a smile, the weight of a tear,
Why, who can measure? The fates beset us. . .
We laugh a moment; we mourn a year.*

Sing songs, and pour wine in oblations,
Be glad, and forget, in a rhyme,
Mutations of Time and mutations
Of thought that are fiercer than Time.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Forgive and forget; for I say
That the true shall endure the derision
Of the false till the full of the day.

I forgive as I would be forgiven;
I forget, lest the ill I have done
Be remembered against me in heaven
And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labor?
 And who shall have rest without price?
 And who shall hold war with his neighbor
 With promise of peace with the Christ?

Lo! The years may lay hand on fair heaven;
 They may place and displace the red stars;
 They may stain them, as blood-stains are driven
 At sunset in beautiful bars.

They may shroud them in black till they fret us—
 The clouds with their showers of tears;
 They may grind us to dust and forget us,
 May the years—O, the pitiless years!

But the precepts of Christ are beyond them;
 And the truths in the Parables taught,
 With the tramp of the ages upon them,
 They endure as though ages were naught.

And the deserts may drink up the fountains,
 And the forests give place to the plain,
 And the main may give place to the mountains,
 And the mountains return to the main,

And mutations of worlds and mutations
 Of suns may take place, but the reign
 Of Time, and the toils and vexations
 Shall bequeath them, no, never a stain.

So, silent, I bide the revealing
 Of night, the stern parent of morn;
 Sit patient, yet boldly appealing
 To Time, who was God's first born.

.

They turned from the training, they came in a throng
 To the old, old tale; and they trained no more,
 As he sang of love; and some on the shore,
 And full in the sound of the eloquent song,

With a womanly air and irresolute will
 Went listlessly onward as gathering shells;
 Then gazed where the waters, with mirroring swells,
 Reflected their forms; then they sighed and were still.

And they all spoke not. Some tapped on the sand
With the sandaled foot, keeping time to the sound,
In a sort of a dream; some timed with the hand,
And one held eyes full of tears to the ground,

As the tide of the years turned stormy and strong,
With its freightage of wrecks, and impossible things,
And a flood of far memories, born of the song,
And borne to the heart on articulate wings.

She thought of the days when their wars they were not,
As she leaned and listened to the old, old song,
When they sang of their loves, and she well forgot
Of the hard oppressions and a world of wrong.

Like a pure, true woman, with her trust in tears
And the things that are true, she re-lived them in thought,
Though hushed and crushed in the fall of the years,
And she lived but the fair, and the false she forgot

As a tale long told, or as things that are dreams;
And the quivering curve of the lip it confessed
Of the silent regrets of a soul that teems
With a world of love in a brave, true breast.

Then this one, younger, who had known no love,
Nor had looked upon man but in blood on the field,
She bowed her head, and she leaned on her shield,
And her heart beat quick as the wings of a dove

That is blown from the sea, where the rests are not
In the season of storms; and, by instinct taught,
Grew pensive, and sighed; and she thought and she thought
Of some wonderful things, and—she knew not of what.

Then this one thought of a love forsaken,
Thought of a brown sweet babe, and she thought
Of the bread-fruits gathered, of swift fish taken
In intricate nets, like a love well sought.

And she thought of the moons of her maidenhood,
Mellowed and fair with the forms of man—
In her memory set like the shadowy wood
By the beautiful waves that around her ran;

Fairer indeed than the fringes of light
That lie at rest on the west of the sea,
In the furrows of foam on the borders of night,
And dearer indeed than the songs to be—

Than the calling of dreams from the opposite land
 To the land of life and of journeyings dreary,
 When the soul goes over from the form grown weary,
 And walks in the cool of the trees on the strand.

But the Queen moved forth, as to smite him at first
 With the sword unto death, yet it seemed that she durst
 Not smite him at all; and she stood as to chide,
 And she lifted her face, and she frowned at his side.

And she touched on his arm, and she looked in his eyes,
 And right full in his soul—but she saw no fear
 In the pale, fair face; and with frown severe
 She pressed her lips as suppressing her sighs.

She banished her wrath, she unbended her face,
 And she lifted her hand and put back his hair
 From his pale, sad brow, with a penitent air,
 And forgave him all with an unuttered grace;

For she said no word. Yet no more was severe;
 She stood as subdued by the side of him still,
 Then averted her face with a resolute will,
 As to hush a regret, or to hide back a tear.

Then she said to herself: "A stranger is this,
 And sad and alone, that knows not at all
 That a throne shall totter and the strong shall fall,
 At the mention of love and its banefulest bliss.

"O life that is lost in bewildering love!—
 But a stranger is sacred!" She lifted a hand
 And she laid it as soft as the breast of a dove
 On the delicate mouth; it was more than the wand

Of the tamer of serpents; for she did no more
 Than to bid with her eyes and to beck with her hand,
 And the song drew away to the shells of the shore—
 Took wings, as it were, to the verge of the land.

But her heart it was heavy. With a penitent head
 She returned to her troop, and, retiring, she said:
 "Alas! and alas! Shall it come to pass
 That the panther shall die from a blade of grass?

"That the tiger shall yield at the bent-horn blast;
 That we, who have conquered a world and all
 Of men and beasts in the world, must fall
 Ourselves, at the mention of love, at the last?"

Was it love or regret so besetting him now?
 For the singer was fretted, and further apart
 He wandered, perplexed, and he felt that his heart
 Leapt high and leapt hot till it tinged to the brow—

Beat quick and beat troubled, and strong and untamed,
 As he saw her move on with a marvelous grace
 To her troop as they trained; and he turned from his place,
 He averted his head, and he felt him ashamed

That he sat at her board, and day after day
 Lived on in her land in the shield of a lie;
 That he dared not stand to the front and say
 The truth, and die as a soldier should die.

She, troubled at heart, when returned to her troop,
 Led minstrel and all to the innermost part
 Of the palm-crowned Isle, where the great trees group
 In armies, to battle when black storms start,

And took up her retreat from the sun by the trees
 That are topped like tents, where the fire-flies
 Are a light to the feet, and a fair lake lies
 As cool as the coral-set centres of seas.

Here Nature was good, and gave to her lover,
 Yet warm from her bosom, the all that she had,
 And only demanded that he should love her
 Full well in return, and so to be glad.

In the heart of the Isle her carpet was spread,
 All silken and soft with the velvety bloom;
 Her couch it was canopied overhead,
 And allured to sleep with its deep perfume.

The sarsaparilla had woven its thread
 So through and through, like to threads of gold,
 'Twas stronger than thongs a thousand fold,
 And on every hand and up over-head

Ran thick as the threads on the rim of a reel,
 By red leaf and dead leaf, bough and vine,
 The green and the gray leaf, coarse and fine,
 And the cactus tinted with cochineal:

And every color that the Master Sun
 Has painted and hung in the halls of God,
 Blushed in the sky or spread on the sod,
 Pictured, and woven, and wound as one.

The tamarind and the cocoa-tree,
 The quick cinchona, the red sangre,
 The keen caressa, the sycamore,
 Were woof and warp as wide as the shore.

Here palm-trees lorded the copse like kings,
 Their tall tops tossing the indolent clouds
 That folded the Isle in the dawn like shrouds,
 Then fled from the sun like living things.

The cockatoos swung in the vines below,
 And muttering hung on a golden thread,
 Or moved on the mossed boughs to and fro,
 In plumes of gold and arrayed in red;

They held their heads to the side as though
 They were weighed with thought, and looked to the east,
 Like wisacres uttering oracles low,
 And who wisest seem when they know the least.

The lake lay hidden away from the light,
 As asleep in the Isle from the tropical noon,
 And narrow and bent like a new-born moon,
 And as fair as a moon in the noon of the night.

It was shadowed by forests, was fringed by ferns,
 And fretted anon by the fishes that leapt
 At indolent flies that slept, or kept
 Their drowsy tones on the tide by turns.

And here in the dawn, when the day was strong
 And newly aroused from his leafy repose,
 With the dew on his feet and the tints of the rose
 In his great, fair face, was a sense and a song

That the tame old world has nor known nor heard,
 Of eloquent wings of the humming bird,
 That beguiled the heart, and they purpled the air
 And allured the eye, as so everywhere

On the rim of the wave, or across it in swings,
 They swept or they sank in a sea of blooms,
 The senses filled with the soft perfumes
 As they wove and they wound in a song of wings.

And the senses drank of the fragrance deep,
 And the glad soul questioned it, whether or no
 It had risen above or yet dwelt below,
 Or whether to laugh for love or to weep.

A bird in scarlet and gold, made mad
With the sweet delights, through the branches slid
And kissed the lake on a drowsy lid,
Till the ripples ran and the face was glad ;

Glad and lovely as the lights that sweep
In the autumn-time through the awful north,
On the face of heaven, when the stars are forth—
Or the face of a child that smiles in sleep.

Here came the Queen, in the tropical noon,
When the wave, and the world, and all were asleep,
And nothing looked forth to betray her, or peep
Through the glory of trees in their garments of June,

To bathe with her court in the waters that bent
As bold and as sharp as a bow unspent,
In the beautiful lake through the towering trees,
And the tangle of blooms in a burden of bees.

And strangely still, and more strangely sweet,
Was the lake that lay in its cradle of fern—
As still as a moon with her horns that turn
In the night, like lamps to some delicate feet.

They came and they stood by the brink of the tide,
They hung their shields on the boughs of the trees,
And they leaned their lances against the side,
Unloosed their sandals, and, busy as bees

That ply with industrious wings the perfumes,
They ungathered their robes in the rustle of leaves,
And the nodding of reeds and the beautiful blooms
That enwound them as close as the wine-vine weaves.

But the minstrel had faltered, and further aside
Than ever before he averted his head ;
Then he picked up a pebble and fretted the tide,
Then turned with a countenance flushed and red.

Then he feigned him ill, and he wandered away,
And he sat him down by the waters alone,
And prayed for pardon as a knight should pray,
And rued an error not all his own.

Then the Amazons pressed to the girdles of reeds ;
Two and by two they advanced to the wave,
Challenged each other, and bade be brave ;
Bantered, and vaunted of valorous deeds.

They pushed and they parted the curtains of green,
 All timid at first; then looked at the wave,
 And laughed; retreated, then came up brave
 To the brink of the water, led on by their Queen.

Then again they retreated, then again advanced,
 Parted the boughs in a proud disdain,
 Then bent their heads to the waters and glanced
 Below, and then blushed, and then laughed again,

Till a bird awakened, and all dismayed
 They shrank to the leaves and the sombre shade,
 With a womanly sense of a delicate shame
 That strife and changes had left the same.

Then at last came forward a beautiful pair,
 And bent to the wave, and bending they blushed
 As rich as the wines, when the waters rushed
 To the dimpled limbs, and laughed in the hair.

Then the fair troop followed with shouts, with cheers,
 And they cleft the wave, and the friendly ferns
 Came down in curtains, and curves, and turns,
 And a brave palm lifted a thousand spears.

From under the ferns and away from the land,
 And out in the wave until lost below,
 There lay, as white as a bank of snow,
 A long and a beautiful reach of sand.

And clothed alone in their clouds of hair,
 And curtained about by the palm and fern,
 And made as their Maker had made them, fair,
 And splendid of natural grace and turn,

Untrammelled by art and untroubled by man,
 They tested their strength, or they tried their speed,
 And here they wrestled, and there they ran,
 Supple and lithe as the watery reed.

The great trees shadowed the bow-tipped tide,
 And nodded their plumes from the opposite side,
 As if to whisper, "Take care! take care!"
 But the meddlesome sunshine here and there

Kept pointing a finger right under the trees,
 Kept shifting the branches, and wagging a hand
 At the round, brown limbs on the border of sand,
 And seemed to whisper, "Ho! what are these?"

The gold-barred butterflies to and fro
 And over the water-side wandered and wove,
 Heedless and idle as clouds that rove
 And drift by the peaks of perpetual snow.

But a monkey swung out from a bough in the skies,
 Whiskered and ancient, and wisest of all
 Of his populous race; and he heard them call,
 And he watched them long, with his head sidewise,

From under his brows of amber and brown,
 Patient, and silent, and never once stirred;
 Then he shook his gray head, and he hastened him down
 To his army below, and said never a word.

But the minstrel he took him apart from the place;
 He looked up in the boughs at the gold-birds there,
 He counted the humming-birds fretting the air,
 And caught at the butterflies fanning his face.

Then he sat him down in a crook of the wave
 And away from the Amazons, under the skies
 Where the great trees curved in a leaf-lined cave,
 And he lifted his hands and he shaded his eyes,

And he held his head to the north when they came
 To run on the reaches of sand from the south,
 And he pulled at his chin, and he pursed his mouth,
 And he shut his eyes with a shudder of shame.

THE MOTHER LODE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN most countries distinguished for a large production of the precious metals there is apt to be found one or more than one metalliferous vein of such marked opulence and power as to obtain for it the appellation of the *Mother Lode*. In some mineral-bearing regions these veins occur with comparative frequency, though, as a general rule, not more than one or two will be met with in a considerable area of territory. In Spanish American countries, under the name of *Vetas Madres*, they would seem to be

more numerous than with us; or, perhaps, these foreign peoples are more prone than ours to confer this distinction on veins of but moderate dimensions. This description of lode is not so named because it is supposed to have produced, or in any manner contributed toward the formation of other and inferior veins, nor yet because of any presumed priority of origin; the so-called *Mother Lode* being sometimes the youngest in the neighborhood. This designation is conferred upon them simply on

account of their great size and productive capacity; features that might have been as well expressed by the terms dominating or master vein, as they very often are with us.

As yet we have discovered but two veins in our gold and silver-bearing fields to which this name has by common consent come to be applied—the one consisting of the great fissure that forms the subject of this article, and the other the far-famed Comstock Lode, in the Washoe District, State of Nevada. Very powerful, and, for their size, in some cases, even more prolific veins than either of these, exist at various points on this coast; yet none have thus far been found combining to the same extent such extraordinary dimensions, joined with equal capacity and facilities for bullion production. In Nevada many larger veins than the Comstock have already been discovered; some, in fact, beside which it would, so far as mere size is concerned, shrink into very mean proportions. The Nevada Giant, in the Cortez District, Lander County, towers for several miles a mighty wall overlooking the country far around. In Alpine County, many of the ledges are simply cliffs of quartz flanking the mountainsides or crowning their tops with castellated crests, seen a hundred miles away; whereas the croppings of the Comstock, save only the mound-like elevation at Gold Hill, are of very moderate dimensions—much inferior, not only to numerous lodes elsewhere in the State, but also to many in its own immediate vicinity.

A comparison between the great California and Nevada fissures discloses but few points of resemblance, with many essential and strongly marked differences; the two being as much unlike in geological structure as in their aggregate of past production and extent of development. The Comstock, while it exhibits a broader and better filled ore-channel

than has yet been opened up at any one point along its great rival, is still much inferior to the latter in magnitude of outcrop and linear extent, having been traced a distance of scarcely more than two miles, all told; whereas the Mother Lode of California can be followed by a succession of massive croppings and other easily recognized tokens of its presence along a straight line for more than seventy miles; constituting it, beyond any question, one of the longest and best-defined metal-bearing lodes ever yet discovered. The renowned *Veta Madre* of Guanajuato—one of the longest veins in Mexico, and from which hundreds of tons of silver have been taken—reaches barely six miles, a distance exceeded by very few of the most masterly lodes of Central or South America.

It is now just twenty years since active operations were first inaugurated on the Mother Lode of California; and, although extended to several points along it soon after, these were for a long time conducted on but a limited scale. Only half that number of years have elapsed since ore began to be raised freely from the Comstock mines, which, up to this time, have yielded about \$150,000,000 worth of bullion, against about \$30,000,000 taken from the California Lode; the latter having netted somewhat the greater amount of profits for the money invested.

Both these lodes have their barren alternating with fertile spots, these being respectively of much greater length on ours than on that lying east of the Sierra. Along the existing two miles of the latter scarcely more than three-fourths have proved at all fruitful, though there are valid reasons for supposing that the whole of it may become so in the course of future exploitation, or at least that paying ore-chutes will in depth be developed within the limits of claims now sterile; though others, at present productive, may, in turn, become impover-

ished, or give out altogether. On the California vein this shifting of the ore-chutes will not be so apt to occur, mines once in *bonanza* being very likely to continue so indefinitely downward. Such result would, at least, be in accordance with experiences had here, and also on similar lodes elsewhere.

Commencing on the north at Drytown, near the centre of Amador County, our Mother Lode extends thence south 27° east to the Princeton group of mines, in the vicinity of Mount Ophir, traversing in its course the southern half of Amador, the whole of Calaveras and Tuolumne, and about a third of Mariposa counties. It crosses Dry, Sutter, and Jackson creeks; the Mokelumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced rivers, with many high ridges and deep *cañons*, all of which it strikes at nearly right-angles. It forms at numerous points a picturesque and impressive object; the vast and wall-like masses of glistening quartz, seen on a distant eminence, resembling the ruins of some ancient fortress, and contrasting in color with the deep green *chemisal* and *manzanito*, or shining through the foliage of the gnarled oaks and stately pines that half conceal them.

This vein, in its upper portions, pitches toward the east at an angle varying from forty-five to seventy degrees, gradually assuming a more vertical position as it descends into the earth. In thickness it varies from four or five to fifty feet, expanding occasionally to a hundred or more. It is nearly everywhere regularly walled and heavily cased; the eastern, or upper wall consisting, for the most part, of slate, and the lower of greenstone.

In a lode of such vast proportions, and especially of such extreme length, the above conditions are, as might be expected, considerably varied at different places along it. The quartz—composing the bulk of vein-matter—does not

show itself everywhere upon the surface. For miles at a stretch it dwindles to a mere thread, or disappears altogether; these blank spaces alternating with equally long sections of croppings, which at various points rise into lofty cliffs, while again they appear like the fragments of a crumbled wall, or run in low, irregular reefs, lifting themselves but a few feet above the ground. In some places, the matrix, instead of quartz, is made up largely of slate; or the ore itself, generally carrying only free or sulphureted gold, becomes mixed with many other metals and minerals. In a few localities, the country rock shifts, the greenstone and slate reversing their ordinary position; the usually compact and symmetrical walls become broken and straggling, or some other anomalous feature manifests itself to complicate the structure of the vein and add to the perplexities of the geological student.

Yet, despite these eccentricities and local displacements, there can be no question but this is one continuous fissure, formed by some single movement of Nature, and filled with nearly homogeneous material throughout. The peculiarities so strongly impressed upon it at certain points are mere accidents—exceptional and abnormal—the result of volcanic disturbance or movements of the earth's crust, rupturing the lode and faulting its walls, and causing the intrusion of foreign matter; or perhaps of these, aided by other dynamic and chemical agencies. What seems to the prospector or other mere casual observer but a series of disjointed deposits or separate lodes, appears to the geologist a single rent, simple and identical, cleft by Nature in her throes to obtain rest—possibly by the force that lifted up the Sierra Nevada, with which it corresponds in strike; or more likely by some of those sudden and terrific convulsions to which our globe was in its infancy so often subjected.

The California *Veta Madre*, though a unit, considered in its entirety, does not everywhere confine itself to a single channel. At a few points it splits up into several branches — sometimes as many as four or five — which, running nearly parallel for a considerable distance, again reunite. Where thus subdivided, it suffers in strength, though not always in its aggregate power of production.

Touching the manner in which, and the means whereby these monster fissures have been formed and filled, diverse theories have been entertained, all more or less plausible, and all involving to some extent the elements and agents most active in the cosmogony of our world. It is generally conceded that the earth we inhabit existed in its embryotic state only in the form of a molten mass or a mere igneous vapor. As this cooled off, condensation took place, covering a portion of the earth's surface with a rocky crust, and the balance with water. This water, besides being intensely hot, was supersaturated with acrid salts that dissolved the metals and minerals exposed to their action, and these, being afterward mixed up and scattered abroad, were deposited in sedimentary beds, which increased to a great thickness during the long periods of repose that ensued.

Being subsequently broken up by the many disturbing forces then at work — such as the constant contraction of the earth's crust, the evolution of powerful gases, volcanic eruptions, etc. — the fragments of these soft and slimy beds were elevated and exposed for a long time to the influences of a torrid sun and a desiccating atmosphere, whereby they became deeply checked with broad and irregular seams, after the manner of our *adobe* soils during the dry season in California. These cracks would, as we see, be greatly varied as to size, being largest in the middle and thence tapering off

to a point, while they would stand at every conceivable angle, and branch out in all directions. By and by further commotions would ensue; large sections of the submarine world, shivered and crushed, would shoot up high into the air, crowding these fissured masses, now hardened almost into rock, down into the abyss of the ocean, there to remain for another almost illimitable series of years. Meantime, the waters of the sea, charged with every variety of mineral substance, would gradually deposit the same in these open fissures, slowly filling them up and converting them into metalliferous veins. Then again, in the cycling ages, would come a time when these submerged masses, with their incipient system of veins, would be once more brought to the surface, there to be further gashed and cross-fractured, as before. After a million years had gone by, they would be sunk again, and the waters of the sea, now impregnated with mineral substances quite unlike those held in solution at an earlier date, would precipitate their contents into the cloven rocks, producing a set of lodes wholly different from those previously formed.

We have only to suppose this process of elevation and subsidence, with its attendant results, to have been continued for a great length of time, to produce the very complicated and diversified system of veins we find scattered over the surface of the earth at the present day; and it should be remembered that the origin of our globe, measured by the commonly received idea of its antiquity, is but as of yesterday, compared with geological chronology, which refers to periods of almost infinite duration.

But while the above hypothesis sufficiently explains how the system of irregular and subordinate lodes may have been produced, it hardly solves the problem as to the formation of these straight and long-extended fissures. By some the origin of these has been referred to

earthquake or volcanic agencies, either of which might, to be sure, be adequate to their production. Striking across the southern part of central California, with a trend conforming nearly to that of our ruling lode, can be seen at the present time a scraggy and irregular chasm, caused by the earthquake that disturbed that region of country a few years ago. This rent can be traced by its ragged lips for more than a hundred miles, it being nearly straight and having on some of the hill-sides a high embankment thrown up along its lower edge, consisting of the earth and rocks thrown out when it closed its yawning jaws. As seen at present, this channel presents the appearance of an ancient canal partly filled up with rubbish. Its average width ranges from ten to fifteen feet, there being many basin-like expansions along it, some of which are empty pits, while others are filled with water, constituting a series of small ponds, all pure and limpid, and a few of them very deep. With this modern example before us, we can easily believe the fissure occupied by the California Mother Lode may have been cleft by a similar cause.

Having thus prepared an opening, set now to work the great Alchemist to fill up the cavernous depths of this partially closed crevice with mineral particles—observing, meantime, to have some convenient force at hand wherewith to slightly tilt it up or shove its top a little to one side—and we shall have, in process of time, another Mother Lode, with all its idiosyncrasies, its wonderful strength, and powers of production. As to how Nature manages the business, filling up and enriching these ugly gaps in the crust of the earth, we are now enabled to make a pretty good guess, the chemist in his laboratory being able to accomplish the same thing on a limited scale. The theory of igneous injection, according to which the contents of metal-bearing veins were supposed to be forced up

from the molten interior of the earth, if not wholly discarded, is less popular now than aforesaid. At present it is generally claimed that the filling up of these cracks with vein-matter has been effected chiefly, and in some instances wholly, by infiltration; the water, highly charged with various acids, having dissolved the minerals and metals contained in the earth adjacent, carries and deposits them on the fissure-walls, leaving them there to solidify, the process being greatly aided by terrestrial galvanism. Then, again, the metals penetrate these open channels in a gaseous state, and there gathering and condensing, fill them up by degrees. They are also sometimes filled by matter precipitated from liquid solutions, these several means and methods often acting conjointly; more especially in the case of these profound and powerful fissures, which, having been opened by some deep-seated and widespread disturbance, have afterward taxed the entire resources of Nature to help fill them up again. Indeed, this may, after all, be only one of her ingenious plans for gathering in and garnering up the widely diffused ores, and placing them within the miner's reach. Having, through the foregoing forces, incited in their infinitesimal particles a desire of change, how cunningly has she interposed a barrier to their further progress, arresting them and holding them in the dark chambers of the mine for man's future use. She rends and gashes the surface of the earth, that its most precious elements may be attracted to heal the wound.

In assigning to the Mother Lode a determinate line of strike, it should be observed that some slight deflections occur along its course. These, however, are very trifling, considering its remarkable length, the deviation being not more than a mile or so, either way, from an absolutely straight line. In direction it not only corresponds with the longitu-

dinal axis of the Sierra Nevada—from which it is distant about sixty miles to the west—but also with the stratification of the slates, as well as with the line of contact between the slates and the greenstone which inclose it.

While, as before remarked, this ledge pitches in its upper portions at a somewhat low angle toward the east, it gradually straightens up with depth attained—as shown where exposed in the deep *cañons* cutting across it. At the bottom of these gorges, some of which are over 2,000 feet deep, both the lode and the slates stand nearly upright—this having, no doubt, been their original position throughout. They would appear to have been brought into their present situation by some steady surface-pressure exerted from the east, and while perhaps in a more plastic condition than at present.

Generally the walls of the Mother Lode are firm and symmetrical, requiring but little support on the removal of their contents. In some places, however, they are subject to great irregularities and considerably shattered, while in others they are soft or friable, rendering very thorough timbering necessary.

While the vein proper may be said to have an average thickness of not more than ten or fifteen feet, contracting in some places to two or three, and swelling out in others to more than a hundred, it is a notable fact that the contiguous slate formation is, at many points, also auriferous—a belt of this material, of very irregular breadth, being ramified in every direction with small veins of gold-bearing quartz, the seams between the laminæ of slate, and even the body of the slate itself, being also filled with fine particles of the precious metal. These small veins vary from the eighth of an inch to three or four inches, and, occasionally, even a foot in thickness—the smaller, which appear to run at random, being invariably the richest. As a general rule, the larger of these veins

follow the stratification of the slate; though sometimes they stand more perpendicular, cutting it diagonally—which direction, if persisted in, must, at no great depth, carry them into the main lode. That they ultimately reach the latter, greatly enriching it below the line of junction, is highly probable.

This belt of auriferous slate, which in some places reaches a width of nearly a hundred feet, shrinking at others to three or four, has been extensively and profitably mined, the facility with which its contents can be removed and milled having rendered the business tempting to the small capitalist. Mining operations here have been mostly conducted after the manner of an open quarry, vast pits having been excavated at such points as offered special inducements for their prosecution. The peculiar features, position, and productive character of this gold-bearing band of slate, render it an interesting and important appendage of the Mother Lode.

Rarely ever does the ore, or metal-bearing matter, occupy the entire space between the walls of a vein, more particularly if it be one of large dimensions. Besides the ore, this space is usually filled in with quartz, calc-spar, slate, and other material, the whole going to make up what is denominated the vein-stone, gangue, or matrix. In the Mother Lode this matrix sometimes consists wholly of quartz of different varieties; again, of quartz mixed with a hard, dark-colored slate, or a talcose slate, presenting an ochreous or an ashy appearance, both kinds being auriferous. In the barren and poorer sections of the lode, the quartz is hard, white, and vitreous; elsewhere, of a granular texture and grayish cast, streaked and stained with the oxide of iron and other discolorations. This class is most apparent near the surface, where, also, the vein-stone is apt to be of a spongy or honey-comb structure. In some localities the quartz

is highly crystalized, resembling an open net-work, owing to the decomposition of its softer parts. From some of the mines along this lode incredible quantities of free gold have been extracted. Generally, however, the precious metal is disseminated throughout the vein-stone in such minute particles as to be invisible to the naked eye.

The ore here does not occur in a continuous streak, but only in a series of chimneys, or pay-chutes, separated by stretches of low-grade ore or barren matter. In this respect our Mother Vein is not peculiar; this, as we have already shown, being also a feature of the great transmontane lode, as it is also of most other strong and opulent veins. As is usual, these chimneys set down, or pitch, with the strike of the ledge, but not always in the same direction, their longitudinal dip being, at some points, toward the north, and at others toward the south. In vertical continuity none of them have, as yet, ever been cut off; and there is little doubt but they will hold to depths more profound than man will be able to follow them—at least, with the mechanical means and appliances now at command.

This great lode runs centrally along the southern arm of the main California gold-field, being flanked on either side by an auriferous zone varying from ten to fifteen miles in breadth, which carries about all the mines, both vein and placer, in this section of the State. Nearly every important quartz lode, as well as the richest placers heretofore worked, lie to the east of the great vein. On that side are Volcano, West Point, and other well-known quartz districts, with Columbia, Sonora, and Jamestown, besides several minor localities, all once famous for their rich surface diggings.

While the amount of improvements made and of work performed upon this lode is small, compared with its entire length, yet, taken altogether, they consti-

tute a very formidable aggregate of labor applied and means expended. The heaviest outlay incurred has been on portions of the lode situated at or near its extremities. Beginning on the north, and taking the mines most developed in their order, we have the Little Amador, Keystone, Lincoln, Mahony, Maxwell, Hayward, Oneida, Hardenburg, Kennedy, and Gwin, at that end, with the extensive cluster of claims on the Fremont (or Mariposa) Estate, situated near its southern terminus.

In the vicinity of Jackson, at Angel's Camp, Carson Hill, Quartz Mountain, and at several points thence on south into Mariposa, we find valuable mines, some of which have been brought to a largely productive state, while others are scarcely more than prospected. The most northerly set of claims extends from Drytown to near Jackson, a distance of eight miles; the Mariposa group covering a stretch of six miles, lying between the Merced River and Mount Ophir—the first being entirely in Amador, and the latter in Mariposa, County. Angel's Camp and Carson Hill are located in Calaveras, and Quartz Mountain in Tuolumne, County.

The experience had in working the mines on the Mother Lode—involving, as it has done, numerous instances of failure, with many of almost unprecedented success—well illustrates the vicissitudes and trials that have marked the general history of quartz-mining on this coast. Starting in at a time when labor and material were enormously high, ignorant of the simplest requirements of the business, and overlooking a thousand subtle elements of defeat, both the mill-man and the miner were baffled on every hand, and subjected to almost invariable disappointment and loss in the end, many of these first efforts having resulted in ruinous failure. Even the Amador, or Hayward, claim, afterward so conspicuous in the mining annals of

the State for its large and profitable production, had to encounter the severest struggles during a series of years, it being a question, at one time, whether work upon it should be longer continued or finally given up; and but for the perseverance and energy of Alvinza Hayward, a part owner, this, like many other enterprises of the kind, would have been abandoned—its wealth, and (what would have been still more deplorable) the benefits of such a noble example of persistence and courage, lost to the world.

The first work done on this ground was in the spring of 1852. For a year and a half it proved self-sustaining; but the proceeds afterward so falling off that they failed to reimburse current expenses, operations were "shut down." The following year, Hayward becoming half owner of the property, work was resumed, and pushed with energy for a period of four years; but with such indifferent success that he and his associates found themselves, at the end of this time, reduced to financial extremities—being, in miners' parlance, each and every one "dead broke." Such, indeed, was the stringency of the company's exchequer, that all but Hayward were constrained to seek other "diggings," giving up the enterprise as hopeless. He alone determined to remain, for he alone had faith in the future of the mine. But it was not a faith without works: diligently he labored, toiling early and late, and pushing on the work of exploitation as rapidly as his limited means would allow—which means, sooth to say, consisted solely of his credit with the local traders, and such other aid as he could command with promises to pay. But the self-reliant and confident man is apt to inspire the confidence of others; and such a man was Hayward, being withal intelligent, modest, and truthful—the type of the best class of pioneer miner. Little wonder, then, that his

neighbors, confiding in his native good qualities, and admiring his resolution and pluck, should sympathize with his efforts, and, in the generous spirit of the day, hazard something on the result.

Enabled thus to continue the prosecution of work on his prospecting shaft until it had reached a depth of 400 feet, the stratum of pay ore, lost above, began once more to come in; and, growing richer and stronger with depth attained, the mine was soon yielding large revenues, which, continuing for a number of years without abatement; rendered Alvinza Hayward—by this time its principal owner—the wealthiest man in California, and this the best-paying property and the paragon mine of the State.

In linear extent this claim embraces 1,850 feet, being made up of what was originally the Eureka and Badger locations. It has been developed to a depth of 1,350 feet, measured on the slope of the ledge, which, inclining at a mean angle of seventy-one degrees, gives a vertical depth of over 1,200 feet. For several years these were the deepest workings on the coast, being now exceeded in this respect only by a few exploratory shafts on the Comstock Lode. The ledge-matter has been stoped out for a length of about 800 feet. In thickness it has proved somewhat variable, ranging from five to twenty-five feet, the entire mass paying throughout. It is also a noteworthy feature of this vein that the ore has uniformly increased in value as followed downward, the average yield advancing steadily from \$10 or \$12 to \$30 per ton—the rate at which it pays, from wall to wall, in the lowest levels yet opened up. It is also of a very pure variety, being unusually free from base associate, rendering it cheap and facile of reduction. It carries about two per cent. of pyrites; and, although so rich in gold, very rarely can any particles of that metal be discovered in it by the unassisted vision, these being so minute

and so generally diffused throughout the vein-stone. Besides heavy masses of medium-grade ore previously developed in its upper levels, rich and extensive reserves have more recently been opened up in the lower chambers of this mine, insuring for the company's large and well-appointed mills profitable employment for a long time to come. They have now seventy-two stamps ready, and purpose erecting immediately forty more, the latter to be run by water-power, and used for crushing the vast quantities of low-grade ore that has for many years been accumulating in all parts of their works.

For ten years in succession, prior to 1870, the total annual product of this mine averaged nearly half a million dollars, the yearly out-turn having increased constantly toward the end of the decade, when it amounted to more than \$700,000. Of these gross earnings, considerably over one-half was net profits. In April, 1870, a fire broke out in the main shaft of this mine, destroying the timbering, and causing an interruption of operations. Within a year from the time the company had recovered from the effects of this disaster, another damaging fire occurred, destroying the hoisting-works and other portions of the plant, and seriously crippling the productive energies of the mine for ninety days. In consequence of these and other less grave causes of interruption, such as are incidental to this class of enterprises in their earlier stages, the revenues, that might otherwise have been counted upon here, have been greatly curtailed during the past two years. Despite so many hinderances and extra drafts upon its means, this company has been able to make a very tolerable showing of gross production, and profits earned, in the interim. The receipts from the mine for the year 1870 amounted to \$341,701, of which \$111,000 were disbursed in dividends to stockholders.

The receipts for 1871 aggregated a little over \$200,000, of which more than one-twelfth was in like manner divided among the owners. With a probable exemption from these interregnums of production hereafter (every precaution having been taken against their recurrence)—with their mine placed in the primest condition—with large and valuable reserves established, and a vast milling capacity at command—the future prospects of this company ought to be accounted extremely flattering.

Of the other prominent mines embraced in the group situated at the northerly end of the great ore-range, it may be said that they make, without exception, a good exhibit of ascertained wealth, or excellent promise, the entire number having been extensively prospected, and the most of them thoroughly proven. The Little Amador, at a depth of 400 feet, shows a handsome ledge, prolific of medium ore, for the reduction of which a forty-stamp mill has just been completed by the company. A prosperous career may therefore be predicted for this, the most northerly claim as yet much developed on the Mother Lode.

On the Keystone Mine operations were commenced even earlier than on the Hayward, some prospecting having been done here in 1850, and a five-stamp mill put up the following year. According to some authorities, this was the first vein-mining done in California—though this honor is contested by other localities, the merit of erecting the pioneer quartz-mill being probably due to Grass Valley.

The Keystone Company has opened its ground to the depth of about 600 feet, the ore at this level being in large volume and of good quality. This mine has been worked pretty steadily from the first; and, taken all through, has a fair record to refer to. Its gross earnings have been over \$1,000,000, of which

about one-half has been absorbed by cost of mine and current expenses. The company has its property well opened and in good condition, with a very complete plant, including a forty-stamp mill, giving a monthly clean-up of about \$40,000.

Within the limits of this location, we have another example of those local obliquities and that singular disposition of ore-bodies and conformation of strata that occur at intervals along the Mother Lode. The main channel—here over 300 feet wide on the surface, contracting to one-third of that space 400 feet below—is filled with a mass of slate, through which run numbers of quartz-veins, conforming with the strike of the ledge and the stratification of the inclosing slates. The hanging-wall of the lode pitches here at an angle of seventy, and the foot-wall of forty, degrees. The two bands of quartz—standing, the one at the upper, and the other near the lower, edge of this channel—being so far apart, were originally located as separate claims, the former under the name of the Spring Hill, and the latter of the Keystone—which name was retained and applied to both, after the two sets of claimants, finding the veins were likely to unite, had consolidated their interests. In exploiting this ground, two working-shafts have been sunk—the one carried down in the upper stratum of quartz lying next to and inclining with the hanging-wall, and the other in the slate near the foot-wall—the system of small veins imbedded in the slaty mass (and which are now being stoped out) being reached by drifting in from this lower shaft. The structure of the vein, and disposition of ore-bodies here met with, though of frequent occurrence on the Mother Lode, would elsewhere be considered wholly anomalous.

Traveling south, we arrive, in turn, at the Lincoln (now more commonly known as the Stanford and Downs), the Ma-

hony, and the Maxwell mines—all, after some mishaps and back-sets, now permanent and thrifty institutions, with well-appointed mills and hoisting-works, and material sufficient to keep them profitably employed for some time at least.

Next we have the Amador-Hayward Mine, already described, after which, having passed one or two others of lesser note, we come to the Oneida, another prosperous and sterling property. Not only is the mine and management here first-class, but the mill and plant throughout constitute a model in their way; all the recent labor-saving appliances and other advance improvements having been introduced, adding greatly to the efficiency of the several processes required in treating the ores, and effecting a notable economy of manual labor, now the principal factor in bullion production. This mine has been opened to a perpendicular depth of 700 feet, the ore improving steadily in the lower levels, and averaging now about \$20 per ton. The mill, carrying sixty stamps, disposes of about 100 tons of ore daily, the amount raised from the mine. This company has ore enough uncovered to keep the mill running for three or four years, and but for the temporary failure of the Sutter Canal Company, would, before this, have greatly increased their milling capacity; it being still their intention to put up another mill, to be driven by water, as soon as this canal is finished, which will probably be in the course of the next twelve months. With water for a propulsive power, this company expect to be able to raise and mill their ores at a cost not to exceed \$2.50 per ton.

Passing the Hardenberg Mine—a hopeful property, with a good twenty-stamp mill and substantial hoisting works, but not just at present actively operating—we reach the Kennedy, another standard mining estate, complete in its appointments, and under full and successful headway. The ore here yields

now at the rate of \$20 per ton, and is constantly growing better. The Gwin Mine, a little further south, and the last in this northern group requiring special mention, is another valuable property, having already worked itself up to a large and permanent prosperity.

Skipping now a space of twenty-five miles, along which the Mother Lode shows itself occasionally in considerable strength, but where the developments have not been of sufficient importance to call for particular mention in a running review of this kind, we come next to Angel's Camp, an early quartz-mining locality, and one that, having experienced much good and evil fortune, is now recovering from a long season of depression, with the prospect of soon becoming a flourishing and progressive camp once more. The active mines here consist of the Bovee, Angels, Stickle, The Big, and one or two others of lesser note, all doing tolerably well, and imparting to this interest a cheerful outlook.

Five miles further on, and we are at Carson Hill, justly designated by Professor Whitney classic ground in the history of California mining. Here, in the early days, occurred some of the richest gold-finds recorded in the annals of the State. From the Morgan—now the Hope—grounds, more than a million dollars were taken in the course of a few months, and this without the aid of machinery and with very little labor, the gold being mostly taken from the surface rock. The hill is full of valuable quartz lodes, still almost in a virgin state, the refractory character of the ore, the unsettled condition of the titles, and other discouraging causes, having prevented any considerable developments being made on this famous hill. Recently, the question of title having been settled by the acquisition of a United States patent to the greater portion of the mines here, arrangements have been

perfected for opening them up on a large scale; the projected enterprise contemplating the erection of immense mills, to be located in the immediate vicinity of the mines and to be driven by water. A thousand stamps could here be run by water-power, and, it is believed, with large and certain profit. Much of the ore taken from the lodes on this hill has proved wonderfully rich, portions of it working up to \$20,000 and even \$30,000 per ton.

Six miles south of Carson Hill, the Mother Lode strikes across, or rather under, Table Mountain, beneath the stupendous walls of which lies the renowned Raw-hide Ranch Mine, abounding, like the veins at Carson Hill, in the tellurets of gold and silver, many tons of exceedingly rich ore having been taken out here, but which, owing to the incompetence of those attempting to treat it, yielded but indifferent returns; the company having been bankrupted while running their mill on ore that assayed several hundred dollars to the ton. The attempt at working this mine is to be shortly renewed, and, with the experience gained since work was stopped, there is no doubt but the result will prove abundantly satisfying.

Two and a half miles south of Raw-hide Ranch, the Harris and several other promising claims having been passed, we reach the Heslep and the App mines, which lie against the northerly slope of Quartz Mountain, and which, after a good many struggles, running through nearly twenty years of varying fortune, are now doing extremely well.

Between Quartz Mountain and Mariposa, a stretch of nearly forty miles, the Mother Vein shows itself frequently; sometimes in the shape of immense croppings, as at Peñon Blanco, the Oaks and Reese, and the Crown Lode, and again in a more subdued form; disappearing here, also, for long stretches together.

Having crossed the Merced River and entered the Frémont estate, it displays itself in great strength, this being also the theatre of some of the most extended and successful mining achievements along it. Operations, commenced here in 1852, have, with some intermissions, been kept up ever since. Owing to miscalculations of various kinds at the start, and a steady persistence in every manner of extravagance afterward, these first efforts resulted in ruinous failure. Being renewed under better auspices, they were attended for a series of years with a fair measure of success. Under a careful and competent administration, the returns have since proved at least remunerative, showing that when failure occurred the fault was not in the mines. The principal mines on the Frémont estate consist of the Pine-Tree and Josephine, lying on its northern, and the Princeton group, on its southern, border. The first two lie parallel, occupying separate branches of the main lode,

while the others fill the entire channel. They have all been extensively worked, their united product up to this time having approximated \$10,000,000. In average yield the ores here have run low; profits, when any were realized, being due to the large quantity disposed of. This company have no less than four large mills, carrying an aggregate of 152 stamps, enabling them to crush nearly 200 tons of ore per day. Having been the subject of many vicissitudes, encountered under various administrations, these properties have remained idle or been worked only in a partial way for several years. Recently, parties of ample means and large experience are reported to have made arrangements for resuscitating these mines; encouraging the hope that they will soon be once more contributing to our general product of bullion, and diffusing life and activity into the business of the country adjacent, which has suffered severely since the suspension of work upon them.

THE LOST CABIN.

I HAD the "blues." For already I had become satisfied that the young metropolis of the North-west, which Hope, with the typical vermilion finger, had pointed out to me as the city among ten thousand where crowding cases and flowing fees would overwhelm the ambitious disciple of Blackstone, had really more "law" than it could conveniently carry with any prospect of municipal progress. Had every inhabitant of the place given himself up entirely to the spirit of acrimonious and implacable litigation, the felicitous equipoise of demand and supply would not yet have been restored; on the contrary, a gaunt forest of legal "limbs" would have re-

mained idle and unappropriated—waving bleakly in the winter of inevitable decay. A "heart of oak," supposing it to have been in the law business, could not, under these circumstances, have been joyously imponderable; and it was no wonder that my own, being of very common timber, weighed heavily on this April night, and dragged me down into fathomless depths of despondency. What was I to do when the few hundred dollars brought with me had wasted utterly away? This interrogatory rose upon me again and again with a sphinx-like emphasis that was appalling. While amusing myself with reveries of this cheerful nature, some one rapped at my

office-door, and, in response to my "Come in," not uttered in the gentlest of tones, a tall young man, of dark complexion and habited in a suit of heavy brown cloth, entered. I recognized him, after the usual salutations had passed, as a person who had, for several weeks, been sojourning at my hotel, the C—House. Taking the chair I proffered, he seated himself near the stove, and, bending upon me from under a pair of heavy, black eyebrows, a glance glittering and keen with scrutiny, said, "It's a nasty night for April!"

"It is, indeed," I replied, stooping to replenish the stove; "and you seem to have had the benefit of it."

"Yes; I had some difficulty in finding your office—and that reminds me that I did not come here to discuss the weather, but to talk business."

He bent his head for a moment, as if to reflect, and I fixed myself in an attitude of respectful attention, my first fee being the idea which was uppermost in my mind.

"Are you satisfied with this?" and, as he spoke, he waved his hand satirically toward the single Falstaffian column of law-books, largely recruited from the Patent-Office Department, on a shelf against the wall opposite.

I smiled, and, without waiting for further answer, he proceeded:

"If you succeed at all in the practice of the law in Portland, it will be after years of patience, persistent labor, and a life of hideous economy and privation. I believe that you realize this yourself, and for that reason I have come here to-night to share with you a valuable secret, and to solicit your assistance in a project which, if successfully prosecuted, will enrich us both."

A suspicion of double-barreled burglary flashed across me, and I suppose he must have seen something of the kind in my face, for he resumed immediately, with an impatient gesture, "Nay, it is

honorable; and all I ask of you in return for the confidence I am about to repose in you, is a pledge of secrecy in the event that you do not join me in the project to which I have alluded."

Having received every assurance of good faith on my part, he drew his chair closer to mine, and then looking toward the door, suggested that I had better lock it. I got up to attend to that, and when I resumed my seat beside him, he had lighted a cigar, and was evidently going to be comfortable. He held his cigar-case toward me, and asked:

"Did you ever hear the story of The Lost Cabin?"

I never had.

"No? I will tell it to you now. In the spring of 185—, while the southern border of Oregon was ringing with the battles of that memorable war between the heroic settlers of the Territory and the Shasta and Rogue River Indians, two brothers by the name of Wilson—James and Henry—arrived at Jacksonville, and, getting together a small party of hardy and experienced miners, set out, fully armed, to prospect for gold along the rivers and among the broken ranges of mountains southward of that then prosperous mining-town. The party had been out for several weeks, meeting with but little success, and had just lost one of their number in a skirmish with the Indians, when a council was called, and all but the Wilson brothers concurred in the opinion that it was best to return to Jacksonville, and wait for the conclusion of the war.

"The Wilsons were of a haughty, obstinate spirit, thorough in mountain craft, and brave to recklessness. With them daring was a habit and danger a luxury, and they held out against the arguments and entreaties of their more prudent comrades, until it was agreed, finally, that they should have the greater part of the provisions, ammunition, etc., and continue in their search, while the oth-

ers would retrace their steps by the shortest and safest route.

"On the morning of parting, James Wilson rose in his stirrups, and, swinging his rifle aloft with an arm splendidly muscular, exclaimed: 'Good-by, boys! and good luck to you, but we can't go back. There is gold somewhere yonder behind that smoky line of mountains, and we are going to dig it out, though all the Red-skins of the wilderness stand guard over it! We'll come back rich as kings, boys! or leave our bones to bleach there: it's a glorious battle-ground!'

"This high speech fired the hearts of the retreating party for a moment, and some of them turned, as though they, too, would fain peril their lives for that without which life is more bitter than death; but the momentary flash of heroism went down, and, shaking their heads in denial, they rode away, shouting back rude words of cheer.

"They never met again. The main division reached Jacksonville after many days of wearisome and perilous travel, and waited in vain through lengthening months for some tidings of the Wilsons. *Their* story is sealed to all, save me. I owe my own knowledge of their further progress and final fate to the fact that we were cousins and confidential friends. With this word of explanation, I will give you so much of the history of the brothers as came to me in the letters of James, written at San Francisco, in the year 1859. I have them here"—and, as he talked, he drew forth a packet of perhaps a dozen letters, much worn, creased, and soiled, and held them in his hand—"but have no need to recur to them, as I have read them many times.

"Well, from the point of separation the Wilsons continued in a south-easterly direction. They at first traveled with every precaution against surprise, but finally relaxed their vigilance, as they were seemingly beyond the range of the hostile tribes.

"At last they reached a green and narrow valley, walled in by precipitous mountains, around which meandered, over and among bowlders of richly-colored rock and across beds of smooth and shining pebbles, the limpid waters of a snow-fed stream. Here they determined to rest and recruit themselves and their jaded animals, while they leisurely and thoroughly prospected for gold the region immediately about them.

"Desiring to remain in the valley for some time, they concluded to put up a rude log-cabin, which would protect their camp equipage, and, pierced with loop-holes, fort-fashion, would serve as a defense in case of an Indian attack.

"On the morning after their arrival, Henry began to cut timber, out of which to construct the temporary home and fortress; while James went forth, gun in hand, to replenish their impoverished larder. About ten o'clock he killed a deer, which he shouldered and started for camp. He reached the little stream perspiring and thirsty, for the day was warm, and threw his limp burden down upon a pebbly bar while he stooped to get a drink.

"No sooner had his lips touched the water than his eye was arrested by the sparkle of certain small objects scattered among the gravel of the bottom. A miner is ever upon the alert; and so, plunging his hand into the pellucid waters, he drew forth a handful of the gravel for examination.

"It was gold!

"Yes, there it was, in coarse yellow grains and lumps—richer than a dream. He dropped suddenly to examine the bar on which he stood: it, too, was gorged with the glittering metal, and he rose with a whoop of joy that made the woods echo, and brought Henry running to the spot—for he had heard it and recognized his brother's voice, on the other side of the little valley. You can imagine their ecstasy. They had known

poverty all their lives, and there before them was wealth—sudden, splendid, exhaustless. But I must not linger. Working together, they finished the cabin that day, and the next began to gather the gold. The labor was not great, and within two weeks' time they had heaped together a marvelous quantity of it, and began to contemplate a return.

“Life was now precious, and, after thinking it over and weighing the chances for and against the practicability of getting back unmolested, they were convinced that it was best to remain where they were until the volunteer forces under General Lane, which they knew were on the way, had reached the hostile country and relieved the hard paths of mountain travel from the wily foe that lurked upon every step. Having made an excavation in the centre of their cabin-floor, they lined it carefully with rock, and, in the vault thus formed, deposited their treasure, tied up in bags of dried and undressed deer-skin. This was done in case an attack from the Indians should compel them to flee, when, of course, it would be impossible to carry the heavy metal.

“But no attack was made, and, after the lapse of several weeks, they arose one morning and agreed that it was time to be upon the homeward trail. The sheeny forest-leaves waved in the soft winds of morning, and the fresh air was musical with the songs of birds, as, fully armed, they strode forth spiritedly to bring in their horses, which had grown fat and vigorous upon the bountiful pasture.

“The cabin stood near the stream, in the edge of the wood, and when they had approached to within forty yards of it, suddenly a score of rifles crashed upon them from the bank, followed by the terrible war-cry of the Shastas.

“Henry, who it happened was in front of James, leading two of the horses, sank

with a deadly groan, his horses rearing and falling at the same time. The Indians burst from their cover and sprang forward with all the echoes of pandemonium. James emptied his rifle with fatal aim among them, and drew his revolver. The Indians knew the kind of music they had to face, and, having neglected to reload, dashed back to the cover of the bank. The resolute miner saw his salvation in this movement, and, hastily tossing a noose-halter over the head of the only horse that remained uninjured, leaped upon his back, and was out of immediate danger in an instant—careering down the valley with the scattering shots of the enemy singing over his head. The war-party being afoot, he was not followed, and finally reached the frontier settlements, after a journey of incredible hardship.

“As the Indian war continued without abatement, he took passage for San Francisco, in order to obtain medical advice in regard to his health, which exposure and privation had badly broken. Then it was that he began the correspondence with me. I was in Chicago at the time.

“Unexpectedly receiving news of his death, in the fall of 1859, I hastened to San Francisco, and received from the hands of his landlord a little bundle of papers, among which I found this. Read it; no explanation is required.”

He handed me a folded sheet of paper, on which a letter had been begun, in a cramped, ungainly, but still legible hand. Here it is:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 26, 1859.

Dear Cousin :—I had hoped to see you here before this, but the end has come sooner than I expected. I dreamed of that cabin, in the wilds of Oregon, last night, and saw poor Harry fall again before the cowardly shots of those skulking Shastas; and I think it is nearly over. I must write what I intended to have spoken, and endeavor to give you such directions as will enable you to find the cabin, for you must find it, Theodore, and enjoy its hidden gold. The first part of your course is plain enough: start from Jacksonville and keep the California road for —

Here the hand of death stayed the revealing pen, and there remained only a black and shapeless ink-blot, as a fit emblem of the mystery that wrapped the whereabouts of the lost cabin. I turned from the paper and looked at Harper—for such was the name by which he had introduced himself to me.

“That is all I know about it,” said he, “and here is my proposition: let us jointly purchase an outfit and spend the summer in the mountains of southern Oregon. With the clue we have, I verily believe that we shall find the cabin.”

“I am with you;” and I gave him a steadfast grip.

Harper flushed with pleasure at the prompt and hearty acquiescence, and we sat talking over the details of our expedition until the gray eye of dawn looked in, and, with a cold and unsympathizing stare, admonished us that our sitting had been unnaturally protracted.

It was the middle of May, when, deeming the southern mountains clear of snow and the rivers passable, our final preparations were completed, and we were ready for the road.

My books—consisting of a little law, in calf, and much Patent-Office, in muslin—were consigned to a common grave in a dry-goods box, and the key of the office gracefully resigned to its owner.

We had a saddle-horse apiece, two pack-animals, and provisions for six months. After several days of uneventful travel, we reached Jacksonville. This point was the beginning and the end of the written instructions of James Wilson; and we looked wonderingly toward the south, where a wilderness of mountains, vales, and rivers—much of it yet untrodden by the foot of civilized man—stretched away under the serene sky.

There was the ink-blot of the unfinished letter!

We were not to be frowned back, however, by the difficulties that stood

in our way; and, after a day’s rest, we again took the California road, with the intention of following it for one day longer.

This brought us to a point, where, in all probability, the party of prospectors headed by the Wilsons had borne off from the beaten track, into the chartless regions to the south-east.

Even adopting this general direction as the axis of exploration, the field to be surveyed was almost hopelessly wide. The Wilson party undoubtedly made a considerable departure from their intended course, in order to avoid the actual theatre of the Indian war; but, with this solitary concession to prudence, must have sought to reach that portion of the country which both rumor and the geological outlines of the earth’s surface indicated as gold-bearing. Careful inquiry had put us in possession of these latter facts, and we, too, turned to the south-east, but at no great angle from the stage-route.

Our progress was slow, tortuous, and at times unutterably difficult. Hewing a trail through woven thickets, scrambling over miles of fallen timber, lost in the twilight of labyrinthine *cañons*, straining toward the summit of some rocky divide—where the summer sunshine burned like a flame—across turbulent rivers, and by the still margins of unknown lakes where the great firs shadowed themselves in sombre solitude: what a road to fortune!

We were generously armed, and had no great fear of personal danger, for the fierce tribes that had formerly hung upon the footsteps of the hunter and gold-digger here, and had disputed the encroachments of civilization in the bright valleys far to our right, had “ceased from troubling,” long since, and were agriculturally “at rest” upon government reserves.

We knew, however, that a few unmanageable bands had refused to accept

the arbitrament of Christian rifles, and were still abroad somewhere, in their native haunts—from Klamath to the sea—committing theft, arson, and an occasional murder.

But our hearts were fired by the “accursed lust for gold,” and we were not to be deterred by idle fears. We were possessed of a spirit that toil could not exorcise, nor peril quell!

Weary weeks had elapsed, when, one day, we reached the base of a precipitous chain of mountains trending westward, and directly in our course. A few miles to our left we found an accessible pass; but, surveying the range with our glass for a great distance on either side, could see no other depression in its clear-cut line. This, then, was the only gate-way to the south-eastern country beyond, and through it the Wilson party must have passed, without a doubt. At the entrance of the pass we found the dim vestiges of a camp-fire, and began to hope that we were right. Further on we found where an axe had been used here and there, and knew that we were in the footsteps of White Men. Was it the Wilson trail?

James Wilson, in his letters to Harper, had spoken of a lofty rock, bearing a rude resemblance to an hour-glass, at the base of which was a mineral-spring. It was there that the separation had occurred, and the main party turned back. The western peaks were crowned with sunset gold, and our day’s march was nearly done, when, unexpectedly, we halted before a lofty boulder, shaped like an hour-glass; and, at its base, staining the rock over which it flowed, we found a spring—bitter with mineral constituents.

By that token the battle was half won, and dismounting, we unpacked our tired and dispirited horses, and went into camp for two days, in order to gather strength for the final struggle. Then we were again in the saddle, with our

faces still to the south-east, and toiling on. The scenery grew wilder and more rugged. We were in the region of volcanic agonies—of fierce upheavals and lava floods. Interminable difficulties rose before us; but they were met with heroic resolution, and finally overcome. Harper became moody and abstracted; and the stress of sustained anxiety had so worn upon my spirit that even in slumber the troubles of the day were repeated. The boundary between my sleeping and waking thoughts ceased to be clearly defined, I think, and this abnormal condition of the mind may account for what is otherwise inexplicable in what I am about to relate.

We had encamped for the night, and it was near sunset. Harper, overcome by fatigue, lay asleep, with his head upon a roll of blankets. For the hundredth time I had drawn the unfinished letter from my pocket, and sat, with my back against a tree, perusing it dreamily—with a lead-pencil, which had fallen out in getting the letter, also in my hand. I remember wishing that some spirit-hand would seize the pencil and complete the letter, when, to my infinite surprise, a shadow, like that of sudden twilight, fell upon all things around. I was somehow conscious of a preternatural presence, and, looking up, beheld, immediately in front of me, a man, or the shadow of a man, tall and muscular, with a brown face and a bushy beard. He wore a miner’s gray-flannel shirt—without a coat—and had a revolver belted to his side. I seemed to be utterly without the power of speech or motion, and looked into the sad and sympathetic eyes he turned upon me, with a sense of awful fascination. I could see Harper dimly through the semi-darkness, but the quiet of slumber still laid upon his weary face. Then night seemed to close down, and I awoke with a start, to find that the evening had advanced, and that my companion was kindling a fire.

I turned to look for the paper, and found it at the foot of the tree against which I had reclined; but, what did I see? In the blank space, below the ink-blot to which I have referred, was a rude drawing in pencil! It seemed to represent two ranges of mountains, intersecting each other at right-angles. In the centre of the rectangular space on the lower side was a small diagram, resembling the large one in shape. I took it to the fire-light for a closer examination: it was the representation of a miner's pick.

Who had done this, and what could it mean? Was it the idle and unmeaning tracery of my own unconscious hand, or was it the effort of some superior power to direct us in our search for the Lost Cabin? At all events, I could make nothing of the mysterious symbolism before me—pregnant though it might be with precious revelations—and thought best not to mention the circumstance to Harper.

In the afternoon of the next day we were at the foot of another mountain-wall, spiked with the gray shafts of fire-scathed firs, and with here and there a rocky peak towering high in the smoke-tinted atmosphere. Through a system of *cañons*, hewn in these mighty rocks, we penetrated the range, and halted for the night upon an open spot where grass was abundant; and, after refreshment, forgot in the narcotic languors of the pipe all physical weariness and mental strain.

On the morning following we climbed a lofty eminence that shot into the sky like the spire of some Titanic temple, and with our telescopes swept the unknown country before us, serene and beautiful under the flattering tints of a summer sun. To the right, and running nearly north and south, laid another range of mountains, intersecting at right-angles that through which we were passing—the drawing below the ink-blot! There, upon the great face of Nature, was the

realization of the pencil-sketch; and its symbolism was as clear as light: away in that central region to the south, the mystic emblem of the pick marked the locality of the vault of gold! With the agitation consequent on so sudden a revelation, I turned toward Harper, with this interpretation of the secret I then divulged; and he, too, was stirred to the inmost depths of his imaginative nature.

On—on we went, in a dream of wonder and future wealth, and nothing impeded our progress now, until, at last, we entered a narrow valley, walled in by precipitous mountains, and bordered on each side by a beautiful stream. We knew that we were upon sacred ground; and, along the shadowy fringe of the forest, where the fretted waters sang a barbaric rune, we rode, silent as spectres. A resistless magnetism drew us on, and not a word was spoken. Our very heart-strings might have snapped with their terrible tension. We turned a projecting angle of the wood, and a square, black object, half buried in a rank tangle of weeds and grass, was before us. We had found the Lost Cabin!—nothing now but an empty pen of scorched and blackened logs.

I disentangled a pick from one of our packs, and stepped within the inclosure. It, too, was choked with weeds; and, bending them aside, I saw, grinning upon us in its hideous solitude, a human skull! Poor Harry! The Indians had intended that the cabin should be his funeral pyre, but only the lighter materials of the roof had ignited, and the green logs had refused to burn. I struck the pick into the ground, near the centre of the cabin. Once more I lifted it, and drove the long wedge of iron to the handle in the loose soil. The point fastened in some tough substance; and, at the same instant, Harper, uttering a cry of mortal anguish, fell heavily at my feet, as a rifle-shot roared in my ear—and I dropped into oblivion.

Then it was night—a long, starless, and dreamless night of clouded intellect and slumbering soul. When the cunning forces of Nature had repaired the fragile structure, and the dawn of reason came, they were telling the story of a stage-driver on the Oregon and California route, who, many months before, had captured a nude and sun-bronzed wild man—gibbering like a monkey, but harmless as a babe—near the boundary-line, and had sent him north to Portland. It

was the story of my own rescue from the southern wilds.

For the rest, Harper must have fallen by the accidental discharge of his own rifle; and my mind, strung by the high excitement of the search, weakened by the despotism of one absorbing idea, and dazed by the apparent interposition of the supernatural, had given way under the shock, and the mere instincts of the animal nature had provided me with sustenance, and prolonged my life.

THE FOLK-LORE OF NORWAY,

AND KINDRED SUPERSTITIONS IN VARIOUS EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

“ON the lofty mountain-peaks reigns the gigantic Jutul, marks of whose iron grasp are visible in the hard granite, and whose weapons are the Bauta-stone and the rushing avalanche; on the lower fells roam the treacherous Troid and the beautiful Huldra; on the hills and at the roots of old trees lurk the numerous hosts of the Elves; and in the bowels of the earth dwell the puny but long-armed Duerge, deft workers of splendid arms and precious ornaments. At dusk, Thusser and Vetter still walk the earth; and, in the light of the moon, the jovial Nisser frolic on the greenward. In the streams and lakes hides the malicious Nök, and through the midnight air rushes the wild Hunt of Asgardreia, foreboding murder, war, and sudden death, while a protecting guardian, Fylgia, accompanies every human being through his whole earthly career, striving to screen him from the assaults of his numerous and invisible foes.” Thus may be summed up the folk-lore of the Scandinavian peninsula—superstitions which are only at the present day slowly yielding to the advance of modern enlightenment, having held their own since the day when

Procopius wrote of the dwellers in Thule that “they worshiped not alone many gods, but a host of demons pertaining to the air, the earth, the ocean, and some even said to exist in the springs and rivers, to all of whom they offer various sacrifices.”

Ignorance of Nature and its hidden forces, combined with the innate desire born in man to seek for an explanation of the daily recurring natural phenomena, readily ascribed these wonders to a preternatural cause. But these phenomena were too numerous and various to be referred to the action of but one author, and the idea of a number of supernatural beings naturally occurred and took root in the popular mind—beings whose limitless power for evil and dangerous wrath could only be propitiated and appeased by worship and sacrifice.

The hollow thunder which reverberates among the recesses of the mountains, the smoke and fire which issue from them, the devastations caused by unexpected earthslides and awe-inspiring earthquakes, must, as a matter of course, have impressed the rude and ignorant denizen of the North as purely super-

natural effects, due to the activity and wrath of Jutul, Riser, and similar gigantic monsters, who were believed to dwell in the fastnesses of the mountains, and marks of whose huge feet and iron grasp a willing fancy did not fail to observe in the curiously-shaped and indented granite masses. In course of time, fear and superstition heightened those creations with additional horrors, and the belief obtained that those ruthless foes of humanity were finally transformed into the many fantastic rocks in which the North abounds.

In "Orvarodd's Saga" is the following picture of a Jette: "He was entirely black, except his eyes and teeth, which were white. His nose was immense, and ended in a hook; his hair, which descended to his waist, was rough like the gills of fishes; and his eyes were like two water-pools."

Crystals and other natural productions, showing an evident design, but which they knew had not been fashioned by mortal hands; a voice or a sound—an echo, perhaps, of a falling tree or stone—startling the ear in places where the stillness of death usually reigned; traces of human tracks discovered where no one was believed to have passed; or things found or lost, the discovery or loss of which were equally unaccountable—all these unexplained facts presupposed a cause, and the ignorance of natural laws, combined with ready superstition and a lively fancy, created the various imaginary beings, who were credited with these wonders, and who were named, according to the localities assigned to them, Forest Trols, Huldras, Mountain Trols, Vetter, Elves, Duerge, Nisser, etc.

The monotonous expanse of the ocean and its secret, inscrutable depths; the roar of the storm, and the foaming waves of the angry sea, strike a responsive chord in the human mind, thrilling it with emotions of awe and wonder. Con-

sequently, the huge sea-monsters, disporting themselves on the stormy sea or floating motionless on the glassy surface, occasionally seen by the ignorant fishermen, furnished ample materials for the general belief in monstrous Krackens—mermen and mermaids.

The solemn roar of our northern *fosses* (cataracts); the sudden gusts of wind issuing from the mountain-gorges, making the *fjords* and streams of Norway so unsafe to navigate, often causing the loss of lives, coupled with the circumstance that the ice, when a thaw is impending, suddenly bursts asunder with a loud report, leaving an open furrow, have aided superstition in peopling the water and its hidden depths with malicious beings—the Nökker, Grimmer, Quernquane—who claim at least one sacrifice a year from among human beings, to whom they entertain an unappeasable hatred.

Human imagination, having peopled the mountains, earth, and water with supernatural beings, could not long leave tenantless the endless space, which encompasses all. In the myriads of stars, the forms of the clouds, the mysterious mist, in meteors and the flaming Northern Lights, the ignorant and superstitious observer readily saw and heard the approach of the gods, the wild chase of the Asgardreia, the thundering ride of the Troldkjerringer, dire foreboders of coming disasters. When the lightning strikes down among the lofty fells, what more natural than the belief that the god who reveals himself in thunder and lightning—the mighty Thor—is in the act of chastising the earthly demons who haunt the regions where the thunderbolt is seen to descend.

The most of these supernatural beings, typifying the forces of Nature, were held to be hostile and pitiless toward man; and, as a certain vagueness pertained to them, their doings were relegated to the night, in which human imagination and

fear are most prone to conjure forth phantasms of dread and horror.

Although the personifications of the forces of Nature may thus be considered to be the prime elements of the mythical legends of Scandinavia, we would greatly err in ascribing to this origin every myth and legend of supernatural beings, many of which are pure poetical fictions, while others embody vague traditions of the remote history of the country. The characteristic feature of the myth is its almost unsearchable mixture of a variety of legends. In the stories of the gods, in their wars, adventures, and mutual relations, the eldest history of the northern peoples is distinctly traceable in the guise of the myth. That it is vague and full of fable is the natural consequence of its remote antiquity and of the rudeness of the narrator living in the first childhood of the race. Through the mists which obscure the earliest history of the North, our scholars and antiquarians think they discern a conflict sustained by the aborigines of the northern peninsula against an immigrated and more advanced people; and in our legends about Jutuler, Trollds, Elves, and Duerge, we obtain glimpses of those elder and ruder inhabitants, whose subjugation and dispersion, as faint memories from times long past, are sung in the old *sagas* of the Skjalds.

That these aborigines have been of the same race of people is by no means certain. On the contrary, the great differences which the legends indicate between the gigantic Jutuler—who handled huge bowlders as if they were pebbles—and the small, cunning dwarfs, who hid in caves, would seem to point to their different origin, even if they lived together in certain places, and were leagued with each other to oppose the people who had invaded their country from the east.

The "Hervavar Saga" says: "Before

the men of Asia came to the North, Riser and Semi-Riser dwelt here, and it came to pass that the Riser took wives from Manheim, and gave them in return their daughters. The ancestor of the celebrated Rafn was named Halftroid, and was said to have sprung from Jotun race. The best known of the chiefs of the Jotuns was Starkodr, of Alafoss. Starkodr had no less than six arms, and in strength and looks was like the Thurser, from whom he descended."

In other localities, it seems that the original inhabitants, after a fierce contest, had been compelled to seek refuge in the forest and fells, where they dwelt in caves, subsisting by hunting, and dressing themselves in the skins of the slain animals. That they continued to stand in a hostile relation to their conquerors, and that they, on due occasion, descended from their haunts, to ravish and waste the possessions of the invaders, is more than probable. Their sudden attack and equally rapid disappearance, the devastation following their tracks, their gigantic strength, savage aspect and dress, and the fact that they always selected the night for their depredations, all combined to invest them with demoniac horror to the imagination of the more civilized dwellers of the valleys. Clothed with all the exaggerated horrors of fancy and superstition, they at last inspired such terror, that the belief obtained that more than human courage and strength were demanded to contend against them. This task was, therefore, appropriately delegated to the god of thunder himself, who blasted them with lightning, or to his earthly representative, Thor—one of the leaders of the immigratory people, who, in the old *sagas*, is praised as the destroyer of the altars of the Fornistic gods, the terror and slayer of the mountain people, mountain wolves, and the Jetter. But tradition deals not alone with the gigantic Jutuler, Riser, and Mountain Trollds, but

is still more rife with accounts of Thuser and dwarfs. The idea of this last puny race originated probably in a faint recollection of the Lapps, who, in remotest eld, inhabited localities whence they have for ages been expelled. However inferior the small Lapps may have been in strength and courage to the newcomers, they still were held to be dangerous neighbors, owing to their reputed knowledge of the secrets of Nature, and their cunning and agility. They had the reputation of being audacious cattle-lifters, adroit abductors of children (hence, perhaps, the origin of the numerous stories of "changelings"), adept thieves of house-utensils and food, skillful in the composition of sleeping-draughts, fond of enticing people into their caves by enchanting song and music, or by the display of precious treasure, etc.; traits which furnish us the key to many a tale of the "underground people." Adam, of Bremen, who flourished in the eleventh century, relates that "in Sweden a race of people live in the mountains, who descend occasionally on the plains and devastate the fields of the husbandmen; and, I have been told," the old chronicler continues, "that in Norway exist wild men and women, who live in the forest and rarely appear. They use the hides of animals for clothes, and their language sounds more like the snarling of wild beasts than the speech of human beings." The Icelanders call this people Bjergbuar, Thussar, Risar, and Tröll. They live in caves and clefts of the mountains, are great sorcerers, carry off cattle and men, and possess only one good quality: that of keeping their word (*vide* Torfeus).

The inborn craving of man to search for the first cause of everything, and, if possible, to lift the veil which hides the invisible world, as well as dim memories from hoary eld, may thus be considered as the primary causes of the multitude of northern legends concerning super-

natural beings. The accord between these folk-traditions and the old northern mythology, gives rise to an interesting speculation as to the extent to which the records contained in the Eddas have been the popular faith of the country. We here limit ourselves to point out that the whole northern mythology centres around the unceasing conflict between the heavenly gods of Valhalla and the demons of the earth; the gigantic and powerful Jetter, Riser, and Troid, and the small, but cunning Duerge, Vetter, and Swart—elves whose most relentless pursuer was the thunder-god Thor, who crushed them with his hammer Mjöltnir, and changed them to stone.

It is not a little remarkable, at the first blush, that so many remains of heathen superstition should still exist in a country 800 years after the introduction of Christianity, but a closer investigation tends to lessen our astonishment. The first teachers of Christianity found the old ideas too deeply rooted, too intimately connected with the physical conditions of the country, its ancient history and poesy, to render it safe to insist upon a too sudden change. They had to content themselves with softening the heathen superstition by imparting to it the color and flavor of the new faith. The heathen festivals formerly sacred to Valhal's gods were consecrated to Christian saints; and, in St. Olaf, the Norwegian priesthood succeeded in obtaining a saint whose fame in miracles was so unbounded, that the people might easily transfer to his credit all the marvels which of yore had been ascribed to the mighty Thor and the other gods of Valhalla. These, which the Church held to be either wicked human beings or evil spirits, gradually faded out of the minds of the people, as no visible sign remained to keep their memory alive; while the faith in supernatural beings which was associated with the surrounding nature was much more difficult to combat and

eradicate. As Jetter and Riser had never been objects of worship, but, on the contrary, of hate and detestation, they were allowed to retain their old names and characters, thus serving admirably to corroborate the teachings of the Church as to the devil and evil spirits, to whose company the Jetter and most of the other supernatural beings were forthwith banished.

Instead of checking this superstition, as any other error of popery, the Lutheran Church left it untouched; and, indeed, belief in the devil and his angels (the common name of supernatural beings), and their malignant influences upon men, seemed rather to have flourished more generally after than before the Reformation. Witch-trials, stories of compacts with the devil, etc., bear ample testimony to the deep-rooted superstitions of the age.

It was looked upon as great wickedness, to be sure, to have any commerce with the underground people, or with any such "small-devils;"* but the rude and ignorant people must needs have somebody to consult, and, as the reformed priests had zealously destroyed the Catholic saints and their relics, superstition found a secret refuge in its old heathen friends, the underground people, Vetter, Nisser, etc. The favor of these beings they endeavored to obtain by sacrifices offered in hollow trees, in groves, and under mossy stones, mostly on the eves of Thursday and the great festivals.

The more liberal ideas, which, near the close of last century, began to spread abroad, and the growing enlightenment of a still later day, have contributed greatly to weaken the faith in supernatural agencies among the common people of Norway. In many places the old le-

gends have entirely faded out of memory, but there are still nooks and corners where the belief in these mythical beings, who played such a conspicuous part in the thoughts of their forefathers, still lingers among a peasantry isolated and remote from the busy world. It is either the narrator himself, or one of his near relations, who has seen the underground people and their dogs or cattle, and heard their ravishing music, or has been permitted to visit them in their subterranean abodes, or had their children changed by them. The belief in the undergroundlings substituting their own offspring for human children was, of course, formerly much more common than now; although still misshapen and stupid children, and particularly those who suffer from "the English disease" (scrofula), are very generally considered to be "changelings." Herman Ruge, a Protestant clergyman, offers, in a pamphlet (1754), an efficacious remedy against such a mishap: namely, the mother who has had the misfortune to have had her child changed, shall castigate the "changeling" piteously on three Thursday evenings in succession, for then the underground mother will pity her offspring sorely and take it back, leaving the real child in its place. Regarding Luther's belief in changelings, see "Dobbenche Volksglauben," I, 168.

The supposed haunts of these beings are still considered as sacred in many places in Norway. No superstitious peasant, with proper regard for his health and property, would presume to touch a Vettehany, lest the little folk should depart in wrath and carry the luck of the place away with them; but seeks sedulously to propitiate their good will by providing for them, on the eves of high feasts, cakes, porridge (*gröd*), and other good things. A certain grove in Børte, in the Thelemark, was looked upon as an especially favorite haunt of the underground folks, and no grass was

* The devil has many myrmidons, such as Ellequinder, Duerge, Vetter, night-ravens, spectres, which appear to people about to die—these are in toto devils. The Wehrwolf is also accused.—*Hans Lauridsen's Sjulebog*, 1587.

permitted to be cut there, lest a great misfortune should befall the farmers.

Pastor F—, a clergyman in the province of Nordland, writes to a friend thus: "Gross superstition still prevails in most parts of Nordland, particularly regarding the underground people. It is said that they have even a church, and that one of my parishioners—a famous seer—officiates as priest. It is also asserted that near my manse lives an underground skipper, whom people gifted with the spiritual sight have often seen crossing the lake in his yacht. I have tried, but in vain, to convince my people of their folly in putting faith in such things. To be sure, they will never confess to my face that they entertain such belief; but among themselves, as I have learned, they maintain, that, although it is my duty to destroy faith in the underground people, I still know all about them, and a good deal more than they do, being indebted for my knowledge on that and kindred subjects to the Sixth Book of Moses—a private *vade mecum* of the clergy, although not to be found in the Bible."

According to the northern mythology and popular conviction, the underground people are divided into various classes, such as Thusser, Vetter, Duerge, and Elves. The Duerge (dwarfs), particularly, seemed to have played a conspicuous part in the old mythology, according to which, they first made their appearance as worms in the rotten carcass of Jette Ymer; they received from the gods human aspect and sense, and leave to dwell in the earth and in the stones. A curious old legend gives another account of their origin: When Eve, one day, was washing her children in a brook, she heard the voice of the Lord suddenly calling her. In her trepidation, she tried to hide those of her children who were not yet clean. When then the Lord asked her if all her children were there, she answered, Yes. But God said, "What

thou hast tried to hide from me shall henceforth be unseen¹ to thy fellows." These children became at once invisible and separated from the rest. While the waters of the flood covered the earth, the Lord hid them in a cave. From them descended the underground people. According to another account, they are thought to be the children of Adam by his second wife, Lileth, or the embodied ghosts of wicked and heathen people.

In Iceland, the large island discovered and settled by the Norwegians, the underground people dwell, as in the parent country, in the mountains and hills. They are neat and cleanly in their persons, handsome and gay, and fond of the society of Christian people, with whom they formerly begot children. These they are ever anxious to exchange for unchristened human children, in order that their own might have the benefit of Christian baptism. Such changelings were called *Umskiptingar*, and are commonly misshapen in body, and of a dull, stolid aspect. They are sometimes seen disporting themselves in the sunshine—in which they greatly rejoice, because they are naturally without it in their own proper homes. The undergroundlings change their places of abode occasionally; but only on New Year's night—whence the custom in the island, formerly, to leave the table, upon retiring to bed, plentifully supplied with eatables, and all the doors open, to welcome the coming and to speed the departing guests. The underground colony in Iceland is under the sway of two chiefs, who annually make a voyage to the mother country, Norway, to offer homage to their liege lord and king, and render an account of their stewardship. If satisfactory, the chiefs are reinstated in their offices and dignity; for these elves appear to have been a law-abiding race, and to have delighted in justice and fair-play.

On the Faroe Islands, the underground people are called Halve-folk. They look like the Norwegian Vetter, for they are described as full-grown people, dressed in gray, and with black hats. Their big, fat cows graze invisibly among those of the islanders. They are the lovers of Christian women, as well as of their children, whom they desire to change for their own.

The common people of Sweden entertain similar notions of the underground people (*Vlogfolket*). According to a legend that is current among the Swedes, the underground people originated thus: When God expelled Lucifer and his angels from heaven, they were not all hurled to the bottomless pit, but some fell on the earth and in the water. Those who fell down in the forests became Forest Trolds, (The Danish Trolld is anxious to obtain future happiness; but, with the exception of the Huldras—beautiful female Trolds, haunting the outskirts of forests—who wished to be baptized, in order to get rid of their cow-tails, the Norwegian Trolld was indifferent to the happiness of another life.) Those who alighted on the green fields or in groves became Vetter and Lysgubber. Those who were precipitated in lakes and streams became Nökker; near houses, Tomtegubbas; and in trees, Elfvar.

In Denmark the underground people (the Nisser) dwell in the hills, where they frequently carouse merrily; they both bake and brew, and are addicted to steal beer from the farmers, if they neglect to mark the cask with the cross; they can not abide the sound of church-bells, thunder, drums, and running water; they are of a jealous disposition, and can change themselves into cats. Steel, needles, keys, and scissors, either in the cradle or crosswise above the door, will balk their attempts at changing their own progeny for human children. But if the change has been effected, recourse is had to whipping

the changeling unmercifully, in order to induce its mother to take it away again.

The underground people in Germany are called Die Zwerge, and have very much the same habits and proclivities as their Scandinavian relatives; they are always ready to render a service; are good-natured, patient, and wear *eine Nebelkappe* (a cloak of mist), which renders them invisible. They are, of course, fond of changing children; but if the changeling (*der Wechselbalg*) is ill-used, its mother will soon fetch the stolen child back. Pomerania abounded, in former days, with *Erdgeister*, or dwarfs, who strove continually to substitute their ugly *Wechselbalgs* for well-formed Christian children. In the day-time they crawled about in the likeness of frogs or other vermin, but assumed their own shape again at night, when they danced merrily in the moonlight. In some localities they were called *die Unterirdischen*, who, like their northern cousins, dwell under the stables, and like to have Christian god-fathers for their children. The black dwarfs on the island of Rugen look much like those of Norway. They are ugly of aspect, but clever smiths. Of an unsociable disposition, they seldom leave their subterranean abodes, and dislike music. But the white dwarfs, who, in the summer-time, are seen disporting themselves in the trees and dancing on the grass, bear a close resemblance to the Danish Elve people. To the brown dwarfs, on Rugen, there is nothing corresponding in the North. These little brownies are only eighteen inches in height, walk in glass shoes, have beautiful hands and feet, and excel as gold and silver smiths. They resemble the northern Nisser, in being of a mischievous and not rarely of a malicious disposition. *Das stille Volk zu Plesse*—a silent, benevolent race of beings—answer to the Norwegian Gøvetter, while in the Wichte—who look like small old men with long beards—

we recognize some of the traits of our Uvetter, or Drauger. The German underground people differ from their Scandinavian kindred in having adopted the faith of their human neighbors, and in that they occasionally emigrate and change their places of abode—a feature unknown to their race in the North.

The underground people of Scandinavia, and the dwarfs of Germany, we find in England under the name of "fairies"—now the property of the poet more than that of the people. The word "fairy," or "fay," is supposed to be a corruption of the "Peris" of the Persians, who, like the Arabs, lack the letter P, and therefore write "Feris," which name the Crusaders brought back with them to Europe, where it was adopted in the romances of the time ("Moarque la Faye," "Fata Morgana," etc.). These seductive creatures became in England the tiny, graceful fairies—entirely distinct from the Scottish elves, the Brownies, who seem to have partaken of some of the uncouthness of the Northern Duerge. The Persians had, besides the aerial, angelic Peri, also the ugly, wicked Dives, provided with horns, claws, and tail. With this class of beings may be reckoned the Schedim of the Jews (Deut. xxxii, 17); according to the Talmud descended from Adam, who, after having eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, lived 130 years, and begot children in his image. They differ from human beings in their being invisible, having wings, and the gift of seeing into futurity; and from spirits, in that they eat, drink, beget children, and die. The English elves are divided into two kinds: the fairies, who dwell in the woods and mountains; and the domestic sprites, who are commonly named hobgoblins, or Robin-goodfellows, and correspond with the Scandinavian Nisser. In Ireland the underground folks are called Shefro— that is, the good people—and resemble the northern Alfer, be-

ing tiny of stature, beautiful, and social. Their dress is white; and before their breath withers all human strength. Games of ball, and dancing, are their favorite amusements. They dance in the moonlight, the dew-drops glistening under their feet, and their red caps shaking on their heads, as they caper about. They are supposed to be fallen angels, living in uncertainty as to their future state, for which reason they are anxious to exchange their own for human children—which changelings (*leprechan*) do a great deal of mischief.

In Scotland—where they live more in the popular faith than in England—they are known by the name of Daoine Shie (the people of peace). At night they hold their merry-meetings on the greensward, where they leave circular spots, sometimes of yellow and withered herbage, but at other times intensely green. After sundown it is considered dangerous to fall asleep or to loiter near such "fairy spots." When the cattle are seized with the gripes, it is said that the fairies have struck them. The Highlanders rather avoid mentioning them by name, particularly on Fridays; they will stand no joking, and, as they may be present invisibly, it is always deemed prudent to speak of them respectfully. Their dwellings are in the hills; whence issues at times ravishing music. They are clever handicraftsmen; and are mostly clad in green. As in Scandinavia, children in Scotland are liable to be changed before they are baptized; but roasting the changeling on the coals effects the restoration of the child which was spirited away. According to the popular saying in Scotland, the underground people are obliged to pay a tax to the devil, every seventh year, of one or more of their progeny; for which reason they are anxious to steal human children wherewith to substitute their own.

The underground people on the Isle

of Man are fond of the chase, and ride for that purpose the horses of the inhabitants, which in consequence are often found in their stalls in the morning covered with foam, after such a midnight hunt. They are divided into the good fairies, who live together and rejoice at the happiness of mortals, and the bad, who live solitary and apart in caves, or hover in the mist on the rocky shore, where they are heard screaming and howling with malicious joy on dark, stormy nights, when an unfortunate ship is drifting to her destruction on the iron-bound coast.

On the Orkney Islands they appear occasionally in armor, but are similar in other respects to the Shetland dwarfs, whom the islanders, for fear of giving offense, mention as "guid folk," or "guid neighbors." They are dressed in green, partake of the nature both of mortals and spirits, are able to render themselves invisible, fond of music and dancing, lure people to their mountain dwellings, and eat and drink in the same manner as human beings. They frequently milk the cows on the sly; but if they are surprised, and the sign of the cross is made, they must depart at once, and leave their copper milking-pails behind them. (See Hibert's description of the Shetland Islands.)

The Finnish tribes are familiar with both dwarfs and Nisser. Thus, the Norwegian Lapps believe that beneath the surface of the earth live beings who look like themselves, and follow the same pursuits, but are in the enjoyment of more happiness, are richer, and greater adepts in sorcery and rune-incantations. They are called Saivo-Olmak. They occasionally yearn for the society of human beings, whom they invite to their hills, and treat hospitably to tobacco and spirits. They have herds of cattle, and even churches. The Greenlanders believe that a fairy race, called Innuarolit, live in the rocks, where they

forge splendid weapons, harpoons and spears, that always hit their mark.

The Russians believe in forest maids, called Rosalki, with green hair, and of beautiful form; and the Servian forests and mountains are haunted by a supernatural being, called Wila, fleet, beautiful and powerful, but upon occasion malicious and revengeful. In the Servian ballads she figures sometimes as a fortune-teller or a physician, and she frequently lends powerful aid to the hero she loves. (*Volkslieder der Serben, von Talvi*). The Slavonic races have also faith in certain supernatural beings called Lesser, who are of either sex, and can make themselves, at will, tall as trees and low as grass. They run about in the forest, howling responses to whoever calls. They worry the unlucky wight whom chance throws in their way, until he loses consciousness, when they carry him off to their haunts. They also spirit away little children, whom they, after a lapse of years, permit to escape, with the loss of their senses, or their wits impaired.

As we again turn to the West, we encounter, in the valleys of Switzerland, dwarfs and mountain sprites similar to those of the North, but of a milder and more pleasant nature. The Swiss underground people are a lively and gay race, who have herds of chamois, of whose milk they prepare a precious cheese, which is never diminished, however much is eaten of it. We find in France, besides the powerful and beautiful fays, such as Melusina and others — beings belonging more to romance than to the province of popular superstition — only the so-called Gobelins, corresponding to the Danish Nisser. Brittany is the land of the small, vicious Crions, who haunt the old Druidical remains. In Spain the Inquisition, it would seem, has effectually extirpated all such traces of heathen superstition. Still a belief in the Duende, or Trasgo—

imps which answer to the French Gobelins—seems to have survived the discipline of the stake and fagot. The fauns, lares, penates, and nymphs have vanished from fair Italy; and only a lonely mermaid is occasionally seen on her haunted shores. Of the hosts of oreads, dryads, nereids, fauns, and satyrs, which in ancient days peopled the vales of Hellas, the modern Greeks have only retained the detested Nereids—horrid female shapes, tempting the wayfarer to answer them, in which case they are lost, and the Stoicheids, who are divided into the domestic (answering to the Northern Nisser), and the wild (who live in the open field). There are good and bad, of either kind; and they assume various shapes and simulachres.

The secluded and often solitary life in wood and mountain; the silence of death that at certain periods broods over our gloomy northern forests, relieved, at times, only by the dismal hootings of

the great snowy owl, which re-echo from their mysterious depths; the angry might with which storm and tempest rage in the solitary wilderness; the portentous shapes assumed by natural objects, under different effects of gloom and light, or shrouding mists, together with the savage and awe-inspiring natural scenery—all tend to awaken in the mind of the simple peasant a state of feeling, which, under certain circumstances, invests the stories of his childhood with a living interest, and clothes them with probability and even a subjective interest. The easily excited imagination has free play, and fear and ancient superstition heighten and strengthen it. These conditions suffice to explain the fact that among the peasantry of the Scandinavian peninsula a lingering faith in Jutuler, Trolde, and the "underground people," still holds its own against the advancing wave of modern civilization and enlightenment.

GOOD NEWS.

'Tis just the day to hear good news:
 The pulses of the world are still;
 The eager spring's unfolding hues
 Are drowned in floods of sun, that fill
 The golden air, and softly bear
 Deep sleep and silence everywhere.
 No ripple runs along that sea
 Of warm, new grass, but all things wear
 A hush of calm expectancy:
 What is coming to Heart and me?

The idle clouds, that work their wills
 In moods of shadow, on the hills;
 The dusky hollows in the trees,
 Veiled with their sun-lit 'broideries;
 The gate that has not swung, all day;
 The dappled water's drowsy gleam;
 The tap of hammers far away,
 And distant voices, like a dream;

All seem but visions, and a tone
 Haunts them of tidings they refuse :
 So, all the quiet afternoon,
 Heart and I we sit alone,
 Waiting for some good news.

Other days had life to spare,
 Tasks to do, and men to meet,
 Trifling wishes, bits of care,
 A hundred ways for ready feet ;
 But this bright day is all so sweet,
 So sweet, 't is sad in its content ;
 As if kind nature, as she went
 Her happy way, had paused a space,
 Remembered us, and turned her face
 As toward some protest of distress ;
 Waiting till we should find our place
 In the wide world's happiness.
 Nothing stirs but some vague scent,
 A breath of hidden violet—
 The lonely last of odors gone—
 Still lingering from the morning dews,
 As if it were the earth's regret
 For other such bright days that went,
 While Heart and I we sat alone,
 Waiting for our good news.

What would you have for your good news,
 Foolish Heart, O foolish Heart?
 Some new freedom to abuse,
 Some old trouble to depart?
 Sudden flash of snowy wing
 Out of yonder blue, to bring
 Messages so long denied?
 The old greeting at your side,
 The old hunger satisfied?

Nay, the distant will not come ;
 To deaf ears all songs are dumb :
 Silly Heart, O silly Heart!
 From within joy must begin—
 What could help the thing thou art?
 Nothing draweth from afar,
 Heaven can give but what we are.
 Empty lies the crown of Fate,
 Vacant looms the shadowy throne :
 He may take who can refuse :
 We must speak the word we wait,
 Give the gift we die to own.
 Wake, O Heart! From us alone
 Can come our best good news.

OLD UNCLE HAMPSHIRE.

THE homestead of the Glenn plantation—better known as Jasmine Hill—never looked more enchanting than on the moonlit evening which introduces the reader to its great, spreading four-story house (all on the first floor); its broad passage, sweeping from front to rear; its pretentious balconies, festooned with climbing plants and flowering vines, which, in their generous luxuriance of bloom, kindly threw a beauteous mantle over architectural deformities and short-comings.

This rude, old-fashioned structure, which occupies the highest point of an area embracing hundreds of acres, has been the homestead of the Glenn family for more than half a century. Additions outside have kept steady pace with additions inside—and have been made, as occasion demanded, without for once consulting Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*—until the old mansion can be said to resemble nothing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The servants' quarters scattered all about—small white-washed tenements of two or three rooms—give it, from a distance, the appearance of a little rural village; but as you drive up the long, shady avenue, the expansive old dwelling, with its air of good-natured hospitality, reminds you of a motherly old hen, whose chicks, having outgrown her capacity for brooding, have squatted themselves down in close and loving proximity to her benignant, over-distended, sprawling wings.

The avenue and grounds are densely shaded with a vigorous native growth of black-jack and scarlet oak, beech, sweet-gum, sycamore, long-leaved pine, chestnut, and chincapin-trees—inter-

spersed with the superb magnolia; the althea with its wealth of flowers and humming-birds; the tulip-tree, gorgeous in beauty; the catalpa with its great, spreading boughs of bloom; the dogwood, now in fruit, with its berries of vivid scarlet—tempting to the eye, but not good for food; the little *coterie* of persimmon-trees, needing the autumnal frost to mellow and sweeten their fruitage, even as many a nature needs adversity's frost to ripen and soften it. Then, as if not satisfied with this prodigality of bloom, Nature tries her hand at bedecking the rude tree-trunks with climbing shrubs, so profuse with foliage and flowers as to hide every ugly excrescence. The trumpet-flower, the scarlet woodbine, the honeysuckle, the yellow jasmine, and the cross-vine, emulate each other in this work of decoration—while here and there, as if for pleasing contrast, the ragged drapery of Spanish moss throws itself over the graceless branches of less comely trees. Hedges of sweet-brier, Osage orange, *arbor vitæ*, and *euonymus*, define the walks and drives of the inclosure. This sylvan retreat is the paradise of birds, with plumage almost as bright and varied as the flowers. It is night: but the garrulous mocking-bird is too happy to hush his musical medley of song, and, hidden among the beautiful green foliage, and bright, yellow berries of yonder proud China-tree, he is answering the carol of a distant mate. The air is freighted with perfume from the dew-tipped flowers; and the white moonlight sheds a deep, soft beauty over the scene, causing the quivering leaves and spreading branches to throw grotesque shadows along the ground.

Judge Glenn was seated on the spacious veranda at the front of the house, enjoying the rare scene; his heart was in full fellowship with its wondrous beauty. It was unusual for him to be alone at this hour; but Mrs. Glenn and the children had gone down through the peach-orchard to call on Carrie, the eldest-born, who had married the son of a neighboring planter, less than a year before. The brothers and sisters had loaded themselves down with flowers—while the mother was the careful custodian of a marvel of culinary skill, that old Aunt Chloe, the cook, had made for “de blessed chile” that very morning. Carrie had always been the particular pet of old Aunt Chloe. No one was so welcome a kitchen-visitant as she—not even the “Missus” herself. When Major Morton drove off with his happy bride, Aunt Chloe was heard to exclaim, in the wild vehemence of her superstitious emotion: “Now, I knows sartin, dere’s somethin’ dreadful a gwine to happen, coz Miss Carrie’s done gone ’way from Jasmine Hill.”

Sandy and Mitch—two as sooty specimens as were to be found this side of Africa—had just replenished the light-wood stands in the back-yard with pitch-pine knots, fat and resinous; and the mosquitoes were holding high carnival around the brilliant flame; the house-servants were huddled in little ebony squads around the doors of their quarters, in grave discourse, or humming in plaintive strains their quaint, minor melodies; the moon was far up the zenith—calm, bright, and worshipful. Just then, old Uncle Hampshire, who had been sent on an errand to the factory about two miles off, came dashing down the long lane at the side of the house, and, urging the filly to the top of her speed, rode directly up to the veranda, where sat Judge Glenn. This was a very remarkable procedure for Uncle Hampshire, who was usually painfully

precise in matters of decorum, having been the body-servant of his master for years, and feeling the dignity of the whole establishment vested largely in him. With no salutation, other than a wild clutch at the nondescript thing that did duty for a hat, in a shrill, excited tone, he began:

“Lors a massy, Marsr, we’s e all better git up an’ git, now, shuah! Dem Bushwacks is a comin’ dis time, an’ no mistake ’bout it—dat’s sartin, an’ shuah! Dis yere niggah aint a gwine to be fooled by dem, no how! I’s e ben ’way down yender by the fortunecation an’ de trenchmens, an’ dey’s a comin’ down de walley like a streak o’ lightnin’. I tells ye, Marsr, you’s best make yerself sance, purty shortly!”

“Why, Uncle Hampshire!” interposed Judge Glenn. But it was of no use; the ebony herald was not to be interrupted.

“Dat’s jes what dey all sez, Marsr! No use in bein’ scart, dough—better be a bundlin’ up de traps purty suddent; dat’s all!”

Uncle Hampshire’s eyes glared in the moonlight, standing out against his sooty face like the side-lights of a hackman’s vehicle; his generous mouth momentarily threatened the integrity of his ears. His immaculate ivories glittered in their whiteness, and his great, brawny hands twitched in their blackness, as he dismounted and nervously jerked up his receding pants, which, partaking somewhat of their occupant’s habitual humiliation, were reverently disposed to creep earthward.

Judge Glenn, as he sat alone, had been canvassing that very subject; a rumor had reached him that day, of the near approach of a gang of bushwhackers, who had been committing horrible depredations down the valley. Not wishing to alarm his family unnecessarily, he had not mentioned the matter. He listened attentively, until Uncle Hampshire

had delivered himself of all he had to say; then, looking the faithful old darky full in the eye, said, with a quiet emphasis:

"So you really think, Uncle Hampshire, that the bushwhackers are advancing in this direction, do you?"

"Adwancin'? course dey is! B'leve it? course I duz, Marsr! les de ole man wouldn't be a tellin' ye dat ar—would he—eh? Ye nebber know'd Ole Hampshire tu 'ceive ye yit—did ye, Marsr? He'se gittin' mos' tu ole tu 'gin dat ar now. Dey all sez dat dem debbils 'll be a furragin' aroun' Jasmine Hill, in less 'n twenty-four hour. Course den, we bes' be a lookin' out fur de muels, an' hosses, an' pigs, an' chickens, an' fodder, an' all sich truck. An' it's de ole man's 'pinion, dat Marsr bettern be a lookin' out fur hisselt tu. Dey'd be pow'ful sot up, to ketch sich a good-lookin' pris'ner—dey would, shuah—de rascals! If ye take de 'vice ob de ole man, ye'll jes' git up an' git, purty shortly—dat's a fac!"

Uncle Hampshire drew the tattered remnant of his wife's faded bandana, which was serving him just then for a handkerchief, across his forehead, where stood great beads of cold perspiration; and if that furtive movement in the direction of his great, glistening eyes meant anything, he managed effectually to conceal it.

"Yes! Uncle Hampshire," returned Judge Glenn, "that's very good advice; but what of your mistress and the children? I can't leave them to suffer. Hush! there they come across the orchard, now; say nothing to them about the matter yet; let's first see what's to be done! Hitch up the filly, and drive me down to the factory, as if business called me there. We can talk the matter over quietly."

Uncle Hampshire soon had the buggy at the door; satisfactory explanations were made, and, as they drove down

through the scrub-oaks and second-growth pines, the conversation continued:

"Suppose, Hampshire, I take my gun and the hounds, and make it convenient to be off on a hunt, for a few days: you promise me you'll remain faithful to your mistress and the children, and look after things generally, as best as you can?"

"Dat I will, Marsr! an' what de ole man say, be jes' so—ye knows dat, for sartin!"

"There's Carrie, poor dear—she needs especial care just now; her husband is in the Federal service, you know, and can't come to her in her trial. I don't feel that I can leave the child."

"I understans all 'bout dat ar, Marsr—she's gwine tu git de 'special care, sartin an' shuah! Miss Carrie, she de good angel round dis yer place—de black folks all worships Miss Carrie, dey duz!"

"But suppose the bushwhackers persuade you all to go off with them. Forrest and Buford are levying heavily now for negroes to work upon the intrenchments; they might get something handsome for taking you in to them. What then?"

"What den, shuah nuff? When dey ketches djs niggah, dey ketches a weasel asleep, dat's all! Lors, Marsr, what we wants tu leab you fur. Haint we all ben borned an' raised right yer on dis berry spot? Aint all de blessed little pickaninnies in de yard, 'cept de little dead uns, an' haint dey all lyin' in de yard jes back yender; an' don't we all wants tu lie dere wid em, one o' dese days, so when de big trump soun', we all jine hans an' go up togedder? Lors, Marsr! you'se crazy, shuah, tu be a talkin' bout us gwine off fur tu leab ye." Uncle Hampshire's voice trembled, and he gave the filly an unusual cut with the whip, that outward energy might subdue inward emotion. Judge Glenn interpreted the old negro's movements, and said kindly:

"Never mind, Uncle Hampshire, nev-

er mind! I don't doubt your faithfulness at all, but it's a hard thing to leave one's family in the face of such possibilities; and yet, to remain would only make matters worse for them. It's a bad job—a bad job!" This last was said half musingly, half inaudibly, and with a heavy sigh.

"Don't take on so, Marsr! De good Lor' He aint a gwine tu let any ting happen to de missus an' chilluns. Dey's all tu good tu us black uns fur dat. Dere's Marsr Murphy, ober de creek dere, he jes' bettern look out—dat's so! All his black uns 'll run 'way, shuah, an' de good Lor' He'll holler, stu-boy! stu-boy! an' de debbil he'll larf plum out. I haint no 'pinion o' Marsr Murphy, no how. His black folks dey eats de green persimmons tu pucker up dere stummacks tu suit de rations dey gits. Marsr Murphy he mighty tight on 'em—he is!"

"Oh, well, Uncle! we've got our hands full, just now, without meddling with anybody else's affairs."

"Dat's so, Marsr—dat's so!" returned Uncle Hampshire apologetically—a trifle crest-fallen at the mild rebuke; and mortified at the digression, he added, energetically:

"Now, Marsr, jes' put off dis berry individual night! Jake, he bes' dribe de six-muel team down tu de lower plantation, wid all de black wimmin-folks, 'cep Chloe an' Mom Phillis; Mitch, he ken foller wid de hosses; an' all de stock 'cep de filly bes' go. Dem bushwhacks pick it up, sartin!"

"And you promise, Hampshire, to mind your mistress and the children—Carrie in particular? Don't let her get frightened, poor child!"

"Lors, Marsr, don't de ole man knows all 'bout dat? How many chillum you reckon Mom Chloe hab? Don't I knows all 'bout de trials an' tribulations ob de poor wimmen-folks? Reckon I duz! Dere's ole Mom Phillis, aint she bet-

ter 'n all de doctors in de cōuntry? Dat's what I sez she stay fur. Mom Phillis aint gwine tu let notin' happen to Miss Carrie—you knows dat, Marsr, dat she aint! So ye jes' be easy on dat pint! We bes' bring Miss Carrie ober wid us to Jasmine Hill, when we goes back, fur I allow dey'll be on han' by sun-up, day arter to-morrer, at de furddest."

Jasmine Hill was a scene of bustling activity all that night, and everybody, white and black, was mustered into service. The negro men, with Uncle Hampshire at their head, were busy in hurrying off and secreting stock, harness, grain, and forage—preparing for the worst. The negro women, under the direction of Mrs. Glenn, who was calm and resolute, in spite of the revelation, were packing up and secreting valuables, clothing, and provisions, and listening to injunctions from their master, who saw no other alternative but to leave, as his presence would only enhance the dangers to which they were inevitably exposed.

This bushwhacking element was composed of the riff-raff from both armies—the floating *débris* of deserters, prison-birds, and land-pirates—who stole the livery of the soldier that they might better prosecute their nefarious work. They ransacked and despoiled houses, and then burnt them to the ground; stole horses from the field and stable; robbed hen-roosts and pig-styes; plundered granaries, smoke-houses, and cellars; and, in drunken squads, threatened and intimidated the helpless and weak, not infrequently doing even worse. Their depredations were practised alike upon the allies of the North and South, and their ruffianism and rascality were denounced alike by the true soldiery of both armies. It so happened that Judge Glenn was an open and avowed adherent to the Union cause; and, although he could not bear to lift his hand against

his life-long kinsmen of the South, he was quietly and patiently biding the time when Sherman with his conquering host should restore peace once more to that troubled section. His son-in-law—Major Morton—as well as two of his own sons, were even then with General Rosecrans, in east Tennessee.

Another busy day has passed at Jasmine Hill, and thus far no further tidings of invasion. Judge Glenn has taken brave but sorrowful leave, in the despairing hope that the gang of marauders will, after all, pass them by; night has again thrown her sombre mantle over a weary world; the breeze wanders caressingly through the branches, waking them to tremulous life; heavy shadows from the thick-leaved trees darken the avenue; and “the locust by the wall stabs the soft silence with his sharp alarm.” No light-wood fires are blazing in the yard, no bright beams issue from the closely-shuttered windows—heavily curtained, too, on the inside, not the faintest ray is visible. The servants’ quarters, usually so cheery at this hour, are dark: a hushed stillness is over everything. Mrs. Glenn, Carrie, and the children are in the library; Mom Phillis and Aunt Chloe are close at hand, in an adjoining room, gravely discoursing on the probable safety of the other colored members of their sex, who left at sundown for the lower plantation. It was possible that the bushwhackers would take that route and visit them. Jef, Jake, Mitch, Glasgow, and the rest of the men-servants, are huddled together on the steps of the back-porch, awaiting the return of Uncle Hampshire, who went down toward the infested district, about an hour ago. Just now he is seen galloping down the lane on the nimble filly, and, dashing through the open gate toward the trembling group, with the air of a commander, begins:

“Now, boys, behave yourselves, an’ show ’em yer broughten up. Dey’s jes’

down dere beyon’ de branch, sprawled out, an’ no knowin’ what dey’s up to. Dey ain’t a-sloshin’ ’bout in dat sort o’ style for notin’. Dey ain’t in no great hurry jes’ now, but dey’ll git rantankerous agin shortly. Don’t go tu gibbin’ dem none o’ yer sarse, fur it’ll be all day wid ye, if ye du. Jes’ show ’em Marsr Glenn’s perliteness; ye know what dat am. Fly roun’, an’ holp all ye ken; be powerful busy doin’ all what dey tells ye, but min’ ye don’t be berry lucky at findin’ notin’. Dere’s a heap in dat! Here, Jake, take dis yer filly down to de cave—quick as lightnin’—and min’ dat ye cum back tudder way, what don’ go tu de cave at-all; d’ ye hear, Jake? Don’ let no grass grow under de filly’s feet, neder! min’ dat ye hitches her all right. If any ob ’em ketches ye comin’ back, an’ axes ye what you’se arter, tell ’em how ye’se ben tu take de six-muel team ober to Marsr Murphy’s; d’ye hear? Dat’ll put a flea in dere ear, shuah; dat’ll circumwent ’em, Mom Phillis, eh!”

This last was addressed to the grave, diminutive, crooked-back old darky, whose ear, ever on the alert, had caught Uncle Hampshire’s voice, and whose sooty, wizened countenance the next instant showed itself at the back door. Her straight-laced, Baptist theology could not brook the last heterodox suggestion.

“Dat’ll circumwent ye tu de ole boy, ’fore ye knows it, ’cept ye stop a-tellin’ sich ruinationous lies, Hampshire; it’s obleeged tu be so”—and old Aunt Phillis, with her arms a-kimbo, tried to straighten out the young promontory on her back, by lifting herself majestically. The promontory was invincible; so, too, was Uncle Hampshire, and he disputatiously retorted:

“Now, Phillis, ye knows how de good Lor’ He fool ole Herod, de te-te-tetoteler. When dat ole cuss he try to git hold de baby Jesus, wid his mudder, didn’t he get circumwented? If I fools

dese aggrawatin' tetotellers, dat's notin' to nobody. But, Jake, what are ye at? Why ain't ye off—standin' dere wid de filly like ye hadn't half sense? Git up an' git, dis minit!"

Jake darted off toward the spring, and the next instant four horsemen were dimly visible coming in the opposite direction, and the tramp of the hoofs through the pine-straw and fallen leaves was distinctly heard. Obedient to the order of Uncle Hampshire, the men stationed themselves in the broad hall of the main building, making the doors as secure as possible; and, standing in breathless silence, they awaited the issue. Mrs. Glenn had taken her youngest—scarcely more than a baby—in her arms, and was smothering every murmur of fear; Kate and Harry, the two remaining young ones, had betaken themselves to Aunt Chloe's knee, and her great black arms, bare to the elbows, were encircling them with a firm, protecting clasp. Mom Phillis, who had a great knack for meeting emergencies, was endeavoring to soothe and quiet Carrie, who, from her conscious helplessness, felt the perils of the hour more keenly than all the rest. Poor Carrie! she was a delicate vase of the finest porcelain; so fragile had she been from birth that it seemed a rude breath might waft her away. Had she been a veritable princess of the blood, she could not have received more of worshipful adoration, but the incense rose from voluntary altars. She was a tender, sweet-voiced idyl incarnated in female form, full of the opulence of being from birth a spiritual rather than a physical vitality. Her sympathies were boundless, and she lived so really and intently in the lives of all about her as to become an omnipresent spirit of gentleness and love. She was one of those who unconsciously exact a devotion so supreme that service, when needed, is rendered as a coveted privilege and delight. She was

equipped with the sacramental elements of self-forgetfulness and unselfish affection. Her heart was affluent with pity; her love had budded early, like the crocuses of spring, and she had wedded the companion of her girlhood, nearly a year before this, though now scarcely more than a child. It had been the sorrow of her life to see her handsome young husband equipped for the field, and yet her true womanly heart hid its anguish, as he whispered in her ear, "Keep brave and cheery, darling, for the sake of your own precious health, and that of our expected little pet." Hers was not a nature to croon over and nurse a morbid grief; there was a bright and sunny spontaneity, born of a clear-eyed faith and hope, that made her a perpetual joy. There was a cheerful strength in that exquisite face—firmness as well as fineness. She was a gentle spirit of mediation about the place, and possessed a native genius for adjusting and harmonizing opposing natures. The elevation and repose of her character admirably fitted her for the work; for, back of all her apparent yielding and gentleness of demeanor, there was a wonderful latent strength and energy of will. She had been a dispensation of goodness to the Colored folks on the plantation; reading to them, teaching them hymns, ministering to them when sick, looking after the swarms of little, black pickaninnies that thronged the yards, and divining, by a sort of subtle intuition, the hundred nameless wants that would have passed unheeded—never failing to discover a means of relieving them—until, in the mirage of their enthusiastic love, they really believed her to be an angel.

Her ardent, susceptible nature, and exquisite sensibility, could not for an instant brook the slightest shade of injustice, or oppression. This spirit was a natural inheritance from both parents. In Carrie was blended the characteristics of both father and mother: the

dependent, trustful, caressing nature of the latter, united with the chivalrous courage, nobility, and justice of the former. A single incident had occurred about two years previous to this, exhibiting the strength and grandeur of her character, when put to the test by sudden emergencies. It had enshrined her in the hearts of the colored members of the household, and not one of them but was ready to suffer and die, if need be, for "Miss Carrie." Judge Glenn and his wife were absent from home, on a visit to the Islands, when the overseer of the plantation (a newly-elected taskmaster, Bill Halstead by name, who had been installed but a few weeks before)—naturally ill-tempered, cross, and brutal—found full scope for his malignant disposition. Like all such natures, when "drest in a little brief authority," he delighted in petty despotisms. Judge Glenn was too humane to permit any thing approaching to severity in the management of his household, either white or black. Nor was such discipline ever required. During the absence of Judge Glenn, this irate functionary, for some trifling misdemeanor, had administered a severe whipping to one of the field-hands; whereupon, Uncle Hampshire, who had always been recognized as a sort of factotum about the place, ventured to suggest, in the most respectful manner, that the suffering delinquent was more mischievous than vicious. For this gentle suggestion, he received a well-aimed blow on the side of his gray, woolly head, which leveled him to the ground. That was the very first blow that had ever fallen upon that venerable old servant. Had it been aimed at herself, Carrie could not have felt more grieved and exasperated; all the heroic grandeur of her nature was roused in resentment at the monstrous wrong; and, gathering up all her energies, and taking counsel of justice alone, she sent the tyrant ignominiously from the place;

and, with an emphasis which was irresistible, forbade him to again put foot inside the plantation limits, until her father's return, when he might secure a settlement and final discharge. He had never since been heard from.

How the full intent and meaning of that heroic service flashed back upon the memory of the faithful old Hampshire, during those moments of breathless suspense in the darkened hall, as Aunt Chloe, his wife, emerged on tip-toe from the nursery, and whispered hurriedly in his ear: "De good Lor' hab marcy—poor, dear Miss Carrie, she in orful mis'ry an' trabbel dis berry minit, an' mos' scare to def. If enny o' dem rascallions gits inside, an' tries tu invade de nursery, jes' put a bullet inter 'em in a jiffy—shoot 'em in de legs, an' drop 'em!" With this, the fidgety little body darted back into the nursery, and the bolt clicked after her.

Just at that instant a thundering knock at the rear entrance was followed by another and another, in quick succession, and, before Uncle Hampshire could reach the door to unbolt it (for he knew resistance would be useless), it was violently forced open by the powerful pressure of armed men, and four stalwart fellows, in masks, rushed into the passage.

"Expect to keep us out with your silly bolts and bars—do you?" shrieked the foremost, as if frenzied with excitement. "We'll show you who's boss of this establishment, about this time, you black old cuss you! You missed your figure by a long shot, you pesky fool. There's plenty more, back in the melon-patch, waiting orders from me—from *me*, I say—d'ye understand that, my bully boy?" and he peered insolently into Uncle Hampshire's face, and hit him a significant rap on the side of his head.

Uncle Hampshire had too much native good sense to even seem to notice the outrage, and, bringing to the rescue all his native *savoir faire*, he returned the

salutation with apparent respectful deference: "'Scuse me, Marsr! 'scuse me dis time; we didn't 'spect de pleasure o' seein' you gemmens jes' yit. We'se all a gittin' fixt up fur tu retire an' go tu bed, we wus! dat's all, Marsr—but mebbe dere's someting de ole man mought be a doin' fur ye; take some cheers, an' set down—ye mus' be pow'rful gin out, arter sich smart ridin' as I knows ye kendo"—and Uncle Hampshire brought forward a large arm-chair, and was about to place it for the leader.

"Out of the way there, you d—d black rascal, or I'll pin you to the floor! None of your blarney around us. Clear out, and get us up a dinner in double-quick, or I'll blow your devilish brains out! Double-quick, I say—do you know what that means, eh?" and he moved toward the old man with menacing gestures.

"O yis, yis! I knows what dat means, shuah!" returned Uncle Hampshire, with an outward meekness that served as an opportune disguise for a burning indignation that raged within. "Dere's nobody kin beat Chloe—dat's my wife, gemmen"—he added parenthetically, "in cookin' up de hog an' hominy."

"Dry up, you blasted old blatherskite! none of your hog and hominy-doings for us. We want broiled chickens and toast, plenty of milk and butter, a cup of your best coffee—you old rascal—and wines from the cellar! No humbugging now, or we'll make mince-meat of you in no time!"

"No, sah! no humbuggery dis time, dat's a fac'—but broiled chicken, an' toas', an' coffee—de drip-coffee, o' course, fur gemmens o' quality—an' woffles, I s'pose, an' sassage, I reckon—ilegant sessages we'se got jes' now." Uncle Hampshire protracted the recapitulation, as long as possible, blindly hoping for relief from some quarter. At the first knock, the other men-servants had been hustled into an obscure stairway, and told to

await orders. With an energy born of desperation, he threw open the broad doors leading out upon the front veranda, and added: "Now, gemmens, jes' make yerselves perfec'ly comforble, an' de corn-dodgers an' chick'n fixins shall be done in less'n no time, sartin."

"Wine—you old fool!" shrieked the fellow who had hit him the moment before.

"'Scuse me, Marsr—wine, ye ole fool—I likes tu forgit dat, shuah!" This with a suspicion of good-natured sarcasm.

"Start! or I'll blow your head off!"

Uncle Hampshire started, saying, as he went, half musingly, but quite loud enough to catch the ear of his savage guests: "Reckon de gemmens mought like tu tickle de palate wid some o' Marsr's forty-year-ole brandy down in de suller; it's pow'rful strenght'nin'—it am!"

This provoked the desired reply; they were not "de tetotellers" that Uncle Hampshire had predicted, when illuminating Mom Phillis' mind, by his apt comparison with Herod, the teetotaler.

"Bring it along, we'll try a glass or two, now, to get up an appetite for dinner." The pleasant anticipation had perceptibly softened the demon, and made the hitherto mute and cringing lackeys turbulent and garrulous. The men were already suffering from some previous accident of self-created hospitality, and the fumes of Bourbon and Heidsieck, Port, and claret, issued forth with every breath. They were in that frenzied state which supervenes the excessive use of mixed liquors—a condition that is speedily followed by beastly intoxication. Uncle Hampshire's wit divined the situation: only the brandy was needed to round up the job. They would then be in his power, for a time, at least, and Aunt Chloe's kitchen services, in behalf of the monsters, could be dispensed with. Just now, she is need-

ed in the nursery, where poor Carrie's premature sufferings add the bitterest anguish to the dreadful scene.

A visit to the wine-cellar—the work of but a moment—was made before they had even missed old Hampshire, who returned, displaying a brand of 1820, which he proffered to the leader, with the most respectful salutation; although but a moment before he had described him to Jake, as “a swingin' big buckra, dat look like he mought go snacks wid de debbil.” Jake had managed to get out on the roof, and swing himself down by the branches of an adjacent tree; and, having equipped himself with an old army musket, rusty and superannuated, which Mom Phillis kept with sacred fidelity as a relic of “de rebberlutionary war,” he declared himself ready for defensive operations.

The bottle passed nimbly from mouth to mouth; and, “as they swim in mutual swill, the talk reels fast from theme to theme.” More inflamed and passionate than ever, they raved from room to room, like madmen. They thrust their bayonets through family portraits; hacked and disfigured the furniture; shattered in pieces the beautiful *chefs-d'œuvre* that adorned the parlors; rent in shreds the delicately-wrought hangings; and mutilated books and musical instruments, in their wild, barbaric wantonness. Old Uncle Hampshire never once thought of expostulation or resistance; but, planting himself near the nursery-door, he determined to defend that from intrusion, at the cost of his life, if need be—at the end of the passage, as it was, it might possibly escape them.

Vain hope! After a fruitless search for treasure through the different rooms, on the right and left of the hall, they discovered the door over which Uncle Hampshire was standing guard. With drunken strides they reeled toward it, and, grasping the knob, with an awful oath, commanded him to open it. Know-

ing that the crisis had now come, his courage rose with the emergency. He had not tempted danger; but now that it faced him, he was ready to meet it. Bracing himself firmly against the door, with a look undaunted and resolute, and a voice defiant and implacable as destiny itself, he said:

“Stan' back, sah! stan' back! Young missus in trabbel in dere, an' ye scare her plum to def.”

They answered only with curses, and raved and raged and reeled in their turbulence and passion. With a valor that had set its mail against impending doom, and with a firmness and intrepidity that awed them for the moment, he continued:

“Ye ken take de range ob de place ebbery whar ye likes tu go, 'cept dis yer room. Ye ken hunt all ober de plantation, an' take what ye wants, but dat poor chile in de nursery aint a gwine tu be invaded on—dat she aint!” Uncle Hampshire glared his fury at them, as they tottered and hesitated. “Poor Miss Carrie! she got pains 'nuf now! What sort o' no-account folks is ye, any way, tu want tu be inwadin' sich a place? Why, de poor white trash an' de critters knows better'n dat; yu'se wuss den de critters—ye is! Jes' tote yersels off from hyer, an' don' stan' dar argufyin'. Dere's notin' in dar but misery.”

The brutes, for a moment, stood awestruck and speechless, dominated by the same marvelous and mysterious power which, when properly exercised, controls and intimidates the fiercer orders of the animal kingdom. The three scurvy scullions, less brazen than their infamous ringleader, slunk back, cringing with shame, and went staggering into an adjoining apartment. But the demon in the frantic leader roused himself with vicious, lecherous intent; and, swirling in dizzy, dim delirium, he made a murderous lunge at the brave old man, cursing and yelling:

“Out of the way there, you d—d

black rascal, or I'll cut your heart out in a minute!"

Quick as a flash Uncle Hampshire drew his hand from behind him, where he had held a pistol at half-cock for some minutes, and, taking deliberate aim, he fired. The villain fell—and, the next instant, there was a spattering of flashes and a whizzing of bullets and buckshot through the dimly-lighted hall. At the fall of their leader, the three re-treating renegades, now slumberous and stupid, managed to stagger back into the passage-way, with barely strength enough to discharge their muskets with wild, uncertain aim at the brave old man who had just leveled their champion to the floor. This done, they staggered forward, with feeble menaces and incoherent mutterings. Uncle Hampshire's shrill cry of "Come on, Jakè, wid de boys!" brought three lusty allies to his aid, besides Mitch and Sandy, who, of themselves, were now more than a match for the besotted fiends, whose guns could be wrested from their hands in their maudlin weakness.

"Ketch de debbils—strip 'em stark naked—chunk 'em inter der smoke-house—lock de doah—an' den, Sandy, yu an' Mitch stan' dere wid de guns, an' shoot 'em de berry fus' move dey makes tu git out!"

With this sententious order, Uncle Hampshire turned his attention to the prostrate form at his feet, still gasping, but insensible. Pulling the mask from his face, the grim, contorted features of Bill Halstead presented themselves—malicious and revengeful, even in death. The old man started back.

"Oh! it's drefful, drefful! but de wenomus snake 'bleeged tu be scotch-ed!" was all he said.

A feeble wail from the nursery caught Uncle Hampshire's ear, and, tapping softly, he called to Aunt Chloe, who cautiously opened the door. The scene in that room was in strange contrast with

that in the hall. Helpless, prostrate, pale, and tranquil lay the pure being, who, in the beautiful consecration of motherhood, was ready to yield up her own precious life for the sake of the life out of her own created. Helpless, prostrate, pale, and dying lay the polluted creature, who, in the awful retribution justly provoked by his crimes, was yielding up his wretched life to the pitying Father of all. With bitter pain and a cry, life wafts itself into being here; with bitter pain and a sigh it wafts itself into being beyond.

Mom Phillis had just finished dressing the new-born babe, and presented it to old Hampshire for a baptismal kiss, declaring that "de mite of a boy owes his life tu de ole man," when a sudden faintness came over him and he fell to the floor, as one dead. It soon transpired that he had been shot just above the knee, and his boot-leg was filled with blood. Though no bones were broken, the wound was a very ugly one, and threatened serious consequences to his limb.

Daylight came, and with it the glad news of the near approach of the vanguard of Sherman's army. Indeed, it was rumored that a small detachment of scouts had camped in the cotton-patch, not two miles from the house. Jake was dispatched to ascertain the truth of the matter, and speedily returned with a squad of soldiers that had been sent ahead to forage for supplies. The contents of the smoke-house—both dressed and *undressed*—were exultantly turned over to the welcome defenders, who, in return for ample commissary stores, sent the best medical and surgical aid to the suffering, heroic Carrie and brave old Uncle Hampshire. Amputation was found to be imperative in the latter's case, but no fear of further disaster.

Nearly eight years have passed since then; many changes have come over Jas-

mine Hill; but down near the spring, in the sweetest nook in all that country, stands a small, neat cottage, covered over with vines and flowers. If you brush aside the curtain and peep in, this summer twilight, you will see a dusky, venerable old couple sitting together in loving companionship, while a little, fair-haired boy is roguishly prattling at their side. He has just hidden the old man's crutch, and is laughing in riotous glee at the ineffectual attempts to discover its whereabouts, when Aunt Chloe, with mock solemnity, interposes:

"Now, now, Marsr Willie, ye bes' be a-huntin' dat dis minit, fur dere comes Miss Carrie an' de Major down de hill,

an' dey'll make de young man fly roun' fur sartin'."

Little William Sherman Morton is no stranger at the cottage. The life of the frolicsome, curly-headed boy is closely interblended with that of the grave, woolly-headed old man; he is very nimble-footed on errands for Uncle Hampshire, whom he loves with a worshipful affection; for uncles, aunts, parents, and grandparents have all taught him to know, that, in some way which he now but dimly understands, his own bright life has a mysterious connection with that missing leg, and odd, old crutch about which he is so mischievously curious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CALIFORNIA.

THE story of Frobisher, and the land—*Meta Incognita*—he discovered, which, in his imagination, was to be to Queen Elizabeth's time what California has been to ours, but few know, even in this generation of Arctic discoveries.

Frobisher was a Yorkshireman, born in obscurity, near the middle of the first half of the sixteenth century. He belonged to a generation which established England's dominion of the seas; and grew up at a time when American discoveries were exciting the western nations of Europe, and stirring the minds of young men with an ambition as glorious as it was novel. A new world had been discovered, which made promise to ardent imaginations of greater wealth, greater glory, greater opportunity for heroism, than centuries of old-world life had offered. Frobisher was infected by the noble madness of the time. The search for the North-west Passage had already begun, and he became con-

vinced—by what means is not known—that the true road to the South Sea and Cathay lay to the north of North America, rather than round the Cape of Good Hope. He was as faithful to his idea as Columbus had been to his, and for fifteen years urged his views upon the merchants he knew, and by every persuasion tried to induce them to venture a little for so rich a stake as the wealth of the Indies. But trade was cautious; and, though his friends listened willingly to his flattering tale, they would not lend their money. He determined to apply to the Court of Elizabeth, in which, at that time, there was more enterprise than was to be found among all the merchants of the kingdom. Here he found many to encourage him, and a few ready to back their commendation with ready money, which was his chief need. The Earl of Warwick, in particular, befriended him, headed a subscription in his behalf, and, by his own contributions and his influence, secured means enough to

fit out a voyage of discovery. The meanness of the out-fit, however, measured the scantiness of the faith of England in the value of the returns. The fleet consisted of three vessels—two barks of twenty-five tons each, and one little pinnace of ten tons. Sailors would scarcely venture to cross the Atlantic now in such cockle-boats as his largest “ships;” and what would be thought of the foolhardiness of the man who would dare in such craft to penetrate the Arctic ice, when his nearest friendly port was so far away as England? Any ship is stout enough to carry an enthusiast; and no thought of danger seems to have occurred to Frobisher.

It does not require a large bounty to excite a feeling of self-satisfaction in the giver; and the English Court seems to have prided itself not a little on what it thought its magnificent liberality. The parsimony of Elizabeth would not allow her to aid with money the man who was risking everything for the glory of her kingdom; but she was ready graciously to give any encouragement that did not come from her purse. And, as Frobisher passed down the Thames with his fleet, from a window of her palace she waved a salute to him with her own fair hand, and sent a messenger to bid him come and take leave of her next day. Her care went so far as to send one of her secretaries to exhort the men to be orderly, and obedient to their commander. It was on the 9th of June, 1576, that Elizabeth bade farewell to Captain Frobisher; and he immediately dropped down the river and put to sea. Sailing up through the North Sea, he reached the Shetland Islands, and, on July 11th, was on the coast of Friesland—a name then applied to a coast supposed to be that of a large island on the east coast of Greenland, but which was really a part of the mainland. While coasting along, a severe storm arose, in which his pinnace, with four men, was lost, and Matthew Kin-

dersley, captain of the bark *Michael*, became so alarmed by the dangers which threatened the expedition, that he put back to England, whither he carried the report that Frobisher was lost. But that captain weathered the storm in safety; and, though his force was much reduced, prosecuted his voyage undauntedly. Coasting along to the north-east, he found a broad strait, off the mouth of which he was detained several days by ice and contrary winds. But the ice gradually disappeared, and the strait was left clear. He entered it, and fancied that this was the passage he sought to the South Sea. The land on one side he conceived to be Asia, and that on the other America. As Magellan had given his own name to the strait which he supposed to separate South America from an antarctic continent, Frobisher felt justified in naming the passage he had discovered to the Pacific, Frobisher's Strait. He sailed up this sound a distance of sixty leagues, finding it clear of ice.

Near the furthest point he reached, he took his ship into a harbor to have her calked; and was on shore, examining the nature of the country, when from a hill-top he saw, far off upon the water, small, dark objects, which he at first took to be seals or porpoises, but presently found that they were Esquimaux, each in his own kayak, trying to intercept him, which was his first introduction to the inhabitants of the land. Failing, they became friendly, and remained near the ship, gladly exchanging furs for bells, looking-glasses, and trinkets. The English at once noticed their resemblance to Asiatics, and compared them to Tartars, because of their long, black hair, broad faces, flat noses, and tawny skins. The men and women were not distinguishable by their dress; but the women had blue stripes down their cheeks and around their eyes. They became very familiar, and came on board

the ship, where they liked to display their strength and agility in climbing about the rigging. The English were induced by their friendly demeanor to trust them too far; for, one day, five of the crew rowed ashore—though against Frobisher's warning—and were immediately overpowered, and, with their boat, captured by the savages. The remainder of his crew being too small to attempt their rescue, he determined to capture some of the Esquimaux, to exchange for the captives; but the savages now grew wary, and would not come on board the ship. Still, as they were very fond of bells, he succeeded in drawing them about the vessel by bell-ringing. Singling out one Esquimaux, he pretended to try to throw him a bell, but purposely threw it so that it fell short into the water. Then ringing a particularly loud bell, Frobisher made signs that he would give it to him if he would come alongside. The savage could not resist the temptation; but, as he reached up for the bell, the muscular captain dropped it, and, catching his hand, pulled him quickly and forcibly on deck. The natives withdrew, and Frobisher, after various attempts, finding that he could not recover his men, set sail for home with his captive, who did not take kindly to imprisonment. He first bit his tongue nearly off, in vexation, and, though he recovered from that difficulty, he fell sick during the voyage, and died not long after the *Gabriel* reached England, which was on the 2d of October.

In the light of our knowledge of the region visited, it would seem that the returns from this voyage were meagre enough to prevent the undertaking of any other. In his daring venture, Frobisher had sacrificed the lives of nine men, and had fought his way through a sea of ice only to explore a coast of rock and snow, almost entirely destitute of vegetation. While other voyagers to

America brought home ship-loads of rare and costly goods, his only return freight was a few furs and a sickly savage. Such a voyage would seem hardly likely to bring much glory to its commander; yet it won for Frobisher more fame than years of faithful service had gained. It was believed that the strait he had entered was indeed an opening into the South Sea, and a safe road to all the splendor of Cathay. This alone would have been thought a great discovery; but accident gave the voyage a new importance. At a place near the mouth of his strait, Frobisher had found the landing very difficult because of the ice, and the land very barren; nevertheless, he sent his men on shore, and ordered them to bring away anything they could find, as a token that they took possession of the country. Some brought flowers, some green grass, and one a black stone, which, by its weight, seemed of a metallic nature. This was not thought valuable, but was preserved as a curiosity and a memento. After his arrival in England, when Frobisher's friends asked him what he had brought them, he gave pieces of this stone to some. The wife of one of them—who seems to have had a turn for chemistry—threw her husband's piece on the fire, to see if it would burn; and, finding that it would not, poured vinegar over it, when, lo! "it glistened with a bright marqueset of gold." The black stone grew at once to such an importance that it eclipsed Cathay. Specimens of it were submitted to the gold-refiners, who pronounced it rich in gold; and some of them gave proof of their confidence in their own analysis by trying to get permission of the Queen to send an expedition, at their own expense, to search for more.

That thrifty monarch, however, had already caught the gold-fever which was spreading rapidly, and preferred that the newly-discovered wealth should enrich her treasury rather than her subjects;

and under her direction a new expedition was fitted out, to sail in the summer of 1577. This consisted of the ship *Aid*, 200 tons burden, from the royal navy; and two barks, the *Gabriel* and *Michael*. Frobisher, with the title of general, commanded the new enterprise. The voyage was announced to be for the benefit of merchants and the discovery of the North-west Passage; but Frobisher had secret orders to load his ships with gold-ore first, and, to promote this end, several gold-refiners were sent with him. This time his vessels were well furnished in every respect, and carried supplies for eighteen months. On board were about thirty soldiers and several private gentlemen. So many, in fact, volunteered for the voyage, that, when lying at Harwich, ready for departure, he was obliged, by orders from her Majesty's Council, to dismiss some fifteen men, in order to reduce his force to the allowed complement of 120. The adventurers sailed on the last day of May, and during their voyage saw many fish and fowl that were new to them, and frequently met with drift-wood—mostly fir trees—which was moving in an easterly direction, and which they judged must come from America, for already they surmised the existence of an ocean-current setting from that continent over toward the coast of Norway. On the fourth of July, the crew of the *Michael* made Friesland, and, according to their reckoning, they were in latitude 60° 30'. Here, in midsummer, they encountered ice, snow, and hail, with bitter blasts from the north, and all that they could see of the land was snow-covered mountains. For three days Frobisher tried to get on shore, but was always defeated by the fear of getting lost in the mists which constantly hung about this coast. Abandoning the attempt at last, he bore away for the region he had visited the year before. Frobisher, at his own main-top, was the first to discover land, which

was approached on the eighteenth of July. Being at first uncertain of his position, he sent the *Gabriel* and *Michael* in opposite directions to reconnoitre, and soon found that he was off the place where the black stone was taken from the year before—called Hall's Island, after one of his officers. He proceeded at once to land with his gold-refiners in search of ore, but his party found none, although the men reported that they had found it on islands near by. Frobisher remained for some time in this neighborhood, and, while on an exploring expedition, he met the Esquimaux. The savages were very desirous to have the English go up into the country, and the English were equally pressing in inviting the savages to their ships, but neither party would trust the other; so they fell to trading, which was done by the natives in the most primitive fashion. They put down on the ground whatever they wished to barter, and retired. After the English had done the same, the Esquimaux returned, and, if they liked the bargain, took away the English goods; if not, their own. The English soon grew tired of this, and were going away, but the savages earnestly called them back, when a rather inglorious adventure befel the general. He went with the master of the *Aid* to meet two of the savages apart from the rest, both parties laying aside their arms. His purpose was to take them prisoners and carry them to his ship, where he intended to retain one as an interpreter, and dismiss the other with such gifts as would make a favorable impression on his people. The two couples conversed by means of signs, and made exchange of various articles; one of the savages, for want of other wealth, cutting off the tail of his coat, and offering that. At a concerted signal, the general and his companion each seized his man, but they had reckoned without their host. The ground was icy, the savages strong and

agile, and both got away. Running for their bows and arrows, which, it appeared, had been left not far off, they attacked their worsted assailants so vigorously that they ran for their boats, and, in their flight, Frobisher received a slight arrow wound in that part of his person where a Roman soldier might not, with honor, be hurt. But a Cornishman—a good runner and wrestler—seeing his captain's mishap, ran after one of the retreating Esquimaux, overtook him, threw him, and brought in the captive in triumph.

Frobisher's explorations extended five miles inland toward the mountains, but the way was icy, and, finding neither ore nor signs of habitation, he turned back. The general now directed all his efforts to finding a good harbor for his ships, in the vicinity of the ore with which to load them, and at last anchored under a small island on the north side of the strait, where there was a good harbor, and apparently an abundance of the coveted metal. This island was about thirty miles up the strait, and received the name of the Countess of Warwick's Island. Here the miners began their work, Frobisher setting them a good example by digging with his own hands. The soldiers were landed, and threw up a slight intrenchment to protect the miners, in case the Esquimaux should threaten a serious attack. The object of the voyage was then prosecuted with vigor, all working hard at digging ore and getting it on board.

Frobisher was naturally anxious to get some tidings of the five men he was obliged to abandon the year before, a hundred miles further up the strait. To their surprise, their captive gave them to understand that he knew of the missing men; he numbered them on his fingers, and pointed to a boat like the one lost with them. Being taken ashore, he set up five sticks in a circle with a single one in the centre, intending to con-

vey to his people an exchange of the five prisoners for himself, but the device was never resorted to.

The English had not been long at the Countess of Warwick's Island before the Esquimaux appeared, when Frobisher set the three captives, whom he now had, in their sight. They were much affected, and assured him that the English prisoners were living, and that he should have them again. They told him to write to his men; for they had acquired—probably from their captives—some comprehension of the use of writing. Frobisher wrote, and entrusted the letter to the Esquimaux; but to this letter no answer ever came, in any shape. The Esquimaux grew uncommunicative, and nothing more was heard of the unfortunate sailors.

By the twentieth of August, more than 200 tons of ore had been put on board the vessels. The men's clothing was worn out, and their tools broken, and, as ice was already forming about the vessels every night, Frobisher decided to sail at once for England. He left his harbor on the twenty-fourth, and, after a stormy voyage, put in at Milford Haven, in Wales, on the twenty-third of September. Immediately after landing, Frobisher went to Court with a report of his expedition, and was most graciously received by the Queen, who was also pleased to commend his men for obedience and good order. The gold-fever now raged with more violence than ever; and, besides, it was believed that there was good hope of making the much-desired North-west Passage by Frobisher's route. Queen Elizabeth appointed a special commission to investigate the results of the voyage, and conferred upon the land discovered by Frobisher the name of *Meta Incognita*, "as being a mark or bound hitherto unknown." The commission, after a careful investigation, and, it was said, an assay of the ore, made a very favorable report. They said that

the ore would at least repay the expense of a voyage, and promised better things. On the strength of this, it was determined to send, in 1578, an expedition much larger than any preceding it; and so valuable was the possession of *Meta Incognita* thought to be, that the purpose was announced of sending a colony of gentlemen and soldiers to guard the country, and prosecute further discoveries. The full extent of the danger to which these men would be exposed was not, of course, known; but it was already understood that they would be assaulted by the cold, and perhaps by the *Esquimaux*, so there was to be sent with them "a strong fort, or house, of timber artificially framed, and cunningly devised by a learned man here at home." This was shipped piecemeal, and, when erected, was to be proof against cold, snow, and savages. The colonists were to have three vessels to remain with them through the winter, and all was to be under the care of three of Frobisher's officers, who were already experienced in the Arctic seas. There was no lack of volunteers for this service, and 100 men were accepted—forty soldiers, thirty miners, and thirty sailors. The whole fleet was to consist of no less than fifteen ships, all but three of which were to return loaded with ore, though the search for the North-west Passage was always to be borne in mind. Still it is evident, that, as in the last voyage, this was made a secondary object, the supposed bird in the hand having more attractions for Elizabeth than any that sang in Cathay.

An expedition which promised so much for England, deserved to be dispatched with the highest honors; and, when Frobisher came with his captains to take leave of Elizabeth, at Greenwich, the party was received with the greatest favor at court, where all were given "good gifts and greater promises." Then the captains all kissed the royal

hand, and Frobisher was presented with a fair chain of gold by Elizabeth herself. So, honored by their country and Queen, the adventurers went away with proud and confident hearts. The fleet rendezvoused at Harwich, where Frobisher issued his general orders for its government, the first of which deserves to be quoted: "Imprimis, to banish dice, swearing, and card-playing, and filthy communication, and to serve God twice a day, with the ordinary service usual in the Church of England." The fleet sailed May 31st, going to the south of England. When off Cape Clear, Frobisher was able to do a good deed, by relieving an English ship which had been fired into and injured by a French man-of-war. Parting from the world with such a good omen, he stood away for the northern seas. He had more favorable winds than usual, and, by June 20th, was on the coast of Friesland, which had begun to be called west England, and which Frobisher was the first to consider a part of Greenland. He made a landing here, and found the country and people very similar to *Meta Incognita* and its inhabitants. He supposed that the *Esquimaux* here must have commerce with some civilized nation, for he found in their possession a box of nails, boards, and utensils which were wrought with a skill above their capacity. What he discovered was probably evidence that some vessel had been cast away on this shore.

Leaving Friesland, Frobisher sailed on the course he had followed for two years, for *Meta Incognita*, and came in sight of the Queen's Foreland, July 2d. So far the voyage had been wholly prosperous; but now began a long struggle with the ice. Frobisher's Strait was blocked, and soon the drift closed round the whole fleet, and scarcely had it done so, when one bark was crushed, and sank in sight of all the rest. Her crew was saved; but her loss occasioned the

greatest alarm, for all feared the same fate. Their danger was suddenly increased by the coming up of a severe storm. Some now attended only to the salvation of their souls, and passed their time on their knees in prayer; others cared for their bodies and lives as well, and, encouraged by Frobisher's example, struggled for escape with the greatest gallantry and perseverance. He completely lost his bearings, and, while he supposed himself near the mouth of his own strait, he was drifted by a north-east current far down the coast. Here he discovered another strait, which may have been Hudson's. It being tolerably clear of ice, he sailed up into it, as he thought, sixty leagues, having land always on the starboard side. There was a current setting into this strait, and they encountered some of the floating wreck of the *Dennis*. Again Frobisher thought he had surely discovered a passage to the South Sea, and would have tried to pass through, but for his care of his fleet. Constantly threatened with destruction, and unable to make their way to their destined port, because of the ice, Frobisher's men began to murmur, and, at last, their complaints grew nearly to mutiny. Though sternly resolute, he knew how to avail himself of policy to quiet his men; and he went with his pinnaces to seek for a harbor, as he pretended, though really, still mindful of the object of his voyage, he was hunting for ore. Another great storm overtook them. It was very cold, and there was a great fall of snow, yet the weather, soon after, was as hot as an English summer—so much in extremes was the climate. He worked resolutely on through the ice, and, at last, reached the Countess of Warwick's Island, July 31st.

Although four ships were still missing, and these had the best miners on board, the general immediately set about loading his fleet. A council had been ap-

pointed by the Crown, consisting of five of the best captains, with a registrar to record its proceedings. This was now called together, and, after consultation, the men were landed. The same day (August 1st) proclamation was made, at the sound of the trumpet, of the general orders to regulate the company, and all went busily to work. The miners dug for ore; the sailors discharged the ships, and made them ready for their cargoes; the captains explored to find new mines; and the gentlemen, "for example's sake, labored heartily, and honestly encouraged the meaner sort to work." It is noticeable that there were no drones under Frobisher's command.

On the ninth of August, a session of the council was held to deliberate upon the intended settlement. Part of the house prepared for the colonists had been lost in the *Dennis*, and it appeared that there was not sufficient fuel nor drink for 100 men. Captain Fenton, who was to be at the head of the colony, then offered to stay with sixty men, and the carpenters were summoned and asked how long it would take to build a house for that number. They declared that it could not be done in less than nine weeks, and only twenty-six days remained to the date appointed for the sailing of the fleet, and therefore the project of leaving a colony had to be given up for this year. It is impossible not to have a feeling of hearty joy at the accidental escape of these courageous men from the dreadful fate that awaited them. The English had no comprehension of the real perils of an Arctic winter. They believed that the cold would not be unendurable, and even thought that *Meta Incognita* might become the comfortable home of civilized men. In spite of the testimony of their own senses to midsummer snow and ice, they even planted garden-seeds this season, to test the capacity of the soil for producing English vegetables.

The work of mining and loading went on during the month of August. Meanwhile, the masons built a house of stone, to see if it would withstand the winter, and be left unmolested by the Esquimaux, for the English had no doubt they should return to use it the next year. They left bread baked in the oven, and likewise a store of trinkets for the savages. Mr. Wolfall preached several sermons to the company, and twice administered the sacrament—the first and last time these sacred rites were ever performed in this desolate land. This Mr. Wolfall had left a comfortable living and a wife and children in England, to come on this voyage, animated thereto, it is said, by zeal to save the souls of the savages, but from the vigor with which he urged on the objects of the voyage, and his willingness to remain in the country and help explore it, it is evident that he was possessed by something more than the enthusiasm of a missionary.

When the taking in of ore was nearly finished, a consultation was held as to the expediency of attempting further discoveries. There were many discouragements. The weather was generally foggy. Then, snow was beginning to fall frequently, and the cold was increasing

to such a degree that ice formed about the ships in the harbor every night. These sure signs of the approach of winter could not be disregarded, and it was decided to be unsafe to attempt extensive explorations this season. Still, Frobisher spent some time in reconnoitring the neighboring waters with his pinnace, but he made no important discovery.

The fleet got off on the first of September, and arrived in the Thames about the first of October. After Frobisher's arrival in England, the fame of his discoveries vanished more quickly than an interest in them had been excited. The ore with which his ships were freighted proved as worthless as any dirt; and, as the Queen and his other patrons had sought chiefly for gold, Frobisher himself fell into discredit, and could not prosecute his discoveries. How wild were his schemes for finding a Northwest Passage, inexhaustible gold-mines, and colonizing Meta Incognita, we can easily see now. He wasted fifty lives, years of time, and a large sum of money, for a few tons of common stone; and his promised land of gold remains, and always will remain, a "bound" almost as "unknown" as before he saw it.

A. ROMANCE OF GILA BEND.

THE day that brought us to Oatman's Flat was murky and gloomy—a day in full harmony with the character of the country through which we were traveling. We descended into the Flat by an abrupt fall in the road, that landed us at once among a clump of scraggy, darkling willows, drooping wearily over a sluggish little creek. In the distance glittered the white sand-bed of the Gila; and half buried in it, here and there, were the ghastly, water-bleached

limbs of the trees that the river had uprooted in its annual frenzy. *Verde*, or grease-wood, as ragged and scraggy as the willows, covered the whole Flat, excepting where, toward the centre, a dilapidated shanty stood on a sandy, cheerless open space. Not far from it were the remains of a fence, inclosing some six paces of uneven ground; and on the only upper rail left of the inclosure sat a dismal-looking, solitary crow.

The Flat was repulsively dreary and

desolate; and when Sam, the driver, pointing to it with his whip, said it was the spot where the Oatman family had been murdered and lay buried, it added nothing to its attractiveness. Only one of the whole family escaped—a little chap, who crawled away, after he had been left for dead, and brought the White people from the next settlement to the scene of the massacre. There was nothing to be done but to bury the mutilated corpses. After this, the place was deserted and shunned, though there had been no more Indian depredations committed for years.

I watched the solitary cabin with a strange fascination. Sam, too, had his eyes fixed on something that might have been the shadow of one of the victims, flitting by the black gap which had once been the door. The place was so weird, and the ghostly shadow chimed in so well with the rest, that I accepted it as a part of the uncanny whole. We were going along at the usual leisurely gait, when Sam suddenly and excitedly whipped up the mules, and leaned out of the ambulance to speak to Phil, who drove the army-wagon containing our baggage. The road was good and solid, so that I took no alarm; but, when the speed was continued, and the baggage-wagon kept thundering close in the rear, I ventured to ask, "Is there danger from Indians, here?"

"There hain't no Injens been seen round here for more'n three year," was the answer.

Traveling from Los Angeles to Tucson, you can, if you so choose, sleep under a roof almost every night, providing you have good teams. There are government forage-stations along the whole route, where travelers are "taken in" by the station-keepers—though not on government account. I do not say that it is pleasant at all these stations—particularly for a woman, as she will seldom or never meet one of her own sex on

the way. When we left Fort Yuma, Sam assured me that I would not see a White woman's face between there and Tucson. We were happily disappointed, for we met not only one, but a whole family of them, one after the other.

At Burke's Station, where we were to pass the night, the first surprise awaited us. The house, a squalid *adobe*, was built in the style common along the route: an open passage-way from front to rear, with rooms on either side. The principal room to the left was bar-room and store-room; the one to the right, sitting-room and bed-room, and behind it was the kitchen. The passage-way was dining-hall. When the tall young Missourian, mine host, had ushered me into the room on the right, he stepped to the opening leading to the kitchen, and called out:

"Here, Sis; come and speak to the lady."

Obedient to the call, a bashful, half-grown girl appeared, wiping her hands on her apron, and looking up timidly from under long eye-lashes. I took her by the hand. "How do you do, child? How in the world did you get here—and where is your mother?" I asked.

Sam and Phil stood in the hall-door, nudging each other, till Sam could restrain himself no longer:

"Why, that's his wife," pointing to young Goliath from Missouri; "and her dad and mam's living in the old shanty down on the Flat. I'll be derved if they didn't give me the wust scare I had yet—thought they was Injens—shore!"

"And how old are you!" I asked the girl.

"Almost fifteen," was the answer; and, when the men withdrew, she told me about the rest of her family, whom I would probably see along the road.

A coarse cotton gown, made with a yoke about an inch and a half in depth, was drawn up close around her neck, and hung loosely about her slender, im-

mature form; her naked feet were thrust into coarse boots, and a large check-apron completed her costume. But there was a shy, daisy-like grace about her, that made one forget the dress, and see only the dove-like eyes and the half-pensive smile on her face. Her husband treated her in all things like a child; and she obeyed him without a murmur or a question. When we left, he told us that we would find Sis's aunt at Kenyon's Station; and charged us to say that Sis was well, and not the least bit homesick.

We made Kenyon's Station early in the day—Sam and Phil greatly enjoying the prospect of seeing another White woman. She appeared on the threshold, a brawny, coarse-handed woman of about forty, tidy-looking, in spite of her bare feet and the short pipe in her mouth. By her side appeared a shock-headed girl of twelve, with eyes agog, and mouth open, at the strange apparition of a civilized-looking White woman. The husband stood beside the ambulance—six feet and a half in his cow-hide boots—and with a good-humored smile on his leathery face. The house, like that at Burke's Station, was *adobe*; but there was an air of homely comfort about it, inside and out, cheerful and inviting.

Aunt Polly was an excellent house-keeper—as viewed from a Texan standpoint—and, after she had in the most *naïve* manner satisfied her curiosity in regard to my looks and general make-up, she commenced preparations for dinner. Sarah Eliza Jane—sole daughter of the house and race—sitting in a low, home-made chair, stared steadily, till she had comprehended that the bits of braid and lace in my lap were to be manufactured into a collar, similar to the one I wore. When she learned that the collar was to be for her, she ran out, shouting her pleasure, to her mother. The mother's delight was as frank and hearty as the daughter's; and

all at once the secret leaked out that the family was in possession of a fine American cow. Never speak disparagingly to me of Pikes and Texans. It has been my experience that the least kindness shown them is returned tenfold, and the smallest advance of friendliness is met by them half way. When dinner was placed on the table, there came with it the most delicious butter I had eaten for many days, and a cup of the sweetest buttermilk. Aunt Polly's method for making butter was very simple. The cream was poured into a high, tin quart-cup, and beaten with a spoon till the butter came—which it did in about fifteen minutes.

Becoming quite intimate, Aunt Polly resumed her pipe, and gave me a short account of her history since emigrating from Texas. The most striking incidents were the loss of her former husband by a stroke of lightning, about ten months before, and the acquisition of her present husband by a stroke of policy, about three months before. Though she did not show me the weeds she had worn on becoming a widow, she exhibited the gorgeous "good clothes" she wore on again becoming a wife. She stood a little distance from me, and spread out the second-day dress admiringly, so that I could see the whole of the pattern, consisting of detached bouquets (brilliantly variegated in color, and gigantic in size) scattered over a plain of light sky-blue. Her husband had proved kind and indulgent; since their marriage he had been at Maricopa Wells, and brought home another dress of many colors—which, alas! had run out of his saddle-bags, after a two hours' hard rain, on his way home. I saw the dress-pattern, and—"Oh, it was pitiful!"

After this display of good-will and fine clothes, she had a favor to ask of me. Pointing to my trunk, she said her husband was crazy to know whether there was a water-fall in it? He had

read so much about water-falls in the stray papers that fell into his hands, that he had the greatest curiosity in the world to know what they were, and to see one with his own eyes. Aunt Polly had shrewdly guessed it to be a new fashion of "putting up" the hair; but they both had as correct an idea of it as a blind man has of colors. With deep regret I owned that there was no water-fall in the trunk; but, seeing their disappointment, I succeeded, with the aid of a pair of stockings and a pin-cushion, in putting up my hair into quite a little Niagara, to the great delight of these fashion-worshipping people.

How charming and refreshing the grove of trees looks, when you draw up under their shadow at Gila Bend, after days of toilsome travel over wearisome, arid sand-plains, or through an almost interminable wilderness of grease-wood and cactus. The whisper of the wind in the trees, the bark of the dog that ran out to meet us, and the cackle of the busy hens around the doorway, told us that we should find good and happy people here. There was the solitary house as usual, but it seemed more pretentious than those at the other stations. The passage-way was higher and wider, the rooms more numerous, and finished with whitewash and good glass windows. At the windows, curtains; a gay-colored counterpane on the bed, and wolf-skins in front of it and the lounge.

The station-keeper was a tall, black-bearded, good-looking man, by name George Washington —. I knew that I should find Sis's eldest sister here, as Mrs. George W. —, for she was married on the same day with her Aunt Polly. The blue eyes, under long, silken lashes that met my gaze on the threshold at Gila Bend, were like Sis's—only these were the eyes of a woman; there were the same graceful movements, with more of self-assertion. She might have been eighteen. Her hands and feet were

small, and her rich brown hair, oddly though not unbecomingly dressed, lay on a forehead, white and pure as that of a child.

No wonder George was proud of his wife, and had tried hard to win as such the barefooted girl whom he found one day, with her family and some sorry ox-teams, camped near his house, on their way from Texas to California. The emigrants were the girl's mother, her step-father, her sister, brother, aunt, and the aunt's little girl. Aunt Polly seemed to be the leading man, for to her belonged the two best ox-teams, one of which was driven by herself, the other by the girl, Dorinda. She hired or bought her niece from the step-father for this purpose, after she lost her husband by lightning; and Dora had been faithful to her task, although nearly worn out crossing the Desert from Maricopa Wells to Gila Bend. After George had taken a deep look into the girl's eyes, he, very disinterestedly, not only invited the whole family to come into his house—as far as they would go in—to rest from the long, hard journey, but the hospitalities extended to the best the place afforded, for both man and beast.

The Texans, content, were in no hurry to move on, and George was apparently in no hurry to have them go. Dora, Sis, and the ten-year-old brother soon became warmly attached to him; and they, with the big dog, Bose, daily wandered off to the Gila to catch fish; wading into the stream, with ever-fresh zest, as they recalled that dreadful drag across the waterless desert. George alone remained on the bank, fishing-line in hand.

One day, when Dora had watched the cool, clear water gliding swiftly over her sun-browned feet, in silence, she raised her eyes suddenly from under the long, shading lashes.

"Why do you never come into the

water? Don't you like to stand in it?" she asked of George.

"Come, sit here, and I will tell you." She nestled down beside him, and, calling Bose, who laid his head on his master's knee, and looked inquiringly from one to the other, he said: "About three years ago, before I had built this house, I lived in a little shanty, about a mile from the river. The summer was very hot; I had suffered much from the sun and the want of water in crossing the country, and, after the man who came out here with me had gone on to Fort Yuma, I was left entirely alone. When I see you over your ankles in the water now, I am often tempted to call you back: only I know that you are young and strong, and I remember but too well what pleasure there is in it. Besides, you do not remain in it, as I did, for long, weary hours, every day, standing in the shade of a willow, catching fish for my dinner. There was little else here to eat then; and I never left off fishing, till I was taken with rheumatism, from which I had suffered years before. I was all alone, and could not move, and would have died of thirst, alone in my shanty, if it had not been for this good dog. A dozen times a day Bose would trot down to the river, dip up a small tin-pail full of water, and bring it to me. Otherwise the faithful old fellow never left my side, day or night; and, though he would, no doubt, nurse me through another spell of rheumatism, it would be dreadful to be sick and alone here, after you and your people are gone."

Dora was tenderly stroking the dog's rough coat. "It would be dreadful," she repeated, absently, a tear rolling from her lashes to her cheek. Her words, and the look in her eyes, thrilled George to his inmost soul.

"Dora"—he said, arresting the hand traveling over Bose's head—"Dora, I am old enough to be your father"—

"Yes," she replied, looking up artlessly—but there was something in his face that made her eyes drop, and the warm blood flush her cheeks.

When he spoke again it was of something quite different, and, after a while, the conversation turned to her family. Her step-father did not always treat her well; he struck her cruelly once—and her mother dared not interfere, knowing his temper but too well. George could hardly keep from putting his arms about her, to shield her from the man's rough ways; and in his heart he vowed that it should be different, if Dora did but will it so. The step-father and aunt had spoken of pulling up stakes soon—but Dora was averse to going.

In the evening George proposed to the step-father that he remain at the station, and "farm it," near the river, while the mother kept house for them all, and served meals to the traveling public of Arizona. From chronic perverseness he refused, saying that he wanted to go to California; and George determined to hasten matters in another direction. He hovered, as much as possible, about Dora, who, since the day by the river-side, had taken Bose into her confidence and affection. Wherever she went the dog went, too, and his master augured well for himself from this, though Dora was shy and more distant than when she first came to Gila Bend.

One day, the Texans commenced gathering up their "tricks" and making ready to go. Dora's eyes were red, and George—to cheer her, perhaps—proposed a walk to the river-bank. When they came back, she seemed even more shy, though she stole up to him, in the twilight, where he stood by the mesquite-tree, and hastily put her hands into his. He drew her to him quickly, pressed her head to his breast, and murmured, "Thanks, my little girl," as he touched her hair with his lips. An hour later, there was clamor and confusion at Gila

Bend. George caused it all, for to him the aunt vehemently declared that she *would* have the girl to drive her ox-team into California—she had hired her and paid for her; and the step-father shouted that he had control of the child, and go she should, whether or no.

Poor George passed a sleepless night. The picture of Dora—barefooted and weary, toiling hopelessly through the sand on the desert—was always before him, and he swore to himself that she should not go; that he would shelter her henceforth from the cruel, burning sun, and the sharp words and sharper blows of her step-father. Exacting a promise from the emigrants to remain until he returned, he started out alone on his trusty horse, Bose running close by his side. After he left the shelter of the trees, he halted and looked keenly about in every direction. A sharp bark from Bose detected Dora crossing the stretch of land between the road and the river, and when she reached the lone horseman a light bound brought her foot into the stirrup, and her flushed face on a level with his.

"Thanks, my little girl—I knew you would come," he said, as on the night before; but this time he held her face between his hands and looked searchingly into her eyes. "What if they should try to take my little girl away before I come back: would she go off and leave me?"

She met his look fearlessly and confidently. "Tell me in what direction you are going, and I will run away and follow you, if they break up before you return."

"Toward Fort Yuma. I shall ride day and night, and return to you in ten days. Good-by; keep faith and keep courage."

"Good-by;" for the first time the soft, bare arms were laid around his neck, and the blushing, child-like face half buried in his full, black beard. "Let

me keep Bose here," she called after him; and, at a word from his master, the dog sped after her over the cactus-covered ground.

At Gila Bend preparations for departure on George's return were kept on foot, purposely to keep before Dora's eyes the fact that she was expected to go with her people. The days passed, one like the other; there was no event to break the monotony of their desert life. There was one change, but none knew of it or perceived it, except, perhaps, Dora's mother. From a thoughtless, easily-guided girl, Dora was changing into a self-reliant, strong-spirited woman. Her mother knew of her resolve as well as though she had heard her utter it; she looked upon her eldest-born with all the greater pride, when she discovered that "the gal had a heap of her dad's grit," as well as his mild blue eyes and gentle bearing.

When the morning of the tenth day dawned, Dora was up betimes, mending, with deft fingers, all the little rents she could find in her thin, well-worn dress. Never before had she felt that she was poor, or that she wanted more than the single gown and the limp sun-bonnet. "Moving" had been their permanent state and normal condition, as far back as she could remember, and she knew only those who lived in the same condition. She had never seen town or city; yet in the settlements through which they had passed, she had seen enough of backwoods finery to know that her wardrobe was scantily furnished. At last, one by one the tears gathered slowly in her eyes, and she leaned her head on the edge of the bed where her sister lay, still asleep, and sobbed till Sis woke up and looked at her with wondering eyes.

In the course of the day, Dora went to the river two or three times, Bose always close at her heels. Whatever may have been the character of the mysteri-

ous consultations they held, in the afternoon the dog was missing, until near sundown, when he dashed into the station, panting and with protruding tongue. Unobserved, she stole away, and when quite a distance from the house, Bose came tearing through the cactus after her. The little cloud of dust seen in the distance came nearer and nearer, and, as soon as the horseman was distinguished, the race between Dora and Bose began, and when the different parties met, Bose was fain to leap up and salute the horse's face—because the rider was otherwise engaged. The horse continued the journey at a slow walk, while Dora looked the question she was too timid to ask. "Yes, darling, I think your aunt will be satisfied," answered George.

"Then you have brought a man?" Her curiosity had conquered, for she could see no human being beside themselves.

"I have." His laugh made her shrink a little—like the *mimosa sensitiva*, when touched by ever so dainty a finger—and he added, soberly: "Two of them: one is the station-keeper at Kenyon's Station. Their wagon will come into sight directly, but I don't want them to see my little girl out here with me."

An hour afterward, a heavily-laden wagon, drawn by two stout horses, came rolling into Gila Bend, followed by George. A hearty welcome was extended by all to the new arrivals—even Bose, the hypocrite, barked and capered as though he had not greeted his master two miles down the road. Supper was served by the mother and aunt, the latter being narrowly but furtively watched by the station-keeper of Kenyon's Station. All thoughts of business or departure seemed banished for that night, the aunt and the newly-arrived station-keeper enjoying their pipe in quiet harmony a little apart from the rest. The next morning the second

man was offered to the aunt, by George, as a substitute for Dora; but as the Kenyon's Station keeper had offered himself to her as a husband earlier in the day, the substitute was declined. Neither George nor the second man, however, seemed disappointed; indeed, there was something suspicious about the readiness with which he went to work on the half-finished *corral* at the station.

That night they all sat out under the trees together; there was no more reserve or secrecy maintained. A dozen papers of the choicest brands of tobacco, and half a dozen bottles of "Colorado River water" from Fort Yuma, had wonderfully mollified the step-father. As soon as possible, a Justice of the Peace was imported from Arizona City, to which place he was faithfully returned, after having made two happy couples at Gila Bend.

Many months after, on my way back from Tucson, we came quite unexpectedly, between the latter place and Sacaton, on a new shanty. It was built of unhewn logs of cotton-wood and mesquite-trees, the branches with their foliage furnishing the roof. A certain cheerful, home-like air about the place made me surmise the presence of a woman. I was not mistaken; for, though the only door of the hut was closed, and I could see no window, a loud but pleasant treble voice rang out directly: "Dad—Bud! come right hy'ere to me. I know that's her comin' thar; I jest know it is:" and a little, lithe body rushed out of the door and up to the ambulance. A rough-looking man came slowly from behind the house, and Bud, with a selection of dogs at his heels, clambered over a piece of fence—merely for the sake of climbing, as there was plenty of open space to cross.

The delegation insisted on my alighting, which I did, in consideration of Dora's mother being at the head of it.

The family had moved back here from Oatman's Flat, where they had given Sam his Indian scare on our way out. Once in the house, I no longer wondered how she had discovered the ambulance, with no windows, and the door closed. The walls had not been "chinked," so that between the logs was admitted as much light and air as the most fastidious could desire. All around were the signs of busy preparation: it was near Christmas, and they were expecting company for the holidays. A family moving from Texas to California had sent word, by some vehicle swifter than their ox-teams, that they would be with them by Christmas-day.

Beyond the half-fenced clearing, the willows and cotton-wood grew close by

the river, and the mild December sun of Arizona, lying on the rude homestead, seemed to give promise of future peace and well-doing to those who had planted their roof-tree on the banks of the Gila.

Some days later, arriving at Gila Bend, I got out of the ambulance there, and stopped to admire a brood of little chicks, just out of the shell.

"How pretty they are," said I, looking up into George's honest face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up, "but go inside, to Dora."

He led the way to the room; and there, in a little cradle, lay a sweet, pretty girl-baby—the first White child, so far as history records, that was ever born at Gila Bend.

THE HOUSE OF THE SUN.

MY Hawaiian oracle, Kahélé, having posed himself in compact and chubby grace, awaited his golden opportunity, which was not long a-coming. I sat on the steps of L——'s veranda, and yawned frightfully, because life was growing tedious, and I did not know exactly what to do next. L——'s house was set in the nicest kind of climate, at the foot of a great mountain, just at that altitude where the hot air stopped dancing, though it was never cool enough to shut a door or to think of wearing a hat for any other purpose than to keep the sun out of one's eyes. L——'s veranda ran out into vacancy as blank as cloudless sky and shadowless sea could make it; in fact, all that the eye found to rest upon was the low hill jutting off from one corner of the house; beyond, a jasmine in blossom, and under the hill a flat-sailed schooner rocking in a calm. I think there was nothing

else down the slope of the mountain but tangled yellow grass, that grew brown and scant as it crept into the torrid zone, a thousand feet below us, and there it had not the courage to come out of the earth at all; so the picture ended in a blazing beach, with warm waves sliding up and down it, backed by blue-watery and blue-airy space for thousands and thousands of miles.

Why should not a fellow yawn over the situation, especially as L—— was busy and could not talk much, and L——'s books were as old as the hills and a good deal drier!

Having yawned, I turned toward Kahélé, and gnashed my teeth. The little rascal looked knowing; his hour had come. He fired off in broken English, and the effect was something like this:

"Suppose we sleep in House of the Sun—we make plenty good sceneries?"

"And where is that?" quoth I.

Kahélé's little lump of a nose was jerked up toward the great mountain at the back of L——'s house: "Haleakala!"* cried he, triumphantly, for he saw he had resurrected my interest in life, and he felt that he had a thing or two worth showing, a glimpse of which might content me with this world, dull as I found it just then. "Haleakala—the House of the Sun—up before us," said Kahélé.

"And to get into the Sun's House?"

"Make a good climb up, and go in from the top!"

Ha! to creep up the roof and drop in at the sky-light: this were indeed a royal adventure. "How long would it take?"

Kahélé waxed eloquent: That night we should sleep a little up on the slope of the mountain, lodging with the *haolis* (foreigners) among the first clouds; in the morning we should surprise the sun in the turrets of his temple; then down—down—down into the crater, that had been strewn with ashes for a thousand years. After that, out on the other side, toward the sea, where the trade-winds blew, and the country was fresh and fruitful. The youngster sweated with enthusiasm while he strove to make me comprehend the full extent of the delights pertaining to this journey; and, as he finished, he made a rapid flank movement toward the animals, staked a few rods away.

It was not necessary that I should consent to undertake this expedition. He was eager to go; and he would see that I enjoyed myself when I went. But go I must, now that he had made up my mind for me. I confess, I was as wax in that climate. Yet, why not take this promising and uncommon tour? The charm of travel is to break new paths. I ceased to yawn any further over life. Kahélé went to the beasts,

and began saddling them. L——'s hospitality culminated in a bottle of cold, black coffee, and a hamper of delicious sandwiches, such as Mrs. L—— excels in. I had nothing to do but to go. It did look like a conspiracy; but, as I never had the moral courage to fight against anything of that sort, I got into the saddle and went.

I turned for a moment toward the brute's tail, overcome with conflicting emotions. I said:

"Adieu, dear L——, thou picture of boisterous industry! Adieu, Mrs. L——, whose light is hid under the bushel of thy lord; but, as it warms him, it is all right, I suppose, and thy reward shall come to thee some day, I trust! By-by, multitudes of little L——s, tumbling recklessly in the back-yard, crowned with youth and robust health and plenty of flaxen curls! Away, Kahélé! for it is toward evening, and the clouds are skating along the roof of the House of the Sun. Sit not upon the order of your going, but strike spurs at once—and away!"

That was the way I relieved myself. The prospect of fresh adventure intoxicated me. I do not believe I could have been bought off after that enlivening farewell. The air of the highlands was charged with electricity. I bristled all over with new life. I wanted to stand up in my saddle and fly.

It seemed the boy had engaged a special guide for the crater; one accustomed to feeling his way through the bleak hollow, where any unpracticed feet must have surely gone astray. Kahélé offered him a tempting bonus to head our little caravan at once, though it goes sorely against the Hawaiian grain to make up a mind inside of three days. Kahélé managed the financial department, whenever he had the opportunity, with a liberality worthy of a purse ten times as weighty as mine; but as he afterward assured me, that guide was a fine man, and a friend

* Haleakala: an extinct crater in the Sandwich Islands; supposed to be the largest in the world.

of his, whom it was a pleasure and a privilege to serve.

Of course, it was all right, since I couldn't help myself; and we three pulled up the long slopes of Haleakala, while the clouds multiplied, as the sun sank, and the evening grew awfully still. Somewhere up among the low-hanging mist there was a house-full of *haolis*, and there we proposed to spend the night. We were looking for this shelter with all our six eyes, while we rode slowly onward, having scarcely uttered a syllable for the last half-hour. You know there are some impressive sorts of solitude, that seal up a fellow's lips: he can only look about him in quiet wonderment, tempered with a fearless and refreshing trust in that Providence who has enjoined silence. Well, this was one of those times; and, right in the midst of it, Kahélé sighted a smoke-wreath in the distance. To me it looked very like a cloud, and I ventured to declare it such; but the youngster frowned me down, and appealed to the special guide for further testimony. The guide declined to commit himself in the matter of smoke or mist, as he ever did on all succeeding occasions, being a wise guide, who knew his own fallibility. It *was* smoke!—a thin, blue ribbon of it, uncoiling itself from among the branches of the overhanging trees, floating up and up and tying itself into double-bow knots, and then trying to untie itself, but perishing in the attempt.

In the edge of the grove we saw the little white cottage of the *haolis*; and, not far away, a camp-fire, with bright, red flames dancing around a kettle, swung under three stakes with their three heads together. Tall figures were moving about the camp, looking almost like ghosts, in the uncertain glow of the fire; and toward these lights and shadows we jogged with satisfaction, scenting supper from afar.

"Halloo!" said we, with voices that

did not sound very loud, up in that thin atmosphere.

"Halloo!" said they, with the deepest unconcern, as though they had been through the whole range of human experience, and there was positively nothing left for them to get excited over.

Some of their animals whinnied, in a fashion that drew a response from ours. A dog barked savagely, until he was spoken to, and then was obliged to content himself with an occasional whine. Some animal—a sheep, perhaps—rose up in the trail before us, and plunged into the bush, sending our beasts back on their haunches with fright. A field-cricket lifted up his voice and sang; and then a hundred joined him; and then ten thousand times ten thousand swelled the chorus, till the mountains were alive with singing crickets.

"Halloo, stranger! Come in and stop a bit, won't you?" That was our welcome from the chief of the camp, who came a step or two forward, as soon as we had ridden within range of the camp-fire.

And we went in unto them, and ate of their bread, and drank of their coffee, and slept in their blankets—or tried to sleep—and had a mighty good time generally.

The mountaineers proved to be a company of California miners, who had somehow drifted over the sea, and, once on that side, they naturally enough went into the mountains to cut wood, break trails, and make themselves useful in a rough, out-of-door fashion. They had for companions and assistants a few natives, who, no doubt, did the best they could, though the Californians expressed considerable contempt for the "lazy devils, who were fit for nothing but to fiddle on a Jew's-harp."

We ate of a thin hot cake, baked in a frying-pan over that camp-fire; gnawed a boiled bone fished out of the kettle swung under the three sticks; drank big

bowls of coffee, sweetened with coarse brown sugar and guiltless of milk; and sat on the floor all the while, with our legs crossed, like so many Turks and tailors. We went to our blankets as soon as the camp-fire had smothered itself in ashes, though meanwhile Jack, chief of the camp, gathered himself to windward of the flames, with his hips on his heels and his chin on his knees, smoking a stubby pipe and talking of flush times in California. He was one of those men who could and would part with his last quarter, relying upon Nature for his bed and board. He said to me, "If you can rough it, hang on a while—what's to drive you off?" I could rough it: the fire was out, the night chilly; so we turned in under blue blankets with a fuzz on them like moss, and, having puffed out the candle—that lived long enough to avenge its death in a houseful of villainous smoke—we turned over two or three times apiece, and, one after another, fell asleep. At the further side of the house lay the natives, as thick as sheep in a pen: one of them a glossy black fellow, as sleek as a eunuch, born in the West Indies, but whose sands of life had been scattered on various shores. This sooty fellow twanged a quaint instrument of native workmanship, and twanged with uncommon skill. His art was the life of that savage community at the other end of the house. Again and again, during the night, I awoke and heard the tinkle of his primitive harp, mingled with the ejaculations of delight wrung from the hearts of his dusky and sleepless listeners.

Once only was that midnight festival interrupted. We all awoke suddenly and simultaneously, though we scarcely knew why; then the dog began to mouth horribly. My blanket-fellows—beds we had none—knew there was mischief brewing, and rushed out with their guns cocked. Presently the dog came in from the brush, complaining bitterly, and one

of the miners shot at a rag fluttering among the bushes. In the morning, we found a horse gone, and a couple of bullet-holes in a shirt spread out to dry. As soon as the excitement was over, we returned to the blankets and the floor. The eunuch tuned his harp anew, and, after a long while, dawn looked in at the uncurtained window, with a pale, gray face, freckled with stars.

Kahélé saw it as soon as I did, and was up betimes. I fancy he slept little or none that night, for he was fond of music, and especially fond of such music as had made the last few hours more or less hideous. Everybody rose with the break of day, and there was something to eat long before sunrise, after which our caravan, with new vigor, headed for the summit.

Wonderful clouds swept by us; sometimes we were lost for a moment in their icy depths. I could scarcely see the tall ears of my mule when we rode into those opaque billows of vapor that swept noiselessly along the awful heights we were scaling. It was a momentary but severe bereavement, the loss of those ears and the head that went with them, because I cared not to ride saddles that seemed to be floating in the air. What was Prince Firouz Schah to me, or what was I to the Princess of Bengal, that I should do this thing!

There are pleasanter sensations than that of going to heaven on horseback; and we wondered if we should ever reach the point where we could begin to descend again to our natural level, and talk with people infinitely below us just then. Ten thousand perpendicular feet in the air; our breath short; our animals weak in the knees; the ocean rising about us like a wall of sapphire, on the top of which the sky rested like a cover—we felt as though we were shut in an exhausted receiver, the victims of some scientific experiment for the delectation of the angels. We were at the very top

of the earth. There was nothing on our side of it nearer to Saturn than the crown of our heads. It was deuced solemn, and a trifle embarrassing. It was as though we were personally responsible for the planet during the second we happened to be uppermost in the universe. I felt unequal to the occasion, in that thin, relaxing atmosphere. The special guide, I knew, would shirk this august investiture, as he shirked everything else, save only the watchful care of my collapsing *porte-monnaie*. Kahélé, perhaps, would represent us to the best of his ability—which was not much beyond an amazing capacity for food and sleep, coupled with cheek for at least two of his size. There is danger in delay, saith the copy-book; and while we crept slowly onward toward the rim of the crater, the sun rose, and we forgot all else save his glory. We had reached the mouth of the chasm. Below us yawned a gulf whose further walls seemed the outlines of some distant island, within whose depths a sea of cloud was satisfied to ebb and flow, whose billows broke noiselessly at the base of the sombre walls among whose battlements we clung like insects. I wonder that we were not dragged into that awful sea, for strange and sudden gusts of wind swept past us, coming from various quarters, and rushing like heralds to the four corners of the heavens. We were far above the currents that girdle the lower earth, and seemed in a measure cut off from the life that was past. We lived and breathed in cloud-land. All our pictures were of vapor; our surroundings changed continually. Forests laced with frost; silvery, silent seas; shores of agate and of pearl; blue shadowy caverns; mountains of light, dissolving and rising again transfigured in glorious resurrection, the sun tinging them with infinite color. A flood of radiance swept over the mysterious picture, a deluge of blood-red glory that came and went like a blush, and then the mists faded and

fled away, and gradually we saw the deep bed of the crater—blackened, scarred, distorted—a desert of ashes and cinders shut in by sooty walls: no tinge of green, no suggestion of life, no sound to relieve the imposing silence of literal death of Nature. We were about to enter the guest-chamber of the House of the Sun. If we had been spirited away to the enchanted cavern of some genie, we could not have been more bewildered. The cloud-world had come to an untimely end, and we were left alone among its blackened and charred ruins. That magician, the sun, hearing the approach of spies, had transformed his fairy palace into a bare and uninviting wilderness. But we were destined to explore it, notwithstanding; and our next move was to dismount and drive our unwilling animals over into the abyss. The angle of our descent was too near the perpendicular to sound like truth, in print. I will not venture to give it; but I remember that our particular guide and his beast were under foot, while Kahélé and his beast were overhead, and I and my beast, sandwiched between, managed to survive the double horror of being buried in the *débris* that rained upon us from the tail-end of the caravan, and slaying the unfortunate leaders ahead with the multitude of rocks we sent thundering down the cliff. A moving avalanche of stones and dust gradually brought us to the bed of the crater, where we offered thanks in the midst of an ascending cloud of cinders, every soul of us panting with exhaustion, and oozing like a saturated sponge. The heat was terrific; shelter there was none; L——'s coffee was all that saved us from despair. Before us stretched miles and miles of lava, looking like scorched pie-crust; two thousand feet above us hung heavy masses of baked masonry, unrelieved by any tinge of verdure. To the windward there was a gap in the walls, through which forked tongues of mist ran in, but

curled up and over the ragged cliffs, as though the prospect were too uninviting to lure them further. It behooved us to get on apace, for life in the deserted House of the Sun was, indeed, a burden, and moreover there was some danger of our being locked in. The wind might veer a little, in which case an ocean of mist would deluge the crater, shutting out light and heat, and bewildering the pilgrim so that escape were impossible. The loadstone bewitched the compass in that fixed sea, and there were no beacons and no sounding signals to steer by. Across the smooth, hard lava occasional traces of a trail were visible, like scratches upon glass. Close to the edges of this perilous path yawned chasms. Sometimes the narrow way led over a ridge between two sandy hollows, out of which it was almost impossible to return, if one false step should plunge you into its yielding vortex. There was a long pull toward afternoon, and a sweltering camp about three P.M., where we finished L——'s lunch, and were not half satisfied. Even the con-
soling weed barely sustained our fainting spirits, for we knew that the more tedious portion of the journey was yet to come.

The windward vestibule wound down toward the sea, a wild gorge through which the molten lava had poured its destructive flood. There it lay, a broad, uneven pass of dead, black coals—clinkers, as ragged and sharp as broken glass—threaded by one beaten track a few inches in breadth. To lose this trail were to tear the hoofs from your suffering beasts in an hour or two, and to lacerate your own feet in half the time. Having refreshed ourselves on next to nothing, we pressed forward. Already the shadows were creeping into the House of the Sun, and as yet we had scarcely gained the mouth of the pass. As we rode out from the shelter of a bluff, a cold draught struck us like

a wave of the sea. Down the bleak, winding chasm we saw clouds approaching, pale messengers that travel with the trade-wind and find lodgment in the House of the Sun. They were hastening home betimes, and had surprised us in the passage. It was an unwelcome meeting. Our particular guide ventured to assume an expression of concern, and cautiously remarked that we were *pilikia*—that is, in trouble! For once he was equal to an emergency; he knew of a dry well close at hand; we could drop into it and pass the night, since it was impossible to feel our way out of the crater through clouds almost as dense as cotton. Had we matches? No. Had we dry sticks? Yes, in the well, perhaps. Kahélé could make fire without phosphorus, and we could keep warm till morning, and then escape from the crater as early as possible. After much groping about, in and out of clouds, we found the dusty well and dropped into it. Ferns—a few of them—grew about its sides; a dwarfed tree, rejoicing in four angular branches, as full of mossy elbows as possible, stood in the centre of our retreat, and, at the roots of this miserable recluse, the Kanakas contrived to grind out a flame by boring into a bit of decayed wood with a dry stick twirled rapidly between their palms. Dead leaves, dried moss, and a few twigs made a short-lived and feeble fire for us. Darkness had come upon the place. We watched the flaming daggers stab the air fitfully, and finally sheath themselves for good. We filled our shallow cave with smoke that drove us into the mouth of it, from time to time, to keep from strangulation. We saw our wretched beasts shaking with cold; we saw the swift, belated clouds hurrying onward in ghostly procession; we could do nothing but shudder and return to our dismal bed. No cheerful cricket blew his shrill pipe, like a policeman's whistle; the sea sang not for us with its

deep, resounding voice; the Hawaiian harp was hushed. A stone, loosened by some restless lizard, rattled down the cliff; a goat, complaining of the cold, bleated once or twice. The wind soughed; the dry branches of our withering tree sawed across each other—these were our comforters during that almost endless night.

Once the heavens were opened to us. Through the rent in the clouds, we saw a great shoulder of the cliff above us, bathed in moonlight. A thousand grotesque shadows played over the face of it. Pictures came and went—a palimpsest of mysteries. Gargoyles leered at us from under the threatening brows of the bluff; and a white spectre, shining like a star, stood on the uppermost peak, voiceless and motionless—some living creature lost in admiration of the moon. Then the sky fell on us, and we were routed to our solitary cave.

There is a solitude of the sea that swallows up hope; the despairing spirit hangs over a threatening abyss of death; yet above it and below it there are forms of life rejoicing in their natural element. But there is a solitude of the earth that is more awful: in it Death taunts you with his presence, yet delays to strike. At sea, one step, and the spirit is set at liberty—the body is entombed forever. But alas! within the deserts of the earth no sepulchre awaits the ashes of him who has suffered, and nought but the winds or the foul-feeding vultures shall cleanse that bleaching skeleton, where it lies.

We tried to sleep on our stony pillows. Kahélé woke and found the guide and me dozing; later, the guide roused himself to the discovery that Kahélé and I were wrapped in virtuous unconsciousness. Anon I sat up among the rocks, listened to the two natives breathing heavily, and heard the wind sighing over the yawning mouth of our cavern. I heard the beasts stamping among the

clinkers, and covered my head again with the damp blanket, and besieged sleep. Then we all three started from our unrefreshing dreams, and lo! the clouds were rising and fleeing away, and a faint, rosy light over the summit-peaks looked like sunrise; so we rose and saddled the caravan, and searched about us for the lost trail. Hour after hour we drew nearer to the mouth of the crater. Our progress was snail-like; each one of us struck out for himself, having lost confidence in the cunning of the other. From small elevations we took our reckoning, and he who got the furthest toward the sea, lifted up his voice in triumph, and was speedily joined by the rest of the party.

At last we came upon the bluffs that overhang the green shores of the island. We were safely out of the Sun's Tabernacle, but not yet free to pass into the lowly vales of the earth. Again and again we rode to the edges of cliffs, whose precipitous walls forbade our descent. Sometimes we clung to the bare ribs of the mountain, where a single misstep might have sent us headlong into the hereafter. Frequently we rejoiced in a discovery that promised well; but anon a sheltered chasm unveiled its hideous depths, or an indigo-jungle laid hold of us and cut us off in that direction.

Below us lay the verdant slopes of Kaupo. From their dried-grass houses flocked the natives—looking like ants and their hills. They watched us for hours, with amused interest. Now and then they called to us, with faint and far-off voices; suggestions that were lost to us, since they sounded like so many bird-notes floating in the wind. All day we saw the little village lying under us, temptingly peaceful and lazy. Clouds still hung below us: some of them swept by, pouring copious drops, that drove our audience within-doors for a few moments; but the rain was soon over, the

sun shone brighter than ever, the people returned to watch us, and the day waned. We surprised flock upon flock of goats in their rocky retreats; but they dispersed in all directions like quicksilver, and we passed on. About dusk we got into the grassy land, and thanked God for deliverance.

Here Kahélé's heart rejoiced. Here, close by the little chapel of Kaupo, he discovered one whom he proclaimed his grandfather; though, judging from the years of the man, he could scarcely have been anything beyond an uncle. I was put to rest in a little stone cell, where the priests sleep when they are on their mission to Kaupo. A narrow bed, with a crucifix at the foot of it; a small window in the thick wall, with a jug of water in the corner thereof, and a chair with a game-leg, constituted the furnishing of the quaint lodging. Kahélé rushed about to see old friends—who wept over him—and was very long absent, whereat I waxed wroth, and berated him roundly; but the poor fellow was so charmingly repentant that I forgave him all, and more too, for I promised him I would stay three days, at least, with his uncle-grandfather, and give

him his universal liberty for the time being.

From the open door-way I saw the long sweep of the mountains, looking cool and purple in the twilight. The ghostly procession of the mists stole in at the windward gap; the after-glow of the evening suffused the front of the chapel with a warm light, and the statue of the Virgin above the chapel-door—a little faded with the suns of that endless summer, a little mildewed with the frequent rains—the statue looked down upon us with a smile of welcome. Some youngsters, as naked as day-old nest-birds, tossed a ball into the air; and when it, at last, lodged in the niche of the Virgin, they clapped their hands, half in merriment and half in awe, and the games of the evening ended. Then the full moon rose; a cock crew in the peak of the chapel, thinking it daybreak, and the little fellows slept, with their spines curved like young kittens. By and by the moon hung, round and mellow, beyond the chapel-cross, and threw a long shadow in the grass; and then I went to my cell and folded my hands to rest, with a sense of blessed and unutterable peace.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.*

IT is not without some anxiety that I venture to address you this evening. For three years past, the indifferent state of my health has prevented me from appearing in public; and I do not know whether I shall succeed in presenting my subject as I have it in my mind. If I fail, you will excuse and forgive.

I have been asked for an account of

the voyage of the *Hassler*, which terminated here; but I fear that the detailed story of our scientific life at sea would be somewhat monotonous. Let me, then, tell you something of the great aims of science—the aims which naturalists, in their different departments, strive to foster. I should add, in this connection, that our recent voyage in the *Hassler* was but an incident in her history. She is intended to carry out the work of the Coast Survey, upon your side of the

* A lecture delivered by Professor Agassiz, September 25, 1872, under the auspices of the California Academy of Natural Sciences.

continent; and, in order that her outward-bound voyage should not be fruitless, the superintendent organized a scientific party to accompany her. For the investigations to be carried on, and the collections to be made, outside of the regular work of the Coast Survey, however, the means were provided by private individuals—chiefly by the generosity of rich men in the State of Massachusetts. This should be remembered, in estimating the scientific results of the voyage: they are not, of course, what they might have been, had they had government support. But it is so with all scientific work which has not a directly practical aim. Science has to take the humblest place; supplies for purely scientific purposes are everywhere granted with reluctant hand. Nevertheless, the value of such researches begins to be generally felt; and, old as I am, I hope I may live to see the enlightened communities of my second fatherland contribute to scientific aims with the liberality so characteristic of America.

It is not fully understood, that science is eminently practical in its results. It is true, that the practical man steps in to make the useful and profitable application, and the scientific man stands aside; but the initiative movement comes from the latter, not from the former. Indeed, we never know to what reformation in industrial arts and sciences the discoveries of the laboratory may lead. I well remember that in my boyhood electricity was the plaything of the school-room. Puppets were made to dance, in order to show its subtile power. Now it is transforming the world. Had the sneer of men who judge everything by its direct and immediate influence upon material prosperity been all-powerful in those days, we might still be waiting for the telegraph, and our swiftest courier might be, as in the olden times, a mounted messenger.

I will tell you something of the work

of the naturalists of to-day, their aims, and their difficulties. I select the natural history of the animal kingdom as the subject with which I am most familiar. I want to show you that we aim not only at learning to distinguish animals one from another in all their specific differences, but that the accumulation of facts in science has now become subordinate to greater problems, such as the origin of life, the deeper relations of living beings to one another and to the world in which they live. To deal with such subjects, in the present imperfect state of our knowledge, is inevitably to open conflicts and disputes. Men wonder to see us arrayed in opposite camps, and call us quarrelsome, since it would seem that truth, which we strive to understand and reveal, should lead us all the same way. There are unquestionably mighty conflicts going on at the present day among the most earnest and devoted students of Nature. But this is quite natural, as long as the truths we are seeking are not fully demonstrated. Do not men disagree in their most important deliberations concerning their fellow-men? Does not the lawyer dealing with his case, the physician with his patient, the divine with questions of the greatest import to every human soul, differ with his colleagues? Why should we, dealing with subtile questions of such importance to the human race, be at once agreed? These conflicts are often healthful: they stimulate research, and lead to renewed efforts, and to wider application of the results.

But to return to the animal kingdom. Earth and water teem with life, manifested under an endless diversity of form. Animals are scattered over the surface of the earth and in the ocean; and their different kinds are counted by hundreds of thousands. And yet these hosts of living beings are built on only four patterns, so simple, so easily defined, that every child should be able to recognize

them as readily as he distinguishes the square from the circle. This geometry of life is indeed no more difficult to be understood than the elementary facts of mathematics. But, unhappily, we lack teachers. The community is only beginning to understand that a knowledge of the animals and plants appointed to be our companions in the world in which we live, is an important part of education; and the few instructors who are prepared to teach from specimens, instead of text-books, are in such demand that their number is greatly insufficient to our need. This is a pressing want, which every community where children are growing up should try to fill by fostering institutions where teachers may be trained. We need not only schools: we want universities, higher institutions of learning, from which the schools are fed.

The animal kingdom rests, as I have said, upon four structural plans, of such simplicity in their initial conception that they may be reduced to strict formulas. I will begin with the lowest division, which naturalists have called Radiates, because this whole type of the animal kingdom is based upon the idea of radiation. These animals are all aquatic, and, though the group has some fresh-water representatives, they are chiefly marine. From pole to pole, in all latitudes, the ocean swarms with them. This type is divided into three groups: namely, polyps, aculephs, echinoderms. [The professor here made a number of drawings on the blackboard, showing the outlines of a sea-anemone (polyp), a jelly-fish (aculeph), a star-fish and sea-urchin (echinoderms).] The variety of these forms is infinite; their beauty and complication of detail is inexhaustible. And yet in a few words I can state the structure of every one. They have all a single central cavity, around which the organs are disposed: this cavity is a sac, from which all parts of

the body diverge, and into which they all open. Examine the internal arrangement of any polyp—be it sea-anemone, coral, or sea-fan; any of the countless and infinitely diverse aculephs, or any of the echinoderms—whether star-fish, sea-urchin, or trepang—and the secret of their structure is always the same. The idea of radiation underlies them all; and their typical plan may be described as a central digestive cavity, around which the various systems of organs are uniformly arranged. The gradation of rank in this division—that is, the comparative structural superiority or inferiority of the animals—is determined simply by a higher specialization of parts in some members of the group than in others. In some there is an endless repetition of identical parts, their increase limited only by the life of the animal, while in others a fixed number of parts, and a clearer differentiation of organs and of functional action, indicates a higher manifestation of the same structural idea.

Next come the Mollusks. The plan of structure is perhaps less easy to define in this than in any other group, on account of the great power of contraction and expansion in all the animals belong to it. The type is represented, like the Radiates, by three classes: namely, the acephals, to which belong all oysters, clams, mussels, and the like; the gasteropods, under which head come all snails, slugs, periwinkles, conchs, etc.; and the cephalopods, among which are included the nautilus, the squid, and the cuttle-fish—of which your devil-fish is so remarkable an example. In this group the idea of laterality, or a disposition of parts on two sides of the body, though with a tendency to compactness which makes it less perceptible than in the higher animals, is embodied. We have seen that in the Radiates there is an equal disposition of parts, without reference to front or back,

to left or right. In the Mollusks, on the contrary, there is an unmistakable arrangement of parts with reference to the two extremities and the two sides of the body; and if I had time I could show you that the structural idea of this group is as unvarying as that of the Radiates, and that all Mollusks—whether bivalve, univalve, or of that singular group to which the cuttle-fish, squid, and nautilus belong, and in which the shell is sometimes hardly perceptible and at other times wholly absent—are constructed upon one and the same plan.

Next we have the Articulates—all the host of worms, crustacea, and insects. The structural idea is that of a cylinder, divided by joints into movable rings; and—whether we have the body of a worm, articulated from end to end in equal sections, or whether some of these sections are soldered together to form a front part of the body distinct from the posterior portion in which the sections are left free and movable (as in the lobsters and crabs), or whether the sections are broken into three parts to form head, chest, and hind-body (as in the insects)—the structural idea is invariable. The body of worm, crustacean, or insect, is always a hollow cylinder, containing a variety of organs and divided by articulations.

Next and highest come the Vertebrates, to which man himself belongs. [Here the professor drew the outline of a fish on the black-board, showing the skeleton with the vertebrated backbone and the ribs, and also a transverse section, showing the arrangement of parts around the backbone.] We do not at first see the resemblance between a fish and the higher Vertebrates, and yet throughout this group also runs one very simple structural idea—namely, that of an axis supporting two long arches, the lower arch surrounding a large cavity, in which are inclosed all the organs maintaining

life—as the organs of digestion, respiration, and reproduction—and the upper surrounding a smaller cavity, in which are inclosed all the organs connecting the animal with the world outside—the brain, the nerves of sense, all that subtle organism which we call the nervous system. The difference between fish, reptile, bird, quadruped, and man, is simply, so far as structure is concerned, a difference of proportion and distribution of parts; the plan is invariable throughout. Rub out partially, for instance, the fins I have drawn here on my figure of a fish, reduce the number of rays in them and increase the fleshy portion, change their position on the body slightly, and you have the paddles of a reptile; contract the neck of the fish slightly [as the professor talked, he changed his outline on the black-board], raise the head a little, and make it movable upon the neck, and you have the reptilian head. Lift the head still more, make the neck yet slighter, change the front limbs to wings (and this is no fanciful transformation, for a wing is only a modified fin), lengthen the back limbs into legs, and you have a bird. Steady the body on the four limbs at equal heights, and you have a quadruped, clumsy or slender, in proportion as you distribute the flesh, and make the skeleton heavy or light. Or, lastly, raise the body on the hind limbs, let the front limbs cease to be organs of locomotion, and become the servants of the will by a change of proportion in the parts so slight that you would be amazed had I time to show it to you; place the head vertically on the vertebral column, and you have man—the highest vertebrate being. But cut across the body in any one of these beings—fish, reptile, bird, quadruped, or man—and the section gives you, in the same relations to one another, the simple elements of structure I have described above. The man is only a more highly organized Vertebrate, in which the brain,

the intelligence, subordinates and controls the other organs.

These four structural ideas form the basis of the whole animal kingdom. In one or other of these four great divisions every living being belonging to the animal kingdom finds a ready place. But this is not all. Behind the relations which thus bind together all adult animals is a more pervading thought. These same structural relations are reproduced in the successive growth of these animals. The star-fish, for instance, passes through a polyp-like stage before it reaches its adult condition. So also with the aculephs or jelly-fishes [the professor here represented on the black-board the hydroid condition both of echinoderms and aculephs, and also illustrated further his remarks on Articulates, by drawings]; or take the still more striking case of the transformation of the butterfly in its growth. The metamorphoses of the butterfly reproduce the whole structural idea of the type—for what is the caterpillar but a modified worm; what is the chrysalis, with its two parts, but a modified crustacean; while the butterfly is the fully developed insect: in other words, a worm-like youth, a crustacean-like middle age, an insect as the close or crowning point of the series. If I had time I could show you also how the young bird or quadruped passes through embryonic phases, in which it is difficult to distinguish it from the young fish or reptile. In fact, the same creative thought which controls the structural rank of animals controls their growth also, re-appears in their succession throughout geological times, and is found again in their geographical distribution. It is not strange that this intellectual unity should be mistaken for a material connection. But let us look at the succession of animals in time. [Here the professor drew on the black-board a geological table, giving the successive periods from the azoic

age to the present, these periods being intersected by vertical lines representing the range of animal life throughout their succession.] Geologists show us a period when the surface of our earth was so heated as to make life impossible upon it. Then came a time when the crust of the earth cooled and solidified; vapor condensed upon it, an ocean was formed, and in that ocean life first appeared. Now, what do we find on that first ocean-bottom? Among Radiates, polyps, aculephs, and echinoderms—that is, representatives of all the three classes of that division—and these continue from that time to the present. Among Mollusks we find also all the three classes—acephals, gasteropods, and cephalopods—and these, too, continue without interruption to the present time. Among Articulates, we find worms and crustaceans; the insects come in later. But of the thirteen classes which I have given you as composing Radiates, Mollusks, Articulates, and Vertebrates, eight surely came in together, and have continued together ever since. Are these, then, descendants of each other? Surely not, for they are contemporaries, and contemporaries can not be either the descendants or the ancestors of each other. That the insects did not appear until later is not strange, for insects require terrestrial vegetation, which did not exist at first. I will not enter at length upon the question still in dispute among naturalists, whether fishes appeared at the same period with all the other lower animals, nor have I time to dwell upon the introduction of the vertebrate type upon earth. But I think I have said enough to show that there are certain structural ideas—simple, few, and all-embracing—underlying all the diversities of animals. If this be so, if I am right in this belief, their resemblances need be accounted for by no material development. They are the expression of a logical connection, an intellectual

completeness in the whole scheme of animal life. If these relations really exist among animals, they indicate thought, and there must be a thinking mind—an intelligence—to originate them.

Under this view, these things cease to be mere facts, the result of physical conditions, or of blind forces. It is surely worth our while to satisfy ourselves of this; and it is for this aim that I appeal to you to foster all institutions of learning, all scientific researches. These truths touch upon our highest interests. The time is coming when man will appeal to Nature to answer his question whether he is the descendant of a monkey or the work of a loving Father; whether he is bound to all living creatures by a material or an ideal bond. Coming generations can no longer look lightly upon these problems. We shall have no right to plead ignorance, for knowledge is pressing at our very doors. It will be our own fault if we grope in darkness, or if we accept theories which would have us believe that all things are the result of blind force, without intelligence, without purpose, without forethought; or if we take our creeds in these questions from the hands of a priesthood. Nature herself holds the problem of the origin of life; from her we must seek its solution.

And, ladies and gentlemen, let me close with a few words of appeal to you. For the first time, you have a generation

ready for instruction. Till now you have had in this city, still so young itself, no youth to educate. Now your sons ask higher education at your hands. Will you send them abroad for it? Comforts and luxuries abound among you; you rival all other States in your wonderful prosperity. Will you not also rival them in your institutions of learning? Will you send your children away just at the age when domestic training, the care of mothers and fathers, the influence of home, should be combined with the instruction of the school? And even could you set aside these considerations, and others like them, remember that no community is truly great without culture. It is the best, the only test of real greatness. There were two nations in the olden time. One was powerful Carthage, who once made proud Rome tremble. Her superiority was based solely upon commercial prosperity; and what remains of it? A pile of ruins, the very site of which is hardly known. The other was Athens—little Athens—the model of all culture. She has given us eloquence, poetry, philosophy, art and science, and to this day it is by a comparison with Athenian culture that we measure our best and noblest works. Will you share the fate of Carthage, or will you season all your luxury, all your prosperity, all your material greatness and success, with Attic salt? It is for you to decide.

A PERFECT DAY.

I will be glad to-day: the sun
Smiles all adown the land;
The lilies lean along the way;
Serene on either hand,
Full-blown, the roses—red and white—
In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods
Forgets, nor longer grieves;
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,
And ripples the ripe sheaves;
High overhead some happy bird
Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, and bees;
A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
From some far pasture-mound;
The crickets in the warm, green grass
Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,
Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing cloud;
The sea looks up as fair—
So bright a picture on its breast
As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter—nay,
Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
Of immemorial years:
Perhaps of that far morn when she
Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds to-day
Some sacred Sabbath feast.
It may be that some patient soul
Has entered to God's rest—
For whose dear sake He smiles on us,
And all the day is blest.

ULTRAWA.—No. II.

VIVA.

A T a distance of six or seven miles from the town of Morford, and not far from the State boundary-line, the turnpike-road curves to the right; while to the left, a cart-road, or bridle-path, goes straying from it, like a wandering thought astray from some discourse. This path borders upon a wilderness, turgid with scrub-growth, and floored with sullen rock.

The dense underbrush which thus stretches for many a barren mile over a rolling country, presents à billowy surface; the foliage shimmering in chameleon sheen—now purple, now emerald; here pitchy dark, there fringed with lustre. This rock-strewn wild is so interspersed with fallen tree-trunks, stretching sometimes across quagmires, and bristling with natural *chevaux-de-frise*, as to preclude even the practiced tread of a woodman from penetrating far within it. Moreover, snakes claim the region as a patrimony. They are bold and prolific, and, on the very outskirts, display the keen gray quiver of their scales, and the deadly glitter of their eyes. The black snake straggles; the thick-set pilot, or copper-head, puts up its crest of bronze; while the dreaded rattlesnake—more generous foe, after all—rustles his warning rattles, and will always let you pass, if you will only let him alone.

Adventurous sportsmen do plunge into the thicket, now and then; but the game, so difficult to start, is more difficult to track—like the subtlety of a metaphysical conception, or the imagery of a startled dream—and, although veterans of the chase who invade the spot seldom return without some fair token of their prowess—such as fat partridge, rabbit, delicate woodcock, or even a good buck,

in the season—they have to search for openings as tediously as office-seekers at the close of an election, or young and downy-chinned lawyers, or old and unfashionable clergymen, and are speedily resigned to leave the spacious realm steeped in the shades of its own mystery, and buried in the brown study of its own intent.

An acute eye, however, traversing the expanse of tangle and gnarl, can discern, further on in its recesses, large patches of erect and healthy timber, beneath which the mossy grass is as soft and tufted as a Wilton carpet.

These latent parks are penned in by the ranges of stubby, stumpy scrub, and scum-clad bogs, as if Nature retired from drear confusion, in order to clear her mind in softer solitudes; even as a pure, deep heart can distil, from all its confusions and mad labyrinthine dismays of doubt, an interior philosophy, or an ultimate faith, lifting thus within its gloom choicest sentiments, and grouping them into a grove of ripe philanthropy. As but few persons enter such recesses of abstract thought, so but few could find these woods in the wilderness. It must be by chance that it would occur in either case.

On the sultry afternoon of the sixth of July, an object which it might be canonical to call “a solitary horseman,” but which certainly was a very jaded man on horseback, and, more evidently still, a flagging and disgusted horseback under man, paused at the edge of the road, where a slight impress of vanishing footsteps seemed to bend the bushes, just as if some one even then were thrusting the twigs aside. The horse began to browse, while the rider continued to ru-

minate on the expanse of landscape. The biped was in a mood to humor his quadruped, and the latter was inspired to go browsing on, as if allured by sweeter leafage, or more succulent spears of grass, than he had recently enjoyed.

There is not much of the hero about this equestrian. He sits his steed well enough, if not sublimely. His form is compact rather than superb, while his bearing and expression discover him to be a sedentary young man, bent on a little vacation, and endeavoring to relish the extreme contrast between this cool, aromatic solitude and the heat of the season, the din of trucks and omnibuses, and the concussions of pop-gun, pistol, toy-fiend fire-cracker, and boy-fiend torpedo, which had scarcely yet died out in the distant city.

Of a lean frame and a sallow face, as if either his lecture-room discussions or his discussions at his landlady's table, or both, had failed to agree with him, he betrays a momentary flush on the face, and lassitude in the frame, which complain distinctly that the back of his steed has also waxed too sharp for him, in the discussion of the road. Halting, he dreams this day-dream of perspective, until, dozing in the saddle, he for an instant fairly loses consciousness, and the outlines of the landscape swim upon the horizon before him.

All at once rousing himself from such a reverie, the young gentleman finds out that his horse has carried him beyond reach of the clearing which he had entered, and is standing up to his gambrel-joints in a maze of jungle, utterly at fault—both horse and rider being, in the vernacular, "turned all round and round." After feeling each aperture, in turn, for a few rods—far enough, at least, to illustrate a rule as settled in obscurities of locality as in perplexities of mental life, that they who seem to be most communicative usually have the least to tell, and that flattering prospects soonest

"fetch you up all standing"—our wayfarer desisted, and referred the whole case to the sagacious instinct of the quadruped beneath him. The horse stood quiet after his grazing lunch, until it came into his head that it was time to take a drink, when he ambled forward at his own sweet will. By and by, John Bendleton—for that is our cavalier's name—finds his saddle becoming much more comfortable, and, looking down, sees that the rough footing has been exchanged for level sod, smoothly laid upon compact yellow clay. Presently the pony's fetlocks are dripping in the marge of a silvery brook that glides so fleetly as to make the eye dizzy, yet so silently as to belie its motion. A few rods further on, the tall trees tower like columns of a temple, the aisles between opening into vistas, with no stone to jar the hoof, nor a bit of underbrush to litter the pathway. It was a road to make a tired traveler alert again, inspiring suggestions of harmony between the indefinite and the secure.

The rider, however, drew rein sharply, and sat like a statue, listening intently, with a face of blank surprise. There had burst upon his ear the cadences of a child-like voice, which, nevertheless, sounded too powerfully to belong to any child—cadences which pervaded all the surrounding district, causing the very horse to prick his ears forward nervously.

Pursuing as well as he could the direction of the sound, Bendleton came in view of a cottage picturesquely placed, behind which, and partially concealed by an intervening hedge, or wall, he could discern a mansion—if that name could be given to a structure, which, although strong and somewhat spacious, was nowhere more than thirty feet above the ground.

As he approached, he perceived the girl, whose ringing notes had enchanted him, standing bareheaded under an elm-

tree. He saw at once that she could not belong to any low rank of society. Something about her bespoke a foreign lineage, but he could not trace it to any particular nationality. She was standing with one hand upon the trunk of the tree, directly in front of our horseman, and clearly taking note of his arrival, but too far absorbed in the last syllables of the refrain to brook an interruption, until it could be finished. Then she suddenly came closer, and met him quite at ease. He saw before him either a child that looked like a woman, or a woman that resembled a child—he was at a loss to determine which of the two. Could this fairy be six years old, or sixteen, or how much older might she be, and more mature?

Evidently too *petite* in her build, and fresh in her bloom, to be more than a child, she was too dignified in culture and bearing to be less than a woman. Bendleton rubbed his eyes and tumbled his already tumbly hair, as if that manœuvre might loosen his wits, and at last took refuge in an unmitigated stare.

Discarding soon again the odd conjectures that bothered his brain, the student said to himself, dogmatically, "Of course, this is a child, and a charming child she is." Not quite satisfied with his own conclusion, he did what many persons do when dissatisfied with their opinions—that is, he re-affirmed it, peremptorily and ironically:

"What can I be thinking about? Of course, this is a child. What in the mischief can be the matter with me?"

The matter with Mr. John Bendleton was neither more nor less than this: that he discerned, for the first time, a personality which it was difficult to assign to any one period of human life, exclusively.

For an instant, it seemed as if she might be not only full-grown, but advanced in years. The face wore that look of sageness superior to native

shrewdness; that suggestion of intelligence reserved, and penetration, piercing through you to a point beyond you, as if finding you not quite ripe for what it could communicate—which the countenance acquires after life has been crowded with events, and concentrated by experiences, saving only that in this instance it blended nothing of that contraction which confesses that experience on earth for the most part shrivels or dissipates us all. The next instant, the face was mantled with a floral maidenhood, tinted and dewy in every petal. Again there shimmered over it a blithe playfulness, draped with a fleece of the softest modesty, as with a veil of gossamer lace. And anon, those self-same lineaments would sparkle with infantile eagernesses and simplicities that seemed to have no part in earthly care; until it was enough to make one think that childhood had just come back, with gurgles and lisps befitting it, into the sweet form whence, as from its proper home, it had awhile been absent. Impressions like these chased each other through the observer's fancy, until the conception of age, as an essential element of vitality, was confused and annulled. The student thrilled with the discovery that he was in the presence of an ageless life, or, in other words, of a human being so constituted as to be unaffected by the lapse of time, whether for growth or for decline; that he was in company with a child who might never grow old, an adult who would always retain a childhood. No sooner did this idea take complete hold of him, than he became studious of the sylph-like shapeliness and roseate beauty confronting him.

There was nothing remarkable in the color of her hair or eyes; the former being ripe auburn, like red gold, and the latter azure of that limpid hue which trembles over us in the sky when heavy rain has ceased suddenly and finest mists are melting out. But the hair was un-

like ordinary hair in its texture. It showed no tendency to twine into what are called ringlets, or to lie in what are called locks. But it lay in piled plush, and was massed profusely, over head, neck, and shoulders, in such neat luxuriance that the touch of a comb or the knot of a ribbon would have been a very profanation.

Her hand tossed the whole heap at will, and every motion of her head swayed it about, without disordering it, as if it could not be either tangled or shaken awry. A broad, full brow, a dimpling cheek of pure white and red—individual features not in themselves attracting attention, but not distracting it, as fine features have frequently been known to do—a mouth more like a June rose than a rosebud—all terminating in such a contour of neck and bust as to express queenly repose. The red blood raced visibly through the tissues, and the animation flushed and paled in the features, as one sees house-lights flit behind clear window-panes.

She stood on a hillock-slope, dressed in a habit of blue or steel-color stuff, made something between a traveling-dress and a riding-coat; a wild rosebud at her waist, and pendant over her shoulders a circlet of honeysuckle and curious grasses deftly woven. At each wrist, in lieu of bracelet or sleeve-button, there stood a little spray of fern; and the *tout-ensemble* was a picture such as no artist's dream had thus far ventured to portray.

But the prodigy which made this lovely creature marvelous was her voice. Bendleton could scarcely credit his eyes and ears, when presently—releasing a small bird which had been nestling on her open palm, but to which she whispered softly, as if it could understand her, and which whisked leisurely to a neighboring bush, as if not quite disposed to fly away—she lifted up her voice and sent it far out over the wood-

land. The phrases, “to send forth the voice,” “to lift up the voice,” are sufficiently trite, and usually describe a determinate effort of the vocal strength, expending itself in so many measures of space. But this song came gently tripping from the coral lips, and rose—swelling as it spread, and spreading where it swelled—like the climax of a wave, that increases until it reaches its coveted point upon the shore, then ends in a shout. For, however oddly most writers image the billows as *breaking* against the cliff, to be baffled and beaten back—as if they were failures, not successes—really, waves leap in their delight, and retire contented, like messengers who have succeeded in a message; and their parting tones are psalms of satisfaction, rather than moans of disappointment. Such was the feat of this jubilant voice: out on the distance it pulsed and quivered with new trills, that betrayed no fatigue; close at hand it did not jar the ear. The lithe figure of the maiden stood at ease, evincing neither distortion of the mouth nor distension of the throat.

The traveler leaned from his steed, hushing devoutly. At sight of him, the matchless vocalist exclaimed, without the least embarrassment: “Is it you? I knew by the blue jays that some one was coming. Will you go in and take a rest?”

“Then the blue jays must have known more about it than I did,” drily answered our friend John. “Do you understand the blue jays?”

“O,” replied the maiden, “when the blue jays chatter, then I read the leaves. But that little wren that was here don't know anything. He is a foolish thing. Will you go in and take a rest?”

Then, seeing that the traveler hesitated, rather as if he were a bashful child, and she some stately dame, she took from her sleeve a little amber whistle, and blew a shrill call.

"Who may you be, and what place is that yonder?" Bendleton inquired, almost anxiously, pointing meanwhile to the semicircle of cottages at a little distance.

"That," she replied, "is Ultrawa; and I am Viva."

As he dismounted, the young man heard approaching footsteps — strong, quick steps in advance, followed, at an interval, by others of a clumsy tread. The form which first came in sight was a fair type of the average English yeoman: somewhat above the usual height, with well-chiseled features, full jovial face, and beard and hair of iron gray. The person was advanced in years, but still in excellent preservation. Plodding on behind him, and moving with a slouching hitch in his gait, came another person, who, at a little distance, could be heard to croon in a droning tone. His voice, bulky at the mouth, but soon evaporating, was busily tangling the remnants of a hymn into an inextricable snarl. Thus it ran:

"Where, O where, is der den of lions?
He went up in der charity ob fire —
Safe now in de prommus lan'.

Where, O where, is der Hebre-yew chillen?
Dey done gone up wid de good ole Moses —
By-and-by we goes up for to meet dem —
Way down in de prommus lan."

Surely enough, as some reader may recognize, it is Ben himself, on hand once more — as "black" as ever, if not as "blame" — wrapped in a brown coat, manufactured originally of some costly material and for a daintier wearer, but somewhat small for the Negro's unwieldy shape, so as to compress his herculean proportions to the point of evident resistance. Ben held in his hand a huge chunk of cake, which he munched between the mumbled verses, as if the several bites were so many bars in the melody, as well as interludes between his foot-falls, as he came off one leg, heavily down upon the other, his jet

visage shining with oleaginous serenity.

Ben's stride, heretofore in these presents described as clumping and stumping, may have been somewhat misreported. It was really a dancing step performed by one foot, and a species of voluntary limp accomplished by the other, twiddling the air with the first, while coming down hard upon the second, thereby communicating to his whole frame a vibratory motion, as if he hoped to arrest his own progress long enough to enjoy a regaling mouthful; whereas, in fact, the matter ended in a lurch, that projected his advance to an accelerated speed, as if he were ruthlessly pushed onward.

Precipitating himself thus from behind the trees, he was just entering upon a monody which we remember to have heard before, in words following:

"My father had a dunghill fowl,
That run'd upon —"

when he jerked himself up at the horse's bridle, with his nose upon his withers, and could not, with absolute convenience, get further. Possibly the reader may accept the situation.

At his companion's bidding, Ben takes the horse to lead him to a stable at some rods distant, disregarding the bridle, and holding the quiet creature by the mane and nose, as if he were some wild colt in the pasture, remarking at the same moment, with dignity, as he feels a currency-stamp slipped into his hand:

"Dese yer hoss-stomps ain't noways 'jectional. I hel' hosses in ole Massa's time. In dose yere timeses dere was nuffin to do wid dese yere crunces-stomps. Der boss allays hab de silber quarters, same's dey done hab down here in Ultroy. Boss, dis yer geldin' blow like de bery porpus. He look like he bloat hissef wid nuffin."

The dwelling-house into which Bendleton was now introduced by his conductor, stood apart from the other houses of the settlement — which fronted it

in a crescent, at the distance of a fourth of a mile—and occupied more rising ground, as if at once to command them and be guarded by them. Strictly speaking, it consisted of two houses joined together; for, when the guest inquired of Viva, as they entered, “Is this the house you live in?” she replied, naively, “I live everywhere, but my nest is over there”—pointing to a sort of mosque, or circular summer-house, large and airy, at the other end, the front porch of which was covered with a lattice of clematis, intertwining woodbine, and white jasmine, while the other door opened at the foot of a stout oak-tree, round which there wound steadily a spiral staircase, terminating in a snug, firm seat at the very top.

This structure joined the main edifice by a covered archway, and was again connected with it by a subterranean passage. The portion of the house into which our traveler now made way was furnished in a style of mingled rusticity and elegance. Most of the seats and tables appeared to have been manufactured on the spot, out of the native timber and surrounding rocks, everywhere to be had, while here and there smaller articles of costly woods inlaid with silver, quaint antique carvings, and dainty *bijouterie*, told of an earlier day or distant home in which, to some at least of the inmates, wealth had been free and luxury familiar.

The child-enchantress sped away toward her own quarters; and the old man, excusing himself on some errand, left Bendleton, for a short time, to the hospitality of the two grave-looking ladies who were seated when he entered, and arose to give him welcome.

One of these ladies was obviously the wife of his elderly host, and was chiefly noticeable for a faculty of kindly silence, a taciturnity so placid as to be more genial than wordy compliment, and make you more at home. It was sel-

dom that she spoke, but the calm brow and winning smile appeared to say, “Would, friends, that I could render you as happy as I am myself.”

The other matron—a trifle younger, both in look and dress, and more imposing in her manner—talked right on; and her speech would have charmed the listener were it not for a certain highflown pedantry and stilted tone, and an unaccountable habit of introducing, especially at the close of sentences, some word unknown to any dictionary of the present day, or, it might be, some group of syllables unknown to any word. She talked right on, courteously, musically, but as if there rarely came a chance to do so, and she might never have another; feeling it, on that account, the more sacredly incumbent “to occupy the time.”

It was quite in vain that student John essayed to interject a question or insinuate a remark, with reference to that vision of the paragon child, which had completely magnetized him. The “Lady Triddles”—as he afterward heard her called—took him up every time, or else took up the universe at large, with profound comments upon the principles of ethics or æsthetics, and public interests in general; and compelled her hearer to pay attention, too.

“What a wonderful voice that child has, madam—if she is a child.”

“Dear young sir,” was her rejoinder, “the entire human race is in its childhood; or, is it your opinion that it is already in its dotage? Pray, inform me.”

She added, partially aside to the other lady, what sounded to the listener like “*Aschremaddelinden*.” The student confessed to some perplexity upon the subject.

Resuming, he ventured to inquire, “Has that little—that—has that young lady ever been trained to sing?”

“Sir—respected sir,” returned her ladyship, “time is but a training-school,

at best, and life the trainer. But I believe that the entire geonane will be remodeled?"—this last interrogatively and plaintively, as if appealing for a re-assurance. Bendleton gave it up, and remarked, urbanely, that he "supposed it might be, and probably it would. In fact, now he thought of it, it was universally conceded."

"Kind sir," she appealed again, without waiting for any further questioning on his part, "is it not your opinion that when the great Althemden climbed Parnassian Heights, our trudging poetasters tottered down?"

As John Bendleton had no personal knowledge of the great Althemden—who was most likely to have been a provincial poet, known to the dame in her younger days and native land—nor any very precise notion as to who were intended by the term "trudging poetasters"—the majority of his acquaintances in that line being, to say the least, high-flyers who disdained to trudge at all, except the few who might be denominated loungers—he assented, meekly; whereupon she remarked, complacently, "Aftanishl"—or words to that effect.

J. B. appearing, once more, to be upon the point of renewing his investigations, by some remark as to the singularity of Viva's name, she challenged him, almost vehemently, "Learned sir, are you now—now are you—a believer in the theory of globular ebullition, at the formation of the metaphorphic rocks? You are not. You surely *could* not be; I *knew* you could not"—with rapt thankfulness to heaven for that item of intelligence.

A pause, of course, ensued. There could be no dispute.

Descending now to things subordinate, the good lady appealed to her silent partner with the sensible suggestion, "Do let us give this tired gentleman some refreshment."

The "tired gentleman," feeling himself at the moment undergoing more

than one species of fatigue, after this conversation, was duly grateful; when the speaker, hearing a sharp tap on the casement, exclaimed, in a more domestic tone:

"Mrs. Ledson, here comes Sally Veck."

The window-sash was at once flung high; for, as was understood, Mrs. Sarah Veck had a prejudice that way, and stood more kindly under windows than upon the threshold of any door whatever.

There stood Sal. Veck, or Vick, as some people pronounced her name, with allusion to her long and thin drab-and-slab make-up, while others still subjoined a particle, not without sarcastic meaning, and, parsing it in a past tense, rendered it Sal. Vicked.

There was a species of euphonious accommodation practiced in the pronunciation of her name, the emulous vowels coming to a compromise. If you said Sal., you naturally said Sal. Veck; but those who called her Sel., taking good heed not to be too partial to the *e*, rendered the last name Vick—Sel. Vick—a discrimination worthy the attention of many modern students who are interested in the way in which languages have grown.

Sally's personality stood out in marked contrast to the demureness of the two ladies in the house.

Of gigantic stature, for a woman—five feet six in height—with large, flat bones; a long head, with hard, brown features; most masculine of muscle; a voice pitched with just enough of a woman's treble to sharpen to shrillness its guttural bass, like a man's voice whisperingly hoarse with suppressed scorn; a general defiance of attitude and gait, which suggested the idea either that a hod-carrier, with a heavy cold, and arrayed in a petticoat, was idly seeking to palm himself upon his neighbors for a woman, or else that some woman, in her ambition to

make herself a man, had gone and overdone it, once for all—this was Sally.

There was, however, no sham supposable about Mrs. Veck, and no pretense possible, when those two small but inexorable eyes gazed grimly at society.

There was “no trash about Sel. Vick,” as she herself put it. “Wot she sed, she sed, and wot she done, she done, and done with it.” Although sallow now, with exposure and occasional opium, Sally, in youth, had been a lively rustic hoyden, “supple enough,” and “fool enough to merry Case Vick, that ere blarsted scoige!”

When, however, Case had taken to drink, and, waxing violent, one day “tempted to hammer Sel. Etten”—pride betaking itself here, as in other instances, to the use of the maiden name, as to a decree of practical divorce—then, notwithstanding the fact that Case, a brawny six-footer, was the well-known fighter of the roadside corner, and kept the tavern-stoop in awe, “Sel. jist up and fit him, that sudingt, she nigh onto squashed that ere thick skull of his’n.” Sel. “laid him down,” and afterward “hed him tuk up for strikin’ on a woman—‘salt and batter business,’ so them liyar fellers hed it.” And when, shortly afterward, even-handed justice, in the person of the diminutive village constable, was approaching, to hold her also to account, she had given him a kind of compassionate warning through the village clergyman, whom she met upon the highway.

“If that ere missable Tommy Doo-man comes to ’rest me, Dominie, I’ll smack his little mouth for him. You tell him, Dominie, I’ll smack his little mouth for him. Missable little Tommy Doo-man! *Missable* little pup!”

Not long afterward, however—perhaps perceiving a slight flaw in her position, or dubious of its perfect constitu-

tionality—Sally shook off the dust of her feet—or a small portion of it—and betook herself to the very thickest of the wilds, as a permanent misanthrope.

It was generally understood that she lived in an adjacent swamp; but, in fact, no one knew where she lived, or how; only that, after intervals, sometimes of days, sometimes of months, the tall, angular figure would make its way through the solitary street of Morford, and come to a halt under a window—of doors and porches seeming still to hold the greatest possible aversion—and the gruff announcement would crash through the window-panes:

“If you don’t want no berries nor nuthin’, *say* so, and don’t be botherin’ round this way; I can’t stan’ it.”

Otherwise, she stalked on, harmless, and unharmed, with many a quiet enjoyment of the scenes about her mirrored on her rough face; a very tender interest in every bird, beast, and creeping thing, the latter especially; and wearing a sort of half smile of conscious pride when some child would whisper faintly to the group upon the green, “There goes Sally Veck;” then suddenly plunging into the woods, be lost to view, for weeks together.

She was still known in the region of Morford as Sally Veck; although Peter Hunter was wont to say, unhesitatingly, that “Veck was no name—that is—of hern. She *hed* once—that is—*merried*—that is—*Case* Veck; but her name hed—that is—always been—that is—*Sal. Etten*, and nothing—that is—else.”

On the present occasion, Mrs. Veck appeared carrying a basket upon either arm. The one which she held up to Mrs. Ledson, at the window, was brimmed with the white whortleberries—or, as she described it, “Chock full o’ white blueberries”—surrounded by a fine circlet of the *red wintergreen* berries (the adjectives become confused, but the berries were more neatly arranged), while

green wintergreen leaves lined the sides of the basket. The basket was as tasty with the fruit as a bouquet with flowers, and no less fragrant.

These "white blueberries" were found in a certain dell, to which none but Sal. had learned the way; and some persons regarded their existence with skepticism. But many a loiterer in Morford has tasted them from Sal.'s own hand, and can corroborate the writer's testimony to their sweetness, crystal clearness, and delicate skins, and that they are larger and finer flavored than any other berries whatever.

Mrs. Veck — who, as a rule, stood quite as scornfully aloof from the exclusive society of Ultrawa (which she called "stuck up," and sometimes "them crazy coots") as from the sleepy Morfordites and other reputable citizenships in the villages through which, like a meteor, she now and then meandered from her hermitage, which citizenships in general she characterized as "A skerrisome lot, as knowed no better than to be wot they was," and "Folks that hed no call to go to bed, *not nights*, they slep' the hull time" — had fallen utterly in love with "that fairysome cur'osity that you go and call Viffer;" and bowed to the earth before her, for two reasons: one, that this "mite of a lady" had once appeared in one of Sal.'s solitary haunts, where she lay on the ground in sore anguish with her head, beating it in the dust, "to beat the ache out of it," and, instead of running away, had bent over her, put her hands on her brow, and "hed took the pain away immediate;" the other, because of the odd fellowship which the child showed with the dumb creatures, which acted, everywhere, as if they understood and loved her — for Sal. herself had more faith in these, after their kind, than in any of the human stock, and more sympathy with them.

So she had brought this tribute, which had cost her much wading and many

scratches, and held it up and passed it in through the window, saying to the old lady — at whom, however, she scarcely deigned to glance — "Give them to little Viffer. That ere combunctious pilot cum out agin. He laid out to cum at me. He riz — the main sneak-skin!" added she, with as keen an expression of wounded feeling as if he had been an accountable fellow-being. "He hed no call to do it. I never done nothin' to him. Hows'ever, I fit him. He cum *out*. He went *in* agin. He! You jist!"

Presently she said, with a gruff, short laugh: "Old Ben allowed he'd find the place where them white blueberries growed. I told him he'd see the devil there. Ben ain't never sed nothin' senct. But I ain't afeard of no devil, nor" — added Sally, with uplifted voice and deeper emphasis, as if it were a far more serious matter, and one to rouse her wrath — "of no fool of a man, nuther." After which, she subsided into grimmest silence, and moved abruptly away, looking warily ignorant of the silver dollar that fell, as by accident, into the remaining basket on her arm, which contained "Or'nary blueberries, for Muford folks."

After Mrs. Veck's departure, Bendleton, refreshed by a dainty lunch of fruit and cakes, and a most exhilarating draught of herb-beer unlike any he had ever tasted, discovered the child standing abstractedly under the tree again — her flexile masses of hair, translucent in the sunlight, which, westering radiantly now, laved the sward with the redundant splendors that shot from the horizon, pouring down upon the landscape its prism of refulgence, as the brink of the cataract foams with the sheeting spray it can not hold. The child halted, for some seconds, in a dreamy attitude — a rapture of revery; then began, with springy steps, to take her way toward the adjoining hamlet.

What was our young student's amaze-

ment, when he saw—or was it only his fancy?—that birds of different plumage seemed to be bearing her company—some of them floating gently in advance, others hovering a little way behind. Could he be under any illusion? Once he caught a glimpse of a deer's antlers, and human-like eyes peering an instant through the thicket. He fancied that he had never beheld so many living creatures mingling in their sport. Or, was it only that the sunbeams, indicating those outlines of their way, made an apparent procession of the animal play which was really diffused everywhere through the forest?

But what is this? Surely, he is not dreaming. When the *spirituelle* child halts, and stands once more in statuesque repose—the outlines of her form being visible in strong relief against a solitary rock that looms out in the crimson glow—she stretches forth her hand again, and another little bird alights upon it voluntarily; then the fluttering procession appears to nestle out of sight, while the little sibyl once more uplifts that marvelous voice.

At this moment, the old man, who had first received the wanderer, appears, leading the horse, which had evidently been well cared for, but Ben's shiny visage is no longer visible, nor Ben's majestic tread heard. Instead of the "blame black," a military-looking stranger (the same who received the packet at his hands, as related in the first chapter) detains the trusty steward for an instant.

Bendleton overhears him say: "Yes, Ledson, the letter fixed the very day. We must start for New York to-morrow. Take Peter Hunter with you, and join me at the Narrows on the ninth." To this the old servant bows assent, without a word, and, while the other turns back toward Ultrawa (halting only a few seconds, to speak with Viva), proceeds to guide John Bendleton through the

thicket, beyond the intervening morass, and so out upon the narrow causeway which made for the open turnpike.

Bendleton's rapid questions, no longer easily parried or suppressed, elicited from his conductor the fact that among the Ultrawans there prevailed sundry wild and superstitious ideas in relation to the child Viva, to the effect that she had had a pre-existence in this world in a former century; that she had re-entered it by a new nativity; that she had been re-born, as a song-herald of an approaching era in which the material creation should be regenerated; that, even now, she had the faculty to hold communion; not, as some have claimed, with the intelligences of upper and spiritual spheres, but with what are called the lower orders of creaturehood and the animal tribes, and could interpret and translate much hidden meaning of what is known as inanimate Nature, both in its elemental forces and its organic forms.

In communicating these ideas, Ledson made reference to a mystical saying of the Bible, "The child shall be born a hundred years old;" and that other singular prediction, "A little child shall lead them."

Bendleton, of course, with his sound, healthy sense, took little notice of these vagaries which the old man held in reverence. But just as they surmounted the crest of a hill, a little less densely wooded than the surrounding surface, the air began once more to kindle with that preternatural voice. It must have overtaken them at the distance of at least half a mile, and even here encircled them with notes tireless and free.

The vibration laid a spell upon surrounding life. The cicadas desisted all at once from their shrill, evening whisper; the crepitations of the water-fall, where it eddied round an obstructing rock, became less audible; the swaying tree-twigs hushed, as if of purpose; a

profound quiet fell upon the grove; a lull, such as you may remember to have felt upon the verge of a coming tempest, or in that slumber of the gale which resembles the interval of glassy water between two towering billows; and the whole landscape lay infolded in an instant's uttermost repose—like some panting human breast, in the brief interval between troubled waking memories and troublous phantoms of a dream. The entire scene fell off, an instant, into such a stillness, that the leaf, ready to drop, seemed to check its flutterings, lest it should break the calm.

It was but a moment's tension. Then, as the last cadence of the child's anthem triumphed in the atmosphere, the spirit of the material sphere appeared to draw a long breath of ecstasy, and throb again at every fibre of pulsation—re-

newing each intonation, in its dialect of joy, like an orchestra that swells to enthusiasm at the moment when the soloist has ravished every ear.

The young theologian, melted to the very heart, recalls these words: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out into all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

The song had also awakened responding sounds in the distance, that might be the stanzas of the sunset hymn, in Ultrawa; and, as the untranslated words were flung forward into space, Bendleton thought that he distinguished among them the undying, universal ascription, "Hallelujah!"

Nevertheless, he could not be certain of it; and so he rode on, as in a dream.

ETC.

It was a rare treat to hear Professor Agasiz deliver his lecture on the forms and divisions of animal life, from polyp to man, trace with admirable clearness and precision the law of evolution, and ascribe to a creative mind, beneficent and loving, the ideas which are manifested in the progressive scale of being. While the matter was not new to the more intelligent of his hearers, it was freshened even to them, by his delivery and illustration; by that compact and perspicuous expression which comes from perfect mastery of the subject; by the glow of that noble enthusiasm which has found in the study of Nature the sufficient motive of a long and busy career; and by the eloquent appeal with which he concluded in behalf of scientific culture in this new community. Many of his audience had never before listened to a great platform-lecturer on science, and will probably date from that evening a perception that there is something in the world more

wonderful and worthy than the sordid cares which make it so wretched. Here was a man, who had never found time to make money, telling those who had made money their grand aim, that intellectual culture in its highest forms could not be neglected without the penalty that overtook Carthage. His contrast between the fate of this city, above whose ruins survives nothing but the memory of barren commercial success, and that of Athens, whose philosophy, letters, and art make her still the pride and teacher of mankind, recalled the words of Plato, who declared that the Phœnicians boasted of their wealth, the Greeks of their knowledge. We almost expected that he would quote from "The Apology" these words, which Plato puts in the mouth of Socrates: "O, my friend, why do you, who are a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, care so much about laying up the greatest amount of money, and honor, and reputation,

and so little about wisdom, and truth, and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all."

We do not mean to say that culture, even in its finest and highest forms, is lacking here, for that would be untrue. What is lacking is an adequate appreciation of it, and a generous disposition to extend it. The State has created and fostered a system of popular instruction, crowned by a free university which promises great things; but, outside of the scanty and hardly-obtained appropriations for the Geological Survey, neither State nor people has done anything to distinctively promote art and science. The votaries of the former can rely upon that instinctive love of the beautiful which exists in nearly all minds; but those who pursue science—who make original researches in the wide and novel field offered on the Pacific—encounter more prejudice than sympathy, and have a tough struggle for the bare privilege of inquiry and limited publication. They are not money-makers, and without the help of money they can neither do so much in accumulating nor in utilizing the materials of fresh knowledge as they desire, and as it is to the interest of society, even in its most practical, every-day concerns, that they should. Hence it happens that an institution like our Academy of Sciences has for twenty years harbored in a garret, unable to properly classify and display its collections, and to publish such full reports of its transactions and so many separate papers as the intrinsic value of these would justify. Too often the local press has seen only food for ridicule in its meetings and labors. The average reporter is no more able than the average citizen to appreciate how incalculable may be the bearing and results of facts apparently insignificant in themselves, and does not understand that science is built up on a multitude of little observations, affording the only sure basis for those broad generalizations which the most ignorant finally wonder at and admire.

The masterly statement of the outlines of natural history which charmed a mixed audience from the lips of Agassiz, and which many readers of *THE OVERLAND* will thank us for reproducing, was made possible by the patient and minute investigations of thou-

sands of just such unappreciated workers as those who have been the butts of newspaper wits in San Francisco. Those who scorn them would not have seen anything to praise in Galileo's curious study of a pendulum's swing, in Newton's wonderment over the fall of an apple, in Franklin's kite-flying, in Galvani's experiment with a dead frog, in Watts' pondering over the steam-lifted kettle-lid; yet in these simple things germinated our knowledge of the laws that keep the heavenly bodies in place, our knowledge of electricity and the application of it to telegraphy, and the use of steam as a motor for ships and cars—discoveries and inventions that have revolutionized philosophy, and all the arts and industries of life. The first attempt to analyze a beam of sunlight, as it passed from the chink of a window-shutter through a triangular bit of glass, would have seemed aimless enough to these scoffers; yet it was the germ of all we know of light and color, the basis of that latest science, spectrum analysis, by which we have learned the composition of the heavenly bodies, measured the advancing and receding motion of the most distant stars which are visible at all, and greatly enlarged the powers of chemistry. Gay-Lussac, boiling sea-weed and pocketing the quickly-evaporated metal-like scales that resulted, would not have been thought very profitably occupied; yet his discovery of iodine made possible photography and its innumerable applications, and added to medicine a specific for some of the most painful and destructive diseases. Priestly, collecting a few gas-bubbles from water, would have excited smiles of curiosity, perhaps; yet his discovery of oxygen was the true basis of modern chemistry, with all its countless benefactions to mankind, the mere enumeration of which would fill volumes. Who could have suspected that the distillation of formic acid from ants was one of the facts leading to the discovery of chloroform, an anæsthetic which has saved so many lives and ameliorated so much pain? These are only a few of the more striking instances wherein Science, to whom no fact is insignificant, has been debtor for her best achievements to observations and inquiries of no dignity or importance in the general esteem. How they

emphasize the admonition of Agassiz! How they rebuke the cold neglect of so many years!

AFTER the current of dramatic and musical events has led us to a flood, there comes an ebb. We begin to think the tide was at its lowest when our chief theatre was closed for repairs. Never till then had we so realized its necessity. There were half a dozen places of amusement still open; the superb horses of Don Chiarini whirled over the sawdust to the accompaniment of a tornado of wind-instruments; the minstrel cracked his venerable joke between the clatter and the tinkle of bones and banjo; Buffalo Bill electrified Nature and his audiences with hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field — what were the elements to him? mere playthings! — and as for the "Children of the Forest," than which no Indians were better bred, though savage to a degree of artistic refinement, that inevitably brought down the house — we say as to these Indians, we are glad they are numbered among the lost tribes, for their advent was harrowing and altogether stagy; and their just demise, in the last act, must have had much to do with the repetition of a drama that, to this hour, puzzles us with its continued and remunerative success. But let us not forget that this sort of thing belongs to the low tide, when the sinks of the drama are exposed. It smells of sensation. The shade of Shakespeare visits it not; the voice of good old English comedy is hushed; there is nothing left but blue fire and surprising climaxes.

At last the tide sweeps in again. We are ushered through the brilliant vestibule of the California Theatre, that now is. We behold the transformation, and, under the splendid dome with its crystal pyramid of fire, we look in vain for some suggestion of the old temple that has so often resounded to our willing and enthusiastic applause.

We rejoice in the fresh glories of the place, but we miss much that had grown familiar and home-like; we miss the stately, old, high-back chairs; we miss the corridors up under the roof, the purpose of which we

never definitely understood, albeit, it was a pleasant place for posturing at a reduced price, and lent somewhat to the *bizarre* effect of the house. We miss, likewise, the massive mirrors that were wont to reflect the unwary actor, who, with no thought for effect, hunted his *cue* at the wing.

We remember how, on some few occasions, we caught glimpses of the play, reproduced in pantomime, upon the surface of one of the mirrors; and, while our ear drank in the text of the author, our eye was fixed upon the picture in the glass, where every action was suited to the word, and with which, we are free to confess, we found the chief entertainment of the evening.

Of course, we grew philosophical, and reasoned thus: Here are the players; there are the shadows of the players, with all their gestures, attitudes, and situations pictured as in a dream. The shadow, somehow, we preferred to the original; at any rate, as a spectacle, it seems less unnatural, because we accept it, at once, as a mere show. *Ergo*: play as naturally as you will, you shall yet seem unnatural, until we have learned to look upon you as parts of a living picture, with all of your attributes more or less exaggerated, according to the compound rules of creative art — which, by the way, has nothing to do with the re-opening.

We thank the powers that be for so elegant an edifice; and we accept, with becoming gratitude, the tempting prospect of the new season.

One of the chief suggestions of the returning tide of gayety was, undoubtedly, the advent of the "Fabri Opera Troupe," who, unannounced, came in upon us, and won, by their sheer excellence, our hearty encouragement.

Have they not read a lesson to those who blow their trumpets to such an extent that they have no wind left for the entertainment they herald?

Then followed the testimonial to Mr. Henry Edwards, the distinguished scientist and histrion, whose prolonged illness called forth a galaxy of volunteers such as has seldom appeared on any single evening in this city, and the mere announcement of which drew together an audience of that quality

which was in itself an uncommon compliment to both artists and beneficiary. Let us rejoice that the winter promises so well, and close the record for this month.

As the following rhapsodic madrigal was picked up not far from the parlors of the Occidental Hotel, during the stay of the Chinese Educational Mission there, and as the original was in the most delicate Chinese characters, it is supposed that some heart among the more classical and cultured of that race in our midst was taken captive by the bright beauty of one of the daughters of Lai Sun. Either some malapropos adventure has deprived the adoring suitor of his passionate sonnet, or, as is too often the case, alas! with other than Chinese darlings, the fascinating little witch has coolly tossed the tender missive aside, as a bit of impertinence. A careful translation reveals in what manner a Chinese lover discourses to his fair *inam-orata*:

Like the wild water-fowls, in mutual joy
Each upon each dependent—thus are we.
Thou art the very Goddess of the Moon—
In tone and measure like a pastoral.
Checks which have stolen the red almond's bloom,
And ruby pouting lips, and teeth like pearls.
Your body like the Lan-flower, and your heart
Like sweet and fragrant spices, and your bones
Like rare and precious stones. Your muscles as
The glittering frost, pure and transparent.
An aroma delicately distills,
Like to the Epidendrum, from your breath.
The glances of your eye are like the bright
And dancing waters of the Eastern Sea.
Your rosy, laughing face and the bright flowers
Are borrowing each from each, in turn, soft tints;
And fair and smooth as downy peach your flesh.
Your hair as lustrous as a mirror, and
Your coiffure rivaling in form the wings
Of locusts; and, with the phenix-headed
Pins and golden comb with pendants, is held
Firm to a shapely head. Rings adorn your
Ears, and bracelets rare clasp your rounded wrists,
And from your girdle drop the clusters of
Exquisite charms. Your brow with phenix-band
Begirt, is pure as polished ivory.
Your arching brows would mockingly conceal
The flashing brightness which they emulate.
Your plaited skirts harmonious in their folds.
Elaborate, yet modest in their kind,
Your ornaments and dress; and your carriage
Graceful as the pendant willow-twigs; and
Your robes in all the colors of the clouds,
With purple vest, and skirt of silken gauze;

Richly embroidered sleeves depending down
And waving like the branches of a tree.
Your dainty feet upon the walks, hedged in—
With golden lilies; your dainty fingers
Toying with the blossoms; while your voice, like
Incense to the gods, brings me in rapture
To your feet, to implore you to be mine.

THE lecture season in San Francisco has heretofore not been remarkable for brilliancy. Some years prior to the death of the late beloved T. Starr King, he inaugurated a short series of lectures on the "Poets of America," which it was hoped would subsequently lead to the organization of a Lyceum of popular lecturers for each succeeding winter, as in the Eastern cities of the Union. Either from want of interest, lack of appreciation, or the numerous sources of amusement and recreation open to the public, the plan met with a decided failure. The few discourses Starr King delivered were well attended by his congregation and personal friends, and also by a few individuals interested in poetic culture. But to popularize them was not in the power of even so gifted a speaker. Since then we have had no *united* effort by the different literary societies to form a combination strong enough to induce trained speakers from abroad to visit us, or to develop and encourage the talent which is among us. For special purposes, inducements have been offered to a few men, prominent for their success in the lecture-field, and whose qualifications for "drawing" had been tested; and they have come and gone—either having accomplished the object for which they came, or disappointing the expectations of those who flocked to hear them. In many instances their audiences, to the question of What came ye out for to see? might have responded, A reed shaken by the wind—so rapid, and flat, and altogether uninteresting have been both theme and discourse.

Gough achieved his usual crowds. He blew his horn for "the Lord and for Jerusalem," and the public were delighted. In rapid touches, in skillful and adroit incidental experiences, in ministry to heart and feeling, he is quite unequaled. He has the faculty of freshening time-worn anecdotes, and reproducing an unvaried theme under

constant and often fantastic changes ; so that his hearers listen again and again, satisfied with the burnish of newness. It was a master-stroke of financial policy to secure his services to aid in the erection of one of the handsomest architectural structures in the city. It is hoped that the mastery of his eloquence, thus moulded into the solid stone, will be repeated from the pulpit, against intemperance, a prevailing sin of the day. Emerson, when he came, brought with him the same thoughts and suggestions which availed him twenty years ago, dead-ripe. The public did not altogether relish the flavor of staleness ; and even partial friends looked for fresh results from years of mental culture. Talmadge was a failure. Mark Twain gave us an appetite for his racy wit, and then left us. Train flashed meteorically across our horizon. Anna Dickinson said her say—and was gone. Grace Greenwood drew crowded houses, on the strength of her reputation ; and, while making hosts of friends by her genial good-humor, and winning laurels in private by her admirable dramatic talent, wore out her popularity as a lecturer in three or four efforts. And thus we have had, with exceptions, a succession of lecturers, who have had to engineer their own way to public favor, and hit or miss, at the caprice of the multitude.

This season we commence with Professor Agassiz, coming to us not as a lecturer, but as an honored and distinguished visitor ; induced only by the urgency of the members of the Academy of Natural Sciences to address a selected audience, and endeavor to awaken interest, and stimulate research, into the various branches of natural science. The anxiety to hear him was quickened by the fact of his brief stay among us ; and his admirable faculty of creating a desire to know more, has given an impetus to scientific pursuits, heretofore unequalled in San Francisco.

What we now need, is a society (it may be auxiliary to those in the East, or independent), composed of both sexes, which shall offer such inducements to those representing culture in science, art, literature, and kindred topics, as will make it advantageous for them to visit us from distant points, as Lyceum lecturers. The majority of individuals who have devoted their best years to the investigation of science, the study of art, or the

cultivation of literary taste, are not blessed with a superabundance of pecuniary resources. Let the managers of the Central Pacific bring them to us free of expense—though we can scarcely expect, for these princes of learning, the generous munificence which surrounded "Goldsmith Maid" and "Lucy" with such regal accommodations.

Under the auspices of a Lyceum, we need not fear an ingress of literary bummers or empty-headed fools ; for some pride would be taken in the selection, and the taste thus inspired would at least temper the mania for gambling and horse-racing which at present rules supreme ; and, gradually elevating the educational standard, give us some hope that the rapidly maturing generation might thus be inducted into a purer tone of thought and more cultivated habits of study.

There is also something to be said, in this connection, for the talent, education, and genius which is purely Californian ; or, rather, which belongs to this side of the Rocky Mountains. The thought arises from the consideration of a recent very remarkable lecture, given by a woman whose life has been one of entire isolation and hidden suffering, and who has been impelled by the force of circumstances to seek for some outlet whereby she can make pecuniarily available the resources of a genius rich in originality of thought and expression, fertile in imagination, and pure in poetic fancy.

Mrs. Myrtle Miller has displayed rare discernment. In the analysis of character she is keen and incisive. An artist in the use of words, her glowing tints reproduce a phase of life which is as real as the thing itself. Nature could not speak more truly than this child of her own, reared amid her mountains and fostered in her bosom. Finding solace there from the hard realities of a sad, sad life ; a most tender and pathetic soul, yet full of a strange, subtle power, and a marvelous comprehension of poetic truth. With a quick insight into the springs of human action, her clear vision penetrates shallow disguises, detects tricks of expression, and the prick of her fine-pointed satire is like that of a delicately-tempered instrument in the hands of a skillful physician.

Our native talent needs training. We should not neglect it. There are elements

here as original in social life as those new in Nature; and interpreters will only fail us for want of encouragement. If we bring our scientific scholars from abroad, with their gathered experience and wisdom of the past, let us be mindful to secure for ourselves also the ripening thought of the present.

We have, connected with the drama in San Francisco, a gentleman whose scientific acquirements should give him a more conspicuous estimation in the minds of the community than even his accomplishments as an actor. Professor Agassiz, his warm personal friend, was somewhat surprised that he was not filling the chair of a professor, so highly

does he estimate his knowledge. We have a physician in Oakland, laboriously fulfilling the duties of his practice, so familiar with botanical science, that students, and even teachers, apply to him, as undoubted authority in this particular department. We have art students all over the State, who are revealing the secrets of Nature, and, in color and atmosphere, reproducing her likeness with wonderful fidelity. We have a Joaquin Miller, a Charles Warren Stoddard, an Ina D. Coolbrith, and many prose-writers of excellent promise. The lecture-field, with which we started and will close this Etc., is open to honorable competition.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MAN IN THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.
By Dr. L. Buchner.

The author of this remarkable work, as is well known, occupies the front rank among the popular scientific writers of Germany. He is the representative of the extreme materialistic school, and may justly dispute claims with Figuiet, of the French school of infidelity; inasmuch as it must be a mooted question as to which of these noted *savants* deserves most credit for exhibiting the practical workings of their peculiar theories, and showing to what results the principles maintained by the school of thinkers to which they are allied inevitably lead. In his preface the author expresses great distaste and disinclination for futile polemics; and proposes, once for all, to brilliantly and resolutely defend his position against all assailants by hurling at them in advance projectiles like the following:

"There is nothing more frequent than denunciations from the pulpit and platform against the tendencies of modern science, by men who are not only ignorant of the rudiments of science, but who have bound themselves by creeds and formulas before their minds were matured enough, or their knowledge sufficient, to discriminate between the essentials and non-essentials of these restrictions. And here it may be remarked, once for all, that no man who has subscribed to creeds and formulas, whether in theology

or philosophy, can be an unbiased investigator of the truth, or an unprejudiced judge of the opinions of others. His sworn preconceptions warp his discernment; adherence to his sect or party engenders intolerance to the honest convictions of other inquirers. Beliefs we may and must have, but a belief to be changed with new and advancing knowledge impedes no progress, while a creed subscribed to as ultimate truth and sworn to be defended, not only puts a bar to further research, but as a consequence throws the odium of distrust on all that may seem to oppose it. Even when such odium can not deter, it annoys and irritates; hence the frequent unwillingness of men of science to come prominently forward with the avowal of their beliefs. It is time this delicacy were thrown aside, and such theologians plainly told that the skepticism and infidelity—if skepticism and infidelity there be—lies all on their own side. There is no skepticism so offensive as that which doubts the facts of honest and careful observation; no infidelity so gross as that which disbelieves the deductions of competent and unbiased judgments."

Having thus dexterously thrown up an abattis of branches clipped from Page's controversial tree, to obstruct, if possible, the approach of all assailants, he deploys his scientific troops into a compact body along an extended front, and manœuvres them with creditable skill and adroit stratagem. For the more convenient handling of the material, he divides his subject into three battalions of argument—namely, "Our origin," "What are we?" "Where are we going?" Upon

the first subject the author discourses at length on the antiquity and original state of the human race and its development from a barbarous beginning. Concerning this prehistoric period, of which we have no historical evidence, and which is enveloped in an obscurity so complete that we have no direct information upon it, he argues that it is evident that the state of prehistoric man was one of primitive and natural barbarism, in which he neither felt the necessity nor possessed the means of handing down historical traditions. These means could only be furnished by the invention of the art of writing, which took place at a very late period, and is in itself very complicated. The life of primitive man, he contends, must have been an uninterrupted and miserable strife with savage animals, and with the innumerable hardships of a rude world. Buchner is evidently on terms of intimate fellowship and communion with Sir Charles Lyell, and is under many obligations to his *Antiquity of Man* for much valuable data. In some cases he quotes mincingly upon points where to have quoted more generously might have imperiled the position assumed.

The second book is devoted to the present position of man in Nature, his developmental history, and the origin and genealogy of the human race. His views are substantially those of the Darwinian theory of development; and upon this marvelous coincidence the author fervently congratulates himself, inasmuch as he had never been able to arrive at any definite opinion upon the subject in question from any of Darwin's writings that he had seen, the author antedating the *Descent of Man* in point of production. This circumstance, he alleges, should serve as a proof how completely a correct interpretation of facts, and consistent and unprejudiced thought in scientific matters, especially in natural history, must lead to the same clear and simple results, no matter in what brain the necessary process of thought is carried on.

That we are simian, both in nature and origin, he contends is beyond the bounds of successful contradiction. But as if to drop one little crumb of comfort, after such a humiliating assertion, he very sympathetically suggests that the intellectual life of animals

has hitherto been greatly underestimated, or falsely interpreted; that intellectually, morally, and artistically, the animal must be placed in a far higher position than has been supposed. In other words, it is mainly our own fault, as well as misfortune, that we do not understand the braying of a donkey, the mewing of a cat, or the barking of a dog. The pre-eminence of man over the animal is, therefore, rather *relative* than *absolute*—consists chiefly in the greater perfection and more advantageous development of those characteristics which he possesses in common with animals; all the faculties of man being, as it were, prophetically foreshadowed in the animal world, but in him more highly developed by means of natural selection. And he further contends, that, even the human speech—that most important attribute of man and of his humanity, that chief aid to his intellectual progress, that most striking distinction between man and the animals—is, after all, but the product of gradual and slow development. The able reviewers of Mr. Darwin's theory, who contend that they have succeeded in exposing the improbability of his favored hypothesis, by challenging its sufficiency to account for the possession by man of the power of expressing ideas, will please note this. Is the answer of Buchner—a mere assertion, to be regarded as a triumph of inductive reasoning, and in happy accord with the spirit of a pure philosophy or the true scientific spirit?

But we pass to a consideration of the third book, which is devoted to the future of man and the human race. He proceeds upon the motto that "the sovereignty of man consists in his conviction that there can be no higher purpose than that of humanity, in which the development of the earth is consummated." This book is somewhat alien from the two which precede it, in intent and purpose. He discusses, among other themes, the influence of advancing culture upon the struggle for existence in man; government and policies in the future; principle of nationality; political liberation to be completed by social liberation; liberty and equality in the political and social sense; want of physical and intellectual nourishment; folly of the cry against capital; labor and laborers; the family; ideal and real families; education;

advantages of social education over domestic ; crime and criminals ; higher and lower educational institutes ; woman and her emancipation ; marriage ; the only right principle of morality ; religion and its sources ; replacement of faith by knowledge ; religion inimical rather than favorable to civilization ; materialism and idealism not at antipodes ; progressive tendency and programme of materialism.

These are but a few of the more important subjects which he treats after his own peculiar method and habit of thought. He would have governments republican, on the principle, that, for the maturation of freedom, the best agent is freedom. He contends for social freedom as the necessary complement to political liberation ; the family, he asserts, in its present form, exists only for the rich and prosperous, while the poor man or the *proletaire* know the family only in form, which, in general, is the direct opposite of what it should be—the tomb, rather than the cradle of good. Buchner is evidently advancing backward to the adoption of the scheme of Lycurgus, leaving the matter of the rearing of children to the State. In regard to woman, he enters an emphatic plea: "Shall genius and intelligence become of no consequence merely because they happen to have taken up their abode in a female brain?" He proceeds upon the supposition, that, in the present *status* of things, this is inevitable. But the acme of imbecility is reached only when he discusses the marriage relation. Marriage he pronounces essentially a product of human culture, and hence it must change and advance with the increase of culture. And for the progress of true humanity, nothing can be more efficacious than the liberation of marriage from the narrowing bars that now inclose it; the proper relation between the two sexes being a free and unconstrained choice on both sides, and "dependent for its continuance upon the continuance of mutual affection." Instead of the Union of the best with the best, as contemplated in Plato's ideal state, this progressive scientist would recommend the union of the most suitable with the most suitable, as the proper method of producing the best possible race in the future. As for religion, he would advocate its utter suppression, on the ground that the

more religious a man is the less does he feel within himself the necessity for culture and knowledge ; its chief ingredients being mystery, superstition, and bigotry, he would substitute in its stead a sensible, philosophical morality.

But we must pause in our dissection of this book of advanced scientific thought—of science run mad. We had hoped that Figuiet had climbed the highest round of the ladder of philosophical absurdity ; but it has been left to Buchner to crown the loftiest pinnacle with the present work. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Liebig, and Maudsley, are all eclipsed by the materialistic philosophy embodied in this remarkable book. Many of the above named exhibit a candor and conscientiousness, a dignified fairness, a respectful reverence, as they trench upon the ground of Christian faith and experience, which command a reciprocity on the part of the reader ; but the author before us will plead guilty to none of these. It may, perhaps, be reassuring for Dr. Buchner to know that many of the most eminent theologians of the day, while they may dissent from any given development theory as at present promulgated, yet, at the same time, believe and assert that any theory of Christianity or Nature which is not essentially a development theory is false from end to end. The Duke of Argyll may talk of the "Reign of Law;" but that is only another method of talking of the reign of the Supreme Ruler. When Professor Tyndall says, "The passage from facts to principles is called induction, which in its highest form is inspiration," he makes a broader concession than the explorers in the field of speculative thought are wont to do. This problem of materialism, subjected to the most rigid analysis, resolves itself, at last, into the alternative of a Great First Cause, or nothing ; and the inner consciousness, faith, intuition, inspiration—by whatever name called—must take the last step on the ladder whose resting-place is earth, but whose summit reaches into the very hidden heart of things, both seen and unseen ; and that summit, when reached, commands a prospect, the clear brilliancy of which forbids any obscure, distorted, or erroneous views, either in regard to creation, creaturehood, or the Creator.

Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FOR EVERY ISSUE OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

MARRIAGES.

Table with columns: GROOM, BRIDE, WHERE, WHEN, GROOM, BRIDE, WHERE, WHEN. Lists numerous marriages with names and locations.

DEATHS.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Alexander, Solomon.	San Francisco.	Sept. 5.	49 8	Erben, Mary.	San Rafael.	Sept. 15.	28 —
Amy, Leon.	Curtis Creek.	Aug. 20.	30 —	Erwin, Mattie.	Sacramento.	7.	— 5 23
Anderson, Mary.	San Francisco.	Sept. 24.	37 —	Escohar, Francis.	San Francisco.	30.	62 —
Anderson, T. B.	San Francisco.	10.	45 —	Evans, Grace McL.	San Francisco.	28.	— —
Aron, Lucien.	San Francisco.	17.	4 11	Evans, Mary K.	San Francisco.	30.	— —
Artellan, Maria A. G. de.	Monterey.	Aug. 30.	—	Farren, John F.	Niles.	20.	44 —
Aslak, William J.	Boston Ravine.	31.	4 6 23	Featherston, Peter.	San Francisco.	15.	— 11 4
Asmus, John.	San Francisco.	47.	—	Find, Annie.	San Francisco.	8.	37 —
Atkins, Thomas.	San Francisco.	Sept. 24.	53 —	Find, William.	San Francisco.	27.	5 10 —
Aubrey, Edward.	San Francisco.	23.	28 —	Finnegan, Simon.	San Francisco.	13.	27 1 12
Averill, M. Henrietta.	San Francisco.	5.	44 —	Finnerty, Patrick.	San Francisco.	6.	25 1 —
Avery, D. E.	Virginia, Nev.	12.	—	Fitch, Louise.	San Francisco.	26.	27 1 8
Bagley, John.	San Rafael.	22.	82 —	Flial, Martin.	San Francisco.	28.	28 —
Baily, Josephine.	San Francisco.	21.	— 14	Fleming, Annie.	Sacramento.	17.	23 —
Baker, John.	San Francisco.	13.	31 —	Flemming, Mrs. L. S.	St. Helena.	Aug. 28.	35 —
Balfour, Isabella.	San Francisco.	27.	79 —	Fogarty, Willie J. B.	Stockton.	23.	10 2 18
Bambo, Adonijah.	Colusa County.	6.	—	Goerig, Antonio.	San Francisco.	8.	63 —
Barnum, Martha.	Ploche, Nev.	1.	—	Fortune, Thomas.	San Francisco.	20.	5 8 28
Barrill, Hubert.	San Francisco.	1.	—	Freeman, George D.	Oakland.	20.	5 8 28
Bartman, J. G.	San Joaquin Co.	17.	16 —	Frey, Henry.	Sacramento Co.	1.	79 —
Bassett, John.	Sonora.	Aug. 28.	35 —	Garbogio, Emily.	San Francisco.	29.	— 9 21
Bell, Josephine.	San Francisco.	Sept. 1.	3 26	Gibbons, John.	San Francisco.	15.	40 —
Beltron, Peter.	Oregon Gulch.	15.	45 —	Gibson, Mary.	Sacramento.	20.	45 —
Bigley, John.	San Francisco.	9.	64 —	Gibson, Joseph.	Marysville.	10.	— 3 10
Bilfou, Isabella.	San Francisco.	27.	79 —	Gilispie, Lena G.	Gold Hill, Nev.	16.	1 2 14
Bosq, Marie L.	San Francisco.	Sept. 9.	8 5	Goodrick, Andrew.	San Francisco.	18.	37 —
Boucher, David.	Dayton.	19.	43 —	Goetz, Joseph, Jr.	Santa Clara.	20.	17 —
Boydston, J. W.	Dayton.	19.	62 —	Golerie, Roland.	San Francisco.	8.	58 —
Boyle, Katie E.	Sacramento.	20.	11 —	Goodnoe, A. J.	Fort Jones.	1.	41 —
Brading, Henry.	San Francisco.	28.	32 —	Goodrich, Gertrude.	Colfax.	2.	—
Brady, John.	Oakland.	9.	42 —	Goolsby, Joseph L.	Rocklin.	9.	45 —
Brady, Thomas F.	Virginia, Nev.	24.	1 7	Gough, Catherine.	San Francisco.	17.	34 2 28
Bradley, Catherine A.	Marysville.	18.	4 11 19	Graham, Nelson.	San Francisco.	3.	50 2 28
Branham, J. W.	Unionville, Nev.	5.	33 —	Grant, George.	Gilroy.	16.	— 1 7
Brannan, Dennis.	San Francisco.	5.	20 4 12	Haferkorn, Mary.	San Francisco.	16.	27 2 —
Brown, Norah.	Sacramento.	14.	53 —	Hagan, John.	San Francisco.	19.	1 7 7
Briggs, Freddie.	Sacramento Co.	19.	—	Hall, Sarah E.	Seattle, W. T.	Aug. 23.	27 —
Brown, Isaac S.	Forest City, Utah.	Aug. 28.	30 —	Hamilton, James F.	San Francisco.	Sept. 22.	1 1 22
Brown, Mary B.	San Francisco.	Sept. 1.	63 —	Hamilton, Sophia.	Opbhr, Nev.	14.	54 10 26
Bryan, Lizzie.	San Mateo.	16.	25 1 26	Hammond, Fannie M.	Yreka.	9.	17 3 19
Bryce, Willie C.	San Francisco.	17.	14 5	Hammond, John.	Brooklyn.	28.	45 —
Bunch, Catherine.	Reno, Nev.	6.	—	Hardenburgh, William.	Alameda.	11.	38 —
Burdick, John.	San Francisco, Or.	15.	82 —	Hart, George.	San Francisco.	14.	8 3 12
Burr, Eleanor.	San Francisco.	19.	48 —	Harrington, Johanna.	Virginia, Nev.	13.	46 —
Burriss, Lawson.	San Jose.	7.	33 —	Harrison, Mary A.	San Francisco.	25.	4 6 —
Bury, James L.	San Francisco.	22.	— 7	Haskins, Sarah A.	Forest City.	23.	14 9 17
Callan, Thomas.	San Francisco.	2.	21 —	Heenan, Timothy.	San Francisco.	7.	4 7 —
Carmao, Perry A.	Tres Pinos.	Aug. 24.	43 —	Heldstah, John.	Pleasant Valley.	Aug. 27.	76 —
Carmelich, Clara G.	San Francisco.	Sept. 20.	19 2 17	Hembre, Joseph L.	Sacramento.	Sept. 23.	12 3 10
Carmona, Domingo.	Sonora.	Aug. 28.	77 —	Hempel, Andrew.	Sacramento.	16.	4 10 12
Carr, Hugh.	Marysville.	Sept. 23.	70 —	Henderson, Walter H.	San Francisco.	20.	— 4 —
Carr, Maria.	San Francisco.	17.	72 —	Henderson, William P.	San Diego.	19.	35 —
Carriok, Thomas.	San Francisco.	25.	12 —	Herley, Francis.	San Francisco.	16.	2 10 —
Catton, J. C.	San Francisco.	6.	59 —	Hiatt, Cornelius.	San Francisco.	16.	24 —
Cebal, Yahnia.	San Francisco.	29.	— 10	Hildebrand, E. H.	Colusa.	Aug. 25.	47 —
Chase, Hannah A.	Red Bluff.	11.	53 —	Hill, John J.	San Francisco.	Sept. 7.	— 1 17
Chester, John.	Virginia, Nev.	22.	39 —	Hoff, William C.	San Francisco.	10.	66 —
Chick, Edward G.	Grass Valley.	6.	49 —	Hogan, Bridget.	San Francisco.	21.	31 —
Clark, John.	San Francisco.	2.	33 —	Hohenschild, Mary.	San Francisco.	4.	35 —
Claridge, Mary E.	Rio Vista.	15.	4 11 19	Holland, Mary.	San Francisco.	14.	3 1 21
Colley, Ann.	San Francisco.	26.	44 —	Hooper, Sarah A.	Marysville.	13.	39 —
Cole, John.	Virginia, Nev.	—.	89 —	Hotzen, Markas.	San Francisco.	20.	47 —
Collins, John N.	Modesto.	—.	4 18	Hough, Mary.	San Francisco.	18.	30 —
Collins, Mark.	Virginia, Nev.	25.	31 —	Huber, Frances E.	San Francisco.	24.	24 21
Colvin, Mary.	San Francisco.	7.	43 —	Huby, Chester.	Virginia, Nev.	19.	42 —
Gordon, John D.	San Francisco.	7.	1 2 17	Hudson, Phinehas.	San Francisco.	71.	69 —
Conlio, John.	San Francisco.	3.	32 —	Hughes, Sarah.	San Francisco.	21.	— 8 21
Coombs, C. T. J.	Flacerville.	8.	40 —	Hughes, Sarah A.	San Francisco.	6.	1 1 3
Cowdy, Olin.	San Francisco.	12.	40 —	Hulvo, Emma.	San Francisco.	27.	— 1 26
Coutlee, Ann.	Sacramento.	25.	43 8 28	Lumbert, Charles.	San Francisco.	12.	35 —
Cox, Bee.	Virginia, Nev.	5.	28 —	Hunt, Ada C.	St. Louis.	Aug. 24.	— 1 29
Cresson, Lois.	Sheldon.	Aug. 23.	76 6 23	Hutchinson, William B.	Yuba County.	Sept. 19.	1 — 21
Crooks, A. J.	Angels.	Sept. 9.	43 —	Ivatt, Mary A.	San Francisco.	9.	3 6 —
Cunningham, James R.	Marysville.	27.	3 6 —	Ilynes, Bridget.	San Francisco.	11.	77 —
Cuno, Madeline.	San Francisco.	12.	26 —	Hyser, Lucy.	Sutroville.	12.	23 6 —
Currie, Jennie.	Hollister.	21.	33 —	Ivory, Bell.	Stockton.	Aug. 30.	19 3 —
Daly, Emma W.	San Francisco.	10.	64 —	Jackson, James.	San Francisco.	Sept. 17.	29 —
Davis, Elizabeth.	San Francisco.	13.	68 —	Johnson, Harry S.	San Francisco.	13.	— 9 20
Davison, Charles M.	Alameda County.	21.	29 —	Jolly, James.	Aurora, Nev.	10.	45 —
Debens, Eva.	Susanville.	5.	18 —	Jones, Joseph M.	San Francisco.	15.	— 5 7
Dee, George.	San Francisco.	7.	29 14	Jones, Mary E.	Truckee.	7.	24 —
Dech, Dr.	Virginia, Nev.	Aug. 30.	67 —	Judson, Wiles P.	San Francisco.	23.	8 8 23
Desmond, William.	Sacramento.	Sept. 29.	41 11 14	Kautz, Rosalie.	San Francisco.	13.	52 26
Diel, Valentine.	San Francisco.	7.	52 —	Kelly, Dennis.	San Francisco.	10.	89 —
Dixon, John V.	Redwood City.	7.	54 —	Kelly, Thomas.	Virginia, Nev.	21.	15 6 —
Dixon, George A. F.	Sacramento.	1.	18 —	Kennan, John A.	Tuolumne Co.	—.	— 3 —
Dober, Catherine.	Virginia, Nev.	Aug. 30.	18 9	Kennedy, Laurence.	San Francisco.	18.	3 —
Donohue, Mary.	San Francisco.	Sept. 2.	28 —	Kiernan, William D.	San Francisco.	20.	1 9 20
Donohue, Robert.	San Francisco.	3.	4 7	Kilday, Walter P.	San Francisco.	30.	1 —
Doyle, Mary.	Sacramento.	18.	45 —	Killingworth, Peter.	Sacramento.	27.	82 8 4
Dresser, Benjamin R.	San Francisco.	25.	47 6	Klas, Frederick R.	Florin.	21.	— 10 24
Drow, L. B.	San Francisco.	7.	45 —	King, B. J.	Oakland.	28.	53 —
Dunbar, Eliza.	Marion Co., Or.	13.	31 6	Kinkaid, Kohz.	Unionville, Nev.	18.	13 —
Dunn, James.	San Francisco.	17.	53 —	Kirchoff, John A.	San Francisco.	20.	— 3 11
Dutiba, Louis.	San Francisco.	6.	45 —	Laby, Julia.	Sacramento.	5.	59 —
Dwyer, James.	Portland, Or.	Aug. 29.	25 —	Lambert, Ryston.	Yuba City.	2.	— 8 —
Egan, Sarah A.	San Francisco.	Sept. 7.	— 24	Lander, William P.	Stockton.	5.	26 5 —
Elsworth, Molly.	Red Bluff.	Aug. 26.	28 2 7	Larkiu, Peter.	Virginia, Nev.	22.	46 —
Elwell, Harriet B.	San Francisco.	Sept. 28.	37 —	Lattimer, Daniel.	San Joaquin Co.	8.	68 3 —
English, Jerome A.	San Francisco.	4.	54 6	Lawless, Richard.	San Francisco.	19.	28 2 —

DEATHS.—Continued.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Lawson, Mary	Tuttlecross	Sept. 14.	23 11	Rieard, August	Mariposa County	Aug. 26.	45 19
Lawton, J. W.	Santa Rosa	Aug. 30.	68	Riee, Henry J.	Fruit Vale	Sept. 27.	19
Lee, Grace E.	Alameda County	Sept. 27.	1 10	Richards, Alexander	San Francisco	Sept. 11.	78
Leimert, F. A.	San Francisco	Sept. 22.	— 22	Richardson, James L.	Santa Cruz	Aug. 27.	— 13
Lenning, Helene S.	San Francisco	—	34 4	Richard, Annie O.	Red Bluff	Sept. 1.	2 5 29
Leonard, J. B.	San Francisco	—	73	Rieger, George	San Francisco	Sept. 27.	1 2
Levall, Anthony A.	San Francisco	—	9 30	Roberts, Elouor	San Francisco	—	— 10
Levy, Amalie	San Francisco	—	3 68	Roberts, Infantina R.	Amity, Or.	Aug. 14.	— 1 4 2
Lichtenstein, Harris	San Francisco	—	17	Roberts, Mary	San Francisco	Sept. 29.	39
Little, John H.	Yountville	—	14	Rodgers, George	Rene, Nev.	Aug. 30.	20
Lossi, Marianna.	San Francisco	—	8	Rodriguez, John B.	San Francisco	Sept. 2.	36
Lossel, Theodore	San Francisco	—	6	Rose, Jane	San Francisco	—	27 65
Madden, Ellen	San Francisco	—	13 21 7	Ross, Sarah J.	Virginia, Nev.	—	8 36
Maguire, James	St. Helena	—	9 68	Rowan, Martin	Sacramento	—	22 49
Mahady, John P.	San Francisco	—	7	Rowe, Frank	San Francisco	—	10 20
Malone, Eugene	San Francisco	—	7	Royon, Henri	Sacramento	—	14 45
Malone, Mary	San Francisco	Aug. 30.	15 6	Ryan, James	Sacramento	—	14 45
Mansell, Albert	Virginia, Nev.	Sept. 4.	35	Sawyer, Frank	Oakland	Aug. 26.	37
Mariante, Amelia L.	Sacramento	Sept. 27.	13 8	Schenck, Louis	San Francisco	Sept. 18.	44
Maroney, Bridget	San Francisco	—	29	Schlickman, Henry	San Francisco	—	12 8 1 4
Martin, Edouard	San Francisco	—	2 69	Schmidt, Frank	San Francisco	—	25 — 5 16
Martin, Melvina T.	Marysville	Aug. 30.	57 21	Schneider, Conrad	San Francisco	—	12 67 4 28
Martin, Sarah	San Francisco	Sept. 20.	29 7	Schultz, Wilhelm	San Francisco	—	2 29
Martin, William	San Francisco	—	21 59	Scott, Charles	San Francisco	—	22 38
McArdle, Michael	San Francisco	—	7 41	Scott, Mollie	Oakland	Aug. 24.	31
McCaffrey, Thomas F.	Oakland	Aug. 31.	5 6	Shaw, Isaac	Elko, Nev.	—	1 42
McCall, Maude	Pacerville	Sept. 19.	— 5 5	Shaw, Lucy	Dayton, Nev.	Sept. 24.	24 11 4
McCarthy, Katie	San Francisco	—	3 1 4	Shaw, John	San Francisco	—	17
McComb, Robert	Lamoille, Nev.	—	14 9	Shedd, Ann M.	Walnut Grove	—	26 48 4
McDevitt, Joseph	San Francisco	—	12 1 8	Sheridan, Bridget	Virginia, Nev.	—	25 30
McFarland, Catherine	San Francisco	—	18 61	Sibley, Claudius	Woodland	—	26 3 6
McGowan, Catherine	San Francisco	—	10 7 2	Siegel, Frederick L.	San Francisco	—	3 45
McGrath, Mary A.	San Francisco	—	20 36	Smith, James	San Francisco	—	28 55
McIntosh, Sarah	San Francisco	—	20 2 6	Smith, William	San Francisco	—	27 56
McKnight, Louisa	San Francisco	—	22 4 10 25	Smith, William B.	Thompson's Plat.	—	13 49
Medly, Nellie	San Francisco	—	29 24	Sowles, Charles	Sacramento	—	15 — 3
Meloney, William	Fitzburg	—	23 36	Stanley, Fredericka	Marysville	—	26 26 11
Merrill, Eliza A. A.	San Francisco	—	22 39	Stephens, Ann	San Francisco	—	7 35
Meyer, John	San Francisco	—	4 32 8	Stephenson, Elisha H.	St. Helena	—	7 — 9
Meyer, Mary A.	San Francisco	—	28 — 10 7	Stevens, Andrew W.	Chinook, W. T.	—	16 — 5 13
Miller, Louis E.	Auburn	—	6 45	Stoddard, Virginia R.	San Francisco	—	17 32
Minors, Daniel	San Francisco	—	26 28	Sullivan, Kate	Grass Valley	—	10 1 3 3
Mitchum, Kiziah G.	Grand Island	—	23 49	Supple, John	San Francisco	—	Aug. 30. 39
Molloy, Agnes O.	San Francisco	—	11 3 7 23	Sweeney, Daisy	San Francisco	—	Sept. 14. 14
Monahan, Ann	Stockton	—	7 45	Swinford, Charles M.	Colusa	—	19 26
Monks, Lily	San Francisco	—	20 8	Taylor, William	Oroville	—	Aug. 25. 50
Mulligan, Bridget	San Francisco	—	3 81	Thompson, Mannel	San Francisco	—	Sept. 28. 50
Murphy, Louisa J.	Sacramento	—	6 29 6 4	Thumler, A. A. M.	San Francisco	—	Sept. 27. 11 22
Nauty, William	San Francisco	—	21 6 3 17	Tingman, John L.	San Francisco	—	Sept. 27. 5
Nelson, Catherine	Clayton	—	Aug. 22.	Toussit, Emile	San Francisco	—	9 — 4
Newberry, Maggie	Marysville	—	Sept. 4. 25	Trout, Mary	San Jose	—	19 56
Nonenmasher, Deuls	San Francisco	—	7 52	Truett, Aquilin	San Francisco	—	Aug. 31. 28
Noriel, Maria	Olema	—	Aug. 31. 24	Tubbs, M.	Brooklyn	—	Sept. 29. 68
Norris, Bertha	Gilroy	—	Sept. 6. 23 16	Tum Suden, Emma C.	Brooklyn	—	— 20 — 7 25
North, J. G.	San Francisco	—	19 48 9 4	Turner, Jacob	Virginia, Nev.	—	10 1 1
O'Brien, John	Sacramento	—	19 60	Ulm, Christopher	San Francisco	—	18 27 8
Ohde, Herman	San Jose	—	20 39	Urle, William N.	San Francisco	—	29 16 10
Oliver, John	San Francisco	—	7 — 6	Vanderbilt, Amanda	San Francisco	—	27 37
O'Neill, Dennis	San Francisco	—	21 44	Van Heusen, Harry M.	Sacramento	—	1 — 9 3
O'Neil, Mary F.	San Francisco	—	27 1 3 21	Varney, Mary E.	Scott Bar	—	Aug. 31. 7 1 1
Osborne, William L.	Virginia, Nev.	—	8 6 29	Vasselo, William E.	Sacramento	—	Sept. 9 1 1 19
Pahn, George A.	San Francisco	—	14 56	Volmer, Pauline	Downville	—	Aug. 24. 2
Palgu, Prince B.	San Francisco	—	2 49 7	Wallace, Mary E.	San Francisco	—	Sept. 25. 1 6
Paule, Giovanna	San Francisco	—	23 32	Walling, Deziah	Rough and Ready	—	4 64 10 25
Peabberthy, Mary A.	San Francisco	—	20 26	Wamer, Valentine	Grizzly Flat	—	1 48
Perot, James	Davenport's Land	—	Aug. 30. 82 4	Webb, Lucien B.	San Francisco	—	29 29 8
Peterson, Charles T.	Oakland	—	7 53	Wecker, Nellie	Oakland	—	9 — 6
Phillips, Elizabeth	Virginia, Nev.	—	Sept. 7.	Westheimer, Alpha A. E.	San Francisco	—	24 5 3 29
Pilgrim, John T.	San Francisco	—	18 43	Westphal, H.	Oakland	—	15 40
Price, George A.	Sacramento	—	1 18 5 12	White, Catherine	Uniontown	—	Aug. 21. 72
Price, Edgar T.	San Francisco	—	16 — 7 30	Wilkinson, Kate	San Francisco	—	Sept. 4. 25 5
Price, William A.	San Francisco	—	29 42	Williams, Leah V.	Virginia, Nev.	—	21 28
Prior, Margaret A.	San Francisco	—	2 14 2 12	Williams, Louisiana	Sacramento	—	12 59 10
Pulsmever, Henry	Placerville	—	Aug. 29. 40	Wilson, Bridget	San Francisco	—	18 87
Putnam, James A.	Sacramento	—	Sept. 13. 43	Winn, Agnes M.	Sacramento	—	Aug. 31. 3 19
Quanchi, Nellie	Sacramento	—	16 1 6 28	Wisemao, Manly	Watsburg, Or.	—	July 3. — 1 20
Radigan, Thomas	San Francisco	—	25 40	Wohrden, Henrietta T.	San Francisco	—	Sept. 28. — 1 8
Reck, Theresa	San Francisco	—	10 12	Wright, Albert F.	San Francisco	—	2 — 3 8
Reilly, Mary	San Francisco	—	20 30	Zelizer, Christian	Galt	—	8 30
Rhoades, H. A.	San Rafael	—	15 35	Zimmerman, Henry	Oakland	—	14 17
Rhodes, George	Butte County	—	12 57 8	Zwicker, Amelia B.	Sacramento	—	17 48 6 6

"EUREKA" CLOTHES WRINGER.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

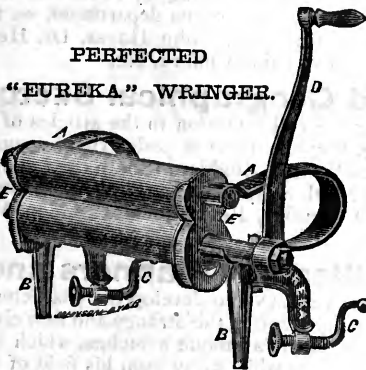
THE FACTS.

Experience has taught and proved three things, viz :

1st. That Wood is not a suitable material for Wringing Machines ; it swells or shrinks as it becomes wet or dry, and is constantly getting out of repair. It is shaky at one time, and hard to operate at another ; a screw is needed here, a nut there, etc., till the would-be-calm housewife loses her temper, and pronounces it a *perfect nuisance*.

2d. Thumb-screws and cog-wheels are the active and vital principles of those complicated machines, and people with a limited idea of machinery find themselves unequal to the task of regulating them to the miscellaneous articles to be wrung. First comes a handkerchief, and down go the screws; then a table-spread, and up they go again ; didn't get them quite high enough, and the thing sticks, and in disgust the aforesaid housewife declares, "*it is not a labor-saving Machine ;*" she is right.

3d. The Rubber Rolla fail ; they twist on the shaft, bunch, and become irregular ; why ? because an imperfect strain is brought to bear upon them, and they are made to *sell*, and not to wear.



Now to the point, for " facts are stubborn things ;" here is the other side :

1st. The Eureka Wringer has no wood about it except the crank handle. It is made of the best grades of iron and steel, finely finished and galvanized, so it cannot rust. It cannot and will not get out of order, except in actual wear, from years of service, and the sensible housewife smiles as she sees it brought into the house.

2d. It has no cog-wheels or thumb-screws. The machine is self-adjusting in every respect, always ready for any size article ; the " handkerchief and table-spread" go through, one after another, and are found to be equally dry, and with " so little labor," said housewife is delighted, and pronounces it a " gem," and " so simple."

3d. The Rolls ARE INDESTRUCTIBLE, and cannot twist or tear ; they will wear evenly, and years of constant service will hardly tell upon them.

PRICES AT RETAIL.

No. 2—Ordinary Family size, 10 inch Roll Machine.....	\$7 50
No. 3—Extra " " " " " "	9 00
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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The Representative Magazine of America.

The only Literary Magazine published on the Pacific Coast.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, is now in its NINTH VOLUME, and, under such encouraging circumstances, may present the following synopsis of its work, and its past and present brilliant and popular list of contributors to its four distinctive departments:

1. Essays on Local Material Resources.

We may repeat what we said, a year ago, under this head: "The OVERLAND presents, in graphic, perspicuous detail, the peculiar resources of the Pacific Coast and Territories; avoiding all *puffing and advertising* of individual or corporate interests, as well as the dry husks of mere statistics, facts, and figures. The interested immigrant and resident have come to look upon this feature of the magazine as the means of acquiring reliable information in regard to the country, while the general reader has found it interesting by reason of its literary treatment." Among the well-known contributors to this department, we mention the names of Captain Scammon, Arpad Haraszthy, John Hayes, Dr. Henry Degroot, Mrs. F. F. Victor, Judson Farley, Josephine Clifford, etc.

2. Travels and Geographical Sketches.

Under this heading, we call attention to the articles of Mark Twain, J. Ross Browne, Clarence King, Stephen Powers (pedestrian journeys through the States and Territories), Charles Warren Stoddard (South-Sea sketches), Joaquin Miller (homes of poets), the late Col. A. J. Grayson, R. W. Raymond, N. S. Dodge (noted European places), H. D. Jenkins, Rev. Thomas Condon, William V. Wells, and many others.

3. Studies of Western Manners and Civilization.

It remained for the OVERLAND to develop the character of the Western Pioneer, as intensified and heightened in the strange and new civilization of the Pacific Slope. First we had Mr. Harte's unique sketches, which have not been equaled by any of his later productions while away from his field of inspiration, in connection with which appeared Stephen Powers' studies of "A Piney Woods Character;" Mr. Emery's "Centrepole Bill" and "Compasses;" Mrs. Neall's "Spilled Milk" and "Placer;" Prentice Mulford's characteristic articles—"Balty," "Pete," "Camp," "Jo," etc.; Mr. Evans' "Shakes;" Farley's "Rose's Bar;" Green's "Dawn;" Mrs. Victor's "El Tesoro," and Mrs. White's "Spades." In the domain of fiction, the OVERLAND has won the criticism of publishing "the best short stories in any American magazine." Among other writers in this department, we may mention Governor Booth, W. C. Bartlett, Samuel Williams, Noah Brooks, Geo. B. Merrill, B. P. Avery, J. F. Bowman, Mrs. Cooper, Col. Evans, etc.

4. Independent Literary Criticism.

A notable feature of the OVERLAND's criticism has been its entire freedom from the ordinary trammels of "publishers'" influence, and this has given it a weight and authority not often found in other American magazines.

The present corps of contributors includes the following: Prof. J. D. Whitney, Stephen Powers, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Arpad Haraszthy, Ina D. Coolbrith, Mrs. S. B. Cooper, Mrs. F. F. Victor, Rev. Thomas Condon, N. S. Dodge, H. D. Jenkins, Leonard Kip, Edgar Fawcett, Prentice Mulford, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Piatt, Captain Scammon, J. F. Bowman, Mrs. Neall, John Hayes, Josephine Clifford, Taliesin Evans, Theodore F. Dwight, Henry Degroot, M. G. Upton, Dr. Ver Mehr, W. C. Bartlett, Mrs. White, John C. Cremony, Daniel O'Connell, Wm. V. Wells, Henry George, Judge Hill, Dr. Stout, Josephine Walcott, Gen. J. W. Ames, W. A. Kendall, Therese Yelverton, and many others.

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*We cannot resist the temptation to call the attention of our readers to
a few prominent contributors in the present issue of*

The Overland Monthly:

The Natural History of the Animal Kingdom:

By Prof. LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Ultrawa: No. II.—Viva:

A most interesting Ideal Sketch, by EUGENE AUTHWISE, a new Contributor; commenced in the August number of the OVERLAND.

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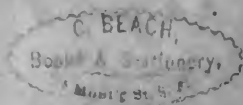
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DECEMBER, 1872.



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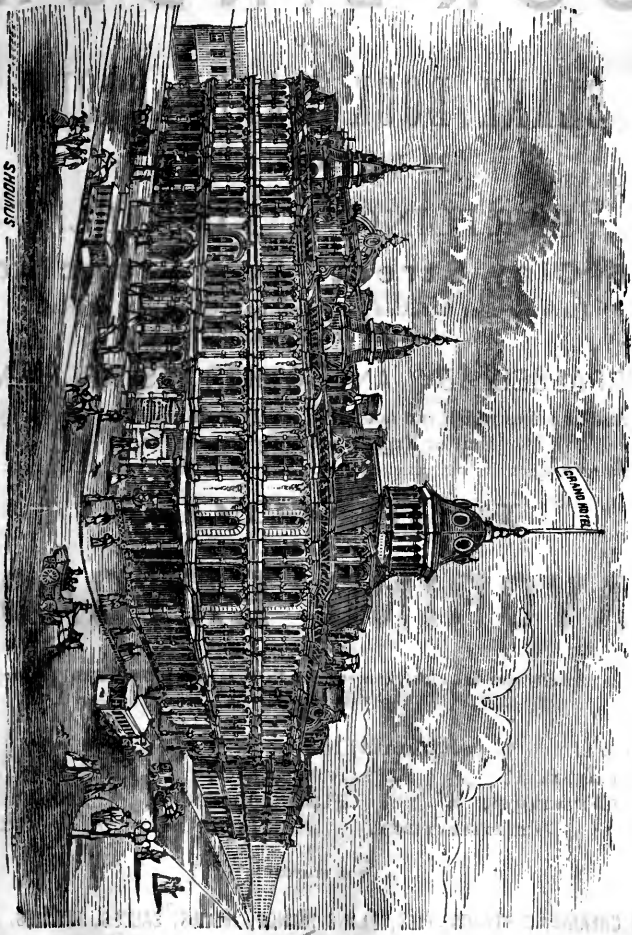
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 9.—DECEMBER, 1872.—No. 6.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART IV.

*I know upon this earth one spot
Where clinking coins, that clink as chains
Upon the souls of men, are not,
Nor man is measured for his gains
Of gold that stream with crimson stains.*

*The rivers run unmastered yet,
Unmeasured sweep their sable bredes;
The pampa unpossessed is set
With stormy banners of her steeds
That rival man in martial deeds.*

*The snow-topped towers crush the clouds
And break the still abode of stars,
Like sudden ghosts in snowy shrouds,
New broken through their earthy bars;
And condors hold with crooked hands
The rocky limits of the lands.*

*O men that fret as frets a main!
You irk one with your eager gaze
Down in the Earth for fat increase—
Eternal talks of gold and gain,
Your shallow wit, your shallow ways. . .
And breaks my soul across the shoal
As breakers break in shallow seas.*

Well! who shall lay hand on my harp but me,
Or shall chide my song from the sounding trees?
The passionate sun and the resolute sea,
These were my masters, and only these.

These were my masters, and only these,
 And these from the first I obeyed, and they
 Shall command me now, and I shall obey
 As a dutiful child that is proud to please.

These were my masters, and only these,
 And these from the first they were all to me:
 A kiss to the sun, or a stone to the sea—
 Love if you like, or chide if you please.

There never were measures as true as the sun;
 The sea has a song that is passingly sweet;
 And yet they repeat, and repeat, and repeat,
 The same old runes, though the new years run.

By the unnamed rivers, in the Oregon north,
 That roll dark-heaved into turbulent hills,
 I have made my home. . . The wild heart thrills
 With memories, and a world storms forth.

On the eminent peaks that are darkened with pine,
 Sable with shadows and voiced in storms,
 I have made my camps. Majestic gray forms
 Of the thunder-clouds they were companions of mine;

And face set to face, as do masters meet here,
 Have we talked, red-tongued, of the mysteries
 Of the circling sun, of the oracled seas,
 When ye who judge me had mantled in fear.

Some fragment of thought in the unpolished words—
 A world of fierce freedom: I claim no more.
 What more would you have from the tender of herds
 And of horse on my ultimate Oregon shore?

From men unto God go you forth, as alone,
 Where the dark pines talk in their tones of the sea
 To the unseen God in a harmony
 Of the under deep, and know the unknown.

'Mid the white Sierras, where they slope to the sea,
 Lie the pine-crowned peaks. Go dwell in the skies,
 And the thundering tongues of Yosemite
 Shall persuade you to silence, and you shall be wise.

I but sing for the love of song and the few
 Who loved me first and shall love me last. . .
 The storm of yesterday? Lo! 'tis past:
 For never were clouds but the sun came through.

Yea, men may deride, and the thing it is well!
 Turn well and aside from the one wild note
 To the song of the bird with the tame, sweet throat;
 But the sea sings on in his cave and shell.

Let the white moons ride and the red stars fall,
 O great, sweet sea! O fearful and sweet!
 Your songs they repeat, and repeat, and repeat:
 And these, I say, shall survive us all.

.

He reached from the bank, and brake him a reed—
 A bamboo reed—from the border below;
 He pithed it and tuned it with all his speed,
 And lifted it up, and began to blow

As if to himself; as the sea sometimes
 Does soothe and soothe in a low, sweet song,
 When his rage is spent, and the beach swells strong
 With his sweet repetitions of alliterate rhymes.

The echoes blew back from the indolent land;
 Silent and still sat the tropical bird,
 And only the sound of the reed was heard,
 As the Amazons ceased from their sports on the sand.

They arose from the wave, and, inclining the head,
 They listened intent, with the delicate tip
 Of the finger touched to the pouting lip,
 'Till the brown Queen turned in the tide, and led

Through the opaline lake, and under the shade,
 And along the shore, and below the ferns
 Where the bent boughs reached and returned by turns,
 To the bank where the chivalrous singer played.

The sweet notes swelled, and the air swept loud,
 And they drew to the sound as if borne in a dream,
 Or as blown in the purple and gold of a cloud,
 Or borne on the breast of a crystalline stream.

But the singer was vexed; he averted his head;
 He lifted his eyes to the mosses aside
 For a brief, little time, but they turned to the tide
 In spite of his will or of prayers well said.

He bended his head, and shaded his eyes
 As well as he might with lifted fingers,
 And ceased to sing; then in mute surprise
 He saw them linger, as a child that lingers

And looks bewildered about from its play
 For the last loved notes that fall at its feet,
 And he heard their whisperings, "Sweet! O, sweet!"
 Then lifted his hands to his face to pray.

He pressed four fingers against each lid,
 Till the light was gone; yet, for all that he did,
 It seemed that the lithe forms lay and beat
 Afloat in his face and full under his feet.

He seemed to see the beautiful breasts,
 And the rounded limbs in their pure unrests—
 To see them swim as the mermaid swims,
 With the drifting, dimpled, delicate limbs

Folded and hidden in robes of hair,
 While fishes of gold shot here and there
 Below their breasts and above their feet,
 Like birds in a marvelous garden of sweet.

It seems to me there is more that sees
 Than the eyes in man; you may close your eyes,
 You may turn your back, and may still be wise
 In the sacred and marvelous mysteries.

He saw as one sees the sun of a noon
 In the sun-kissed south, when the eyes are closed;
 He saw as one sees the bars of a moon
 That fall through the boughs of the tropical trees,
 When he lies at length, and is all composed
 And asleep in his hammock by the sundown seas.

He heard the waters bubble and fret;
 He lifted his eyes, yet ever they lay
 Afloat in the tide; he turned him away,
 And resolved to fly and for aye to forget.

He rose up strong, and he crossed him twice;
 He nerved his heart and he lifted his head,
 And he crushed the treacherous reed in a trice
 With an angry foot, and he turned and fled;

And flying, oppressed like a pitiful slave,
 He questioned himself most sore as he fled,
 If he most was a knight or most was a knave—
 And flying he hurriedly turned his head

Back over his shoulder, and sudden aside,
With an eager glance with meddlesome eyes,
As a woman will turn: and he saw arise
The beautiful Queen from the silvery tide.

She tossed her hair, and she turned her eyes
With all their splendor to his as he fled,
And all their glory, and a strange surprise,
And a sad reproach, and a world unsaid.

He beat on their shields: they arose in array,
As aroused from a trance, and hurriedly came
From the wave, and he turned and wandered away,
Fretting his sensitive soul with blame,

Until all arrayed; then, sorely opprest,
And bitterly cursing the treacherous reed,
Returned with his hand on his turbulent breast,
And struck to the heart, and most ill indeed.

Alone he would sit in the shadows at noon,
Alone he would sit by the waters at night;
Would sing, sad-voiced, as a woman might,
With pale, kind face to the cold, pale moon.

He would here advance, and would there retreat,
As a petulant child that has lost its way
In the redolent walks of a sultry day,
And wanders around with irresolute feet.

He would press his hand as in pain to his heart,
He would fold his hands, he would toss his hair
From his brow; then turn to the palms, and apart
From eyes that pursued, with a petulant air.

He made him a harp of mahogany wood;
He strung it well with the delicate strings
Of the potent thews of the ostrich wings;
And, forgetting his friends and refusing his food,

He played and he sang in a sad, sweet rune—
Yet never once amorous, never once rude—
By the tide at night, in the palms at noon,
And lone as a ghost in the shadowy wood.

One sometime sat at the wanderer's side,
Where the kingly river went rippling by;
And the two once looked, and they knew not why,
Full sad in each other's eyes, and they sighed.

But still he paled and he pined in despair,
 And she wept in her heart of hearts for him
 With the sea-blue eyes and the brown-silk hair,
 Till her soul grew heavy, and her eyes grew dim

To the fair delights of her own fair Isles.
 She turned her face to the stranger again,
 And she cheered with song and allured with smiles,
 But cheered, and allured, and soothed in vain.

Then she, too, paled and pined with a grief
 That grew from her pity; she forgot her arms,
 And she made neglect of the battle alarms
 That threatened the land. The banana's leaf

Made shelter; he lifted his harp again;
 She sat and she listened intently and long,
 Forgetting her cares and forgetting her pain—
 Made sad for the singer, made glad by his song.

The year waxed old; the white moons waned;
 The brown Queen marshaled her hosts no more,
 With sword and shield, in the palms by the shore;
 But they sat them down to repose, or remained

Apart and dispersed 'mid the tropic-leaved trees—
 As, saddened by song or for loves delayed,
 Away in the Isle in couples they strayed,
 Not at all content in their land of peace.

Or they wandered away to the lake once more,
 Or walked in the moon, or they sighed, or slept;
 Or they sat in pairs by the shelly shore,
 And silent moan with the waters kept.

They forgot their temple that blazed and shone,
 Built up to the sun, on the westernmost shore,
 With its front of gold, and its golden door
 That oped to the sun, and the sun alone.

* * * * *

There was one who stood still by the waters one eve,
 With the stars on her hair, and the bars of the moon
 Broken up at her feet by the wonderful boon
 Of extending old trees, who did questioning grieve :

“ The birds they go over us two and by two ;
 The *mono* is mated ; his bride in the boughs
 Sits nursing his babe, and his passionate vows
 Of love, you may hear them the whole day through.

“The lizard, the cayman, and the white-toothed boar,
The serpent that glides in the sword-leaved grass,
The beasts that abide or the birds that pass,
They love and are loved, while we but deplore.

“There is nothing that is that can yield one bliss
Like an innocent love; the leaves have tongue,
And the tides talk low in the reeds, and the young
And the quick buds open their lips but for this.

“In the steep and the starry silences,
On the stormy levels of limitless seas,
Or here in the deep of the dark-browed trees,
There is nothing so much as a brave man’s kiss.

“There is nothing so strong, in the stream, on the land,
In the valleys of palms, on the pinnacled snow,
In the clouds of the gods, on the grasses below,
As the silk-soft touch of a baby’s brown hand.

“It were better to sit and to spin on a stone
For the whole year through, with a babe at the knee,
With its brown hands reaching caressingly,
Than to sit in a girdle of gold, and alone.

“It were better, I think, to bear with the frowns
Of unmannerly men, as, laden with spoil
From the intricate wood, and bended with toil,
We return to our beautiful babes by the towns,

“Than with life like to this, where never the brown
Sweet hand of a babe hides back in the hair,
When the mother returns with her burden of care
And over the life of her life bends down.

“It were better perhaps to be mothers of braves,
And to murmur not much; there are clouds in the sun.
Let them wrong if they will; they alone are undone,
And the shame shall be theirs if their mothers be slaves.”

* * * * *

Some wandered well forth, some here and some there,
Unsatisfied still, and irresolute all.
The sun was the same, the moonlight did fall
Rich-barred and refulgent; the stars were as fair

As ever were stars; the fruitful clouds crossed
And the harvest failed not; yet the fair Isle grew
As a prison despised, and they searched on through
The magnificent shades as for things that were lost.

Then the poet, more pensive, went deep in the wood,
And he oft-time delayed him the whole day through,
As if charmed by the deeps, or the sad heart drew
Some solaces sweet from the solitude.

Then the singer forsook them at last, and the Queen
Came seldom then forth from the fierce deep wood;
And her warriors, dark-browed and bewildering, stood
In bands by the wave, in the complicate screen

Of overbent boughs. They would lean on their spears,
And would talk sometimes low-voiced and by twos,
As allured by the longing they could not refuse,
And would sidewise look, as beset by their fears.

They would wander on thus as the day waxed full,
Listless and slow, and spurning the shells
With sandaled brown feet, to the whimsical swells
Of the wine-dark wave with its foam like wool.

Once, wearied and sad, by the shadowy trees
In the flush of the sun they sank to their rests,
The dark hair veiling the beautiful breasts
That arose in billows, as do mists veil seas.

Then away to the dream-world, one and by one,
And the great red sun in his purple was rolled;
And red-winged birds and the birds of gold
Were above in the trees like the beams of the sun.

Then the sun came down, with his ladders of gold
Built up of his beams, and the souls arose
And ascended on these, and the fair repose
Of the negligent forms was a feast to behold.

The round brown limbs they were reached or drawn,
The grass made dark with the fervor of hair,
And here were the rose-red lips, and there
A flushed breast rose like a sun at a dawn.

The copper-bound shields lay silent beside
The lances that leaned to the leaning old trees,
While away in the sun an irresolute breeze
With a rippled quick step stole over the tide.

But the black-winged birds blew over in pair,
Listless and slow, as they called of the seas,
And the sounds came down through the tangle of trees
As lost, and nestled and hid in their hair.

They started disturbed, and they sprang as at war
 To the lance and the shield, but the ominous sound
 Was gone from the wood, and they gazed around
 And saw but the birds, black-winged and afar.

They gazed at each other, then turned them unheard,
 Slow trailing their lances in long single line
 As they moved through the forest, all dark as the sign
 Of death, that fell down from the ominous bird.

* * * * *

Strange noises were heard, sad visions were seen,
 By sentries, betimes, on the opposite shore,
 Where broad boughs flaunted their curtains of green
 Far over the wave with their tropical store.

A sentry bent down on her palms, and she peered
 Suspiciously through; and, heavens! a man,
 Low-browed and wicked, looked backward, and jeered
 And taunted right full in her face, as he ran:

A low, crooked man, with eyes like a bird—
 Round and as cunning—who came from the land
 Of lakes, where the clouds lie low and at hand,
 And the songs of the bent black swans are heard;

Where men are most cunning and cruel withal,
 And are famous as spies, and are supple and fleet,
 And are webbed like the water-fowls under the feet,
 And swim like the swans, and like pelicans call.

And again, on a night when the moon she was not,
 A sentry saw stealing, as still as a dream,
 A sudden canoe down the mid of the stream,
 Like a gleaming of light, and as swift as a thought.

And lo! as it passed, from the prow there arose
 A dreadful and gibbering hairy old man,
 Loud laughing, as only a maniac can,
 And shaking a lance at the land of his foes;

Then sudden it vanished, as swift as it came,
 Far down through the walls of the shadowy wood,
 And the great moon rose, like a forest aflame—
 All threatening, sullen, and red like blood.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. VI.

UNDER the name Pomo are included a great number of tribes, or little bands—sometimes one in a valley, sometimes three or four—clustered in the region where the headwaters of Eel and Russian rivers interlace, along the estuaries of the coast, and around Clear Lake. Really, the Indians all along Russian River to its mouth are branches of this great family, but below Calpello they no longer call themselves Pomos. And, indeed, let a Pomo from Potter Valley—which may be considered the nucleus of the family—descend the river to Cloverdale, and he will have the greatest difficulty in making himself understood. Let him go ten miles further, and he can not recognize over a third of the words spoken, if so many; and at Healdsburg fewer still—so rapidly does the language shade away from valley to valley, from dialect to dialect. Yet I have taken down enough words all along Russian River to be certain that all these dialects are as much descended from the Pomo as English and Italian are from Sanskrit; and, in fact, any Indian living on that river can learn any dialect spoken on its banks much sooner than an American can learn Italian. Following are some of the extreme dialectic variations in this large family of languages: *ca, aca, cahto*, for “water;” *cha, chak, chaboona, ataboonya*, “man;” *seloo, shunee*, “bread;” *call-eh, callày*, “above;” *mahsoo, moosoo*, “log.”

In disposition, the Pomos are greatly different from the Yukas or mountain-tribes east of them, who were their hereditary tormentors; being simple, friendly, peaceable, and quite communicative for California Indians. They are less

cunning and imitative of the Whites than the Klamath tribes, and decidedly lower in mental gifts, as is attested by their fables, if by nothing else. In *physique* they are the same as the Sacramento races, and it is not necessary to describe this to California readers.

As usual, they have a certain conception of a Supreme Being; but the attributes of this being are quite negative, and his participation in the creation and government of the world wholly nugatory. Among the Pome Pomos he is named *Chacallày*, “The Man Above,” or “The Strong One Above” (the radical meaning of *cha* being “strong”); among the Gallinoméros, *Calletopte*, “The Chief Above,” or simply *Calleh*, “Heaven,” like the Chinese *Shang*. But the *coyote* is all in all. It is singular how great is the regard of the California Indians for this tricky and dishonest beast; he was not only the progenitor, but he has been the constant benefactor, of mankind. And, indeed, he would be a most expressive *totem* for the whole race, who ought to be called The Coyotes. All their acts of worship, especially of those tribes living on the lower waters of the river, are in honor of birds or animals; or rather—for worship it should not be called—all that they can be said to possess of religion consists of certain propitiatory acts addressed to beasts and birds which they fear as devils. Hence there is one tribe of the family whose name signifies “Snakes,” though most of the tribal designations are purely locative. All the up-river branches believe their *coyote* ancestors were molded, or molded themselves, or somehow got molded, directly from the soil; hence the family name, though it

now signifies "people," originally, I think, meant "earth," being manifestly related to the Wintoon *pum* or *paum*, which denotes "earth."

As the Pomos are less warlike, less cunning, and more simple-hearted than the northern tribes, so they are more devoted to amusement. All the tribes hitherto described in these papers engage with frenzied eagerness in gambling, and have numerous varieties of dancing; but the Pomos add to these a kind of tennis, and the down-river tribes also have a curious sort of pantomime or rude theatrical performance, besides Devil Dances, which are very hellish and terrific.

The broadest and most obvious division of this large family is, into Eel River Pomos and Russian River Pomos. There are two tribes on Eel River, between it and South Fork, who call themselves by the name of this family (Castel Pomoş and Ki Pomos), though I can scarcely see why, since they have little in common with their Russian River neighbors. They not only speak the language of the Wi Lackees, which is closely related to the Hoopa, but they are fierce and warlike, and in ancient times were involved in almost incessant contention, whereas the right Pomos are notably peaceable.

Of the Castel Pomos I know very little, for in the ferocious and destructive wars which their audacity badgered the Americans into waging upon them, both they and many of the old pioneers went down together. Men now living on South Fork could impart to me little save bald stories of butchery and bloody reprisal. Their range was between the forks of the river, extending as far south as Big Chamise and Blue Rock. They tattooed the face and nose very much in the fashion of the Yukas and Wi Lackees, whom they resembled more than they did the right Pomos. Mr. Burleigh related to me a curious instance which he once

saw of tattooing by a brave, which is exceedingly rare, except among the Mattoles; and which was the second case I ever heard of, where any attempt was made to imitate an animal or any natural object. An old warrior whom he once found upon the battle-field at South Fork was tattooed all over his breast and arms, and on the under side of one arm was a very correct and well-executed picture of a sea-otter, with its bushy tail. The second instance was a woman I saw in the Normoc tribe, who had a bird's-wing very neatly pricked on each cheek. Their lodges, implements, etc., require no special description. They formerly burned their dead, which is a true Pomo trait; but what of them now remain have generally adopted the civilized custom, except when one dies at such a distance that the body can not be conveyed home, when they reduce it to ashes for convenience in transportation.

The Ki Pomos dwell on the extreme headwaters of South Fork, ranging eastward to Eel River, westward to the ocean, and northward to the Castel Pomos. With the latter they were ever jangling, and from the manner in which Indian trails are constructed, their battles generally raged on the hill-tops. On the vast, wind-swept, and almost naked hog-back between the two forks of Eel River, some thirty miles or more north of Cahto, looming largely up from the broad, grassy back of the mountain, is the majestic, rugged, isolated boulder called Blue Rock. A few miles still further north there is an enormous section of this mountain-chain, almost entirely covered with evergreen bushes, whence its name, Big Chamise. Between these two points, and more especially about the base of the savage old monster, Blue Rock—a most grim, lonesome, and desolate summit, cloud-haunted as with ghosts—is one of the most famous ancient battle-grounds of California, where Indian-blood has been

poured out like water, and where the ground is yet strewn with flint arrow-heads and spear-points. But the bones of the warriors who perished on this fatal field are no longer visible, having been doubtless consumed on the funeral pyre, and sacredly carried home for interment.

One fact is notable among the Eel River Indians—I observed it more especially of the Ki Pomos—and that is the youthfulness at which they attain the age of puberty. In the warm and sheltered valley of South Fork (however bleak the naked mountain-tops may be in winter), it was a thing not at all uncommon, in the days of the Indians' ancient prosperity, to see a woman become a mother at twelve or fourteen. An instance was related to me where a girl had borne her first-born at ten, as nearly as her years could be ascertained, her husband, a White Man, being then sixty-odd. For this reason or some other, the half-breeds on Eel River are generally sickly, puny, short-lived, and slightly esteemed by the fathers, who not unfrequently bestow them as presents on any one willing to burden himself with their nurture.

Another phenomenon I have observed among California half-breeds, which, when mentioned to others, they have seldom failed to corroborate, and that is, the females generally predominate. Often I have seen whole families of half-breed girls, but never one composed entirely of boys, and seldom one wherein they were most numerous. Probably the phenomenon can be accounted for on the same principle which explains the fact that these lean, old ramrods from Pike, of the genus *emigrantes*, species *remigrantes*, who have not enough energy to establish a house and home, are generally blessed with families of daughters. In any event, the fact indicates a certain amount of vitality in the California Indians, notwithstanding they

have perished so miserably in the transition from barbarism to culture.

I wish to call attention here to what may be called the peculiar stratification of the tribes in this vicinity. On the northern rivers, which debouch into the ocean very nearly at right angles, each tribe occupies a certain length of the stream on both sides; but on Eel River, South Fork, and Van Dusen's Fork, which flow almost parallel with the coast, every tribe possesses only one bank of a river, unless it chances to dwell between two waters. It would seem that the influence of the ocean has distributed the Indians in certain parallel climatic belts—those living nearest the coast being darker, more obese, more squat in stature, and more fetishistic; while, as you go toward the interior, both the *physique* and the intelligence gradually improve. This kind of stratification does not prevail on Russian River, for there is no stream parallel; but the tribes living directly east of the valley, in the Coast Range, are conspicuously superior in all manly qualities.

We now commence with the true Pomos. The Cahto Pomos (Lake People) were so called from a little lake which formerly existed in the valley now called by their name. They do not speak Pomo entirely pure, but employ a mixture of that and Wi Lackee. Like the Ki Pomos, their northern neighbors, they forbid their squaws from studying languages—which is about the only accomplishment possible to them, except dancing—principally, it is believed, in order to prevent them from gadding about and forming acquaintances in neighboring valleys, for there is small virtue among the unmarried of either sex. But the men pay considerable attention to linguistic study, and there is seldom one who can not speak most of the Pomo dialects within a day's journey of his ancestral valley. The chiefs especially devote no little care to the training of their

sons as polyglot diplomats; and Robert White affirms that they frequently send them to reside several months with the chiefs of contiguous valleys, to acquire the dialects there in vogue.

They construct lodges in the usual manner, and do not differentiate their costumes or utensils to any important extent. In appetite they are not at all epicurean, and in the range of their comestibles they are quite cosmopolitan, not objecting even to horse-steak, which they accept without instituting any squeamish inquiries as to the manner in which it departed this life. They consume tar-weed seed, wild-oats, California chestnuts, acorns, various kinds of roots, ground-squirrels and moles, rabbits, buckeyes, kelp, yellow-pine bark (at a pinch), clams, salmon, different sorts of berries, etc. Buckeyes are poisonous; they extract the toxical principle by steaming them two or three days underground. They first excavate a large hole, pack it water-tight around the sides, burn a fire therein for some space of time, then put in the buckeyes, together with water and heated stones, and cover the whole with a layer of earth. When they migrate to the ocean in the season of clams, they collect quantities of kelp and chew the same. It is tough as whit-leather, and a young fellow with good teeth will masticate a piece of it a whole day. Kelp tastes a little like a spoiled pickle, and the Indians relish it for its salty quality, and probably also extract some small nutriment of juice therefrom.

There is a game of tennis played by the Pomos of which I heard nothing among the northern tribes. A ball is rounded out of an oak-knot, about as large as those generally used by school-boys, and it is propelled by a racket, which is constructed of a long, slender stick, bent double and bound together, leaving a circular hoop at the extremity, across which is woven a coarse mesh-

work of strings. Such an instrument is not strong enough for batting the ball, neither do they bat it, but simply shove or thrust it along on the ground.

A game is played in the following manner: They first separate themselves into two equal parties, and each party contributes an equal amount to a stake to be played for, as they seldom consider it worth while to play without betting. Then they select an open space of ground, and establish two parallel base-lines a certain number of paces apart, with a starting-line between, equidistant from both. Two champions, one for each party, stand on opposite sides of the starting-point with their rackets; a squaw tosses the ball into the air, and as it descends the two champions strike at it, and one or the other gets the advantage, hurling it toward his antagonists' base-line. Then there ensues a universal hurly-burly, higgledy-piggledy; men and squaws crushing and bumping—for the squaws participate equally with the sterner sex—each party striving to propel the ball across the enemy's base-line. They enjoy this sport immensely, laugh and vociferate until they are out of all whooping; some tumble down and get their heads batted, and much diversion is created, for they are exceedingly good-natured and free from jangling in their amusements. One party must drive the ball a certain number of times over the other's base-line before the game is concluded, and this not unfrequently occupies them a half-day or more, during which they expend more strenuous endeavor than they would in ten sleeps of honest labor in a squash-field. Let those who accuse the California Indians of being a stupidly sluggish race, remember their exceeding fondness for this game and for open-air dances, which they sometimes protract for two weeks, and retract the charge.

Schoolcraft says, in his "Oneota," that the chiefs and graver men of the

Algonquin tribes, however much they encourage the young men in the athletic game of ball-playing, do not lend their countenance to games of hazard. This is not true of the California Indians, however, for here old and young engage with infatuation and recklessness in all games where betting is involved, though, of course, the decrepit can not personally participate in the rude bustle of ball-playing. The aged and middle-aged, squaws, men, and half-grown children, stake on this, as well as on true games of hazard, all they possess—clothing, beads, baskets, fancy bows and arrows, etc. Of the latter articles they frequently have a number made only for gambling purposes—not for use in hunting.

Among the up-country tribes, especially on the Klamath, many women are honored as medicines and prophetesses; but here none at all are admitted to the sacred professions. It is only the masculine sex who receive a call; there is none but braves whom “the spirit moves”—for it is thus that the elect are assured of their divine mission to undertake the healing of men. The methods of practice vary with the varying hour, every physician being governed in his therapeutics by the inspiration of the spirit of the moment; and if he fails in effecting a cure, therefore, the obloquy of the failure recurs upon his familiar. For instance, a medicine will stretch his patient out by a fire, and walk patiently all the livelong day around the fire, chanting to exorcise the demon that is in him. Thus, the *modi operandi* are as numerous as are the whims of this mysterious medical spirit. Besides these, they have in their pharmacopœia divers roots, poultices, and decoctions, and frequently scarify their breasts. When the patient goes near to die, he is generally carried forth and cast into the forest, to die alone and unattended; but the mere removal from the abominable smudge and stench of the lodge, and the exposure to the clean,

sweet air of heaven, sometimes bring him round, and he returns smiling to his friends, who are nowise pleased. Formerly all the dead were burned, but under the influence of the Americans, a mixed custom prevails. An intelligent Indian told me, that, in case of burial, the corpse was always placed with the head pointing southward. Most of the Indians hitherto described believe the Happy Land is in the west or southwest, but evidently their notions are confused. A young man who was born and reared among the Pomos, informed me that they at present burn only those killed or hanged by Americans, and bury the others. I know not if there be any special significance in this discrimination. Robert White says he has frequently seen an aged Indian (or woman), living in hourly expectation of his demise, go dig his own burial-place, and then repair thither for months together, and eat his poor repast sitting at the mouth of his grave. The same strange, morbid idiosyncrasy prevails among the Wintoons, in the Sacramento Valley. Probably the reason of it is, that the poor old wretches perceive they are a burden and an eyesore to their children. Before the irruption of the Americans had reduced the Cahto Pomos to their present abject misery, they treated their parents with a certain consideration—that is, they would divide with them the last morsel of dried salmon, with genuine savage thriftlessness; but as for any active, nurturing tenderness, it did not exist, or only very seldom. They were only too glad to shuffle off their shoulders the weight of their maintenance. On the other hand, they gave their children unlimited free play. Men who have lived familiarly amidst them for years tell me they never yet have seen an Indian parent chastise his offspring, or correct them any otherwise than with berating words in a frenzy of passion, which also is extremely seldom.

They use an absurd custom of hospitality, which reminds one of the Bedouin Arabs. Let a perfect stranger enter a wigwam, and offer the lodge-father a string of beads for any object that takes his fancy—merely pointing to it, and uttering never a word—and the owner holds himself bound as an Indian gentleman to make the exchange, no matter how insignificant may be the value of the beads. Ten minutes later he may thrust him through with his javelin, or crush in his temple with a pebble from his sling, and the by-standers will account it nothing more than the rectification of a bad bargain.

It is wonderful how these Indians have the forest and plain mapped out on the tablet of their memories. There is scarcely a boulder, gulch, prominent tree, spring, knoll, glade, clump of bushes, cave, or bit of prairie within a radius of ten miles, but bears its distinctive name. Let a hunter penetrate the wood six, eight, ten miles in any direction, knock over a fat-ribbed buck, hang the same in the branches of a tree above the lickerish fangs of the *coyote*, and return home; and he will gruffly mutter to his squaw (or more probably to his aged father), "Ten paces from the Owl's-head," or "Three bowshots up the Red Water, forty paces toward the Setting Sun;" when, without a word more, she repairs straight to the place, and brings the venison on her shoulders.

Most Indians are christened after animals, birds, fishes, snakes, etc., in accordance with some whimsy, or fancied resemblance in the child's actions or babyish pipings—as *Checockaway* or *Chacacka* (quail, an onomatopoeic word), *Mesalla* (snake), etc.

The Cahto Pomos believe in a terrible and fearful ogre, called Shillaba Shilltoats. He is described as being of gigantic stature, wearing a high, sugar-loaf head-dress, clothed in hideous tatters, striding over a mountain or a valley at

a single step, and, like the Scandinavian Trolls, a cannibal, having a keen appetite for small boys. He is particularly useful to the hen-pecked Indian, in the regulation and administration of his household affairs, and especially in the "taming of a shrew." When the squaw gets so vixenish that he can not subdue her in any other way, he has only to shout into the wigwam—with his eyes judiciously dilated and his hair somewhat tousled—and to vociferate, "Shillaba Shilltoats! Shillaba Shilltoats!" when his squaw will scream with terror, fall flat upon the ground, cover her face with her hands—for that squaw dies who is ever so unfortunate as to look upon this dreadful ogre—and remains very tractable for several days thereafter. The children will also be profoundly impressed.

This and the other branches of the Pomo family living nearest the coast believe in a kind of Hedonic heaven for the virtuous; which is eminently characteristic of the race. They hold, that, in some far, sunny island of the Pacific—an island of fadeless verdure; of cool and shining trees, looped with tropic vines; of bubbling fountains; of flowery and fragrant savannas, rimmed with lilac shadows; where the purple and wine-stained waves shiver in a spume of gold across the reefs, shot through and through by the level sunbeams of the morning—they will dwell forever in an atmosphere like that around the Castle of Indolence; for the deer and antelope will joyously come and offer themselves for food, and the red-fleshed salmon will affectionately rub their sides against them, and softly wriggle into their reluctant hands; while bevvies of the most ravishingly fat and beautiful maidens will ever attend upon them, and minister to their pleasure. It is not by any means a place like the Happy Hunting Grounds of the lordly and eagle-eyed Dakotahs, where they are "drinking de-

light of battle" with their peers, or running in the noble frenzy of the chase; but a soft and a forgetting land—a sweet, oblivious sleep, awaking only to feast and to carnal pleasure, and then to sleep again. No Indians in California conceive of the future state as one of activity and "bold emprise."

As for the bad Indians, they will be obliged to content themselves with a palingenesis in the bodies of grizzly bears, cougars, snakes, etc.

Among other noted ceremonials, the Cahto Pomos observe an autumnal Acorn Dance, in which the performers wear the mantles and head-dresses of buzzards' or eagles' tail-feathers customary in this region, and which appears to be like the Thanksgiving Dance of the Humboldt Bay tribes, being accompanied like that by the Oration of Plenty. It is not strictly an anniversary dance, but rather a "movable festival" in the Indian *Fasti Dies*, celebrated when the crop of acorns has proved generous, but otherwise omitted.

Besides the tribes above described, there are many others—as the Choam Chadéla Pomos (Pitch Pine People), in Redwood Valley; the Matomey Ki Pomos (Wooded Valley People), about Little Lake; the Usals, or Camalél Pomos (Coast People), on Usal Creek; the Shebalne Pomos (Neighbor People), in Sherwood Valley; the Pome Pomos (Earth People), in Potter Valley, etc. I have above ventured the suggestion that the word "Pomo" originally signified "earth," and the name of the last tribe strongly corroborates the supposition, since it is definitely known that *pome* has that meaning; and this tribe believe, as did the ancient Greeks respecting the fabled autochthones, that they, or their *coyote* ancestors, sprang directly from the bosom of Mother Earth—whence their appellation. Near the head of Potter Valley there is a certain knoll of bright-red earth, curiously dif-

ferent from the circumjacent soil; and they believe that their progenitors issued forth from this identical knoll. To this day they scrupulously mingle this red earth with their acorn bread—I have seen them doing this—as an act of religion, to purify and preserve their bodies. Besides the Pome Pomos, there are two or three other little *rancherías* in Potter Valley, each with a different name; and the whole body of them are called Ballo Ki Pomos (Oat Valley People), from the great abundance of wild oats growing here; but the Pome Pomos may stand for all. Many people in California, I believe, hold that wild oats are an acclimated product, having spread from early scatterings left by the Spaniards; but the Indians of this valley have a tradition, or rather they declare, that they have been growing in California so long that they know nothing of their origin. Indeed, the simple fact that this valley bears the name of this cereal indicates for the latter an existence therein coeval with the Indian occupation. Then the question presents itself, How long have the Indians themselves been in the valley? We have the means of making at least a conjecture. This mound of earth above-mentioned is resorted to by them not only for yeast, but also for paint; and the holes which they have excavated in digging for these purposes are very large. Not being accustomed to estimate cubic measurements by the eye, I quote the language of the honest farmer on whose land the mound is, and who guided me thither. He thinks they have quarried out "hundreds of tons." At any rate, one would think they had been occupied in the process a thousand or twelve hundred years. Now, it is probable that they would name the valley upon their first entrance into it, and not change the appellation afterward; from all of which premises it should appear that wild oats were found in the valley when the Indians arrived therein.

In regard of government, the Pomos are less ochlocratic than many up-country tribes. The chiefship is hereditary and dual—which is to say, there are two chiefs, who might be compared, as to their functions, to the Japanese Tycoon and Mikado, in that one administers more particularly the secular affairs, and the other the spiritual. The Indians designate them as the war-chief and the peace-chief (arrow-man), the war-chief becoming the peace-chief when too decrepit to conduct them to battle. The peace-chief is a kind of *ensor morum*—adjusts disputes, delivers moral homilies on certain anniversary occasions, performs the marriage ceremonies (so far as they extend), and watches over the conduct of his people—more especially over the wanton young squaws. Even the war-chief is obedient to him at home; and, in fact, that functionary is of secondary importance, since the Pomos are eminently a peaceable people.

Up to the time when they enter matrimony, most of the young women are a kind of *femmes incomprises*—the common property of the young men; and after they have taken on them the marriage vow, simple as it is, they are guarded with a Turkish jealousy—for even the married women are not such conjugal models as Mrs. Ford. Indeed, the wantonness of the women is the one great eyesore of the Pomos; and it seems to be almost the sole object of government to keep them in proper subjection and obedience. The one great burden of the harangues delivered by the venerable peace-chief on solemn occasions is the beauty and the excellence of female virtue; all the terrors of superstitious sanction and the direst threats of the great prophet are leveled at unchastity; and all the most dreadful calamities and pains of a future state are hung suspended over the heads of those who are persistently lascivious. All the devices that savage cunning can invent—

all the mysterious and masquerading horrors of devil-raising, all the secret and dark sorceries, the frightful apparitions and bugbears—that can be supposed effectual in terrifying the young squaws into virtue, are resorted to by the Pomos.

William Potter, a high authority on Indian matters and master of several dialects, described to me, as far as he was able, a secret society which exists among the Pome Pomos, for the simple purpose, he conjectures, of conjuring up terrors and rendering each other assistance in keeping their women in subordination and chastity, and keeping down smock-treason. Their meetings are held in a special wigwam, constructed of peeled pine-poles, thatched and covered with earth, and painted on the inside red, black, and white (wood-color), in spiral stripes, reaching all the way from the apex to the ground. When they are assembled herein, there is a vigilant door-keeper at the entrance, who suffers no one to enter on any pretext unless he is a regular member, sworn to secrecy. Even Mr. Potter, though held in that entire respect cherished by savages toward a man who has never feared and never deceived them, was not allowed to enter, albeit they offered to initiate him into this freemasonic, misogynist guild, if he so desired. As nearly as can be ascertained, their object is simply to “raise the devil,” as they express it, with whom they pretend to hold communications; and to hold other demoniacal doings therein, accompanied by frightful noises of whooping and yelling, to work upon the imaginations of the erring squaws—no whit more guilty than themselves.

Once in seven years the Pome Pomos hold a Dance of Plenty—a great *fête-champêtre*, though without feasting—in which the dancers are costumed in the usual coronals and mantles of long buzzard feathers. This, also, is seized upon

as a specially solemn and auspicious occasion for the exhortation of the women to virtue. A rattlesnake is captured in the forest some days beforehand, its fangs are plucked out, and it is handled, fed, and tamed, so that it can be displayed without peril on the great day approaching. The usual dancing and chanting of these occasions are kept up for a certain number of days, and then the people assemble to listen to the oration. The venerable white-haired peace-chief takes his station before the multitude, in front of his wigwam, or perhaps under the branches of some great, overshadowing white oak, with the rattlesnake before him as the visible incarnation of the devil (Yukukoóla). Slowly and sonorously he begins, speaking to them of morality, industry, and obedience. Then, warming with his subject, and brandishing the horrid reptile in his hand, full in the faces and over the heads of his shuddering auditors, with solemn and awful voice he warns them to beware, and threatens them with the direst wrath of the dreadful Yukukoóla, if they do not live lives of chastity, decency, and sobriety, until some of the terrified squaws shriek aloud, and fall in a swoon upon the ground.

Having such an intolerable deal of pother as they do with their own women, to keep them in a proper mood of humbleness, these Pomos make it a special point to slaughter those of their enemies, when the chances of battle give them an opportunity. They do this because, as they urge, with the greatest sincerity, one woman destroyed is tantamount to five men killed. They argue that to exterminate their enemies, the most effectual way is to begin at the source.

In another direction, however, the women exercise large authority. When an Indian becomes too infirm to serve any longer as a warrior or hunter, he is

thenceforth condemned to the life of a menial and a scullion. He is compelled to assist the squaws in all their labors: in picking acorns and berries, in thrashing out seeds and wild oats, making bread, drying salmon, etc. As the women have entire control of these matters, without interference from their lords, these superannuated warriors come entirely under their authority, as much as children, and are obliged to obey their commands implicitly. We may well imagine that the squaws, in revenge for the ignoble and terrorizing surveillance to which they are subjected by the braves, not unfrequently domineer over these poor old nonagenarians with hardness, and make them feel their humility keenly. Cronise, in his "Natural Wealth of California," makes mention of an ancient tradition, to the effect that when the Spaniards first arrived in California, they found a tribe, in what is now Mendocino County, in which the squaws were Amazons, and exercised a gynocracy. I am inclined to think the fable was not without foundation. When we consider the infinite trouble which the Pomos find it necessary to give themselves in order to keep the women in subjection, and also that the latter actually bear despotic rule over childhood and senility—the beginning and the ending of human life—we can easily perceive that these Pomo wives are stronger than the common run of Indian women. At least, by diligent inquiry, I never found any other trace of such a race of Amazons.

The Pome Pomos believe that lightning is the origin of fire; that the primordial bolt which fell from heaven deposited the spark in the wood, so that it now comes forth when two pieces are rubbed together. As to the lightning itself, they believe it be hurled by the Great Man above, as it was by Jupiter Tonans.

Their Happy Land is in the heavens

above us, to which, like the Buddhists, they think they will ascend by a ladder. The souls of the wicked will fall off in the ascent, and descend to some negative and nondescript limbo, where they will be neither happy nor tormented, but rove vacantly and idly about forevermore; while others, in punishment for their greater wickedness, will transmigrate into grizzly bears, or into rattlesnakes condemned to crawl over burning sand, or into other animals which are obliged to suffer hunger and thirst. (To a California Indian, a place where he is hungry is Hades.) They hold and believe that every grizzly bear is some old savage Indian, thus returned to this world to be punished for his wickedness.

LEGEND OF THE COYOTE.

Once upon a time there lived a man among the Yukas, of the Black Chief's tribe, fierce and terrible, with two sons like himself—bloody-minded and evil men. For their great wickedness, he and his two sons were turned into *coyotes*. Then they started from Rice's Fork and journeyed southward, biting and slaying all the beasts they came upon. As they passed over the defile to come into Potter Valley, one of the *coyote* sons drank so much water from the spring near the summit that he died, and his father buried him, and heaped over him a cairn of stones, and wept for his son. Then they journeyed on through Potter Valley, and went down to Clear Lake; and there the other son drank so much water that he died also, and his father buried him and wept sore. Then the father turned back and went on alone to a place called White Buttes, and came unto it, and discovered there much red alabaster, of which the Pomos make beads to this day, which are to the common shell-beads as gold to silver. And when he had discovered the red al-

abaster at White Buttes, his hair and his tail dropped off his body, he stood up on his hind legs, and became a man again.

The interpretation of this legend is difficult, and its meaning mysterious. The Tahtos have the same fable in a slightly different form, which circumstance throws some little light on its signification. From both taken together we gather darkly that there was once a memorable and terrible drought in this region, during which Eel River totally disappeared, and there was no water anywhere, except in Clear Lake, and a little in the spring at the head of Potter Valley, near the cairn in the pass. Both tribes account for the heap of stones in the same manner; and the simple fact that they resort to a legend to explain its existence, when it was so manifestly made to mark the boundary-line, indicates that it must have been heaped up hundreds of years ago. Mystery, like moss, always gathers upon anything that is ancient; and these fables, originated in explanation of so patent a matter, argue the high antiquity of the Indians. The Tahtos, living at the head of Potter Valley, also have traditions of two monstrous reptiles, one of which was a hundred feet long and had a horn on its forehead, and the other long enough to reach around a mountain, where it died, leaving a circle of bones which it was death for any Indian to cross over. It is held that the Indians of Virginia had a fable of the mammoth, which is related by Jefferson; so it would seem that the Tahtos may have arrived in the country at a time contemporaneous with the last of a species of saurians now extinct. These things go to confirm the theory of a great antiquity, which I ventured to found on the above legend.

LOST.

IT was a chilly spring evening at the end of May; the rain, that all day had been fitful, at dark settled into an easterly storm, and while dressing for tea I had shivered at the prospect of spending the long evening in the matted parlor, with the summer grate already in, and no chance for warmth or comfort; for after Aunt Mason had arranged her rooms for warm weather, warm it must be supposed to be: not even a snow-storm would have induced her to think of a fire.

Then, too, my husband had sent me word that business would detain him until late in the city, and I was a stranger to the whole household, having, though married for several years, never before been among my husband's relatives; so that the weather, the chilly evening, and his absence, all combined to make my spirits sink, as I thought, to their lowest depths.

The hot tea was some small comfort; but when we adjourned to the parlor, and one of the guests—for there was quite a party staying at Oakwood—began to tune her harp, preparatory to inflicting a long twanging on our patient ears, my spirits went, if possible, still lower, and I began seriously to wonder if I could not slip off unperceived to bed. As soon as the first notes of the lugubrious air became audible, I heard John Mason—aunt's step-son, and the owner of Oakwood—whisper in my ear:

"Elly, under cover of the 'Spanish Retreat,' which will take some time, let us beat a retreat to my room. I have a nice wood-fire there, and you look perfectly blue with cold, you chilly child. We can have a good talk while you are waiting for Harry's return. Come, for I

have hardly had a chance to become acquainted with you as yet."

I had risen at his first invitation, and he continued to speak while walking with me across the room, stopped for a moment in front of a picture hanging by the door, as if that were our object, and waiting before it until all eyes, which had been turned toward us, were attracted again to the harp-performer, quietly drew me into the entry.

The family had never shown me the house, and I was only familiar with the rooms that were common property, which, though handsome, were not in the least home-like nor comfortable; and when Cousin John, crossing the entry, opened a door opposite the parlor and introduced me to his room, I was delighted at the view. It was rather a small room, with two windows looking south, so that on a bright, sunshiny day (such as they never have in New England in spring), it must have been the pleasantest in the house; but what particularly struck me was the gay wood-fire, and the bright-colored rug in front, so suggestive of warmth and comfort.

Noticing the glance I cast around, Cousin John said:

"Why, Elly, have you never been in here before?"

"No; I have heard Harry speak of your room as being charming, but he never brought me here."

"Well, my child, having found your way here now, I give you free leave to use the room whenever you want. There is always a fire laid, and"—pointing to a box in the corner of the fire-place—"the only order I give in the house is that that box is always to be kept full of wood, and a fire always ready for a match;

so you must come and warm yourself at any time, my dear."

He rolled an easy-chair close to the hearth, seated me in it, gave me a screen to shield my face from the blaze, then drew a chair opposite. Our conversation was of no moment to any one, save ourselves; but the kind interest he showed in my lonely condition before I married, his evident liking for and affectionate inquiries about Harry, warmed my heart the more, that, though the family were kind and attentive, still there was the intangible veil—felt, but perhaps not seen by a looker-on—which prevented my entering the charmed "family circle."

Cousin John made me feel at home, and we talked long and pleasantly; but at last some remark I made on my isolated condition (for I had no relatives), seemed to awaken some train of thought, for he did not answer, but sat looking abstractedly into the fire. I took this opportunity to study his face, and speculate on his age, and why he had, when quiet, the air of a man weighed down by care.

After awhile, I rose and began to walk around the room, looking at the pictures, the books, and pretty things, of which it was full. I had nearly made the circuit, and reached Cousin John's side, when a table, standing in the corner and covered with pretty writing implements, attracted me. My attention was particularly drawn to a small trunk made of inlaid wood; on the lid were, what I thought, Chinese characters in brass, and I took hold of it by the brass handle in the middle to look at them more closely, when, to my consternation, the lid suddenly flew up, and out came the contents.

The trunk was full of heavy letters, and there were two small bundles at the bottom. My exclamation of dismay made Cousin John turn round, and I saw such an expression of amazement

on his face that I hastened to exculpate myself:

"I did not open it, but merely took hold of the handle to look more closely at the top, when these things fell out. I hope I have not done any damage?"

While speaking, I began to stoop and pick up the letters, while he took up the trunk and examined the lock.

"I must have forgotten to lock it, my child; you have done no harm," he said, at the same time taking the letters from my hand. I noticed that the seals to all were unbroken; and some of them, the direction being uppermost, I saw were addressed to himself, in what I knew to be his own hand-writing. I looked curiously at them, and then up at him. He was standing still, holding the smallest bundle in his hand, and looking down at me.

"Well," he said, pleasantly, "what were you thinking about the letters, that you gazed at them so earnestly, Elly?"

"Only wondering why they should all be directed to you in your own hand-writing, and the seals unbroken. And they are so thick, that there are not as many as I thought there were, from the weight."

"You are curious about them, I see. You are the only person besides myself who has ever seen the inside of the trunk, and you are also the only one to whom I have ever spoken about it. I never kept a diary, Elly, but for many years I have written myself a letter at the end of the year, about the year's events, sealed it, and put it in this trunk."

"But do you never mean to read them again, and is that why the seals are unbroken? Have you never opened any?" I asked, eagerly, and thought how I should like to open them.

"No, I shall never break any of the seals; what is past had better be left in the past, and reading old letters, Elly, is very much like trying to galvanize worn-out friendships."

"I wish," I began, then stopped; for by this time I had picked up the last letter, and was holding it in my hand.

"What do you wish?"

"I wish I could read them at some time. I have always wanted to read a *real* person's diary, and this would be even more romantic than a diary."

I was interested in those letters; there was to me something so peculiar in this habit of writing to himself, that the words came out before I thought how impertinent the request must seem.

He looked thoughtfully at me a few moments before he answered:

"I have often wondered, Elly, what I should do with them. I did not like to think of burning them myself; and, besides, there are some things in that trunk that I could not have destroyed, and I did not like to leave the box to my executors. Now, my dear, I will leave it to you, with permission for you to read any two of the letters you choose, to open the others, and destroy them or not, as you may think best, but to keep what they contain. Will you promise to do this, but never again allude to the trunk?"

I willingly promised; and, taking a sheet of paper, he wrote:

"I give this trunk, with its contents, to my dear cousin, Elly Mason, and it is to be examined by no one but her.

"JOHN MASON, May 20th, 18—."

He gave the paper to me to read, and then placing it in the trunk, locked the latter, using a small gold key which was attached to his watch-chain. After he had replaced the trunk in its original place on the table, I noticed that he had left out the smaller bundle, but while debating whether to remind him of it or not, for his seriousness affected me strangely, he took it up, and again seated himself by the fire. I went quietly to my own chair, and for a few minutes we tried to resume our talk, but it was impossible; we soon sank into silence.

At length, the sound of voices in the entry, bidding "good-night," startled both of us; and I rose to follow my cousins' example, when Cousin John gently laid a detaining hand on my shoulder.

"Elly, I never sent you any wedding present—for I could not; but now, my child, with my best love and wishes for your future happiness, I give you these. They are very dear to me, and at last an Elly Mason will wear them. One favor I beg: never let me see them, and God bless you, my dear." He then lightly kissed my forehead, and quickly left the room.

I hastened to my chamber, there to wait my husband's return, and, of course, immediately opened the bundle, wondering what I should find. I quickly tore off the paper, and lo! a jewel-box, at the contents of which, when I unclasped it, I stared in surprise.

It was not so much the beauty of the articles, though they were exquisite, as their quaintness, which delighted me. There were pin, ear-rings, and bracelet, and a vacant place meant for a ring. The pin and ear-rings were of an oval stone, deep red in color, and in the centre of each a cross, formed of pearls, with the initials "E. M." also in pearls underneath. The bracelet was a broad gold band, the clasp formed of a stone somewhat larger than the pin, with the same device and letters on it.

The beautiful purity of the pearls contrasted so strongly with the brilliant color of the stones, and they, in turn, shone so vividly on their white satin cushions, that I think to this day there is no jewel-case that looks so lovely as mine.

I was still looking at my new treasures, and wondering why the ring should be gone, and what was the story connected with the jewels—for that there was a story I was sure—when my husband came in.

"Why, Elly, up still! How did you get along without me?"

Then, as his eyes fell on the jewelry: "Why, what have you there?"

I told him where they came from, and then gave him an account of my evening, and ended with:

"But, Harry, what is the story about Cousin John? What makes him look so careworn? and what did he mean by 'at last an Elly Mason will wear them?'"

"Gently, gently, little woman," said Harry, laughingly. "How do you manage to ask so many questions in a breath, and why do you let your romance run away with you? I don't know that there is any 'story' about John, and don't think he looks 'so careworn,' and what he meant by 'at last,' etc., I haven't the least idea. Many years ago, when I was a boy, he went to England and was the head of the firm there. When he came back, ten years ago, he looked just as he does now. I have often fancied he had some grief, though to what it was I never had any clue; but now I am afraid that, as usual, there is a woman at the bottom of it. At any rate, you have probably more of his confidence than any of the rest of the family; for, though he is affectionate enough, there is quite a case of 'imperfect sympathies' between him and his step-mother and half-sisters, and we will respect his evident desire for silence, and not speak or speculate about his affairs, even to ourselves. Try on those trinkets, dear, and let me see how they look."

I put them on, and he led me to the glass to see the effect. The jewelry was beautiful, but I said:

"They ought, Harry, to be worn by a much prettier woman. I have no doubt they would have suited the other Elly Mason better."

"I don't know that; at any rate, you are pretty enough for me, and I only wish John were as happy as I am."

The compliment failed to drive from my mind the thought, "Who could she have been, and what has become of her?"

All night I had dreams of this imaginary Elly, and in the morning could not refrain from looking curiously at Cousin John, feeling as though there must be some change in him; but no, he was just the same, and remained the kind, considerate host, all through our visit. I fancied his tone was softer to me, and, indeed, his sisters declared that John was kinder to me than to them, for he had never given them the free use of his room; but, though he smiled at the charge, he invited me there every evening, and bade me use it freely in the day-time. I used often to sit there with my sewing, but frequently found myself, the work unheeded in my lap, gazing at the trunk, and wondering, for the thousandth time, for whom that jewelry had been intended.

We had found, on examining the case, the name of a London jeweler, famous some twenty years ago, and it was evident they were no recent purchase.

I never could answer my wonderings, and the trunk acquired a strange fascination for me, yet I neither touched it nor went near it, but only gazed on it from afar, as did Moses at the promised land; for did it not contain the precious mystery? Should I ever be able to solve it?

All this happened some few years ago, since when, though I occasionally saw Cousin John, in his flying visits of business to New York, we never said anything about the mysterious trunk. Every time he seemed sadder and more careworn than the mere pressure of business cares would account for, and I often felt an almost unrestrainable desire to show him in some way that I sympathized with him in his hidden sorrow, for I was certain he had one. I think he di-

vined my feelings, for to me and mine he grew, if possible, more kind and considerate as the years went by.

One day last September, while busy preparing for a little trip we had in view, I heard my husband enter hurriedly, and, it seemed to me, before he had time to close the door, the impatient cry, "Elly, Elly, where are you?" (Why do all men, but particularly husbands, expect women, but particularly wives, to be always on hand when *they* are at hand?) I hastened to answer, and, in two or three bounds, he was up the stairs. He no sooner entered the room than I saw, from his face, something was wrong, and his first words were:

"Elly, I am off in half an hour for Boston. I have had a telegram; John is ill and wants me."

"Cousin John ill! not dangerously, I hope?"

"I am afraid it is dangerously, dear, or he would not have summoned me so imperatively"—at the same time giving me the dispatch, which read:

"Come immediately. I am past hope.

"JOHN MASON."

The tears came to my eyes as I read it, for I had become very fond of him; and yet when I thought of his lonely life—for, living in the midst of his family, he had yet been alone—it seemed to me that death, even in the prime of all his faculties, and with his unsatisfied longing—for I never could divest myself of the feeling that he had been seeking, seeking, yet never finding what he sought—could have for him no terrors.

I hastened to help Harry in his preparations, and get from him all needed directions, and, with many messages to Cousin John, speeded his departure.

I knew I could hear nothing until the next day, and the evening seemed interminable; yet whenever I gazed at John's portrait—for, at my earnest request, he had sent me one a few months previously—I felt that one could not wish to keep

him if he were willing to go, for the longing look in the eyes was of a soul whose patience and endurance had been tried to the uttermost.

Early in the morning came the dispatch: "John may last through the day. He sends his love, and wishes you had come."

I also wished it had been possible, and resigned myself as well as I could to waiting; but ere the long day had come to a close, I heard again: "All is over. Expect me Thursday."

It was then Tuesday: yet the time passed; for, fortunately for us, the wheels of life must be kept moving, and, though we often feel as though we must come to a stand-still, we find that we still hurry along with the rest.

Harry, soon after his return, gave me a small gold key, which he said his cousin had taken from his watch-guard and given him for me, and I recognized it as the key of the little trunk. He told me that John had not suffered much, had expressed regret at not seeing me again, and had sent me a note, the last thing he had written.

In the weak, uncertain characters I saw no trace of the bold hand-writing I was so familiar with. There were but a few lines, and it was evident it had been too much for the faltering fingers to guide the pen, for the last few words had wandered from the line, and at last trailed off in unrecognizable marks, and the words ran into each other:

"DEAR ELLY:—I am failing fast. Remember your promise about the trunk. Open all the letters; keep what is in them. Wear the ring and find her; my dear Elly is, I think, in"—the word illegible. "Tell her I loved her to the"—and then it ended abruptly.

My husband and I pondered long over the few lines.

"Poor John!" said he. "You were right, wife; there is some sad story in his life, and he seems to have left to

you the task of righting him, if possible. Was her name Elly, and what ring does he mean?"

"I don't know her name, but suppose it is the same as mine, from his saying, 'At last an Elly Mason will wear them;' and the ring must be the one missing from the jewel-case. But as he promised me only two letters to read, though I was to open all, how shall I know what two to choose, in order to learn his story, and find if there is anything I can do for him?"

"We will have to wait to decide that, dear; but probably John left some memorandum to guide you by. We shall see when the trunk comes."

In a few days I had a letter from one of his executors:

"MRS. MASON—*Dear Madam*.:—In compliance with the request in the will of the late John Mason, I forward to you a small inlaid trunk, of which, I understand, he gave you the key. Also, his tin-box of bonds, of which he says, in his will, 'If the right person for whom they are destined—who is known only to my cousin, Elly Mason—does not claim them within three years after my death, then my beloved cousin, Elly Mason, is to have them for her own use; but I wish, as soon as practicable after my death, that they should be sent to her to take charge of them.' He also leaves you a legacy of five thousand dollars (\$5,000), which will be paid over to you as soon as the estate is settled. I send you the trunk and box by Adams' Express, this day. I remain, dear madam, yours, etc.

"Sept. 25th, 1871. ———."

I anxiously awaited the arrival of the express, and felt infinitely relieved when the box was safely delivered. That night on Harry's return home I gave him the letter to read, and we then opened the box, which I had not been willing to do when alone. First, we took out the trunk; and, on looking at the lid, I saw

the letters on it were "J. E. M." On pointing them out to my husband, he said John had no middle name, and "E." must stand for the mysterious unknown. On opening the box, we found government bonds to the amount of \$10,000, and some loose bills. In the box was a slip of paper, on which was written:

"These are for my darling—the coupons to be spent for her benefit, or in finding her; at the end of the year, the surplus to be invested in a bond. If not found by 1873, the whole amount to revert to Elly Mason; in whom I have full confidence that, should the rightful owner ever appear, she will do her full justice.

JOHN MASON."

I grew anxious over the weight of trust and confidence reposed in me, and for an instant wished Cousin John had chosen some one else to carry out his wishes. It was only for an instant, for the remembrance of his affection and patient sweetness made me feel guilty at even momentarily shrinking from doing all in my power to further any desire of his.

In the evening we decided to examine the trunk. I brought the key, and, with a sorrowful remembrance of Cousin John's face that memorable evening in his study, I unlocked it. It was fuller than when I had last seen it, and on the lid was pasted the agreement we had made. On the top was a note addressed to me, bearing the date of January, 1871:

"MY DEAR ELLY:—I don't believe that I shall live to write myself another letter, and as you will want, and I would wish, my dear, that you should read the two letters which will give you a clew (the whole may never be known) to what my trouble and desire have been, I decided to advise you to choose the last letter, and the one bearing date, on the outside, of 1850. The others, dear, use your discretion as to when to burn, or keep until you find my Elly. At any

rate, open them, and keep the contents. The likeness may aid you; but, in the faint hope that the ring also may, being peculiar, wear it until she claims it. Your pure little hands may prosper where mine have not. God bless you, my child, always; and believe me, you have been my greatest comfort for the last few years, for your sympathy was very dear and precious to me, though I have never said so in words before. Good-by, and love me always. Your loving cousin,
JOHN MASON."

My tears fell fast as I read this note, and it seemed almost sacrilege to open the letters which contained the carefully guarded secret of so many years. I took out the last one. They were all indorsed with the years; and then, seeing that the one for 1850 must be near the bottom, I began to break the seals to see if they contained anything, deciding that I would replace each in its own packet, to await the disposition of the proper owner.

I opened many, but they contained nothing. At last, from one there fell a lock of light-brown hair, tied to a short, dark curl, which I knew had come from Cousin John's head. I carefully replaced the two in the soft, white paper in which they had been wrapped, and laid them aside. Then there was a packet somewhat heavier, from which, on opening, I took a small bundle. It held two rings—one, that missing from the jewelry set, with the same device and initials, and on the inside the inscription, "From J. M. to E. M. Feb. 14, 1849."

"E. M.," I repeated, mechanically. "Why, Harry, do you suppose they were married—for this other is a wedding-ring, and see, the inscription is the same as on the first, only the year is 1850!"

"I can't believe there was a marriage, Elly, for there was no reason why there should have been a secret one, that I know of. But come, let us get to the

bottom of this affair as soon as we can."

All the rest were only letters; and, taking the two I was to read, and the small package, I closed the trunk. The bundle held, as I supposed, the miniature, and we eagerly examined it. It lies before me now, as I write—the likeness of a woman not pretty, but with a strangely attractive face. The eyes are gray, the hair light-brown, and at the first glance the lack of color disappoints you, for the cheeks are pale; but in the mouth lies the strength of the face. That has such a look of decision, that the face would seem to be almost a stern one, were it not for the soft, clear look of the gray eyes. I have grown to love that face, and gaze at it, trying to read its story, which those tender eyes would seem so willing to tell, were it not for the mouth, whose lines speak of self-control, resolute endurance, and reticence. Shall I ever see her, ever hear those lips explain why two lives were blighted? For if those lips once gave a promise, there would be no retraction; and there is a look of love and longing in those soft eyes which must have made it hard for their owner to wound such a heart as was John Mason's. If she ever loved him, she loves him now and always.

I broke open the packet dated London, 1850, and there fell out many closely written sheets. I read them aloud to Harry, knowing that to him Cousin John did not mean the prohibition to extend. The letter was written in London; and, after relating the various events of the year, and much with which my readers would have no interest, there came a blank, and then he began abruptly:

"So far, I have forced myself to write calmly, and according to my wont, my yearly letter; but I could wish that all my business affairs had failed, rather than that, on this last night of the year, I should, instead of the joyful hopes I had of the coming year, have to acknowl-

edge . . . Oh! my darling, my darling, come back to me! If these few, yet long, months have been so insupportable, how can I go through the years that may be my portion! I am not young. I gave you the garnered love that had been kept for you so many lonely years, and I can never gather it again, nor would I if I could. In spite of all my pain, the few months you were mine have been my life. Though I never dreamed, Valentine's Eve, when we parted, that there could come such a morrow, I know you loved me then; your trusting eyes and loving lips could not deceive, and, from my own heart, I know you love me now and always must.

"Please God, sometime, I will find my Elly again; and my life shall be one long waiting and watching for that blessed time. But, my child, the years are so few . . . Heaven help me! I am writing as though we were not parted—you, I know not where, and I, lonely and heart-broken, in the home I fondly thought would be yours—but as if you would some day read these lines; and yet, if you do not read these, you will, either here or in the hereafter, sometime read what is written in my heart for you, and you only, now and forever.

"Why could you not have kept the ring, dear? Did you fear that the cross would prove heavier than those that you have put on yourself? I have put it on my finger, together with what would have been our wedding-ring, my lost Valentine [here I glanced at Harry, who said, "Yes, I see; they were never married"], and made the vow that never, while life lasted, would I cease to search for you. Whether in poverty, sickness, or death I find you, under no circumstances shall you be able to cast away my love, never can it fail you, and never will I believe—not even from your own lips—that you ceased or could cease to love me. We are one in heart, my dar-

ling, though divided now; but if you could see how these months have worn on me, you would relent—you would write to let me know where you are.

"My treasure—though lost to me, yet still my dearest treasure—I hope some of the notices I have sent will meet your eyes; but ah! why did not you trust me?

"I would have waited years, if you felt you did not love me well enough; my darling, I would never have urged you to marry me, had you so told me, for your happiness was all I sought, and I would have gone away, rather than give you a moment's pain. But to think of you, alone, and forced to begin life anew, in some strange place, it makes me wild; and this sad fate brought about by me, when I would gladly give my life for you—'tis bitter, bitter!

"I have thought over all our meetings and talks, to find, if possible, some reason why you should have left me; and sometimes, if it were not for your note, and the ring on my finger, I should think I was in the midst of some dreadful dream, from which I would wake to life and happiness. I reach out my hands, and cry, 'Elly, my darling,' and feel as though my despairing cry must reach you; but no one answers—there is no response, save the slow ticking of the clock, as it drags on the minutes into hours, and a little portion of the time is gone that I must live through.

"Did you know how much I loved you? I did not, till I lost you; and if I could see you, for five minutes, even, I think I could perhaps bear this parting. Your picture haunts me, 'tis so like, yet unlike: you never sat and looked at me so unresponsively. Could I only hear you speak again!—but this blank, dead wall of despair! I almost wish my brain would reel, for if I were mad, I might not remember.

"I had read, and re-read, your note—think of it, love, the only one I ever had

from you—till every word is graven on my brain; and it gives me no clew, no comfort. In this wide world is there no one who can help me to find my lost darling? Will Heaven have no pity?

“A year ago I was so happy! for you loved me, and I was preparing this nest for my bird; and now . . . My Elly, wherever you may be, may the thought of my untiring and exhaustless love be about you; and never were you dearer to me than on this lonely New Year’s Eve.
JOHN MASON.”

As I finished, Harry said:

“Is not her other name given—and do you suppose he destroyed her note? We have no certain knowledge, from this, as to who she was. Poor John! I wish he could have made up his mind to tell some one of this sad affair: we might have helped him; and, I am sure, no one but you, dear wife, ever dreamed that his quiet life held such a sad secret. Open the last letter; it seems thicker than this.”

I took up the letter dated 1870. In it there were several inclosures—one addressed to me. On opening it, there were two sheets, and, by chance, I hit on the one intended for me. I noticed the falling off in the handwriting—poor Cousin John! Even then he had begun to fail. It ran thus:

“MY DEAR ELLY:—I have hoped against hope; but the doctors tell me I can not live until another year. Yet there is no immediate danger. I have never had the heart to read over any of my letters, and fear that you will only obtain a partial idea of what I should like to have you know. Though I shall ask you to read the letters for 1850 and 1870, I can not clearly recollect what the one for 1850 will tell you, and will briefly here write what it is necessary for you to understand. That year, my child, I lost all that made life desirable. I had been engaged ever since February, 1849, to a Miss Ellen Merton; and

we were to have been married February 14, 1850. She was my Valentine; and the day always was peculiarly associated with her. Our first meeting took place on that day. I left her, Valentine’s Eve; and the next day, a few hours before the time for our wedding, I received a note from her, which I inclose. Since then I have never seen or heard of her. I have constantly had notices put in the papers, so worded that, should they meet her eyes, she would understand them.

“I can not help feeling certain that she will yet be found, and that eventually the mystery of her disappearance will be explained. To you, my dear, I leave this charge—these papers—for her; the money, in trust, for her, and the assurance that I loved her to the last.

“Twenty years ago I lost her. For many years I wore her ring, but, at last, laid it away in one of these packets. If you will, wear it, for her sake and mine. It may help you to find her. But when she comes, give both the rings to her. My dear child, good-by; you will help to carry out the old man’s wishes, I know. Yours,
JOHN MASON.”

The other sheet, on opening, was, I found, addressed “My Darling,” and so carefully laid it aside. Then, there was the usual yearly letter; her note to him, now yellow with age, and a few of the advertisements he had inserted, in the vain hope of her seeing them. I first read her note to him:

“MY DEAR JOHN:—I had not the heart, when you were talking, to-night, of ‘our future,’ to tell you it would never be spent together. We have met and parted for the last time, dear; why, I can not tell you. But believe me, did I not think it would be better for your interest that this should be, I would not be able to take so hard a step. Think of me kindly, if you can, but as one forever lost to you; and, though my words seem cold, trust me, it is because I dare

not say what I feel. I return the ring: I am afraid to keep it; but your likeness and letters will still be mine.

"Yours, ELLY."

"What a cold, heartless letter," cried Harry, indignantly, as I finished reading it to him. "You may be sure John wasted his love on her: she was not worthy of him. To cast him aside in that fashion! I don't believe she ever cared for him. Probably some richer lover turned up, and she took him. I've no sympathy for her; and if she ever is found, I shall certainly give her a piece of my mind."

I waited until he finished his walk up and down the room before I answered:

"I think you are wrong, Harry. The letter is, I think, purposely cold; as she says, she dares not trust herself to write as she feels. There was some dreadful mistake which separated those two. Be sure, she has mourned him as faithfully as he her."

"Well, there is no use in speculating on the whys and wherefores. Let us read John's last letter, and then sleep on the whole affair, and decide to-morrow, when we are calmer, what is best to be done."

I glanced over the last letter. There was not so much about business, but there was kindly mention of all the members of the family, and of us, in terms so affectionate, that my eyes filled many times with tears. It did seem too hard, that one of such a loving, kindly nature, should have had all of his troubles come to him through his affections. The letter closed thus:

"I shall never see my darling in this world: my disease has made rapid inroads, the past few months, and another year will find me gone. She is all that makes me wish to cling to earth; the hope that has not wholly failed me for twenty years is still there: that she will one day *know* how I loved and trusted her. Yet, O my dear one, could I know that

you are dead, it would be to me a comfort, for our dead are truly *ours*—none can take them away from us; neither time nor change can affect *them*—they belong to us. Could I believe that you would be *there* to greet me when I leave here, ah, how I would long for the time! But to dread that all these long years you may have had to strive with poverty, sickness, and care, and I, who would have shielded you from every trouble, powerless to aid, has made life seem to me too hard to be borne.

"My love—as dear, nay, dearer to me than when, twenty years ago, you promised to be mine—I still hope and trust you will learn that in death, as in life, you were ever the first in my heart. Ella will succeed perchance where I have failed. Perhaps I have not gone the right way to work; but could I only know that you have not been suffering, these twenty long years, I would gladly endure all the pain and weariness once again for that knowledge.

"I have been a better man for knowing you; but O! the anguish of losing you, and the long-deferred hope, have made my life a bitter one. To-day, December 29, 1869, is my sixtieth birthday; but I am so broken, you would hardly know me, should we meet. I leave to my cousin the quest of my life, and may she prosper, where I have met only with sorrow and continued disappointment.

JOHN MASON."

"Why, Harry, I did not know that he was so old. How long ago did he come back to this country?"

"Ten years ago; he came back at the death of the senior partner, and became the head of the firm. Poor old John! his troubles are over. But how sad his life has been; and there was no one to lighten his cares. There is nothing more to read, is there?"

"Nothing but these," I answered, showing him the notices, which we read silently, thinking of the feelings with

which they were written, and the slow dying out of the hopes they raised.

All night my dreams were haunted by what we had read; and in the morning we discussed long and earnestly, as to the best plans for finding Cousin John's lost Valentine.

A year and more has passed since then, and all our efforts have been in vain. While pondering on what new plans might be made, I decided, on the

last of the old year, to write this fragmentary sketch, and see if I could find any one to publish it. It might possibly be brought to her notice. At any rate, it is my last hope and device; and, with many a prayer for its success, I send this forth, hoping, if any read it who can in the least way aid me in carrying out the dead man's life-long desire, they will give me their assistance.

ELLY MASON. 1872.

ASPHODEL.

The summer wooed me—overbrimmed with sweets—
 With wet, voluptuous roses of the dawn,
 With fair white lilies fainting in her heats,
 And glossy ribbons from her tasseled corn.

Beneath my feet she tossed her diamond dews,
 And swung her rivulets adown the path;
 Or caught me, tangled in her mossy clews,
 Where odored wild blooms laugh.

Behold! she said, the gems my nymphs have brought—
 Bright passion-flowers from the belt of spring;
 Their ruddy heats shall snare thy saddest thought,
 And lure thee from thy lonely wandering.

Alas! I said, the purple passion-bloom—
 Its symbol crown of thorns, its spear and cross—
 I hung with pallid hands upon a tomb.
 The floating seasons chafe me with *her* loss:

The spring-time, swinging censers to and fro;
 Thy lovely valleys, and the song-bird's nest;
 The drifting autumn-leaves, that come and go;
 The winter-marble arching o'er her breast!

Take back, O summer! all thy fragrant gifts!
 With wistful eyes I kneel above the sod,
 And strain my gaze beyond the cloudy rifts,
 To see *her* stepping up the heights to God!

LEGEND OF THE MONTECITO GRAPE-VINE.

NESTLED between the cloud-capped mountains and the sea, in the sunny regions of southern California, lies the beautiful town of Santa Barbara. Here, through the long winter months, the air is mild and balmy, and the hills are rich with verdure. Pepper and acacia-trees mingle the grace of their perennial foliage with that of the sturdy live-oak and the dark-leaved olive, all the year round; while flowers, both wild and cultivated, bloom in unbounded profusion.

Santa Barbara claims to be one of the most favored spots on the globe for healthfulness, the geniality of its climate, and the beauty and productiveness of its semi-tropical vegetation. Differing from the Neapolitans, the Santa Barbarans say, "See Santa Barbara and live!"

About four miles from the town, in the valley of Montecito, grows the now famous grape-vine, one of the wonders for the tourist in southern California. It is the largest on record. It measures four feet four inches in circumference at the ground, forty-one inches two feet from the ground, and rises eight feet before branching out; then, spreading with extreme luxuriance, its branches cover more than five thousand square feet, and are supported by fifty-two trellises. The largest branch is thirty inches in circumference, and, were it not for rigid pruning, the branches would extend indefinitely in every direction. It is of the Mission variety and exceedingly prolific, producing annually from five to six tons of grapes, which hang in massive clusters beneath the trellises, the effect of which, in the mellow autumn-time, excites admiration and won-

der. It is claimed that it has produced 7,000 bunches of grapes, varying from one to four pounds in weight each. A bean was put into a vase for each bunch plucked, until the beans numbered 7,000. It grows on a sunny slope of the foothills, commanding a fine view of the rugged mountains in one direction, and in the other the lovely Montecito Valley, with glimpses of the blue Pacific. The vine is irrigated by waters from the hot springs a few miles distant; and the country about the vine is very beautiful and Mexican in its natural and artificial surroundings.

There is a tradition connected with the origin of this vine we wish to record. Seventy years ago, during the occupancy of the Mission Fathers, there lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles a beautiful young Spanish girl. Nearly all Spanish girls, while in the bloom and freshness of youth, possess more or less of their national cast of beauty; but the Señorita Marcellina had, from childhood, been the acknowledged queen among the maidens of her native place. Her complexion, tinged with the warm, brunette hue of her race, was clear and bright with the rich tint of health. Her wealth of black hair fell in rippling waves far below her waist; and her large, dark eyes were fringed with silken lashes that matched the exquisite penciling of the arched brows above them. Her parents, though belonging to the better class of Spanish, had become poor, through extravagance and mismanagement, and had formed the project of bettering their fortunes by wedding their lovely daughter to some wealthy Don.

The lovely Marcellina did not lack for admirers nor ardent lovers, and

among them all, Señor Carlos de Domingues was the favorite and the accepted suitor. He was handsome, tall, and manly, but alas! without fortune, and socially not the equal of Marcellina. As may be supposed, his suit met with no encouragement from the Don and Doña Feliz; and they, finding the attachment between the young people was becoming stronger than accorded with their plans for their daughter, resolved to remove to Santa Barbara—a mission some hundred miles north—where resided many wealthy families, among whom they doubted not an alliance would be formed suitable in fortune and position.

The announcement of their contemplated removal struck dismay to the hearts of Marcellina and Carlos; but the latter, receiving courage from desperation, presented his suit to the parents. As was anticipated, it was scornfully rejected, and further intercourse sternly forbidden. The lovers were, however, too ardent to be separated thus, and, through the medium of an old Indian nurse, who was devotedly attached to the girl, they obtained one interview before parting.

In the early twilight, Marcellina stole out to an olive-orchard, surrounded by an *adobe* wall, which lay back of the paternal mansion. Here she stood, waiting with throbbing heart the arrival of her lover, while her nurse kept watch on the other side of the wall, ready to give the alarm, by a signal agreed upon, should any one approach from the house. Already the shadows lay dark beneath the thick, low branches of the olive-trees, and at every rustle and sound the fair transgressor started and trembled. Suddenly a tall figure sprang over the wall, and crept stealthily along in its shadow, till he came close to where the waiting maiden stood. "Carlos," she cried, holding out her trembling hands. "Is it you, Marcellina? Ah, poor little

one, how she trembles! They are very cruel, darling, but we will not be separated. They shall not take you from me, my precious one."

And then he spoke long, low, and rapidly in the beautiful Spanish language—so exquisitely fitted for expressions of tenderness and endearment—telling her, that, as her parents objected to their union on the ground of his poverty, he had determined to win wealth; that an old Indian, bound to him by ties of gratitude, possessed knowledge of a rich mine far away among the mountains, and to which he had promised to guide him and his company; and, by courage and skill, he would soon return to claim her hand from her ambitious, avaricious parents.

"Remain true to me, Lina, and resist their scheming. Wait for me but two years, my darling, and if, at the end of that time, you do not hear of me, know that I have perished in the attempt to win you."

He then gave her a cutting from a grape-vine, telling her to carry it to her new home and plant it, keeping it as a reminder of him, and that while it lived and flourished, she might know he loved her and was true to her. The cutting was in the form of a riding-whip, and as such she was to carry it, for her journey was to be performed on horseback.

Vowing eternal fidelity, the lovers parted, and, the next morning, Don and Doña Feliz, with their daughter and attendants, started on their journey; while Carlos & Co., with their Indian guide, wended their way, full of hope and confidence, over the mountain-trail.

Marcellina, as may be supposed, made little use of her grape-vine switch to urge her mustang along the weary way between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Arriving at their destination—four miles from the Mission of Santa Barbara—her first act was to plant the cutting upon the hill-side, with many

tears and prayers to the Virgin for the success and safety of her lover.

The vine grew and flourished with wonderful luxuriance, and gladdened the heart of the waiting maiden, who could hardly have borne the burden of anxiety and suspense without its silent encouragement; for the Don and Doña had found, as they thought, a suitable companion for their daughter, in a Spaniard of reputed great wealth, who promised them liberal compensation for her hand. He was short, of good circumference, and grizzled with years, but to counterbalance these defects in a lover, his fingers and shirt-front shone with gems. Marcellina's violent opposition, however, while it did not move them to renounce their purpose, induced them to postpone the marriage, in the hope that she would forget her former love, and become more reconciled to their will.

In the interval thus granted, the time for the return of Carlos would expire; and Marcellina prayed daily for the arrival of her betrothed, with the fortune that was to find him favor in the eyes of her parents. The two years were rapidly drawing to a close, and yet no sign or token had come, save what she found in the vigorous growth of her cherished vine. At length her parents, pressed with poverty and weary of the prolonged indulgence to what they considered an idle fancy, fixed the day for the wedding with the suitor of their choice, whose only recommendation was his wealth.

The eve of Marcellina's wedding-day was the second anniversary of the parting in the olive-grove, when Carlos told her that if he did not return or send her word within two years, she might know he was dead. She had crept away from the scene of busy preparation within her home, and, hiding herself beneath the shadow of her beloved vine—which was now large enough to shelter her from casual observation in the uncertain

gloaming—she sobbed and wept, calling upon the Virgin, in hopeless anguish, to take her away to the spirit world, where she believed Carlos to be.

Approaching footsteps arrested her attention. She started guiltily and attempted to hide her tears, for she dared not let her parents know she still mourned her absent lover.

"Lina—Lina!" greeted her ears in a familiar voice, and stayed her flight. Tremblingly she awaited the near approach of the intruder, when, with one wild, joyous cry of "Carlos!" she dropped into his arms, her beautiful head pressed close to his throbbing heart.

It was, indeed, Carlos, returned at last, faithful to his promise, bringing with him a fortune at least equal to that of her aged and detested suitor.

Carlos, with faith in his love and confidence in his ultimate success, followed the Indian across the Coast Range into the heart of the Sierras, where he proved the honesty of his guide and the truth of his promises by the marvelous deposits of gold to which he led them. Two years sufficed to gain the fortunes for which they so earnestly sought and strove.

All other things being equal, the Don and Doña consented that their daughter should choose between the suitors, and the next day, instead of being led to the altar a wretched sacrifice to their ambition and avarice, she went as the willing and happy bride of her adoring Carlos.

Years passed away; Don and Doña Feliz died, and reverses deprived Carlos of his wealth. But strange to say, the faithful vine, once a token of fidelity between the lovers, now became their means of support; for so prolific had it become, and so little did the indolent Spanish about them turn their attention to the culture of the grape, that its fruit brought them an income sufficient for their maintenance.

About twelve years ago a second vine

sprang up near the original one, and grew rapidly, until now it nearly equals it in size. A large dancing-floor was erected beneath the shadow of the vine, and here the Spanish youths and maidens united in the merry dance on Sabbath evenings, according to their national custom.

Carlos and Marcellina died at a good old age, leaving behind them three hundred lineal descendants, and the big grape-vine, which will keep green their memory and the story of their love and faithfulness, long after children and grandchildren cease to tell the story.

Hundreds of tourists annually visit the place, and wonder while they gaze upon its vast proportions, and listen to the accounts of its marvelous productiveness.

Yet, to me, the heart-history of which it is a living memento is its greatest charm; and I love to dream, while standing beneath its spreading branches, and gazing far out upon the broad, blue Pacific, whose waters sparkle in the distance, of the true-hearted Spanish maiden who planted it in the faith which springs from an immortal love, and who watered it with her tears.

ARAB LITERATURE AND LOVE-LORE.

THE oldest specimens which remain of Arabian literature antedate, by many centuries, the birth of Mohammed. These specimens consist chiefly of short verses of poetry, being narrations of combats, expressions of affection, and elegies, uttered on the spur of the moment. The study of these remains reveals the early existence of a language, perfect in form, admirable in comprehensiveness, and harmonious in prosody, suited to express, in the rhythmical idiom of the desert, the various ideas suggested by Nature to a pastoral people.

A great change came over the spirit of Arabic literature on the appearance of the Koran. This wonderful book, which molded a people of shepherds into a nation, and launched them forth to the conquest of a world, is considered by Moslems to be written in the language of Paradise, and is, even to Western scholars, a miracle of style. The study of its contents, combined with traditions relative to its author, gave rise to almost all the branches of Arabian learning.

The *sayings* of the prophet were considered by his followers as the result also of Divine inspiration, and they therefore treasured them up in memory as they did the chapters of the Koran. The same was done with his bearing and presence, his acts and manners. As the accounts of these words and deeds were sent down by tradition, they formed a mass too burdensome for any single mind, and hence were ultimately written down. The true were separated from the false — all that lacked internal evidence, or which could not be traced upward through an unbroken series of traditionists, being cast away. This was continued through many generations by the most eminent doctors and sages, until the united contents of the six *Sa-hih's*, or genuine collections, forms, at the present day, one of the four columns which support the edifice of Moslem law. These traditions explain the Koran, and are considered its indispensable supplement. Their style is concise and elliptic, but pure and elegant, abounding with idiomatic expressions peculiar to the Arabs of the desert, and affording

a deep insight into the character of the Moslem people.

In general literature, geography, history, and biography, there is much of great value that may be gathered from Arabian authors. In biography, particularly, there are stores of wisdom to be unlocked; stores so unlike those to be found in the Occident—so rich in knowledge and fertile in imagination, so keen in analysis of human motives and playful in description of human actions, so full of just remark, profound judgment, sententious wit, and acute logic—that they yield a mine of unexpected wealth to the scholar.

Of these writers none is better known to the students of Arabic than Ibn Khallikân, the author of the great biographical dictionary of distinguished Mussulmans. From its first publication in A.H. 640 (A.D. 1243), this work has always been considered of the highest importance. To the present day its reputation has continued undiminished, and the judgment of the author's countrymen has been confirmed by the unanimous voice of Oriental scholars. Its four volumes contain nearly one thousand lives. Instead of describing his characters, he gives quotations from their works; and we have thus brought together a library of Arab poetry and prose, theology and law, medicine and mathematics, invaluable to the reader. In a work like this, six centuries old, giving specimens of the productions of Arabian authors who wrote when the nation was just emerging from barbarism, there are, of course, verbal quibbles, strained thoughts, and far-fetched allusions, distasteful to the Western modern mind; but there are also poems full of fire, originality, and thought; remarkable for grace and elegance; teeming with sentiment and feeling, and rich in those mystic reveries in which the imagination soars toward the confines of another world pervaded with spiritual beauty.

Ibn Khallikân's taste was that of the age in which he lived, and the extracts which he gives have the value of enabling the reader to form an idea of the Arab mind at the period of the Crusades.

Before proceeding to give our readers specimens of the pastoral and amatory early Arabian poetry, let us say that the figurative language of the Moslem poets is often difficult to be understood. The *narcissus* is the *eye*: the feeble stem of that plant bending languidly under its flower, and thus recalling the languor of the eyes. *Pearls* signify both tears and teeth—the latter being sometimes called *hailstones*, from their whiteness and moisture; the lips are *cornelians* or *rubies*; the gums, a *pomegranate flower*; the dark foliage of the *myrtle* is synonymous with the black hair of the girl, or the down on the upper lip of the boy. Ringlets are *scorpions*; eyes are *swords*; eyelids, *scabbards*; a fair complexion, *camphor*, and a mole, *musk*. A mole, or beauty-spot, is sometimes compared to an *ant* creeping on the cheek toward the honey of the mouth. A handsome face is both a *full moon* and the *day*; black hair is *night*; the waist is a *willow-branch* or a *lance*, and the water of the face is *self-respect*. A poet, for example, *sells the water of his face* when he bestows mercenary praises on a rich patron devoid of every noble quality.

In many Oriental poems, love and friendship are designated by the same word. Expressions not unlike those addressed by a lover to his mistress are often addressed by one aged doctor to another. These are not the product of a degraded passion, but the terms for simple friendship and affection, or of those platonic attachments which the translated works of some Greek philosophers first taught the Moslems. Again, it often happens that a poet describes his mistress under the attributes of the other sex, lest he should offend that

excessive prudery of Oriental feelings which, since the fourth century of Islamism, scarcely allows an allusion to women — more particularly in poetry. At Cairo to-day, for example, public singers dare not amuse their auditors with a song in which the beloved is indicated.

Some of the verses quoted by Ibn Khallikân are of a nature such as precludes translation. Had they been composed by a female on a youth whom she loved, they would seldom offer anything objectionable; but, as the case is not so, they are utterly repugnant to Western readers. These objectionable verses are, however, rare.

With this brief notice of Arab literature, let us now adopt Ibn Khallikân's method, and place before the reader samples of Arabian love-making verses and stories.

"I marvel how your looks, which are so languishing," says Ibn-Abi to his beloved Shakna, "can captivate the brave and strong; your glances, though sheathed, work the same effects as a naked sword. Your beauty is like the wine you poured from the ewer: its flavor in your eyes, its color in your cheeks, and its intoxicating delirium in your kisses."

Kuthaiyr, the lover of Azza, relates the following:

"I was once met by Jamil, the lover of Buthaina, who said to me, 'Where dost thou come from?' and I answered, 'From the tent of the father of the beloved' — meaning Buthaina. 'And whither,' said he, 'art thou going?' 'To the beloved,' I answered — meaning Azza. 'Thou must go back again,' said Jamil, 'and obtain from Buthaina that she appoint a place where I may meet her.' I answered, 'I have just seen her this moment; I should be ashamed to go back.' 'Thou must surely do it,' said Jamil. 'When,' asked I, 'did you last see Buthaina?' 'At the beginning of the summer,' he replied, 'the lower

part of Palm-tree Vale was watered by a shower, and she went out with her maid to wash clothes: she did not know me at first, and seized a cloak out of the water to cover herself; but the maid recognized me, and Buthaina threw the cloak back on the water. We conversed for an hour, till the sun had set, and I then asked her to appoint a place of meeting, but she answered that her family were removing, and I have not met her since: nor found a trusty person I might send to her.' 'Wouldst thou that I go,' asked I, 'to the camp of her tribe, and recite, as if undesignedly, some verses which shall hint at this circumstance, in case I find it impossible to speak to her in private?' 'Yes,' replied Jamil, 'that is a good plan.' I then set out, and made my camel kneel down in their camp, and her father said to me, 'Son of my brother, what bringeth thee back?' 'There are some verses,' I replied, 'which I have just happened to compose, and I wish to submit them to thee.' 'Let us have them,' said he. I then recited these verses in Buthaina's hearing:

"'I said to her: O Azza, I send my companion to thee, so that thou mayest fix a place where we may meet, and that thou mayest tell me what I am to do. The last time I met thee was at the Palm-tree Vale when clothes were washing.'

"Then Buthaina struck the curtain behind which she was, and said, 'Go away! Go away!' 'What is the matter, Buthaina?' asked the old man. 'It is a dog,' replied she, 'which has come to me from behind the hill, now that the people are asleep.' She then said to her maid, 'Let us go to the Palm-trees and gather wood to cook a sheep for Kuthaiyr!' 'No,' said I, 'I am in too much haste to wait.' I then returned to Jamil and said, 'The place of meeting is at the Palm-trees.' Then Buthaina went forth with her maid to the Palm-

trees, and I went to them with Jamil. The lovers did not separate till the morning dawned. I never saw a more virtuous meeting, nor two persons who knew so well what passed in each other's hearts."

Jamil was the most celebrated poet of his day, and was one of the famous nine Arabian lovers. His passion for Buthaina commenced when he was a boy; on attaining manhood he asked her in marriage, but was met by a refusal; he thenceforth composed verses in her honor, dear to-day to every Bedouin girl of the desert.

Hear his account in verse of one of his visits to Buthaina:

"I ceased not my search to find the tribe of my beloved, and I followed their scattered bands till my camel came up to the inmate of the palanquin. I approached her tent by stealth, and entered by the secret passage; her smooth finger-tips, stained with henna, were passed over my head, that she might recognize me, and she said, 'By the life of my brother and the kindness of my father! I shall awake the family unless thou withdrawest.' Struck with fear at her words, I was retiring, when she smiled, and then I knew that her oath would not be kept. I then took her by the ringlets and kissed her lips, with the pleasure that the man whose throat is parched drinks the cool waters of a spring."

Ibn-Al-Bakkar relates, that, when in Syria, some one said, "Jamil is sick; let us visit him." Upon entering, we found him near his end, and he said, "O Ibn-Bakkar, what sayest thou of a man who never drank wine, nor committed fornication nor murder, who never stole, and who beareth witness that there is no god but the only God?" My answer was, "I think he has attained salvation and will enter paradise. Who is that man?" "It is I," replied Jamil. "By Allah," said I, "I do not

think that thou wilt gain salvation after having celebrated, for the last twenty years, the charms of Buthaina." "May I be deprived of the intercession of Mohammed," said he—"I that am now entering on the first day of the life to come, and am in the last day of my life in this world—if I ever placed my hand on her with an improper intention."

Jamil died the same day. To a friend who stood by his bedside, he said: "If I give you all I leave after me, will you perform one thing which I shall enjoin upon you?" "By Allah! yes," replied his friend. "When I am dead, then, take my cloak, go to Buthaina's tribe, rend the garment before her, and say this verse: 'Jamil is dead. He dwells in Paradise. Once, penetrated with love, he wore this mantle gracefully in the palm-groves of Wadi Kura. Arise, Buthaina, and lament aloud for the best of all thy lovers.'"

The friend kept his word. And when the girl came forth, "beautiful as the moon when it appears from behind a cloud," and muffled in a cloak, she said to him, "Man, if what thou sayest be true, thou hast killed me; if false, thou hast dishonored me!" Upon seeing the cloak, she uttered a loud cry and swooned away.

Jamil's love-verses gave fame, for constancy in affection, even to his tribe of Ozza. An Arab being asked to what family he belonged, replied, "I am of a people who, when they are in love, die." A girl who heard him say this, exclaimed, "By the Lord of Kaaba! this man belongs to the tribe of Ozza."

Ibn Abd-al-Barr, who was born before the promulgation of Islamism, was kadi of his day in the Arabian desert. His decisions are still traditional among the Bedouins. As an instance of his inclination to pleasantry, Ibn Khallikân relates the following story: "Adi Arta went to him for advice. 'Where are you, Kadi? May God direct you!' 'I am

between you and the wall!' 'Listen to me!' 'I do.' 'I am a native of Syria.' 'It is a far-off land.' 'And I have married a wife of your country.' 'May you live happily and have many children!' 'And I wanted to take her on a journey!' 'Each man has the best right over his own family.' 'But I engaged not to remove her from her native place.' 'Engagements are binding.' 'Judge, then, between us.' 'I have already done so.' 'And against whom have you given it?' 'Your mother's son.' 'Upon whose evidence?' 'Your maternal aunt's sister's son's.'

Among the Arabian poets whose songs have been sung for more than a thousand years by the dark-haired girls of the desert, is Al-Abbar—the Ovid of Oriental memory. From one of his longer poems the following beautiful passage is extracted:

"She knew not the lasting passion with which her eyes inspired my soul, nor the anguish which was borne by my heart. Apprehensive of spies, she came to me with hurried steps, her neck adorned with no jewels but grace and beauty. I handed her the cup, and the wine blushed at the fragrance of her lips and the radiance of her teeth. When her eyelids yielded to the blandishments of slumber, I offered my cheek for her pillow. No fear assailed her, and though I thirsted to taste her lips, I abstained."

"Let not your locks," he sings to his mistress, "appear as a temptation, nor your eyelids open as a snare, lest you slay the wretched, or tempt the anchorite, or leave the Kadi of the Moslems in torment."

And again, addressing a friend:

"Thou, who seest these gazelles [maidens] cross our way! know that my heart, and not the winding valley, is their pasture-ground! Mark that virgin who conducts them, whose anklets are too wide for the instep of her foot, and whose waist is pliant as a wand! I

drink to inebriation from her eyes, and stagger in my gait. The love I bear her blinds me to all imperfections. Think not that the mole upon her cheek is a tear of blood fallen from my eyes. It was a burning coal from the fire of my heart. Her breath arises from the aloe-wood of the beauty-spot, and the sweetness of her kisses is distilled from the rose-water of her beauty."

Ibn Babak was another favorite poet of the desert, and his verses are still recited and sung by dusky youths in serenades to their mistresses. The following will give an idea of his style:

"A graceful nymph, gifted by nature with the sweetest charms, came, while the Pleiades were rising and still hesitating in their career, to visit me, with trembling steps. As she dispelled the shades of night with the light of her beauty, I exclaimed, 'Is it the eye of the morning which openeth, or darteth a sunbeam through the clouds?' She drew near, glancing magic from her eyes, and trembling like a gazelle which crops its food in the lonely desert. During the darkness of the night, which spread over us the softest folds of its mantle, we partook of the purple liquor till the constellation of the eagle began to sink toward the horizon. We shared a wine which bore on its surface bubbles like drops from a lover's wounded heart, or like the tears from a love-struck suitor's eyes. When we mixed it with water it rose in revolving circlets, which trembled like the eyes of a virgin when the veil is lifted from her features. We passed the night disclosing our mutual love. But toward the hour in which the kata that has outstripped its fellows returns from the spring where it took its morning draught—at the time in which the plaintive doves take refuge in the branches—she withdrew."

Babak's images and plots, in all that is left of his poems, have strange resemblance to our great master's works.

Who can fail to be reminded by the above of the early morning parting, after their marriage-night, of Romeo and Juliet? And who does not detect a close brotherhood of refined sentiment between our Shakspeare and an author, who, in one of his *kasidas*, writes:

"The zephyr swept by me and sighed so tenderly that it seemed *to have heard me as I complained of my sufferings.*"

Ibn Babak died at Bagdad, A. H. 410 (A. D. 1019).

Let us remark here, in passing, that the amatory poems of the wandering Arab tribes, however sentimental in thought, glowing in description, extravagant in simile, or warm in expressions of the passions, are singularly free from indelicate allusions, even the most remote. The gross sensualities and capulous debaucheries described by our earlier poets would be utterly revolting to the Oriental mind.

Dik Al-Jinn, one of the very earliest composers of desert-elegies, is remembered best by perhaps the one cruel act of his life. He had a slave-girl, called Dunya, of whom he was passionately fond, but having suspected her of improper conduct with Wasif, his slave-boy, he put her to death. This he afterward bitterly repented, and during the remainder of his life composed elegies expressive of the love he bore her. One of these is as follows:

"O bunch of dates! O *spathi* of the palm-tree! Death has climbed up to thee and gathered thy sweetness. With thy blood have I watered the earth, yet how often did my lips absorb from thine the draught of love! I gave my sword power over the circuit of her neck, and my tears now flow upon her cheeks. Nothing ever trod on the sands dearer to me than her sandals! I did not slay her through insensibility, for I never could avoid weeping when the dust fell upon her face; but I was unwilling that another should love her!"

It is related of Al-Jinn, that, when Abû Nuwas, a rival poet, passed through Emessa, on his way to Egypt, the former concealed himself through a sense of inferiority, and denied the latter admission to his house. "Go and tell thy master to come forth," was the message Nuwas sent back; "for he has with this verse thrown the people of Irak into ecstasy:

"A rosy liquor, received from the hand of a gazelle-like nymph, who seemed to have extracted it from her cheeks and given intoxication to it by her kisses, before she passed it round!"

The compliment was appreciated—Al-Jinn came forth to meet Abû Nuwas, and received him as his guest.

Ibn Ar-Zahiri was one of the later Arabian poets—a Zaharite, or exteriorist, who understood the words of the Koran in their literal sense. He became famous for reciting verses extempore, and for his ready rejoinders.

"A severe censor," he said, one day, "blamed me for the girl whose face had taken me captive. 'How,' he cried, 'can you have fallen in love with her face, when you know not how her body may be?' I answered, '*Seest thou not that I am a Zaharite, and put my trust in what is visible?*'"

Again: "When she offered me the cup of welcome on which her lips had impressed a seal of musk, I said to her, 'Was this ruby liquor extracted from thy cheeks?' 'No,' she replied; '*when was wine ever extracted from the rose?*'"

Ar-Zahiri died from the effects of a poisoned biscuit, given him by a vizier whom he had satirized. When he perceived that he had taken his death-potion, he arose to withdraw, on which the vizier said to him, "Where are you going?" "To the place," replied Ar-Zahiri, "where you have sent me." "Well," responded the vizier, "please give my respects to my father." "*I am*

not taking the road to hell," was his witty reply.

Al-Jahiz, the story-narrator, occupied a position among the learned men of the East not unlike that of a novelist of distinction in Europe or America. Among his minor stories is the following, which will give a fair idea of the style of Arabian romances:

"I was mentioned to the kalif as a proper person to instruct his son; but, on seeing me, he disliked my looks and dismissed me with a present. On leaving the palace, I met with Muhammad Ibn Ibrahim, who was on the point of returning to Bagdad, and he proposed that I should accompany him. There was a curtained tent on board the gondola; and, when Ibrahim called for music, a female lute-player commenced singing:

"Our days are passed in reproaches, and our time is spent in anger. Can it be that such an affliction is peculiar to me alone? Or is it common to every lover?"

"She ceased, and he told a female guitar-player to begin. The words she sang were:

"Show pity to true lovers! I see no one to assist them! How often do they separate! How great must be their patience!"

"Here the lute-player said to her:

"And then what must they do?"

"To which the other female answered:

"'Tis this they have to do.'

"She then struck her hand through the curtain, and, coming out at the rent, her profile beautiful as a half-moon, she threw herself into the water. A young page, standing behind Muhammad, went over to the place where she disappeared, saw her borne away under the water, and, reciting these lines—"Tis thou who drownest me after meeting thy fate! O that thou couldst know it!"—sprang into the water, and, as the rowers turned the

boat, they were seen sinking clasped in each other's arms.

"Muhammad was greatly distressed, and said, 'O, Abu Amr, tell me some story to comfort me, lest thou follow these lovers!' I immediately said, 'The Kalif Yazid was holding court, when a memorial was presented in these words, 'If it be the pleasure of the Commander of the Faithful, he will have such a slave-girl of his brought out, so that she may sing to me three airs.' On reading this note, Yazid was angry, and sent an officer out to take the offender's head, but almost instantly sent another officer to countermand the first order, and bring the man before him. When the man appeared, the kalif asked, 'What induced thee to do this?' 'My confidence in thy mildness.' Here the assembly was ordered to withdraw, and the girl was brought in. The youth then said to her, 'Sing:

"Gently, O Fatima! Moderate thy disdain! If thou hast resolved to sever our attachment, yet be gentle!"

"When she had sung it, Yazid said to him, 'Speak!' And the young man said, 'Sing, The lightning gleamed in the direction of Najd, and I said, O lightning, be beneficent to my beloved!'

"She sang it. Yazid then said again, 'Speak!' and the youth said, 'Order me a pint of wine,' and it was brought to him. He had hardly tossed it off, when he sprang up, and, having climbed instantly to the top of the dome, threw himself down and was killed. 'We belong to God,' exclaimed Yazid, horror-struck. 'See that madman! He thought I should send my slave-girl back to the harem, after he had seen her. Fool! Pages, lead her to the home of his family, or, if he has none, sell her, and distribute the sum in alms.' They immediately departed with her, but, on the way, crossing the court of the palace, she burst from their hands, and, singing—"Those that die of love, let them die

thus: there is no good in love without death'—threw herself in one of the cisterns, and was drowned."

It is consolatory to know that Abu's story pleased Muhammad, and that the latter made him a large present.

Al-Talakani was a saint, and his fame has come down from distant ages. As he was climbing a wall to see the girl he loved, he heard a voice repeating these words of the Koran, "Is not the time yet come to those who believe that their hearts should humbly submit to the admonition of God?" On this he exclaimed, "O Lord, that time has come." He dated this as the moment of his conversion. Once chided by the vizier for not accepting money of the Sultan, which he might have distributed in alms, he seized the former by the beard and said, "How did I know then that it was honestly gotten?" Al-Raschid once asked him, "How great is thy self-abnegation?" to which he answered, "Thine is the greater." "How so?" said the kalif. "Because I make abnegation of this world only, and thou dost the same of the next." His sayings are embalmed as holy aphorisms in the memory of every pious Moslem. "To display prayers and good works before men is polytheism." "I fear that unwittingly I am sometimes displeasing to God, because my servant and my ass, both of whom love me, often unintentionally displease me." "For a man to be polite and kind-hearted a single day is better than a whole night of praying." "A man can not be unhappy who always makes that pleasant to himself which is pleasing to God."

Abu Bishr, surnamed the barefooted, ranks among the greatest of the holy ascetics of the Islam Church. Happening to find on the public road a leaf of paper with the name of God upon it, he picked it up, cleansed and perfumed it, and then laid it safely away. On the following night he heard angels singing

a song over his head, the refrain of which was:

"O Bishr! thou hast perfumed my name. Thine shall be as *ghalia*, in both this world and the next."

When he awoke, he gave up the world and turned to God. Some of his prayers and many of his sayings are a joy and comfort to pious souls. One of the former runs thus, "O, my God! deprive me of notoriety if it be not for thy glory." One of his sayings was, "The punishment of a learned man in this world is blindness of heart." Another: "Be not afraid of God! You sleep in his love every night more than in bed." He died A. H. 226 (A. D. 841).

Bishr had three sisters, named Mudgha, Mukhkha, and Zubda, who spent their lives in the practice of piety. Abd Allah relates the following anecdote of the eldest: "A woman came to my father and said: 'O, Abû Abd Allah! I spin at night by candle-light; and, as it sometimes happens that my candle goes out, I spin by the light of the moon. Is it incumbent on me to separate the portion spun by the light of the candle from that spun by the light of the moon? Because by moonlight I save my candle, and ought to have more to give in alms.' To this my father answered, 'If you think that there is a difference between them, it is incumbent on you to separate them.' She then asked, 'O, Abû Abd Allah! are the groans of the sick a repining against Providence?' He answered, 'I think they are rather like the moans of an infant wanting its mother.' The woman then withdrew, and my father said: 'I never heard such a question before. Follow her! It must be Bishr's sister.'"

As one reads the records of the Moslem saints, the conviction is gradually forced upon the mind that the book which helps to form characters so infused with gentleness, patience, self-abnegation, devotion, and divine love, can

not be wholly bad. The Koran has been called a mass of fables. It is rather a collection of apothegms. And in these apothegms is condensed the wisdom of the seers of the East. Polygamy is, indeed, allowed, but never encouraged; and there is no little force in a Moslem's retort, "Yes, the Koran permits more wives than one, by precept; the Bible permits more than one by example." That the book takes the highest moral ground, no one who reads its pages, without prejudice, can deny.

It must not be forgotten that there are in the world to-day more than three Koran-reading Moslems for every Bible-reading Christian; that the average intelligence of the three is on a level, to say the least, with the one; and that there is a deeper conviction of the divine inspiration of the Koran in the minds of the three, than of the divine inspiration of the Bible in the mind of the one. Let us give them the same toleration in thought that we ask of them for ourselves, remembering that a book which exalts friendship, fidelity, and self-denial, as in the last anecdote we will cite, can not be without good.

"I had two friends," Al-Wakidi said, "one of whom was of the family of Hashim, and we were all animated with one soul. Poverty then came upon me, and I was reduced to deep distress, when

my wife said: 'We can support our misery, but it cuts me to the heart that our children must see their playfellows gaily dressed for the festival, and they go ragged themselves. Could you not contrive to get some money?' Immediately I wrote to my friend, the Hashimide, to send me what he could, and he sent me a sealed purse containing one thousand dirhems. I had scarcely recovered from my joy, when I received an urgent request for money from my other friend, to whom I at once sent the purse, the seals still unbroken. Ashamed to meet my wife, I spent the night at the mosque, but when I returned and told her in the morning, she approved of what I had done. Just at this moment the Hashimide came in with the sealed purse in his hands. 'Tell me sincerely,' said he, 'how you disposed of what I sent you.' I told him the plain fact. 'Well,' said he, 'when you applied to me, I sent you all I possessed on earth, and, having then written to my friend, requesting him to share with me what he had, I received from him my own purse, sealed up as before.' We then decided on making an equal partition of the thousand dirhems, and, as a thousand pieces could not be well divided between three persons, we made it nine hundred, by taking out one hundred dirhems for my wife."

ORIGIN OF OUR ANTIQUITIES.

EVER since the year 1629, the northern nations of Europe have claimed that America was first discovered and settled by the Northmen, as early as the twelfth century. Within the past half century, the Royal Society of Antiquarians at Copenhagen have published a large work, purporting to be a translation of certain ancient manu-

scripts, which for centuries have been moldering in an old library in Iceland. They give the details of the discovery and settlement first of Greenland in 984, and the discovery of Vinland (Massachusetts), in 1002, with the history of the discoverers. These, together with the confirmatory evidence afforded by the rocks and shores of Narragansett

Bay, have become so familiar to most readers, by their frequent publication, as to need no repetition here. If the Icelandic MSS. are genuine, there is abundant reason to believe that all the antiquities of North America owe to the Northmen their origin, and were erected by them, for the purposes of defense and sepulture, within the past eight hundred years.

Artificial mounds, of which we have no account, and which all agree are not the works of the Indians, are found in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and at or near the mouths of most of the large streams flowing into the Mississippi. In form and appearance these mounds resemble the *tumuli* of Norway and Sweden.

The mound is one of the few remaining evidences of the extent and potency of the worship of Odin in northern Europe. Snorro Sturluson, in unfolding the elements of that faith, says, "For men of consequence a mound should be raised to their memory;" and Laing, in his introduction to the translation of Snorro's great work, writes: "The material remains of the religion of Odin are surprisingly few. If we consider the vast mounds raised in memory of the dead, and their high appreciation of their great men of former ages, we can scarcely doubt but that the Northmen had higher notions of a future state than that of drinking ale in Valhalla." The principal temples for Odin worship in Norway were mounds; that at Moere, long the great head-quarters of the god, is distinguished by no other vestige. At Upsal, Odin's residence, there are *tumuli* to the number of 669. "The age of mounds," says Snorro, "began properly in Denmark, after King Dan Mikelati had raised for himself a burial-mound, and ordered that he should be buried in it, on his death, with his royal ornaments and

armor, his horse and saddle-furniture, and other valuable goods." No higher appreciation of the heroic services of kings and leaders who fell in battle entered into the songs composed in their memory, by the Scalds, than that their bodies should be burned, and the ashes buried in a mound erected for the purpose.

A second item of evidence is found by comparing the ancient fortifications of this country with those of northern Europe. Ohio is full of these forts. In form, arrangement, and extent they exhibit the same features as the forts in Denmark and Sweden. They generally occupy commanding positions, and discover much knowledge in the science of castrametation. The old fortification, known by the name of Fort Ancient, on the Little Miami River, in Ohio, like the Danaverki—built between the Eyder and Sle, by Harold Blaaland, to oppose the progress of Charlemagne—is protected both by external and internal ditches, with large-burial-mounds in close proximity.

The ornaments, weapons, etc., found in the mounds form another element of proof. Many accounts are given of brass and copper ornaments and breast-plates dug from the *tumuli* in Ohio, some of which were very similar to the trappings found with the skeleton which was exhumed on the site of the supposed Northman Colony in Massachusetts. In a letter describing the contents of some *tumuli* opened at Marietta, Ohio, Doctor Hildreth gives the following catalogue:

1. Two human skeletons on what had been the original surface of the earth.
2. A large quantity of arrowheads, some of which were so large as to induce the belief that they had been used for spear-heads.
3. The handle either of a small sword or large knife, made of elk-horn, with a ferule of silver, and the shape and length

of a blade of iron, in a state of thorough oxidation.

4. Charcoal and wood ashes, on which these articles lay, surrounded by several well-burnt bricks.

5. A large mirror of mica, three feet and a half in length by one foot and a half in breadth, and an inch and a half in thickness.

6. A plate of iron, resembling cast-iron, until struck with the spade, when it was discovered to be completely oxidized.

7. Lying immediately over the forehead of one of the skeletons, three large circular bosses, or ornaments for a sword-belt, composed of copper thickly overlaid with silver. Two small bits of leather were lying between the plates of the bosses, which seemed to have been preserved in salts of copper.

8. A plate of silver, six inches in length and two in breadth, weighing an ounce, supposed to have been the upper part of a sword-scabbard.

9. Two or three pieces of copper-tube, filled with iron-rust.

Copper and silver are found in a state of malleability in large quantities on the coast and islands of Lake Superior. They yield a pure metal from an alloy varying from five to thirty per cent. Where did the mound-builders procure these metals? Let the abandoned mines, antiquated implements, time-demolished furnaces, and half-exhumed nuggets of Lake Superior answer. The evidence is all there.

The works of the mound-builders attest to a residence of many years on the borders of lakes Erie and Ontario. Following these great water-courses in their explorations, would it not be surprising if they failed to discover and explore Lake Superior? It was a congenial climate for them, afforded more sea-room, better fishing facilities, firmer timber for their vessels, and greater security against the Indians.

A fourth item of evidence may be found in the different inscriptions upon the stones dug from the mounds and rocks near them. Many years ago, Henry R. Schoolcraft read before the Royal Geographical Society, of London, a memoir describing a curious inscription on a small, tabular stone, found in a large mound on Big Grave Creek, Virginia. It consists of twenty-four characters, arranged between parallel lines. Several of these characters correspond to the Runic; others closely resemble the old British Stick Alphabet. These were contemporaneous alphabets, and both existed in England at the time of Lief's discovery of New England.

The comparatively recent discovery of extensive earthworks, mounds, and a remarkable inscription on a rock on Kelley's Island, in Lake Erie, while it furnishes confirmatory evidence of the theory here introduced, is also conclusive as to the former occupancy of this portion of the West by a writing people. Whoever will be at pains to compare this inscription with that of the Dighton Rock, in New England, can hardly fail to ascribe them to a common origin. The characters on both discover the same rude art and apparent effort at arrangement, and each has an important story to communicate. But the Scandinavian origin of these antiquities is more fully proved by the discovery of a rock on the Black Warrior River, in Alabama, bearing the following letters, in Roman capitals:

H I S R N E H N D R E. V. 1232.

This rock was found on an ancient highway leading to a mound, upon which trees were growing, from two to four feet in diameter. The letters are nearly obliterated by time, and bear evidence of an antiquity as great as the date imports.

Here, then, we have the three alphabets—the Runic, old Saxon, and Roman—all of which, at the time, were known

to the Northmen, and to them only. Here we have, also, a date which would give the band of explorers two hundred and twenty-eight years, from the time of Lief's discovery, to travel from New England to Alabama and erect the forts and mounds scattered over the country between those points. Was the time sufficient? No argument is necessary to affirm this inquiry. Their object was conquest. They were surrounded by an enemy that drove them from post to post, and there is evidence, at but few points, that they remained anywhere longer than to build a fort and bury their dead.

It may be asked, in this connection, What proof is there that the Northmen ever penetrated the interior? The Icelandic MSS. inform us that the country was discovered by Lief in 1002; afterward visited by Thorwald; then by Thorfin, who planted a colony there in 1006. No subsequent traces are to be found until 1059, when an Irish priest, named John, who had preached for some time as a missionary in Iceland, went to Vinland for the purpose of converting the colonists to Christianity, where he was murdered by the heathen. The next and only additional fact that we learn from this source is, that a bishop of Greenland, named Eric, in 1121 went to Vinland on a similar mission. Here, then, was a colony that had grown and flourished one hundred and fifteen years, and at the expiration of that time was visited by a Christian bishop for evangelical purposes. It was in existence in 1006, in 1059, and in 1121. It was in a delightful country, favorable for seafaring and agricultural pursuits—much more desirable for all the objects of permanent and rapid settlement than either Iceland or Greenland, the former of which, at this time, contained 80,000 and the latter 30,000 inhabitants. It is scarcely possible and not at all probable that a colony, composed of such a people, could have existed for more than a

century on this continent without making some effort to explore its interior.

The relics taken from these mounds, which tend to prove that their builders were acquainted with Christianity, form an important link in proof of their Northmen origin. At the time of Lief's discovery of Vinland, King Olaf Trygvesson was engaged in the conversion of Norway from the worship of Odin to Christianity. By his invitation, Lief himself was baptized, while on a visit to Norway, and introduced missionaries into Greenland. Thorwold, his brother, who was slain at Vinland, made a dying request that a cross might be placed at each end of his grave.

In one of his letters to the Historical Society of Ohio, the late Hon. Jacob Burnet says that a mound was entirely removed in Cincinnati, many years ago, by digging down and grading Main Street, and that in it, together with a quantity of sea-shells and some metallic instruments, was found a finely wrought image of the Virgin Mary, holding an infant in her arms. It is but recently that there was dug from a mound, in Columbus, Ohio, a small silver cross, with the Roman initials, I. S., upon it. The Roman alphabet was adopted by the Northmen at the time of the introduction of Christianity. Several years ago, there was found upon the Cany Fork of Cumberland River, an earthen cup, the base of which was supported by three heads, with faces of pleasing expression. This vessel, perfect in all its parts, may be seen at the Cincinnati Museum. History informs us that vessels like this, intended by their construction to keep the mystery of the Trinity and unity of the Godhead in view, were used for sacramental purposes by the early Christians of northern Europe. More wonderful than either of these discoveries was that of the Holy Stone, so called, taken from the extensive earthworks near Newark, Ohio, as late as 1854.

This curious relic, when found, was inclosed in a stone box, evidently for the purpose of careful preservation. It was inscribed on each of its four sides, in old style Hebrew characters, with the name and also with some of the attributes of Deity.

Idolatry also existed among the mound-builders, the mound itself being positive evidence; but while the fact that Christianity and idolatry, if found together, would present an inconsistency, if told of any other nation, it is true of the Northmen, that they went hand in hand, without bloodshed, through the reigns of Olaf Trygvesson, St. Olaf, and Sygurd. Idolater and Christian often fought for the same common interest on the same battle-field. They came to Greenland together, else why did Lief introduce missionaries there; they came to Vinland together, else why did Thorwold desire that a cross should be placed at each end of his grave; they sought the interior together, else why do we find the cross and the mound in the works that tell of their existence.

The implements found in and near the works, furnish a sixth item of evidence. Several years ago, an axe was found in the town of Hamburg, New York, set with steel, three feet in diameter. Another of like dimensions has since been found in Lima, Livingston County, New York. These prodigious weapons are scarcely distinguishable in their general appearance from the famous battle-axes which hung from the saddle-bows of the crusaders.

In Virginia, near the Ohio River, there was found, in 1820, a steel bow, ten feet in length. When discovered, it was lying upon the surface of the earth. It was partially oxidized, but retained sufficient flexibility to enable the finder to determine its original use. He, being a blacksmith, converted it into horse-nails. The Scandinavians were distinguished above other nations, in the Middle Ages,

for their skill in archery, and the polish and size of their weapons.

One of the most convincing proofs in confirmation of this theory, is the corroboration which the time of the settlement receives from counting the layers in the mature and heavy forest-trees growing upon the embankments and mounds—a process by which Mr. Schoolcraft denotes the commencement of the twelfth century, or soon after, as the time of completion of the great *tumulus* on Big Grave Creek, Virginia, and the antique fort in Adams County, Ohio. Indeed, he says: "The cortical, annular layers in the growth of large and mature trees occupying the walls and interior areas of the abandoned works, tell a tale from which we must judge of *tumuli* and fortified camps and towns. These *data* indicate parts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as the active period of *tumuli* among the Mississippi Valley tribes." This would be a century after the discovery by Lief; and little more than a century, perhaps, before the construction of the mound on the Black Warrior River, Alabama.

The remarkable discoveries of the Abbe Bourbourg, a Catholic priest and learned antiquary, in Central America—an account of which was published some years ago in the *New York Tribune*—bring to the support of this theory a species of evidence almost incontrovertible. He found, among other valuable discoveries, the original manuscripts of Ximenes, the second part of which, never published, bears the following title: "Summary of the Histories of the Origins of the Indians of this Viceroyalty of Guatemala; translated from the Quiche language to the Spanish, for the greater convenience of the ministers of the Church, by the Rev. Father, Friar Francisco Ximenes, Curé of the Parish of St. Thomas in Chuila."

In describing these manuscripts, the Abbe says: "After the semi-fabulous

part of the book, comes the history of the passage of the Indians to these parts of America. They came from the east—not from the south-east, but from the north-east. I speak only of tribes of Quiche, Cakchiquel, and Zutohil, etc.; for long before them these countries were peopled and civilized. They came from the north-east; certainly passed through the United States, and, as they say themselves, crossed the sea in darkness, mist, cold and snow. I suppose they must have come from Denmark and Norway. They came in small numbers, and lost their White blood by their mixtures with the Indians."

The Abbe proceeds to state, that what is more convincing of this migration or passage, he arrives at the same result by a comparison of the language. "The fundamental words," he says, "and forms of these regions (except the Mexican) are intimately connected with the Maya or Trendal, and all the words that are neither Mexican nor Maya belong to our languages of northern Europe—namely, English, Saxon, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Flemish, and German. Now I leave your countrymen to make all the suppositions they wish on these strange coincidences. Who knows, but that the mounds and fortifications found in western New York, Ohio, Tennessee, Arkansas, etc., were not made by the same people, and by the colony of Northmen who were known to exist in Massachusetts and disappeared after the tenth century?" This is the significant inquiry of a Catholic priest, now engaged in scholastic researches in Central America.

The marked resemblance between the Esquimaux, the Icelanders, and the people of northern Europe, has led to the supposition that they all sprang from a common origin. This is the belief of Dr. Robertson, President Jefferson, Captains Lyons, Parry, Marchand, and Cook. Dr. Robertson advances the opinion that

they are the descendants of the colony planted by Eric, the father of Lief, in Greenland in the tenth century.

Writers generally claim that the relics denote a higher antiquity than that given by the Icelandic manuscripts. Hon. De Witt Clinton, in his celebrated address on the Iroquois, attempts to fix their origin at one or two thousand years ago, from the fact that between the remarkable ridge from the Genesee River to Lewiston, which by many is supposed to have once constituted the southern shore of Lake Ontario, and the present shore of that lake—a distance seventy miles in length and eight in width—not one of these forts or mounds can be found; while on the south side, in all directions through the country, they are very numerous. "Considering," he says, "that the border of the lake is the very place that would be selected for habitation, and consequently for works of defense, on account of the facilities it would afford for subsistence, for safety, for all domestic accommodations and military purposes; and that on the south shore of Lake Erie these ancient fortresses exist in great number, there can be no doubt but what these works were erected when this ridge was the southern boundary of Lake Ontario, and, consequently, that their origin must be sought in a very remote age." How remote must the age necessarily be, if we admit this argument? Mr. Clinton says, "One or two thousand years." Suppose we should say seven hundred years ago, who will point to the circumstance that proves we are incorrect? Suppose we fall to five hundred, what evidence is there to show that it was longer? Either of these periods will bring the construction of the works south of the ridge within the period limited by the Icelandic narrative. There is no cause, from any fact disclosed by the configuration of the country, or the growth of trees, for believing that the recession of

Lake Ontario was more than five hundred years ago.

There is nothing in these antiquities which indicates that their builders were acquainted with the peaceful arts, or that they had any government or laws. An explorer says: "Among their more ancient works, there is not a single edifice, nor any ruins, which prove the existence in former ages of a building composed of imperishable materials. No fragment of a column or a brick, nor a single hewn stone large enough to have been incorporated into a wall, has been discovered. The only relics which remain to inflame curiosity are composed of earth."

The mound-builders were not a numerous people. If they had been, they would not have erected so many forts for protection and mounds for burial. They were evidently surrounded by foes more numerous than themselves.

There is no evidence that these works were erected by the Indians. They surpass Indian skill, labor, and perseverance. Mr. Clinton says: "Until the Senecas, who are renowned for their national vanity, had seen the attention of the Americans attracted to these erections, and had invented the fabulous account, claiming these works as their own, the Indians of the present day did not pretend to know anything about their origin."

These antiquities do not belong to the same age, nor do they indicate the same intelligence and culture, as the antiquities of Mexico and Central America. Much, however, has been written to favor this idea. The traveler in Central America is introduced into a world of mysteries. Cities and temples, idols and obelisks, monuments and hieroglyphics, dissimilar in appearance to the ruins of the ancient cities of the Old World, but, like them, indicating the growth of a nation acquainted with the arts and sciences, commerce and agri-

culture, government and laws, are found in the greatest profusion, and scattered through forests that have frowned over their decay for a thousand years.

The correspondence of habit, pursuit, and occupation, between the mound-builders and the Northmen, is sufficient to establish an identity in these several particulars. The forts and mounds of Norway and Sweden differ in no respect from those of Ohio and Missouri; and, what is very singular, the reason given by Mr. Clinton to prove that our forts and mounds can not be of European origin, is, in fact, one of the strongest reasons for their Northmen authenticity. He says that the ditches to the old forts in this country are on the exterior side, while in Europe they are on the interior. It is true, however, of the Northmen forts, as it is of most of these, that the ditches are on both sides. Both Northmen and mound-builders were a fighting, adventurous people. The world was their home, whether at the siege of Paris, the conquest of England, or the construction of Fort Ancient on the little Miami.

Europe was then shrouded in the darkness of superstition. Nation was at war with nation; kings were moved from throne to throne. The rescue of Palestine from the hands of the Infidels was a holy cause, in which the mightiest nations of Europe were engaged. During this period the Northmen made incursions into Germany, France, Orkney, Faroe, and Shetland Islands. On sea and land they were alike triumphant. Their vessels were built of a kind of timber then and now much sought after. From the Arctic Ocean to the Azores they ruled the waters. In the graphic language of an eloquent writer, "They passed between the pillars of Hercules; they ravaged the coasts of Spain and France; sacked the cities of Tuscany; drove the Saracens from Sicily; desolated the classic fields of Greece; pene-

trated to the walls of Constantinople. Mark their valor and success, for one thousand Northmen knights drove ten thousand Saracens from Sicily."

If, then, they were capable of making these discoveries, let us pursue history a little further, and learn how much greater was their ability to record them. The literature of Iceland, more varied than that of any other nation, Greece and Rome excepted, originated in the ninth and tenth centuries. That bleak island in the North Sea, girt with ice and enveloped in night, produced more scholars in the middle ages than any other country of equal population in the world. The Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians have already collected from the libraries of Iceland two thousand works of Scandinavian and Icelandic history, none of which have ever been published. The commencement of the tenth century, bringing with it, to the shores of this frozen sea, the lights of Christianity and the Roman alphabet, introduced the people into a new and exciting era. This was their Augustan age. It is with pride that the intelligent Icelander now refers to Ulfjot, Soemund, and Snorro Sturluson, as men whose works are worthy to adorn the same pages which contain the record of Grecian and Roman glory. Who can doubt their ability to record these discoveries?

A curious question here presents itself: Did Columbus know of the discoveries by the Northmen? It appears from his memoir, written by his son, Fernando, that in February, 1477, he visited Tyle, or Thule, or Friesland, an island as large as England, and with which the English drove a great trade, on purpose to gain nautical information. He mentions as a fact, which is corroborated in Icelandic history, that his access to the island was not impeded by ice, as it would have been in any former or subsequent year, nor was the ground covered with

snow. In that year Magnus Eyolfson was Bishop of Skalholt. He had been Abbot of the Monastery of Helgafel, where the old accounts concerning Vineland and Greenland were originally written and preserved. Columbus approached the island from the south, where Whalefiord was the usual harbor. It is known that Bishop Magnus was on a visitation to that part of his see, early the same year, and it is not improbable that he met with Columbus, who, soon after his return, advanced his theory of the nearer route to India by crossing the Atlantic. He sent his brother to England, and traveled through Spain and Portugal himself, in search of a patron. When John refused, he went to Ferdinand; and when Ferdinand refused, he went to John; nor did he yield to any discouragement, until a fleet was placed under his command, some years after the publication of his theory, by Ferdinand and Isabella. He set sail. We are informed that much of his time, during the voyage, was spent in his cabin, in the survey of maps and papers. He braved every danger. When the hardy adventurers with him ceased to hope, he lulled their fears and allayed their suspicions by describing the strange visions he had seen. With gentle words, promises of reward, and threats of punishment against the most refractory, he kept them from actual mutiny for several days. When they were filled with awe and consternation at the variations of the magnetic needle, he quieted their apprehensions by telling them that it did not point to the north star, but to an invisible point around which that star daily revolved. When these artifices failed him, and he found them resolute in their determination to return, he fixed the time at three days. He staked his life upon the issue, and lo! with the dawn of the third day, the wild shores of the New World rose upon his view. Was it the courage, the desperation of

an enthusiast, that caused this conduct, or did Columbus know that land was near? He was an experienced navigator—a shrewd, artful man. If he had learned a fact of this magnitude in Iceland, he had learned all about it—he had

a chart of it, he knew distance and time. This may all be the merest conjecture. He has given us a world, new, indeed, but even now gloriously typifying to the nations of the Old World that greatness and renown it is soon destined to attain.

WINNING THE RACE—IN A DOUBLE SENSE.

I.

“IT ain’t like—you see you haven’t got any expression in that water. It jest floats down the steeps like gossamer ribbons streamin’ through invisible fingers, and mingles with that great white shimmer of lace down to the foot of the cliff. And you’ve made it all of a oneness.”

The artist looked up astonished and somewhat provoked, to encounter a pair of keen, gray eyes bent upon his nearly-finished landscape, and a long, brown hand elevated, the index finger pointing at the picturesque water-fall he had been studying. Contemptuously, he said: “You must keep a dry-goods establishment, with your comparison of lace and ribbons. What do you know about art?”

“Jest nothin’, stranger, by rule; but, you see, God cut me out for somethin’ immortal, and dad’s made a lump o’ clay of me. I don’t keep a store, and I hadn’t ought to be out here, herdin’ cattle, an’ trampin’, year in an’ year out, over these hills—not writin’ of ’em on canvas, an’ seein’ their pints of color an’ glory, that sometimes seems to me like the reflection of the Almighty’s eyes. You’ve no conception of the music of water now, or else you’d made a fellow hear a murmur an’ a ripple, an’ one o’ God’s hymns in that water-fall you’ve been tryin’ to copy. I’ve read some books, tho’, point-

in’ to an art education, an’ I tell you, boss, if ever I do handle the chink, I’m goin’ to paint. I’ve been studyin’ every change in this water for a long spell, not that way, though”—he cynically observed, elevating his bare foot, and directing it to a point of rock in the foreground. “You’d ought to make that rock stand for what it is—for what all rocks are: types of the immovableness of the Creator. An’ jest look at that moss: it’s nothin’ but naked spikes of green. Why, moss is dressed in myriads of invisible shades of brown, and green, and wood color, that mass and mingle themselves into a great harmony. Pshaw, that’s no picture.”

The last picture of the self-centred artist, cabinet size, had sold for \$150, and he was convinced he was making his way to an assured fame. This coarse, sun-browned, awkward type of humanity—what could he know? wherefore should the artist feel offended with unlearned criticism, so bluntly obtruded upon him?

“Tut,” he said; and, without further notice, again bent over his canvas.

The awkward boy watched him curiously, especially when he was giving some touches to the water view in his landscape, previous to its completion, it having been brought several times nearly to a finish, and again and again retouched.

"I say, young man, you have not got it. Why, that aboundin' water-fall tells a different story every day in the year. Sometimes it trickles tears. Then again it just sobs and sobs, and moans like a human. An' I've heard it shriek, tearin' itself away from the rocks, and swinging out in the wind, backward and forward, like as if 'twas a chained maniac, ravin' to get away. I understand that feelin', an' sympathize with it. That fall has been my comforter in all these years; and, some day, when that water comes foammin' down in a cataract, burstin' its bonds an' free, I, too, shall fling off my chains, and be——"

"What!" sneered the artist, "a clodhopper as you are now, and an impudent one, at that?"

"Young man, don't deride what you can not understand. If you had the spirit of one of God's gifted children, you would hold out your hand to lift me up; an' when you saw me slidin', slidin' down to utter nothin'ness, you would reach out to save me. You will never, never make one o' His interpreters of the beautiful. You may make pictures for sale with your dead water and inanimate leaves, but there is no more palpitation in your picture than there is in your heart. You are a lie and a cheat; and I pity the gulls who buy your blue and red paint and call it a landscape."

Thoroughly aroused, the young man gathered up his materials, and stopped a moment, as if to consider whether he should do bodily harm to his critic, or pass on out of reach of his offensive remarks. A look at the youth determined him: the scant clothing covered a form so lamentably attenuated that his bones stood out in painful relief, and his hands appeared as though frequent abrasion had hardened and darkened the knuckles. His forehead was broad, and, strange to say, in white contrast with a brown face; and his long, golden hair fell carelessly curled, resting on a linen blouse—

clean, but the worse for wear. A pair of penetrating, keen, gray eyes, set deep in their sockets, burned and flamed, and revealed strange, mystical lights in their perpetual unrest—now gleaming defiantly at the artist, and anon resting with loving glance on a spirited horse he held by the bridle, or glancing off to the fall, which had been the subject of the study.

"Demented," was the thought, unspoken, of the stranger; then, aloud: "Well, you and I must part, just here. You interrupt my work with your uncalled-for criticism."

"And I ought to ask pardon," the youth frankly replied. "But if you knew all the bitter struggles of my life to be something; if you could read the signs of disappointment, and see the chafe of the chain, you would accept my apology. I was rude and insolent, but I did not mean to be so. Forgive me."

The small-souled man sulkily strode away, without deigning a reply, and the youth looked irefully after him; then, turning, "Come, Bess; you are the better animal of the two. We will go home."

Lingering on the threshold of a small cabin, he waited a few minutes before entering, arrested by the sound of voices. Assured, however, that no stranger was present, he stepped within, and heard his father say, "I think she will die, Rachel." The woman took little heed, as she stood at the kitchen-sink, with her back to the door, busily intent upon cleansing the greasy after-dinner accumulations of delf and iron-ware. The weather was terribly hot, the stove had scarcely cooled from its cooking temperature, and she wore a worn and tired look as she brushed back her dark hair from her heated face. A soiled calico dress, dingy apron, and collarless French waist, made up her unprepossessing toilet; and an impatient, not to say cross expression had settled upon her countenance. She had evidently heard the

remark of her husband. But he, thinking she had not, repeated, "I think she will die, Rachel." There was a sob in his voice, and his humid eyes expressed a world of pain and feeling.

Rachel looked out over the arid fields, parched and brown with the summer's drought, and said: "Suppose she does. It will be in keeping with our other misfortunes. For my part, I shall struggle no longer against fate. You have been bound up in that creature, and God takes such delight in torturing His poor worms of the dust, that, of course, she will be wrenched away from you." Then defiantly added: "I am not going to crawl to His footstool and ask favors. Let her die. What do I care whether it be life or death! I am tired and sick of existence. There is no love, or truth, or beauty in the world." And she plunged what had once been a delicate hand into the soapy dish-pan, and scourged away impatiently.

The youth stepped forward, and, laying his hand tenderly upon her shoulder, said: "O, mother! don't say that. Don't say the world has nothing true or beautiful for you, when you have made it so much to me; when you have taught me to live for truth and beauty."

A shudder passed over her face, and then annoyance and surprise that he should have heard her.

"Dear lad," she said, "don't think of my impatient mood. I scarce meant what I said. I am overheated and worried. Your father is troubled about the mare, and fears she will die. I also prized her. Riding in the calm twilight, or the breezy morn, was my all of pleasure in this wilderness of pines—isolated from all companionship, and cut off from all intellectual resources."

"But you have taught me so much; you have given me such a taste for good and glorious aims. Think of that, mother."

"Run quick, Paul—Rachel—bring

blankets—anything; she grows cold."

This from the barn. And both mother and son hurried to the relief of the pet creature, who seemed to be in the agonies of death. The woman saw that remedies were useless; and, hastily returning to the cabin, she brought a palette, colors, and a canvas already stretched. Hastily handing the latter to her son, she said: "Transfer the expiring agonies of that creature to your canvas, and it will make you immortal fame. We have done for her all that can be done. She must die."

A gleam of intense disgust shot from the eyes of the man so tenderly bending over the animal, but he made no effort to stay the boy, as he instantly comprehended and acted upon his mother's wish. Deep silence, broken only by the expiring struggles of the mare. The rapid transitions of the pale blue light which seemed to emanate from her expressive eyes, and their almost human intelligence, were wonderful. With every pang, there came a change of expression; and the distended nostrils and labored heaving of the chest, the rigid contraction of the limbs and the great drops of moisture that beaded the dying animal, were so rapid in their succession as almost to defy the skill of the excited Paul, who was as eager as his mother had been, and so totally absorbed in his pursuit as to seem unconscious of the agonies of the poor faithful creature. Something fierce gleamed across the man's face, and he seemed about to dash canvas and colors to the ground. But a look from his wife, so threatening as to be almost maniacal in its aspect, deterred him.

"He *shall* be more than a clod," she hissed. "He shall not miss his way as"—she was going to say—"I have done," but she busied herself about the horse, and was silent.

Paul worked on, every nerve strung to the highest pitch of strained excite-

ment. The flush of some hot fever seemed upon him. His eyes glowed with unearthly fire, his breath came short and quick, and his hands seemed to do the bidding of his will with wonderful and unerring celerity.

"O! stay him—stay him—just one moment," he almost shrieked, laboring with inspired haste. "That death-light is so quivering. Is it of heaven or of earth, or a blue flame from hell? I can not—can not—catch it." And with a flood of tears he anticipated his father's intention, dashed the frame to the ground and trampled upon it; then swept away, and came no more till night had settled down, and the cool mountain air hung over the little cabin in merciful benediction.

His mother sat waiting his return. Her thoughts had gone back to her girlhood's days, and the ambitions and hopes of her early life: one year married, and then a widow, with only Paul; severe, intense struggles with poverty, the few avenues open to women filled to overflowing, and only available to those who could fight their way. Rachel could not; she was timid and despairing; and so when this California stranger stepped between her and a life of toil and humiliation, for Paul's sake, she married him. He was one of the rolling stones that gather no moss. The flush times had taken him in their way and dowered him with a chance fortune; but it was soon spent, and then back to the golden land. But fortune had lavished her gifts; she had held out her lure, and brought hither a population to develop her resources of Nature, and pit their industry and talent against her further largess, and to those who had neither of these qualities she was niggardly. Chance sometimes thwarted her, but chance is an uncertain good, and often trips up those who overtake her. Charles Swinford was no exception to the rule. He was one of those migratory and restless

natures that in the future invariably see better luck than in the present, and he would forego a moderate certainty for a possible speculation. Drifting from one disappointment to another, and somewhat disgusted with the world, he had expressed himself as "settled down," at last, on this out-of-the-way cattle-ranch, isolated from companionship with his kind, and declaring himself content with his wife, the son of his adoption, and his cattle and horses.

Rachel had never looked for this when she so gladly stood beside him at the altar, and found peace and comfort in his warm heart, and affectionate, easy nature. He was kind to her boy, kind to herself, but obstinately self-willed in all pertaining to his business arrangements. Like most men, he held the belief that where a man's business led, a woman should unquestioningly follow, and this Rachel had done, not always without protest, for she saw his variable nature, and knew that he would make no better progress in one place than another.

"Let us be satisfied," she would remonstrate. "Let us stay where we can have the refining influences of society, schools, churches; where, poor, we can be independent; where our next-door neighbor is a stranger, and our nearest friends respect the sacredness of our home." Her experiences of life in a village had given her a distaste for the inquisitive surveillance of neighbors and would-be friends. Her hardships in remote situations, where life had been a daily encounter with mere physical needs, had taught her that the great centres of commerce yielded a thousand-fold in intellectual development, as well as bodily comfort, compared to the isolated farm or ranch. And there was Paul—her own boy—binding her to all of joy in the past, to all of hope in the future, full of aspirations, developing a remarkable talent for that highest form of art which

reproduces Nature, odd and uncouth in his words and ways, needing the attrition of other minds, and the smoothing processes of education. Was he to be lost in this hushed world of pine-tree moanings? Was he to fritter away his best years in vain attempts, forever foiled, and feeling his own incompetency? "It is such a mistake," she said, "to depend on natural genius. We graft our best fruit; we train, and prune, and weed, and hoe. We are proud of our noble breeds of animals; we care for them, select their food, train them, house them comfortably. And our children, how much less we do for them comparatively!"

She looked round the cabin, dreary enough—bare floors, bare walls—pots, pans, and kettles. With her own hands, and by the aid of Paul, adornments of pine-cone baskets, and green vines, and transparent curtains, lent a certain refinement to the place; but it was hot and uncomfortable enough, when the great stove roared and the midday meal was in preparation. She looked toward the barn—a large, roomy, hospitable-looking old place, the stalls cleanly littered, the windows open for ventilation, the creatures shaded and cool. The horses—Charles Swinford's pride—as glossy as satin, well shod, and well cared for.

"And Paul," she said, with bitterness in her heart; "Paul—barefoot, almost naked, half-starved—I wish he was not so fine-grained. Better cared for, had he been a horse;" and she rested her weary head on her hands and waited.

Presently the tramp of footsteps, and Paul. It was late in the evening. The moon—a new crescent—dipped her delicate bow in the surf of clouds, which broke and scattered like foam over the heavens. The trees stood breathless in their majestic attitude of rest. Repose and hush brooded dreamily over the cabin, and the man within slept easily

and soundly. He was untroubled with an emotional nature; neither sorrow nor joy impressed him long or deeply. He was one of the happy-go-lucky kind—sometimes quick of temper, but it was the floating of a summer-cloud across a horizon of blue. Calm and unruffled, he could not comprehend the depth of feeling in Rachel, or the sensitive nature of Paul.

For the boy, he thought it was well to inure him to hardship—if it could be called hardship to grow up like the cattle around him, well fed, comfortably stalled, shod or unshod, as the case might be. Money was scarce, and they might thank Providence for a climate where shoes were only a luxury. He often went barefoot; why should not Paul? He herded cattle; in what was Paul better? He had had money; of what avail was it now? Better so—better to have nothing—than know the luxuries of civilization to lose them. It nearly drove the woman insane; and yet, in his way, he was kind to her. He would bring her a book, now and then, and give Paul what money he could spare. If he went naked and bought drawing materials, it was his own fault, and foolish.

"Mother"—Paul bent and kissed her, and sat at her feet on the cool door-step—"mother, it must be one thing or another: I can not live so. If I have any conception of art, I have nothing to feed it on. Let it starve. I am content to be a herder."

"No, Paul; you must not give up. You are too easily defeated. You should not have trampled your canvas in the dust. We are not judges of our own efforts. The successes of our inspirational moments are less effective than the results of severe application. You must study. I have thought of a way to raise the means, if—only if—it should not fail. But do cultivate your speech; you are unlearned and ungrammatical; that,

at least, you have in your power. Fit yourself for the processes of study, and then——”

“O, mother! what romance are you cherishing now? We are doomed to poverty.”

Suddenly she changed the subject. “The poor mare, how she suffered! But there is a beautiful colt in the stable. I want to own it; persuade Charles Swinford to give it to me.”

“With all your other cares, mother? Will you attempt to care for a troublesome creature that it is more than probable will not live?”

“Yes; I want to try. But I must own it, wholly and solely.”

Swinford laughed at the fancy Rachel had taken to the colt, and good-naturedly gave it up to her care.

And life went on at the cabin in the same old way; and Paul was nineteen. He had mastered some intricacies of grammar; had devoted much leisure to what reading came in his way, and had, secretly and unknown even to his mother, assiduously pursued his crude studies of Nature, without rule or guidance. Now and then a volume fell in his way, giving him hints on coloring—flesh tints, drapery, foliage—which he pored over in his lonely hours, dreaming of a future which was to be the culmination of his dreams.

II.

“Well, now, that’s a mighty purty cretur. An’ what’ll you take for her?” This to Paul, who rode up on the colt, Nelly, at a break-neck pace, and along the reach of level road leading up to the cabin.

“Guess mother won’t sell this colt. She has been raised and cared for like a child. She’s as fleet as an arrow, and runs like the wind. And look at her delicate limbs! why, she steps like a fairy.”

“She does that, my young fellow;

and I’d like to have the future education of her. If she don’t make a fortune for her owner, I’m not a jockey!”

Rachel heard the question and replies. Her time had come. For this she had toiled; for this she had fondled and fed and petted her beautiful Nelly, and made her as tame, as gentle, and sleek as the tenderest care of herself and Paul could compass. Swinford sometimes spoke of *his* colt, but never without a reminder that it belonged to mother and son. And he had known for some months its final destination was to be the turf. The woman herself had renewed her physical life in her breezy, always rapid rides over hill and level. She never struck the pretty creature; and the touch of her hand or the low tone of her voice was its surest guidance, its only reproof. Paul was a splendid horseman, and a good shot; and at her swiftest pace a word would check the horse in midspeed, and she would stand like a bronze statue, as the sharp crack of the rifle brought down the forest game. With one intent and one purpose, mother and son strove to give the fullest development of strength and limb to the noble and exquisitely formed creature; and it had been her purpose to seek, not a purchaser, but a trainer for the animal, as soon as she could be assured of a careful and competent one. Chance had sent her this man, and she determined to ascertain his character, antecedents, and ability. “And then,” said she to Paul, “we will put Nelly in her educational harness, and pit her against some celebrated trotter. Europe—an artist’s life—easy comfort for your father and me—lies beyond her success.”

“But the moral of horse-racing—have you thought of that, mother?”

“I have. I shall test the creature but to sell her. It will be like parting with my heart’s blood; and I am aware I am indirectly encouraging what is im-

moral, but only in its concomitants. We will not enter into this question now. I have decided."

Decision with Rachel Swinford admitted of no argument. The stranger was enthusiastic over the qualities of the horse. He exercised her daily. An easy trotter, he timed her several scores at her height of speed on the level road, and was astonished at the result. Meanwhile Rachel and Paul had not been idle. Every inquiry had been made regarding the honesty and capability of the stranger, who was going further on into the mountains, and would return in a fortnight. Then he said: "If you will enter into a business arrangement with me, I will keep the matter quiet, and that beautiful piece of horseflesh shall astonish the world. She shall fly like a winged creature; and I reckon this cabin will be to let, when she wins her way to thousands."

"Good-by! good-by! delicate pet," sobbed Rachel Swinford, with her arms about the satin-coated neck of the graceful creature she had reared with kindness and caresses. "Good-by, Nelly." And the horse, as if conscious of the distress, laid her head on the shoulder of her mistress, and seemed to enjoy the petting and patting lavished upon her. Even the stranger turned away, as the woman gave a last caress and actually kissed the horse, in her longing sorrow at parting with what seemed to belong to the human part of her family. Paul, less unnerved, felt as keenly; and some humid drops were in the blue eyes of Charles Swinford, as he, with Paul, led the mare by the bridle down the long level over which she had so often borne them all.

"Telegraph your safe arrival," were Paul's last words.

"You bet! I'll take good care of the creature," was the hearty response, "and let you know, the minute she's housed."

We will pass over the time required

to develop in Nelly the qualities of a fast and splendid trotter. She had been examined and commented upon, and various sums offered for her purchase. But "her owners in the mountains," was the reply, "did not hold her for sale."

She had been speeded several times, with various success, against well-known animals, in private; but her first public trial was to come off within a week or two, and some excitement was created by whispers that a young mare, originally from Oregon, was to be pitted against one of the most celebrated racers of the day.

Anxious hearts were in that cabin in the far-off pine woods. A student sat alone at his easel; but his hand trembled, and there was a nervous twitch of his eyelids which he could scarcely control. He got up and paced once or twice the length of his room—a loft over the barn, which Swinford had allowed him to fit up as library and study. His duties on the ranch were never neglected; and many a lift he gave his devoted mother, in her life of toil. She was cheerful now. She had learned some bitter lessons of self-reproof, in her lonely hours, and felt her own ingratitude and blindness. If she toiled, they toiled also; and in her married life with Charles Swinford she could not recall one single word of unkindness. If he could not understand her, he had indulged her, and had lifted many a heavy burden from her shoulders and borne it himself, always uncomplainingly. He, too, was looking forward to this day, as an open-sesame to brighter hours. Unremunerative labor had disgusted him; and, with his natural inclination to change, he was quite ready to take the offer of a six-miles-off neighbor for his ranch, and drift away from a life that had so few compensations.

Paul strode into the room: "Mother, I must be there. I can foot it in a few

days; time enough to get to the track in season."

"But your outfit, Paul! Surely, you are not fit to appear in a large city."

"Go, boy," said Swinford. "I have not much; but your heart is set upon it, and your mother's too. Make yourself presentable, when you arrive; and God speed you!"

A magnificent day; great flosses of silken clouds rolled from the fair face of the sky, and the sun struck on the race-track with a gentle and steady warmth, drying the morning moisture. The amphitheatre of seats, almost all numbered and taken, was arranged for three thousand persons; stalls for horses; sheds for carriages; booths with provisions; temporary benches; boxes, boards, improvised seats everywhere the eye could reach. And now began the stream of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians—a motley, eager crowd, hurrying on, an hour before the time, to get inside the gates. The gay barouche, with silver-mounted harness; the sober-paneled family carriage; the fairy phaeton; the milk-wagon—teams of every description—crowded the avenues. Here and there a four-in-hand, driven by a liveried negro, dashed past, leaving a ripple of laughter upon the air, and anon a painted face looked out, wrinkled with the marks of a dissipated life. Boys were everywhere—climbing upon dashboards, running after loaded teams for the chance of a seat, clinging to many a gay equipage, unmindful of the "cut behind" of the surly driver. The animating scene, the speculations regarding the racers, the pool-selling and betting, awoke Paul to a new and wonderful life. His early boyhood in the city had prepared him for something of the crowd and bustle of the wharf where he landed; but in all his life he had never seen anything like this.

He had hunted out his friend, who had charge of Nelly; and it seemed

that the sleek-limbed creature recognized and expressed her joy at seeing him. He found her in apartments dainty as those of a lady's *boudoir*. Rich, gay blankets hung on silver-plated hooks in the wall; harness and bridle glittered with silver-mountings; a large mirror reflected her sheeny sides, and some enthusiast in horseflesh had been the donor of a pair of silver slippers for my lady, rounded into symmetry for her pretty feet. She tossed her head, and arched her beautiful neck, seemingly conscious that her rich trappings were those of a belle, and whinnied gently as Paul threw his arm over her neck and caressed her.

His old friend, proud of the horse and of his success, exerted himself to obtain a good seat for Paul, in the great amphitheatre erected for the occasion; and now, with throbbing pulse and palpitating heart, he waited. What a rush of contending emotions thronged in his bosom! Most of all, his thoughts dwelt upon his mother. "If they only knew," he said, softly; "if they could have seen her, feeding, warming, nursing this creature; her future and mine in its life or death! And now—if a possible defeat, how would she bear it?" To-day would, at least, decide the value of the horse. There had been a large offer for her; should he take the responsibility, and accept it at once—or wait? Success might double the sum. O, for one moment of certainty!

The seats were filling up. Rich silks swept rustling past him—exquisite tints of opal and silver-gray, and heavy black in *moire* and *gros-grain*. Veils were lifted, disclosing almost ravishing beauty; and others drooped over faces wrinkled and homely. Wealth, fashion, genteel respectability, rich and poor—all crowded in, and still the throng increased. Sometimes insipid and silly remarks filled up the pauses: little snatches of discussion here and there fell upon his ear. But the great burden and theme

of discourse among the rapidly gathering thousands was the trotters. Who was the owner of Nelly—did any one know? Rumor whispered she was owned by a woman—nobody, living in the country—was it so? No one could tell. It was a delicious mystery, enhancing interest in the untried mare. A man passed along, selling her photographs; Paul bought one, but thought it a sorry caricature.

And now, a hush—all eyes directed to the track. "There they come—no—yes—it is—there they are!" and a shout rose from the multitude, as the creatures were led up before the stand of judges. Paul's heart beat audibly.

"Go!"—a fair start—neck to neck. The choice of the pole is with Nelly; but the gray horse gets the better of her. On, like the wind, to the quarter-stretch; even, now—Nelly's slender legs flashing, and a spring in her gait as of steel wire. They are on the home-stretch— one swift moment of intense, absorbing silence—and a roar as of thunder! Paul's horse is winner—by two seconds!

The restive crowd, released from the spell of immobility, is in motion again. Bright eyes sparkle. Bets of gloves and hats are laughingly exchanged; and, more quietly, large sums of coin are wagered—to better or beggar the infatuated gambler. The time, on either side, has not been remarkable; but the "sports" call it tall running, and predict astonishing feats of speed for the second heat.

And now, again, they are off. Steady—rapid—faster—Nelly is showing her mettle. She dances over the course in a swift reel, her motion graceful, elegant, as that of a young antelope, gold repeaters keeping accurate time with her movements, and recording—as again she comes in winner—2:16¼!

"Can she—will she be able to do that again?" questions Paul, all his heart in his eyes.

"A purse of ten thousand awaits the winner," says a heavy-eyed man near him. "You don't get your piano, Kate. I bet on the other horse." Kate laughs—a silver little bubble, that floats off into the air, making it brighter: "I wagered on Nelly—the beauty!"

And now, the last heat is to be run. There are few new bets to record. Anxiety marks one set of faces; joy flits over others. The gambling fraternity, clustered together, whisper ominously. Cooled and refreshed, amid shouts, hurrahs, and maddening din, the horses are again led forth. Paul is blinded by this time. He is sure of Nelly now; and he feels his mother's arms about him, and dreams of the Old World and of art are mingling in kaleidoscopic indistinctness with memories of a barren cabin in the heart of a forest of pines.

He is recalled to himself by the sounding of hoofs; and on the track, swooping past like a whirlwind, are the equine heroes of the hour, Nelly a length ahead! And the blackboard swings into sight—2:15!—as the crowd, in a furor of enthusiasm, rise to their feet and rend the air with cheer after cheer. The jockey, forgetful of all but the victory of winning the race, waves toward Paul the scarf he has worn; and a shout of "The owner! the owner!" goes surging on, to break at his feet in a group of strange faces, all eager to congratulate and shake him by the hand; for the speculative tendency of the time has caused many an investment on Nelly's chances of winning.

Paul is beside himself with confusion and noise. A purse is made up on the spot for another race; and even the losers, hoping to regain their wagers, are loud in their praises of the wonderful trotter, sired in the wilds of Oregon.

At a recent exhibition in Rome, of paintings by American artists, two attracted universal attention. The first, a group of three, in a forest of pines. In

the distance, a water-fall, rippling from the rocks, with a sense of motion so wonderfully conveyed as to arrest the attention even of the most casual beholder. Near by, a cabin of logs. In the foreground a woman, with her hand resting on the arched neck of a young horse, which is the most conspicuous figure on the canvas. A jockey and a boy complete the group. Its catalogued title is simply, "Nelly." As a work of art, it is a revelation of symmetrical outline and warmth of coloring, delicate in conception, exquisite in finish. The other—a companion picture—

represents a similar cabin, upon whose threshold a woman is arrested by a pony express-rider, bearing a telegraphic dispatch. In the light and joy and illumination of her face, one can easily understand why it should be called, "After the Race."

These two paintings express, in color, the story here related—a story containing more fact than fiction. They are not for sale, having been painted as a gift for Charles Swinford and wife, who reside in San Francisco, by an artist living in Rome, whose works are rapidly rising in value. His name is Paul.

LIVING GLACIERS OF CALIFORNIA.

ON one of the yellow days of October, 1871, when I was among the mountains of the "Merced group," following the foot-prints of the ancient glaciers that once flowed grandly from their ample fountains, reading what I could of their history as written in moraines, *cañons*, lakes, and carved rocks, I came upon a small stream that was carrying mud of a kind I had never seen. In a calm place, where the stream widened, I collected some of this mud, and observed that it was entirely mineral in composition, and fine as flour, like the mud from a fine-grit grindstone. Before I had time to reason, I said, "Glacier mud—mountain meal!"

Then I observed that this muddy stream issued from a bank of fresh quarried stones and dirt, that was sixty or seventy feet in height. This I at once took to be a moraine. In climbing to the top of it, I was struck with the steepness of its slope, and with its raw, unsettled, plantless, new-born appearance. The slightest touch started blocks of red and black slate, followed

by a rattling train of smaller stones and sand, and a cloud of dry dust of mud, the whole moraine being as free from lichens and weather-stains as if dug from the mountain that very day.

When I had scrambled to the top of the moraine, I saw what seemed to be a huge snow-bank, four or five hundred yards in length, by half a mile in width. Imbedded in its stained and furrowed surface were stones and dirt like that of which the moraine was built. Dirt-stained lines curved across the snow-bank from side to side, and when I observed that these curved lines coincided with the curved moraine, and that the stones and dirt were most abundant near the bottom of the bank, I shouted, "*A living glacier!*"

These bent dirt-lines show that the ice is following in its different parts with unequal velocity, and these imbedded stones are journeying down, to be built into the moraine, and they gradually become more abundant as they approach the moraine, because there the motion is slower.

On traversing my new-found glacier, I came to a crevasse, down a wide and jagged portion of which I succeeded in making my way, and discovered that my so-called snow-bank was clear, green ice, and, comparing the form of the basin which it occupied with similar adjacent basins that were empty, I was led to the opinion that this glacier was several hundred feet in depth.

Then I went to the "snow-banks" of Mts. Lyell and McClure, and, on examination, was convinced that they also were true glaciers, and that a dozen other snow-banks seen from the summit of Mt. Lyell, crouching in shadow, were glaciers, living as any in the world, and busily engaged in completing that vast work of mountain-making accomplished by their giant relations now dead, which, united and continuous, covered all the range from summit to sea.

But, although I was myself thus fully satisfied concerning the real nature of these ice masses, I found that my friends regarded my deductions and statements with distrust; therefore, I determined to collect proofs of the common, measured, arithmetical kind.

On the twenty-first of August last, I planted five stakes in the glacier of Mt. McClure, which is situated east of Yosemite Valley, near the summit of the range. Four of these stakes were extended across the glacier, in a straight line, from the east side to a point near the middle of the glacier. The first stake was planted about twenty-five yards from the east bank of the glacier; the second, ninety-four yards; the third, 152, and the fourth, 225 yards. The positions of these stakes were determined by sighting across from bank to bank, past a plumb-line, made of a stone and a black horse-hair.

On observing my stakes on the sixth of October, or in forty-six days after being planted, I found that stake No. 1 had been carried down stream eleven

inches; No. 2, eighteen inches; No. 3, thirty-four, and No. 4, forty-seven inches. As stake No. 4 was near the middle of the glacier, perhaps it was not far from the point of maximum velocity—forty-seven inches in forty-six days, or one inch per day. Stake No. 5 was planted about midway between the head of the glacier and stake No. 4. Its motion I found to be, in forty-six days, forty inches. Thus these ice-masses are seen to possess the true glacial motion. Their surfaces are striped with bent dirt-bands, and are bulged and undulated by inequalities in the bottom of their basins, causing an upward and downward swedging, corresponding to the horizontal swedging as indicated by the curved dirt-bands.

The Mt. McClure glacier is about one-half of a mile in length, and the same in width at the broadest place. It is crevassed on the south-east corner. The crevasse runs about south-west and north-east, and is several hundred yards in length. It is nowhere more than one foot in width.

The Mt. Lyell glacier, separated from that of McClure by a narrow crest, is about a mile in width by a mile in length. I have planted stakes in the glaciers of "Red Mountain," also, but have not yet observed them.

The Sierras adjacent to the Yosemite Valley are composed of slate and granite, set on edge at right-angles to the direction of the range, or about north 30° east, and south 30° west. Lines of cleavage cross these, running nearly parallel with the main range; and the granite of this region has a horizontal cleavage or stratification. The first-mentioned of these lines have the fullest development, and give direction and character to many valleys and *cañons*, and determine the principal features of many rock-forms. No matter how hard, how domed or homogeneous the granite may be, it still possesses these lines of cleavage, which

require only simple conditions of moisture, time, etc., for their development. But I am not ready to discuss the origin of these planes of cleavage, which make this granite so easily denudable, nor their full significance with regard to mountain structure in general. I will only say here, that oftentimes the granite contained between two of these north 30° east planes is softer than the rock outside, and has been denuded, leaving vertical walls, as determined by the direction of the cleavage, thus giving rise to those narrow-slotted *cañons*, called "devil's slides," "devil's lanes," "devil's gateways," etc.

In many places, in the higher portions of the Sierras, these slotted *cañons* are filled with "snow," which I thought might prove to be ice; might prove to be living glaciers, still engaged in cutting into the mountains, like endless saws. To decide this question, on the twenty-third of August last, I set two stakes in the narrow-slot glacier of Mt. Hoffman, marking their position by sighting across from wall to wall, as I did on the McClure glacier; but on visiting them, a month afterward, they had been melted out, and I was unable to decide anything with any great degree of accuracy.

On the fourth of October last, I stretched a small trout-line across the glacier, fastening both ends in the solid banks, which at this place were only sixteen feet apart. I set a short, inflexible stake in the ice, so as just to touch the tightly-drawn line, by which means I was enabled to measure the flow of the glacier with great exactness. Examining the stake in twenty-four hours after setting it, I found that it had been carried down about three-sixteenths of an inch. At the end of four days, I again examined it, and found that the whole downward motion was thirteen-sixteenths of an inch, showing that the flow of this glacier was perfectly regular.

In accounting for those narrow-lane *cañons*, so common here, I always referred them to ice-action in connection with special conditions of cleavage, and I was gratified to find that their formation was still going on. This Hoffman glacier is about 1,000 feet long by fifteen to thirty feet wide, and perhaps 100 feet deep in the deepest places.

I go back to the mountains to complete these observations. These are the first fruits, and the rest of the crop I will bring in when I come to study in the Coast Range.

JOHN AND MARGARET.

The spring-time zephyrs stirred the grass
With sweet, wild touch,
As though they fain would whisper soft,
"I love you much!"

The birds high on their leafy perch
Sang gentle songs,
And uttered in a melody
Their rights and wrongs.

And o'er the tender meadow-grass,
With dew-drops wet,
Strode John—a sturdy peasant lad—
With Margaret.

A milking-pail of shining tin
Glanced in the sun;
And on they went, and sang of days
Yet unbegun.

Their song broke through the spell that lay
Across the dawn,
As when a hunting-bugle starts
A wild-wood fawn.

Around their path the flowers bloomed,
Fair to behold,
And dotted all the belting green
With stars of gold.

The fleecy clouds were rent apart,
The sun shone through;
And, silver-edged, the pearl-white clouds
Rode o'er the blue.

The spring-time zephyrs stirred the grass
With sweet, wild touch,
As though they fain would whisper soft,
"I love you much!"

ULTRAWA.—No. III.

BAY COAST.

OUR story now diverges from the mountain woodlands to the low Long Island shore. "The old DeLissey Place" has long been known by that title, although not a DeLissey has been seen to enter it this many a day—if a DeLissey there be still surviving. Indeed, in our age and country the pride of an estate does not consist, as it does in England, in the length of time for which it may have been held by the same lineage, but rather in the rapid succession of the occupants and the vicissitudes of their fortunes. A famous piece of property is one which has been first a fast man's patrimony, then a shrewd man's speculation. An edifice worthy to be pointed out to passers-by, is one which, having been, we will say, a popular church, has become a bank or post-office, still more popular.

The DeLissey Place thus becomes renowned for one thing, because there are no DeLisseys there, and no one has seen anything of them; but, furthermore, because the rich old Ellisons used to abide there; and after them the Everards, to whom succeeded a nameless household, whom no one encountered or inquired about, and who staid for but a single year, disappearing as they came; and now the Conrads are come, whom so many do inquire about, and encounter, as it should seem, to but little purpose. The "roof-tree" of the old DeLissey Place, to humor the metaphor, is a tree on which the occupants alight, fluttering sometimes, like song-birds, and thence flying away. More correctly, we might describe it as a tree under which nomadic families have been seen to halt no

longer than to cool their brows, and pass on in their pilgrimage.

Nevertheless, the old DeLissey Place stands there in stately pose, upon a little eminence which fits it like a pedestal, setting it at a convenient distance from the road, and enabling it to command a wide sweep of view, which takes in the whole country; the land checkered with farms well tilled, the crooked inlets, the curving bay, and in the foreground the spires of New York, looking like needles at that distance, while, rearward, the bay expands to the ocean. Back of the house the elevation slopes gently toward the shore for several rods, and then terminates abruptly in a ravine, the floor of which is clear of obstruction, and settles so softly between its shelving sides that one might suppose Art rather than Nature to have constructed there a sweet retreat, for student's solitude, or lovers' walk. The hill upon which the house stands is treeless, and so is the dell, except that, in one angle of the latter, two cedars, trim and sturdy, kiss each other with their topmost boughs, while between them a rock—oblong and smooth upon its upper surface, notched upon the sides with many a rugged nodule, and dented by water-cells, in which rains often leave full cups of clear water, as if to regale the birds—knits the two trees together with a band, furnishing at the same time a secluded seat just big enough for two. In this cup-shaped dale, the shadows are wont to linger long, as if they loved to loiter; and the wild flowers bloom luxuriantly, as if emboldened in the unreserve of their own *boudoir*.

Upon the further edge of this recess,

a grove begins, of cedar, larch, and maple, with here and there a sycamore or oak, looking like a visitor to be entertained. It halts and bends a little above the brink, as if irresolute about descending; then it spreads out, upon second thoughts, toward the shore-side, and keeps watch of the beach, from which the murmur of the waters comes blending to a lisp with the whispering zephyrs in the tree-tops, while the sun sheds tempered rays at noon, and, by night, moonbeams slant to silver threads upon the sombre foliage.

The dell, thus protected, has long been known by the name of "Mary's Glen." Whether so named in memory of some actual Mary, or of some poet's caprice, no one appears to be informed. The village of Bay Coast is clustered at hand; and mellowed sounds of flail and axe, rumbling wagon, lowing herd, church-bell, and occasionally even human call, come up in concert, that bespeaks the harmony of Nature and the unity of life.

The only houses hard by, at the date of our story, were two Negro tenements—the one, a species of barracks, or associated cabins, standing on the outer edge of the grove, where several sable families had been in the habit of finding a common home; the other, a clumsy cot—a mere appanage of the DeLissey Place itself—tenanted by old Uncle Franz.

But not more than one-eighth of a mile further, where the road began to decline from the hill-brow toward the village proper, stood the spacious, solid farm-houses, with ample out-buildings, belonging to "Farmer Begg" and "Old Job Toll" respectively; though why these two should be thus distinguished, no man telleth, inasmuch as they were both alike farmers, and "Farmer Begg" was old enough to claim his great-grandchildren, whereas "Old Job Toll" was a hale bachelor of forty-five. On this old DeLissey

Place—which holds itself above its neighbors, in a literal elevation, and is suspected to look down upon them, socially—dwelt at this time Thurwaldsen Conrad and his daughter Calla; the latter a maiden just turning round the corner of the teens, and facing cheerily the twenties. Besides themselves, they reckoned, as members of the family, only an aged housekeeper, who was rather a companion than a domestic, and the Negro, Franz, about whose age there were astounding rumors prevalent, so long had he been known in the vicinity as "Old Franz." His real value as a servant appeared to consist, not so much in any labor that he accomplished personally—notwithstanding that he was always "tinkerin' at somethin' or 'nuther," with his crumpled hands and crabbed ways—as in a certain consequence had by him among the other colored people, who always called him "Uncle Franz," and were ready to work under him, thereby enabling him, like a bank president, or a revenue collector, to do his work by proxy. Another element of his worth was the good store of old-time reminiscences with which his memory was laden. At all events, Franz acted as if the old DeLissey Place belonged to him, and he allowed the Conrad family to linger there by sovereign favor. Thurwaldsen Conrad is a pensive man—not moody, nor haughty, nor morose, but pensive. There is a slight plaint in his voice, and a far-away, fixed look on his features. Yet both face and voice are tranquil, dignified, and not without a certain tone of power. His daughter Calla—of whom these chronicles take more note hereafter—is his only child. When the girl was entering on her first birthday anniversary, the mother who had given her birth laid her in the cradle for the last time—disappearing from these scenes as if she had forgotten her child. It is the reminiscence of this dead mother's life to which we must di-

gress, for it is that on which our story turns, and that which had communicated such sublime sadness to the look and life of Conrad.

Adelaide Conrad, Calla's mother, was the daughter of Felix Monard, an officer in the British service, in the War of 1812 (he was a Prussian by birth), who, at the close of that war, being honorably discharged, concluded to take up his residence on the beautiful bank of the Narrows. To this he may have been impelled, in part, at least, by a romantic passion which had drawn him toward a daughter of America—a buxom, beaming Long Island damsel, belonging to one of the old English families, whose affluent homes dotted the shore at intervals. The girl, who was some fifteen years younger than himself, had grown up in the seclusion of a country home, and was wholly unacquainted with the world; and, as is ever the case with those who are ignorant of the world, was ignorant of her own nature, too. None the less there lay undeveloped passionateness beneath the amiable exterior. She supposed herself to return the handsome foreigner's affection. So that, when the old County Judge, her father, a rough and tough magnate of the neighborhood, put down his foot that they should neither marry nor meet, she lifted up her foot, as sturdily, and went forth to meet and marry the stranger.

It was as it is, and it is as it was. Passion kindles upon the dry wood that is flung to smother it; and, one night, "when the moon was very low," the agile beauty stepped out of the dormer-window of her own apartment—no desperate feat; the eaves, that are crumbling now, come so near the ground that a fair jumper by a jump could reach it—accompanied her admirer to a neighboring city, where some clergyman, grave with sense of duty all gone up into his face, tied the knot, and casually took the fee. In the homestead, the usual stormy scenes had

the usual duration. Sharp invective, fierce outcasting, mutual scorning—together sad; while Monard, for the nonce, reckoning himself well named "Felix," installed his bride in the bowler of a farm-house, not far away—of course, we mean the pleasant parlors and in-door apartments—the host and hostess being persons of sense and breeding, whom he had made his friends.

There was no lack of comfort or good maintenance for the newly-made wife. Old Judge Corton, indeed, had surmised a lack of respectable descent on the part of this usurping son-in-law—the Judge's conception of a foreigner and of a vagrant being identical—and in his anger he affected to despise him as an impostor as well as an upstart. Perhaps, however, we should not be justified in saying that he affected to do so, for, in point of fact, a renegade servant, whom Monard had discharged for some impertinence, had taken his satisfaction by representing that there were the best of reasons for this voluntary exile, to wit: the exile had "left his country for his country's good." This intelligence he had imparted to young Bardolph, an unsuccessful suitor for the same fair hand, and one much preferred by the girl's father, as heir prospective to sundry lands hard by, and to an influential county name. Bardolph did not scruple to whisper his suspicions, which the pursy aristocrat greedily imbibed.

Thus it came about that there had been an arbitrary edict, and, after the marriage, absolute estrangement. Not long after this, however, the Corton estate became somewhat involved in lawsuits, and the old man possessed with the thought of possible poverty; while, upon the other hand, he contrived to discover that his son-in-law had a large balance at his banker's, and that the bride was not only well provided for, but received with countenance in certain circles of what he considered good so-

ciety. We must hasten to cut short a story which is but an episode in the main narrative before us.

Felix Monard was one day summoned to Europe by some matter of moment in his affairs, and left hastily, as haste went in those days. The old Squire heard of the circumstance, and, to the astonishment of both bride and bridegroom, he came to see them, shook hands heartily with his son-in-law, kissed his daughter, and gave her an urgent welcome to make her father's house her home during her husband's absence. The offer was accepted: the fond husband glad and grateful to have his young wife protected in his absence; the young wife eager that the infant soon to come to her heart should be born in the home of her own childhood. So it came about that they returned to the Corton mansion, where, but a few days before the sailing of the packet which transported the reluctant Felix, there came to them the baby they had waited for—a little girl, whom they named Adelaide. This was the mother of our Calla.

But now set in the tide of tragedy upon this pleasant peninsula of life. At that time it was no ten days' journey to cross the Atlantic, nor were there any steam-trains or telegrams; nor could business be transacted expeditiously, as now. Thurwalden was gone longer than he had proposed, and, traveling through little outlying hamlets, missed all communications. Months passed in silent separation; calumny revived; evil surmisings waxed to evil rumors. By and by there appeared an account in the local newspaper, copied from the foreign press, of the crimes of "one Monard, who had been a soldier in Great Britain, and afterward fled to America." It was not considered that the case reported had transpired before our Monard left this coast. Newspaper items were law and gospel at that period, and news so slow and scant could afford to

be dateless and vague. All the former prejudices against the foreigner were re-awakened; the girl-wife was beset by cunning insinuations. Her love had been ardent, after its kind; but its quality was that which enters into so many affiances and affinities of the world—a self-love, mistaking its demand on others and expectation from them, for a true affection toward them. Many a heart imagines that it loves another heart, when it only desires its juices and solicits its aid; much in the same way in which a grandson sometimes loves a grandsire, because he is his heir.

Charlotte Corton Monard found herself out. For awhile she rejected and resented the detractions. She plead and pouted, cried a deal, and more than once flared a little, with that enthusiasm which clings the closer to the dear one under question or reproach. But then she knew nothing of the difficulties of journeying, and Europe was to her a sort of fabulous land. She was deficient, as we have seen, in analysis, and readily impressed by superficial circumstances. Egotistic love, like hers, could lapse into egotistic resentfulness.

The shrewd old Squire had contrived to discover that the minister who solemnized the stolen marriage had a kind of stolen authority, being at the time under reprehension by his bishop, for some clerical misdemeanor; and, though the circumstance did not really involve deposition nor vitiate his official acts, it furnished a subtile pretext with which to ply the angry wife. At length she repudiated the absent father of her child as a deserter, and, in an evil hour of volatile reaction, consented to take Bar-dolph, whenever legally she might.

A few brief weeks afterward, a white sail fluttered in the harbor; a military form stood on the deck, spy-glass in hand, and eyes beaming with tenderest fidelity as they made out the mansion with its well-known lawn. A little row-

boat put ashore, and, lithely leaping on the bank, Felix Monard stood in the porch of the Corton premises, upon the very spot where, but a year before, his wife's parting kiss had pledged him.

He was denied admittance—that is to say, he was told by the faltering domestic at the door, that “there warnt no Miss Monard in that house;” and overheard the familiar voice of the master, calling in fierce tones to the servant to “shut the door.” At once he boded evil, fearing that the treacherous old Judge had spirited away his daughter, or put her under restraint. But he turned away, pale with passion, and purposing by some messenger to make her aware of his arrival, when, rounding the corner, he met her face to face, and walking arm-in-arm with Bardolph.

One instant—he sprang to her side to take her in his arms; the next—he stood frozen to the spot. For, while her face fell blank at first, and then quivered with a moment's indecision, it suddenly took on a ghastly smile of derision, and scornfully brushing by him, with the muttered words, “Let me pass”—she darted away, rejoining the redoubtable Bardolph, who, from some motive or other, perhaps from an exquisite sense of delicacy, but as his motion would rather indicate, from a sound sense of safety, or from punctuality to some previous engagement, had got to a distance most creditable to his understanding.

Monard stood transfixed, until they were out of sight; then staggering to the friend's house where they had dwelt in happy days, he was made acquainted with the whole transaction.

In a few words Monard signified his wish to be left undisturbed in the apartment which they had shared before, and locking himself there when it was but little past midday, remained alternately writing and pacing the floor until the ensuing dawn. Just before sunrise the next morning, he made his way to an

open piece of ground not far from which now stands the old DeLissey Place, and full in front of the Corton residence; marched and countermarched with slow step a certain space, as if measuring the dead-march, until the instant when the sun-disk clove the morning cloud that skirted the horizon, and began to climb in splendor, when he drew his pistol, murmured an ejaculation audible only to Mother Nature or to Father God—fired, and fell.

The report reached a negro at work in the adjoining field, who was none other than this very “Franz,” now called old, then a muscular stripling, who, rushing to the spot to see what game was hit of sportsman, found this sad sport of fate, and game that terrified him. The misguided man was not yet dead, the bullet having glanced on the breast-bone and pierced the lungs. They bore him to the house which he had just left, and laid him in his own apartment. There he lingered for a few days, his life ebbing gently forth, while heart and conscience appeared to be developed to a genuine contrition for his reckless deed. During this merciful interval, his host and hostess, who were persons of cultivation and unaffected piety, were unremitting in their attentions, alike to the poor mangled body and to the bleeding spirit. If, as one may well hope, this devotion on their part may have helped a poor sinner to a Saviour—a homeless spirit to a home above—it was at all events attended by remarkable results in this world, without which, it may be, our narrative could never have been written.

One day, the last but three before his death, and when that sudden rally had taken place which is often a signal at once so fatal and so flattering, the dying man requested the lady of the house to open a little box or casket as it lay in his dressing-case, and take from it a packet, which had been sealed and per-

spicuously superscribed to her own care in advance, and so placed that she would have been sure to get, it in case he had expired on the spot. This outer envelope was thus marked :

"To the care of my good friend, the noble lady Mrs. Stewart.—To be delivered to my daughter, Adelaide Monard, upon the day she shall come of age."

On the reverse side was written:

"Adelaide Monard, on her twenty-first birthday. Open this alone.—Faith and Fate."

This packet, which within a mass of papers appeared also to contain some small solid substance, he now made over with his own hand to Mrs. Stewart, exacting and obtaining her solemn pledge that it should be delivered as directed, personally by her should she be living, or otherwise, as she should provide.

From words that escaped him, now that his mind was relieved in this respect, they gathered that his sojourn in this country had not been the dictate of romance exclusively, but that he had some secret errand, which was in a mysterious manner connected with the packet thus surrendered; that there were family secrets involved, and an alleged fatality, hereditary in his own line, which would die out under certain circumstances, and at a certain stage; while there was another branch of the household in the same descent, which was destined to some signal—it might be sacred—service on the earth. They learned from his lips, in sacred confidence, that so far from being an obscure adventurer, he was the scion of a noble ancestry; had come hither to make search on this side of the Atlantic—battling with fate, only to be wrecked at last on such wretched shallows as we have beheld. But his eye grew bright in the closing scenes, with the hope that with himself the dire spell of genealogy ran out, and clearer fortunes began in his child's budding life. It was thus he died.

The years passed. Adelaide grew to

womanhood; a rare presence, to be remarked not so much for material beauty as for a certain tender gravity, and a reserve, which was winning rather than repellent. A pure, judicious creature, whose silences were full of sympathy, brooding in tranquil depths. Mature in early girlhood, she had even then many who liked to consider themselves her lovers. But already her heart was knit to that of her schoolmate, the manly young Conrad, when she was but seventeen, and he her junior by a year. Theirs was the intimacy of congenial tastes and mutual understanding, with none of the complex tremors of a wayward fancy, and very little of worldly calculation. Neither of them had ever questioned the love of either, or thought of any other mate. The world of gossip said from the start: "Well paired; that will make a match;" and for once Cupid took no pains to contradict the world.

They were quietly married when she reached nineteen and he eighteen; the neighbors all saying at the wedding that she looked at least two years the younger—and so she did—she was so delicately fashioned, and he was so bluff and hale. The course of true love now ran smooth. The common-place of old-fashioned story books—"and they were married, and lived happily ever afterward"—was verified in their full-tided happiness and thorough marriage—soul to soul—a common-place, even as the rippling and unhindered rivulet is more common-place than the tortuous streamlet bubbling and vexed among the shallows, or the chasmal plunge of the suicide rill that leaps in the grand passion of the cataract, and is flung away in foam.

A little more than a year had elapsed, when the baby-angel met them in their walk of love, and adopted them as father and mother on the earth. That was the style in which they spoke of their little girl's coming; and perhaps it is the most profound and exact language to describe

a human birth. Full of floral idiom, the mother called the baby Calla.

The child was but seven months old when Adelaide reached her twenty-first birthday; and Mrs. Stewart, now a venerable dame, placid in her gray hairs, undertook the fulfillment of the pledge given to the dying man, a score of years before. Taking the sealed packet from the escritoire where it had reposed so long, she called for Adelaide, and they went out to walk together; as, indeed, they often did, for the old lady had always kept keen watch over her *protégée*, who in return loved her warmly, although since marriage the young couple had lived in a cottage neatly furnished by themselves, not far away.

The day was sultry, and the aged lady walked slowly; they sat down presently within the shadow of a rock. There Mrs. Conrad heard her father's story for the first time from her revered friend, who hitherto had sealed her lips upon that theme, whoever else might mention it. She now placed in Adelaide's hands the packet which twenty years before her father had sealed with his own hand, and kissed with his ebbing breath upon his lips. They sat, gazing upon the water, and talking lovingly together, a few moments longer. Then Adelaide took leave of her friend, remarking, that as she was to open the envelope alone, and as baby was sound asleep, and her husband would not return from the city for an hour or two, she would stroll into "Mary's Glen," and there devour the contents.

The hours passed on—gilded, glistening hours of the landscape, that lay as if lulled to reverie. The sun throbbed to rest, quivering with rapture. What transpired in that dell was never known. But when Conrad reached his home at twilight, he missed his wife, and found the little Calla wailing wildly out of her sleep, her wide eyes peering restlessly through the room. Adelaide did not return.

Aware that she was fond of visiting the coppice, and sometimes lingered there that he might come to fetch her, and walk the homeward way they had so often taken—although he had never known her to stay so late—Conrad betook himself to "Mary's Glen." There he found her. Had she fallen asleep? She had fallen asleep; but she walked home with him no more. Or, did she? Some presence surely flitted by his side while they were gently bearing her lifeless body to the house. She was found kneeling on the grass, her fair head flung forward on the stone seat, and the rich locks floating about it, as if a very easy slumber had overtaken her. But in her hand a slip of paper bore these words:

"Conrad, darling! Dear Aunt Stewart!—Bury my body with the packet next my heart, as I have placed it. As you love me, let no one touch it. Do not dream that I went of myself. They call me, and they carry me. I am the last. My blessed Calla—all will soon be light. I shall be with you all. Fate and Faith! *And there shall be no more curse.*"

These latter words had been evidently quoted from the inscription on the envelope. Her wishes were not disregarded. The proposal of some one that they should inspect the parcel woke such a look in the husband's face, that it was not breathed a second time; while Mrs. Stewart, strange to say, accepted the instructions without demurrer.

We have detailed thus explicitly these singular incidents, to the inevitable detraction of the reader. At the date to which our narrative now reverts, Calla Conrad had come in her turn to her eighteenth birthday. The years of her childhood had been passed under the guardianship of her mother's venerable friend, who with latest life cherished the child (she had none of her own, and her husband had passed away long before her), and dying, bequeathed her all her property, which was by no means inconsiderable, but was threatened with a question of title; a certain mushroom but

clever lawyer intimating to Mrs. Stewart's executor that he had pounced on a flaw in a deed or transfer on the part of some one in the former generation. This legal point was of such a nature that it would result either in the total forfeiture of the Stewart property, or in bringing to light a claim of large increase, and annexing to it other estates, of which the occupants had always been left by Mrs. Stewart's lawyer and his client in undisturbed, and as they supposed equitable, possession.

Meantime Calla's father, who for the first ten years of his widowhood had exiled himself, roving restlessly through Europe and the East, spending several months in the Desert of Arabia, and many more in listless voyages up and down the Nile, came home just in time to close the eyes of the dear old lady, and in one last, long, secret interview with her, to commune freely about his Adelaide, and the mystery of her sudden flight—a subject which he never broached to any one beside, nor suffered any person to mention to him. When Mrs. Stewart had sunk to her rest, he sent his daughter away into the interior of Pennsylvania, to a sequestered school, for several years, while he traveled once more; this time traversing the Western plains to the very crest of the Rocky Mountains, at that period stretching in their sublimity of solitude. Among those who knew him at all, he acquired the reputation of being a great hunter and an absolute recluse. There was always in his eye that abstracted look which made those who came into contact with him say at once: "What a lonely man he is."

But Calla had now come home, and her father also. He had purchased and fitted up the old DeLissey Place with no niggardly hand. The place, it is true, was alleged to have "gone down." "Going to wreck and ruin," was the common criticism of the neighbors, who

judged it as bitterly, as many a neglected heart, many a life is judged, to be more dilapidated than it really was, for lack of a few repairs—in walls discolored, windows disabled, and a leaky roof left desolately weeping over all—while the pathway and the lawn, desolate indeed with the fungous growth of milkweed, burdock, and wayward thistles, needed but a little patience and perseverance to be beautiful—as wild hearts need but watchful weeding, to produce far wiser thoughts.

This spot, reclaimed and refreshed, now became Calla's happy home; for her father, fond as he was of silence and solitude for his own part, put no depression on her buoyant youth. She had grown up amid books and music, floral beauties and dainty luxuries, with the housekeeper who had been nurse to her mother; and old Franz, amid all his privileged petulances, giving good heed to her wishes.

This was her home; and to call her "the life of it" would be to express but faintly the almost hilarious animation with which her bounding beauty offset the solemn quiet of her father's life. Calla was a "girl," in the fullest significance of that title—a trailing vine of luxuriant grace, with bursting buds of all womanly ways; but radiant with clear carnation hues. No mezzotint or subdued coloring for her. Her vitality, as it were, thrilled you at sight. Her face did not wear a smile, as people say—it was a smile. Her eye was a sparkle; her voice was a clear laugh or mellow shout. She was not much of a singer, it is true; she was too brisk and impetuous to dwell upon notes. The music of her voice was in its clear ring—not prolonged and plaintive like a tinkling bell or vibrating string, but like the sweet shrillness of gold coin. The utmost of her singing was what is aptly called "a snatch"—seizing a note here or there, to warble a strain; a bubbling

voice, upon the stairs, or overhead in her room, or out on the lawn—checked by some quick diversion of her eager thoughts.

But there was mellow music in her talk—one loved to listen to her chatter, whether sense or nonsense. Her diamond eyes, almond-shaped and brown, but never languishing, danced with innocent merriment; and flexile muscle and steady nerve quivered with such pure gladness of existence, as to make one feel that beauty is wealth, and life itself a real bliss.

To look at Calla Conrad, and to listen to her, would have made you feel that she had recovered all the bright hours which her lineage had missed in former generations, and distilled them into an elixir.

Like most young ladies not long graduated from school, Calla had a second self, a girl *confidante*, of nearly her own years, whom she had learned to love in the Pennsylvania seclusion, at whose house she had often made long visits in vacation, and who was now visiting her in turn. Miss Jenny Perley, if she was a gushing friend, was none the less a genuine one, who, if she loved her friend “to distraction,” did love her heartily; and with all her somewhat sentimental effervescences, had a bright, solid mind of her own.

She was not handsome, but was lady-like and graceful, and in general what is called an agreeable girl, and a very promising young woman.

Young John Bendleton was supposed to have become aware of this fact, and to take what he called “an interest” in Miss Perley—not being in a position thus far, as we may suppose, to take the principal, or become sole shareholder in the—so to speak—Jenny Perley mine. But then there was another youth “who sometimes came to make it a little lively for us;” or, “called in to see father—he thought so much of father,” as Calla

put it; or else “he admired Jenny so much,” for Calla declared she had asked him, and he answered “Certainly, indeed,” and “very much.” How those plain, agreeable girls do take the beaux from the beauties! But Jenny “rather thought,” as she put it, that “he knew father had a daughter;” and, indeed, how could it be otherwise? His name was Arthur Ranier. But none knew which of these two ladies Arthur thought most about; and although they in their pleasant banter used to toss him at each other—as if they were at liberty to play him on a fork, or in a game of battledore and shuttlecock—it seemed to be doubtful if he himself knew.

And, besides, as they both said in a breath, he was “so busy in the city, and could only come once in a while.” The present while happened to be once.

It is a day of days—a lambent August day. One reads much about May days, June days, and October days; but upon the coast of the Atlantic there are August days which, in the ripeness of the summer, fuse the fragrances of spring with the stillness of autumnal musings. Today the atmosphere is replete and refulgent with vital force. Vigor and joy are in it, in such rare excess as to pulse through it, and everywhere exude; for there are healths and tempers of the air, as variable as any in the human frame. Lustre overbrims in effervescent spangles, through which there is interfused a fine amethystine haze, as if it were a light jewel-dust from some jeweled pavement, swept by a gentle breath of glory. There is a deep hush of inanimate nature as a back-ground, relieved by the vivid joy of animate existence everywhere astir. The rustle of leafage is just enough to fan the landscape to repose. The very bee whisks by you—not with angry, irritated buzz, which sometimes marks him as a disappointed and disgusted bee, displeased with the very flowers, disposed to sting you as an

interloper, and retire from the scene in a mood of scepticism—but in a humming melody, that lingers as if he liked to find you here, and is glad that both agree to like the spot. The very creeping insect does not seem to crawl with effort, but to glide with voluptuous ease. Flies sun themselves, and dress their wings with their feet, in a more careful toilet, as if for a festival and banquet, in disdain of cobwebbed corners as myths of the past, and defiance of all spiders, once for all, and forever more. Barn-yard fowls do cackle as if the earth belonged to them, and their eggs thenceforth were to be all their own. For them, now, mankind dwindle to a pitiful band of hen-roost robbers; and poulterers become hobgoblins of a by-gone, barbarous age. Cattle, in clover-fields, take graceful postures, as if of purpose to make an artistic group; not all feeding together, nor yet straggling apart, but one cropping the shortest grass, close to the roots, with sweet, musical munches—another, a few feet distant, chewing the cud, sentimentally—another lying down, and looking on, as if regaled with the contentment of her kindred kine. Birds burst into little outbreaks of song, shrilling to a sudden gush of ecstasy—a canzonet of joy, as if too blithe to perform a measured strain, but too blessed to be still. They do not perch upon some familiar bough, but trip and twitter upon each separate twig, as if discovering fresh delights.

Downy clouds float, swan-like, across the firmament, now singly, now in groups—so slowly, as by the poetry of motion to reveal an ultimate philosophy that rest is motion; motion, rest. Or, if they remind you of ships upon the sea, it is not, as sometimes, of laden merchant-ships or heavy men-of-war, so much as of trim yachts, that glide like pleasures through a dream.

The beach basks at low tide, fringing itself with sea-weed. The bay-breast swells languidly, but with all its depths

heaving at once, in a single tranquil motion; like a deep, full heart, wherein the vehemence of agitation has subsided to the profound gentleness of self-communing. Rare and lispings plashes lip the shore, like sober second thoughts, which should say: "Calinness confirms what clamor shouted. The depths have indeed uttered their voice, 'deep calling unto deep.' But now, hush, and think of it! Amen, and amen."

A lull is upon the shore, even as when a temple, that had resounded with the anthem and reverberated with the organ peal, settling to rest under the parting benediction, and at the departing tread, seems now to hold all the truth that had been uttered, and all the praise that had been sung, within the clasp of its own serenity.

So lie the sea-caverns round about; and the little waves, that still rock on the shore, move as quietly as the nurse's foot, when the quieted baby drops its eyelids to the first sense of slumber, and the lullaby sinks to a whisper. The little ebbs returning from the sand-rifts, and from the hollows scooped and scalloped by the foot-tracks in the sand, come purling distinctly, like breathing made more audible by the very slumber which puts to rest all other sound; and out upon the mirror-like surface of the sea, patches as of enameled glass bespeak recovered peace.

Calla and Jenny are seated in the glen. At their feet, the youth who can only come "once in a while," who is "so fond of father," and the like. Of course, he must be made the most of, for the while and for the once. And of course, "father would not think of keeping him cooped up in the house—you know that very well, Jenny." So he happens to be here.

Miss Perley reads aloud, with goodly volume of voice and intensest possible expression, the fresh production of some rhymster, whom "Lady Triddles" could

not, in grummiest mood, pronounce "a trudging poetaster," for he fairly splashes and dives among the adjectives, "the eternal," and "the infinite," coming up marvelously to the surface, after all—safe, if a little out of breath; while Calla works away deftly at some piece of embroidery, putting in a question now and then; and "father's friend" pulls to a snarl, now a sentence in the book, and now a stitch in the embroidery—at odd moments appearing to be fervently employed by some new species of dentistry, in pulling out his own teeth, or driving them in, perhaps, with the ivory knob of a very nobby cane.

To do him justice, he has borne the reading very patiently; for, sometimes, when one is being read to, as if he were the subject of a most assiduous attention, he feels as if he were rather read at, or read over, as a kind of block or anvil, which the reader is employing on the occasion for personal convenience.

In the grove which stretches from the outermost edge of the ravine, seated at the foot of a tree, with his gaze riveted on the ocean, is an elderly man, of noble mien and military bearing. His classic head, and symmetry of form, are marked by that perfect physical composure which indicates reserved force of mind and will. A certain resemblance in his features might lead one to the conclusion, that Conrad himself is reclining there in favorite study. But there is nothing of Conrad's habitual reticence and pensiveness about the stranger. An eagle glance flashes from under his marble brow. It is, in fact, the leader of the Ultrawans, who, having seen his two assistants, Ledson the English yeoman, and Peter—that is—Hunter, snugly quartered in the inn known to the Bay Coast villagers as the "Long-Shore Tavern," has come alone to indulge his day-dreams, thus. He has been motionless for an hour; while our friends in the dell below have whiled the time away.

All at once, Calla looks at her watch, and exclaims, "Jenny, my dear! it will soon be dinner-time, and father will be looking for us." She herself starts up abruptly, strangling a half-uttered polysyllable in the fair reader's throat, who breaks it off with a gurgle, dying out much after the manner of a rooster's crow, when a whizzing missile or passing step has brought him to a sudden halt—and incontinently removing Arthur's cane with the jerk of the thread that had got coiled about it.

The masculine youth's "fondness for father" revives vigorously. He will accompany them, as he "wants to see something of your father, if it wont be an intrusion." So he helps the girls up the bank, each in turn; and they go tripping over the rim of the ravine gleefully, like children.

Instead of taking the direct path to the lawn, however, they go through the grove, upon the other side, striking a little lane at the foot of it, which will bring them, by a pleasant roundabout, a little further from the house, out on the village road, just below the crest of the hill.

Just as they reach the stile, where the lane merges in the highway, they are startled by a wild noise of outcries, for which they see no cause; and are all the more puzzled when a frantic knot of half-a-dozen men and boys come rushing round a distant corner, and redoubling the din at sight of them—pointing, with vehement gesture, in their direction.

The little mob is hurrying forward, carrying sticks and stones, and one urchin in front is armed with a shot-gun. Our party lose their presence of mind, in the very blindness of an agitation unexplained.

Presently, the peril becomes but too obvious.

Closely along the fence, so as not to be visible to them at first, there comes, upon a sullen trot, a huge yellow dog—his head outstretched and drooping, his

eyes like balls of fire, his tongue protruding, and the viscid foam now puffing at his lips, now drooling from his jaws; while, with an occasional half-suffocated yelp, he lunges at each surrounding object, and clicks his mad mouth like a steel trap.

The young man, although never having seen a case of hydrophobia before, discerns the deadly danger in an instant. The two maidens, all bewildered, rush into each other's arms—for what earthly purpose is by no means clear. Arthur calls to them passionately, "Let us run!" But Jenny says, "Calla, love! you must run! I am too faint." And Calla says, "I'll never leave you, Jenny!"

The brute is rapidly approaching; the road is fenced on either side, and it had taken some minutes to get them, skirts and all, over the stile, when they were calm. There is no time to lose. With a mighty effort, the young man snatches Miss Perley, as the nearest to him, and favorably the lightest weight—unfortunately flinging away his favorite cane in the same act—and swings her bodily over the fence, upon the other side, back into the lane. He makes a lurch to try the same experiment with Calla (which must have been dubious indeed), but it is too late. The mad dog has by this time reached their very feet, and, passing between the young man and Calla, snaps at the girl.

And now our carpet-knight exhibits a cool heroism, not to have been expected from him, and not easily to be matched. Throwing himself forward, he grasps the dog by both ears, and holds him, as in a vise, exclaiming, in suppressed but agonizing tones, "Calla! Calla! run, now—run!"

But the fair girl, tottering a few rods ahead, reels with the shock, and swoons on the path.

The group of pursuers coming within range, the brave boy shouts, in stentor tones, to the foremost urchin who has

the gun, "Shoot! Fire!" The latter falters. How can he fire right toward the youth? Again our hero shouts imperiously, and with intense indignation, "I say, fire!—Fire, I tell you! His ears are slippery! Save that lady—fire!"

There is such a tone of mingled mandate, menace, and entreaty in the voice, that the youngster mechanically obeys. He pulls the trigger; but, although a good-enough marksman in the woods, his aim swerves in the excitement, and the light charge of shot lodges in the fleshy part of the young hero's arm—a few inches from his breast—as he kneels on the ground, holding the plunging, gnashing beast.

He looks up steadily. "Fire again! Aim straight! Ready! Fire!!" The terrified gunner, however, not willing to risk anything more, flings down his frowning-piece, and picking up a stone, hurls it at the animal, but it passes over his head, and between the knees of Ranier, far out upon the roadside. The wretched dog, squirming with fresh spasms, slips from the clutch of his captor, and gnashing at him ineffectually, wallows an instant, and getting up, moves on toward the prostrate girl, who is just rising on her return to consciousness.

At this instant, the Ultrawan leader descends the hill with rapid strides, having been wakened from his reverie by the cries of alarm. The mad dog swerves from the path, and makes at him. To the amazement of Ranier, the venerable man halts quietly, looks at the creature steadily, and drawing from his breast-pocket, not a pistol, but a little tube or vial, with a perforated top, shakes it gently over the animal's head, sprinkling him on the muzzle with a little red powder.

It acts like a charm to quell the devil of the hydrophobia.

The dog drops, as if he had been shot, lies still an instant, then begins to

wag his tail, the gesture of a dog's intelligence; and, whining softly, gets up with a natural gait and docile countenance, fawns for an instant on his deliverer, who kindly pats and speaks to him; then, turning deliberately in an opposite direction, takes his homeward way.

All this transpired in less time than we have spent in describing it.

The men and boys in pursuit reach the spot just in time to witness the transformation in the animal's behavior, and stand dumbfounded. They speedily begin to relieve the confusion by disputing with each other. One of them insists upon it that he had "seen that plaguy beast go up the lane." "No, you didn't, neither," cries another, "bekus he went acrosst lots; I seed him with my two eyes." But the foremost in the race and the most vociferous in the yelling, thinking that they may have been mistaken in supposing the dog to have been rabid at all, or else "how could he have knuckled to that there strange gentleman?"—literally goes back on all the rest, and comes down upon them handsomely. Most ardent in the chase, and reckless and we may say aimless in the brickbats he had launched in all directions but the right one, he now begins to have misgivings in regard to this fierce pursuit of the innocent.

This is Teunis Larkin, a notorious bully and yet more notorious coward.

"Now, you Dan Durdle, you"—he blusters, sidling in a menacing way, like a boxer, at a lad weak and undersized—"Now, you Dan Durdle, you; you're a pretty one, a leadin' us all a wild-goose chase after a mad dorg! *That's* your mad dorg, is it? Where's yer mad dorg *now*?"—looking as if he would like to have him fetched out of the poor boy's pocket, and took it as a personal insult

that the creature was not thus produced. "Where's yer mad dorg *now*, I say? *That's* yer mad dorg, is it?" scornfully pointing to a mild black-and-tan that happened to cross the corner.

"You John Simon, you"—he yelled at another, who seemed disposed to laugh—"You John Simon, you'll ketch it for this mess, then. Jim Ward, he'll give you fits for chasin' of his dorg. He aint no more a mad dorg than I be," he added with righteous indignation. And, indeed, it was a question.

John Simon only muttered gloomily, "I aint sed no dorg was mad." Dan Durdle looked askance, and said nothing.

But a small, sharp Yankee boy, the outermost of the group, pierced the case by all at once yelling, at the top of his voice: "Hi! hi! only hark to Teun; Teun's *afeared*. Teun, Teun, you are *afeared*, you know!"—then scampering away as fast as his feet could carry him.

The girls now rejoined their wounded champion, who declared himself unhurt, and felt such a glow of pleasure thrilling through his nerves at the sweet words of thanks and praise, that he rejected laughingly offers of vehicles, mechanical and human, to bear him home, and most decidedly the proposal of old Franz, whom the firing had brought to the spot, that "that sassy Lem should fotch him wid de wheelbarrer" then and there.

The Ultrawan had taken his leave without a word; and now resuming his position in the grove, he drew from his pocket a spy-glass, folded like a book, which, when adjusted, swept the horizon with far-reaching vision. His eye at length rested upon a brig standing in for shore, with all sails set, a mile away.

"That is she, and they have come," said he to himself. "So much nearer the end"—and walked away.

THE BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY.*

DURING the last few years, great changes have been made in the higher educational systems of this and other lands. New institutions have been built; old institutions have been rebuilt. Better halls, more varied programmes, larger staffs of teachers, wiser methods of instruction, closer adaptations to the wants of society, are among the improvements rendered actual by advancing scholarship and increasing funds.

Now comes the turn of this new empire State. California, queen of the Pacific, is to speak from her golden throne, and decree the future of her university. California, the land of wonders, riches, and delights; whose hills teem with ore; whose valleys are decked with purple and gold, the luscious vine, and life-giving corn; whose climate revives the invalid and upholds the strong; whose harbors are the long-sought doorways to the Indies; whose central city is cosmopolite, like Constantinople of old; whose pioneers were bold, strong, and generous; whose institutions were molded by far-sighted men, bringing hither the best ideas of many different societies as the foundation of a modern Christian State; whose citizens are renowned for enterprise, patriotism, and vigor; whose future no seer can foretell.

California—thus endowed by Nature, and thus organized by man—is to build a University. What shall it be? Time alone can tell. But forethought and faith may be factors in the problem.

What is to be built?

Two things are settled by the charter of this institution, and are embodied in

the very name it bears. First, it is a "university," and not a high-school, nor a college, nor an academy of sciences, nor an industrial school, which we are charged to build. Some of these features may, indeed, be included in or developed with the university; but the university means more than any or all of them. The university is the most comprehensive term which can be employed to indicate a foundation for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge—a group of agencies organized to advance the arts and sciences of every sort, and to train young men as scholars for all the intellectual callings of life. Universities greatly differ in their internal structure. The older institutions are mostly complex, including a great variety of colleges, chairs, halls, scholarships, and collections, more or less closely bound together as one establishment, endowed with investments, privileges, and immunities, and regarded as indispensable both to the moral and material progress of the community, or, in other words, as essential both to Church and State. In this country, the name is often misapplied to a simple college, probably with that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." We must beware lest we, too, have the name without the reality. Around the nucleus of the traditional college which has been well maintained since the earliest days of this State, we must build the schools of advanced and liberal culture in all the great departments of learning, just as fast as may be possible, and we must at least begin to recognize the various sciences by chairs which may be the nucleus of a school or department.

*From an Inaugural Discourse, by Daniel C. Gilman, President of the University of California, delivered at Oakland, November 7th, 1872.

Secondly, the charter and the name declare that this is the University of California. It is not the University of Berlin, or of New Haven, which we are to copy; it is not the University of Oakland, or of San Francisco, which we are to create; but it is the University of this State. It must be adapted to this people, to their public and private schools, to their peculiar geographical position, to the requirements of their new society and their undeveloped resources. It is not the foundation of an ecclesiastical body or of private individuals. It is "of the people and for the people"—not in any low or unworthy sense, but in the highest and noblest relations to their intellectual and moral well-being.

Bearing, then, in mind that this is to be a university, and that it is to be *the* University of California, our first inquiry may be, "What have we to build upon?"

What is there to build upon?

You may be supposed to know much better than I what reply to make; but some of the features which have arrested the eye of a new-comer may be of interest.

I observe that you have a good charter, not perfect—for what instrument is perfect—but carefully drawn, on the basis of good models, with strict reference to this community and with a perception of the needs of this age. This charter is administered by an earnest Board of Regents, who mean that the university shall be a success, and who will not be disheartened by such perplexities and difficulties as beset all new and great undertakings. You have inherited, from the College of California, a good name, good books, good collections, and good-will. Honor to those who founded it, and honor to those who enlarged it! You have inherited, also, a good site at Berkeley. Among those things which are required to make a university, an ancient writer places, first,

"a good and pleasant site, where there is a wholesome and temperate constitution of the air; composed with waters, springs or wells, woods and pleasant fields; which, being obtained, those commodities are enough to invite students to stay and abide there."* All this, and much more, is included in your site. You have a good system of popular instruction, of which the university is to be the crown; you are part of a community largely composed of educated men, and the creature of a State government, which, like a generous parent, has made a generous commencement gift.

Besides, we must not fail to note that a vast amount of scientific and literary work, of the highest order, has been here performed—good, not only in itself, but as the seed-corn of future harvests. The work of the United States Coast Survey on the Pacific, for example, in its careful study of the hydrography, its accurate delineations of the harbors, its investigation of the tides and currents, its solution of astronomical and geodetic problems, has gained renown for California science, not in our own country only but in Europe. Kindred services have been rendered by the engineers of the army. Then there is the Geological Survey of the State, which surpasses in thoroughness and completeness any like undertaking in the country, and is the delight and pride of all men of science who take an interest in the accurate and lasting investigation of the natural characteristics of the land, either for its own sake, or regarded as a basis for social and political growth. Growing out of this work, though beyond the limits of the State, and under the national authority, are the surveys of the Fortieth Parallel, by a party of civilians attached to the corps of army engineers. Binding all the men of science together as a brotherhood of scholars,

*Antony-a-Wood, quoted by Newman.

is the Academy of Sciences, whose publications are of great scientific value—so valuable that you need not be surprised to learn that one part of the series, the supply of which is exhausted, was transcribed a few days ago with pen at the request of Agassiz, as essential to his work. A young society which has done so well, will be an important supporter of the young university.

Moreover, the literature of this coast has already, like the fruits here growing, a richness and flavor of its own, so that some have even said that California alone of all parts of America has made quite new and original contributions to American letters. The humor, the wit, and the poetry of the Sierras are fresh as the breezes of the hill-tops, and as spicy as the groves of pine. Oratory has here spoken with a golden tongue, the echoes of whose patriotism are still floating in the air. To foster your literature, there is a journal whose fame has gone over land and over seas as well, the encourager, the suggester, and the producer of much that is choice and enduring.

When such science and such literature flourish, the day of the university has certainly dawned.

Who are the builders?

"Who are the builders?" First, it is the teachers who give repute to the university and who attract the scholars. It is not the site, nor the halls, nor the programmes, nor the prizes, which draw; it is the faculty. Where the professors are eminent there the students flock, and around them are formed at once the collections of books and apparatus indispensable to their work. Next, the trustees or regents of a college have a great part to perform, especially in the careful selection of professors, in the wise and careful expenditure of income, and in the investment of capital. They, also, represent the institution to the public, and thus gain for it good-will or hard fare. Likewise, the State authorities in

a State university must be quick to help; slow to interfere. Their timely encouragement in this State has given a great impulse to education; the continuance of such favor will long be required. Again, the ministers of religion and the men of professional education must lend their hand; the press must help; and the men of wealth—the rich Californians, who have made this wilderness rejoice and blossom like a rose, who have built these banks and warehouses, these railroads and steamships—these men who, by their enterprise, have made a university desirable and possible, must make it actual by their munificence. In the race for the encouragement of knowledge and the education of the young, the Occident must not be distanced.

The spirit with which we are to build.

I need not say much of the spirit with which we are to build. It is enough to remind you that the individual must be quite subordinate to his work; that the present and the future are both to be cared for; that a catholic liberality should be cherished toward every branch of useful knowledge; and that a high ideal should be constantly in mind. The teachers should show themselves friends to the scholars; the latter should trust their instructors; the right hand of good-will should always be held out toward the public; and the effort should be made to "bridge over the gulf between theory and practice;" or, in other words, to promote at the same time abstract science and "useful" knowledge.

Some peculiarities of the structure.

There are peculiarities in the structure which we propose to build, arising partly from the newness of this State, and partly from its geographical position; largely also from the wants which are felt in the development of the mines, and of agriculture and commerce. In one view we may say that the new education should here have full scope; in

another, we may say that there is no such thing as new or old education—there is only the wise adaptation in each generation of the experience of the past to the wants of the present. In years long since gone by, the schools of the cloister taught Divinity chiefly, with the scholastic subtleties of metaphysical discussion; when literature came in to the universities, in the form of studies in Greek, the scope of education was extended to the Humanities, but the advocates of Divinity studies were hostile to the change; when research went out into all departments of nature, the lovers of the Humanities were ready in their turn to close the door on Science, even as the door had been closed on the study of Greek. Such barriers are no longer defensible. Science and the Humanities, nature and man are now alike recognized as the best interpreters of Divinity. Each of these topics deserves, therefore, a few words.

The need of science.

Surely there is no need to make a plea for the study of modern science. Science, though yet you have built no shrine for her worship, was the mother of California. It was her researches, her summings up of the experience of the world, her studies of nature, which have made possible and fruitful the work of practical men. Science stands ready to do far more for the community than ever yet, if only you will encourage her wholesome efficiency. Science is but accurate knowledge, systematically arranged and philosophically discussed. It surveys your harbors, marks the path of the mountain railroad, discovers the relations of the strata of the rocks, learns the laws of climate, maps out the sierras, reclaims the waste lands, suggests improvements in agriculture, annihilates with the telegraph the vast area of space which separates you from London and New York. It interprets nature and sums up human experience. It pro-

motes long life, good health, high intellectual culture.

Its place in education has at length been won. The question now is, not whether but *how* science shall be taught? I propose to discuss this subject in a special lecture. Let me here add, that with all the experience of other places before us, it is clear that among the first wants of California are distinct, complete, and well-organized schools of science and technology, such as your organic laws contemplate, in which men of eminence shall have the means and the leisure to make researches in all the departments of investigation; to whom young men shall resort for training in those studies which are closely related to the development of mines, agriculture, manufactures, and means of transportation; and from whom the public at large, by the press, by the lecture, by the informal consultation, may be instructed in the characteristics of this remarkable country, and the mode in which its resources can be made most serviceable to mankind. My chief anxiety is whether the people of this coast are yet ready to pay for the luxury and the advantage of such serviceable institutions. It will require a great many teachers, costly laboratories, large funds—more, I fear, than the university, with all the claims upon its treasury, is yet able to command. Perhaps some individual, whose experience has taught him the value of such knowledge, and who has an honorable ambition to leave a name among the benefactors of the State, will supplement the resources of the university with a generous private gift, like those which have done so much for the culture of Eastern youth, and the improvement of the Atlantic States.

A plea for history and social science.

Besides the study of natural and physical science, the study of Humanity—the development and progress of the human race; their literatures, laws, in-

stitutions, and religions; their present condition, and their possible future—should be made prominent in this university. There are special reasons for such a claim. This is still a young State; it is the most advanced and prosperous of a group of young States, the power of which in this Union no one can exaggerate. The young men who are to go out from this university are to be the law-makers, the guides of public education, the men of influence and capital, the administrative authorities, the journalists, the orators, the formers of public opinion, not only in California, but over this vast new area of the continent, where the State is still in infancy. Such young men, even more than the educated in older republics, should be, no matter what their daily occupations are, well grounded in the principles of governmental and social science. They should also be familiar with the usages of the most civilized and enlightened communities, and with the opinions of the most trustworthy of statesmen, jurists, and philosophers. It is important, for their own culture and for the public good, that they should have a clear notion of what constitutes the State, in its best form. Whether merchants, manufacturers, farmers, or miners, they are quite as likely as lawyers, and much more likely than physicians and clergymen, to be called to the councils of legislation, and to pronounce opinions there on difficult questions pertaining to human society, law, finance, property, education, crime, pauperism, and the public policy of the national, State, and local governments.

But California is not only the central of a group of young States. It is the State through which distant nations are becoming acquainted with American institutions. Its influence in the organization and regeneration of lands beyond the sea is unquestionably but just begun.

Therefore, I say that the study of his-

tory—not as dry annals, but as the record of living forces and human experience—the study of political economy, of social science, of civil liberty, and of public law, should be made attractive by the voices of original and profound teachers, who know how to gather up the experience of the past and apply it to the requirements of the present.

A plea for language.

In the study of humanity and history, language is the master-key which unlocks all doors. Time is wasted in questioning whether ancient or modern languages are most important. In the university, both groups must be taught; the more any individual has, the richer will be his stores. Certainly, the study of English, which every one of us employs as the instrument by which we think, and by which we communicate our thoughts to others, should be carefully promoted. In these days, when so much that is new and important first appears in German and French, no system of education can be called liberal, as it has well been said, which does not include these tongues. Greek and Latin are not only of value for the literature and history they embody, but for their important relations to more modern tongues. On this coast, there are special linguistic requirements. Spanish certainly should be taught in the university. It is a praiseworthy forethought on the part of one of the regents* which has led him to provide among us for the study of Chinese and Japanese. His presence here can not restrain me from now rendering him a public tribute of gratitude for this wise and timely munificence. Let us hope that his generous purposes will, ere long, be realized. To complete the instructions in Oriental tongues, at least two other chairs will be needed—one to be for Hebrew and the Semitic languages, which, perhaps, some other citizen will be glad to establish; and one

* Hon. Edward Tompkins.

for Sanskrit, and the comparative philology of Indo-European tongues — the group to which the chief languages of Europe belong. The world of letters would also rejoice if, before the last of the Indian races disappears before the progress of civilization, encouragement could here be given to some scholar to gather up and perpetuate the knowledge of their speech. In all our linguistic study we need to get beyond and above mere grammatical drill, and to think of speech as one of the chief endowments of human nature, and “of every language as a concrete result of the working out of that capacity, an institution of gradual historic growth, a part of the culture of the race to which it belongs, and handed down by tradition from teacher to learner like every other part of culture; and hence, that the study of language is a historical science, to be pursued by historical methods.”*

The example of a good builder.

I hail it as an omen of good, both for religion and learning, that the site of this university bears the name of Berkeley, the scholar and divine. It is not yet a century and a half since that romantic voyage which brought to Newport, in Rhode Island, an English prelate who would found a colony in the Bermudas — the Sandwich Islands of the Atlantic — for the good of the American aborigines. He failed in seeing his enthusiastic purpose accomplished. He could not do as he would; he therefore did as he could. He gave the Puritan college in New Haven, a library and his farm, and endowed in it prizes and scholarships which still incite to the learning of Latin. There his memory is now fondly cherished. His name is given to a school of divinity in the neighboring city of Middletown. It is honored in Dublin and Oxford, and in Edinburgh, where his memoirs have just been written. His fame has crossed the continent, which

then seemed hardly more than a sea-board of the Atlantic; and now, at the very ends of the earth, near the Golden Gate, the name of Berkeley is to be a household word. Let us emulate his example. In the catholic love of learning, if we can not do what we would, let us do what we can. Let us labor and pray that his well-known vision may be true:

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

The epoch in which we build.

A single word in conclusion. The possible relations of this university to the new civilization of the Pacific Ocean, and to the enlightenment of Asiatic nations, give a special interest to its work, for it is obvious that California is not only granary, treasury, and mart for the American States which are growing up on this long coast, but it is the portal through which the Occident and Orient must exchange their products and their thoughts. China and Japan, Australia and the Islands of the Sea are the neighbors and the customers of the Golden State. Shall they not also look here for instruction in the arts and sciences, and for an example of a well-organized and well-educated community? The endowment of a professorship, which shall be devoted to the study of Chinese and Japanese, indicates an early recognition of this intimate relationship. We can not be too quick to prepare for the possible future which may open upon us. It is not yet determined in what way the Chinese and Japanese indemnity funds shall be employed, but public discussion tends to their devotion to the promotion of education, either in this country or in the Orient, for the benefit of those from whom the funds were received. Would it not be fit that in this vicinity, near to, if not in connection with, this university, a high seminary should be founded with these funds,

* Prof. W. D. Whitney.

having the double purpose of enlightening Americans in respect to the languages, literature, and history of the East, and of instructing the Chinese and Japanese in the modern languages and sciences of Europe and America?

A new epoch of history seems opening before us. The early nations, with what has been called their fresh-water civilization, flourished on the Nile and by the rivers of Babylon; at a later day the Mediterranean became the centre of successive empires — monarchs of a land-locked sea; modern civilization has bordered the Atlantic; now face to face, with the great, peaceful ocean intervening, are the oldest and the youngest forms of human society. Steam already shortens the space, and electricity will soon annihilate the time which separates eastern Asia and western America.

Toward the good which may follow in commercial intercourse, in mutual good-fellowship, and in the promotion of a higher civilization, the University of California must stand ready to do its part.

As I look forward to what is opening, beyond the mists which rest upon the harbor, I feel like quoting, with a single word of adaptation, the prophetic dream which a gifted English scholar* uttered

in regard to his western outlook. Partly true in Europe, his words are still more fitly spoken here:

“I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the land I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm.

“The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate in a beautiful bay and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing university, which, for a while, had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from east, west, and south, from America, and Australia, and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England—all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry over all the earth ‘peace to men of good-will.’”

*John Henry Newman.

ETC.

THE current issue of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY completes its ninth volume. However jubilant our hearts may be on this auspicious occasion, we refrain from making any playful allusion to the "sacred nine." Four years and a half is not so long a time as it might be, yet in California it flavors of antiquity, and we can not entirely repress a flush of pride—that is, of course, visible to the close observer—as we announce a new volume in preparation, which, we trust, is to be one of many that are yet to come. We have sought to verify the motto on our title-page; we have endeavored to preserve the local color and the peculiar atmosphere of the coast which first attracted the attention of our Eastern readers; we have striven to identify ourselves with the sentiment of the people, and we believe we have succeeded. Inasmuch as we are quoted freely and imitated industriously, we are flattered and encouraged; inasmuch as our sketches of Western life have laid the foundation for a new school of literature—fresh, charming, and novel—we point to the legend on our title-page with some degree of confidence, and hope to carry it with honor.

In this prolific clime, where the perennial strawberry has established its reputation, where the green pea of November no longer awakens much enthusiasm, and where the resources of the State are likely to discover themselves in a new phase at any moment, we look forward with the eye of faith to other developments as interesting as any in the past. The promises of the future encourage us to believe, that, if our bright particular literary stars are not all fixed, there are planets rising whose light shall shine anon with a goodly and welcome radiance.

There is a kind of grim flattery in the loss of some of our contributors, for it proves to the world that our talent is appreciated; and we congratulated ourselves when we saw the

literature of California so well represented at the reception of Mr. Froude by the Lotos Club, of New York, in the persons of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Noah Brooks, and the lamented Colonel Evans.

To our future patrons we promise papers of a similar nature to those that have won for us so many friends, at home and abroad—sketches and poems typical of the products of the country; the wine, and wheat, and oil; the olives and pomegranates; the gold-veins and quartz-crystals of literature; in fact, everything that is local and Pacific. But we would delicately insinuate, that, without the generous aid of the people, no magazine can hope to do much toward the development of any country under the sun.

GRATITUDE, says the sagacious cynic, is a lively sense of favors to come. Personal experiences in this line go far toward confirming the assertion. Benefits seem quite often to be sown upon unthankful soil, yielding a very meagre harvest of grateful appreciation, and the recipients of favor frequently prove themselves bankrupt in decent recognition of service. Instead of the fragrant incense of kind acknowledgment, there is too often the noisome odor of base ingratitude. It would seem that the exaltation and pleasure which attends the exercise of this most desirable spirit would be, of itself, a perpetual plea for its indulgence. But not so; the world is full of this sad treason to mankind, yet

—“If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude.”

If this be truth, in its application to man with man, it must possess a still deeper significance in regard to Him who crowns life with goodness and loving-kindness.

It is undoubtedly true that Thanksgiving

Day, as a purely religious investment, pays very meagre dividends. The attitude of spirit, however, which it presupposes is fervently to be desired. Autumn, too, is a fit season to pay tribute. Even inanimate Nature seems bursting with the rapture of thanksgiving. The courtesying harvests have made obeisance to the reapers, and the ample store-houses are running over with plethoric abundance. There have been great, creaking, overladen wagons threading their course from opulent fields to waiting granaries, testing the generous strength of willing toilers, that, by a sort of intuition have come to know that they are but providing for Nature's holiday, just at hand.

Send up, then, the voice of thanksgiving, for the harvest has been bountiful, and the whole land is surfeited with abundance. The blighting hand of the destroyer has been warded off. The winter gracefully gave place to the genial-hearted spring-time; the drought which menaced the seed in the crisped and baked furrow was averted by timely moisture; drenching floods which might have overdone the work were withheld by "Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand;" and over, and above, and through all peril, hath been carried to its ripening and perfection the sustenance of a world; and far up in the blue vault of heaven, through the sun and mist, the rainbow arch appears, reaffirming the sure word of promise, "Seed-time and harvest shall never fail." Send up, then, the voice of thanksgiving, for the munificence of the autumn calls for a song. Every forest and hedge-row has a hidden store-house for those pensioners who take no thought for the morrow. With a banquet-hall so vast and well-provided, and with a welcome so regal and open-handed, autumn is, indeed, a fit time for thanksgiving. And now, in the snug comfort of quiet, happy homes, and amidst the fitful gusts prophetic of coming winter, may weary workers look complacently back upon toils and perils past, and watch the graceful exit of "the pale descending year;" looking hopefully forward to the sure-coming spring-time again, remembering that

— "All, to reffourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend—
Emblem of man who passes, not expires."

THE MOTTO.

Immured within the dungeon's gloom,
The Sultan found a living tomb;
Too mild his sway—no firm restraint,
Had curbed the factions of the state;
Revolt had triumphed, and the throng—
The thoughtless crowd—applaud the wrong,
Which doomed the captive monarch's life—
Dark ending of the bloody strife.

But time brings change, with rapid course,
Nor mortal can impede his force;
Misrule may tyrannize its hour,
But crushed, shall trembling own that power
Whose potent hand dire faction's schemes
Shall sweep away as empty dreams,
Gather the spoils of empire strawn,
And reconstruct the tott'ring throne.

What though misfortune, stern and hard,
The Sultan's prison-doors had barred,
Wisdom, a cherished guest, was there,
His lone captivity to share;
And when returning reason's voice
Hailed him again the nation's choice,
Stood ever nigh, and well prepared
Her burnished shield the throne to guard.

And now in halls of regal state,
Nobles and chiefs attending wait,

Convoked by his commands:
In reverence held above the rest,
Obedient to the high behest,

The seer among them stands,
His signet-ring the Sultan took,
No muttered sound the silence broke,
'Twas deep attention as he spoke,

And of the sage demands:
"Brief motto that shall well impart
Its solace to the fainting heart;
Or, in prosperity, address

A warning-voice to proud success,
Or passion's ruthless sway."

He heard, and low obeisance made,
Calmly the gorgeous scene surveyed,
Then to the monarch gravely said,

"This, too, shall pass away." W. S.

WITH the exception of the fortunate few who have passed "the season" in the fields and highways of pleasant country places, away from the wind and fogs and dust of the cities, who among us realize that summer has glided from our midst—that autumn has been, and is not; and that winter is, or is supposed to be, upon us? There has been a slight rain-fall or two—the passing of an April cloud, that by some strange chance had lost its way, and drifted into the skies of November—serving merely to wash the gray dust

from field and street, to banish the dreary white sea-fogs of late summer, and let fall, in their stead, upon hill and mountain side, a drapery of purple mist, shot through, toward the summits, with tender rose-tints and delicate pearl-white. There are clumps of fern, fit for the heart of the tropics, in the hollows and ravines; there are vines, so airy and delicate that a breath might seem of strength to break them, swaying from the low boughs, and tangled over the crimson of the oak bushes; blue- and -gold wings whirl through the warm air, and there is a twittering of many feathered throats in the branches. The brooks have not forgotten their songs, nor the woods laid aside their green raiment; albeit, here and there, almost like a beggar at a feast, some gaunt, stark, ghost of a tree holds out its naked arms, amazed to find itself in such sorry plight, and shivers comfortless among its fellows; but a few days, or weeks at most, will bring out a million of tiny green specks upon the rough bark, that shall clothe it with a glory beyond words—long ere its eastern brethren have lost the weight of a single frost - star, or freed their rugged limbs from a solitary icicle.

True, there will be days, and even weeks, at a time, when the earth will “wax a weariness to look upon; when there will be

“Water, water everywhere”—

an empyrean of drizzling gray clouds—but the clouds will break, and the sun shine out a little at noon of each day, during which the birds will fly about, and shake their wings

and trim their feathers, and twitter to each other as if they thought the whole thing a mere play and make-believe, that was altogether too funny and delightful—during which an open door or window will let in a breath as of tuberose or narcissus, from your wet, shining gardens, and you will start and wonder if Nature has not somehow made a mistake, and dropped a month into the wrong place, or if you have not just awakened from a Rip Van Winkle nap through the winter, to find yourself in the very heart of an eastern spring. There will be days and weeks, also, wherein it will be a delight simply to breathe and to be—when the grass will seem to grow visibly—when every nook and cranny and crevice will put forth a green leaf—when hill and valley will teem with budding flowers that would grace the garden of a king—when there will be glimpses of sunlight and moonlight and starlight through the broken clouds, and marvels of mist and wonders of color on hill and sea and mountain.

Winter, indeed! While the east is freezing in furs, and shivering before its fires, striving to comfort itself with apples, and delude itself into the belief that it really enjoys skates and sleigh-bells—while the snow falls steadily and cold over the charred and blackened wounds of unfortunate, dear old Boston, we shall wreath our Christmas boards with roses and fuchsias and geraniums, and drink our New-Year healths (if we so poetically incline) from the great creamy bowls of the calla lilies, that open, whiter than eastern snow, beneath our windows.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Perhaps no work of this celebrated author bears more unmistakable marks of his characteristic genius than the story before us—the last ever written by Hawthorne, and found among his manuscripts after his death. It was prepared for publication by his daughter, who gracefully acknowledges the assistance of Mr. Robert Browning in interpreting

the manuscript. The fact of its having been given to the public in its crude and primitive condition—not having received the author's final revision—adds fresh interest to the work. There are numerous hints here and there, scattered throughout the book, showing where descriptions were to be elaborated, where characters were to be more fully developed, and where details were to be amplified; and as the eye catches these suggestive signals, in brackets, the reader finds himself

wondering what unrecorded idea lingered in the brain of the author as he jotted down the marginal countersign. Like many an almost complete invention, the grave hides the secret.

Septimius Felton is a weird and supernatural conception; the product of an imagination given to fantastic speculations; of a mind which delighted in a subtle and strange analysis of human life and action; of a soul which, amid all its psychological reconnoitings, is intent upon fathoming the mystery of immortality; of a reason that has indulged a native *penchant* for cabalistic mysteries, talismanic charms, and sibylline attributes. Those who have been introduced to this Utopian dreamer, through the medium of his *Twice-Told Tales*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *Scarlet Letter*, or the *Blithedale Romance*, are quite at home with the author in his tender satire, his impalpable, ghostly characters, his wild speculations, his love of the marvelously horrible, his fascination for the darkly-passionate and grotesque. It would seem that while his heart was dominated by pure, chaste and noble influences, his imagination was led captive by ghouls, goblins, elves and fairy sprites.

Septimius Felton is a brooding, morbid, visionary fanatic or lunatic—or perhaps a cross between the two. He is full of speculations, which finally resolve themselves into a crazy search after the elixir of life. The thought of falling into nothingness before one's activities had come to any definite end, was too horrible an idea to be tolerated for a moment. "I doubt," he says, "if it had been left to my choice, whether I should have taken existence on such terms; so much trouble of preparation to live, and then no life at all; a ponderous beginning and nothing more." But, as with many another crusty old curmudgeon, Love finally conquers a truce, at least, and compels a few words of tenderness; and to Rose Garfield, a very pretty, graceful, sunny-haired damsel, he delivers himself after this style: "Well, well, my pretty Rose, I should be content with one thing, and that is yourself, if you were immortal, just as you are at seventeen, so fresh, so dewy, so red-lipped, so golden-haired, so gay, so frolicsome, so gentle." The reply should be stereotyped for the use of

beauteous maidens of to-day, to their beauty-worshiping suitors. "But I am to grow old, and to be brown, and wrinkled, gray-haired, and ugly," said Rose rather sadly, as she thus enumerated the items of her decay, "and then you will think me all lost and gone. But still there might be youth underneath for one that really loved me, to see. Ah, Septimius Felton! such love as would see with ever-new eyes is the true love." We are glad that we can add, parenthetically, that the author had the native good sense to preserve the gentle maiden from the awful doom of being wedded to such a rhapsodic madcap. Septimius was predestined by his ancestral friends for the ministry; but, as his old clerical adviser early discovered, his was a nature that must fight for its faith—fight to win, and fight to hold. He began to let snake-like doubts thrust up their hissing heads, and finally there came the conviction that the way to best live and answer life's purposes, was not by garnering up thoughts into books, where they grow so dry and insipid; but by continuing to live, full of fresh, green wisdom, ripening ever, but never decaying; distilling wisdom ready for daily occasions, like a living fountain; and to do this it was necessary to live long on earth, drink in all its lessons, and not to die on the attainment of some smattering of truth, but all the more to live because of it, to dispense it to mankind and thereby increase it. Death to him was an alien misfortune, a prodigy, a monstrosity into which mankind had fallen by defect. And if a man had a reasonable portion of his original strength in him, he might live forever, and spurn death. This strange idea of undyingness got complete possession of him, and his life was devoted to the discovery of the subtle elixir that should confer the boon of immortality.

The story is strongly psycho-philosophical, internal and spiritual in conception, and many passages of the weird book have a rich intensity of thought and suggestive import; as, for instance, where he speaks of the violent death of the young soldier, and of the supernatural light in the young man's face: "It was an expression contrived by God's providence to comfort; to overcome all the dark auguries that the physical ugliness of

death inevitably creates; and to prove, by the divine glory on the face, that the ugliness is a delusion. It was as if the dead man himself showed his face out of the sky, with heaven's blessings on it, and bade the afflicted be of good cheer, and believe in immortality."

Sybil Dacy is a character quite as weird and unactual as Septimius, but like the latter, she is made to speak some sensible truths, and do many worthy deeds. Hear her as she maps out her purposes concerning their mutual immortal life-work, which they eagerly anticipate. True to her womanly instincts, sibylline though she was, she thus speaks to Septimius: "And I, too, will have my duties and labors; for while you are wandering about among the men, I will go among women, and observe and converse with them, from the princess to the peasant girl. I will find out what is the matter, that woman gets so large a share of human misery laid on her weak shoulders. I will see why it is that, whether she be a royal princess, she has to be sacrificed to matters of state; or a cottage girl, still, somehow, the thing not fit for her is done; and whether there is or no some deadly curse on woman, so that she has nothing to do, and nothing to enjoy, but only to be wronged by man, and still to love him, and despise herself for it—to be shaky in her revenges. And then, if after all this investigation it turns out, as I suspect, that woman is not capable of being helped, that there is something inherent in herself that makes it hopeless to struggle for her redemption, what then shall I do? Nay, I know not, unless to preach to the sisterhood, that they all kill their female children as fast as they are born, and then let the generation of men manage as they can. Woman, so feeble and crazy in body, fair enough sometimes, but full of infirmitities; not strong, with nerves prone to every pain; ailing, full of little weaknesses, more contemptible than great ones."

Septimius, who, like many another devoted lover, resolves to climb into immortal bliss upon the shoulders of his fair *fiancée*, thus discourseth: "And thou, Sybil, I would reserve thee, good and pure, so that there may be to me the means of redemption—some stable hold in the moral confusion that I will

create for myself, whereby I shall by and by get into order, virtue and religion. Else, all is lost, and I may become a devil, and make my own hell around me. So, Sybil, do thou be good forever, and do not fall nor slip a moment. Promise me!"

For the facts in regard to her promise; for the interesting details concerning Dr. Portsoaken and Aunt Keziah—two other full-fledged lunatics among the *dramatis personæ*—and for the final result in regard to the search after the *Elixir of Life*, we most respectfully refer the reader to the neat little volume itself.

STUDIES IN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY. By J. C. Shairp. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This volume is a reprint from the second Edinburgh edition, the work having been published originally in 1868. It is a compilation of essays on Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keble, together with a discriminating and valuable paper on ethical science, titled, "The Moral Motive Power."

Those who have read a former work of surpassing merit—*Culture and Religion*—by the same author, and reviewed at length in these columns some months since, will gladly welcome the present volume. The essays made their first appearance in *The North British Review*, and elicited the warmest commendation. The author, in his treatment of the genius and writings of these three brilliant lights of a former age, shows keen analytical sense, fine æsthetic taste, and a penetrating, intuitive insight into the mental and spiritual emotions and relations. It is the evident purpose of the writer, in taking these exponents of English thought and feeling, to determine, as nearly as possible, the influence which they exerted upon English character and literature.

In each of the four subjects treated, one can not fail to discover a well-defined, salient purpose; and that, the careful study of the relations existing between the Divine and the human. And just here we discover not only the strong sense of the writer, but an exquisite refinement of feeling, and the magical touch of a deep personal sympathy. There is an aroma of culture and genius, mingling

with the fragrance of a soul that evinces conscious fellowship and association with the Invisible. In Wordsworth he discovers a prophet of Nature who spiritualizes the outer world, lifting the thoughts into a region "neighboring to heaven, and that no foreign land," and bringing down upon even the homeliest aspect of earthly cares and duties glints of glory, till we

"Feel through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

In reading the genial, glowing tribute paid to this great soul-painter, by one whose life has been spent with the immediate friends and disciples of those of whom he so beautifully discourses, we can but recall M. Taine's severe strictures upon the English romantic school, at whose "novel and audacious theories" he hurls expletive and epithet, and whose followers he deems sterile and misanthropical. Prominent among the leaders of this school, he classes Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. The latter he condemns for suppressing all that might please the senses, in order to speak solely to the heart, thus advancing a theory of art altogether spiritualistic. A close analysis of Wordsworth must discover to the student that truth, not ornament; effect, not show; sentiment, not dignity; moral culture, not factitious splendor; emotions, not mere phrases—were the objects of his soulful study and poetic contemplation. M. Taine would call all these mere sentimental prettinesses, "elaborately goodish without point," and unworthy a great poet. Mr. Shairp, on the contrary, regards this purity and elevation of soul as the crowning glory of his works, and counsels such as would become nobler and loftier of purpose, to sit under the shadow of his profound meditations, and let the inspirations of his rare genius waken the soul to feel its kinship with the mysterious life that is in all Nature. "Awaken healthful sensibilities in the heart, and a right state of intellect will be sure to follow." This is Wordsworth's moral pathology.

The fame of a writer so far in advance of his age must be necessarily posthumous. Writing to a friend concerning the severity of a criticism that followed some of his later publications, he says: "Trouble not your-

self upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny!—to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are moldering in our graves." This is not the language of the self-opinionated egotist, but of one who has an inward consciousness of being in harmony with the immutable laws of life, and of seeking after the everlasting truth of things.

Of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the friend and contemporary of Wordsworth, the author discourses even more at length, drawing nice and discriminating contrasts between the philosophic poet and the poetic philosopher; the one introspective, knowing little of books and of other men's thoughts, and developing from within; the other touching life at almost every point, and working upon the basis of a broad erudition; the one environed with the beautiful and in circumstances of ease and comfort, happily married, and the admiration of distinguished and chosen friends; the other, in early childhood an inmate of a charity school, "depressed, moping, friendless, a poor orphan, and half-starved"—after marriage, burdened with poverty and painful domestic cares—the languor of bodily disease depressing a will by nature weak and irresolute—the vice of opium-eating sapping his marvelous powers, increasing natural infirmities, and blighting a transcendent genius;—yet still loyal to his best aspirations, and making it his one effort and aim to build up truth from the spiritual side. This great original thinker, Shairp pronounces a religious philosopher. Not merely a religious man and a philosopher, but a man in whom these wondrous powers met and interpenetrated; one in whom was blended the wisdom of the sage with the heart of the child. Refinement of feeling, quickness of sympathy, and warmth of pathos, characterize this admirable essay.

Of Keble and *The Christian Year*, the author has much to say that is fresh and interesting; but the best of the wine is reserved

for the last of the feast, and in his closing disquisition on "The Moral Motive Power," we have the *creme de la creme* of the volume. No library is complete in the absence of this author's two rare works—*Culture and Religion* and *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*.

THE SCIENCE OF ÆSTHETICS. By Henry N. Day. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co.

This is a treatise on the nature, laws, and uses of Beauty. It is abstract and speculative, and is for study rather than superficial reading. The author proceeds upon the principle that the grand defect and bane of modern art, in all its varied departments, is its utter ignorance of what art proposes to do. The poverty and unsightliness of so large a proportion of modern architecture he holds to be attributable to the practical ignoring of the vital element of old art, viz: "the actual incorporation of the idea into the material at its control." With vastly greater knowledge of architectural details and materials, there is no intelligent, rational aim to build in exact accordance with the essential and original laws of beauty; hence, modern architecture fails to retain a permanent hold on general admiration.

The work is designed, not only to advance and encourage the culture of art, but to aid in the intelligent interpretation and enjoyment of art-creations; and to trace the nature of the beautiful as related to the true and the good. With a judicious teacher, the work would prove itself an admirable class-book for instruction in these departments of study. The author contends, that beauty must be for all minds alike that are capable of apprehending it; that this apprehension is, to a large degree, dependent on culture; that there are universal and necessary principles of taste; that the popular notion of a wide diversity in tastes, does not conflict with this doctrine; that beauty, as such, is for all human minds, as such. He, then, proceeds to show that the science of beauty is co-ordinate with the sciences of logic and ethics; and that these three departments constitute the universal science of the human mind. He treats of the gradations of beauty—of ideal, material, and artistic beauty—illustrating

these distinctions by comparing the poets—Milton, Spenser, Shakspeare, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, and Goethe; by placing the ideal beauty, richness, and grandeur of Michael Angelo, over against the material excellence in his command of outline of Guido Reni, and Titian in glory of coloring, while, in artistic power, Raphael outranks all.

Book III is devoted to the laws of beauty—the laws of ideal material and form; the special laws pertaining to architecture, in regard to mechanical, artistic, and decorative design; the laws of landscape-gardening—showing how the ideas are to be expressed in conformity to the rational principles of unity, contrast, proportion, symmetry, and harmony, curbing all tendencies to excess in ornamentation; the laws of sculpture, painting, music, discourse, poetry; and the laws which respect the production of beauty, and those which respect its interpretation.

The author insists, that the pursuit of the beautiful is as legitimate as that of the true, and the culture of the love of the beautiful as essential to our highest perfection and well-being as that of the love of the true; that they stand in precisely the same relation to our moral perfection; and that neither of them can fully effect its end, without the co-operative aid and ministry of the other. He would have a love for the beautiful in Nature fostered by the study of Nature, until we better understand the full meaning of that immortal confession of Wordsworth, where he says, that the meanest thing that grows gave him thoughts too deep for tears.

"Thus," says the enthusiastic author, "in the domain of æsthetic science do we find the indispensable condition of all true culture, in whatever department, from the lowest to the highest, from mere manners and civil courtesies up through all social morality and personal refinement, to the modes of our proper religious life. . . . Here must we go to learn what it is to put principle into purpose, and purpose into endeavor, and endeavor into efficient act; to put thought into word, and word into fit organ and instrument to penetrate and, also, to command the recesses of the soul; to put fond affection into a golden chalice that shall be its own passport to the heart when craving sympathy, and shall make itself the sure recipient of

grateful, confiding response; to put the forth-bringsings of prolific genius into art-forms that shall live and endure for brightening, elevating, and blessing toilsome life; to put, in fine, the human spirit, in its unshaped childhood and youth, into the mold of the All-perfect, that it may grow up into Him in all things."

Perhaps no recent publications have a higher or more exalted mission, than *The Science of Beauty*, by Bascom, and the volume before us.

OLRIG GRANGE. Edited by Hermann Kunst, Phil. Prof. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Olrig Grange is advertised by the publishers as a "novel in verse." We question the propriety of writing novels in verse. Ever since *Aurora Leigh* first charmed us with its plot and then provoked us with its elaborate diction, we have objected to dividing the honors between the story and the poem. "Hymns in prose" are more agreeable and more appropriate, because whatever ornamentation prose is capable of enhances its beauty; but a poem, when we cease to look upon it as a poem and nothing but a poem, becomes neither one thing nor the other.

Let us first consider *Olrig Grange* as a novel. It is a family affair by no means complicated; behold the *dramatis personæ*: Thorold, a youth of great promise, who has outgrown home influence and his creed, and yearns for life in London; Hester, a progressive maiden, very accomplished, and an ardent admirer of Brother Thorold; Mater Domina, queen of the shoddyites, having much family pride and no mind to speak of; Pater, a practical old gentleman, who affects the sciences; Rose, a stagy young woman, who yields, much against her inclinations, to the wishes of Mater Domina and Pater. Thorold leaves his mountain home, and, meeting Miss Rose in London society, proposes to lay his literary talents, his youth, and his trusting heart at her feet. Pater and Mater object to the match, on the ground of honest poverty. Rose is dutiful and broken-hearted; and Thorold returns home and dies like a martyr, at the foot of page 208, in the presence of his admiring and sympathetic sister, Hester, who continues to botanize and

speculate upon the hereafter in the most cheerful and consoling manner. Thorold soliloquizes in rhyme for a moment, while Hester is *fixing* her hair, and thenceforth Hester, Rose, Pater, Mater, and Thorold deliver rhymed and rambling addresses to an invisible party, who maintains a respectful silence that is worthy of all commendation. Hermann Kunst, P.P., edits the rhymed addresses with a few pages of preface in blank verse at the beginning of each address, and the whole is dedicated in a single stanza to four stars (* * * *). Professor Kunst is an honest editor, and a plain-spoken man. He says of himself:

"I am not a poet; I have no romance,
But stand by facts, and laws o' the universe;
Though doubtless rhyme, and rhythm, and play of
fancy
Are facts, too, and have laws like utter prose.
But what I mean is, if a man abuse
Stomach and brain, they will revenge themselves
For sleepless nights, and hastily-snatched meals,
And life at fever-heat."

But, for all this bald and commonplace versification, there is much of the editorial work that is good, and enough of it that is better than the rhymed portions of the volume, to make us wish that the whole had been written in blank verse. Many of the rhymes are utterly false, and there seems scarcely an excuse for this, with a Webster's Unabridged at one's elbow.

We believe the severest parallel we can draw between what we consider the true and the false poem, is to quote a few perfect lines from the hand of a master—lines as exquisite and imperishable as an intaglio—and follow them with an extract from *Olrig Grange*, wherein a similar subject is shadowed forth:

"All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue-fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the moldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peered about."

The Professor hears

"The blue-fly knock his head against a pane and
buzz about;"

and Hester has a wholesome horror of turning

— "A silly maid,
A feather-pated girl, the prey
Of weaknesses and an empty head,
That sighs through all the vacant day,

And trembles in the evening gray,
Over a dull, dog-eared romance,
To see the stealthy moonbeams glance,
Or hear the wind in crannies play,
Or the mice in the wainscot SQUEAK and dance."

The poetical outbursts in *Obrig Grange* are like oases in a desert, and our verdict, upon a careful reading, may be given in few words. Had the story been sufficiently poetical throughout, it need not have been called a novel; and but for the beautiful passages that occasionally discover themselves, it would never have been mistaken for a poem.

SARATOGA IN 1901. By Eli Perkins. New York: Sheldon & Co.

If we ever had a doubt that the insinuating Jenkins was unworthy of a place in every gentleman's library—and on this point we have never had anything else—the appearance of such a volume as *Saratoga in 1901* is all the proof we ask in favor of our judgment.

The man who can successfully write down to popular favor through the columns of a weekly journal is seldom able to sustain himself between covers. Lumley, the artist, has done what he could to make this book sparkle. There is scarcely a page in it without a more or less pretentious illustration, but they are mostly of the comic-almanac stamp, and lack character. As for Lan, *né* Eli Perkins, his wit is weak, and some of it a trifle stale; moreover, we might add, that a disjointed letter, touching upon the last hop at the Clarendon, and cataloguing the Saratoga turnouts, though pleasant enough reading over one's coffee the morning after the ball, loses its savor within twenty-four hours, and when it is bolstered into the press, a volume of it strikes us as resembling an egg-shell with the yolk blown out.

LOVE AND VALOR. By Tom Hood. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

We confess that we are somewhat disappointed in both the love and the valor of Mr. Tom Hood's last, and, as far as we know, first novel.

It is pleasantly written, but then all Englishmen write pleasantly. It is entertain-

ing—Tom Hood could scarcely avoid being so—but it seems to lack strength and clearness, and reads as though the author were unused—we will not say unequal—to a sustained effort. A few college scrapes; a dash into the heart of the Crimea; shot and shell; Sepoys; explosions; surprises and escapes; home to England; giving in marriage and taking back again, for better, for worse; death; green grave; love-making at a rustic stile; twilight; English church-yard; happiness—and *the Cross of Valor!* All this is the right stuff to make stories of, but it has been used so often that it grows a little monotonous. We begin to fear that Tom Hood is too good a poet to make a very successful novelist, and, as far as we are concerned, we are glad of it.

LITTLE SHELLS FROM MANY SHORES. By Mrs. E. A. W. Hopkins. San Francisco: Bacon & Co.

Mrs. Hopkins says of her book: "Perhaps the volume may not inaptly be compared to our California highways—with its big and little stones, its sticks and straws, old tin cans and broken bottles; with here and there a tiny grain of gold. As it is, I commend it to your generosity."

It would be ungracious in the critic to ill-use a poetess after so honest a preface, though she might take it as a negative compliment, for she says somewhere in her pages:

"Write on! the critic scents no common food;
Shrewd epicurean, what he bites is good."

There are rather too many *straws* in Mrs. Hopkins' volume to suit our taste, though we find some sweet and graceful verses, and we believe the poem entitled "The Silent Passenger" will not want for hearty admirers.

The best specimen of the poetess in her serious vein is this vivid and charming picture from the poem entitled "Evening and Morning of the Battle of Antietam:—"

"A corn-field here, a wheat-field there,
A hill-side green and gray,
A graceful wood, a meadow fair,
A town, a public way;
A river spanned by bridges three,
Four miles of water, wood and lea,
In smiling sunset lay."

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER. By George MacDonald. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We had occasion, in a recent review of *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, to trace to some extent the peculiarities of style and habit of thought of this justly-distinguished author, in his mysterious rambles through the borderland that divides the seen from the unseen, in which he delights to tread. It is not a thing to excite wonder or alarm, if the pioneers of new thought or principles are but dimly comprehended. They talk, as it were, in an unknown tongue; they speak not a dead language, but the dialect of a coming day. In most of the works of Mr. MacDonald, we discover but a scaffolding upon which to hang his subtle theories and his fresh mental and spiritual experiences and deductions; hence, we are never seriously disappointed at any lack of plot, or energy of detail. There is such an evident moral and intellectual intensity—such a nice, discriminating analysis of thought and motive, that ample atonement is made for any lack of dramatic action.

The author has put his genius to a crucial test, in writing the present story in the autobiographical style. The history of literature records but two or three notable successes in this line—*John Halifax* and *Fane Eyre* occupying the foremost rank among the number.

The present is a genuine, pleasing home story, which flows along brook-like in its naturalness, its banks dotted here and there with rare and fragrant flowers of fancy. Ethelwyn Percivale is permitted to tell her own story in her own way—a sensible, practical, live woman, innocent of all dreamy sentimentalities, or morbidly religious tendencies—a refreshing, healthy specimen of well-organized womanhood. Concerning the man whom she is about to marry, we note the following little discussion between the parents of Ethelwyn: "You see," says the father, "this Percivale is an honest man. I don't exactly know how he has been brought up; and it is quite possible he may have had such evil instruction in Christianity, that he attributes to it doctrines which, if I supposed they actually belonged to it, would make me reject it, at once, as ungodlike and bad. I have found this the case sometimes. . . . I think his

difficulty comes mainly from seeing so much suffering in the world, that he can not imagine the presence and rule of a good God; and therefore it lies with religion rather than with Christianity, as yet. I am all but certain, the only thing that will ever make him able to believe in a God at all, is meditation on the Christian idea of God—I mean the idea of God *in* Christ reconciling the world to himself—not that pagan corruption of Christ in God reconciling him to the world. He will then see, that suffering is not either wrath or neglect, but pure-hearted love and tenderness."

The dear old father would seem to be slightly heterodox, according to accepted notions; for, after carefully reviewing the character of Percivale, who is still an unbeliever, he promptly declares that he should have more apprehension in giving her to one who would be called a thoroughly religious man; for not only would the unfitness be greater, but such a man, he avers, would be likely to confirm her in doubt. She needs what some would call homeopathic treatment. "And how," he asks, "should they be able to love one another, if they are not fit to be married to each other? The fitness seems inherent in the fact."

"But many a two love each other, who would have loved each other a good deal more if they hadn't been married," interposed the mother. The logic of the father was unquestionably good, for the marriage of the daughter proved a wholesome arrangement; and from the story of her subsequent career depend many beautiful and instructive lessons.

Of course, as in the line of all stories, new personages step upon the stage, at suitable intervals, to add variety and interest; but, as we before hinted, the gist of the whole matter runs back of the story, in the lessons so happily conveyed. No living writer in the domain of fiction, in our estimation, is calculated to dispense more wholesome lessons of virtue and good living than is the author of the volume before us. He is a magnetic teacher of the vital truths of a real Christianity, relieved of its tripping tenets, disordered dogmas, and confusing creeds. The world would be all the better for a multitude of teachers like George MacDonald.

EVOLUTION OF LIFE. By Henry C. Chapman, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The doctrine of Evolution, the fundamental conception of which is conceded to be, "that the universe and all that it contains did not come into existence in the condition that we now know it, nor in anything like that condition," is a doctrine that is just now challenging the thought of the world. Not only is it engaging the attention of the scientific world, but the religious thinkers of to-day pause to consider its claims to attention. One of the leading representatives of the pulpit of our own country recently stated, that if Evolution be not the truth, it most unquestionably points to the truth. Of books devoted to the subject of this scientific inquiry, there is no end.

The work before us, as gathered from the author's own statements, is a condensed view of the evidences for the theory that the animal and vegetal worlds have been very gradually developed, or evolved, as distinguished from the hypothesis of their sudden special creation. It is a condensed aggregate of the most important generalizations in reference to the structure of plants and animals, their petrified remains, and mode of development; and an exposition of the theory of the evolution of life, as following from the acts of anatomy, geology, and embryology. Those who are familiar with the works of Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, Buchner, Spencer, Muller, and other distinguished representatives of this school of thought, will find little new in the present work. He starts out with the kingdom intermediate between animals and plants, and, consistent with his assumed theory, seeks the origin of life in this main root, of which animals and plants are the rising, diverging branches. In the chapters on

Zoology, Botany, Geology, and Embryology, he seeks to show that there has been a gradual development of the higher forms of life from the lower, although accompanied here and there by a retrograding metamorphosis. Mr. Chapman insists on man's recognizing in the ape his primeval ancestor; in his accepting the fact that primitive man was speechless, and the earliest languages babble; that he has never fallen from a high estate, but has developed from a lower one—in other words, that Darwin's *Descent of Man* is a misnomer, it being, in reality, a theory of his *ascent*. And all of this, he contends, is perfectly consistent with the development of morality—crimes and outrages being but the natural outgrowths of characteristics which adapted him to an antecedent state, and which still cling to him; the respects in which he is not fitted to society being the respects which exactly fitted him for his original predatory life.

The author claims for the doctrine of Evolution, that it is a comprehensive theory of life—a theory on which can be based a scientific Ethics and a scientific Politics; and as all happiness depends on duty to one's self (Ethics), and therefore duty to one's neighbor (Politics), he argues that it must necessarily follow, that a theory which offers a basis for the development of these social sciences must immeasurably benefit mankind. And now, while the incredulous world listens in mute astonishment to the marvelous theories of this startling doctrine of Evolution, may we be pardoned for meekly propounding a simple interrogatory, viz.: Will the advocates of this development theory be kind enough, in accordance with their favorite hypothesis, to account for the single characteristic of speech—the power of expressing ideas in man, as distinguished from the animal creation?

Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FOR EVERY ISSUE OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

MARRIAGES.

MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.	MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.
Antonini, Lorenzo.	Angela Berzolari.	Sonora	Oct. 11.	Hiserman, J. L.	F. M. Childers.	Salisas City.	Oct. 15.
Badger, Wm. M.	F. A. Huzhes.	Santa Rosa	10	Hope, Henry	Emma Schroer	Sacramento	13
Baker, Sands	Sallie J. Drake.	Visalia	10	Horne, Frank J.	C. Holzhauser.	Yreka	9
Barlo, L. T.	Josephine Harding.	Oregon City, Or.	8	Horst, W.	Josephine Rader.	San Francisco.	27
Barnard, John	Lizzie Cochrane.	San Francisco.	15	Hoyle, George.	Jennie Taylor.	San Francisco.	26
Barnberg, J. W.	Sarah K. Anderson.	San Luis Obispo	16	Howe, Henry F.	Rosa Chase.	San Francisco.	9
Barnes, G. W.	Mary C. Fletcher.	Monterey.	2	Hudson, Henry C.	Emily C. Luadt.	San Francisco.	8
Bates, John T.	Ann R. Gilky.	Milerton	7	Hudson, John.	Sallie Hanna.	Gilroy	15
Baumann, H. H.	Anna E. Ficke.	San Francisco.	4	Hoot, John, Jr.	Lillie L. Gummer.	San Francisco.	22
Beiden, P. H.	Sarah A. Moody.	Nevada City	17	Ivory, Edward.	Mary C. Stow.	Butte Creek.	1
Bellows, Henry N.	Georgiana Lemdie.	San Francisco.	9	Jewell, Oudrey.	Melanie Bloch.	San Francisco.	Sept. 29.
Benson, John	Fanny J. Parsons.	San Joaquin Co.	23	Johnson, Lyman.	D. A. Williams.	Jamestown	Oct. 6.
Bernston, Andrew	Bertha Olsson.	San Francisco.	7	Jones, M. P.	Ann Humphrey.	Sacramento	15
Bigley, Daniel.	Maggie T. Byrne.	San Mateo	Sept.—	Kathan, Harvey.	Andie M. Huesse.	Sacramento.	23
Blackman, James.	Mattie A. Weathers.	Sacramento	Oct. 3.	Kief, R. J.	Lydia Ludy.	Princeton	13
Boell, Edward A.	Caroline Scannell.	San Francisco.	14	Kibert, A. D.	Mattie Weaver.	Sacramento	Sept. 27.
Bogert, William T.	Ella Horton.	San Francisco.	13	Klog, C.	Louise Ohaeto.	Grass Valley.	Oct. 1.
Bonivent, P. J.	Lizzie Harrigan.	Nevada City	17	Klog, Robert M.	Maggie A. Moore.	San Francisco.	9
Borgstrom, N. P.	Charlotte W. Dille.	San Francisco.	Sept. 23.	Kletz, Friederich.	C. Schraumm.	San Francisco.	13
Bowers, William	Laura Griffiths.	Potter Valley	Oct. 1.	Knight, T. J.	Nellie Cole.	Yreka.	10
Brown, Mark	Angie Laocaster.	Virginia, Nev.	3	Krook, John.	Anna Steuben.	Chico.	24
Burkard, Max.	Louise Eggers.	San Francisco.	17	Kuder, John.	Mary Frazier.	Downville.	15
Burr, Eli B.	Carrie L. Smith.	San Francisco.	1	Lardner, F. S.	Lizzie L. Alvord.	Sacramento	Sept. 29.
Bush, Clarence W.	Lucy J. Nelson.	Woodland	16	Leavitt, Samuel D.	Grace Patterson.	Nevada City.	Oct. 17.
Carlie, James	Margaret B. Presley.	Los Angeles	20	Leiser, John L.	Helene Moburg.	San Francisco.	13
Carrington, W. A.	N. J. Richardson.	Sacramento.	13	Leitz, John.	Hulda Krenz.	San Francisco.	1
Carter, John E.	Eliza Sweet.	Grass Valley	2	L'Hot, H. C.	Frauncey Flke.	Tamale.	21
Caruthers, Wm. A.	Mary E. Wilson.	King's River	7	Louthain, W. P.	Mollie Andrews.	Colusa.	9
Chamberlin, N. D.	Ella N. Mayhew.	San Pablo	10	Magee, C. I.	Martha Whay.	Petaluma.	8
Chas, Matthias.	Maria Peterson.	Elko, Nev.	8	Manheim, David.	Paula Boas.	San Francisco.	27
Clifton, Jared	Lizzie Clark.	Yone Valley.	—	Marks, Joseph.	Rachel J. Benjamin.	San Francisco.	16
Cline, William	Nellie A. Curtis.	San Francisco.	Sept. 28.	McGuckin, Daniel.	Mary A. McCarron.	San Francisco.	27
Coffman, Solomon	Emily Young.	Olympia, W. T.	22	McKay, George.	Amelia Yeung.	Virginia, Nev.	19
Conroy, James M.	Solinda Ingarton.	Sacramento.	Aug. 31.	McNelson, L. G.	Fanny Clayton.	Princeton	15
Conway, J. C.	Martha Clawson.	Chico	Sept. 24.	Meuton, H. D.	Annie T. Murphy.	San Francisco.	17
Cook, John	Della A. Marley.	St. Helena	10	Merz, John	Agnes Sperlecker.	San Francisco.	27
Cooper, Lucius F.	Catherine L. Grider.	Happy Camp	23	Miller, Joseph L.	Elien Richards.	Unionville, Nev.	17
Cousins, Henry	Mary Martie.	Visalia	22	Miller, W. W.	Elien Knowles.	Tehama County	Sept. 28.
Cuvert, H. K.	Amanda Miner.	Modesto	Oct. 18.	Milley, John	Allee L. Dorries.	Portland, Or.	Oct. 9.
Crawford, W. B.	Frances E. Day.	Colusa	Sept. 29.	Mitchell, James F.	Harrirta DeBoque.	Eureka, Nev.	Sept. 28.
Cramer, H. P.	Mary Beach.	San Jose.	30	Montgomery, J. C.	S. Gardenhire.	Waterford	Oct. 9.
Dazue, Levi	M. Wheeler.	Carson, Nev.	Oct. 8.	Moody, Robert J.	Nera Cooney.	Hamilton, Nev.	Sept. 27.
Danielsen, Bendix	Clara L. Barracks.	San Francisco.	Sept. 28.	Moore, Albert.	F. L. Stephens.	San Francisco.	Oct. 21.
Darby, James D.	Emma Newton.	Suisun Valley.	10	Morrison, E. L.	Emmie White.	Cherono	15
Davis, A. R.	Edith Davis.	Modesto	3	Nicola, Valentin	Elizabeth Freund.	Sacramento	5
Davis, H. C.	Ida F. Taylor.	San Francisco.	16	O'Brien, Matthew.	Ella M. Doyle.	San Francisco.	8
Davis, Preston R.	Bettle E. Lee.	Santa Rosa	Sept. 29.	Parlin, Harlow	Frances C. Baker.	Lincoln	8
Day, Quincy A.	Seraphine Dodaen.	Santa Cruz.	Oct. 4.	Perli, Taylor	M. I. Roberts.	Suisun	14
Deming, H. V.	Mary Brown.	San Francisco.	Sept. 28.	Peterson, George.	Celia M. Britten.	Santa Cruz	9
Dimond, H.	Nellie Su Ivaon.	San Francisco.	Oct. 24.	Peterson, George.	Emma G. Parter.	San Francisco.	26
Doelcher, John	Hannah Schander.	San Francisco.	Sept. 30.	Plummer, Thomas.	Kilizabeth A. Oliver.	Grass Valley	Sept. 26.
Dopking, Joseph H.	Lizzie Hartman.	Napa	Oct. 20.	Porter, C. W.	Georgina Mallory.	Sajaro	Oct. 13.
Duncan, Andrew S.	L. L. Miller.	Stockton	13	Potter, Charles.	Maria Yeager.	Olympia, W. T.	Sept. 22.
Eagan, John	Mary O'Brien.	Nevada City	20	Powell, H. L.	Charlotte Hall.	Portland, Or.	29
Eiting, David T.	M. C. Pemberton.	Yreka	13	Quivey, Boyd P.	Mildred Bennett.	Portland, Or.	Oct. 9.
Faueett, Wm. T.	Saltha E. Neely.	White Riv., W. T.	Sept. 16.	Radford, Henry C.	Henrietta Goodrich.	Yreka	5
Fay, Max H.	Anna L. Chase.	Oakland	Oct. 10.	Ribenstein R.	Olivia Murphy.	Stockton	13
Fellows, Henry M.	M. J. Furnival.	Auburn	20	Reudell, Isiah.	Mary Clemens.	Yone City	20
Fillmore, Frederick	Julia A. Ormsby.	Petaluma	9	Rhodes, Henry.	Hattie A. Smith.	Sacramento	28
Folsom, M. O.	M. McDaniel.	Dayton, Nev.	—	Riant, Hugh L.	Catherine Riant.	Marysville	22
Fordern, Patrick.	Maris J. Bryan.	San Francisco.	13	Riley, John W.	Clara U. Wait.	Yonville.	Sept. 25.
Friedenberg, J. H.	Cecilia Hase.	San Francisco.	2	Riley, James	Ellen Robinson.	San Francisco.	Oct. 15.
Gale, A. Y.	Miss Heat.	San Jose	2	Roberts, Robt. F.	Sarah S. Hawkins.	Santa Barbara	17
Gardner, Thos. N.	Mary M. Shattuck.	Sacramento	Sept. 29.	Robinson, Edward.	Lizzie Stafford.	San Francisco.	Sept. 28.
Garcer, W. T.	Melissa T. Justice.	San Benito	Oct. 2.	Ross, John B. K.	Jane Martie.	San Jose.	Oct. 18.
Gilmes, C. H.	Sarah H. Martin.	Summit Flat.	Sept. 22.	Sairs, Charles T.	Mary Colwell.	Virginia, Nev.	Sept. 30.
Goodnooth, Alfred.	Emma J. Heywood.	San Francisco.	Oct. 5.	Sarpy, J. B. O.	A. A. Duff.	Oakland	30
Gray, Phillip	Sara A. Frazer.	Nevada City	3	Sass, Christian.	Pauline Steinbring.	San Pablo	23
Grye, James C.	G. W. Moore.	Oroville	20	Sas, Henry	Emma Michaels.	San Francisco.	29
Gray, L. G.	Sarah A. Townsend.	San Francisco.	19	Schultz, Louis.	Mary Seiberhold.	San Francisco.	Oct. 26.
Greig, W. C.	L. W. Purcell.	San Francisco.	14	Short, Edward.	Mary Roberts.	Sacramento.	30
Griffith, Owen W.	L. Wieker.	Danawesus	5	Simmons, James H.	Mary N. Reed.	Bear Valley	21
Griffiths, Thos. H.	Maricetta Lettallister.	San Francisco.	5	Singer, Wm., Jr.	Clara Churchill.	Marysville.	9
Grigsby, Preston M.	Evel ne E. Osborn.	St. Helena	Sept. 12.	Singleton, T. L.	Mary F. Arnold.	Grand Island	20
Grimes, George C.	J. Josephine W. Steele.	Sacramento	Oct. 7.	Smith, Charles F.	E. Elizabeth Frazier.	Felton	Sept. 22.
Haffner, Danicl.	Kate McKinley.	San Francisco.	Sept. 29.	Sprague, S. M.	Mary A. Smiley.	Sacramento	30
Haigh, Robert.	Elizabeth Rodgers.	Windsor	Oct. 23.	Stephensson, M. F.	Louisa Curry.	Pittsburg, Ore.	Oct. 27.
Hanson, Peter.	Christina Hanson.	Courtland	Sept. 29.	Stone, Joseph N.	Mary L. Kinney.	Susanville	16
Harkins, Hugh V.	Sarah Henderson.	San Ramon Val.	Oct. 16.	St. Ores, Wm. W.	T. Quinlivan.	San Francisco.	—
Harter, James	Mary A. Leshar.	Modesto	6	Strother, I. H.	Cynthia Fagao.	Stockton	17
Hayman, L. T.	Sarah L. Stone.	Spring Valley	3	Sweeney, Carl.	Lina Ludon.	San Francisco.	5
Haymond, C. S.	C. A. Crawford.	Sacramento	2	Talafiero, F. R.	Laura C. Clark.	Brown Valley	3
Haxleton, W. S.	M. S. White.	Sacramento	20	Tasheira, Lewis.	Mary A. Clark.	Martinez	9
Heien, J. R.	Alice J. Palmer.	San Francisco.	—	Taylor, L. W.	Eliza McGeorge.	San Rafael	6
Henshaw, Joshua S.	Helen K. Turner.	San Francisco.	21	Temple, D. H.	Mary H. Turrill.	San Francisco.	8
Hensler, Wilhelm	Louisa Bauer.	San Francisco.	17	Thomas, George W.	Maggie Drum.	Oakland	15
Hills, George W.	Mary A. Wilkina.	Sacramento	Sept. 23.	Thompson, D. E.	Annie M. Costello.	Santa Cruz	1
Hill, M. A.	C. J. Renek.	Santa Barbara.	26	Tomer, George.	Caroline Koehler.	Woodland	Sept. 26.

MARRIAGES.—Continued.

MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.	MALE.	FEMALE.	WHERE.	WHEN.
Vickers, John C.	Sophia Richber.	Shaw's Flat.	Oct. 24.	White, J. R.	Mary A. Birchet.	Salem, Or.	Oct. 3.
Yelght, Henry	Elizabeth Jochum.	Bonora.	21.	Wilcox, J. H.	Mary A. Parlin	Lincoln.	22.
Yolmer, W. A.	Georgia H. White.	Grass Valley	21.	Wilkins, J. F.	Josephine Soper.	Merced.	8.
Yondermehden, L.	Mary A. Burke.	San Francisco.	13.	Windsor, H. O.	Louisa R. Hays.	San Francisco.	10.
Von Leicht, F.	Eugenie Branger.	San Francisco.	10.	Wood, John W.	Nettie Travell.	Yreka.	9.
Ward, William F.	Julia A. Gaan.	Stockton.	24.	Wurster, Thomas D.	Sarah Willfanner.	San Francisco.	19.
Warren, Frank M.	Anna S. Atkinson.	Portland, Or.	8.	Wright, Charles L.	Clara A. Warren.	Compton.	10.
Well, Isaac.	Lucia M. Clements.	Colusa.	Sept. 25.	Young, Alex. M.	Kate Berglund.	Santa Clara.	25.
Wells, Amos.	L. E. LeRoy.	San Francisco.	Oct.	Zortman, Dan' l' W.	E. M. Thompson.	Fairfield.	5.

DEATHS.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.	NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE. y. m. d.
Amado, Francisco.	Mono Camp.	Oct. 22.	57	Ewing, Sarah L.	Antioch.	Oct. 3.	1 2 4
Anderson, Nicholas.	Marysville.	23.	50	Farren, John B.	Niles.	Sept. 25.	44
Andrews, Elizabeth.	San Francisco.	12.	70	Fay, Michael H.	San Francisco.	Oct. 24.	30
Andrus, Mary J.	San Francisco.	3.	27	Fenn, Joseph L.	Ploche, Nev.	Sept. 22.	—
Armstrong, James.	San Francisco.	7.	51 8	Finkley, Lillie.	Oakland.	Oct. 17.	—
Berry, Mary K.	Warm Springs, N.	Sept. 24.	56	Fisher, Thomas.	Sacramento.	18.	7 20
Blanchette, Robert J.	San Francisco.	Oct. 25.	43	Flint, Clara W.	Auburn.	6.	7 3
Avery, Eliz. M.	Stockton.	Oct. 1.	33 9	Fugerty, Catherine.	San Francisco.	19.	—
Banghart, Nicholas A. P.	Wheatlytown.	Sept. 13.	1 8	Ford, John.	Virginia, Nev.	14.	27
Barnes, Joseph.	Butte County.	28.	60	Foster, George I.	San Francisco.	20.	53
Bartlett, Lillie E.	Eureka, Nev.	24.	1 22	Foy, Harry.	Virginia, Nev.	16.	2 2 2
Barward, Tobias.	San Francisco.	Oct. 24.	35 6	Fraeland, Meroy.	San Francisco.	24.	57
Bent, Helen.	Martinez.	Sept. 29.	1 4	Gaffney, James.	San Francisco.	18.	— 9 10
Berry, Florida.	Virginia, Nev.	Oct. 11.	8	Gallagher, John.	Jamstown.	2.	30
Berry, Mary K.	Ploche, Nev.	10.	5 7	Galway, Daniel.	Virginia, Nev.	7.	— 8
Blanchette, Robert J.	Sacramento.	26.	19 7	Gates, E. C.	Lincoln.	Sept. 29.	39 10 12
Boss, Mary.	San Francisco.	23.	38 9 22	Gilman, C. G.	Brown's Valley.	Oct. 14.	56
Boss, Peter G.	Mokelumne.	11.	65	Glass, Schenck.	Grass Valley.	13.	41
Boyle, Henry.	Headburg.	20.	8 14	Gleason, James K.	San Francisco.	16.	— 9 10
Bradshaw, John.	Pine Grove.	Sept. 27.	7 9	Glover, Johanna.	San Francisco.	9.	4 5 29
Breckenridge, Letitia.	San Jose.	Oct. 1.	18	Godfrey, Jeremiah.	San Francisco.	15.	62
Brown, E. L.	Davisville.	5.	68	Granbois, Adelaide L.	Queen City.	2.	1 15
Brown, W. D.	Vallejo.	19.	52	Graves, Daniel.	Grass Valley.	12.	57
Brown, William H.	Oakland.	Sept. 27.	46 7	Greene, Annie.	San Francisco.	22.	6 10
Bunce, J. D.	San Francisco.	Oct. 6.	8 6	Grezyor, Catherine F.	San Francisco.	28.	— 8 8
Burke, John.	San Francisco.	12.	10 4	Oriffin, Eliza J.	Virginia, Nev.	10.	2 5
Burnett, John P.	San Francisco.	21.	— 2 14	Gusman, Juan A.	San Francisco.	15.	2 3
Burterles, G.	Sacramento.	22.	— 8	Haas, James R.	San Leandro.	—	18 6 13
Butler, Annie E.	San Francisco.	17.	— 1	Hagerty, Daniel.	San Francisco.	10.	32
Butter, Antone.	Sacramento.	17.	3	Hals, Joseph.	Sonora.	Sept. 29.	1
Butts, W. L.	San Jose.	26.	37 7	Halms, Hans.	San Francisco.	Oct. 18.	34
Byron, Mary.	San Francisco.	27.	37	Hansen, Peter.	San Francisco.	23.	28
Callaghan, Edwin.	Virginia, Nev.	10.	3	Hanson, Ida.	San Francisco.	18.	24 4 18
Callaghan, John T.	San Francisco.	10.	4 7	Harrington, Jane.	San Francisco.	13.	22
Calvin, Elizabeth T.	Sacramento.	Sept. 30.	55 19	Harrison, George.	San Francisco.	4.	35
Campbell, Milton.	San Jose.	Oct. 18.	— 21	Haskins, Sarah A.	Forest City.	Sept. 23.	14 9 17
Candif, Mrs.	Reno, Nev.	Oct. 15.	66	Hawes, George H.	Sacramento.	Oct. 8.	— 6 16
Cantillon, Margaret.	San Francisco.	24.	40	Hayes, John.	San Francisco.	16.	36
Cardozo, Claudina J.	San Francisco.	10.	4 15	He, Sang.	San Francisco.	25.	46
Carey, Dennis.	San Francisco.	14.	26	Heath, Plummer.	Allegheny.	1.	47
Carey, Margaret.	San Francisco.	5.	40	Heibaus, Robert.	San Francisco.	27.	18
Carillo, John B.	Sebastopol.	8.	8 20	Henderson, Justus.	San Francisco.	28.	4
Carrington, Henry.	San Francisco.	22.	55	Hoag, Solomon C.	San Francisco.	28.	45
Cassion, Thomas.	San Francisco.	17.	35	Hollahan, Henry W.	San Francisco.	13.	— 7 7
Cavanagh, George W.	San Francisco.	22.	4	Hopkins, S. W.	Siskiyou County.	24.	65 6 3
Chambers, Sarah J.	San Francisco.	4.	6 20	Hopper, F. J.	San Francisco.	7.	40
Chapin, Lyman.	Bear Valley.	13.	55	Hood, John W.	San Francisco.	20.	49
Charles, Johanna A.	Virginia, Nev.	11.	8	Hunt, Charles.	Petaluma.	21.	—
Chase, Charles G.	San Francisco.	24.	21	Husley, John.	San Francisco.	2.	60
Chretien, Schenck.	San Francisco.	15.	50	Hutobins, Charles.	San Francisco.	3.	8
Clark, Rosella L.	Sacramento.	11.	38 6 24	Irish, Joseph.	Oakland.	3.	33
Collins, Siles H.	San Francisco.	1.	44 6	Isaacs, Louis.	Sacramento.	10.	24
Connell, James F.	San Francisco.	24.	— 9 25	Ish, Ann.	San Jose.	Sept. 29.	38 4
Conners, Maria.	Virginia, Nev.	Sept. 28.	22	Jager, Catherine.	San Jose.	27.	38 8
Connor, William G.	San Francisco.	Oct. 19.	39	Jeter, Sarah N.	San Joaquin Co.	Oct. 7.	16 6 8
Conroy, Michael W.	Virginia, Nev.	15.	2 3 6	Johnson, Edward.	Sonora.	2.	70
Crockett, Thomas B. C.	San Francisco.	19.	17 11 7	Johnson, Hannah.	Lincoln.	26.	70
Cronin, Johanna.	San Francisco.	2.	39	Johnson, James.	San Francisco.	25.	61 8 21
Cudby, Louisa E.	Gold Hill, Nev.	Sept. 22.	1 4 14	Johnson, Ruby M.	Butter County.	Sept. 30.	3 11 10
Dahnken, Jane.	Antioch.	Oct. 5.	24	Johnson, Sarah.	San Francisco.	Oct. 13.	22
Daley, Hugh.	San Francisco.	22.	44	Jones, Carrie K.	San Francisco.	9.	— 22
Davey, Annie.	Georgetown.	13.	10 11 17	Jordan, Albert H.	Portland, Or.	23.	—
Davis, Jane M.	Napa.	6.	13 25	Jose, Vicente.	San Francisco.	3.	— 8
Dawson, William.	San Francisco.	1.	6	Kearns, Bernard.	San Francisco.	7.	42
Delavan, Martha J.	Clarksville.	June 18.	—	Keurney, Annie.	San Francisco.	1.	42
Dennison, Richardson.	San Francisco.	Oct. 3.	44 5	Kelum, William C.	San Francisco.	28.	50
Detrich, Francisco.	Marysville.	Sept. 22.	1 4	Kendry, Henry P.	San Francisco.	5.	1 2
Devoc, Elizabeth M.	San Francisco.	23.	47	Kenney, George H.	Red Bluff.	15.	4 2 25
Diessler, Charles.	Shasta.	21.	40	Kent, Katy A.	Sacramento.	Sept. 30.	4 20
Dold, Valentine.	Sacramento.	26.	70 7	Keyer, James.	San Francisco.	Oct. 8.	— 2
Doshier, Henry.	San Francisco.	12.	32 10 20	Kilday, Walter P.	San Francisco.	Sept. 30.	1
Downey, Bridget.	San Francisco.	20.	30	Kyle, P.	Pascetta's.	24.	55
Downing, Charles H.	Halfmoon Bay.	Sept. 13.	— 6 2	Laeler, George.	San Francisco.	Oct. 24.	47
Downs, Mary.	Clayton.	Sept. 30.	19 4 17	Lake, Edwin T.	Eureka, Nev.	9.	26
Drew, Catherine A.	San Francisco.	Oct. 31.	— 10 5	Lane, Roy, N.	San Francisco.	26.	43
Drum, Thomas.	Gold Hill, Nev.	Oct. 23.	46	Langmask, Fredrick C.	Arbuckle.	14.	49 4 7
Duttenhoff, Lizzie.	San Francisco.	Oct. 19.	6 3	Langton, Catherine.	San Francisco.	14.	70
Eddy, Elizabeth.	Nevada City.	24.	14 4	Lardner, Kate D.	Sacramento.	9.	25
Efinger, John.	Petaluma.	20.	7 2	Lenmon, Henry A.	Sierra-vento.	Sept. 30.	1 4
Elkus, Hollmann.	Sacramento.	14.	46	Lester, Libby K.	Calisoga.	Oct. 6.	29 9 22
Emery, Josiah S.	Pine Valley.	Emery 4.	26 3	Lewis, Jane.	Petaluma.	Oct. 14.	23
Erskine, Jane.	Nevada City.	24.	56	Lindros, August.	San Francisco.	26.	31
Erwin, Daniel G.	Sacramento.	10.	4 14	Low, Thomas W.	Dur Lodge, Mon.	—	22
Evans, Othello F.	Reno, Nev.	Sept. 30.	22	Lowenberg, David.	San Francisco.	14.	84

DEATHS.—Continued.

NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE.		NAME.	WHERE.	WHEN.	AGE.	
			y.	m. d.				y.	m. d.
Luders, William A.	Dayton, Nev.	Oct. 7.	38	—	Ryan, William	San Francisco	Sept. 30.	74	—
Ludwig, Henry	Brooklyn	9	1	2	Ryan, Willie	Healdsburg	Oct. 17.	2	4 17
Lyons, Mary	San Francisco	5	—	10 14	Schluter, Louise	San Francisco	12.	—	3 8
Lysight, James P.	Sau Francisco	21.	—	2 21	Schmidt, Chris.	San Francisco	13.	46	—
Maguire, Elizabeth	San Francisco	15.	24	—	Schultze, Gottfried.	Auburn	16.	50	—
Marshall, David G.	Truckee	13.	38	—	Scott, Louisa E.	Santa Rosa	3.	25	—
Martell, Stella C.	Mokelumne Hill	14.	20	3	Shafer, M. D.	Sacramento	22.	6	2 14
Martin, Secodina	San Francisco	3.	1	4	Shane, Aaron	Santa Rosa	3.	58	2 16
Maxwell, Ann.	Santa Rosa	Sept. 18.	23	—	Sheehan, George F.	Marysville	19.	20	6 24
Mayer, J. C.	San Francisco	Sept. 29.	48	—	Shene, James H.	San Francisco	28.	—	4 29
McAuliff, Hannaro	Virginia, Nev.	Oct. 26.	—	1 24	Sheridan, James E.	Sacramento Co.	12.	66	—
McClintock, Archibald	Napa	—	19	6 11	Shuey, Sarah B.	Alamo	Sept. 28.	—	8 28
McCormick, Anne	San Francisco	18.	73	—	Smith, Alexander B.	Reno, Nev.	Oct. 3.	28	—
McDermitt, Peter	Auburn	25.	7	6 23	Smith, James E.	Sacramento	16.	36	8
McDermitt, James	San Francisco	5.	56	—	Snow, Ansl.	San Francisco	18.	72	—
McDonald, Randall	Grass Valley	7.	48	—	Snyder, Edward W.	Pietz Hill	14.	40	—
McDougall, Edith	San Francisco	25.	—	9	Sorenson, George S.	San Francisco	26.	—	6
McKlane, Margaret	Petaluma	Sept. 28.	60	—	Spreen, William	San Francisco	12.	32	—
McPadden, Daniel	Brown's Flat.	Sept. 29.	28	—	Staats, Joseph	San Francisco	1.	56	—
Mehren, Emma	Gold Hill	Oct. 10.	19	—	Stelmbacher, Sophia.	San Francisco	17.	—	1 5
Menger, John	Grass Valley	2.	38	—	Steloman, John	San Francisco	21.	45	—
Mertes, William H.	Roseville	16.	12	3 19	Stratford, Bridget.	Virginia, Nev.	11.	28	—
Middleton, Mary D.	San Francisco	15.	53	—	Sullivan, Joseph	San Francisco	21.	—	2 14
Miller, Annie M.	Stockton	24.	—	—	Sully, John	San Francisco	27.	21	5 24
Miller, Wade H.	Centerville	Sept. —	55	—	Sutherland, Gertrude	Jone City	Sept. 30.	—	1
Milner, Horace H.	Sacramento	Oct. 17.	39	—	Sweeney, Ellen J.	Petaluma	Oct. 15.	7	9
Mitchell, Annie	San Francisco	12.	53	—	Sweetser, Joseph Y.	Honcutt	Sept. 30.	49	—
Moore, James W.	El Dorado	17.	2	4 11	Synson, George M.	Grass Valley	Oct. 16.	—	7 5
Moreno, Madelina	San Francisco	17.	22	—	Tavel, Frederick	San Francisco	24.	39	—
Morrill, Francis C.	San Francisco	4.	—	1	Taylor, William	San Francisco	26.	42	—
Moulin, Alfred	San Jose	Sept. 27.	50	—	Thal, Eliza	San Francisco	4.	43	—
Mowe, George W.	San Francisco	Oct. 27.	50	5	Thomson, Moses F.	San Francisco	8.	56	—
Muller, Louisa N.	San Francisco	6.	27	—	Thomson, Thomas	San Francisco	2.	32	—
Mumford, Ferdinand S.	Folsom	1.	64	—	Thompson, William H.	San Francisco	28.	40	—
Munday, Patrick	Cliso	14.	44	—	Tilney, Francis	San Francisco	20.	47	—
Murphy, John	Sau Francisco	Sept. 30.	43	—	Tirney, Patrick	Oakland	1.	—	—
Murphy, Mary	San Francisco	Oct. 20.	42	—	Toll, Emmet	Port Jones	1.	40	—
Muth, Katie	San Pablo	Oct. —	2	—	Torrey, John C.	San Francisco	9.	43	—
Neff, John S.	Sacramento	2.	37	—	Towle, Elizabeth	Latrobe	15.	33	1 4
Nichols, B. S.	San Francisco	8.	51	—	Turner, A. N.	Chico	18.	29	—
Norelli, Theodore	Olema	6.	—	6 13	Tuttle, W. F.	San Francisco	3.	—	5 8
Nucent, Mary F.	San Francisco	27.	—	3 26	Urquhart, S. P.	San Francisco	4.	70	—
Nutting, Florence S.	San Francisco	27.	—	6 5	Vagts, Annie M.	San Francisco	19.	1	5 2
O'Connor, Elizabeth	San Lorenzo	11.	—	—	Vau Noy, Susie P.	Saltina City	Sept. 26.	15	9 2
O'Farrell, Elizabeth	San Francisco	15.	—	9	Van Pelt, Peter H.	Colusa	Oct. 14.	32	—
Oliver, Amos S.	Martinez	Sept. 24.	45	—	Ver Planck, D. E.	Santa Barbara	Oct. 12.	—	—
O'Neill, Maria	San Francisco	Oct. 14.	35	—	Wallace, John S.	Brooklyn	25.	50	—
O'Rourke, Margaret	San Francisco	11.	55	—	Wallace, Luther S.	Sacramento	28.	25	—
Ostrander, Addison A.	Plainsburg	5.	27	—	Walters, Christine	Jacksonville, Or.	Sept. 30.	47	8 4
Parker, William W.	San Francisco	16.	44	11	Ward, Catherine E.	San Francisco	Oct. 19.	1	9 26
Pezin, John M.	San Francisco	5.	51	—	Ward, Hattie P.	Vallejo	Oct. 12.	—	4 21
Phillips, Frank H.	San Joaquin Co.	21.	18	1 18	Westall, Calvin M.	Mariposa	14.	44	—
Pooley, Charlotte A.	Oakland	27.	47	—	Wethelmer, T. E. A.	San Francisco	4.	3	23
Post, Ida M.	Railroad Flat	Sept. 21.	3	5 21	Wheatley, James	San Francisco	23.	43	—
Poster, Edgar W.	Yreka	29.	52	5 3	Whitley, Thomas J.	San Francisco	11.	14	2
Preston, Alice	Sacramento	Oct. 14.	—	20	Wiggin, Kate I.	San Francisco	26.	—	10 15
Reyes, Ralph M.	Weston, Or.	Sept. 13.	2	3 14	Williams, Harry R.	San Francisco	3.	2	11
Reynolds, John	San Francisco	Oct. 8.	59	—	Williams, Kitty	San Francisco	26.	2	—
Rice, William	Butte County	6.	47	—	Willson, Sarah T.	Sacramento	22.	23	5 21
Rick, Henry	San Francisco	6.	3	11 12	Winans, Lucretia	Sacramento	15.	78	—
Riehm, Edward R.	Virginia, Nev.	28.	3	11	Wicks, William	San Francisco	3.	42	—
Riston, Susan H.	San Francisco	21.	62	8 22	Woods, C. B.	Caldwell's Springs	20.	31	—
Rosen, George	San Felipe	4.	—	4 10	Work, James	Galt	7.	72	2 10
Rout, John S.	Napa County	15.	—	—	Wright, Elizabeth	Aniloeb	Sept. 23.	49	—
Rose, J. H.	Bakersfield	1.	35	—	York, Phoebe T.	Sacramento	Oct. 28.	41	1 15
Ruck, James H.	San Francisco	20.	9	2 18	Zuck, Mary L.	Gilroy	1.	24	10 22

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- SCRAMBLES AMONG THE ALPS. By Edward Whymper. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.
 MEMOIRS OF A HUGENOT FAMILY. By Ann Maury. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 KALOOLAH. By W. S. Mayo. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
 THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM. By John G. Whittier. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 THE MARBLE PROPHECY. By John G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

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

- SAILING ON THE NILE. By Laurent Laporte. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 NIAGARA: ITS HISTORY AND GEOLOGY. By G. W. Holley. New York: Sheldon & Co.
 PICKED UP ADRIFT. By James DeMille. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 STRIVE AND SUCCEED. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: A. K. Loring.
 THE RISE OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES. By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
 CONCORD DAYS. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros.

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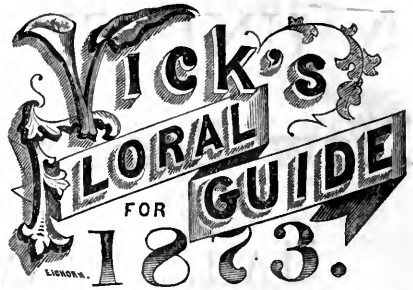
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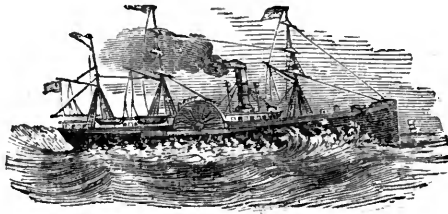
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1. Essays on Local Material Resources.

We may repeat what we said, two years ago, under this head: "The OVERLAND presents, in graphic, perspicuous detail, the peculiar resources of the Pacific Coast and Territories; avoiding all *puffing and advertising* of individual or corporate interests, as well as the dry husks of mere statistics, facts, and figures. The interested immigrant and resident have come to look upon this feature of the magazine as the means of acquiring reliable information in regard to the country, while the general reader has found it interesting by reason of its literary treatment." Among the well-known contributors to this department, we mention the names of Captain Beaman, Arpad Haraszthy, John Hayes, Dr. Henry Degroot, Mrs. F. F. Victor, Prof. D. C. Gilman, Prof. J. D. Whitney, Josephine Clifford, etc.

2. Travels and Geographical Sketches.

Under this heading, we call attention to the articles of Mark Twain, J. Ross Browne, Clarence King, Stephen Powers (pedestrian journeys through the States and Territories), Charles Warren Stoddard (South-Sea sketches), Joaquin Miller (home-journeys), R. W. Raymond, N. S. Dodge (noted European places), H. D. Jenkins, Rev. Thomas Condon, William V. Wells, and many others.

3. Studies of Western Manners and Civilization.

It remained for the OVERLAND to develop the character of the Western Pioneer, as intensified and heightened in the strange and new civilization of the Pacific Slope. First we had Mr. Harte's unique sketches, which have not been equaled by any of his later productions writte away from his field of inspiration, in connection with which appeared Stephen Powers' studies of "A Piney Woods Character," Mr. Emery's "Centrepole Bill" and "Compasses;" Mrs. Neall's "Spilled Milk" and "Placer;" Prentice Mulford's characteristic articles—"Balty," "Pete," "Camp," "Jo," etc.; Mr. Evans' "Shakes;" Farley's "Rose's Bar;" Green's "Dawn;" Mrs. Victor's "El Tesoro;" and Mrs. White's "Spades." In the domain of fiction, the OVERLAND has won the criticism of publishing "the best short stories in any American magazine." Among other writers in this department, we may mention Governor Booth, W. C. Bartlett, Samuel Williams, Noah Brooks, Geo. B. Merrill, B. P. Avery, Mrs. Cooper, etc.

4. Independent Literary Criticism.

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The reputation the OVERLAND MONTHLY has attained, at home and abroad, for the many valuable scientific papers published from time to time; for the widely acknowledged benefit it has been to the Pacific Coast in presenting facts about our resources, climates and natural advantages in an attractive form; for its unequalled short stories, so fresh and peculiarly suited to the spirit of the times; for the impetus it gave to the writers of the Bret Harte school, and for its much varied matter of a high literary character, will be fully maintained in the future. We promise for the coming year the same interesting and uniformly excellent Magazine, and as a guarantee of this we need only refer our readers to our numerous and brilliant array of contributors, and to the new attractions the year may bring forth in our land of constant new discoveries, not only of a mineral but also of a literary character. As we grow older we have the pleasure of adding to our list many of the best intellects of the land. We rely on the excellence of the Magazine for an increase of patronage, and fully appreciate the compliments paid us for our work in fostering literary tastes on this coast, and hope to continue to merit the favor of both reader and critic.

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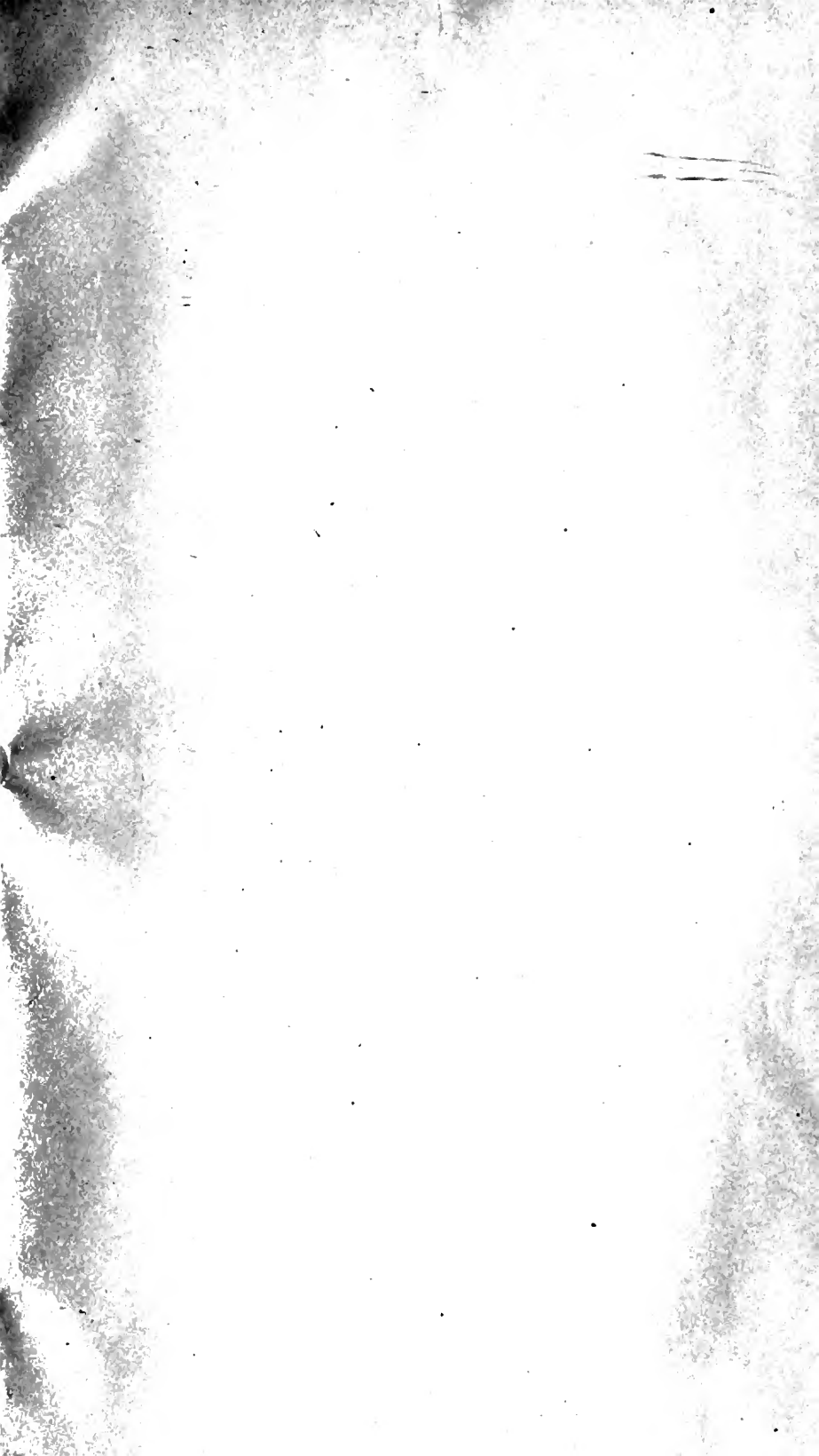
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