Pine Branches and Sea Weeds

Alfred Lambourne

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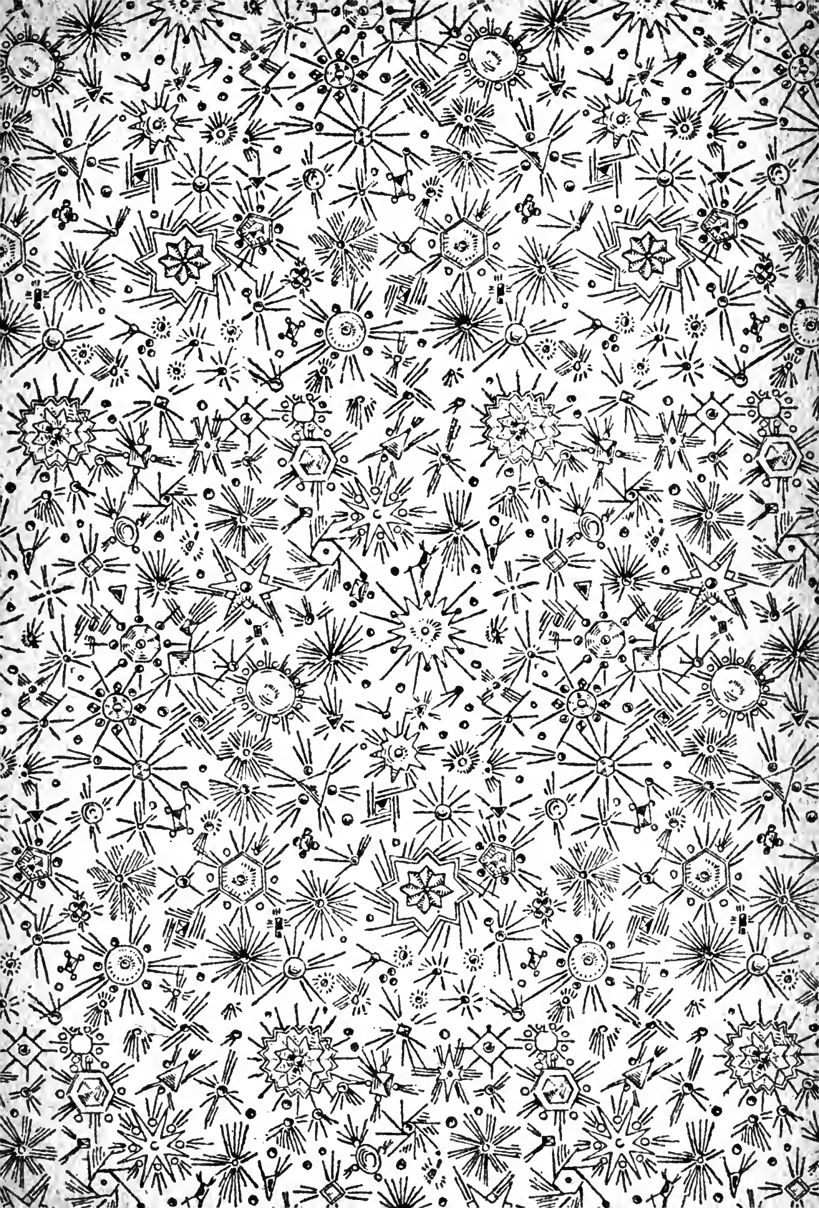

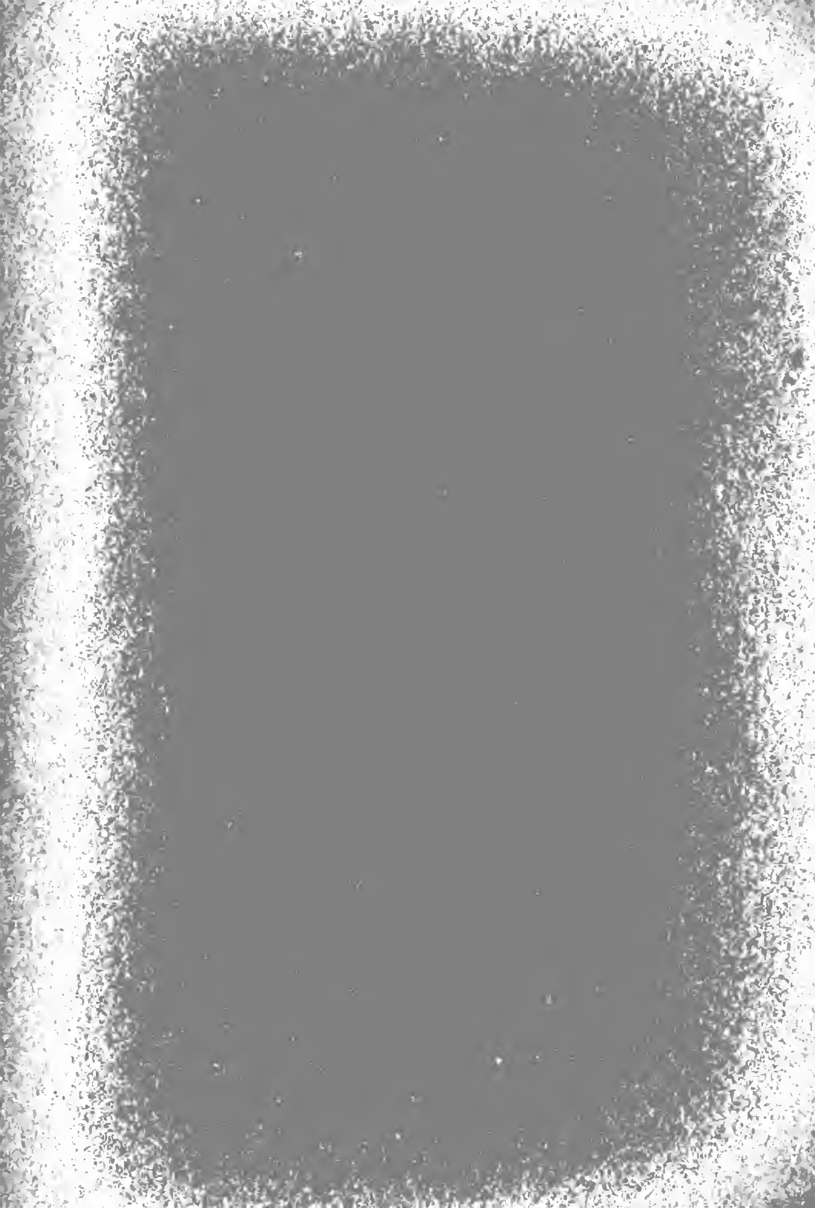

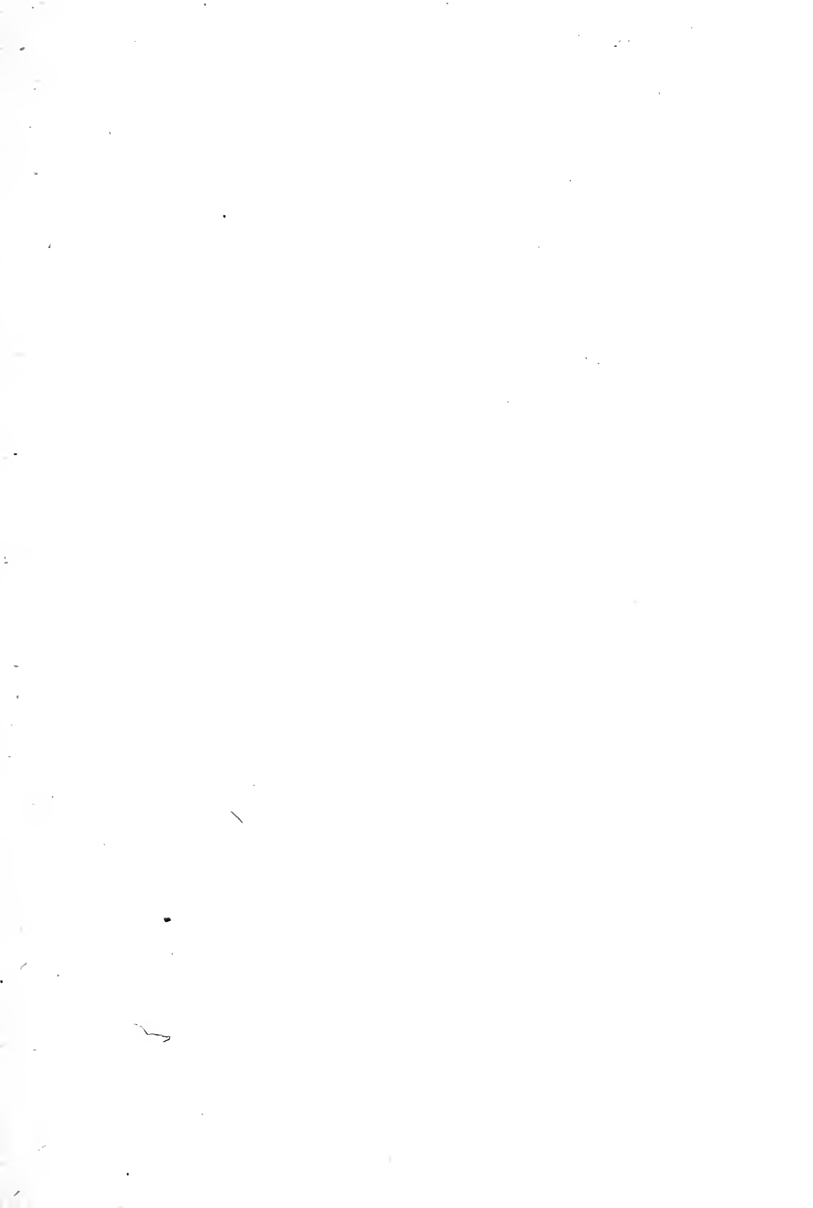

PINE BRANCHES

AND

SEA WEEDS.

BY

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

SALT LAKE CITY.

1889.

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PREFACE.

This little volume hardly needs a Preface; its purpose is merely that of presenting, in a collective form, the several descriptive pieces it contains, which are reprinted from the various publications in which they first appeared. They are, with one exception (the final piece), reminiscential of days passed by the writer among the mountains and upon the sea-shore. If they shall prove of interest outside the circle of readers who have already given them their commendations, the object for having them republished in the present form will have been accomplished. Perhaps the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove have become rather threadbare themes, but are they more so than many other places of celebrity which receive, perennially, tributes of praise in verse and prose? The piece called "Artist vs. Poet," was a caprice. As will be seen it evinces a bias in favor of the artist, but this the reader may kindly overlook, being, as it is, the outgrowth of a kind of pique, or resentment, felt by the writer, in common with many others, at the apparent neglect and fate of much that is, or was, most beautiful in Art. The piece is inserted in the volume as being not altogether out of harmony with its other parts.

THE AUTHOR.

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A Mountain Night Storm.

A MOUNTAIN NIGHT STORM.

REMINISCENCE OF A TRIP TO THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE WEBER RIVER, UTAH.

O night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength.—*Byron.*

THE scene of the following sketch is situated on the eastern border of Utah Territory, at that point where the eastern slope of the Wasatch Mountains is confronted by the steep and lofty peaks of the Uinta Range. The little adventure, if such it can be called, happened to the writer while indulging a somewhat ardent passion for lake-hunting. The Upper Cañon of the Weber, where my tent was pitched, serves as a natural gateway to a region wild and charming as can be. There, held in the stony laps of the great mountains, are the hidden lakes whose waters give rise to the Bear, the Provo, the Weber and the Duchesne Rivers.

Much of the region remains in undisturbed seclusion, uninvaded as yet by man, and toward its deep recesses, as toward the strength of a citadel, the startled denizens of the neighboring mountains have at last retreated. Its high pastures are still safe resorts for herds of wary deer, and across the fallen pines that bridge the first leapings of the streams through the woods, the cruel wildcat creeps cautiously upon its prey, as in days of yore, and, crushing down the bluebells and columbines in his path, the savage grizzly may still be seen, as he leaves his den at noonday, to loll his unwieldy bulk in the tall, moist grass on the lake margins.

My companion that night was a skillful mountaineer—one of that class of men now so rapidly becoming of the past. Over all of the broad West his feet have wandered; he has shot the bison and trapped the beaver, tracked the red man and known the delirium that follows the finding of the precious metal. A few ideal touches would make of him another "Leather-Stocking," but these I shall not give. Now a wife and children share his home by one of the

river-sides, and, accepting the change and thrift slowly coming his way, a busy saw-mill earns their daily bread. Yet at times the old hunter's fire rekindles in his breast, and then the trusty rifle is taken down. Often, in mid-winter, his snow-shoes are donned, and where the keen wind cuts like a knife through the forest, the elk is surprised and slain.

Together we had passed the greater part of a July afternoon in climbing up a steep wooded ravine, that led from the cañon, and which finally brought us out on top of a broad, level plateau, covered deeply with luxuriant grass, and dotted thickly with clumps of pine and aspen. A beautiful park of nature's own making, it stretched away to the southward, far as the eye could reach, until lost to sight in the soft, blue mysteries of distance. Lying between those two rival chains of mountains, the Wasatch and the Uinta, this lofty plateau occupied debatable ground. It seemed to belong neither to the serrated ridges of the Wasatch on the right hand, nor to the peaks and domes of Uinta on the left; it was a vantage ground whence both

these chains of mountains could be seen in all their rugged majesty along the horizon.

Looking upon the broad panorama of mountain and gorge, thus grandly spread out before our gaze, I had wished to see its varied features lit up by the beams of the setting sun. I had desired to see the purple Wasatch shadows speed across the intervening space, and climb slowly the bare, rifted sides of Reed's Peak. But this I was not destined to witness. When we first reached the plateau, but few clouds were floating in the deep blue sky, and the brilliant sunlight bathed the extended scene in a golden glow. In patches of light the grass was of golden green, in shadow golden brown. The myriad flowers strewn o'er the place burned like so many jewels; for, although mid-summer heat prevailed in the valleys below, in that high altitude was yet the reign of spring. Screened by pine branches, we had watched the graceful deer pass in long files from glade to glade, and seen the spotted fawn wanton by its mother's side like a playful kitten. From time to time "the hot and busy bee" whizzed past our ears; the

gaudy butterfly drifted on damask wings — all on the mountain tops was instinct with life and with sylvan beauty.

As the evening approached, however, a decided change took place. A sultry heat began to fill the air. Over the assembled peaks, at the cañon head, a massy cumulus had formed, and, advancing from out the west, a multitude of long, gray, vapory clouds were attracted toward it, until with its mighty shadow it darkened ten thousand acres of mountain side, casting deep gloom on the region of a hundred lakes, the birthplace of as many streams.

At the northern extremity of the plateau, sunk in a shaggy basin, was a somber pool. A narrow deer trail led down to its shore, but no velvet-horned stag would lead the herd to drink whilst such an ominous silence brooded on earth and in air. Guided by an unerring instinct, bird and beast alike had sought their closest shelter. What a perfect picture of quietude was the pool as we re-passed it — a glassy calm, unbroken save only now and then, when a skating spider would lightly skim across,

or the dancing gnats touch its face with a scarcely discernible ripple. How hushed and still! Among the spear-like pines not the slightest motion—not the slightest waver in the purple blackness of their reflected image. Not a sigh escaped from the forest branches, or whisper from the water sedge. Nature seemed to wait and be expectant. All below seemed as if silence could dwell there forever, but overhead was the whirling edge of that vast spreading cloud, now risen to such a toppling height that the loftiest peak was but as its footstool, and its brow was flushed with anger and it wore a crest of flame, the gift of the retiring sun.

As we hurried back toward the ravine, night and the storm descended upon us at once. Fierce and strong were the contending elements. Hardly had the first big drops of rain fallen, ere the wind, rushing by in wild haste, bent the pine tops earthward, and then shrieks and groans arose from the straining forest. Then the darkness of night was cleft asunder by a stream of white, blinding light, and its leap

from the clouds was instantly followed by the crash of thunder. From every quarter of the compass the electric fluid darted from ridge to ridge, quivered along the ground, or plunged into the cañon below. Dazed by the incessant flashes of lightning, bewildered by the furious gusts of driven rain, we wandered on through many succeeding hours. Now the events of that summer night dwell in my memory like the images of a troubled dream. As I try to recall each separate fact from out the mazy whole, I sense how lifeless, how powerless they will be to express the tumult, the furious warfare of that mountain storm—a wild symphony in which sound and motion, light and darkness bore each an equal part.

First came the finding of a slippery wood track, that was found only to be lost again. Next came our passing through a strip of forest that had been destroyed by fire, involving us in a network of fallen timber, through which we slowly worked our way, whilst in dread we watched the swaying of those blackened trunks yet standing. For a distance we passed through

tall, rank grass, and beneath the foliage of protecting boughs, and then we were compelled, on our hands and knees, to creep over a mass of granite *debris*, that brought us only to the foot of a barrier cliff, whose white walls, overhung by tossing foliage, started out spectral with every glare of light.

Here we made a pause. Under the beating rain we endeavored to find our bearings. A tumultuous torrent, born of the storm, hurried along beside us; with its voice, at least, it served as a guide to direct us to lower ground.

Then we made a fresh start; moving, with joined hands, cautiously along the stream's embankment, fearing each moment a fall into the rushing water, for the ground, drenched to repletion, crumbled away from beneath our feet. At the end of another hour of wandering we found ourselves surrounded by a labyrinth of bushes from which there seemed to be no escape, and we became very weary, cold and sleepy. Rest our tired limbs we must and would; we sought for some half-sheltered spot where, in spite of the storm, we might pass, in something

approaching to comfort, the remaining hours of this, to us, long and miserable night.

Then it was, when we had grown half indifferent to wind and rain, that there came a flash of lightning, a flash of such intolerable brilliance and followed by such an awful crash of thunder, that we leaped to our feet with a bound. There was no illumination of surrounding objects by this dreadful visitant; it was far too vivid for that; there was only for the instant, its awful, snaky line, wreathed across the inky sky in a pale and livid blue. The next flash that came, one more distant, and which outlined against its course a delicate tracery of dripping leaves and branches, was more than welcome. Perhaps, startled as we were, a vague suspicion that we might never be able to see again, had entered our minds.

The end of our troubles was, however, now near at hand. Finally we were able to extricate ourselves from the bushy maze. We came then to a stretch of rounded boulders, and soon after heard the welcome voice of the Weber river. Led by this we found the beaten cañon road;

and, as ill-luck or good seldom comes singly, the storm soon after began to abate; or, like a victorious army, it swept onward to newer fields of conquest. The booming of its heavy artillery sounded more and more away toward the north-east. In a short time but a few drifting clouds were to be seen, and these but stragglers hastening forward to join the main body. When in the distance we noticed a signal light —a herald of comfort, warmth and good cheer — the storm's advance was surely pouring into the defiles and the battle beginning around the peaks of the far-off Wind River Range.

In Mariposa Grove.

IN MARIPOSA GROVE.

VERY little that is fresh in interest can now be said of the big tree groves of California. They have been visited and their distinctive features noted and commented upon by writers of the most decided ability, who have well-nigh exhausted the subject. All later comments must be, therefore, somewhat trite, and even savor of plagiarism. Yet it is not a sufficient reason why we should suppress all the thoughts and emotions caused by a sight of those world-famed marvels, or that we should hesitate to put those thoughts on paper, simply because what we may wish to say concerning them may have been partly if not wholly told by others; providing, of course, that those emotions have been deeply, honestly felt, and are not merely a dead, lifeless copy. I remember having, in boyhood, read and marveled at the stories told concerning

these then newly-discovered trees, little thinking it would be my fortunate lot, in after years, to look upon them myself. It was with a feeling akin to delight that I found myself, one autumn day, in their close proximity. I tried to roll backward the years, to again feel the youthful wonder and incredulity, then to quickly realize that in a few short hours I would behold them with my own eyes, stand in their huge shadows, and listen to the mountain wind drawing a solemn melody from out their ancient boughs. This gave such a zest to anticipation that I found my eagerness to be among them grow something really painful; an instance in which anticipation could not have been said to have given more pleasure than realization.

It was a clear, moonlit night on which the lumbering stage-coach drew up at the Wawona Hotel, after a long day's drive toward the Yosemite Valley. The hotel is pleasantly situated on an open space among the pines, close to the south fork of the Rio de la Merced, or River of Mercy, and the waters of that stream could be seen flashing brightly beneath the

moon. On the north is a high ridge separating the place from the Yosemite proper, while away to the east is situated the big tree grove of Mariposa.

Before I try to give a true, if brief description of the last-named place, I will preface my account with a few notes by the road that had brought me thus far. I was traveling with one who has been my companion on many similar excursions, and we had taken what is known as the Raymond and Berenda route, a branch of the Southern Pacific railway connecting with the first-named place, and whence we went forward by stage. Raymond marks the beginning of the Sierra Nevada foothills, and looks out upon the hot and barren valley of the San Joaquin. For some distance the staging is through a portion of country possessing the same characteristics as that below Cape Horn on the Central Pacific. In the fall of the year this part of the journey is extremely tedious, the long droughts of the summer months leaving the roads deeply covered with a dust of a most impalpable fineness. The mouth, the eyes and the nostrils

soon become painfully irritated, and the teeth are fairly set on edge. We two, however, managed to keep ourselves in tolerably good humor by giving close study to the various kinds of pines and bushy growth skirting the road. The dry foothills make a paradise for the homely Bull pine, a scraggy tree bearing a big round cone, which now littered the ground in all directions. Though, figuratively speaking, the Bull pine flourishes in this region like a green bay tree, their occupancy of the soil is sturdily contested by the hardy white oak, and there are such dense thickets, or chaparral, as they are called here, of ceanothus and manzanita as prove that the sway of neither can become quite absolute.

There is much similarity in this part of California to portions of West Virginia. The country is dotted with the same kind of log cabins, with their squalid surroundings, the same dirty-faced children (spare the mark, are they black or white?), the same kind of lean, hungry pigs, and the same kind of broken-down fences surrounding the neglected clearings. Away from

the houses there was an abundance of bird and animal life, of small species — hares, squirrels, gophers, quails, blue jays and woodpeckers. The quails were very numerous indeed, and the woodpeckers appeared quite busy, industriously employed in putting away their winter's supply of acorns.

After crossing the Fresno River there comes a change for the better in scenery. We crossed the stream at a point where it had just emerged from a deep and shaggy cañon, and we attacked the heights beyond it, passing up a road cut at a stiff angle along the mountain side. The higher we climbed the more tall and stately became the conifers. Grouped together or standing singly, their proportions were such as made them grandly imposing. Our rapidly changing altitude enabled us to see within the period of a few hours almost all the family of the Sierra Nevada conifers. The dignity of this species proper was in nowise lessened by the mingling among them of their near kindred. On the contrary their individual majesty seemed augmented thereby. Almost in juxtaposition, it

may be said, we looked upon the lordly yellow pine, cedars, red and white, the balsam fir, the black fir, the nut pine, the sugar pine, often called the king of pines, the rare Douglas spruce, the silver fir and many others of which we did not learn the names. Of those mentioned the sugar pine is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all. It is an aristocratic looking tree with a smooth, round and delicately tapering shaft; its branches being conspicuous for their exquisite curvature, while from their tips hang the long, slender cones, often from fifteen to eighteen inches in length, and which were now just ripened in the September sunshine. In youth a most symmetrical tree, but in old age of wild and irregular form. The red or incense cedar, with its warm, yellow foliage and rich, brown bark, as can be imagined, from its name, fills the surrounding woods with its perfume. I can not let this paragraph end without again referring to the lovely silver fir, which, when young, rivals the sugar pine itself in point of grace, and more than surpasses it in perfect symmetry of growth and delicacy of foliage tint. However,

I will not go into details concerning the pineries, lest this should grow wearisome ere we reach the more important part of our subject. All lovers of forest scenery are familiar with Chateaubriand's magnificent descriptions of the primeval woods in "Atala" and among the pineries of the Sierra Nevada, many of his pictures can be fully realized.

Well, off we sped at last for the Big Tree Grove, our spirits attuned for surprise and wonder. A bright, sparkling morning, a bracing air, and sun arrows of steel-gray light shot into every corner of the bosky wood. So massive, ere we had gone far, were the trunks of the trees, so lofty their stature, that we began to think ourselves among the famous ones at last. But on our suggesting this idea to our coachman, he only smiled sarcastically and but answered jerkily to our further inquiries. "Wait awhile, wait awhile," he said; and not before we had grown half tired with expectation (though at every foot of the road were passed such wonders of vegetable growth as would have delighted a Kingsley or a Holmes), did he deign to

enlighten us further on the subject. "Now, when we have passed that curve in the road, you will see the biggest trees that ever you saw in your life." His words were true. There was no mistaking them this time; those monarchs surely were the culmination of our quest. One by one we passed them by, those hoary chronicles of departed time. The sight was a marvelous one, and we gazed in astonishment at the huge red trunks and massive limbs (trees in themselves) holding aloft a tremendous weight of dusky foliage. Whichever way we turned, our eyes were greeted with a sight of one or more of this concourse of giants. The ground on which they stood rose and fell in broken hillocks, and one of the most striking scenes in the grove was first to meet our gaze; this was where a murmuring stream came wandering down a glen, and two of the mighty trees mingled their foliage above it, the water of the stream keeping eternally green the moss and ferns at their feet.

Not wishing to go into detail respecting the height, circumference, etc., of the Big Trees,

never getting much satisfaction from such things myself, I will mention only the dimensions of two of the largest trees in the grove—the Grizzly Giant and Wawona—letting those serve as indicators of the size of all the others. First, then, the Grizzly Giant, which is said to be ninety-nine feet in girth, and over three hundred in height; after him, Wawona, the living tree, through which an opening has been cut to allow the stage-coach to pass; this one is placed at twenty-eight feet diameter, and but a few feet less in height than the Grizzly Giant. With but slight decrease in measurements, we might go on, giving name after name, until the list was swelled to almost a hundred. Men of science, statesmen, warriors, heroes of Indian lore, have furnished names for the more important, and they, in return for the loan, in many cases, have rescued, for a few more years at least, the memory of those whose deeds are beginning to fade away into the mists of oblivion.

It was the hand of George Tirrel, once a well-known scenic artist of Boston, that first delineated

a scene in the big tree grove of Mariposa. An engraving from his sketch of the Grizzly Giant adorns a book recently published by J. M. Hutchings, who was, I believe, the pioneer of the grove. It shows the tree as it is — a perfect marvel of storm-beaten strength, and the ordinary trees of the forest around it, big as they are, dwarfed into pigmies by contrast with its enormous bulk. The Grizzly Giant shows more than any other of the trees in the grove its battle with time and the elements; its upper branches are scathed and dead, and fire has scarred its lower part. The Indians formerly lit their camp-fires at the base of the largest trees, and to this is due the death of many a stalwart one. Dry rot is working against them, too, the trees moldering away first at their hearts. Between the growth of their inner and outer rings of wood there is a little matter of twenty centuries or so, and the hard outer portion once burned through from below, the inner crumbling core becomes an easy prey to the flames. One of the trees thus burnt out is designated as Pluto's Chimney, and another as the Telescope. Standing

inside its blackened center and looking up to the blue spot of sky, produces a singular sensation in the beholder. I had been told that I might expect to see the stars therefrom at noonday, as we are led to believe we can do from the bottom of deep-sunk wells. I can certify that in the former case it is outside the pale of truth.

Many of the older trees lie prostrate, and seeing them thus, we obtain a far better idea of their monster size than we do from those yet standing. Father of the Forest is one of these fallen ones, and, as it lies with its core eaten out by time, we can ride on horseback through its length — two hundred feet or over, and, entering at one end, emerge from the other, as from a darkened tunnel. Mother of the Forest is seen near by, and although at a first glance she seems to stand hale and hearty in her widowhood, a closer inspection shows that she, too, ere long (as time goes with them) must fall and mingle in dust with her former companion.

Of course that modern invention, the vender of curiosities, has found a place in the grove.

The block cut out of Wawona is being carved into all sorts of small trinkets and sold as souvenirs of the place. Even for the bark, which is some eighteen inches in thickness, a use has been found, and it is made into various fanciful forms for pin-cushions. The old man who deals in these trifles has his little cabin placed between the boles of two near standing trees, and, differing from men of his class generally, is a well-educated person, a graduate of Harvard, and keenly alive to the poetry of his surroundings. The cones of the big trees, he says, find a ready sale, and, singular to relate, they are among the smallest of the redwood family. Two that lie on my table I find to be less than three inches long, while, as said before, the cone of the sugar pine attains often a length of eighteen inches, and even that of the plebian Bull pine averages eight inches in length and from twenty to twenty-five in circumference.

Not to multiply descriptions, I will draw toward a close. The Big Trees of California belong to the species known as the *Sequoia Gigantea.* Their bark has a red, burnt sienna

tinge, and in many instances the yellow moss so prevalent in the Sierra Nevada covers a large portion of their trunk and limbs. In the way of comparison there is nothing else so like these tree trunks in shape and size as a light-house like Bell Rock or Eddystone; but this is a back-handed comparison, for we know it was a tree trunk that suggested the form of the last-named building. In the grove the drive is so arranged that the sight-doing tourist can "do" the greater number of the trees without the trouble of leaving the coach, in his case, no doubt, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." In passing through the grove we meet from time to time a half-naked Indian, a white-haired, decrepit old man, or a squaw bearing the blanketed papoose at her back. When we are at such points in the grove as bring a number of the great trees into one view, the effect is superb; it is like standing in the nave of some majestic cathedral.

When the first feeling of astonishment at their enormous size has passed away, and we

begin calmly to realize how venerable they are, how many years have gone to their building, then it is that we begin to appreciate the sight. There stood those mighty trees, sturdy and big, when Herodotus, "visiting all the chief places of Greece and Asia Minor, traveled in Thrace and Scythia, explored Egypt, went to Tyre, and through Phœnicia and Palestine, made his way into Babylon." Since their green fronds first peeped above the ground, what changes have come to mankind! Old faiths have died and new ones taken their place. The worship of Apis has ceased; the ibis and crocodiles of Nile are no longer sacred. The gods of Olympus have been dethroned; Venus, Pallas, Mars, even Jove himself, faded away before a new dispensation. Jesus of Nazareth, born in a manger, brought to the world tidings of peace and great joy. Mahomet lived his strange life of visions, of toil and blood, to mould the faith of millions. For full five hundred years some of them had stood when Aristotle wrote all that was known in his time of the British Isles: "Beyond the pillars of Hercules are two

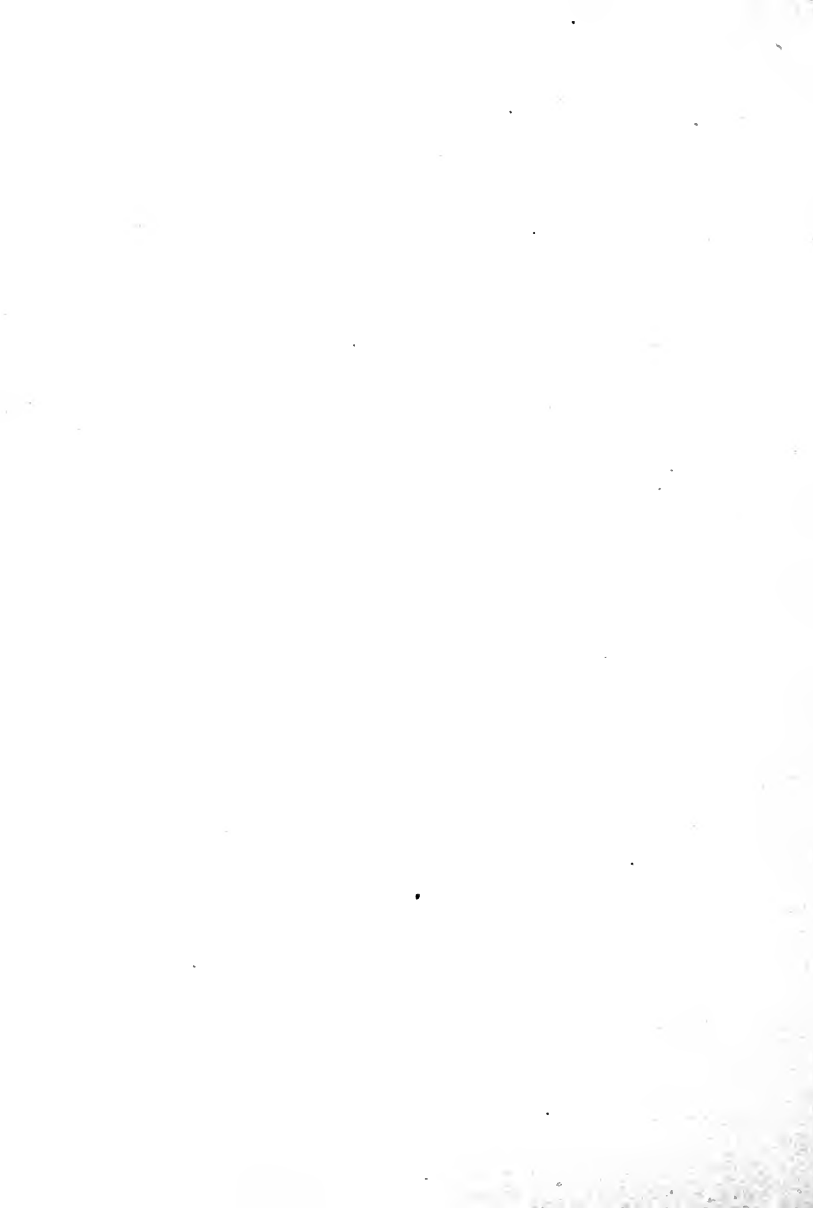
islands, which are very large, Albine and Ierne, called the Britannic." Almost as now they stand they stood while Venice, Daughter of the Sea, rose from the rush-covered islands of the Adriatic, while she grew strong to crush the power of the Turks at Lepanto, and afterward spread the sails of her Argosies on every sea; while Florence lived through her short reign of power and glory; and as the Moors built the fairy towers of the Alhambra, that now for four hundred years have stood desolate on the hill of Darro. Even since they have grown old have the noblest achievements of our race been done. Bruno, Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, have added to the simple knowledge of the Chaldean shepherds all the wondrous stories of modern astronomy; Magna Charta been wrested from King John, and the printing press invented to disseminate knowledge into the humblest household. Since then Columbus, with genius and heroism, found for the development of mankind another hemisphere; and last, but not least, steam, the willing servant and slave, has been set to work in

a thousand diversified ways. There they have stood while war, superstition, ambition, dreams of liberty have swayed the hearts of men, and a better civilization been evolved from the decay of ancient faiths and empires.

As the sun stoops low in the west and the evening shadows steal through the grove, we grow strangely quiet, do not care to talk or to ask questions of our guide; do not wish to know the name of this tree or that, but would rather listen to the whispering voices in the tree-tops far above, and watch the deepening of the red beams of twilight. The solemn presence of these last of a fading race is exerting its influence over us. How brief the sum of days allotted to human life! How like a meteor in the night, that glows and is gone, man's troubled existence! Here, where we see these long-living products of nature's fertility lie mouldering and dead, yielding at last to the inevitable law of decay, how forcibly we are made to feel the truth of Lord Bacon's couplet:

> Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
> But limns in water, or but writes in dust.

But enough of this; it grows turgid if not tedious. To the reader I would say, fail not to go to the Mariposa grove; linger there until the useful lessons of the place sink deep into your heart, and then shape your course toward the Yosemite Valley; look upon its cliffs and waterfalls, and learn to forget for a while the petty cares of life in wandering along its oak-shaded avenues, and in lingering by the side of its crystal streams.



In Yosemite Valley.

IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.

"As well try to follow on crutches a chamois-hunter who has free use of his limbs, as to try to follow with gauge and measure one who has free use of his imagination." These words, or words to this import, are said by Ruskin, and they make me feel how hopeless, fettered with a halting style and a poor command of language, will be my attempt to do something like justice to a description of the Yosemite Valley. He who would rightly describe that place, should speak in words at once strong and simple; should be able to put into his lines something of "solemn tenor and deep organ tones;" should shape his sentences that they flow onward like some calm, bright river, and as befits the theme, mold them into a semblance of "that large utterance of the early gods." Do not infer from this, dear reader, that I will attempt to plume

my wings for such lofty flight, or weary your patience with long-sounding words. Much as the scenery of the Yosemite impressed me with its incomparable sublimity, I do not feel to rhapsodize over it. There is that which is so simple, almost forbidding in its stupendous architecture, as brings to silence at last all our first crude bursts of enthusiasm. By this I do not mean to say that the valley lacks that class of more beautiful scenery which has furnished the most poetical images in descriptive writing, and which is so restful to heart and brain. On the contrary, that is its greatest wonder, its perfect blending of the entrancing with the awe-inspiring elements of landscape. What this blending makes of the Yosemite Valley, we have now, the greater number of us, learned. Yet let us again recall it. Imagine a valley, say from six to seven miles in length and from one-half to one mile in width; let its level floor be covered with clusters of pine, of balsam and oak; through this forest growth wind a clear, sparkling stream, and then on either side of the valley pile up walls of granite to an average

height of five thousand feet; let them in some places be smooth, perpendicular, unbroken; at others splintered into crags or rounded into massive domes; over the edge of these walls let torrents come pouring down, and reflect all this in the sleeping pools of the river; then enrich the foregrounds with masses of entangled fern; let the blue smoke from Indian wigwams rise up through the trees; over all have a soft blue sky, filled with fleecy white clouds, and we have before us once more those combinations of line and color which have tried the skill of America's best artists.

One thing against thoroughly enjoying the Yosemite Valley at the present day is the fact that it contains no surprises. So familiar are we now with its almost every scene, through books and pictures, that we recognize each fall and cliff as though we had been among them for years. As one after another I looked upon the granite tors, it seemed to me, not that they were the real, tangible piles of rock, but only the mental pictures I had carried of them for years, suddenly enlarged ten thousand fold. As

a set-off to this disadvantage, which by the way can be said of everything in Europe, it has few disappointments, indeed, being all that we could justly expect. Ralph Waldo Emerson, for once laying aside his usual stateliness, bears witness to this in a genuine Yankee remark: "This is the only place I have ever seen in my life that comes quite up to the brag." For myself, had I not already received a good schooling in granite scenery, among the cliffs of the Wasatch, and other portions than this of the Sierra Nevadas, my astonishment at the realized pictures would have been extreme. As it was, Mirror Lake was my only disappointment; though, perhaps, it was the time of year that made it so. I have seen other small mountain lakes which I thought more charming.

Primitive rock, primitive foliage, and almost primitive man make up the Yosemite and its native inhabitants. The Digger Indians are, I believe, the lowest in the scale of intelligence of all our western aborigines. The older members of the tribe are quite repulsive in appearance, though little more so than those of other tribes

that I have seen on the deserts of Arizona. Acorns form the chief article of their winter food, and their manner of caching these for that time of the year is peculiar. A pole is erected, or a tree cut off at a suitable height, and around this is built a cylinder-shaped apartment constructed of pine branches, tips downward, while a roof of bark protects it from above. At different levels, openings are left for the insertion of the hand, and through the long, dreary months, the acorns thus cached are almost the only winter commissary.

What are the sensations on first beholding the Yosemite Valley? This is a question that is often asked, and the answer must depend much upon the one who answers it. My own impression, so skillfully is the view arranged for pictorial effect, was that of looking upon some perfect picture. There on the left stood El Capitan, the pine wood on its crest appearing no taller than a grassy lawn. On the right, the Graces, with the gauzy waters of the Bridal Veil. In middle distance, the Glacier Point, the Royal Arches, the North and South Domes,

with Clouds Rest beyond them, dim and gray. We had repeatedly asked of the driver, "Shall we see the valley by sunset?" and repeatedly he had answered in the affirmative. Experience makes them able to time themselves to the minute in reaching any given point on the road. So closely are the possibilities of the horses and the road gauged, that a delay of from ten to fifteen minutes in starting is hard to make up in a distance of thirty miles or more. This is a digression, however; we were speaking about the first view, but a few words must dismiss it. All crimsoned atop with the last rays of sunset, and mantled in shadow below, the vast walls, dim through the haze of early autumn, make a sight of the utmost beauty.

Crack went the whip, down the grade we flew, leaving a trail of dust behind. The valley seemed to be rising to meet us and the mountain tops growing upward. Rattle-te-bang, across dry torrent beds, spinning under archways of trees, and out again with a gusto. So we descended into the narrow valley; while its granite

walls shot up to an unearthly stature in the dull gray of the fast gathering twilight.

How shall I describe our first day's wonderment! How recall those stupendous scenes! It is useless to repeat the old, threadbare commonplaces. To say that it was awe-inspiring; that with their magnitude those scenes crushed us down to earth, or even to tell how at last they worked the opposite effect; how the spirit was stirred within us, and asserted its superiority over mere earthly scenes, refused to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" by any barrier line however vast. Yet such I must state is the truth; at first we were humiliated, and then exalted. At first we bowed down before the majesty of Nature's handiwork, and at last it served only as a threshold through which the mind escaped, to plunge into space beyond its utmost rims of distance. An excellent place is the Yosemite—an excellent place in which to study out a problem or two. Is the mighty orbit of Neptune more sublime than the same line of eternity as expressed in the smallest finger-ring? There, it seemed, we could find an answer—that in the af-

firmative. Why confound the principles that give mere pleasure, even if intellectual, with those that realize for us the principles of the sublime? Mr. Ruskin, though he once so savagely wished that California and all the big things it contained, might sink to the bottom of the ocean, does he not, practically, give his verdict in favor of greatness of size? Though in his chapter, "Modesty in Science and Art," he shows that the subjects of landscape in vulgar art are often made up of Matterhorns, Mount Rosas, and blue glaciers, does he not, for once, fall into the prevalent error of forgetting that the shallow and the great may offer up their adorations at the same shrine? Though in that chapter he wishes us to feel that to the true lover of nature the low banks of Greta stream, with their oak thickets, were all sufficient, does he not elsewhere tell us that he of the master mind, and he who was so happy there in his work, conceived his noblest thoughts at the feet of the Alps, by the side of the Swiss lakes? Mr. Ruskin (all honor to him for his life's work) satisfied his own thirst for the sublime in look-

ing upon the purple heights of that same Matterhorn, and by gazing into the depths of the Via Mala, and upon the slow-creeping waves of the Mer de Glace. Mr. Kingsley, too, "the minute philosopher," though he advises us "to disabuse our minds of that tyrannous phantom size, and to remember that great and small are but relative terms, save in proportion to the quality of creative thought which has been exercised in making it," even he who has plead so eloquently against the sublimity of mere vastness, could not rest content among the oaks of his native England, but must away, to all but worship the great Ceibas in the High Woods of West Indies.

Yes, let false philosophy decide as it will, there is still a difference in greatness, even between masses of inanimate matter. A drop of water is not great or sublime — the ocean is. Even though Mr. Kingsley would have us think otherwise, the mass of El Capitan, out of whose ribs material enough for the building of all the cities of the world could have been taken, is greater, more sublime than a twelve-inch cube

of granite. Granted "that the fly who basks on one of the trilinthons of Stonehenge is infinitely greater than all of Stonehenge put together, though he may measure but the tenth of an inch and the stone on which he sits five and twenty," does it follow, logically, that because of this, that there is not existing a "great and small" among those trilinthons themselves? Not in the least; it is but subtle falsehood could teach us so. To be strictly truthful we must acknowledge that greatness may sometimes result from association. That although singly a mica flake can lay claim to be neither one nor the other, in association it may form that which is both great and sublime. Certainly the line of eternity expressed in the finger ring is sublime; but not as sublime as that same line as it is described by the rolling of the planet Neptune. The cliffs of Yosemite, towering their thousands of feet into the air, are impressive to look upon, both from their majestic forms and their enormous bulk.

Would the traveler carry away with him a true conception of the Valley of the grizzly

bear? Then let him devote a day to climbing to the summit of Glacier Point. Zig-zag the trail goes winding upward, until the head is made quite dizzy with the many turnings. At certain points is passed a Douglas spruce that, growing isolated and assailed by the mountain winds, has taken on the most fantastic though still graceful forms. For the sake of seclusion, and for economy also, I had chosen to walk alone, instead of hiring a pair of mules and a guide, as is usually done, and much did I gain thereby. If from the paltry height of Dover Cliff, Shakespeare was impressed so as to give us such vivid images, how must he have been affected could he but have gazed from such an eminence as that? I confess that the looking over the edge made my knees fairly smite together. "How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!" The iron rail, placed for safety at the overhanging brink, seemed to me then no stronger than a spider's thread, and I feared lest my touch should break it. How I was discomfited by what happened an hour later it is but fair to tell. A tourist

party had come jogging on mule back up the trail, and a little girl, perhaps not more than ten or twelve years of age, had leaped from her saddle, and running down fearlessly to the brink, leaned over the rail, and fairly clapped her hands for joy. Then I retired to the background thoroughly ashamed of the cautious, shaky manner in which I had approached such a short time before, though be it said in defense of my weak head, several adults in the party held back from the place, one of them being quite white with fear.

While yet on the point, I entered into talk with an old mountaineer, and he, like them all, was fond of telling his little story. Here is one that he gave me of the Mark Twain type: An old pioneer who had formerly lived in a hut near by, had earned for himself many an honest penny in a most peculiar way. For the edification of tourists who came to the spot, he used to throw an old hen over the brink of the cliff, and the sport was to see her go fluttering downward, and to hear her distressed and angry cries. Perhaps

while she fell a thousand feet these doleful cries might come back and then all would be still. "O, she don't mind it," the old man would say, "she's got quite used to that." And sure enough, so he went on to relate, the tourists as they descended, would meet the old hen on the trail, a little ruffled, perhaps, but otherwise unhurt, coming quietly back for the next day's fall. However, to leave all joking aside, it is a very trying ordeal to some, the looking down those thousands of feet; but once the sickly sensation conquered, the sight is a glorious one. The valley appears as level as a floor; the Merced river, like a line that is drawn with the finger; the oaks and pines like small round dots—but what is the use! the whole scene is too stupendous to be recalled by such hacknied similies. It was several hours before I could realize what a space it meant. There it all lay: Yosemite Valley, Teneya Cañon, Indian Pass, Little Yosemite, that wilderness of granite, Clouds Rest; all dream-like through autumn haze, Tissack—Goddess of the Valley; the white, voiceless waterfalls; Mount Starr King; El Capitan; the

dense pine woods, blue with distance and showing fainter and fainter as they receded from sight; peak after peak and chain after chain of the Sierra Nevada. Standing in the valley, we favor the thought that it owes its origin to some sudden earthquake shock, but as seen from above, we think it the work of the ancient glaciers. Beautiful Yosemite, whichever of these theories be true, the result will be "a joy forever" to the human heart.

Getting away from the somewhat too declamatory ending of the former paragraph, into which we were betrayed by the overwhelming vastness of the scene, let us begin another in a quieter strain. Are not the roadways, or avenues as they are called in the valley, most judiciously named? We can find our way unattended to any point we may wish to reach. I remember more particularly, as no doubt do many others, the Pohono Cathedral and Tissack avenues. To many quiet-minded persons who prefer the seclusion of nooks and brooks to more extended scenes, the last named avenue is the most attractive place in the valley. No

wonder, when we consider how sweet a place it is to rest the jaded limbs and tired mind after the task imposed upon them. In keeping pace with the flying hours, for they must be allotted with scrupulous care, unless we have very many at our disposal, we find that the close of the day's sight-seeing brings with it for us, perhaps, sheer exhaustion and aching brows. Then it is that the avenue appears most restful. There is the power of the lotus in the gentle stream that wanders beside it, nothing more soothing than that murmuring voice, or nothing more likely to restore quiet to our overwrought nerves than the rhythmic motion in the overhanging roof of the avenue, pine and oak branches mingled. No better rest than lying on the mossy stones by the stream and watching the speckled trout lazily waving their delicate fins. Had my subject no other scenes than these, and they are found at every turn, it would still be as delightful a place as any day-dreamer could wish.

In making mention of the appropriate naming of the various avenues, I should have made it a

general statement. All of the naming in the Yosemite is singularly felicitous, and it seems to bring the several parts of the valley and its surroundings into harmonious fellowship. Our feelings are not shocked as they are so often elsewhere, at the incongruous title of some delectable spot. The old Indian names, either applied or retained, are as full of poetical meaning as the red man's faith in the power of the unseen spiritual forces of nature was simple and pure. Pohono — Spirit of the Evil Wind; Pi-na-ack — Cataract of Diamonds; Yo-in-ye — The Meandering. Such are three of the suggestive titles they gave to the waterfalls now called by the names of the Bridal Veil, the Vernal and Nevada Falls. I should like to be able to say that I had seen the Yosemite Falls, but candor compels me to confess that I have not. The drought of the summer months preceding our visit to the valley had dried up the stream which supplies this, the highest waterfall, I believe, in the world. It was a disappointment, indeed, and it was quite tantalizing to look up at the wall of granite over which it comes tum-

bling in the earlier part of the year. Mr. Cook, a resident of the valley, felt quite lonely without it. "You can not imagine," he said, "how I miss the voice of that fall; it seems that a friend is gone." In the presence of so many other worthy falls, I did not feel its absence as keenly as I otherwise might have done. Vernal Falls received their English name from the intense greenness of the mossy rocks at their base, and either of their two names suits them well. So, also, does Meandering, the Indian name for the Nevada Fall; its water does not fall straight down, but clings to the rocks in wonderfully beautiful curves. Whilst I stood looking at its seven hundred feet of dizzy motion, trying to realize its height by keeping track of one of its water arrows as it fell from top to base, I had one of the greatest frights that ever I received in my life. A big dog (strayed, perhaps, from some near camp) had cautiously approached, and seeing an individual standing quietly, his hands crossed at his back, grabbed one of them in his mouth. It was done merely in playful friendship; but could

any one have heard the sudden yell that followed his action, he might have thought that there was an infuriated grizzly bear somewhere in the neighborhood, as some one else did. Pohono, Spirit of the Evil Wind, whether or not you linger around your former home I know not, but this I do know, so long as the present mountain winds sport with thy waterfall, sway it from side to side, dissipate it in mist-dust ere half way down, and make of it a cloud whereon the rainbows gleam and quiver, so long the pale-face looking upon it will be in fit mood to believe one and all of the poetic little legends he so often invents and loves to make the red man responsible for.

A person that all visitors to the valley should see, at least those interested in the study of character, is Old Pike, "the guide." He is an original, and no mistake. There is something intensely ludicrous in his small, piping voice, coming, as it does, from such a powerful frame. "I lost my voice," he says, "in telling lies to tourists." Old Pike is at great pains to tell before all new comers some amazing stories of

bear hunts; especially if there be among them some new-fledged Nimrod. It is astonishing to see what comfort an old mountaineer derives from the mishaps of that class of persons. Old Pike is merciless with them. The dry, covert way in which he alludes to such is generally enough to set the table in a roar.

We draw toward a close. Yosemite is for California what the Valley of Chamouni is for Switzerland—a place to love and be proud of. Perhaps I have been too florid in my descriptions, but if so, I could find good company who have been the same. Our visit was when the usual popular season was over, and the valley presented quite a different aspect from that under which it is generally seen. For several weeks preceding our visit the outgoing coach had been loaded down with passengers, while those going toward the valley were either empty or had, perchance, a stray passenger or two like my companion and myself. It was furthermore a matter of congratulation with us that, with the exception of ourselves, our host had but an empty house. Toward the close of our stay he

received one other guest, but this new comer's ways were so much in harmony with our own, so quiet were his comings and goings, that practically our peace was not disturbed in the least.

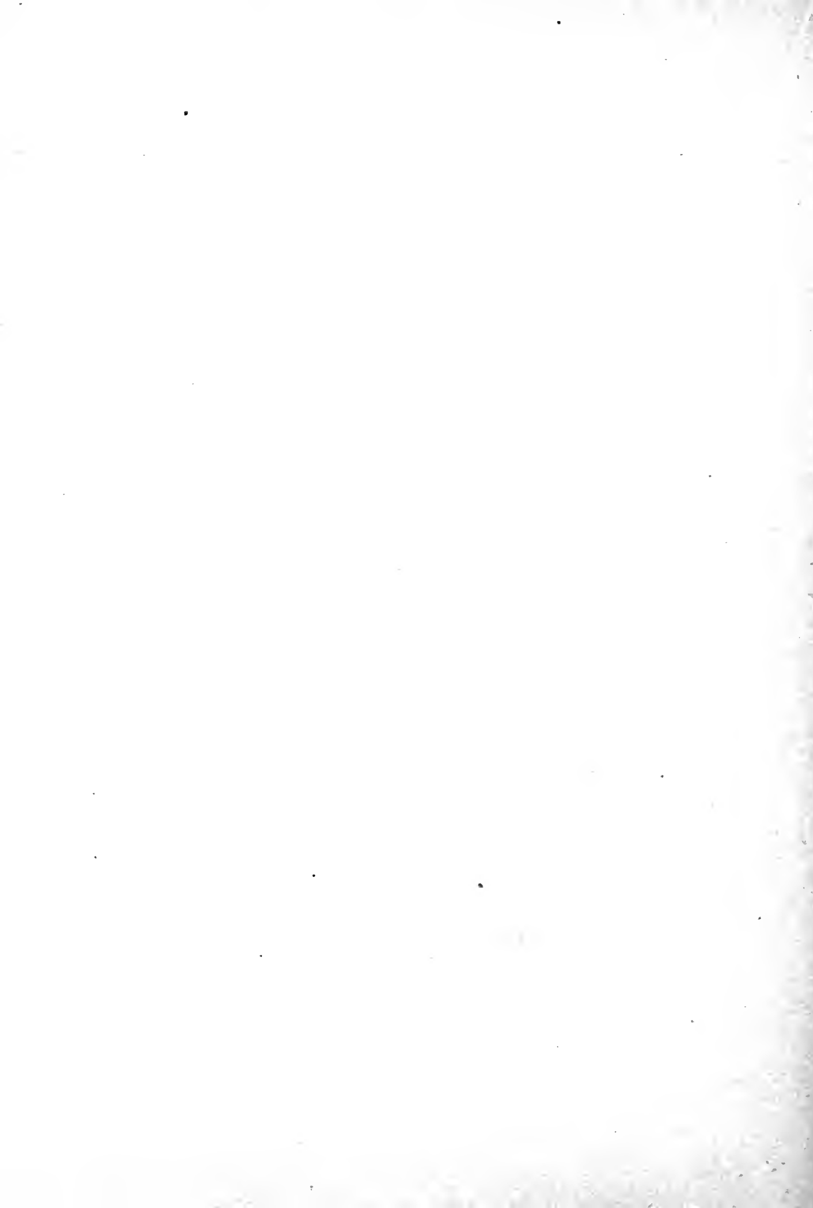
This sketch, although strung out to undue length, does not even mention some important sights that elsewhere would be central figures. Never shall I forget several hours passed near the Washington Column. Lying in the shadow of a broad-armed oak, our fellow-lodger repeated for me, in a deep, sonorous voice, Burns' immortal poem, "A Man's a Man for a' that," and I wondered what Burns himself would have thought could he but have lifted his eyes from his paper while writing those stirring lines, and looked upon the scene before us. I am afraid that later on I offended my friend who recited those lines so feelingly. He drew my attention to an Indian encampment near by: "Do ye nae feel the poetry o' that?" "Yes," I replied, "in connection with the surroundings I do; but the Indians are too degenerate now to be attractive, aside from association." "Nae, nae; if ye canna feel it noo, ye may be a painter mon, but

ye are nae poet." However that may be, I feel somewhat different from him who, viewing Yosemite from the brow of the hill, turned away in contempt, pronouncing it merely "a hole in the ground."

Perhaps in July and August, when nature is flushed with the fervent heat of mid-summer; when the torrents that thunder down from the cliffs are at their greatest volume; when the floor of the valley is a mass of flowers, the place may be seen at its best. But the autumn season has its special attractions, too. Then the Merced creeps on in glassy stillness from pool to pool; the entangled ferns are dashed with blood-red stains, and the frost king plants his victorious banners of crimson and gold in valley and on height, and all those jagged peaks and rounded domes of granite appear even more huge and high, as they loom up pale and indistinct through the hazy veils of the closing year.

Leaves from a Note Book

I. At the Home of "Ramona."
II. At the Twin Lakes, Colorado.
III. San Lorenzo Glen.



LEAVES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

I.

AT THE HOME OF "RAMONA."

OUR stay at the Camulos Ranch, or the home of "Ramona," as it will henceforward be more generally called, was a pleasant one. The place gives a perfect conception of an old-time Mexican-Spanish homestead, such as were once quite common throughout this part of the country, but which are now fast disappearing from the land. The ranch is situated in the Santa Clara Valley, which opens out onto the shores of the Pacific Ocean, in the most delightful semi-tropic region of Southern California. Quite attractive enough in itself is the place, apart from the tinge of romance Mrs. Jackson's book has necessarily thrown around it. The pastoral scenes and incidents that may be witnessed there are highly suggestive of other lands, and one can scarcely

believe himself within the limits of the United States while looking upon them.

As may truly be said of many other visitors, we were attracted to the place by the ideal joys and sorrows of Ramona and her Indian lover. The days we had just passed at the old mission at Santa Barbara, taking note of the drowsy life there, and those days we had spent in watching the play of the soft, blue Pacific from the low, stooping cliffs of the Rincon, had sufficiently weaned our thoughts away from the affairs of every-day life to enable us to thoroughly enjoy a stay at this quiet, sequestered spot.

The charm of Mrs. Jackson's story of Ramona lies in the subtle power with which she links the actual, the physical features of a country and the every-day life that may be seen there, with her imaginary persons and incidents. Now, whenever I shall think of the old mission at Santa Barbara, it will bring up an image of Father Salvadierra, in the closing hours of his life, and certainly a flock of sheep pastured near an orange grove, will recall the exploits of Allessandro and his band of dark-skinned shearers.

Our visit was fortunate in regard to season. The amorous breath of spring was wafted through the pleasant valley. The wild mustard plant, "with its stems so small as to be almost invisible," was in full flower, and still suggested the simile of a golden snow storm. The willows along the banks of the Santa Clara were as light, as vividly green, and the orange trees as glossy and dark; the pepper trees waved their long pendant branches as quickly to the slightest breeze, and the "curves, hollows and crests" of the Sierra de San Rafael were as iridescent, as thickly covered with verdure and bloom as in the springtime of the years gone by.

Those who have read the charming novel will remember that the story deals with the wrong, the injustice done to the Indians during the early settlement by Eastern people of Southern California. Perhaps in several instances these wrongs are over-stated, although in the main they are probably correct. Much injustice, no doubt, occurred; many gross violations of truth and right. The California Indians were of a very peaceful nature, from all accounts,

grateful for the smallest favors, and their trouble with the white settlers fully justifies the general tenor of the book. Cabrillo, one of the earliest explorers of the coast, if not the very first (his bones now rest somewhere on the Island of San Miguel, the most westerly of the group of islands visible from the coast), bears witness to their simplicity in his diary (1542), and later on we have the statements of Drake, from his memorable piratical voyage of 1579, of the perfect confidence the natives placed in the superior knowledge of the invaders and their good intentions toward themselves. According to old Fuller, the scenes enacted between Drake and the Indians were something similar to those with Columbus at Hispanolia. Drake and his party were worshiped as superior beings; "baskets of tobacco and presents of boiled fish came daily to the English ships from the conical huts on shore, and in return for these the English sent lotions and ointments to such of the natives as had sores or wounds." Under the Mexican Senors the Indians enjoyed certain and liberal privileges, and by the mission fathers they were

treated with the utmost kindness. Not until after the acquisition of Southern California by the United States, at the close of the Mexican War, did their trouble begin. Then their eviction from the lands they had so long enjoyed began to occur.

Throughout the story the character of Allessandro is skillfully portrayed. His Indian blood and Indian nature assert themselves in spite of all early training. Fierce is his love for Ramona, and deep his hatred of his oppressors. He is morose. Even the gentle patience of Ramona could not make him shake off the sometimes sullen, the sometimes fierce resentment that he felt at the sight of the downfall and gradual extinction of his race. Had there been, says a recent writer, commenting upon the plot of the story, many Allessandros among the Indians, the chances are that much that was blamable would not have occurred. A determined movement on the part of those holding land would have brought some recognition, at least, of their rights to the land they had tilled.

By many this resurrection of dead issues, this recital of the wrongs of a race who were certainly most inferior, will be considered as useless. But the author of the book has thought otherwise, and, indeed, as she intended, the story points a moral, indicates the better course to pursue in many a quarter yet, and then genius must have a theme, a central thought to work upon, and around which to weave the colors of romance. Truly the work is better done if from the heart of the writer there wells up true indignation at injustice suffered, and the hope that her words may have some power to avert such injustice again in the future, even if only to the fast dwindling remnant of the red man.

Within a few moments of our arrival at the Camulos Ranch, our ears were greeted by the sounds of a bell. This bell, we afterward discovered, formed one in a set of three, all of which were imported from Spain, as told by the inscriptions running around their rims. They are very ancient-looking, and are most likely relics of some one of the old missions falling

into decay in the neighborhood, probably San Luis Rey. The bells are hung in a stout wooden framework hard by the little chapel, which is one of the distinguishing features of the Camulos Ranch, and not more than a rod from the south verandah of the house, where so many of the more interesting episodes of the story take place. One of these performs the office of summoning to meals all persons at the ranch, and another assembles them for worship and prayer. The one whose voice we first heard, was sounding for the evening meal, and, judging by the number and heterogeneous nature of the crowd of persons that responded to its call, the hospitality and patriarchal character of the place have in no ways declined.

One of the most interesting as well as novel sights at Camulos is the morning prayer. I have already mentioned the little chapel. It is embowered amid the orange trees, and although only just large enough to accommodate the family circle—the attachees of the place kneeling in the long arbor adjoining—the altar is quite elegant, and on the walls are several old paint-

ings of saints, reputed to be of considerable value. The Señora at Camulos, as can be imagined, is a most devoted Catholic, and the chapel was erected for entirely private use. Many a priest has officiated within its narrow space. On the hill-tops overlooking the valley, are placed a couple of large, white crosses, for the purpose, perhaps, that the Señora Morena mentioned, "that the heretics may know, when they go by, that they are on the estate of a good Catholic; and that the faithful may be reminded to pray."

At an early hour of the morning several of the young misses of the house, señoritas, I suppose I must call them, appeared in the gardeu and gathered a number of large bouquets to decorate the chapel altar. At the third warning of the bell the priest emerged from the house, followed by the greater number of its inmates. Of course some curiosity is naturally felt by visitors to see the lady of the house, and to detect in her, if possible, any traces of the Señora Morena. Outwardly there is certainly none, except that she evinces the shrewd, business-like

tact of the ideal creation. We had ample evidence of this when she gave directions to the men engaged in trimming the orange trees, and to those transferring to boxes for shipment the loads of golden fruit that hung upon them.

The service was effective and simple. It could hardly fail to be effective amid such surroundings. During the prayer of the girls, at its latter part, the click of the trimming-shears sounded continually from the orange grove, and the songs of the many birds that frequent the place — canaries, finches and linnets — mingled with the chanted responses. Though not having altogether the beautiful significance of the Sunrise Hymn so skillfully used in the story, it strongly recalled that beautiful incident to memory, especially the answering of the birds.

> "Singers at dawn
> From the heavens above
> People all regions,
> Gladly we, too, sing."

An indispensable appendage to a Mexican house of any pretensions is a fountain. There are two at Camulos Ranch—one by the chapel and a smaller one in the courtyard to the north

of the house. The courtyard ought to have been mentioned first, for of all things southern, the most pre-eminently southern is a courtyard to the house. "There is enacted the greater part of the domestic drama; there, under the shadow of the verandah, hang the water-jars; there the women weave their lace; and the shepherd and the herdsman lounge, and smoke and train their dogs there; there the young make love and the old doze." Yes, the verandah of a courtyard at a Mexican home is an agreeable place, and makes one half, if not wholly, in love with southern life. There to the utmost one can indulge in dreamy reverie, learn the virtue of not being in haste, and soon be, the world forgetting and by the world forgot.

Camulos will be a pleasant memory, to us at least. Its delectable surroundings, its orange groves, its olive, almond and lemon trees; its vineyards, its clambering roses and, most of all, the glimpse it gave of a life tinged with the *Dolce far niente* of the south will often appear, like an oasis, amid the memories of more sterile scenes. When the one tall cypress standing by

the fountain was outlined in black against the twilight sky—hazy yet with the fervent heat of the past day; when the breeze that crept through the valley dissipated around the rich perfume of the orange and the flowering almond, and when on the ear fell the soft rippling of the Santa Clara, as it moved onward to the sea, it seemed, not that we were in California at all, but on some favored spot of sunny Mexico, or beneath the sky of Spain.

II.

AT THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.

When I looked out of our car window in the early morning (the sun was not yet above the horizon) the surrounding objects showed all of a leaden gray through a heavy downfall of rain. This, then, was undoubtedly the reason why the days we have recently passed in the Cañon of the Grand River were so oppressive and close; why the sun rays reflected from its shining walls had all the heat of a furnace, and the cause of the Mount of the Holy Cross being but a vague shadow, shimmering in a

whitish haze, far up in the sky above the groves of pine. Apparently we were on the western rim of Prof. Gleason's cosmic storm, which is soon to shake, he says, the mountains to their foundations, and which in reality has already strewn the Atlantic coast with wrecks. Our chances to see those high-lying sheets of water—the Twin Lakes—appeared but poor indeed, for if this was really but the coming of the usual autumnal rains, even then those heavy volumes of cloud, water-filled, would hang for many days on the mountain tops. However, here we were, side-tracked on the continental divide, at an elevation of 9,000 feet, and surrounded by mountain ranges whose summits average over 14,300 feet.

But we were not to be cheated of our Alpine ride. The rain soon ceased and the clouds rolled back to the mountain tops. It was almost magical, the swiftness with which the blue appeared overhead; patches of sunlight drifted across the expanse, now over hill, and now over dale. The day was to be a fair one after all.

The scenery of our western mountain lakes, from these heights of Colorado to those of the Sierra Nevada, play, as all travelers in these regions know, upon the same chords of our emotional nature—those feelings stirred by solitude, those by the sublime, and those enkindled by such wild beauty as the mountain summits display. Nature has, however, as many subtle ways of thrilling those chords as the poet the passions or a master musician of varying some simple air. Though each of these lakes recalls something of another, each is as a verse in a chanson, or as one in a string of sonnets—complete in itself—a re-breathing with modifications of a general thought.

Within half an hour of the breaking of the storm we were seated in a comfortable coach and bowling along across the high bleak waste of the Cache Creek Park. The young ladies must needs go along, and armed with innumerable wraps they bid defiance to the cold, sharp winds. Tom and Fritz ran on before—Tom at a swinging pace, Fritz at a lively trot. Soon they had started a frightened hare, and next

chased one of the lively chipmunks into the branches of a silver aspen. The air resounded with their barks and yelps.

For many years the lakes we approached were considered the exclusive sources of the Arkansas River. But although they are its principal feeders, part of the stream is derived from the springs on the south side of the Tennessee Pass, over which we crossed yesterday. The tops of the mountains on either side of it are visible from the highest portion of the park, and almost discernible, too, away to the southeast, is the deep, stony gorge through which the collected waters flow. Hastening away over ledge and boulder, in a ravine below, was the contribution from the lakes—the draining of the glittering fields of snow, on the lofty ridges and peaks before us, destined to pass between banks overhung by tropical foliage, ere, mingled with the turbid waters of the Mississippi, it reaches the Atlantic, through the Gulf of Mexico.

A harmony in subdued tints was the view from the park. First, leading the eye off into the middle distance, was the sage-gray level,

fretted with juts of ruddy stone. Then the lower growth of fir trees, of a deep sad green, and then a belt of trembling aspen, along the mountain's side, these of a warm yellowish tint, a something between an amber and tarnished old gold; above these fir grows again, but blue, a deep indigo blue, with distance and shadow, and lastly the domes of the mountains over all, white with their covering of new-fallen snow, but shadowed yet with clinging drifts of leaden-hued clouds.

Soon we caught a glimpse of the lower lake — the larger one of the two — and entered the grove of trembling aspen on its southern shore. The sun now poured down an abundance of warmth and light. The night frost had loosened the leaves on the aspens, and they were slowly fluttering down upon the road by tens of thousands. It was a beautiful study of pensive colors, nor could I help noticing how well the tawny yellow coats of Tom and Fritz harmonized with the general golden tones. The silver-green lights on the illumined sides of the aspen trunks was a lovely foil to the sunny glow, and the dark

purple-blue flowers of a bunch of asters by the roadside gave more decided values to all.

The lower lake, as it first showed itself to our view, was a disappointment when compared with what we had expected to see. Surrounded for the most part by low, sterile hills, there was but little in the scene to admire. A fringe of trees, mingled white and yellow pine and balsam fir, stood at its upper end. A huge bald eagle sailed overhead, and as it breasted the wind with ruffled feathers, it lent a momentary wildness to the scene.

Standing on the causeway dividing the two lakes, we had a full view of both sheets of water. A number of yachts and rowing boats lay at anchor in the lower, while a rustic boat-house and a Gothic hotel with a borrowed name on its shore, gave to the place the tame and insipid appearance of some lake of the Eastern States; but the further resemblance was destroyed by the loftiness of the mountain range to the east, the Mosquito or Park Range. These mountains, like those to the west, were deeply covered with snow, deposited in a single night.

What can not truly be said in extolment of the beauty of the upper lake? Was there in all Colorado at that moment a more perfect scene of beauty? As much as its companion had disappointed, this one compensated—and more. No picture I have ever seen does half justice to the place. It recalled to my mind, in general features, the Fallen Leaf Lake of California, as I had seen it sleeping among the Sierra summits one summer day. But it was merely in the mountain outlines. No spirit of quietude brooded over this scene. True, there was a sultry hush, but it was not peace; it promised turmoil—a war of elements. Every line of the mountains said eternal repose, but the clouds formed, broke and re-formed with fitful energy. The place was soon to be the theatre of stormy action.

What dreadful solitude the mountain-tops disclosed when viewed through the field glass—lonely and awful with wastes of drifted snow, or sheer, bare walls and precipices of riven granite. A world of desolation up there on the almost inaccessible heights of Mounts Elbert and

Massive, but one of infinite richness lower down, where their sides are clothed with woods! Here and there an aspen, more brilliant than its neighbors, burned with a vivid paly gold. Not a speck of red was on the autumn woods, though there was a rich flush of crimson under the boughs of the dark fir trees — the frost-stricken leaves of the wild strawberry plants.

Inter-laken, the hotel with the borrowed name, received us at last. We could stay no longer to enjoy the scene. A thin film of cloud — a veil of gauze — came over the shoulders of Mount Massive, and through it we could see dense black clouds, pressing on as if to crush down the mountain peaks. A moaning wind came through each pass and canon, and the lakes grew dark as the midnight sky, heaved up in indigo waves, foam-capped. The great open fire-place of the hotel was a pleasant spot, and its small store of books was welcome; and welcome, too, was the bounteous meal to which we all sat down, and the cheery voice of the coach-driver an hour or so later, announcing that the storm-clouds had once more cleared.

III.

SAN LORENZO GLEN.

Unexpected pleasure awaited us by the San Lorenzo River. More delightsome places than the glens cut by the streams that slope down from the summits of the Coast Range to the Pacific it would be hard to find. Never does the ocean appear more beautiful, nor ever does it impress us more profoundly with a sense of its majesty than when we come upon its shore suddenly from out some sylvan depth. Likewise we can better enjoy, enter into the spirit of peace that pervades some quiet glen such as this, after having stood where the sea and the land are engaged in a ceaseless warfare—the one aggressive, the other defensive; when we have watched the great waves, rank behind rank, rush forward to be shattered upon the rock-spears thrust forth to meet them, and seen the advance, the struggle, the recoil, and heard the crash, the thunder-bursts of sound that go on forever at the feet of the cliffs, as at a battle front.

Yes, it *is* hard, as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, to judge between the attractiveness of the mountains and that of the sea. He may be right that "the one where your place is is the best for you." Yet, like him, I should be pleased to have a little box by the seashore, where I could look out at mine ease on the moods of the mighty deep; see it through the hours "stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by and by begin to lash itself into a rage and show its white teeth and spring at its bars, like a caged panther, and howl the cry of its mad, but to me, harmless fury." Yes, there would be rest in that, to see it beat and throb, like the great heart of nature, and though, at times, it appeared as an adversary, to realize that behind its seeming enmity there was more of the friend than the foe. Well has the poet Campbell, in his "Lines on the View from St. Leonard's," sung the praises of the sea, and weighed

> "—— Old Ocean's Saturnalian days
> And roaring nights of revelry and sport
> With wreck and human woe——

> "Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
> Our pensile globe revolve in purer air;"

and all its work of beneficence for the human race.

Yet still we love the mountains, and, as said before, what more delightsome places than their glens! Lovely this one of the San Lorenzo. At one place its stream is calm and deep, dark beneath the forest branches; at another vehement and noisy, raising its voice in protest at the hardness of its granite bed. Each passing breeze, in this month of April, is perfumed by contact with the azalea and lilac. Along the way are stately trees, the roots thrust deep into the crumbly soil, and their topmost branches, all damp with the mists that roll up from the sea. Many of these trees are familiar to Eastern eyes, but an equal number appear as strangers. A profusion of beauty all around! On the glossy leaves of the saucy buckeye, and on those of the pungent laurel, the sunlight glitters white. The thick-set, round-topped live oaks make a splendid show, though the sycamore, big-leaved and broad-spreading, and the noble madrone are

lords in these Western groves. Of course the red-woods are grandest of all, but we must climb up higher for those. Of a striking contrast with the cool gray tones and mottled appearance of the trunk and arms of the sycamore are those of its companion, the madrone. In the fall of the year this tree sheds the bark from its trunk and branches, as other trees shed their leaves. Now they are of a lively red color. At first they are left of a salmon tint, which, as the season advances, grows darker, until, at the shedding time of the following year, they have changed to a deep, rich crimson.

Of all forests, is not a pine forest the one that inspires us the most with deep emotion? Is it not there that nature seems ever about to whisper forth her secrets, though in some long-forgotten tongue? The red-wood groves at the head of the San Lorenzo glen, where it widens out into the Cayente Valley, will be always associated in my mind with those words of Keats. (Hyperion, the First Book.) Perhaps when he penned them he recalled to mind some English forest-glade; or perhaps the image may

have been evolved in the fervor of a day-dream; but ever will the sonorous lines bring back to me my hour in the red-wood grove, when, under the thick branches, the night shadows were a something darker than black, and the sharp tips of the trees showed, motionless against the sky, luminous with the glittering belt and sword of Orion, and where, when a "solitary gust" swept down the glen it seemed as if the old, old trees muttered among themselves, as if they whispered that the end of their days was near.

> "As when, upon a tranced summer night,
> Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
> Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earliest stars,
> Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
> Save from one gradual solitary gust
> Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
> As if the ebbing air had but one wave.
> So came those words and went——"

A Visit to Shoshone Falls.

A VISIT TO SHOSHONE FALLS.

—— of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven
It was my hint to speak.—*Shakespeare.*

The incessant roar of head-long, tumbling floods.
—*Burns.*

It may truly be said that water is the soul of a landscape. Whether gliding stilly in a shaded lowland stream, voicing its passion in some steep mountain torrent, or at peaceful rest in some hill-locked lake, it is the feature that makes us never tire of the scenes enriched by its presence. So we may say, with like truth, that those associations, those objects of nature by which we are surrounded in youth are those whose counterpart or type affect us most in mature years. In the early period of life the imagination has the widest play; then it can create at will, out of

the slightest materials, such images to "the mind's eye" as becomes, oftentimes, the pursuit of manhood to realize. I well remember a favorite pastime of my boyhood days — a pastime tinged with something akin to the explorer's zeal — when I loved to wander along by the side of our village water-course, and to see in the "sweet disorder" of the rocks and bushes along its edge, the scenery of some mighty river; to imagine its verdant thickets the solitudes of a primeval forest; to see in the quiet slipping of the water between banks of a few feet in height the passage of the river through rugged hills; and, in the pleasing delusions of a day-dream, to convert the gentle dimples and the miniature cascades, as they played among the mossy stones at the dipping-place, into impetuous rapids and white, tumbling falls. No wonder, then, with such predilections, that in manhood I should hail with more than ordinary pleasure a pilgrimage to the Shoshone River, where, in truth, one could see a powerful stream winding its way through strange and lonesome wastes, and listen to its angry voice as it swept onward over rapids

and fall, deep in the confines of a bleak and craggy gorge.

It was fast nearing midnight, during the early part of the month of August, when I arrived at Kimima, an obscure cluster of houses, and a station on the Oregon Short Line Railway. My traveling companion, who had planned the trip, was quite familiar with the country 'round. He had been, some twenty years before, the first to picture scenes along the Shoshone or Snake River, now noted the world over. He chose as a starting point the place just mentioned, in preference to the usual one, some thirty miles farther down the river, as it enabled us to cross the stream, and to make our journey along its southern side, a proceeding which would give us some fine glimpses of the Basaltic Gorge, the Lesser or Twin Falls, and several minor points, otherwise visited but with difficulty.

We had made arrangements by mail to have a conveyance come from the river ferry to meet us, for there yet lay between the station and that place a broad stretch of plain. Hardly had the train lights disappeared in the distance when

we heard a clattering of wheels, which announced the arrival of the promised vehicle. In answer to our enquiries, all had gone well, all arrangements had been perfected. We rolled ourselves in our blankets, and prepared to pass what remained of the night in the open air. After the day's fatigues, we were disturbed by neither the restlessness of the horses nor the long, dismal howlings of the prowling cayotes, a species of concert to which the sojourner on the Western plains will soon grow accustomed.

At an early hour we were up and doing. Sunrise found us well on our way, the miles quickly falling behind, so that ere noon we arrived in sight of the river, glancing between its willow-tufted banks. The stream is here about 800 yards in width, and the ferry that crosses it is one of the old-fashioned, primitive kind. A flat-boat is attached to a steel wire stretched from bank to bank, and is impelled across the stream by the lateral pressure of the current.

While on the road we were once more reminded of a fact that is patent: that all drivers are

either very talkative or else very taciturn. George, as his name happened to be this time, was decidedly the former. Not a rock or a tree by the roadside but served as a theme for endless discussion. Any object, animate or inanimate, was enough to start him. His "I tell you," was always the prelude to some marvelous story, but, indeed, some of the stories that he told, those of the early pioneer life, were marked by pathos, some with genuine tragedy.

Under the saffron sky of the twilight, the scene from the ferry made a quietly impressive picture. The mellow-tinted waters of the river were seen vanishing away into the gray distance. Along the river's banks were rounded tufts of willows, gently swayed by the evening air, and here and there a pier-shaped mass of lava projected, against which the river-eddies swashed with a lulling sound. A low chain of hills, one peak prominent above all the rest, closed in the extended scene, and over this peak two blazing spots of light gave grandeur to the sky—the golden orb of imperial Jupiter and that of white-shining Venus, whilst lower down, bronze

through the river mist, and so dim and small as almost to elude the sight, was the twinkling eye of sly-watching, thievish Mercury.

Our road on the following morning led down toward the prominent hill, whose conical top made a striking landmark across the plain. In this respect the usefulness of the latter was shared by a huge, dark cedar, standing lonely on a neighboring ridge top. At times we followed along the river bank, though at others we passed over long, rolling swells of hill, whilst the river, true to its name, swept away to the northward in many a sinuous curve. In a few hours we joined the old Oregon Emigrant road, whose deeply-worn ruts now serve as ditches to drain the surrounding country during the rainy and thawing seasons. We passed a couple of old cabins, tenantless and crumbling to pieces, and these, again, brought out George's powers of narration. I shall long remember one of the thrilling stories that he told. It was about a party of emigrants, surprised by the Indians while encamped in a rocky hollow. One side of this hollow opened

on the river side, and when, after a stubborn defense, the party felt that their end was approaching, one of their number wrote an account of their tragic fate, sealed the manuscript in a bottle, and cast it into the river. Many, many years afterward it was found. The river, which must then have been in flood, had cast it high upon a bank, and once the bottle opened, the yellow, old manuscript delivered its mournful tale.

We made our first halt, at noon time of course, by the side of a dry torrent bed — the channel of one of those impetuous streams that live their fierce life in the stormy months, to fail in the summer heats. A spring, however, seeped at the foot of a crumbling bank, with just water enough to form a clear, shallow pool, ere it was drank up again among the dry, hot sand and pebbles. Here, in the shade of hawthorn clumps, our lunch of cold meats, aided by a pot of fragrant tea, was dispatched with a relish not often enjoyed.

Our journey resumed, in a couple of hours, we again neared the river, this time where it

enters between the high walls of its basaltic canon. Anywhere along the edge of this deep gorge the scene is as bleak, forbidding, and as savagely desolate, as the most misanthropic mind could desire to see. From the spot where we first looked down, was a typical view of it all. On either hand was a long perspective of vast, rocky walls, flat-topped and sable, and over their rim was the desert plain, where the heat-haze lying in the straw-colored swails, trembled and winked like distant lakes of water. Away to the north, vaporously remote, a chain of mountains formed a saw-tooth edge along the horizon.

Looking upon the scene, how I longed for the power to describe it. Placed in a crevice close to our feet, and piled around with stones, was a tall, slender rod, with a bit of bright-colored rag fluttering atop. This is here known technically as a guide, and marks the head of some hazardous trail. Had we searched with a field-glass along the river edge, among the boulders and along the sand-bars, we might have descried the human inhabitants of the inhospitable place

—toiling, enduring all for the sake of the precious dust. Descending from where we stood, the sides of the cañon formed two great terraces and slopes — a sweeping semicircle, duplicated on the opposite side. On one of the upper slopes was a huge block of basalt, surely weighing not less than a thousand tons, the space it had once occupied showing as a roomlike opening in the wall above.

But it was the river itself that was the wonder of the scene. Through the vast amphitheatre, just described, it flowed in a still deeper and narrow bed. As it entered the amphitheatre from between the walls to the east, it needed but the slightest effort of the imagination to change the dull-green water, spotted and barred as it was with foam, into the gliding back of a monster python. Toward the west it was closed in again between two perpendicular heights, one wearisome to the eye with endless repetitions of masonry-like forms, and the other mantled in an azure shadow. Through this opening the sun, now hung low in the heavens, darted his yellow light, and every whirling

rapid of the stream, chafing between its narrow confines, flashed back again the burning rays. So this Fafnir of rivers rolled on before us, mile after mile to the west, but changed from its earthly hues into dazzling tints of molten metal.

By sunset of the same day we arrived at the head of a ravine which commanded a view of the Lesser, or as some people choose to call them, the Twin Falls. As I do not wish to weary the reader with descriptions of falling water, I shall dismiss these falls with a few words. The latter title is far more preferable for them; not only is it appropriate, but it does not deter from the grandeur of the scene by suggesting the nearness of one still more so. The river is divided by a bastion of rock crested with stunted cedars, and the velocity with which the water shoots past this obstruction forbids the thought that human foot has yet trod its summit. As we toiled back up the ravine, a solemn hallway I should call it, we were startled when near the top by the sound of that sharp, dry rattle that tells so clearly the presence of a dangerous

foe. Beyond this there was nothing to annoy us. Never did I spend a more perfect night of rest than on the edge of that deep-sunk river. In the coolness that followed the set of sun, there was absolute peace and quiet—a quiet unbroken by even the trill of a cricket. Nay, one sound there was, but so faint and hollow that it aided rather than broke the silence, and yet it made our pulses beat more quickly and the blood tingle in our cheeks, for what could it be but the distant voice of the great falls!

I must confess to a feeling of strong disappointment when, on the fourth day after we had quitted the ferry, we stood on a lofty ridge commanding a general view of Shoshone Falls. Being seen from such a height puts them to a test that would try even the vast bulk of Niagara. There was something detrimental, too, in the time of day, for a first sight. The noonday light diffused all over the scene, made the poverty of color in the surroundings most painfully apparent; every bit of detail stared out, to the utter destruction of all sense of space. The

height of the lava wall, whose base is laved by the waters, and whose top towers so far above the lip of the falls, makes it all but impossible to form a just estimate of the height of the falls themselves. By comparison only can we judge of size, and there seemed at first no object by which we could gauge them. When I obtained a key to the colossal scale of objects in that colorless chasm, then I began to appreciate their height and size. With closer acquaintance I was led, first to admire, then almost to revere.

There is no need to mar whatever I may be able to say in praise of this majestic fall of water, by a recital of our climbings from point to point, or to tell the incidents around, or for how many days the smoke arose from our camp fire on the ridge. It would be my pride could I but recall in this description something of the spell that grew upon me day by day; but Nature, always a master hand in the ease and grace of her accomplished work, puts to shame a feeble and halting attempt to reproduce her impressions. I am glad to have seen the Shoshone Falls

before the changes in their surroundings, sure to come with the flood of visitors; before the introduction has taken place, of objects at variance with their severe and simple grandeur.

Winding down from the ridge, a precipitous little footpath leads to an alcove, a narrow strip of sand placed midway between the feet of the lesser falls above the main fall, and the giant's final leap. This sandy bar resembles a bit of rocky sea-coast. The porphyry cliffs, on either hand, are worn into cave-like openings into which the water fiercely beats during the freshets of spring and early summer. How vast the volume of water which bursts over these stupendous ledges must be at that particular time of the year, can be imagined from the fact that the river rises nine feet above its general level, and that the roar of the tortured waters may be heard at a distance of many miles.

From the first peep of sun above the level wall-tops to the east, to its sinking behind the western hills, a vivid, double rainbow plays and trembles on the rising mists. Under its morning arch may be seen a view of the several

rocky islands, the canon below the falls, and a gleam of the fallen river. As the sun climbs toward the zenith so the bow, gradually sinking in proportion, touches in succession, with iridescence, the russet foliage of the topmost cedars, the clay-gray rocks of the islands, first the top and then their base, and at last, quivering along the verge of the falls, turns the leaping wave-crests into tongues of up-lapping fire.

Above the falls, set like a guardian keep, is a square-shaped mountain of lava; at its feet the river pauses calm and deep. We crossed and re-crossed the stream there in a little skiff. The danger, which is considerable, is not sensed at first, and, indeed, there is no need for uneasiness where caution is used. Our boatman was both cool and cautious, shunning the slightest chance of accident, and measuring every stroke. He pulled well up stream and dropped down again on the opposite side into the shelter of a protruding bank. Only the tops of the islands are visible thus from mid-stream, with a wreath or two of mist rising from behind them. But the gathering strength of the current as it

nears the edge and then vanishes into the deep and awful void beyond, warns how utterly past control of man would be the boat once carried within its reach.

A complete transformation takes place in the appearance of the falls and their surroundings when viewed from the northern side. A worn and ragged look characterizes most of the scenes. The islands seem lower and are eaten into cavities, and crouch over the falls' brink in grotesque forms. But the rush of the water is superbly grand. Some of the lesser falls are here brought nearer to us, and such is their individual beauty, that, set apart by themselves, either one would receive unstinted admiration. One in particular is exquisite with forms of delicately molded water. Filmy threads of gossamer lightness speed down its dark rock where, intersecting, they break into crumpled foam, and then, sweeping over a trailing curve, fall in clouds of softest tulle. Yet even this bit of by-play in the water seems here out of place. To me it seems contrary to the genius of the scene, in opposition to its stern sublim-

ity. For a similar reason I do not repent my failure to visit several minor attractions of a fanciful nature, though in this I may be the loser, for often those delicate trimmings enhance the grandeur of noble objects, as do those parasite plants which sometimes grow and bear their tiny blossoms in the bark-crevices of centennial oaks.

There is one view of the place, however, surpassing all others in its extent and interest — at once the most bold and comprehensive. Until I had looked upon it I had been a stranger to the full grandeur of the Shoshone Falls. This view is from a rounded knoll to the southwest. There is an open space on the summit of the knoll, save for a few trim junipers, with their blue-furred berries, standing stiffly here and there among the dry bunch-grass, and over a foreground of rocks and cedars you can look full into the mad face of the mighty torrent as it comes pouring over the ledges in wondrous forms of beauty and terror. There you can see the water beating itself into foam-dust adown the shelves; falling clear from top to base in arrowy

points; flinging out sudden jets, and in gushes breaking over obstructing rocks; whilst in frenzied paleness the greater masses rush down with stern and awful roar. There you can see the group of rocky islands above the great fall, the lesser falls between, and the river's treacherous sleep in the shadow of the black keep. Far below your feet the waters in the basin surge to and fro. There Iris weaves bright her seven-tinted bow, standing where the tumult is wildest, and the shattered foam leaps through the cloud of spray in showers of snow-white rockets.

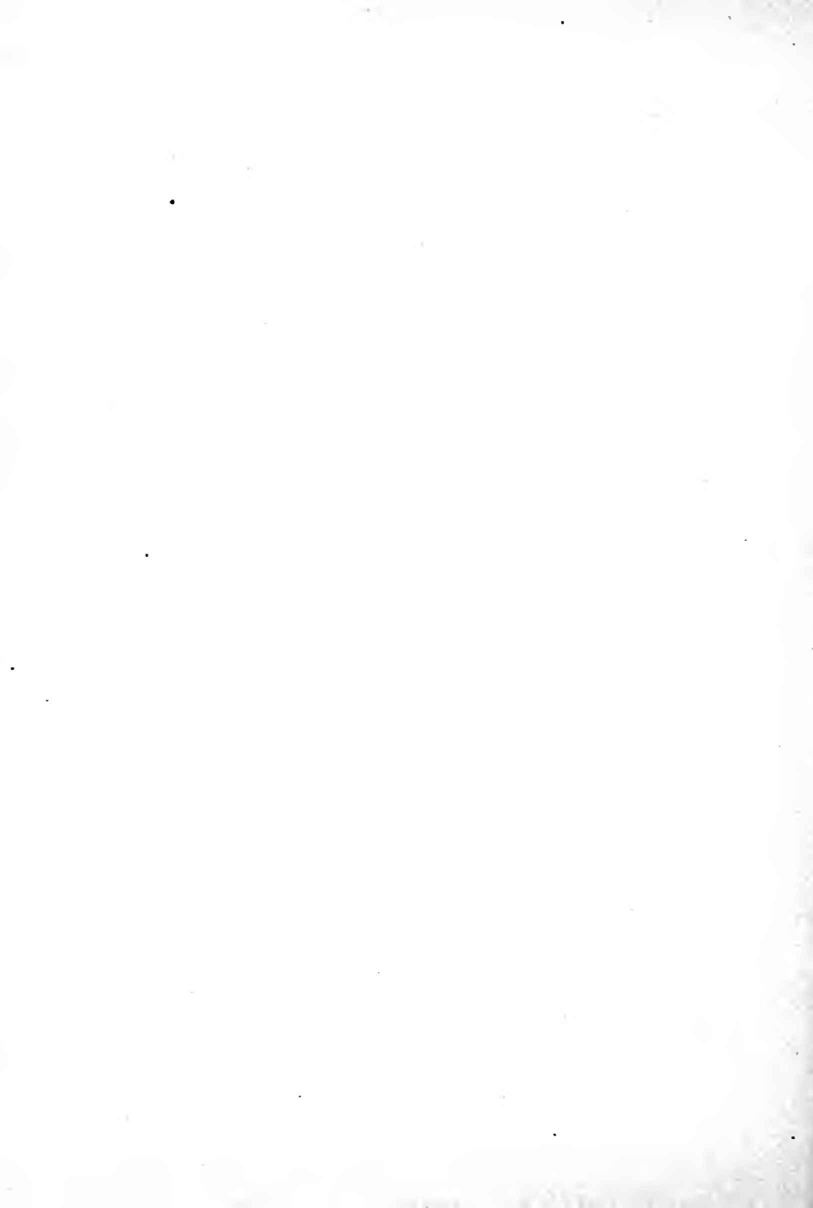
This knoll became my favorite haunt—the end of each day's stroll. I spent my parting hour there, when the sun had lost its fierceness and ere long would sink from sight behind the flat-topped bluffs. The buzzards, that all day long had perched upon the columnar piles of rock, had wheeled their flight overhead in ever-widening circles, or, with wings aslant, drifted up past the face of the falls, were then betaking themselves to rest, settling in a dusky cloud upon the withered branches of a gnarled old cedar.

Another moment and the sun would set. The cedars threw fantastic images along the ground; the cliffs above were purple-barred with shadows. It was time to go. Why wait to see that cold-gray pallor rising from amid the foam, and quenching, inch by inch, the rosy light! It was too awful — too like the pallor that creeps across the face of the dying. Better that vision of the impetuous waters, when all suffused with glowing light, they poured over the brink, as though changed to precious wine, and when even the walls of blackened stone above grew red, as if the old volcanic fire began to burn once more in every pore. So will I remember the waters ever falling, glorious with light, ere night approaching, with cold, invisible hand, drew thick and close the folds of misty curtain.

Our last camp-fire had sunk to a few smoldering embers. Silence rested upon the desert, save for the sounds coming out of that darkening chasm, which in vain the eye tried to pierce, or to define the misty wavings in its depths, as of dim white robes. Lifted on the wind, com-

ing from the far-off sea, the voice of the falls grew louder in the quiet night. Under its spell, solemn yet soothing, my thoughts sped forth, lifted to still greater seas—the seas of space—where the planets roll in their never-ceasing rounds. Calmly from the blue vault the stars looked down at the mighty chasm, as they looked when its line was first traced; and through the unnumbered years, while it grew deep and deeper still, and as they may look upon it, in ages yet to come, when that vision of the poet shall be realized—when all life shall have passed from this globe, and the human race be as a stranded wreck upon the shore of endless time.

Springtime on the Seashore.



SPRINGTIME ON THE SEASHORE.

A RED-LETTER DAY.

I HAVE passed a day in a most delightsome walk — a red-letter day I must really call it. The walk was quite lengthy, though so many objects of interest presented themselves for consideration along its course, that I scarcely realized the miles I had traversed until it was over. It was from the quiet hotel on the outskirts of the town (Monterey) to the old Mission building, standing at the edge of Carmel Bay, and thence along the shore of Still-Water Bay to Lobos Point, its southern horn. Perhaps I have indicated, in the first of the title lines above, a desire to describe the various phenomena of the early year as they appear along this piece of coast. Now, although that is partly the purpose of the present paper, my main thought was rather to describe the special features of the

place, which is attractive, not only from its many scenic beauties, but also from the many historic spots and objects found among them. Yet if these descriptions are true to the impressions made upon my mind and eye, they needs must give some reflex of the early spring, for each and all of my visits to the place have been made at that time of the year. Whatever appearance this piece of coast may present at other seasons, to me it seems, at least, that those lawns and slopes facing the sea must be perpetually places of greenness and of ever-opening flowers. And this, in part, is true. Spring comes very early here, and throughout the year there appears no frost to sear the garden leaves. Geraniums grow head-tall, hanging in heavy masses over the oaken paling; cottage eaves are hidden by clambering honeysuckles, and by the garden path the creamy calla lilies bloom through all the misty days of winter.

Monterey is a quaint old town. We call such places old in America. It is nestled into one corner of Monterey Bay, and was once picturesque with low adobe buildings, roofed with big

red tiles, and with gardens surrounded by white-washed plastered walls. Even at the present date there is not wanting attractive nooks and bits to remind one of its placid, bygone days, and, for that matter, unquiet ones as well. The vesper bell still sounds each evening from the mission church, and close to a cross which marks the landing spot of Father Junipero Serra, the zealous founder of the first-named place, a long black cannon rusts away amid the weeds and grass. Yes, the place is attractive yet; for beside these relics of priest and soldier, the picture side of labor can be seen there daily — fishermen spreading their nets in the sunshine, patching anew the well-worn sail, or, with their labors done, idling in the boat's shade or by the tavern door. From the hill-top where the cannon lies rusting, red-faced whalemen keep constant watch. Not more than a mile away, along the shore, a cluster of smoke-begrimed sheds, boats upturned under canvas covers, huge iron hooks and sooty pots, and all sorts of other nondescript, undescribable belongings, proclaim a whaling village.

Nothing could be more charmingly varied than the scenery of the peninsula itself. There is just enough of the works of man among the scenes to relieve, without disturbing their wildness. A light-house stands upon one of the rocky points, whilst farm-houses, dairy farms and fishermen's homes fill up available spaces between the sea and the woods. Long roads are cut through the latter, leading from bay to bay, and they are just near enough to the sea to make us never quite certain if the lulling sounds we hear are made by the wind in the branches of the trees, or by the beating of the surf on the shore. Meeting overhead, the trees form endless vistas, the long, gray pendant mosses gently swayed by the currents of air. Sometimes we catch a glimpse of the waves, but more often the back of a wind-blown dune. We have a chance for a solitary walk or ride on the almost unused bridle-paths, and perhaps may get lost on the way. Often the paths dwindle out altogether, or lose themselves among low, marshy ground. Sometimes they dip into quiet glens, deeply shaded by oak and spruce,

and there, by the side of the gentle stream, a *fleur de luce* is sure to be found.

More scenic diversity it would be hard to find. Though the coast has no such lofty cliffs as can be found elsewhere, it has beetling rocks that are grand in form, and a background of lofty hills makes up for their deficiency in height. A granite coast, washed by a pellucid sea, must necessarily be beautiful. Here nothing could exceed the white purity of the sandy beaches, or that of the drifted dunes between the green hills. Some of the beaches are composed of huge boulders, smoothly polished, and laid side by side, as are the cobbles in a city street, only these are tilted at a sharp angle, and the interstices filled with pearly sand, the grinding up of countless millions of shells. Reefs, ledges and stacks are clothed to tide-mark with richly colored sea-weeds; the sea anemone unfolds its petals in the dark rock pools; there are isolated stacks where the seals disport themselves in sunlight; or, in lieu of these, their surface is whitened with resting gulls, or sombered with dun-brown shags. At every fresh turn the scene

has changed, and each new picture seems more attractive to the eye than the one just passed.

It is not, however, in the rock scenery, or the numerous aquatic life that the most attractive feature of this coast is to be found. That is to be seen in the presence of an ancient cypress grove, growing on the very brink of the land, so close to the sea, in fact, that when the waves are rough they wash its very roots, and drench the heavy crowns of foliage with flying spray.

About this growth of venerable trees there is that which strangely stirs the imagination. The beholder feels a spell that is exerted by the darkened, mossy aisles, the dense, drooping masses of sombre foliage, and the pale, underglimpses of spume-flecked sea. Hardly could that more famous wood at Ravenna affect us more than this. The huge trunks and twisted boughs seem the pillars and groins of some heathen temple, and the crimson light of evening stealing among them, the blood of unknown victims.

Sadness inexpressible reigns through the grove when the mists roll in from the sea. The scene

becomes limited to a few of the nearest trees, the more distant showing only as spectral shadows. Melancholy, dim, is the light that rests on the blackened trunks steaming with moisture. Darker and richer in color becomes the foliage, and more vividly green the moss that mottles the trunks and limbs. Encouraged by the universal drippiness of things, the frogs begin an all-day concert, and ghostly from distant alleys comes, at measured intervals, the tap of the busy woodpecker. No other sound is heard, and hardly a motion is to be seen, save now and then, when the cup of a *fleur de luce* or the rim of a scarlet aster becomes too heavily weighted and sideways spills its watery burden.

As a contrast to this, there is no effect so captivating in its beauty, on this coast, during the springtime of the year, as that when the cold morning mists are being dispelled by the rising sun. Floating away in soft, white wreaths, the mists pass across the hills and let the sun pour down his rays, hot through the humid atmosphere. Foliage, grass and flowers, all dripping wet, glisten beneath the light. There is a

brilliant flash and sparkle on the waves as they break in emerald and topaz over the purple-weeded rocks. Creatures of land and main, rejoicing in the transition from dark to light, are all abroad. Across the lawn the partridge leads her covey of young; the humming-bird passes by, a flash of colored fire; for a moment the brown, shining heads of the seals show above the waves, then dip again. Even among the shags there is unwonted commotion as, craning their long necks, they stare stupidly, or drop from their rock and skim across to some other group of their equally stupid neighbors. Overhead the gulls are describing lines of infinite grace, the sunlight bright on their snowy wings. Once the mists lifted, the fishing boats are seen out on the bay, and if our eyes are good we may discern a dark, moving speck, far out on the ocean, either a passing vessel or the whale-boat out on a cruise.

But now to begin the walk.

The morning was foggy and threatened rain, so much so, that I hardly cared to start. Trees and grass were already drenching wet with dew,

and a showery day in the woods fronting the shore promised but little comfort. Later on, however, a yellow ray or two, struggling through the drift, argued well for the turn of the weather, so, with the chances in favor of sunshine, I started forth. Hardly an hour had elapsed before patches of blue sky began to appear, and soon the greater part of the vault was clear, and the consequent flood of sunshine made grass and foliage glitter as though they had been sprinkled all over with diamond dust.

As I climbed the slopes, my heart grew light. The gladsome spirit in the morning woods is quite contagious. The songs of birds, the bark of the squirrel, the many sounds that come from invisible sources all conspire to keep the mind in a light and cheerful mood. The sense of sight and hearing are ever alert, for not a sound do we hear but we fain would spy the maker. It seems that the healthy exercise of one sense provokes another, and from their pleasant labor comes a corresponding cheerful state of mind.

Near the summit of the hill I met with an incident. Not such a one as would furnish a

chapter for a novelist, to be sure, but rather such as would supply an illustration for a comic paper. It was with a bull. A large number of cattle roam at will through these grassy woods, and are sometimes rather unpleasant to meet with. This was a gigantic fellow—a very Ajax of the herd, and with a red glare in his eye that I did not like. I was careful to hide from his sight the scarlet lining of a cloak that I carried on my arm, but evidently too late. All hopes for a pacific arrangement for my passing through his territory vanished when that bull lowered his head and pawed the ground furiously, preparatory to making a dash. At this stage of affairs my mind was made up in an instant. I performed, then and there, an acrobatic feat that would, I think, have entitled me to a place in any circus, ancient or modern; nor must the statement be omitted that the roadside fence, happily within easy reach, played an important part in the exhibition.

On reaching a turn in the road (regained later on) my eyes instinctively sought the old Mission building, standing on its lonely hill. As it has

recently undergone what is mistermed a *restoration*, I feared that its pleasing effect on the surrounding landscape might be impaired. But the fear was groundless; its cream-colored towers rose as ever, in graceful contrast to the level, deep-blue waters of the Carmel Bay, and its star-shaped window (though the light came through it no longer) and its many other quaint and suggestive forms of ornamentation made it still a precious object, externally, to the sketcher's eye.

There is something remarkable in the fullness of beauty given to a landscape by the presence of a goodly time-worn building, especially if its history provides material for the meditative mood. It is no more its effect, pictorially, in the scene, than the part it plays in the more subtle, changing picture that the mind weaves out of the present hours, mingled with stories of days that are past. Though the Mission Carmel can hardly be spoken of as a noble building, yet it is massive and bold, and in its history there is that which gives it both importance and romance.

On the northern shore of the Carmel Bay I stopped at the home of a dairy farmer to ask

the purchase of a bowl of milk. It was a long, rickety-looking building, with high-peaked gables, facing to east and west. Rather a forbidding house, as seen from without, its timbers blackened and bent, and tufts of moss mottling its sun-warped shingles, but inside it was all cheerfulness and homely plenty. Not only did I get the bowl of milk, but a bounteous meal besides, for which the generous inmates refused all offers of remuneration. John Martin is the name of the gudeman, and he is a person with a quiet, almost abstracted manner, yet with a shrewd gray eye that brightens wonderfully whenever a topic is discussed in which he takes an especial interest. He first pointed out to me the grassy mounds, defining the foundations of the earliest enclosures of the Mission, "and the plow," he said, "often struck against the stones where an altar had stood." Near there he was inclined to believe the true burial place of Junipero Serra to be. Among the articles he had reclaimed from the ground were a pair of silver candlesticks, a silver bell and the bowl of a silver censer.

Dinner over, my host walked with me while I retraced my steps to the door of the Mission. But I shall not describe it as now it looks; its interest has gone. A bright-eyed little Portuguese girl once carried the keys to unlock the wicket-gate; but she has also changed. Her father it was who in 1882 lifted the stone slabs near the altar, uncovering three coffins, one of which was supposed to contain the remains of Serra, the building's founder. We crossed the enclosure, passed by the foot of the southern tower, and entered in at the eastern door. There is something ghastly in the first stages of decay in a noble building, before the fallen beam is coated with moss, or before flowers have taken root in the gaping chinks in the wall. Time, though it may wreck the works of man, yet often bids nature deck the vanquished with her many beauties. The old Mission in its ruined state filled me with pleasing emotions. The raggedness of ruin was being hidden away by the growth of years. Bushes grew thickly along the nave and on the choir arch. The flagging, the altar steps were concealed beneath a carpet

of bright green grass, mingled with the yellow blossoms of some lowly flower. It was so peaceful, so quietly beautiful, that although we might differ from, we could not sneer at, the faith that built it. Now that charm has gone. We miss the yellow sunlight that, streaming in through the broken roof, fell on wall and arches; the soft carpeting of verdure on the earth-covered floor, and the white doves that flew in and out of the star-shaped window. But more than all we miss the lulling voice of the sea, that filled the place with solemn murmurs. Then it reminded of a gentle message—"Love ye one another." Now, when the door swings open there is no such thrill. The tawdry nature of the restored parts, the stern, austere, menacing words written upon the walls, and the absence of any object telling of a simple faith, free from superstition, are quite as painful as is the quick, bold demand for money, made by the young woman standing guard at the door, as compared with her former shy and winsome manner.

Later in the afternoon I resumed my way, going down to the river ford, the Carmel River

here emptying into the sea. The eldest son of my host accompanied me thus far. He was a very Goliath in size; his rubber boots, which he had offered me for the fording, tied on him neatly around the waist, but on me reached up under the arm-pits. Our appearance at the river mouth served to disturb a colony of sleeping gulls (whose whiter plumage almost hid the white sand of the bar). First one and then another would give a lazy stretch and shake, then a startled, piercing look, and then all, with one accord, reluctant rose in air. On the sand I found a rare specimen of clustered barnacles, storm-torn from their native rock. My new friend told me that the creatures inhabiting the cells looked exactly like young birds in a nest. The cluster had been long devoid of living occupants. Both inside and out, the cells were covered with the limy coils of the *Teredo,* the worm so destructive to piers and shipping in southern seas.

While I sat on the bank and pulled on the mighty boots, Goliath talked of the hunting and fishing in the neighborhood. He was as simple

in his words and manner as he was huge in stature. "There are thousands of salmon trout," he said, "go up this little stream to spawn. From our home-porch we can hear the splashing they make, as they try to get over the bar, and sometimes see the flashing of their silver scales in the moonlight. The lampreys go up the river, too, but folks from the city are afraid of them and generally make away when they come near the bank. We hunt deer up in the hill-tops there, and that is glorious fun. You can not imagine how wild it is up there among the spruce wood. There is one peak, back of that ridge, higher than all these hills you see; it is just white all over and they call it Peco Blanco."

There is a writer, whose name I can not just now recall, who, in his attempts to prove the theory of transmigration of soul, brings forward as evidence of the truth of the theory, the feeling of recognition, with which we often look on places seen by us for the first time; a feeling of familiarity as though we had known them all our lives. Should we not attribute this to the

scenes themselves being *en rapport* with our mental development, making them seem a part of our being, and which had always a part in our lives? Or, perhaps, it is the past pleasure of an ancestor transmitted to us in some mysterious way, to be again a pleasure of earth. Whatever the cause may be, such a feeling was mine as I rambled by the shore of the sea this day; a sense of enjoyment such as comes but rarely in a life time. The trampling of the waves; the silent, sunny hillsides; the flowery meadows, swept by brine-scented winds, and the quiet loneliness of the woods, awoke in me sensations that seemed to have their origin in my inmost being. I fear that I am displaying the weakness of egotism in so writing of my own emotions, but how can we explain to others what we have enjoyed, except from our own peculiar point of observation?

Once across the ford, and there was a path leading up the hillside and then down again toward the Still Water Bay. From the top of the hill there was a sight of Lobos Point, whose purple headland I desired to reach. So now I

went gaily along the path; sometimes walking, more often running. How exhilarating was the fresh sea breeze, the noisy surf and the gay tossing of the countless flowers! It was like a draught of rich old wine. Glorious, too, the colors around! Nature ignores the canons of art; her contrasts are most vivid, sometimes most violently given. Such, for instance, was that combination of deep blue sky, a sun-lit bank of grass, a flaming line of poppies dividing them—unapproachable in brilliance by any method of art, and yet how gloriously beautiful! So, also, was a mass of purple verbenas, on a white sand dune; the flowers burning like spots of fire against the shining emerald of the incoming waves.

Skirting a village, the path wound in the most familiar manner across fields and gardens, and at last it led out on the headlands. But twice during the walk I was compelled to ask my way, once at a roadside bar, where there was a lot of boisterous fellows (one of whom would have served well as a model for Hugh, in Dickens' novel of "Barnaby Rudge") and

next of an old Portuguese laborer, sun-tanned, dark as a negro, and busy in his little field. His direction was unique and terse—an arm stretched out like a guide-board, and a finger opinting toward the woods. Half a mile further and the path terminated abruptly at the edge of a beetling cliff.

From this sequestered spot there is a view of unusual grandeur. Well did it repay for the trouble in reaching it. Though approaching the sombre in style, the richness of the sea coloring prevents it from being too gloomy. The cliff, a coarse conglomerate, fronts the sea in great circular shelves, which at the water line are hollowed out into holes and caves, where the waves resound with an astonishing roar. Its whole front is stained with earth tints of a deep red and yellow, and below the upper tide line. The sea weeds cover shore rocks and stacks with gorgeous coloring.

Looming up in the distance of this scene, to the south, was a dome of rock—dim, pale and almost colorless, a grand object to the sight, but also one of dread to the passing mariner. Of

wild life there was enough to have lent animation to a far less attractive scene; shags, gulls, seals, all busy in their several ways; some great bird—a sea-eagle, perhaps, gyrated overhead, and its circling shadow fell, now on the land, now on the main. Dispersed over the top of the cliff was a herd of wild-looking cattle. My emerging from the wood had been the signal for a surprise on their part and a retreat on mine. Congregated across the path they had stared wildly at me, half in anger, half in fear, ready on the instant to dash at the intruder or away from his path as the first movement of their leader should dictate. With the morning escapade of their fellow yet lively in my memory, I was well content to leave them unprovoked. Abandoning the path, I skirted along the cliff edge, leaving the glossy creatures victors without dispute.

Before we say good-bye, let us linger awhile upon that tongue of land, forming a protecting bulwark between the river and the sea, and view from its top the broad, panoramic view that stretches up and down the coast. Of course I

shall be deserving that censure of Carlyle if I sit down to deliberately make a word picture of it. But what of that! Had Teufelsdroch the right to sneer at the makers of a description? If, as he says, the old poets enjoyed nature like the drinking of old wine, and yet remained silent, why did they sing of other human emotions? or, is it only praiseworthy to sing of meaner things? of wine, and sensual lust, whereof they sang too much? Because there are false prophets of nature, does it follow that there are no true ones? True, the vulgar and shallow may cry out: "Majestic, grand, beautiful!" but shall we infer from this that there are none whose hearts swell with truly noble emotions upon the sight of a beautiful landscape, and who long to pour out those emotions in words, however futile those words may be? There are views in nature just as soul-inspiring as any epic, and that man is either short-sighted or insincere who denies it. The landscape descriptions of Walter Scott, did they not have their origin in the inmost mind of the man? Their healthiness certainly is not to be denied. Goethe, too, loved

nature just as sincerely as any poet of the elder day, nor did he disdain to recall her. Shall we apply the words, "now we have drunk the wine, let us eat the glass" to such men as those, or to Humboldt, or to Burns, Tennyson, and a host of others who loved or yet love nature? Therefore, nowise fearing a captious sneer, even from the great hater of shams, let us follow in the footsteps, however far behind, of others who thought it not foolishness to tell of trees, of hills, of rocks, in scenes they had learned to love.

But we must be careful that this prelude does not grow more lengthy than the description we were about to risk. First, let us look northward up the coast. Little else can be seen at first glance, save the long, glistening rollers, busy at their endless toil of denuding the land and being themselves torn into shreds by reef and ledge, the projecting ribs of the old earth skeleton, as noble, but unfortunate, Hugh Miller so tersely has put it. On the furthest point stands the white-towered lighthouse, and nearer the drooping darksome masses of foliage at the

cypress grove. To southward the hills slope gently down to the sea, their lower swells fretted with tusks of granite, smoothed by the waves of long ago—a piece of land reclaimed from the sea, to be covered now with lupins and poppies. Winding across it a path is seen leading to a nest of weather-warped houses, among them the village schoolhouse "o'er the bit o' rolling hill," and further yet to the south, the huge, rocky headlands breasting the force of incoming waves. Looking inland the eye sees for miles up the wooded Carmello Valley, with curves of the river flashing in the sun; a tender haze from hillside to hillside, blending all the shadows into loveliest blue. Quite near to the hill where we stand is the Mission garden, with the cream-colored towers of the Mission showing above, and on the opposite side of the river, checkered with sunlight and shadow, are the white plastered walls of the Padre's cottage.

Shall we once more supply the landscape with the figures that it knew but a few years ago—the zealous friars in their rough gray garbs passing to toil in the Mission fields, or, obedient to the

solemn tones of the bell, the simple-minded Indians hastening to see the last of the mortal remains of their beloved Father Serra? How, in spite of their austere lives, the hearts of those friars must have yearned to look once more on their native land! How often, even with such courage as theirs, they must have repined among the poor, ignorant Indians of the coast! Here, from this spot, we can see, with little change, the place as their eyes beheld it. The dark blue-gum trees shading the farm-house would be strange to their eyes, as well as the distant village; but little else has changed. The river creeping along in its sandy bed, the garden in the river bend; the orchard, with its rows of pear trees, and the sweeping curve of surf and sands — these were all the same. So, too, the deep blue waters of the bay, the purple rocks of the distant headland with that alluring stretch of ocean beyond; and those gold-white clouds rolling overhead like angels' chariots, *they* are always the same with each recurrence of the gentle spring.

Of the return walk there is little more to say. I had been invited to remain over night at the farm-house, and retraced my steps but slowly. In the bush where I had hidden Goliath's boots, I found a stupid old owl asleep, who took the disturbance with a very ill grace. Twilight over the sea, with Venus shining like Hero's torch across the purple water, ended my *red-letter day.*

MEMORY SKETCHES

OF THE

YELLOWSTONE.

MEMORY SKETCHES OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

> "He has been at a great feast of languages,
> and stolen the scraps."—*Shakespeare.*

EN ROUTE.

BETWEEN BEAVER CAÑON AND SNAKE RIVER.

Sky gray with rain fringe, "pride of the morning," soon to melt away in dapple cloudlets, leaving the sun to blaze at noonday in cloudless azure. Snake River, hurrying along in its basaltic bed — a cyclopean aqueduct. Over low foot-hills, dim with distance, the snow-clad Tetons, thrusting sharp peaks to heaven,

> "To climb up there—nay even your thought
> itself slides off."

Next, long, rolling hills with crystal streams between; with pebbly beds, and rushy banks; Shotgun River, brightest of all. In quiet pools, groups of tall, blue cranes eye us with suspicion, or stalk slowly away. Herds of antelope

flee at our approach, stop, gaze with curiosity, then bound away again. Shadows pointing eastward, as we near the fords of the Snake River; here in its youth, no dark, volcanic shore, but the water flowing past piney banks, deep in grass, intensely green; leaping trout, the only thing to break its sliding mirror. Then sunset, through pines; brown trunks and foliage against flush of light; many voices among boughs, bespeaking the coming of the evening wind. Camp for the night by a hunter's cabin on the river bank; a home of rough-hewn logs, with stretched skins of the antelope, the elk, and the bear.

TWILIGHT ON THE RIVER.

Strip of pale, golden sky, with a massive rounded butte of deep blue relieved against it; deeper gold on the river water, and deeper blue of reflected mountain; in middle distance, dark strip of shadowy woods. Moored to a fallen tree with fantastic roots, a fisherman's boat; a flickering of silver light about its prow, cast by the crescent moon. Nature, sad and pensive; fading of light, of life, of hope.

MORNING ON THE RIVER.

Sky white with flamy light of dawn. River edge covered with ripple gleams of molten steel. Swaths of mist floating away across dewy meadows. Two kingfishers perched upon the fallen tree, dart suddenly away with blue flash of wing. Nature, buoyant, fresh, brimful of promise of joyous life.

TYGHEE PASS.

Across a long stretch of plashy meadow, interspersed with pools and netted with rivulets, a haunt for all the birds who love the shallow stream, or grassy plain. Then the foot of the wooded pass, and as we rise, to the north and northwest, the shining waters of Henry Lake, guarded by a bold range of mountains—a branch of the Rockies. Higher yet, and at our left, a mammoth terraced peak, lording it over a narrow glen. At the summit of the pass, mighty hemlocks, and groves of cloud-like trembling aspen. Under their shadows springs, trickling forth amid mosses and ferns; one beginning a long journey toward the rising, the other to-

ward the setting sun. Over the pass alternate grove of pine and sunny glade, reaching down to the bright, sparkling stream of the Madison.

FOREST OF DEAD AND YOUNG PINES.

Myriads of blackened trunks, standing stark against the sky; myriads of others prostrate on the ground; myriads of green, sturdy, youthful pines rising to take the place of the dead ones —the coming generation standing in the presence of their mouldering ancestors. Those prostrate ones were flourishing green, when our great-grandfathers took their first tottering steps; those bright youths will be casting a deep forest-shadow, when we and our children's children are silent dust.

IN THE PARK.

LOWER BASIN FROM THE RIDGE.

A rocky ridge, covered with spindling pines, and overlooking the basin of Fire Hole River. In the meadow below an animated scene. Along the river bank, wagons and tents dotting the

level, with horses and cattle browsing amid its verdure, others being led to slake their thirst at the curving stream. Beside each tent the cheerful camp-fire with figures around it, busy with preparing the evening meal. Back of this always pleasing sight, a strangest spectacle—vast columns of steam rising, here and there, out of the earth, and hovering overhead in clouds.

HELL'S HALF ACRE—MIDDLE BASIN.

Flowing through a narrow valley a clear, green river. On one hand, a broad field of ashen gray, with wells and cauldrons sunk in its surface, these filled with sulphurous waters, trembling like liquid fire, or sleeping in sombre indigo. One cauldron, edged around with white and yellow geyserine, being slowly undermined, and its walls sinking piecemeal into the pool below; on one side of this cauldron, an opening through which its waters empty into the passing river. This, the Cliff Cauldron, or Excelsior Geyser, whose eruption shakes the surrounding earth. Now nothing but pearly-tinted steam

rises from off its surface, and melts into the ultra-marine sky. Near by is the Prismatic Lake—beautiful even if terrible; its blue and green limpid depths gleaming with evil light, as the eyes of a tempting demon. Streams of the surplus waters traverse the ashen fields, encrusting their banks with deposits of brilliant red and yellow. On the other hand is greensward dotted with trees and enriched with a profusion of wild flowers—a bit of the fields of Lethe, bordering upon the City of Dis.

CRATER LAKE.

A jagged forest edge, and from behind it, the last angry glare of sunset, burning on low-hung clouds. Seen amid surrounding obscurity, a turbid lake, echoing back faintly the tones of the sky. Pines, gaunt and withered, growing too near its edge, leaning back dying and sear. Suddenly, without warning, a mass of seething water belched from the center—the whole lake surface in wild confusion, and the air filled with sickening vapor. When the last waves have sub-

sided and once more the lake becomes the dim mirror of the sky, again, the startling phenomenon! And so continually—the alternate calm and strife.

COMPANION SKETCHES I.—GEYSERS IN THEIR STRENGTH.

In the foreground a deep well; the broad disc of its surface, shimmering like a peacock's neck with changeful hues. On the same mound, a massive geyser cone, with water thrown passionately forth from its top, drenching its sides and almost hiding them with steam. In the middle distance, a bit of river-side meadow, with horseman passing along a trail. Farther away, another mound and geyser cone. And while we look, two or three water jets sent from its throat, as though the forces beneath were trying their strength. Then, a boiling fountain hurled high in air, curtains of steam drifting away, across meadow, stream and hill. This is a view of Old Faithful, Castle Geyser and Blue Crested Spring.

COMPANION SKETCHES II.—GEYSERS IN THEIR OLD AGE.

Near the center of the scene, set in a field of ripened grain, a huge white cone, its sides moss-gathered, grass-grown. Down from its top, a trickling rill. Between us and the field (which is walled around with blocks of old geyserine), a country road. In the distance a village, whose cottages peek from amid their orchard trees. At our feet the decaying mounds of ancient springs, one filled with sullen water, the others empty, save in one a hardy young tree, deep-rooted and fluttering its scented leaves, where once came forth the hot and troubled waters. Giving human interest to the scene--the first load of gathered grain passing along the road. The farmer by the side of the slow-paced oxen; his troop of ruddy faced children, laughing in glee, on their throne of golden sheaves. This is a sketch of the "Boiling Pots," Provo Valley, Utah.

SULPHUR MOUNTAIN.

Clouds of snake-like form, of leaden hue stretching their length across the sky toward Mount

Washburn. Middle distance, low hills, belted with dense groves of timber, through which Yellowstone Lake, that mountain reservoir, sends its gathered waters to cut the Grand Cañon. Some were beneath their gloomy shadows, the glories of the Grand Cañon hid, as a gay masquerade beneath a sable cloak. In the foreground, heaps of scoria, and the dome-shaped sulphur mountain; issuing from its sides, wreaths of stifling steam. At the mountain's foot, two springs, boiling with mad fury, in polished basins, quaintly enameled in scalloped patterns of bright yellow and pale verdigris.

THE UPPER FALL—YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

A scene of savage wildness, such as one sees in a dream! An overhanging, threatening cliff; a river bursting over it, white, like an avalanche of snow. Around the cliff edge, screening out the sunlight, "a sweeping theater of hanging woods." At the foot of the fall a mighty rock against which the foam is driven fiercely and from thence up the opposite bank. Not a scene

of beauty—one stern and gloomy, low in the scale of color, yet impressive and a foil to the glories of its near rival.

HEAD OF THE GREAT FALL.

Foreground, a massive rock ledge; beyond it, a void in the earth. The river, with its bright green water, clear, massy, thick, drawing near to the fatal edge. Then it disappears from sight with hardly a fleck of foam, but the deafening roar and the clouds of spray tell of its madness below. Hanging over the brink, a conventional pine, from whence we can see the abyss. All is there confusion of writhing water and whirling mist; the rocks carved and polished by the endless beating of the falling stream. Above the fall brink, the giant cliffs are stained with brilliant dyes.

THE SCENE FROM POINT LOOKOUT.

A scene of unrivaled grandeur, containing magnificence of form and of color; endless, subtle details aiding each colossal object. Nowhere in

the world a more striking view than the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, as seen from Point Lookout. Sweeping lines lead the eye always to the center of the picture, where all the "barbaric splendor of color" and the light and shade are focussed. One vast precipice of rock is there, binding together the cañon walls. White, lemon and cadmium yellows make its face one blaze of light and color. On either hand, the spires and buttresses are painted with orange, red, or purple, and stealing among these, pale violet, grays, russets, citrines, all swelling the carnival of color. Amid all this glad acclaim, hangs, most lovely of all, the great fall. Even at this distance we can see the clearness of the water, as it glides over the lip of the cliff. There it breaks into ripple curves of creamy foam, like delicate lace at a lady's throat. Broader and deeper they become as they fall, until they form festoons and points of exquisite grace, through the interstices of which, pale emerald and opalescent blue are for an instant revealed, yet all moving swiftly downward to become billowy gauze around the skirts of the fall. Then the

river forms again, in a dark green pool, and comes rushing forward whitened with foam. The basin of the fall another wilderness of beautiful color; rocks and ledges covered with cushions of gold brown moss. Above the fall, clumps of pine, casting their long purple-brown shadows across intervening greensward. Over all the azure sky, with warm-tinted clouds, shaded with pale cobalt. All this scene, soft and tender, full of unity; and although it owes its chromatic splendor to the same causes that make the springs so brilliant, none of their diablerie of effect. A sublime expression of the slow, everlasting working of nature's laws.

PINNACLES AND PALACE GORGE.

Gothic spires and pinnacles, rising from the sloping sides of the cañon, in bewildering numbers, like those of Milan Cathedral. Spires of blanched white; of creamy white, stained with yellow; of deep yellow, veined with ashen gray; of ochres; of carmine; of dun. Back of these, dark volcanic rock, and a glimpse caught of the

fall, plunging into its blue misty basin. On a crag below our feet, a hawk's nest, filled with her young brood. Along the dizzy cañon edge a trail, winding onward mid wind-twisted trees. Sunlight and shadow playing among spires and dark-browed cliffs with magical effect.

> "Shifting shades that come and go
> Like apprehension's hurried glow."

A few feet further, and then we look into the Palace Gorge. The cañon deeper and narrower, and an even more magnificent display of gorgeous color — nature, vain of her powers, pouring forth her treasures with unstinted hand. All harshness lost in dreamy haze of afternoon light. The far-sunken river sending up but a faint noise, although we see it bounding from ledge to ledge, hurrying away to tell its wondrous tale to the lowland rivers and to the sea.

BETWEEN THE CAÑON AND LAKE.

Varied scenes, calling forth alternate feelings of admiration and surprise. First a slender trout

stream winding through willows. Mud Geyser next, or Devil's Cauldron, a deep pit filled with boiling mud, of pale slate color; a dark tunnel piercing the mountain's face, whence the mud is ejected with gush and gurgle. Near by a fissure in the rock, with a spitting forth of scalding water, and wild sounds heard afar in the earth, as of tortured souls — a Dantean hell. Other pits and cauldrons around in the last gasps of agony, with an occasional bubble, or trembling of the thick mud, and puffs of escaping steam. Coming as a relief to this, the head-waters of the Yellowstone River, as we near the lake, a change to sylvan beauty and quiet; trees, grass, pools, moss, everything of emerald hue, as though we were approaching the green, enchanted region of Isenland.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE — TWILIGHT.

A broad, majestic sheet of water, hemmed in by noble mountains; sky filled with cumulus clouds, dark with rain; waters of the lake in

confusion, where the strong winds rush down from the mountain passes upon them, turning pale waves to the sky as if in fear. One small bay, with breakwater of glistening pebbles, and shielded by circling hill and line of pines, remaining calm, holding within its bosom the images of its protectors. To the south, Mount Sheridan, lifting its sharp crests and wooded flanks against the fading light. Across the lake, numerous islands, pine-covered, backed by wan, snow-covered ridges, and bleak ravines, through which the waters are drawn from the inmost hills. To the northeast, nameless cliffs, castle-shaped, and shaggy pine woods, black with their own shadows and that of the coming night. Nearer, pine trees, old and shattered, trunks and branches covered with moss. Between portals of dark green hill, the lake waters gliding away, one white wild bird gliding with them. Foreground to this, a sloping meadow between lake margin and forest edge; tent on greensward, and restless burning ruby of flame; three figures telling as black silhouettes against it.

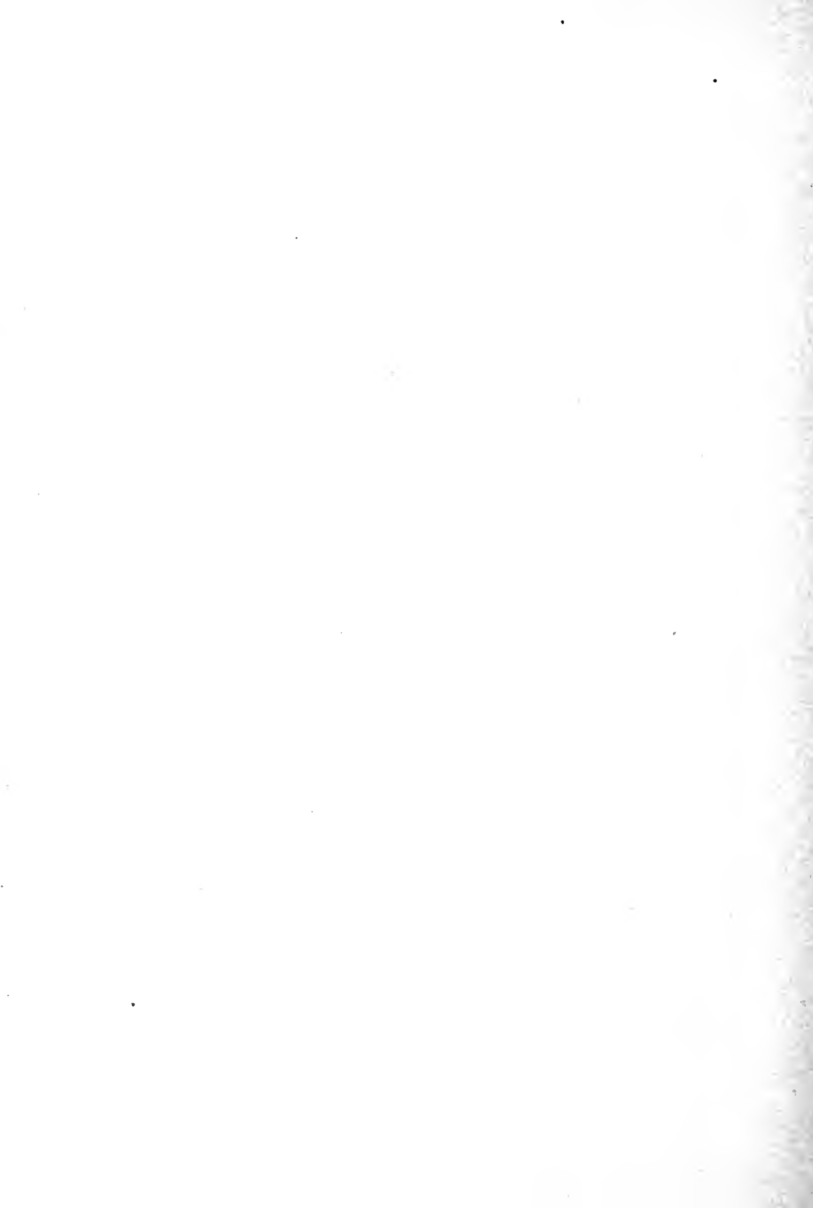
YELLOWSTONE LAKE — FIRST SNOW.

All form blotted out of sky and distance by softly-falling snow. The lake perfectly calm, presenting a glassy face, as though frozen. At one point it vanishes into the gray sky, as if it stretched out forever. Nearer, the long promontories show ghost-like, the pines reaching out their white arms. Water-fowl rising in circles from the water, and passing in long lines to the south — coming winter with icy breath warning them to depart. Under each snow-laden pine, an untouched circle of green, in which the campaniums droop low their bells, and from which the Marguerites look out, with violet, wide-open eyes of wonder.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Interminable length of winding road and black pine woods; interminable stretch of rolling hills and level plain, covered with shroud of snow and overhung by pall of cloud. Each day the struggle renewed between storm and sunshine. A grand marshaling of cloud forces over Snake

River Valley; reinforcements for storm sweeping forward from the northwest; then a triumphant reign of sleet and snow. *Vale* to the Yellowstone!



Artist vs. Poet.

ARTIST VS. POET.

THERE has been of late in our leading magazines, much space devoted to subjects pertaining to literature and art. "The Ethics of Art," "Art in Popular Education," and like subjects have been debated. Questions have been asked, "What is a great Poet?" "Has America produced a Poet?" etc. There seems to be, however, several pertinent questions which have not yet been asked, at least in a public way, and which contain within themselves, material for much thought. What is the relative difficulty in the attainment of a position of supreme height in the two fields—Art and Literature? Is it as grand, is it as difficult, to become a great artist, as it is to become a great poet? and what is the relative influence of each? Would two minds of equal power, one using the medium of the brush for expression, the

other the pen, receive the same amount of recognition from the public, were their efforts alike successful? And would they make an equal impression upon the thought of the age?

To the second of these questions there seems to be, logically, but one answer—that it is purely a matter of individual taste. To the master-mind of Goethe, the two fields of labor appeared equally grand. His genius could not judge between them, and that he became a poet instead of an artist, was, as we all know, the result of mere accident. In deciding the third question perhaps we may begin well by accepting a hint from phrenology. "To become a great artist" said the late Professor Fowler, "requires a brain that is well-nigh perfect—an harmonious balancing of all the faculties of the mind. No one gift has ever made a great artist, in the true sense of the word. His work has been the result of a full development of the ideal, the perceptive, the reflective, the mechanical and, in the highest instances, of the moral organs of the brain." In addition to the ideal, the perceptive and assimilating faculties

then, an artist must possess those that will also give him rare technical skill. His thoughts can not be at once transferred to canvas, but must, oftentimes, wait upon a slow manipulative process. He must have the power to hold fast his thought, while guiding it through some slow, or while inventing some new mode of expression. In fact, the entire scope—the fulness of the human intellect—is necessary for the achievement of such work as that done by Michael Angelo, Kaulbach and Gustave Doré.

In looking closely into the artist nature, we find it to be one all-embracing—of infinite sympathy. And therein the artist and the poet are true brothers. Take the first and the last of the three artists we have mentioned, and see not only how vast were the stores of knowledge they employed, but also how deep and far their thoughts reached into the problems of existence. Their works demonstrate for us that true art is never the result of ambition, that feverish desire for popularity, such as marks the greater part of our modern art work; but, that it is either the outgrowth of admiration in the pres-

ence of nature; deep-felt emotion, under the questionings of life and fate, or the desire to express some message, or give answer to questions, thrust upon us from out the domain of the unknown.

There is a prominent fact in regard to the universal talents of artists, and that is, not only are they often fine painters, sculptors and architects at one and the same time, but they are often excellent poets besides. Michael Angelo is a noble example of this as—designer of St. Peter's Cathedral, sculptor of the statue of Moses, painter of the "Last Judgment" and writer of some of the most exquisite sonnets of his time. Something akin to this is seen in the works of the French artist Doré. In invention he appeared inexhaustible; in comprehension, limitless. Look what a vast scope, what a range of thought is expressed in his life's work! Entering thoroughly into the minds of the greatest authors of modern times, see how he interprets them for us! See how he takes his stand by the side of Dante, in his marvelous illustrations to the "Divine Comedy;" and by Milton in

those to "Paradise Lost!" Look in succession at the grandeur of the illustrations to the "Idyls of the King;" the weird, unearthly scenes in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner;" the solemn, rich landscapes of "Atala" and the awful, almost heart-chilling, interpretations of the "Raven" of Edgar A. Poe. From the deepest tragedy he can pass at will to the broadest, the most subtle humor, as the "Don Quixote" amply shows. His sympathy with child-life is none the less marked than his other qualities, and of all artists who has so perfectly mastered the principles of the grotesque? In sculpture he was as eminently successful. Not a sculptor of France, but would be proud could he but claim the designing of that awe-inspiring group of "Love and Fate." In whatever direction his hand and brain were employed, like wonders were achieved. Through all the range of literature can a name be found that suggests more varied qualities of mind, or one of broader scope?

To follow this subject further.

William Blake, who made the famous illustrations to the "Book of Job," was a poet of great

ability; as witness the exquisite verses called "The Garden of Love." Washington Allston, the American painter, was, also, the author of several poems likely to live through many coming years, and D. Gabriel Rossetti, of the English school, is as fine a poet as he is a painter. His "Blessed Damozel" takes rank with all poems of a similar nature, while many of his minor poems are marked by the highest genius. Rare, indeed, is it that the poet can turn with like success, to walk in the realms of art.

The artist is generally quick in his appreciation of the work of his contemporary poet; much of his work is often done to interpret him. But after we have examined the sympathy felt by the artist for the writer — his struggles in establishing new standards of taste — let us look at the reverse side. There we will find an almost total absence of reciprocity in appreciation or aid. Wordsworth, keenest-eyed of modern poets, was apparently dead to the work of the best landscape painters of his day. Sir George Beaumont, that self-elected dictator of the fine arts, receives recognition from him, *vide* "Ele-

giac Stanzas, Suggested by a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm." The work of B. R. Haydon, Esq., calls forth a sonnet, and there is also a sonnet called "Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture," but in spite of this, he seems to have been ignorant of the fact that the landscape painters of England had begun to approach and interpret nature in a manner such as had never been done before, and were struggling against the affected taste of the age, as regards landscape, as he himself, and Scott, and Byron, and Shelley were compelled to do.

Few of all the men that are supreme in literature understand those who are supreme in art. What did Scott, with all of his word-painting, know of the genius of Turner? Victor Hugo, judging by his written words, can think of no one in art but Angelo and Rembrandt, and even then makes constantly false allusions to the work of the latter, such as "Rembrandt painting with a palette all bedaubed in the sun's rays," a most faulty expression, for although Rembrandt does indeed put a ray of light stealing in somewhere in his pictures, it is not

their main point. His palette, it should rather be said, was bedaubed with night, for his pictures are the mystery of darkness.

Byron understood but little of art; of painting he said: "Of all the arts, depend upon it, it is the most false and affected." Sculpture he understood a little better, paying it several tributes in verse, the best known of which are those addressed to the Dying Gladiator, in "Childe Harold." Shelley upon the subject of art may be said to be silent, at least in verse; and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, truthful and just as she generally is, when she speaks of painting, is all at sea, with the rest of them.

The great lights of literature pay homage, in words immortal, to other great lights in the firmament of literature. Not an artist has breathed who has had such encomiums as those that have been laid at the feet of Shakespeare. Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Goethe, Carlyle, have each offered words of praise. Nor must we forget, last though not least, the stupendous offering of Victor Hugo, whose marvelous summary of Shakespeare's genius — his place in the gallery

of immortelles — is without a parallel for force and power. Raffaelle, Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Da Vinci — these, perhaps, have been extolled the highest. And, later, Turner, the English landscape painter, in whose praise Ruskin, the art seer, penned his fervid descriptions, pouring forth his panegyrics "with that almost Roman severity of conception and expression which enables him to revel in the most gorgeous language, without ever letting it pall upon the reader's taste by affectation or over lusciousness," placing Turner side by side with Veralum and Shakespeare, "equal stars in the annals of the light of England. By Shakespeare, humanity was unsealed to you; by Veralum, the principles of nature; by Turner, her aspect, lifting the veil from the face of nature" — but then Ruskin is also an artist.

Art has not the same chance of reaching the hearts of the many, that poetry has. There are thousands—nay, tens of thousands of homes in which there is a well-selected library of books, giving a perfect conception of the various life-work of the most eminent authors of all ages,

but in which there may not be a single work of art that would give an adequate conception of even one great artist of even the present age. To get the same knowledge of art it would be necessary for the possessor of such a library to visit the art centers—the many galleries of England, France, Italy and Germany, and even there, under ordinary circumstances, the knowledge of art obtained by him would be but fragmentary, compared with the lasting impressions made by the calm and deliberate reading of authors, year after year, at home.

Early impressions influence us through life. And here the poet and the artist may be said to stand equal. Youth is the age of poetical impressions, but the young are also fond of pictures. The means to gratify both passions are generally near at hand, though not in equal proportions. As shown in the foregoing paragraph, the book of poetry is easily reached; the good work of art not so much so. It naturally follows that literature is better understood by the young than art, and that the poet is nearer to the hearts of the people than the artist. In

the seclusion of the library, or by the winter fireside, we can commune with the spirit of Milton; look with him upon the awful scenes of pandemonium, or the blissful glades of Paradise. With him we can stoop to the depths, or rise to the heights; but with England's ideal painter, Martin, we have no such privilege; the very nature of his work debars him from us. We can not look upon his large canvases of "Satan in Council," the "Plains of Heaven," or the "Bower of Eve," and yet, after all disparagements, those are glorious productions. It is only the few who are familiar with those works, and consequently by the few only are they understood and appreciated.

The same comparisons can be made between Germany's greatest poet and painter — Goethe and Kaulbach. Those were men of equal merit in their respective fields, but their work is by no means equally well known. We are all familiar with the drama of "Faust," the "Sorrows of Werter," and all those other outpourings of Goethe's genius. Yet how many, outside of Germany at least, are familiar with the cartoons

of Kaulbach—any of the works of his mighty mind and skillful hand? Still, what could excel for grandeur of conception his "Hunnen Schlacht"—Battle of the Huns, or, for analysis of human nature, that haunting picture called "The Mad House"? His design for the frieze on the New Museum at Berlin is a marvel. Thereon is shown, under the guise of childhood, the intellectual development of man, his hopes, his fears and his passions. Kaulbach was a teacher whose works should be known in every home.

Byron and Scott! Who has not heard of them? Have not their ideal creations become almost a reality? The influence they wielded, and still wield, is not to be estimated. They are known alike in the palace and the cottage. But not more than one in a thousand of those who speak the English tongue knows of the world of beauty and grandeur, created or delineated by their contemporary, Turner, although he stands like a giant in the domain of modern art. His work—in landscape art—may be said to occupy a place, like the volume of Æschylus, in the library of the

Marquis de Mirabeau — alone; his brush being more than equivalent for those of all his brother artists, and the contemporary descriptive writers of his day.

Let us come nearer home.

The name of Longfellow is a household word; his romance of "Hyperion," his poems of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" are household treasures. But how few there are who speak of the glowing and poetic canvases of Frederick E. Church, one of the finest of America's painters; indeed, one of the finest landscape painters of the world? Yet surely he ought to be better known. His lovely picture of "The Icebergs," those of the volcanoes of "Chimborazo" and "Cotopaxi," realize for us the weird splendor of the frozen North, and the sensuous beauty of the South. The "Niagara Falls" and the "Ægean Sea" are no less splendid achievements, and America could justly feel proud of them. What inference must be drawn from all this, but that an artist and a poet of equal powers have not the same chance of becoming endeared to the many, and that the work of the former

influence less than the latter the thought of his age? The poet then for the many, the artist for the few. Especially does this remark apply to the lesser lights in art. Indeed many artists of genuine talent, are known only to a small circle of admirers, those immediately around them, while men of inferior talent in literature are known throughout the land. The magazine, of course, is the great disseminator of all classes of literature.

If we take the three graces, as Music, Poetry and Art are sometimes called, we will find the order in which they are named to represent their respective popularity — Music first, Poetry second, Art third. If we reverse the order, we have the relative degree of difficulty in understanding them—Art greatest, Poetry second, Music least; Poetry occupying the connecting link in each scale. Music appeals at once to the heart without requiring knowledge of any kind. A beautiful poem often requires much education to thoroughly appreciate it. To estimate either the "Iliad" or "Siegfried's Saga" at their true worth, calls for at least some understanding of the Greek myths and the mythology of the Northern nations. Many paint-

ings of the great masters, whether in landscape or figure, demand a cultured taste, or a keen observation of nature before half their beauties can be felt or understood. Of course, there is art that is simple and popular, such as the work of Birket Foster, the delineator of English rural life, or Landseer, or Rosa Bonheur — those inimitable painters of animals, or of Thomas Faed, who has painted so perfectly the cottage life of Scotland; but this does not affect the main questions. Nothing that they have painted is as well known, or has reached the heart of the public, like the "May Queen" of Tennyson, or the "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard," of Thomas Gray. The very acme of popularity is reached when simple music lends it aid to simple verse, as in "Home, Sweet Home." Again, there is music thoroughly difficult to appreciate, but still the relationship remains the same. "Il Trovatore" is less difficult to interpret than "Manfred;" that again, less than Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

How perishable, too, is the most beautiful work of the artist, and even of the architect, in comparison with that of the poet and the

dramatist. Over a gulf of twenty-five centuries, the words of Homer come to us as when they were first sung, but only a wreck remains of the Parthenon. His portraits of Jupiter and Minerva still live for us, but the Olympian Jove and the Pallas of Phidias we see no more. The glowing description of Juno and her couch of flowers is as fresh as ever. The Venus Anadyomene of Apelles, is now but a dream. We still have tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, and poems of Ovid, and comedies of Terence, but the Elgin Marbles are now but disfigured fragments. Yet, if poetry chronicle the deeds of heroes, sing the praise of beauty and give "to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," art covers the earth with palaces and majestic cathedrals, carves the statue, covers the wall with glorious paintings, and keeps before our eyes the features of beloved ones gone. Between art and poetry there can be no strife, only sweet companionship, giving to each other loving aid, and, to use the exquisite simile of Keats, blending the thoughts of its greatest votaries, as the perfume of the violet blends with that of the rose.