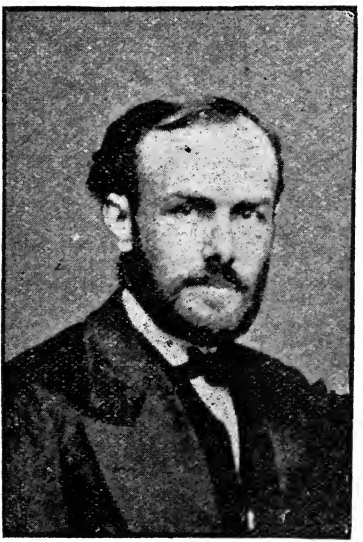

W. W. HANDLIN.

This book is respectfully
Dedicated to myself.

WILLIAM

BY W. W. HANDLIN,
AUTHOR OF
"AMERICAN POLITICS."

NEW ORLEANS:
Paul J. Sendker Printing Co., Ltd.,
335 Carondelet Street,
1901.

"*Franciscus de verulamio sic cogitavit.*"

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Oct. 24, 1898.

MRS. E. A. PAGE,

Dear Madam:—I send you a sketch of New Orleans, showing where my 51 lots lie. I have not the least doubt that they will be worth double what I ask in a short time. This city is on the up grade. We had a bad yellow fever scare last year. Then the war came. This year the scare was not so bad, and the fever was no worse than measles. But New Orleans is destined to be a great city. It will get the trade of our new Spanish possessions, Cuba and Porto Rico. In this letter I will open my heart: You have no idea how I have suffered, and still suffer, for want of a little money to pay even bread bills. It seems that the Cleveland administration made times very hard here and money very scarce. We have

property enough, but you cannot send your house to market.

The high tariff of McKinley is making things lively with you, but with us, daylight is only just beginning. In 1892, under McKinley's first high tariff, I made more money in one year than I had made in ten years before, which enabled me to take a trip through all Europe in 1893. As a client of mine in the estate of your brother, Captain David Remberger, you might recommend me as a lawyer to Robert Lincoln. That is all; it is not worth while to state the reason now.

With all my troubles, I thank God that He has raised me a good friend and well wisher in you. My own early life in Kentucky was not unlike that of Mr. Lincoln's immortal father. My father was the owner of six hundred acres of land, on which there was a pretty large farm. Of course, I did all sorts of work, and got my education the best I could, working to pay my way in col-

lege a while, as my father had five other children. They are all dead now, but the widow Margaret Worten and myself. She is very comfortable on a farm in Livingston county, Kentucky. This train of thought makes me remember something of my first cogitations about God and justice. When I was just big enough to sit on a horse, my father, who was a good and honest man, sent me with a bag of corn to Jesse Martin's water-mill, about six miles away. When I got to the farm of one Sullivan, I asked him and another man who were working near the road, to tell me the way. The farmer, seeing me so small, took great pains to kindly tell me how to go, which made me feel thankful in my heart. The dog, Guess, followed me, and soon after I left Sullivan, he took after a gang of hogs in the woods, but I called him off. When I got a good distance further on, the dog took after another gang of hogs, and I let him go. My reasoning faculties began to work, and I

felt very much alone and near to my Maker. When I got home, I told my father that I would not let Guess run the first hogs, because I thought they belonged to the good man who told me the way, but I let him run the others because they were so far away that I thought they belonged to some one else. My father laughed a good deal.

When I look around and look back on rather a long life and see how things have come to pass in this world, and how little I understand and have understood of it all, I am filled with unspeakable wonder. When studying law, an old doctor (Gilliam) said to me: "William, always stand on principle, not policy;" and Henry Clay said he would rather be "right than President."

This machine, run by air in the place of steam, would stop, and all life on the globe would end, were it not for the air. How wonderful and incomprehensible creation is! May it not be? *Quien sabe?* That,

as some philosophers held, the earth is one whole, living being, no part of which is lost forever, neither spirit nor body? Where am I at? When a boy in Marion, Kentucky, I commenced speaking German with some Jewish merchants. Afterwards, with Ollendorff and a German dictionary, I translated many German stories, and something of Goethe and Schiller, finding the comedies much easier than the tragedies. But there is always something to learn in German,—it is very hard; whereas in Spanish and French there seems to be a limit which can be mastered. A pilot in the harbor of Bremer Haven remarked to me: "*Uebung macht den Meister.*" I translated the whole of Schiller's "Don Carlos," a *chef d'oeuvre*, where the hero fell in love with his step-mother, a very rare thing. When sixty-three, I thought I would not bother with any new languages, having gotten along well in Germany and France, but going out of St. Peter's one morning, I

stopped to get some milk in a restaurant, and could not make myself understood. They brought me eggs. I should have said *latte* (pronounced latty.) This caused me to commence, and after I got home I read all of the plays of Mestastacio,—an Italian Shakespeare,—in five or six volumes, at the Tulane library. The way to learn a language is to be where it is spoken and to read novels with dialogues and conversations. But there is not much profit in being a linguist. It is a sort of infatuation, a curiosity, rather an inferior grade of learning, not comparable to philosophy, history, chemistry, law or medicine. At the same time it is a pleasure and very useful to a gentleman of fortune and leisure, who can afford to travel. That is the thing. I am thankful indeed for the competency I have, but if the Goddess, Fortune, had given me enough to spend the summers in other parts, away from the mosquitos in New Orleans, I should feel better satisfied. That

is about as far as I envy the millionaires; but many of them, poor creatures, are too much absorbed in the care of money to know the good of it.

My course at Cumberland College (long since gone out of commission) at Princeton, Kentucky, was limited to one year. I studied geometry, trigonometry, and surveying in Davies' Legendre; was first in my class, and was called upon in the examination to demonstrate the *Pons Assinorum*. Professor Freeman, in starting us in Geometry, said it was the best course of logic. Being a big young man, with a previous start, I was able to keep up with two Latin classes—Ovid and Virgil. When over forty years of age, I found time to translate all of that remarkable work, Caesar's Commentaries, with the *Belli Civili Romanorum*; and when in the practice of law in New Orleans, my friend, E. K. Washington, the author of travels, learned me to read Greek.

I now speak, read and write, more or less correctly, five living languages. While still young, in the city of Mexico, when Gadsden was minister, I graduated in the Castillian Grammar, at the head of the class, and was called upon to parse at the exhibition. They gave me the large dictionary of the Spanish Academy, which was afterwards lost among the filibusters in Nicaragua. Having studied law in Spanish for some time, I turned my attention to Spanish literature, and read many of the principal works of Cervantes and Lesage, which I had read before in English. I had a beautiful illustrated edition of Gil Blas, in 7 volumes, printed in Madrid over 100 years ago, which I have since given to a niece who studied Spanish. At a bull fight, Zorrillo, the poet, was pointed out to me. The newspapers printed an interview in which he said: "*Por donde quiere que yo vaya, canto,*" (I sing wherever I go.) Years afterwards I fell upon a very long

epic poem of his, in which an old physician was the hero. He made him out a very good and very learned man. The doctor treated rich and poor alike, and took whatever they gave him, and if he found no towel he wiped his face on the sheet.

While in Mexico I boarded in a French hotel, and we generally stayed at dinner an hour, where I heard nothing but French; so getting an Ollendorff method, I was soon able to commence reading *Les trois mousquetaires*, *vingt apres*, *etc.*, which I hired from a library. A pretty play of Dumas is *La vielle tour de Nesle*. Afterwards, I went through the whole range of French literature—Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo, Volney, Voltaire, Corneille, Thiers and others, greatly to my gratification. The Henriade of Voltaire is a most charming work, but I think I enjoyed most *Le Consulat et L'Impire*, of Thiers. I had read his French Revolution in English. My old friend, Judge Duvigneaud, lent me

a fine edition in nineteen volumes of the easiest print, and I finished them. He said it was a romance. But in this respect my mother-in-law did not agree with the judge. She used to say, whenever Napoleon came upon the tapis, "*Ah, le monstre, le gredin, le bucher!*" And I must say, aside from admiration of the genius of the warrior, that I think she was about right. After Attila, perhaps the human race has not had a greater scourge than Napoleon. Thiers reported in his history of *Le Consulat et L'Impire*, that when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power, the prevailing thought was glory, but when fortune left him, Tallyrand turned to the rising sun of the Bourbons and labored assiduously to inform the people that they had had enough of glory and that it was time to turn their attention to *Legitimité*.

The most striking thing about Attila was the burning of all his baggage in one great heap after his defeat in France. It makes

me think that when we are ready to make our final retreat into that great beyond, that we shall put our little mundane things into a similar heap and set them on fire. In this respect the civilization of Rome was superior to our own. I am an advocate of purification, cremation. How like a machine, a watch or a clock, is the body of man! Man's life, by "the pencil of the Holy Ghost," is wound up more or less to the period of seventy years. The heart beats all that time, and when it ceases the man stops. But in this one thing nature is uniform. Every created thing needs and has a heart to beat the diapasson of life, and man cannot claim in this exclusiveness, though he may claim for himself a "sole exclusive heaven."

Sallust said two thousand years ago: "Every man who wishes to distinguish himself from the other animals ought to labor not to pass his life in obscurity, and, as life is so short, he ought to strive to

leave a long remembrance." *¡Ojalá!* that this poor letter of mine might live two thousand years.

In concluding this review, my dear madam, I must confess to you that my love of books, coupled with the prejudice of others against them, has caused me many a good scolding. The only excuse I can offer for the garrulity of an old man is what the Master said about hiding a light under a bushel; and so, madam, I must restrain myself from further intellectual pyrotechnics.

Farewell.

W. W. HANDLIN.

BERLIN, GERMANY, Aug. 14, 1893.

William, My Son:

We sailed on the Akaba, at 12:30 p. m., July 19th, 1893; length 356 feet, draft 24 feet, cargo 3000 tons, dead weight 5000 tons. It took $3,000 to load her; when the tug pulled her bow off, she looked grand and appeared to reach half across the river. We passed the sugar plantations of Gov. Warmoth and Bradish Johnson and the rice and orange place of Pat Lyons on the right, and Point a la Hache, the county seat of Plaquemines Parish, on the left. It was too late to get out and we anchored at the head of the Passes. Next morning we went out South Pass. It is very narrow and crooked. On the third day we passed Key West, 500 miles out. In the night we passed Aligator Reef, which has a funny lighthouse—three lights, one red and two white, which bob up and down alternately all night. Our voyage was very pleasant; the weather

was fine; we passed several whales and lots of flying fish. But it was too long to write fully about. I made notes, however. Going East we gained twenty minutes time every day and had to advance the clock. The chronometer on the ship was London time, six hours earlier than New Orleans. One hour from Greenwich, which is near London, going West, makes 800 or 900 miles, and that is the way they know the longitude or distance West from Greenwich.

It is 4687 miles from New Orleans to London, and 5300 miles to Bremen. The coal got dusty three days, and we only went 150 miles a day, but we averaged 200 miles, and a few days, at first, with the gulf stream, we made about 300 miles in 24 hours. I expect to be back about the first of October. The variations of the compass! We go 10 degrees South of East by the compass, but in fact we are running several degrees North of East! We came East along between the Scorpion and the Dipper; we were so far

South at Cape Florida that the heart of the Scorpion appeared almost over our heads, but before we got to Bremen the Pole Star was so elevated that we were nearly under it. Bremen is about 56 degrees North latitude, while New Orleans is only 29 degrees. Daylight commences at 3 o'clock a. m., and it is not dark till 9.

Here, there is too much to write about in a letter. I have been knocking about the streets, seeing the sights, and visiting the museums, and I have seen the Apollo Belvidere and the Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Raphael. Tomorrow I go to Potsdam and the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg. Then, off for Vienna, Rome and Naples, and back through Paris and London.

How do you get along with Don Quixote? When college begins you will have no time to read it. Do you forget anything on Sunday? My health is good. I never missed a meal, three times a day, on the voyage. But, about the channel,—some of them

missed me. It was a veritable "life on the ocean wave." My love to our Kentucky relatives. Good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

William, My Son:

I must write you something about what I saw in Berlin. It is a great city. Ruhmes-Halle has all kinds of military inventions, and all kinds of ancient knights clothed in steel "cap a pie." The national gallery and the other museum I visited, are stored with celebrated works of art. There are all manner of statues and paintings. Think of a large painting by Reubens, of Hercules, or Bachus drunk with head hung down and surrounded by a gang of Bacchannalians and merry makers, male and female, little and big, and you may form some idea of how se-

rious and at the same time how laughable it looks. Some of the pictures are so life-like that they look like they might almost step down from the canvass and walk.

There is Christ preaching in a boat on the sea, a little square canoe, and the people are sitting and leaning on the bank. Also a picture of Jesus resurrecting Lazarus. A large marble statue of Achilles dying, with an arrow in his heel, recalls one's classic lore.

The Victory Column, *Sieges-Säule*, (pronounced zeeges zoila) and the dome of the new Parliament (Reichstag) House are covered or gilded with pure gold, and I am told that the house will cost $25,000,000.

The zoological garden is full of all notable species of wild animals and birds, from the North Pole to the Capes Horn and Good Hope. There are some giraffes nearly half as high as our house. There are immense cages and dens, with convenient places for exercise, air and sunshine. The garden is

a large, gently rolling forest, with lakes and ponds, of, I suppose, one or two hundred acres.

Potsdam is the residence of the Emperor, about 12 or 15 miles from Berlin. I was admitted to an audience with the Emperor. The Palace is the next station beyond Potsdam, but I entered the Sans Souci Park, which extends from the end of Potsdam to the Palace. The mausoleum of his father, Frederick, is at the entrance. It is most grand. It is a large room with a pictured dome. In the center, about 5 feet high, is the marble, life-size body of Frederick, laid out in death. The forehead is highly intellectual. On the right there is a magnificent altar, with a life-size marble statue of Christ, laid out, and the Virgin Mother leaning over. On each side of this altar is the bust of a young prince.

The Park of Sans Souci contains, I suppose, two hundred acres of great forest and linden trees, laid out with beautiful flowers,

walks, and a great number of statues. I strolled to the center, where there is a large pond surrounded by marble and filled with red fish; and, being tired, I rested.

Then I went through a long central walk parallel with the railway, at the end of which I came to one of the gates of the Palace grounds, guarded by a sentinel. I had some difficulty to enter. It is necessary, perhaps, to prevent intrusion by too many visitors, to take precautions; but I had previously sent my card, and after going to one or two other gates, and waiting awhile, a squad of six soldiers and a corporal came and I went with them about two squares when I was turned over to an armed officer with whom I went about two hundred yards and entered the office of the Palace where there was a gentleman who appeared to be a private secretary. After some parley with him the same officer conducted me back through the entrance around to the side of the Palace, where in a rather small office-

looking building I was presented to the Emperor. I stated that I was traveling, and had called to make a little visit and pay my respects to him.

He is rather a young man and fine looking. He said he does not speak English, though I think he does. He said very little. I did most of the talking; but he has a large fine head, which I judge to be full of sense. He told me he had been visited lately by Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain,) and he was very polite and courteous. Upon the whole, I was very much pleased with my visit. The place looks grand and stately, but I think somewhat lonely, and I doubt much if the Emperor of all Germany is more happy than we are, considering the cares of such an empire.

So, my son, as Solomon said, "The diligent man shall stand before kings."

With my knowledge of German, I got along very well everywhere.

I suppose you will be going back to Col-

lege at New Orleans soon.

I traveled all last night, and am tired; so I think I shall sleep awhile here and then see the pictures.

I hope to hear from you at Rome. Then I go to Naples, and back through Paris and London and home to New Orleans.

Good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

August 19, 1893.

VENICE, ITALY, August 23, 1893.

William, My Son:

I must now write you what I saw in Vienna.

The spire of the Cathedral is four hundred and twenty-eight feet high. I attended high mass at 9 o'clock. At ten I was conducted to the church of the Dominican Convent near by, and heard a most eloquent sermon

in German. The preacher had a strong Italian cast of features. My host was my guide. I have plenty to tell you about him. He is a regular Sancho Panza. It seems I have the luck to find the people and places I need everywhere.

The Cathedral is a very long and wide church, but the entrance, say half, is cut off by large iron gates, and seems to be a gathering place. Seven immense columns on each side, with arches, stand about one-fifth of the width from the side walls, and extend the whole length of the church; and on the altar side of those large iron gates those arches are connected so as to divide the church into three churches with an altar in each, but an arch on each side near the altar is left open, which forms two great doors connecting the whole.

The Cathedral is grand and majestic, but the ceiling is not painted and frescoed, and for beauty of coloring and delicately framed

windows it is not equal to our own Jesuit's Church in New Orleans.

In a street near by, I was shown a slim monumental spire, forty or fifty feet high, in commemoration of the Holy Ghost. It is full of heads and representations on the sides, looking rather ragged, which I suppose are the apostles, or the people upon whom the Holy Ghost descended, but I had no time to examine or inquire.

In a large wide place, or street, is seated a large majestic statue of Maria Theresa, the celebrated Austrian Queen. There is a fine State park, very beautiful.

Vienna, which they write Wien, and pronounce veen, is a very fine city, and the places of interest are central and easy of access. The houses are four, five, and six stories high, and they have flats, like in New York.

Where I stopped, the water when fresh was good to drink and clear, and they told me it was brought by an acqueduct. But

they were astonished to see me drink water, and offered me something to drink everywhere, which I politely declined *á la Mejicana*, with "No, Señor, gracias."

One young fellow in the cars was so taken with me and my German that he would not be denied, so I was forced to take a swallow out of his bottle, which tasted like some sort of whiskey, but luckily it did not make my head swim.

I forgot something about the Cathedral: At the usual time the brother collector, dressed in plain red, with a cap, came along. He had a long painted cup, a little bigger than a vichy bottle, with the bottom turned up, upon the top of which was a slot and on the bottom, a little extended, there was an ornamental knot. This cup was attached to the bent end of a stick, two branches of which went over a rivet causing the cup to swing. Very few put anything into the cup, but whenever anyone did give anything the brother very humbly said,

"Gratia!" I put a kreuzer in the cup, but before the mass was over, along came another collector from one of the sides, so I put in another kreuzer just to hear him say "Gratia." And I believe if twenty had come along I would have put in a kreuzer every time. I had my pockets full of the things. It was only a half cent.

I am getting along so well, and feel so much at home, that I begin to look with no little contempt on the dread I formerly entertained of a trip to Europe. You can spend as much, and as little, almost, as you please. One pair of new American black jeans pants will do me the whole trip, and, well brushed, they are respectable enough and warm enough in Germany, where some wear overcoats in the middle of August, and not too hot in Italy. Then, with a New Orleans fifty-cent dark calico sack, an alpaca vest, and a cent white cravat, you are quite a dude in Europe. However, should you grow as tall as I am, you

ought not to go too shabby, or you might be taken for an English lord traveling incognito. By the way, in the middle of Vienna my guide pointed out an immense house of iron, five stories high, belonging to some great Englishman.

In traveling, all you have to do is to say "ja" to everything. It is better to submit and not get angry, even if you are a little wronged, and have no dispute about anything less than a dollar, for a dollar will hardly pay to get angry. I had two "jaws" from Berlin to Vienna, and the first time I came off victor, though I had a tough old German to deal with. He was a peddler, and while waiting at the depot, I looked at his things in a basket, and picked up something I thought was a whistle, but when I put it in my mouth to blow it, he considered it sold, and wanted to compel me to buy it. It was only two cents and one half, but when I found it was a cigar holder I refused to take it, as I do not smoke. He

appealed to the police, and I thought that I might have to have a trial of the case, but I explained it to the police, and an officer kept the whistle, which ended the matter. The other row was with a conductor, who forced me to pay for baggage, when I had my ticket, and had not done so before; so I would have my money, and got off the train. But it cost me more, for I was in Austria, and made a mistake in getting on the wrong train.

They speak about so many Americans traveling, but I only met one in Germany and Austria, and he was in the museum at Berlin.

I hope what I saw in Vienna will interest you and be appreciated by you. I should have stayed another day to visit the museums, but it was Monday, and for some reason or other, being a feast day I suppose, they were closed. No, it was cleaning up day. I was shown in a show-case window

a fine portrait of Francis Joseph, who appears to be about seventy.

In buying things, I pull out a handful of kreuzers and silver pieces, and tell them to help themselves, and they never abuse the privilege and never take too much.

Coming out from Vienna I fell in with the engineer contractor of the acqueduct, a large, fat old man, who told me that his master was Gabrielli, the architect of London,—in broken English, of which he was very proud. I asked him how much he had made out of it, which was an indiscretion, and he answered that the whole work had cost 100,000 pounds; but I pressed my question as to how much he had made, and he shook his sides and laughed and said he had eaten his part all up. I told him I was a lawyer, and that he must forgive me for asking questions, and then he laughed again. Further information informed me that the acqueduct came from the Alps, one hundred and forty English miles.

But what did I see in Vienna? Warten Sie einen Augenblick! Hier! Komme doch! The German is running in my head so that I almost dream in it, as I used to do in Spanish, when I learned it in Mexico. But German is not spoken here, and if it were I could not tell you in German, as there is too much of it.

My Sancho was at fault about the Englishman's house. Only ornamental parts are of iron, the rest is of stone and marble. The iron oak on the corners is a representation of the great historical oak into which in old times every visitor drove a nail, and the house belonged not to an Englishman at all, but to the New York Life Insurance Co.

Germany is a gently rolling country, susceptible of a high state of cultivation, and almost every foot seems to be utilized. From its age, it is necessary, and the land is systematically fertilized. Did I describe it before?

Approaching Austria, a little east of Dresden, going up the river Elbe, I struck the hills, large and treeless, something like Hardin's Knob, in Crittenden county, Kentucky. There are many short tunnels. Austria is more hilly than Germany. I saw places cultivated which were steeper than a straight stairway. But for miles around Vienna, there are vast well-lying fields. The people live in villages called Dörfer.

A couple of thousand acres will be cultivated by the people of one village; and owing to the different owners the fields are divided into small strips and patches, giving pretty views from the different colors of the plants—sugar beets, buckwheat, oats, and other growths.

The villages are something like the quarters on our large sugar plantations, but jumbled together. Fifty miles south of Vienna we struck the hills, and in the evening two Italians counted fourteen tunnels. I

don't know how many we passed in the night. Approaching Venice, the Tyrolean Mountains are on the right, and the waters, bays, and inlets of the Adriatic Sea are on the left.

Along there is the rockiest country I ever saw. The trip was twenty-five hours and all night.

You must change your money on the line of every country, and get money of the country into which you go, but American gold is taken at all stations. Also, your carpet-bag is examined.

So, good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

ROME, ITALY, August 1893.

William, My Son:

I am impelled to write you what I saw in Berlin. However, I must state that in Vienna, nobody seemed to know where Venice is. They have two or three names for it, Venedig, pronounced "Vaynaydick," and another place somewhere in Hungary like it, so that when I went to the South Depot early, they sent me to another depot where I met an intelligent officer who sent me back to the South Depot. There, after pulling out my map (Cook's) on him, the ticket seller had to succumb, and I got off at one o'clock.

While waiting at the depot in Berlin, I fell in with an Italian widow with such sparkling dark eyes as you never saw. She smoked her cigarette, and spoke several languages as well as German. We had a long conversation,—she speaking Italian and I Spanish, and we were perfectly comprehensible. German is no longer spoken, and I have to

draw on my French and Spanish, rather Spanish, for when they have not studied a little French, Spanish is better.

On arriving in Venice, I made my way through porters and gondolier men, strolling along the very narrow alleys between high houses, which are necessary in this climate because they are cool, inquiring, "Do Rialto?" You may remember the clause in Shakespeare's Shylock, beginning "Oft on the Rialto." It is the same bridge, built in 1600, nearly 300 years old. It is stone and marble, and very durable. It is across water—the Grand Canal—probably 150 feet wide, and elevated, rising by a long stairway on each side, with low, easy, marble steps, and frequent landings, and the top is only about thirty feet across. Then I went along inquiring for San Marco's Church. There I found a big, fat man, speaking French, who offered to show me the church for a franc, and I accepted his services. It is useless for me to attempt to

describe it. The whole New Testament history is represented by great pictures inside and outside. I supposed it was frescoed, but was told it was mosaic. I frankly confess I never knew what mosaic meant before, having only seen some floors with us of small pieces of colored marble. But it is marvelous, not to say miraculous. Think of all those great pictures of Christ and the saints being made out of small pieces,—the floor of marble, and the upper part pieces of glass of different colors. Everything in Venice is mosaic; it is there a specialty. San Marco is a great square sort of a church, not divided, but with small marble pillars,—nothing like the Cathedral in Vienna in style of architecture. After kneeling and saying my prayers to Almighty God in the temple of worship, I strolled out with my heavy sack in the narrow alleys, which are full of fancy, dainty shops, to hunt a place to sleep.

The water streets for gondolas, twenty or

thirty feet wide, are a little distant from each other, and about four feet below the banquette for foot passengers on the sides. I passed over a little bridge and entered a house. While I was trying to talk with the women, a gentleman came out speaking a little French, and he sent his servant girl with me to a lady, through two or three narrow passages, but the lady had no place. Then I went on by myself, and while I was talking with an old lady at a window, a little man stuck his head out of an opposite window and told me to come in. Upstairs he showed me a good room and bed. The beds were all too short, except in Venice. He was very full of talk, and after awhile he would go with me to a restaurant. After I had dined I wanted to go back to rest, but he wound me around, and directly we came upon San Marco, but I told him I had seen it, so he would have me to pass by the Ducal Palace, which stands out from San Marco, through which it is connected by a

great door, and fronts on the harbor, a very beautiful sheet of water, the Palace standing on the back of the crescent. There we seated ourselves to rest, and see the people pass in the cool of the evening. It is very clean and well paved, about a hundred feet from the water, extending around an arc of a mile or two. There are a great many pretty, dark pigeons which light down in the square in front of San Marco, and are fed by the people throwing bread to them. Finally I got to the house, nearly dead; but the clean bed and sheets reminded me of the luxury of clean sheets described by Dumas in one of his French tales.

Next morning at seven, the hour agreed, he rapped at the door crying out "Buon Giorno,"—or something like it, for I don't write Italian,—but I was writing and would not let him in for an hour. When I opened the door he shook me by the hand and wanted to know how I slept, as they do in Spanish: "Como ha dormido V?" Then he

brought in his little girl, about like my Laelia, to say good morning. Poor thing! I gave her some coin when I left, and kissed her. Then he brought in his large poodle dog, with his bell and muzzle, to say good morning! He was so amiable that he wanted to dress me—said I was "bello" tall and wide. I could not move but he was there, and he would have my address to present to the authorities; in fact, by putting on all my good nature, I was able to stand it, and it was rather amusing. So far they are no more like the non-talkative, know-nothing, dago Italians we have in New Orleans than the children of the moon. They have large, square, Roman faces. Out we went to the quai, and had coffee in a shaded booth in front of the Ducal Palace. After waiting, and reading the papers for awhile,—as the *Academia di Belle Arti* does not open till ten,—he would take me upon the "giant stairway" to the second story of the Ducal Palace. There we

marched all around, and saw all the statues and busts of all great Venetians—Marco Polo, Dante, and others; and the upper stories are full of historical paintings, but I reserved that for some future trip, perhaps, as there is not time enough to do everything at once. If you want to read about Venice, you might read Byron's Doge and the Two Fascari.

I kept saying "Academia," and my host guide wound round again, passing through St. Stephen's Church, that has one grand altar and twelve small ones. Then through another church with Doric columns. At last we crossed the Grand Canal on a bridge and came to the Academic Picture Gallery at half past ten. The statues are good, but I like the mellow light of the painters. It was closed.

He took me round the building and was going, but I made him understand that I must go in. So, to my great relief, he left me. Well, I was two hours getting

around, cursorily, and I might go there a week if I had time. It is too great a task to particularize what I saw. I refer you to the Encyclopedia Britanica and the Encyclopedia Americana, which you will find in the Tulane Library.

A great statue of Hercules throwing Lucas into the sea is very remarkable; in his left hand he has the victim by one foot, over his head, and with his right hand he has the hair of his head behind. Both men are naked, and express intense pain and passion. Then there is Titian's great "Assumption," ten feet wide by twenty-five feet high. The colors are exceedingly bright and lovely. The Virgin is in the center surrounded by angels; the Apostles below, and the Eternal with Cherubim above. Then, by Ballin, there is the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, who is shot with arrows. But I must stop. I would fain have been silent, and would have preferred to have relegated you to books of trav-

el; but perchance what your father says will attract you more.

"What I Saw in Europe" would be a very good title for a book, would it not? No, thank you. I write no more books. One small one was quite enough. But I am afraid I will tire you with what I saw in Europe.

In Germany and Austria the old fashioned apple trees, full of apples, which I had not seen for years, were very grateful to look upon, and the stunted Indian corn reminded me of our own dear land. But the ears were what we called nubbins when I was a boy. I don't know what they call them now—they have so many new names. In Venice at dinner they gave me nice bread soup, and when I stirred it up, there was a fresh boiled egg at the bottom,—a thing I never saw before; and I have eaten all kinds of soup, even to an allowance of one plate a day of mule soup, in the siege of Granada, Nicaragua, as you have heard

me say. As to meats, they know nothing but "bifstek" and potatoes, which were good, but if I wanted anything else, I had to go to the kitchen and point it out, for they know not what vegetables mean.

Finally, my last evening in Venice, I was tugged away by my everlasting guide on a long tramp to a fine garden to the left of the quai in front. I would rather have lain down on the floor to rest, but he said "Aria di mare! Salubre, molto salubre!" And when we got there the air was fine, sure enough. He took great pride in showing me at the entrance of the garden the statue of Garibaldi and one of his soldiers.

I saw other things in Venice, interesting enough, but I can tell you about them *viva voce*, should I recross the Atlantic in safety.

Next morning, I was up at three o'clock to catch the train at half past four, but partly owing to the officiousness of my guide, who would go with me, and partly

owing to my imperfect understanding of Italian, I was much detained in getting my ticket, so I missed the train one minute, and had to wait five hours; when, after a few smothered *carrajos*, I got off.

So, good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

ROME, ITALY, August, 1893.

William, My Son:

In leaving Venice, we turned gradually to the left, through a flat, fertile country, the Tyrolean Hills always to the right in the distance. The vine is cultivated there. Furrows of small trees, about as large as peach trees, stand about ten feet apart and the vines swing between. Then, there is a space to the next two rows of one hundred yards, and so on—the spaces being planted in Indian corn, or cereals. This is nothing

like the California vineyards. There, great fields are planted, with vines standing twice as far apart as tobacco plants in Kentucky. The branches are cut off three or four feet from the ground, giving them an appearance of stout shrubs covered with great clusters of large grapes.

About thirty miles from Venice we struck the hills and went through a long tunnel. Then we passed through alternate hills and valleys for about twenty miles, after which the hills disappeared, and we entered a flat country, well ditched, and cultivated in corn and something high like hemp. Also there was a small growth, with flowers of a bluish color, which I understood to be for some kind of salts. The ditches were a hundred yards apart, between rows of small willow and cottonwood trees. We crossed several canals and we passed over some elevated railroad, also.

In Berlin and other cities the railroads are elevated, on banks twelve or fifteen feet

high. I was alone in a small, non-smoking compartment, with two flat seats reaching across the car, and a very nice lady from Florence. So, with the permission of the lady, I pulled off my coat and stretched myself out, not to sleep but to rest. At half past two, we came to Bologna, at the edge of the hill on the right. There I had to wait for another train for an all night ride to Rome, a thing I fain would have avoided.

Well, we got through the night on the cars quicker than you would think. It is a sort of stupid, half-wake, half-sleep drumming and banging one gets. Still, it was cooler, and the night was delightful. One night, up in Austria, I got very cold with my alpaca, because I wore it all the way from New Orleans. Here, the calico sack is sufficient. A charming young Venetian doctor, Mr. Leone Maestro, got on in the night. He is twenty-three years old, and goes to Rome to practice. He asked me all

sorts of questions, in very bad French, but he pleased me.

We were to arrive in Rome at 7:30 a. m., and at 4:30, the stars yet shining, I was up to view the approach to Rome. We were probably 60 miles to the northwest. There was a little river on the left, with hills around, and but little land to cultivate. In half an hour we came to a better country, but scarcely any houses. At near six we passed Orte, a town on the hill to the left, and I knew we were in the Valley of the Tiber. I noticed some little trees planted, and the doctor told me they were Frumento, to make some sort of bread to eat. Still the stunted Indian corn was seen, and the grounds of the valley began to open out very lovely, with treeless hills on the sides. Some other little planted trees the doctor made me understand were to feed worms, and I suppose they were mulberry trees. Then I noticed on the gentle hillsides some very pretty orchards of bright, bunchy trees,

which I understood from him were for oil, and they must have been olive trees. In 30 miles from Rome the valley spread out very wide with beautiful lands. Descending the Tiber from the northwest I failed to see the Roman Campagna, so much talked about, for there were grass, hay, shepherds and cattle close up to the city. The depot goes right into the edge of the city.

In Rome we went down a wide, national street a few blocks, with five and six story houses on each side, to take breakfast, and to see my consul, Mr. Jones, from Florida. He would not be there till 10:30, when we went back to a house near the depot where the doctor was going to board, at the house of a lawyer. A couple of squares off, they sent me to the elevated flat of a widow lady, where I got a nice bed at a moderate rate. But what a bother! In the streets we were beset with people; some boys would carry our packs for anything at all, and when we gave them something, they

wanted more. The young doctor went with me to find a room, and a servant man went along without being asked. When we got there, he wanted something. I was tired and refused. I like to give voluntarily, but don't like to be forced to do anything. The doctor tried to persuade me that it was the custom of the country; I told him I was a stranger and knew nothing. I went back to the Consulate about 12 m. I got your letter and one from Lulu. As to your inquiry whether the old wall of Rome still exists, the consul told me that the wall of Aurelian is almost entire. I refer you to the heads, "Rome" and "Aurelian" in the Encyclopedia, for correct information.

At 12 the doctor came punctually with the young lawyer. I then found that he spoke better German than French, and thereafter we conversed in that horse language. We went by the New National Bank, a simple building, and jumped into a street car, passed Trajan's Pillar, and

crossed the Tiber on a great bridge, to St. Peter's. The Tiber, the doctor said, is between 20 and 30 feet deep, yellow, and about as wide as the Cumberland. At two, we took a cab, at a half a franc apiece, and returned. When we got out we met the old lawyer, who laughed when he saw the amount of change, mostly copper, his son brought me for a five franc note. The old man bought a big handful of luscious figs for three cents, took a few, and gave me the rest. We then parted, to rest and sleep.

Should you ever travel, I advise you not to refuse, but to scatter your centimes without stint; and in this you need not imitate me, for the people are very poor and it does not cost much. But it is hard to teach old men new things. I find I have been robbed at the stations. For a ten-dollar gold piece in Germany they gave me forty marks, and in Italy but thirty-eight; while for a two pound sterling note they gave fifty francs. But our cashier has given me the name of

a broker who will give me the worth of my gold.

Jesus Christ said not to hide our light under a bushel, but to set it upon a hill. Thus I, in these letters, am trying to elevate my feeble light the best I can, so you can see clearly and learn something therefrom. You see how I have been bothered by not knowing Italian, and that every language to a traveler makes him worth another man. Therefore, I hope you will get over the foolish prejudice of the up-town American Creoles against the down-town French "gay-gays" and apply yourself vigorously to French.

The air here is good, and I think healthy. The climate in Italy is very much like ours in New Orleans, but they have no mosquito bars here or in Venice, though in the latter place I did hear a few friendly, innocuous mosquitos sing about the bed. You know we could not pass our summers without bars; but I suppose that Italy is so close to

the sea on all sides that those pests are swept away by the breezes. I shall be sure to buy your English razor, though I think the style now is for young men not to shave, and I am persuaded the ladies like it better.

Rome is built on rolling ground; the streets are wide and clean, and the drainage appears to be good. The houses are high and solid. The part near our entrance, on the northwest, I understood to be only a few years old. But the most of the houses are, say, three hundred years old. Rome, in the time of Augustus, had about four million inhabitants,—something like London now. Under one of the Popes it was rereduced to thirty thousand, owing to the massacres by the Goths and Vandals. Gibbon will tell you all about it. So, good-night.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

ROME, ITALY, August 26, 1893.

William, My Son:

There are so many books about Rome that it is useless for me to attempt a description. E. K. Washington's book of travels at home is full of it. Indeed, the word Rome, itself, expresses it all. But having written you so much already, you may expect more, and I will now send you a few pen-paintings of what I saw in Rome.

Well, after a night of travel, the first pretty thing I saw on leaving the depot, in a large, well-paved space, was a lovely fountain, sparkling in the morning sun. The central spout went up thirty feet, and from a lower brim, outside of the basin, fine curved streams of clear water, six inches apart, went over into the basin,—the whole commingling together. And still further out, four great lions, one on each side, were spouting water outwardly and downwardly. To the right of this stood the Baths of Dioclesian, a large brick, tumble-down con-

cern, with shops and fruit-stands about it, the outside of which was enough for me.

We started out on our second morning for the Coliseum. After walking on a good while, looking for a street car, we were told it was not far, and kept walking. Turning to our left, and going up a hill, we were shown the large, handsome church of San Pietro in Vincoli Jianicoli, and went in. There sat a very large, gray marble statue of Moses, with the two tables of stone under his right arm. Sandals were on his feet, he had a great beard, and the strong, majestic face was expressive of highly intellectual power. It was by Michael Angelo. Going out, we passed a little over the hill, and beneath stood the Coliseum.

"Ruines de Palmyre!" If Volney was ever here, he might have written as he did about Palmyra: "Ruins of Rome, I salute you!" It is a vast, grim, circular wall, I judge 80 feet high, more or less. The basement story has great arched doors, 20 feet

high. The next two stories have similar arched openings, fifteen feet high. Then the wall goes up, thirty or forty feet, with openings or windows four or five feet square. There are four great projecting rims or cornices, one at the top and the others lower down. We went around to the right, and found a free passage on the ground into the arena. Only about three-fourths seemed to be used for the show; the other portion had openings that descended into caves, where, I suppose, the wild beasts were kept. As we looked up these sloping slants of bare, decaying walls, I could not help but reflect on the vast throngs who sat there, full of life, nearly two thousand years ago, and enjoyed the cruel scenes of poor gladiators done to death, and the martyred Christians, torn and mangled by tigers and lions. That was the kind of theatres they had then! According to Mr. Washington, who is authority, that building was begun A. D. 62, by Vespasian and completed by Titus.

Not far from there, we came upon the Arch of Constantine, a massive structure sixty feet high, standing bolt across a wide street, with three great arches for passage and travel. To the right, a couple of hundred yards up a slope, stands the Arch of Titus, at and about the Forum. Beyond, the low, crumbling remains of the walls of the Forum, covering about two or three acres, are all that is left of the celebrated arena where Caesar, Cicero, and Cato the Censor, delivered their great arguments on the conspiracy of Catiline, as it is reported by Sallust.

On the south, adjoining the Forum, and upon the Palatine Hill, stand two or three stories of the palace of that monster, Caligula (the accent is on the second syllable). From recent reading about him in the writings of Suetonius, I have a great loathing for him. He was given that nickname from the little soldier's boots he wore in the army when he was a child, and it stuck to him.

The doctor had a headache. I ate something outside. He said it would be free the next day and he would return, but I was there and prepared to pay a franc and have done with it. Going up a long ascent, I came to the great arched doorway, and found I was followed by a guide, who spoke only a few words of French, but was very intelligent. Some fifty yards in,—I think I would have got lost in that Mammoth-Cave-looking place if he had not come,—he showed me the chamber of Caligula, and the place where the bridge had been, connecting the palace with the Forum. Winding away amid ruins, we came to the spot in a passage where Caligula was assassinated; and he showed me the secret passageway into the palace. Going around a long distance I found another ascent, and went up where there was a deep basin thirty feet long, where he said there was a fish pond. There I discovered a large garden of two or three acres of cedar, cottonwood and syca-

mores, 30 or 40 feet high, which was a covering for the palace constructed, he said, by Napoleon III.

Still further from the Forum, by the side of this palace, stand the ruins of the palace of that other monster, Domitian. And these two palaces are the palaces of the Caesars—pronounced here "Chessary." Toward the south end of Domitian's palace is the house of Livia, that celebrated lady of whom Tacitus gives some master strokes in his account of Tiberius. I was in her dining room, about thirty feet long. Many of the paintings of fruit and other figures, very delicate, are still visible; also in her three drawing-rooms, which were not very large. Adjoining is the site of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans.

I got out, and the doctor, who was to wait for me and go to the baths of Carracalla, was gone. I wandered along a good way, but tacked too far to the right,—which Admiral Tryon would have done better—

and finally I got into a road between two walls, going up an ascent, the people still telling me to go on, until I found that I was getting into the country, clear out of the city. The working people I met seemed to know nothing of Mr. Carracalla or his baths, and I could understand nothing of their Italian, and they knew nothing of French or Spanish. I turned back and got into a loathsome road between walls, the way I thought I ought to go, but I came to the end, which was locked. There I knocked and an old woman opened the gate, when I found I was in a cemetery of several acres, with fine marble monuments. I kept on in my course, but found no way out, and returned the way I entered; and going around some distance I got started on the shorter tack. After awhile I saw the high walls of the ruin to my right, my road being between it and the city. But I passed the side alley that led up to the entrance of the rear end, and kept right along parallel to what

was once the front, with four great doors, now closed, and several acres there which are now cultivated in vegetable gardens. I had the doctor's umbrella, but it was hot and dusty, and now 12 o'clock.

I got into a garden near the wall, and was told by a good widow, whose husband died a year ago and left her with two bright little children,—a boy and a girl,—that I must go back to the alleyway and go up to the end, but that it would not be open until 3 o'clock. I don't like to give up things, so I got a chair and sat under a cool arbor, with some very thick foliage of some vine or shrub, and dozed a little for two hours. Then I went to the entrance and waited till three o'clock. One franc was the entrance fee. The cicerone knew nothing but Italian. I suppose the place is three hundred yards long by one hundred and fifty yards wide. The vast walls, four or five feet thick, of solid masonry, go up sixty or seventy feet. There yet exists

a considerable portion of the flooring, paved with the then mosaic (nothing like the Venetian) with small pieces of white and colored marble in figures of fans and serpents. In the middle, on the front, is the great cold water bath of, say, sixty yards square and five feet deep, for the public. Back of this, still in the center, is a tepid bath, and adjoining on the back of the middle, is the hot bath, with the furnace and all. In a rear corner is the bath of the Emperor, exclusively reserved, say thirty feet long; and some distance, still on the back, is the bath of his woman, or women—not to call them by a worse name, as the guide did, which made me think of Solomon and the Bible.

In one great room, enormous chunks of the walls, which had fallen, lay in heaps; but I got out and started back, and when the Coliseum came in view, I found that the baths were at least three-quarters of a mile distant from it; though Mr. Bennett, a painter, had told me at the Consulate it

was near by. I had the baths of Titus on my list, but was told they were not interesting. I had enough of baths.

Should you ever come here with your mother, or any other lady, you must take a cab for the day, for those places are too far apart, and there seem to be no convenient street cars in that direction. At each end of the baths of Caracalla there was an athaneum, or place of amusement.

Rome is a cheerful city; in fact, you hear singing everywhere in Italy. "Via" means road in latin, and it may mean street also. But here a street is "via;" in Germany, "strasse," and in Austria, "gasse." So the second day is finished. Good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

ROME, ITALY, August, 1893.

William, My Son:

Today is Sunday, but I had lost my reckoning and thought it was Friday, until noon, when I began to find places of business closed and the museums free. This has not happened to me for years before, but it comes from traveling in the night and being surrounded by an unfamiliar tongue. If I ever come here again I intend to know some Italian words. This morning I had taken black coffee in my room, and at nine o'clock, near St. Peter's, I wanted some milk and bread. I could not make them understand what milk, leche, or lait meant. At night, I found it was something like latty; so I had to go in the kitchen and pick up two eggs, which they fried.

I tried to get an audience with the Pope, to have your beads blessed for your mamma. I got through the sentinels up to the third story, and was sent to the master of ceremonies. But the servant told me he

had not come and that it was Sunday, anyway. I then bethought me of the letter of introduction you brought me from the Jesuit's College to the priest here at the North American College, which was a long way off; so I took a cab. He had just left for America. There was a young man there from Illinois, Mr. McGrath, studying for the priesthood. He told me to see the rector, but he was out. So I, in the meantime, proposed to him to see the sights in the cab, which offer he gladly accepted, as the poor fellow was overjoyed to talk in English.

There are three great obelisks from Egypt in Rome, put up by Pontano in 1589, under Sextus Quintus. One stands before St. Peter's, one in the People's Square, and one in front of St. John's Church, the latter being the tallest. The main street runs from the People's Square two miles through the heart of the city to Capitol Hill. We went in a cab to Monte del Popolo, overlook-

ing the People's Square. There is only one of the seven hills on the west side of the Tiber—the Janiculum. The Campus Martius is there between it and the river. They say the present population of Rome is 450,000. We drove to the Capitol. I saw the high gateway where Gibbon was inspired to write the Decline and Fall. The Tarpean Rock was there,—not much of a precipice! There are two rather poor museums at the Capitol, one of which I went into free, as it was Sunday. The young man pointed out the tower where Nero is supposed to have fiddled while Rome was burning. I was anxious to see the great statue of Pompey; it is a giant. He stands naked—his toga thrown gracefully over his left shoulder, coming down behind, and swinging over the front of his left arm. I wonder that sculptors do not always make statues exactly life-size, like St. Peter sitting, a copy of which we have in New Orleans; and like Franklin, in La-

fayette Square, for then we can tell the size of the man. But how are we to judge of the size of Pompey from his statue? Or of the size of Henry Clay, from his great statue in New Orleans.

I went back to the College and gave the rector my letter. He said it was hard to see the Pope, and that he is eighty-four; but he gave me a letter of introduction to the master of ceremonies, recommending me as a distinguished Catholic, and I will go again tomorrow.

Mr. McGrath then took me to St. Peter's and showed me through. All the great pictures are mosaic, except one, which is a painting. The sculpture of Canova and Michael Angelo is grand. There is a lovely dove over the great altar, and the representation of the Holy Spirit is truly divine. As a whole, although immense, the ensemble of the church does not appear inconveniently large. It is in the form of a cross. Yellow or gold predominates in the

upper portion, which gives the church a bright and cheerful appearance. Some distance, about one hundred yards in front of the church, there is a depressed basin of about six or eight acres; in the center stands the best of the three obelisks, on each side of which is a fountain. There is an arc of a circle, containing in all near two hundred great pillars on the sides.

My landlady can scarcely understand anything, but at dinner she made amends by giving me a delicious dish of macaroni. And they have great, greenish figs here now, splendid to eat, and their fig season is four months, while ours is only one. The consul told me that the best species come in October. Our horticulturists would do well to introduce these varieties.

The streets, so far, on the continent, are paved with smooth blocks of stone, about five inches square, and laid triangularly, so that it is a pleasure to walk through them.

The rector at the College offered to have

the beads blessed, if I would leave them with him, but I told him he might be gone when I got back from Naples; upon which he replied that I was very skeptical, and wrote the letter of introduction above referred to. So, good-bye.

Your Father,
W. W. HANDLIN.

ROME, ITALY, Aug. 28, 1893.

William, My Son:

I leave Rome at 6 a. m., tomorrow, for Naples; so we will call this the fourth and last day in Rome. At 8 o'clock I went to the corner of Il Corso Della Vita, to the banker, Mr. Schmitt, to get my gold changed. For $20 he gave me 110 lire. If I had had a $20 greenback, I would have gotten 112 lire. For $10 he gave me 51 francs, French money. I got into a low omnibus, with a cover and four slat seats, crossways, drawn by two horses, and started for St. Peter's, but the driver

went to the People's Square, and I had to wait and go back with him to the other end to take the right car. The car drivers blow a little horn instead of a whistle.

At the Vatican, I delivered my letter to the master of ceremonies, who spoke French, He was affable, but said it was difficult, on account of formalities and court etiquette, to see the Pope. As to the beads, he offered to have them blessed; but I told him I was a lawyer and could not give hearsay testimony, and unless I could see the Pope bless the beads, I preferred to take them along. Then I spent two hours in the Vatican Gallery, looking at the paintings. I was solicitous to see the works of Raphael. I think it was on the third floor that we came to them. It is almost impossible, considering the length of time I stayed, to more than mention the names of some of the paintings, mostly historical, and therefore interesting. On that floor there are three rooms of great paintings by Raphael and one of Giulio Ro-

mano. By Raphael there is the painting of "Attilla Met By The Pope," and his procession of covered horses and attendants, calm and imposing. The cavalry of Attilla are charging and rearing. The noble faces of his war horses and their riders with clenched legs, but without saddle or bridle, accord with history. Then there is "The School of Athens," somewhat worn by time; "St. Peter in Prison," being delivered by Angels; "The Coronation of Charlemagne at Jerusalem;" "The Descent of the Holy Ghost;" "The Baptism of Constantine;" "The Cross in The Heavens," as it appeared to Constantine; "The Donation of Rome to the Pope by Constantine." On the floor adjoining the three of Raphael is the "Room of Constantine," by Giulio Romano, and the last paintings mentioned above are by him.

The greatest work of Raphael, considered the best in the world, is "The Transfiguration," on the fourth story. On that story I

had a fine view from a window. The Christ is some ten feet from the ground on the top of the hill, with arms and feet extended, and floating, as it were, in a cloud of lovely light. The Apostles are reclining, half lying, on the ground, and looking upward with confiding earnestness. In a corner by the side of the mountain, and away in the distance, is a lovely valley with green gardens and houses. In the group at the foot is the picture of the Virgin, which the two guides said was the likeness of Raphael's mistress. When I expressed surprise, they said it was according to the custom of those days.

Going down, I went into a great Chapel, painted and frescoed by Michael Angelo, for he was a great painter as well as a sculptor. I forgot to say that by the side of "The Transfiguration" stands a copy by a modern artist,—very good,—but even as poor a judge as I am, would say that it does not equal the original, which is now three hun-

dred years old, though well preserved. Also near by stands a Virgin. She appeared somewhere, in some place. By the way I think this thing of the Virgin is a little incomprehensible. She must be a great traveler. When I was not much older than you are, I stood in the Temple of Guadalupe, near Mexico, within four feet of the Virgin—so close that I could see the threads of the canvass. My friend, Don Miguel del Rio y Rio, had gone out there with me to spend the Sunday. Poor fellow! I guess he is dead now. A Canon of the Church, a friend of his, showed us the Virgin, and dined us.

The legend is that Juan Diego, a poor Indian was approached by the Virgin, and becoming frightened, he ran away. She appeared again, and told him to see the Bishop and tell him to build a church there. But Juan said it would be impossible for the Bishop to believe a poor creature like him. Thereupon the Virgin of Guadelupe threw

down a mantle full of flowers and her image was stamped upon the mantle. As it was winter, and no time for flowers to grow, the Bishop knew it was the Virgin, and so the church was built.

I find the Italians here a well informed, intelligent race. They are not so dark as those in New Orleans, possibly because they are of a better class. But I am much disappointed at not meeting more Americans. There are two causes which probably keep them away this year—the Chicago Exposition and the cholera.

I may write you from Naples, and I hope to hear from you when I get to Paris. It is possible I will go by Aix Les Bains and Vichy, as they are not far off the road. I suppose I shall have a long road from Naples to Florence. I hope the account of things here will interest you.

Thus, my son, have we traced together some of the lost grandeur of Imperial Rome. You are in the third year of your

classical course. Study her history. Study her poets and orators. Read every line of Caesar's Commentaries and the "Belli Civili Romanorum," in the Latin tongue—as I have done not long since. Truly, as Bacon says, the things that Caesar and Alexander actually did accomplish, far surpass the imaginary exploits of Amadis de Gaul.

The Roman people are an eternal example to the youth of after ages of what may be accomplished by human energy, and the civilization to which they attained is wonderful indeed, when we consider the slow methods then in use. With our steam and electricity of the present day, what more might not Caesar have done? But it is possible to give energy another direction, and good men now hope that war, with its horrors, may be finally abolished. Those old Romans were no sluggards. But in that age war was necessary, and the art of war was advanced by them to the greatest stage of perfection then known. Good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. Handlin.

NAPLES, ITALY, Aug. 28, 1893.

William, My Son:

I left Rome yesterday morning and reached Naples last night. On leaving the city, I noticed old walls and acqueducts with gaps of a hundred yards. There was no deserted Campagna on that side, either. On the contrary, there were fields of solid vines, six feet high, and in a very good state of cultivation, for miles from the city. Some distance from the railroad I saw some worn spaces, but nothing like the accounts I had read of the desolation of the Roman Campagna. However, a gentleman speaking some French, told me that on the south side of Rome, toward the sea, several miles of land are abandoned. I asked him if it was not susceptible of cultivation. He said yes, but the air is bad.

Low mountains lay off to the left. Between thirty and forty miles out, we struck the hills on both sides, and went through three tunnels,—one a long one. Then we

got into a gorge, and the nubbins of Indian corn in every little strip stuck their little heads up, the tops having been cut off for fodder. After a while we got into a wide valley and a very pretty, fertile country, which continued all the way; and a while before we got to the city the valley widened out and became very extensive. There are plenty of apple trees, full of apples, the same product I have noticed before. The green looking figs I mentioned before are called sugar figs. It is a great country for figs. No wonder Horace wrote poetry about what a fig tree did and said.

We passed several cities, one of which is Capua, on the river Volturno. On approaching, I noticed a high hill and fortress in the city,—something like the one in Quebec, which hangs over the St. Lawrence. The city goes down to the water of the bay, like Venice; but it is not so clean, and there is a great deal of bustle of vehicles and people. Being late in the evening, I

was unable to tell whether the smoky appearance was caused by Mt. Vesuvius or not. The houses are high here, and they say the population is over half a million. I did not see the Via Appia at Rome, and was told it was some distance out. Probably Mr. Washington saw it on his way here in a stage, for I do not think the railroad was built when he traveled.

When I got up this morning I found the mountain on which I saw the smoke last night is Vesuvius. It is not much of a mountain, only two thousand feet high, and not to be compared to the Orizaba or Popocatapetl. It was raining a little, which was the first rain I saw in Europe, except a small shower as Mr. McGrath and I came out of St. Peter's in Rome.

The first funny thing I saw was a man with a Jersey cow, ringing a bell for people to come and get milk. I stopped and saw one vessel filled. It would be a good cus-

tom in New Orleans. Then we would not buy so much water.

I found many gentlemen on the streets who understood French, and they were very kind in showing me places and giving me directions. One of them told me there were two thousand lawyers in Naples.

The principal newspaper has its office at one end of the city and is printed at the other, which I found to my cost.

On leaving Rome I was a good deal worried because I had not heard from the Consul here. Now when a man neglects to answer an important and respectful letter, he is behind the age and is lacking in the courtesy of a gentleman. For over a quarter of a century I have had prompt and respectful answers from the departments at Washington. With a few exceptions, our senators and representatives have always answered my letters. Yea, I have received letters from some of the Presidents. But my wrath was mollified when I arrived at the Con-

sulate, for that gentleman had written the day before I left Rome, and the letter had not been received by me, and he was so courteous in giving me introductions and one important letter, that I found my irritation arose more from my own haste than from his slowness.

In the afternoon I came down 17 miles to Sorrento, a resort which is to Naples what Long Branch is to New York; and it is on a mountain over the sea, whence this letter is posted. I am tired from climbing up the steps.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

NAPLES, ITALY, Sep. 5, 1893.

William, My Son:

I stayed some time at Sorrento, down the Bay. It is a summer resort for the people of Naples, and I had some difficulty in

getting a room, and went to three houses before I succeeded.

The business of the place is packing and shipping fruit, and the town is built on a long narrow strip of land under the mountains and away above the sea. Such orchards and fertile fruit gardens I never saw. Great high olive trees are loaded with berries. The vines are full of grapes, and swing from trees and stakes high above the solid walls of stone masonry. Walnut trees, peach trees, pear trees, and all other fruit trees of the country are covered with luscious fruit.

The people close up all places of business from noon till three and go to bed. The harbor here is the most beautiful I have seen, except Acapulco. As I go, I am picking up a good many Italian words and setting them down on paper, and before I am done with Italy I shall have quite a little vocabulary.

As I said, there are a great number of

lawyers here. I meet them everywhere. They all speak French and *look* like gentlemen. At Sorrento, they kept placing a bottle of wine before me until I was overcome, and commenced taking a small glass pure and coloring my glass of water, as I sometimes do at home. "Home" makes me feel like getting back, and I sometimes feel lonesome, as I often did when a boy by myself in Mexico,—being surrounded by a strange race and friendless. I have no acquaintances but the stars. As I stood on the high balcony of my room and looked across the Bay of Naples toward the northern heavens, and gazed for hours at the Polar Star, Ursa Major, Regulus Vega and Cappella, I recognized old and familiar acquaintances there, and felt that I still belonged to earth.

In Sorrento there are a great many fine hotels and aristocratic private residences and gardens. On one side of the Central Square there is a small fruit market, and

on another a large reading room and a billiard establishment with a town clock above, which form the headquarters of the place; and in front there is a music stand under shade trees where a band plays operatic pieces of evenings for three or four summer months, at an expense to the municipality of four thousand francs.

On that plaza stand fine statues of the poet, Torquato Tasso, and St. Anthony, the protector of the town. I have got so I can read dispatches in the Italian papers from London and America about the home rule bill, the railroad collisions and the cyclones. And that makes me think of those old-time people who looked in security from the high shore upon the storms and shipwrecks of the ocean. By the way there was a precipice of one or two hundred feet under my room down toward the bay.

I heard only one mosquito sing in Sorrento. They say that a great many Americans visit this place in the winter

and spring; but I saw only one—a lady from New York.

This morning I came over to Naples and after visiting the U. S. Consul and getting some newspapers, I started to see the town, and bought an Italian book without a master. From the apparent size of Naples, I doubted if it had as large a population as they pretend; but on entering the Via Roma, a principal street, the people were so thick that it was difficult to pass. I kept going, inquiring for the National Museum and Picture Gallery, which they said was not far, but I found it about a mile. So I paid a franc and went in, and the way the stairs are arranged, I soon found myself on the third and top floor, where the paintings are. They are all "on the make," and I was soon surrounded by two or three guides. In other places, the name of the painter is at the bottom, with other information, but here, there is a book by the door with the numbers of the paintings, and they expected

you to go to reading a big book for two francs or hire a guide. I was not interested in paintings. After Raphael and the Vatican, one gets hard to please. But I came to four fine rooms with a hundred glass cases of Roman and Grecian coins,—gold, silver and copper, the latter predominating. The money of the Roman Republic and that of the Empire, with the heads of the Emperors, was curious and interesting. There were great rooms of ancient pottery of all kinds. I then went down to the second and ground floors, and found the best collection of statues of any I have yet seen; in one room I was told the statues of Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Trajan, Titus, Vespasian and others had been found in the baths of Caracalla and brought to Naples. One room contained statues of all the Muses and the Four Seasons. A group of statues of Dying Gladiators and an Amazon is interesting. Enormous marble heads of Vespasian, and other Emper-

ors, are there. Cicero's statue, apparently life-size—as they said it was—is doubtless a true representation of the man; the features are regular, and the nose long and somewhat curved, the forehead rather long but rather retreating, and the ensemble calculated to please. He was six feet, two inches high, or thereabouts. There is a great head of Caesar, with a life-size statue, the features of which correspond with engravings which I have; except the nose is not curved, but rather long and straight. There must be something in what phrenologists say, for his head is massive and thick from ear to ear, indicating combativeness. Good-bye.

Your Father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

NAPLES, ITALY, Sep. 6, 1893.

William, My Son:

In my last, I forgot to say that from the apparently life-size statue of Caesar in Naples he must have been six feet and three or four inches high; and, according to Napoleon Third's life of him, his eyes were dark. Alexander the Great was also tall, and, according to Plutarch, he was light of complexion; and his perspiration was slightly perfumed, as is often the case with reddish men.

Well, I have seen Pompeii! It took an hour to go, and cost a franc. The railroad goes along the Bay and around Vesuvius. Pompeii is three or four miles inland now, but the Bay extended to it once, and the fastenings for vessels are still there. The land is raised, or the sea fallen. The city stands on the southeast side of Vesuvius, and is a hundred feet or so above sea level. The entrance fee is two lires (francs), and when I found that covered the services of the guide

who was following me, I allowed him to go along, and should not have known much without him.

Shall I write you what I saw in Pompeii? Am I equal to the task? Shade of Caesar, help my descriptive powers! "Gallia est divisa in partes tres" is invoked. I walked around two hours, made a table on the shoulder of the guide, and took some notes with my pencil on the margin of a newspaper.

At the top of the long ascent, under a great arch, there stands on the right a small museum, of probably one hundred feet in length, with the end toward the way. There are glass cases in the middle, covering twenty or thirty petrified bodies of people who were covered by the boiling water and ashes of the volcano. On the sides, there are large vessels of pottery for wine, and all kinds of lamps and ancient vessels, locks of doors, fruit, nuts, cloth for clothing, and other things. There are skeletons of horses, and

a dog with a collar on. There were sandals on the feet of the people, and a ring on a lady's finger.

Pompeii was built on lava in the first place. There were two eruptions. The first only damaged the city, but the second submerged it. Most of the houses were one or two stories high,—at least, if they were more, they have crumbled away. A few of the streets are of good size, but the most of them are narrow, only admitting of one cart, the tracks of which are seen deep in the stone. Only about half of the city has been excavated, but it is the principal part. There are ranges of restaurants and kitchens. Many of the paintings on the walls of the Pantheon are well preserved and beautiful. Some of them are: "Eulyses and Penelope," "A Priest," "Theseus and Adriana," "A Ship with Galley Slaves Rowing It," "A Woman in the Act of Painting," "Victory—Her Chariot Drawn by Two Horses." And then, great strings

of fish. One rather small residence is remarkable for its taste: A great bear dying, in mosaic on the floor at the entrance, lies near the word "Have," which the guide said meant Welcome. There was also in that house a gorgeous fountain with many figures, including Mars and Venus. He showed me a number of public fountains. The first was that of Ceres, the Goddess of Abundance. On the marble I saw it was worn down by the right hands of people who stooped down to drink. Another fountain is that of Minerva.

The large and the small theatres have seats and an arched corridor high in the rear, very much as we have them now. The pillars of a large barrack for soldiers are still standing. He showed me a large and sumptuous house of the Consul, with paintings on the walls of the dining room and parlors. There was a drug store with a curious sign. Near by was a house of luxury with pictures on the walls which I may not name.

The public bath house of cold and hot baths is small but very elegant, the dressing-room of which is ornamented with many figures. Then came the chambers of the Court of Justice, the Forum, and the Senate Chamber. There are a number of Temples—which we now call churches. The Temple of Apollo is the greatest. A beautiful marble altar in the Temple of Mercury is perfect; it stands on a slab six inches thick and five feet high, by four feet in front and four feet back. The front has beautifully carved figures of a great bull ready for sacrifice, and the priestesses who stand around. There is also a Temple to Isis and one to Jupiter. The Central Square has pedestals for statues, and one is for a statue of Sallust, as appears from the inscription. Then, there is the commercial exchange, butcher shops, bakeries, and immense vessels of pottery for wine. Good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

NAPLES, ITALY, Sep. 10, 1893.

William, My Son:

I forgot to say that in Pompeii I saw the ruins of a temple to the goddess Fortune, and that Byron wrote that he believed in her divinity. Hence is explained that saying of Caesar to the mariner: "Caesarem et fortunam ejus portas."

I am doing nothing here now, and you may have come across that Italian quotation in books, "*dolce far niente*" But it is not agreeable for me to do nothing, so I am down deep in the Italian newspapers and the Italian self-taught book.

To-day I went to the Vesuvius, a fine hotel here, in the hope of finding some English-speaking people, but there was only one and he was out.

There are different kinds of the lame, blind, and halt. If you are acquainted with a lame man, you know him by the peculiarity of his halt without seeing his face. In the same manner I recognize a man in New

Orleans by his peculiar bald head, wherever I see it. But today I saw a singular halt. An old Friar was walking in the middle of the street, and kept one foot always before the other.

A policeman told me their pay was seventy-five francs per month, but his uniform was so handsome I took him for an army officer.

In the great People's Square in Naples is a fountain forty or fifty feet high. The sides of the square are illuminated at night and it is filled with people. Here, also, the city supports a band of music. It seems to me that a city as great as New Orleans, for the sake of life and gayety, might have something of the sort two or three evenings in the week, during the hot season. Music speaks the same language for all.

The Prince of Naples, son of Humbert, now twenty-four years old and unmarried, resides in the royal palace here which faces on the people's square. At present he is in

Germany attending the military parades and a great discussion is going on in the newspapers as to the propriety of the statesmanship permitting such a visit, so closely is royalty hedged in by etiquette. At the house where I stay is a widow with a handsome daughter who lost her husband a few years ago by the earthquake on the island of Ischia, near here. I have been wondering why they drive so many goats, but I have just discovered that they sell the fresh milk from the goats as well as the cows.

Last night I was down at the quay in a very high house and I had an unobstructed view of Vesuvius at night. In the new crater, some three years old, which is down a little to the left, there is a patch of fire of bright live coals.

To-day I went with a friend to San Martino, a museum above Naples. The part which has the paintings was closed for repairs and the rest was not interesting except a monk in wax, sitting in a room, which

looked so natural I thought he was alive. We went out on a gallery and saw the whole of Naples and its surroundings. Away on the right stands Monte Nuovo, a volcano, and on the left Vesuvius. In the distance in front is the island of Capri (goat island), the place where the Emperor Tiberius led such a disgraceful life, according to Suetonius, but the editor in a note pronounces it a libel.

From there we visited the great royal palace, but I am too tired now to write what I saw there. Maybe hereafter I may do so. To-night at 12:40 I commence my long ride to Paris. It is too late now to stop at Vichy, as I thought of doing, but perhaps next year I may have that pleasure.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

PARIS, FRANCE, Sept. 13, 1893.

William, My Son:

After three nights on the cars I am in Paris. Approaching down the Seine, we passed Fontainebleau, the celebrated forest, which I noticed for several miles on each side of the road. It goes without saying that a New Orleanean is at home in Paris, familiar as we are with the customs of the mercurial French, and you can say that you are half a Frenchman by descent, but not I. After the worry of a long stay in Naples, the hurry and scurry of the trip, the hope of rejoining you all soon has somewhat revived me and I must confess railroad travel has great attraction for me.

I nearly lost my head at Modane on account of the massacre of some Italian laborers by the French; there is an ill feeling between the two countries and I could not get a through ticket to Paris, but only to Modane. There the train stopped only a few minutes, and I had to get my baggage

examined by officers of the customs, to buy my ticket and get some Italian money changed. They would not take the Italian money in part payment for the ticket and I had to use some French gold I got in Naples. When I got in the cars I laid my pocket book down on my seat to look over my things. All at once I thought I had lost it and was about to tear off to the ticket office when luckily I discovered it on the seat. The sack of a traveler and his pocket book are next to his life, and I never separate from them *en route*.

There was nothing very remarkable to be observed on the journey. After leaving Rome for some distance the Mediterranean was in view and we could see vessels sailing in the distance. There were many old castles on high peaks. On approaching the Alps, it was raining. We passed through a number of tunnels, which we generally struck just as I commenced to read. Indeed, we seemed to be going through tun-

nels half the time the last day, and it appeared to take nearly an hour to go through the great tunnel near Modane.

I am getting along pretty well with Italian. I have bought an Italian novel to read while crossing the ocean.

There was a museum in Naples which I did not visit, called Capo di Monte, because I had failed to get a permit. On account of a statue of Hercules drunk, mentioned by Howells in his Italian Journeys, I would have liked to have gone there. On the route we crossed the river Po in Italy, and near Aix les Bains the Rhone.

I had another row with the railroad conductors about overcharge, for there is nothing I dislike more than unjust and oppressive exactions, and as I had a through ticket I refused to pay extras. They took me before a fellow that I took to be a justice of the peace. He said he thought I was accustomed to such things, which I fear had some truth in it, for there is an unenviable pleas-

ure in a dispute, especially if you get the better of it, as I did.

They wanted to know who I was and where I came from; if I was a "vagamundo," and they commenced to go into my carpet sack to look for my passport, but when I objected and said I should have to see my consul to know if they had that right, and that no passport had been asked in Italy or Germany, they desisted, and after two hours they let me go scot free. I had just that much time to lose.

Well, I promised to say something about the royal palace of Naples. It is probably the most gorgeous in the world. It is likely that the old Bourbon kings left it just as it is. Imagine two large city squares built up solid except an interior courtyard. Without a guide you would probably get lost after you once get in. The throne is a great chair with the back, arms and sides of gold, a lion's head on each arm of gold and the seat and center of the back red or purple.

It is set upon a low dais in a large room. There is a large church and a theater, all upon the upper floor. The floors are magnificent. In the ceiling of the church there is a fresco by Morelli. I can only mention some of the paintings and the names of some of the painters. One was Jesus with the doctors. Ingratius made a Bishop, by Stanzioni; Lot and Family, the Great Coligny Family, the Murderers at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; Orpheus Charming the People and the Beasts, by Vaccaro; Rachel and Jacob, very lovely, by the same; Cain Slaying his Brother, by de Vivo; Magdalene, by Titian. Then there are two great dining rooms, vast marble galleries for dancing and an immense ball room. The main double stairway of low marble steps, as viewed from the gallery above, baffles description.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

PARIS, FRANCE, Sept. 15, 1893.

William, My Son:

I was sick and tired of riding in the cars, and the second morning of my arrival, I went all over Paris on foot. I had a good view from the tower of the Bastile. I started in the Boulevards, on the east side of the city, at the monument of the Bastile, and went along on the right side of the Seine, coming out at the door of the Church Magdalen at the other end of the city. It took me a full hour, and you know I am a good walker. The boulevards curve around several squares distant with the river, as it were on the back of the Seine. Speaking of the Seine reminds me of La Vieille Tour de Nesle, by Alexander Dumas Père. You know there was an Alexander Dumas Fils, who has surpassed his father in the drama but not in romance. It was 9 o'clock Thursday when I got to the Magdalen, and mass was going on. It was the first church music I had heard since I left home. It is

a long parallelogram of massive structure and surrounded by high pillars. The marble floor is fifteen feet from the ground with two flights of steps up to the door. After kneeling and giving thanks for divine protection and blessings and after the benediction, I started for the consulate to find out why I had gotten no letters.

I passed through the large Place de la Concorde, around which were sitting statues on heavy pedestals and in the centre of which there is a great Egyptian obelisk. I saw Joan of Arc on horseback crossing the Seine, I was near the Eiffel tower. I passed through the great square near the Hotel des Invalides, which is the home of old soldiers. I fell in with a lively young soldier, twenty-three years old, who had served two years and had one more to serve. We recrossed the Seine and passed near the column of Vendome. He told me their pay was one sous a day and that they were paid every five days. I told him I would give

him a couple of sous, which would be two days pay, but *he did not accept*. Good manners!

We passed through the great square of the Tuilleries, which is full of forest trees. In one corner I suppose there are a thousand chairs, where the people go twice a week to hear music. The Louvre is just back of the palace of the Tuilleries. There is a statue and monument to Gambetta there. At the door of the Louvre he left me.

Shall I try to tell you about the Louvre and the galleries of the Louvre? It is too vast a task. It is interminable. The basement is occupied by statuary, Romans clothed, Jupiter, Assyrian idols of vast size. On the upper floor are the paintings. There are the French, Italian and Flemish schools. The first are French, and they are grand paintings indeed. There is a gorgeous portrait of Louis XIV by Regand; Hunting the Wild Boar, by Lebrun; Lazarus Resurrected; many pictures by Van Dyke,

especially a noble portrait of Charles the First of England, that unfortunate king; Vulcan presenting the arms of Æneas to Venus, his mother; Henry III conferring a decoration of the Holy Ghost, by Van Loo; a beautiful picture of St. Paul, by Ferrani; Brutus condemning his sons to death for having gone into battle without orders, by Lathiere; the three Horatii receiving their swords from their father; the Sabine women with their infants stopping the conflict between their kinsmen and their husbands; Madame Recamier on a sofa and many other paintings, by David. I thought the French school was the best, but when I came to Rubens I was captivated. What lovely art! Think of those living pictures after several hundred years beaming down on you as bright and lovely as if they had just been painted. There is a series of his paintings giving the history of Marie de Medicis, that celebrated and beautiful queen. First, her father and mother, her birth, her marriage

by proxy to Henry IV, the consummation of that marriage, the birth of Louis XIII, his conciliation with his mother (bearing olive leaves), her coronation and other pictures of her glory.

By Reni, there was Hercules killing the hydra. There was a painting of lions trying to kill a horse and a picture of the Prophet Elias fed by an angel. But I have told you but little of what I saw.

Good night.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

PARIS, FRANCE, Sept. 16, 1893.

William, My Son:

I started from my room near the monument of the Bastile to visit Versailles. I walked to Notre Dame, which is on an island of the Seine. Going on foot some distance to the railroad station, I noticed that the earth had a yellowish tinge, like potter's

clay, and it was not far from Sèvres. On the way I met up with a statue of Ney, standing with a leg thrown forward, his mouth open and his sword raised in the act of charging. The way by rail was over charming rolling hills, which made me think of the words, "*la belle France.*" The palace museum at Versailles is on rising ground, and as you ascend a couple of acres there is a line on each side of the busts of great Frenchmen. In the rear of the palace I admired the large garden of colored plants and the beautiful forest beyond. Inside there are many paintings of great battles, but battles can not be described on canvas. One picture of the night scene of Napoleon sitting in his camp is grand.

In the bedroom of Louis XIV the bed is large and massive. Likewise the bedroom of Louis XIII was furnished with a bed, and I think there were a number of clocks of his manufacture or invention.

On the way back I was amused at the

calling out at a station, "*Sant Clew!*" Having in history read much of the great things that were done at Saint Cloud, which I thought a grand sound, I could not help smiling at the right French pronunciation.

Adios.

Your Father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Sept. 18, 1893.

William, My Son:

Here we are in England! England, old England, with all thy faults I love thee still! Home of my language! My mother tongue! After being in the different nations of the Continent, where the language, manners and customs are so different from our own, it is a great relief to get where English is spoken.

The soil and the pastures here are fine. Cattle are abundant and the fields and

hedges are kept in good order. The land is rolling and lies well. Everything looks solid and substantial as the Englishman is. I have to put on a winter coat. The climate is not like New Orleans.

My first day in London being Sunday and everything closed, I took the train in the afternoon and went to Saint Michael's church in Saint Albans, to view the sitting statue of Sir Francis Bacon, the dear old soul! When I got there the organist, Mr. Brewer, was playing and some boys were singing church music. It is a rather small crude building, and was the first Christian church within the walls of old Verulum. Parts of the old Roman walls six or seven feet high are still standing. St. Albans is a handsome city of fifteen thousand people.

I stopped at a hotel in Bremen but was not pleased. With that exception, all over Europe I hunted up private houses and was more at home. I was a stranger and they took me in. You see, in Europe I was trav-

eling for myself, W. W. Handlin, nobody else. Here, in Old England, I feel that I am visiting my mother. Their politics now are a little cloudy. The Grand Old Man, Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, is trying, it seems to me, to remodel the English government with reference to Ireland somewhat on the plan of the United States. The opposition seem not to understand, or don't want to understand, and they raise the cry of "disunion" or "denationalization," which is an evident fallacy, and I make no doubt that home rule, which we call local self government, will eventually prevail. You know our general government takes charge of all national matters—the army, the navy, the foreign relations, the mails, coinage, customs and other such matters, leaving to the different States the control over all purely internal affairs. All police questions and suits between party and party and land matters are governed by the *lex loci rei sitae*. You know what trouble I had about the land

of your grandfather, Pierre E. Mader, which was situated in Mississippi, because the law of that common law State is so different from the law of Louisiana, which is derived from the Roman law and the Napoleon Code.

My son, I have tried in these letters to show you myself as in a glass, as my lord Bacon said to my lord Coke, in his Expostulation, trusting that in most things you will strive to imitate me or some more worthy example, and if, at my age, I should receive some spiritual communication that you have done as well as I have, I should be content. I hope you will try to be promoted this session and skip over the course as fast as you can, and prepare yourself so as to be able to represent me when I shall be no longer there, for age is rapidly advancing upon me. *Palida mors aequo pede pulsat.*

Good-bye.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Sept. 19, 1893.

William, My Son:

I suppose I must write you something about what I saw in London. On Monday I visited the Bank of England, the Tower, St. James Park and Hyde Park. The bank was founded in the thirteenth year of Elizabeth and restored in the eighth of Victoria.

Monday being a free day, crowds of people were flocking through the Tower, which was once a royal residence and prison, but is now a museum. In the first room is the Queen's gold. It is deposited in a round iron cage, ten feet in diameter. There is a gold crown with precious stones, some very large gold dishes, and a great many gold salt cellars as big as water pitchers. Also there are many decorations of various orders. The building is of rough stones and about three stories high. The upper part is filled with all kinds of arms, old guns of India, swords and a great many curious old things. Also there are many knights,

mounted and in full armor, which is something like Ruhmes Halle, in Berlin.

Some of the principal streets are the Maul, Victoria, Oxford, Piccadilly, Holborn, Cheapside and Leadenhall.

I visited the Courts of the Queen's Bench, the Divisions and the Hall of Chief Justice. It was vacation, but the attendants kindly unlocked the place and showed me around. I think that in urbanity and politeness the English will vie with any people on the continent.

I also visited Gray's Inn, the two great courtyards, the garden and the diningroom. The latter is a great hall where probably two hundred lawyers, judges and students dine together in term time. The oak carving is very fine, and the oak tables, three inches thick, were presented by Queen Elizabeth. Among the portraits are those of Burghley and Bacon.

I had some curiosity to see Parliament in session. Permission must be gotten from a

member of each house or from the American minister. I rode some distance to the legation and the minister was said not to be in. The secretary handed me some regulations to read. I told him I did not go there to read a book or to study, but merely to get a pass to look in on Parliament. He then explained verbally their position. The minister has the right to issue two permits a day, only in the order of applications, which must be accompanied with letters of recommendation! I made it a rule in my travels never to attempt to see anything that was too difficult. There was so much to be seen that was not difficult, and one could not see everything, so I failed to see the noble Lords and Commons.

What is called Cleopatra's Needle is near the Thames, and it was brought only a few years ago from Egypt. I supposed from the bluster that it had some connection with Cleopatra, but it is only an obelisk like those in Paris and Rome, and I suppose it

had no more to do with her than they had. Nelson's monument and statue are like Lee's in New Orleans. They are on Trafalgar Square. Four great lions, designed by I forget whom, and two fountains are at the base.

Westminster Abbey is a great church where the great of England lie buried. It is a large Gothic structure, built in the form of a cross. The windows of colored glass are very beautiful. I got there a quarter to ten. There is service at ten and at three. Canon Duckworth, one of the Queen's chaplains, read the lessons from the Bible, Daniel and St. Paul. A minor canon led the prayers and the singing by the choir of boys was very sweet.

After the service visitors were allowed to inspect the place. I fell in with a French priest, Father Rancon, who had a book, and we went together. At the entrance stand statues of Palmerston, Peel, the Cannings, Disraeli and others. Near the poet's corner

are statues and tombs of England's great romancers and writers, Dickens, Thackeray, Addison and others. In the poet's corner I noticed the names of Milton, Ben Jonson, Dryden and Chaucer. You know within the last year I have read the three volumes of the latter, and I could almost imagine that spiritually I was in his genial presence.

There were in that end numerous small chapels with monuments to the great, but at the extreme end stands the great and celebrated chapel, a small church, of Henry the Seventh. In the center there is a latticed iron enclosure twelve by twenty feet and ten feet high, inside of which on an elevation of five feet are laid the imitation bodies of Henry the Seventh and his queen. He was the founder of the House of Tudor, and by his wisdom and frugality he amassed great wealth and laid the foundation of the greatness of his son, Henry the Eighth, and his granddaughter, Elizabeth. In Bacon's

works at home you will find a very interesting and particular history of that monarch. As Richmond, he overcame Richard the Third in battle, and so had a title by conquest, but his marriage with the Princess of York gave him a better title, which he was loth to acknowledge. He was nothing but a nephew or something of the sort to Henry the Sixth, but the marriage united the two roses of Lancaster and York.

Outside the Parliament Building there is a fine equestrian statue of Edward the Second, the martyred king.

Your Father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Sept. 22, 1893.

William, My Son:

After going through Westminster Abbey, it was near 12 when I got to the National Gallery. I stayed there nearly four hours and enjoyed it more than any gallery which I have visited, in which I was aided greatly

by British good sense, for every picture was plainly marked, what it was and by whom, so there was no need for a book or guide. I had the day before me, was in no hurry and looked at every picture, big and little.

Any one of much reading can not fail to be greatly profited by seeing the paintings of Europe, because they refresh the memory and recall nearly everything he has read.

The first rooms were of the British school, some of the paintings of which were by Landseer, Hogarth, Turner and Joshua Reynolds. Then came the French school, with fine paintings. In the Spanish school I noted the names of Murillo and Velazquez. Carraci, Rosa and Guido Reni are of the Italian school. The Peel collection, the Dutch and Flemish schools are all together. There are most beautiful landscape paintings among them. Here I found some more of the paintings of Rubens—Julius Cæsar, Peace driving away the horrors of War, the Judgment of Paris, and others. Rubens'

pictures are distinguished for the brilliancy of the colors and the beauty of the faces. Rembrandt was another great painter.

In the Italian school there are two remarkable paintings by Polo Veronese, Scorn and Respect. Also there is a picture of Darius at the feet of Alexander; then some of the Tuscan, the Venetian, the Umbrian and some other schools.

This climate is so bracing that I feel like moving all the time. I visited St. Paul Cathedral, the Whitechapel quarter and London Bridge. I took a trip up the Thames to visit the botanical gardens of Kew, but I started late, having no idea of the distance, and just before getting there I abandoned the trip and went back. But the trip did me good. I saw all the bridges, the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the far side of the Thames, and found that the back of the House of Parliament is right on the bank of the river. When I came to London I was so completely turned

round that I thought the Thames ran from the Tower to the House of Parliament, but I now find that it runs the other way, and after a careful study of my maps I believe that London is on the north side of the Thames, toward Scotland.

I went to hear Chevalier, the popular Costermonger actor and author, and a great many others at the Royal Music Hall and Varieties Theatre. I stayed till near midnight and enclose you a programme.

After a great deal of search I found a store that keeps the Rogers razors you want and I bought you a nice case. You know I have not used a razor since the inauguration of President Grant. It is altogether contrary to nature and no improvement in art. I look upon a razor as useless property, a great waste of time and a great bother.

Yesterday I went to Regent's Park, which is very large and very beautiful. Near there are the Zoological Gardens. I paid a shilling, went in and stayed all day among

the wild birds and beasts. There are very pretty colored plants there. The reptile and insect structures are covered with glass and the temperature is kept at about seventy. They have everything there from a moth and a frog up. But the animal kingdom is very extensive, and I shall have to refer you to books of natural history for description.

It is getting cold here and I want to get down again to twenty-nine latitude. I sail for America to-morrow.

Au revoir.

Your Father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Sept. 23, 1893.

William, My Son:

I thought I had written you my last letter from here, but last night I went to the historical theater of Drury Lane.

The new play which is having a run here has some political bearing on the Home

Rule question, inasmuch as the first act involves the restoration of Irish tenants.

"A Life of Pleasure" is the title of the play. The heroine of the play is Nora. She is the daughter of the evicted tenant, who was a substantial farmer who gave her a refined and elegant education, far above her station. The villain of the play pretends to be in love with her and at the same time he is plotting to eject her father. Finally, when the soldiers were clearing the premises, her poor but faithful lover, who has been to America, comes forward with the money and pays the rent. Then they find a document which annuls the rent and it has to be paid back. A nobleman, who is a friend from childhood, exacts a promise from the villain, and he goes to India to the wars. On his return he finds that the villain has broken his promise and married his own intended bride, besides having committed forgery. The heroine concludes to marry O'Brien.

Captain Dandy is a splendid character. He is all of a gentleman and brave as a lion. In their parties and courtships he is constantly popping the question in good earnest, but has the bad luck to be rejected more than once. A money-lending Jew and he are addressing the same young lady. The Jew speaks to the policeman, who promises to arrest Dandy and get him out of the way. Dandy sees the policeman and gives him a shilling for his wife and child. The policeman says there are two children, and he gives him another shilling. Then he says there is a baby and gets another. When the time comes for the arrest the Jew dares Captain Dandy to lay his hand on him, which is an assault. Dandy shows him to the other end of the stage, and in the hubbub the Jew is arrested and marched off to jail.

There was a great battle in India toward the end of the play and the scene was extraordinary. In fact the whole play is very

good and woman is shown to great advantage. Drury Lane is a very large theater, and the house was crowded.

I got lost both going to and coming from the theater in those narrow streets, Drury Lane, Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane.

I am not sure that I have mentioned that I visited the law courts of London. The building is one of those substantial edifices which they build in the old countries, and it reminds one of the two splendid courthouses on the sides of the Cathedral in New Orleans, which were built by Almonaster in the eighteenth century, but the chief justice's room is not as fine as our Supreme Court room, and the rooms of our inferior courts are better and larger than those of their courts of the first instance. Our Spanish Benefactor had the walls made of thick masonry, suitable for a tropical climate, cool in summer and warm in winter. The same building in London has served for ages. And yet the young lawyers in New Orleans

are continually agitating the question of building a new courthouse, aided perhaps by politicians, to give somebody a job in building some flimsy American structure.

Your Father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Oct., 1893.

William, My Son:

Home again! It is hardly worth while to record my trip from Europe, but some things were so vividly impressed upon my mind that I will set them down here and try to rescue them from the oblivion of eternal night. They might as well go along with the other stuff. On the 23d of September I sailed from Southampton on the then crowded greyhound steamer Berlin. An educated Englishman occupied the same room. A fancy struck me to travel incognito. He asked me my name, and I said, "William Wallace," and he remarked, "the Kingmaker." In the dining room, on enter-

ing, I noticed the chambermaid, who was rather good looking, very busily engaged in patting her foot and singing, "After the Ball is Over." It struck me as rather a pretty song, which I had never heard before, but in coming over a good many others were humming it, and all the way from New York I heard nothing else but—

"After the ball is over,
After the break of day,
Many a heart is aching,
After the ball."

It was a fashionable song which will have its day.

Before daylight we got into New York harbor and the dawn revealed the grand Bartholdi tower. I hastened on to the ferry and crossed to the railroad office to get a ticket, and as I was getting short I asked for a second class ticket, which was forty-two dollars, and a first class was only forty dollars, a thing I could not understand. I was greatly surprised at such cost, as for

two hundred francs one can travel nearly all over Europe; but there the railroads are run by the governments for the benefit of the people. I took the Southern route, as I had often been on Northern roads.

The Chesapeake route to Richmond is charming. Richmond is a hilly city, and as there was a stop for some hours I strolled over the capitol grounds. A life-size statue of Henry Clay is interesting from its polite old-ladylike appearance. Some distance down the train stopped at a country station, and I was standing on the platform. I saw the conductor stand talking with an old citizen and overheard what they said, as they kept looking at me. The man took me for some public man he knew, and the conductor shook his head and said, "No; it looks sorter like 'im, but it taint him." Then I knew I was in my own country.

All the way down through the South I could not help noticing how the farms and

the lands seemed to be worn out, neglected and abandoned. There seemed to be no grasses or fertilizers used, and in this respect the contrast with the careful cultivation in Germany is striking, where lands have been made to support a teeming population for centuries. But I am afraid to pursue this subject, as Kipling wrote:

"And one long since a pillar of the state,
As mud between the beams is wrought,
And one, who wrote on phosphates for the crop,
Is subject matter of his own report."

At Montgomery we stopped a day on account of the storm, which had destroyed the bridge on the gulf shore, and then we came by Meridian and the Northeastern road.

I should be glad to go to Europe every summer, where I could converse in the foreign languages, especially Italian and German, but the prospect is not bright for good times, such as we have had under the high

tariff, as a low tariff will be put on. The extra session of Congress does great harm.

Your father,

W. W. HANDLIN.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

INEFFICIENCY OF AMERICAN CONSULS IN ITALY SHOWN BY JUDGE HANDLIN.

This story is a tale of the inefficiency of the American consular system, especially applied to its operations in Italy. Those who have read in Little Dorrit of the famous Circumlocution office, or "How Not to Do It," can appreciate the meaning of the protest which arises from an American citizen and resident of the United States against the army of inefficients who seem mainly to constitute the personnel of Uncle Sam's hired men over in foreign lands.

Living down in the third district of this city are three aged ladies, poor, infirm and deprived of many of the comforts and necessities which should fall to the lot of those advanced in years. They are sisters, their family name being Paturzo, but they have

become wives, and Mme. Fortuné Giraud, Mme. Feraud and Mme. Marin are the names by which they are now known. Their father came to this country years ago and married a Creole lady, and to them, on American soil, these three children were born. He had left behind, in Sorrento, near Naples, a fine estate. This fell into the hands of an unscrupulous relative, and it was in the efforts to regain this heritage that the unexpected inefficiency of the United States consuls there was developed, and their disregard of the rights and demands of American born citizens.

Mr. W. W. Handlin, the well known attorney of this city, was in 1893 about to take a pleasure trip over the European continent, when he was asked to undertake this case for the three old ladies. He consented to do so, free of cost, and left New Orleans by the steamer Akaba and proceeded to Bremen. He visited Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Paris, London, Venice, Rome, Na-

ples, and finally Sorrento, staying in Italy over three weeks to try to adjust the claim, and starting it then, it has lain dormant ever since. Judge Handlin has no hopes of anything now, but that the exposition of the case might do some possible benefit to some one or any one he gives it free vent.

In speaking to a *States* reporter about the affair, Judge Handlin said:

"On the eve of my departure for Europe in 1893, my friend, the late notary, Marcel Ducros, requested me to recover the inheritance of Mme. Giraud and her two sisters, and they gave me a full power of attorney. Knowing the good faith observed in France and Germany in transmitting funds belonging to heirs, I supposed from the authentic documents that it would be an easy matter. But I had not then had to do with the Italians of Naples, nor with the United States consuls there."

"What was your experience in Naples?"

"When I arrived in Naples, after visiting

the palace, the museums and Pompeii, I thought I would take a run of half an hour down to Sorrento, situated on a bluff on the west side of the bay, and settle up the business. The town is celebrated as the birthplace of Torquato Tasso, whose statue stands on the public square. I found the two properties which belonged to Joseph Paturzo, the father of the ladies, and his brother Matthew, the only heirs. One was a large palace-looking house with extensive grounds. It was occupied by a cousin of the heirs, who was a bank director in Sorrento, but he was not at home and I was refused admittance by the family. In all I spent a week or ten days, and when I got an interview with Mr. Archangel Paturzo he seemed to be ignorant of any relations in America and gave me no satisfaction. I threatened suit and returned to Naples."

"Did you bring the suit?"

"No; I tried hard, but could not. I saw four different lawyers. They all spoke

French, and we communicated in that language. But a more conscienceless lot of wordy, parrot-like men I never saw. Finally I found one who undertook the recovery of the estate if a considerable sum for expenses and costs was furnished. He receipted to me for the amount, sixty dollars, and all the documentary proofs, but in four years he has never filed a paper in court, and only written two letters, in the last of which he wanted four times as much money as he had got. Then, abandoning all hope, I endeavored to get back the evidence to return it to the heirs, but he holds it with impunity, doubtless for blackmailing purposes."

"But what about the consuls?"

"Well, I have had to do with three consuls at Naples and another in a town near by, and each one seemed to be more ignorant than the other. Their method seems to be evasion and shifting the duty on some one else. They say, "That is private busi-

ness,'' as though every class of rights as to person and property of the citizen is not private. Probably some of the voluminous correspondence would throw some light on how little Americans have to expect in the way of protection. I turn it over to you.''

The Judge then handed the letters to the reporter, which read as follows:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sept. 21, 1897.

John Sherman, Secretary of State:

SIR—Shortly after your induction into office I laid before you the complaint of the three sisters of this city, Mme. Giraud, Mme. Feraud and Mme. Marin. They are all widows. I have been working at their claim for the inheritance of their father, Joseph Paturzo, of Sorrento, near Naples, since 1893, when I was there, without any result, on account of inefficiency of the consul at Naples and his consular agent, Ciampa, at Sorrento. The latter has never deigned to answer a letter, and although it appears that

he has all the evidence of heirship in his possession, it is impossible to get the evidence returned, and his superior at Naples has exacted no report and returned no replies to our importunities, you have done nothing. From all of my reading and study, I should judge if these ladies, native born citizens, can get no better assistance and support, there might as well be no government and no representatives abroad.

The lazy, unprincipled Neapolitans are allowed to hold on to the inheritance of the heirs here, and the agent, Ciampa, is upheld by our consul and his government. In the meantime the so-called government of the United States, with fear and trembling, pays for the worthless lives of Sicilians in Louisiana. What good are the big war ships? Sir, I trust you will take such action in this matter, now brought to your personal attention, as your sense of justice and gallantry may dictate. Yours, etc.,

W. W. HANDLIN.

The Judge also gave the reporter some of the correspondence which showed the attitude of the United States consuls toward unfortunate Americans in foreign lands. Here they are:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Oct. 26, 1897.

W. W. Handlin, Esq., New Orleans, La.:

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a postal card from you, dated the 23d instant, in regard to the case of Mme. Giraud and others.

As you have already been informed, the matter is a private one between you and the commercial agent at Castellamare. The Department can take no further steps in the case.

Respectfully yours,

THOS. W. CRIDLER,
Third Assistant Secretary.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
Naples, Oct. 6, 1897.

W. W. Handlin, Esq., New Orleans:

Dear Sir—Having just assumed the duties of United States consul at Naples, I know nothing of the subject matter of your complaining letter, but as you represent the estate to be in Sorrento, you should address the U. S. consul at Castellamare, a fact of which I am told you have heretofore been informed, and, as now, at the expense of this consulate.

You can save time and expense for yourself, as well as for this office, by addressing your future complaints to the proper consulate.

A. H. BIJINGTON,
U. S. Consul.

"What is the use of lying?" said the Judge. "The court which has jurisdiction of the estate in Sorrento sits in Naples. The lawyer who has embezzled my evidence

is there. Truly, it is necessary to 'know nothing of the subject matter,' not to know this. How have I been misinformed at anybody's expense, that the consul at Castellamare is the proper man, when the United States goverment makes an allowance to the consulate for postage?

"And my case is not an isolated one. In fact, the policy which this government has pursued for several years toward her citizens resident in foreign countries, however insulted or outraged, has been weak and contemptible."

The Judge handed the newspaper man an editorial clipping from the Louisville Journal which rather hit the nail on the head. It read as follows:

"The Roman emperor, on hearing of Herod the Great's wholesale butchery of his sons, remarked: 'I'd rather be Herod's hog than Herod's son.' Herod, being a Jew, was very lenient toward hogs. Now, after mature reflection, it appears to me that, so

far as protection is concerned, it is better to be an American hog than an American citizen in a strait, for the government never fails to protect American pork."

Judge Handlin's work was for charity and at his own expense, and this is all he has gotten in return.

CELEBRATED BRIGANDS.

The bandit Fioravanti (First Flower), just killed near Rome, was celebrated in brigandage, where for years central and southern Italy has been afflicted. Luciano Fioravanti was born in 1842 at Aqua Pendente. He was first a stable boy and afterwards a coachman. In 1880 he married the niece of the bandit Biagini, by whom he had two children. Ten years later he was sentenced to some months in jail for having stolen a pair of boots. Fioravanti preferred the open air to the prison and became a brigand, following the uncle of his wife in spoliation and plunder. In 1892, with the brigand Betinelli, he had an encounter with the carabiniers in which they were wounded. Later on, with Biagini and Tiburzi (pronounced Teboortsey), he killed Betinelli because he had betrayed the band. In 1895, in another encounter with the carabiniers, Biagini was killed, but Fioravanti

escaped. He escaped again in 1896, when the terrible Tiburzi was killed in the forest Capalbio. Fioravanti in that fight was saved as by a miracle from the shower of bullets of the carabiniers, who surprised the two bandits at dinner in a country house. He then remained the sole survivor of the Tiburzi band, and from that day the brigand, feared by all, lived in the leafy forests of Mount Lamone, and he was constantly assisted by the espionage of the shepherds and other inhabitants of those forests, who furnished him with food, clothing, cigars and spending money. With the aid of the people he compelled to follow him, he ordered first one and then another to pay contributions, and in this way he succeeded in collecting a few thousand lire, upon which he lived; and when the citizens refused to pay his tax he set fire to their houses. Last year the Marquis Guglieluri, for having refused a few thousand lire, had to suffer a much heavier loss.

Fioravanti held a most brilliant rank of service. He was accused under thirteen warrants of arrest for theft, robbery, attempted murder, extortion and murder. Finally Frontflower, on whose head there was a price of four thousand lire by the government, was buried in a neglected country graveyard. His brain was carried off by the doctors, placed in alcohol and presented to Professor Lombroso, who desired it for his studies.

[Translated from Italian July 20, 1900.]

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Garden of Eden was a delightful place, with a very equable climate. People were satisfied with their condition and had no undue aspirations or desires. It is true of human beings that they think what they are accustomed to is right. Except man, all other animals are in a state of nature to this day. Nothing unseemly is seen in the natural form of an animal. It is habit

which governs in this respect. The great statue of Pompey at Rome is in a state of nudity, and a lady can behold it without embarrassment.

Now, the devil is a necessary and well-defined character in the affairs of men. Everything was lovely in the Garden of Eden until he entered there. The people did not know that they needed any clothing until he told them, and then they covered their bodies with fig leaves.

In this view, assistance has been sought.

¿SON OCHO?

Once, in the afternoon, I was sitting on a seat in a recess of the charming wood of the Alameda in the city of Mexico. An elegant carriage on the driveway stopped in front to afford the occupants an opportunity to take a stroll through the shady walks. A Mexican grandee, with a nurse, or guardian, and a number of children, all about the same size and splendidly attired, issued

rom the vehicle. He was a tall, well ormed man, and his face beamed with kind- ıess and happiness.

As they were passing through the open ircle, he suddenly checked himself and sked: "*¿Son ocho?*" (Are there eight?) could not help thinking that there was omething ridiculous in the uncertainty of he father in having to count his children ɔ see if they were all there.

SELF.

Many are blamed for selfishness. That ; all wrong. It is a cardinal principle in ature itself. But for selfishness the crea- on as now constituted could not exist. It es under the principle of the attraction of ɔhesion. See, with what consistency the rop of water preserves itself in the descent om the cloud. The chop in the live tree loses with time. When the nail or the edge is extracted from the dead wood, the ent is closed or becomes smaller. "Nature

abhors a vacuum," is a maxim which proves the tendency of a person or thing to restore, protect and preserve itself. And this forms character.

A SINGULAR CASE.

Don José:

Amiguito—Tengo un buen caso y muy singular. Quiero ver á v. mañana por esta parte para hacerle verlo. Yo hubiera recibido $125 ó $130. No quiseron, y ademas me scandalizaron. Ahora, he descubierto que por la ley me deben $830.

¿ Que le parece ? ¿ Que dice V.? Quando el Diablo guia á los malvados se hechan á su perdicion.

Octobre 12 de 1899.

SPIRITS.

The testimony of visits from spirits is both curious and interesting. My mother-in-law, Mme. Victoire Azelie Mader, was a lady. She had read a great deal and was

very agreeable company. We always spoke in French. She lived in my house for sixteen years before she died, at the age of seventy-five. My boy Joseph was her pet from a little fellow. After the old lady's death there was some talk of her being seen about the premises and it was thought she had come for some one. The child, it appeared, had seen something and was afraid to go down stairs. My bedroom looked to the east, and one morning when the sun was up, or about to rise, as I opened my eyes, I saw the old lady coming hurriedly into my door, a little stooped forward, dressed all in black, with a vail partially over her face, and when she got about the middle of the room, as my eyes were fully opened, her well-known form suddenly disappeared. When I went down to breakfast my spirits were singularly enlivened and refreshed and I said that I had just seen the old lady. The lively scene or vision is still imprinted on a tablet of my memory.

In the winter an ugly old buzzard, a vulture, flew over into our rear yard from somewhere in the neighborhood and the two boys rushed out to see it. My blood ran cold. Shortly after my poor Joseph, who was then sixteen and reading Cæsar at college, took sick of pneumonia or typhoid fever and died. The doctors did not know what it was.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

Just before the war, in 1860, when the people were surfeited with prosperity, everybody was traveling. Having made the tour of the North as far as Quebec, I happened in Washington on the arrival in the evening of the Prince of Wales. There were fireworks and all sorts of amusements, and Washington was full of people. The next day President Buchanan was to hold a reception. We entered the White House in a long line, single file. The President was a large old gentleman with a large head,

but with little hair. The prince was rather a small, fair, slender young man. I forget if the President shook hands or not, but the prince, about five feet off, made a distinct bow as each one of us passed and made a slight stop and bow. Lord Lyons and the Duke of Newcastle stood a little to the right. Lyons was a large, dark, homely, intellectual looking man. The old duke was large, stout and pleasant, with plain, comfortable clothing. Being a pushing young man, I went up to the duke and had some commonplace talk. I presented my companion, Dr. Vegas, and he seemed pleased. After half an hour the people began to scatter, and, perhaps being tired of the exercise, it was announced that the reception was at an end, the door was closed, with thousands yet to come in the line who were deprived of the satisfaction and pleasure of a bow from the prince.

KIPLING.

The value of Kipling seems to consist in the very healthy morality of his writings. Nearly all his pieces give good moral lessons. This comes from good training and from the fact, if I remember rightly, that both his father and his mother sprang from families of reverends.

"At the Pit's Mouth" shows vice in its nakedness, and therefore it is to be shunned. His novel, "The Light That Failed," is a work about painters and paintings. His father was an artist, and hence he knew whereof he wrote.

A parallel may be drawn between friendship and love. The beauty of true friendship, where it does exist, is drawn by a master hand, while love is not presented in so favorable a light. Dick, the hero, preserves his purity of character until death in the arms of his friend, Torpenhow, the thought of whose friendship had saved him from the temptation of Bessie, and he had

saved Turpenhow from the same. Dick's love for Maisie, not reciprocated, and the absurdity of his will in her favor show that such love is a tyrannical, unreasoning passion, and is "the child of folly."

Quis Epaminondam musicam docuit? Who taught Epaminondas music?

THE HOUND.

McK., an old college mate, a jolly good fellow, a crack shot, a young lawyer in the county town and a lover of good whiskey, came down to the farm on the Ohio river, opposite the head of Hurricane Island, to spend a week with us. Mr. Wallace, a large slave owner, lived opposite the lower end of the island. He had a fine pack of deerhounds, and old Uncle Gaben was the sporting master. Uncle Gaben was a pensioner, an old Virginia gentleman who had spent his fortune and who sometimes taught school. He had a habit of talking to himself. We wrote down to him of our friend

Mack's arrival and requested him to join us with the hounds in a hunt on the island. He accepted and answered by a note stating that he would meet one of us and cross over to the lower end of the island and drive up and that Mack could stand toward the upper end. On the following day my brother crossed over with Uncle Gaben and the hounds, while I landed Mack above. He got out in the heavy timber and undergrowth and heard the horns. Presently he saw something bounding along over the high weeds and blazed away with his rifle. The leader of the pack, with a loud yelp, tumbled over dead. Mack turned toward home. The hunt was over. When Uncle Gaben and my brother heard the shot and the hound's loud voice, Uncle Gaben said, "He has killed my dog. I would rather have lost the best horse we have." My brother said, "Let's go and see." But Uncle Gaben said, "Oh, no; I don't want to see him." Mack returned to his office in town

rather crestfallen over the unfortunate result of his hunting excursion.

THE MARE.

I started on a trip of several miles through the woods on Jenny, a fine sorrel mare of my father, with a Lancaster rifle, thinking to do some hunting on the way. When I reached the top of a high ridge, a flock of wild turkeys started up and ran through the trees and brush. I hitched the mare and went tearing down the slope after the turkeys. I cocked the gun, but forgot to let down the hammer. After a circuit I got back to the ridge, a hundred yards from the mare. The devil put the idea into my head that if she were a deer she would be a good shot. I leveled the rifle at her heart, touched the hair trigger, and she fell. I ran to her and tried to stop the bullet hole, having read about the staunching of wounds. But she made a last struggle and died. It reminds me of what I witnessed later on.

A stout, healthy man was shot down by one in his company at the siege of Granada, Nicaragua, as they rushed out through the jungle to strengthen a weak point against the besiegers. A sudden quarrel, loud words from him, a shot from behind, he fell struggling for life, while the others moved on. I only write the truth, that I am pushed to write by something which draws me to it. Well, I returned home to the farm, carrying the saddle and the gun. Thousands of beeves and some horses in Paris are slain daily for human food, which the carnivorous nature of man makes necessary. But notwithstanding the consciousness of all these things, and after a long life, I never think of my own thoughtlessness on that occasion but an uncontrollable sadness comes over me, and I feel sorry for the unmerited death of poor Jenny !

My father returned home after an absence of some weeks, but he never mentioned the mare to me. Doubtless he thought that my

own mortification and remorse were sufficient punishment. However, he said to my mother, "if it had been a deer he'd have killed it." One day, at Rome, Epictitus went out and saw a woman weeping because she had lost her son. The next day he went out and saw a woman weeping because she had broken her pitcher.

THE FABLE.

A wagoner, whose team was stalled, was kneeling down and praying to Jupiter to help to get him out of the mire. A friend, passing that way, called out: "Get up, man, whip your horses, put your own shoulder to the wheel, and then Jupiter will help you."

Note — I handed the above to a client, who hesitated to take the forward steps I advised.

A DREAM.

I thought my disembodied soul stood

above my mangled and bleeding body. I saw robbers open my head and take an enormous jewel therefrom. A horde of savages pursued the robbers from Canada to Cape Horn. A congressman and a chief justice were in the gang. Julius Cæsar brandished his broad sword. I saw the Eternal stretch forth his hand, and I heard him, *mit lauter Stimme*, say: "Accursed be the robbers of that jewel!" I saw my dead and buried son, Joseph, invested in priest's robes, standing in a pulpit on a cloud and preaching to that horde of savages, the chief justice and the congressman, with á voice that filled the whole world. He said: "Be good. Read the Bible. Eschew bar rooms." A slave said: "The jewel is of great value. He was a good man."

The Sublime—"Este retrato esun gallo." Esta burla oí en la mesa del almuerzo del señor Licenciado, Don Ignacio de Jaurigui.

PLEASURE.

I deem it a most exquisite pleasure to lean back on my steps and gaze at the ever varying tints in the white clouds by moonlight. No colors of art or from the painter's brush can equal them. The soft, milky white, the pale, blended red, have a charm for my soul. Many a night have I passed the silent hours in total relaxation while enjoying the lavish beauties from the eternal painter. *Ojalá* that the great beyond of eternal happiness or misery might not be worse! An airy nothing. Humbert said: "It is nothing," *non c'é niente*.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 3, 1901.

Mr. Ed. T. Manning, Clerk of City Council.

Dear Sir: I am glad my ordinance prohibiting benches and seats about bar rooms and saloons is now a law. But I see my ordinance against the mosquitos has not passed yet. Truly,

W. W. HANDLIN.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Aug. 24, 1901.

Mr. B. Moran, Clerk, etc.

Dear Sir: In the case of Jere Jones, nine if not ten years old, who committed the offence and ran, which was an evidence of guilt, Judge Hughes was too impatient to hear the "whole truth"; said the boy was under the age of responsibility, and undertook to catechise me on the law. I answered that I did not go there to be examined on the law, but to give testimony. On reflection, I have concluded to give him the benefit of my answer, as he appears to be a gentleman, though scant of knowledge, and

he may mean well. He wanted to know, while giving my testimony, if I was acquainted with the penal code of Louisiana. I should smile! The criminal law of Louisiana is founded on the common law of England. I leave for you and him to read: Russell, vol. I, pp. 1 to 10, by which you will find that the age of irresponsibility is under seven years, and "that an infant under eight years old may be guilty of murder and shall be hanged for it."

Yours truly,

W. W. HANDLIN.

THE TREATING HABIT.

There is a very great contrast between the manners of Mexicans and Americans. Good manners in the city of Mexico, the Paris of America, requires high and low not to accept. "Will you take dinner?" "No, *gracias!*" "Will you take a drink?" "No, *gracias!*"

Not so with Americans. They hang

around the slums, waiting for an invitation. But the rule, even with men calling themselves gentlemen, is, not to conclude any business transaction without "well, let's have a drink." Hence, the Mexicans are sober people and the Americans are drunkards.

CZOLGOSZ (pronounced Golgotha)

CLEVELAND SALOON.

"Shortly after coming to this city fifteen years ago, Leon's father started a saloon, in the rear of which was a small building used as a rendezvous and meeting place for a dozen or fifteen men who called themselves anarchists. Leon was too young to be a member of that gang, but he was a great listener to the harangues that these men indulged in, and they probably had some effect on his youthful mind."

HOODLUMS.

To the Honorable the Mayor of New Orleans.

Sir: As an old citizen and knowing whereof I speak, I feel it a duty to give to you, who have the well being of the people in your keeping, the benefit of my views.

In the last two weeks, homicides of two young men, one twenty-nine and the other twenty-six, have been committed in bar rooms, because they refused to pay a few cents for their drinks. A more reasonable remedy would have been to have had them arrested, as they were not wholly responsible when badly intoxicated. However, having been a sufferer from drunken hoodlums during the late administration, I cannot refrain from saying that the barkeepers are doing some good by the extermination of the drunken ruffians, who habitually carry their loaded pistols to the terror of good people. These homicides are voted

all right, under the plea that they are justifiable in self-defense. But whisky is at the bottom of it all. If the facilities for drunkenness had been fewer, the young men might have been saved.

It is said that the Filipinos regard with horror the civilization of Americans, because they have established six hundred barrooms in Manila. You will doubtless agree that it would be better for New Orleans if every grocery bar were sunken in the Mississippi. Therefore, it behooves your administration to raise the license to the highest figure in its power, if not done already.

Truly,

W. W. HANDLIN.

July 2nd, 1900.

WEBSTER COKE.

Truth is stranger than fiction.

When a young man in Princeton, Ky., I was in the habit of playing drafts with an old lawyer, who was a friend of mine. One

day, when there was a lull in our favorite game, he leaned back and related to me his troubles in raising his boy. Said he (*dijo*): "Webster Coke was a good, practical boy in some respects, and I destined him for the bar, to follow me in my practice and inherit my library. He was of a quick, nervous temperament and his capacity appeared good; but he made but little progress at school. When I asked the teacher what was the matter and if he lacked ability, he said "no." Then I said may be he is lazy, and he said "perhaps." During his stay in the primary school he often played hooky, and I found from notes in my diary that it happened four times, just at New Moon. Sir, the moon has more influence on people than is generally believed. But as to strength and manliness, Coke was hard to beat. He would be a soldier boy in the State militia in spite of all I could do, for I knew it would interfere with his course at college. My ambition was for Webster to graduate,

esteeming it a great honor. At last, he got into the class of *belles lettres*, and there he stuck. Finally, he got so much larger than the boys of his class that he was ashamed, and actually quit on me, and had cleared out from College some days before I knew it. Worse than that, he sold my latin lexicon and a fine copy of Horace, which I prized because it had been presented to me by my professor when I was at college. He wanted to go to work, and I was surprised one day when he said 'papa, I don't want to be no lawyer. A lawyer is one long bum!' Then, I saw it was no use to bother any longer with Webster Coke. But I said, 'I am no millionaire, what will you do?' He said, he thought he would be a civil engineer and he is all right now."

We then adjourned to a neighboring coffee house and enjoyed a cup of chocolate.

CAPTAIN CARTER OF THE AKABA.

Captain Carter was left an orphan and his account of the end of his father and mother was tragical. He said that his father and grandfather were sea captains, and that his father and mother were lost in a storm on a small vessel at Yarmouth or some other fishing coast. When his father saw that there was no hope against the violence of the wind he took his mother and lashed her to the foremast and then lashed himself to another mast and so they were both found dead.

He worked his way from scrubbing boy up, and was often rewarded with a curse or a kick. When he was examined for a captain's commission he had but little time to spare and while young fellows under the civil service rules had difficulties, he had no difficulty. The poor boy evolved in the sterling man.

The greatest intellect is reported to have

said: "*ubi intenderis ingenium, valet; si lubido possidet ea dominatur, animus nihil valet.*" But the poet, with some difference, is strong:

"There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

On the voyage, I had the place of honor at the right of the captain at table and Miller, the engineer, occupied the lower end. One day they had marmalade, and the mate said, "the chicken said, Marma laid (me)."

We ran well in the Gulf stream, over 200 miles in 24 hours, but afterwards she got slow, and when they spoke of the forty hundred horse power, I remarked that if they were Texas mustangs I hoped they would get up a stampede. Carter looked grum, but the twinkle in Miller's eye showed that he appreciated the joke.

As we were nearing Bremerhaven, the German pilot boarded the Akaba. He was

an urbane gentleman, but Carter stood off at a distance without saying a word. The pilot looked at two old compasses on the vessel and seemed to be puzzled. Then he came up to me softly and asked "is the compass right?" I said, "O, I think so!" The captain looked daggers and the voice rolled out, "don't speak to the pilot!" I went over to him and said, "Captain, he just asked me if the compass was right and I said I thought so. Carter simply answered: "You don't know."

An hour afterwards I gave him a copy of my book, bade him good-bye and said I hoped he would overlook my mistake. "Oh," said he, "that's nothing." Next year, he took my son on a round trip to England from Pensacola. I had another lesson about talking too much on that trip. Standing on the front of a street car on the busy part of the street *Unter den Linden*, and asking a good many questions about buildings, the good humored, sturdy, Ger-

man car driver looked at me and said, "*Bleiben Sie schweigsam!*"

THE FARMER.

I was born in Livingston county, Kentucky, and my father, ever remembered and respected, settled on a farm of six hundred acres, one hundred being cleared and the rest woods, which was partly purchased by him and partly inherited from my maternal grandfather, Trimble, who had emigrated from South Carolina. That place was in the hills of Kentucky, about five miles from the Ohio river on the big road to the West. When I was a boy, about 1835, the wolves would howl in the night in a hundred yards of the house. I learn now that there are many farms on that land. Farming was primitive in that region then, though they say that there is now a great change, and that German methods of thrift and comfort prevail to protect man and beast against the cold: It makes my heart ache now

when I think of the suffering in those early days. One rainy winter night my good mother said to me: "You ought to be thankful that God has given you a warm bed, when the beasts of the field have no shelter." Man should be a God to the beasts of the field. The horses were provided for in stables with clap board roofs and did not fare so badly. The hogs would get together fifteen or twenty in one bed, and keep comfortable by their own heat. The sheep were protected by their wool. But the poor cows! No houses or sheds were made for them, though it would have been easy where timber was so plentiful. Often feed for cattle was scarce and in the winter there was no grass. They would get very lean, thick mould would form in the hair on their backs and a kind of grubs or worms, called wolves, I think, would plant themselves in the solid flesh under the skin. Again, the poor things would get the hollow horn for want of nourishment. In the spring of the year,

in the first open spell, there was great danger of the cows wandering away after grass and getting lost. I remember a very sad case.

THE COW.

A young cow for her first calf was missing in a cold spell in the Spring, I forget her name, and everybody went in a search. Two or three miles down a branch, I found her on the lift, she could not get up, near the house of an old couple, noted for being stingy. They had seen her there from the beginning, but had not given her a mouthful to eat, though the old woman said she had tried to save the calf, which had died. The mother was still alive and when I reported, the whole family went with a yoke of oxen and a sled to bring her home. My mother reached her a blade of fodder, and I well remember the eager reach she made for it. When we got her home we swung her on her feet and made every effort to save her life, but in vain, she died, *starb.*

Sometimes, I hate to think of these things, people are so much like other animals. Farmers, I am convinced, should consult their almanacs more than they do. The seasons of planting and reaping depend a great deal on the weather. For forty-six years I have lived in cities, but in a small way I have observed the sprouting of seeds and the growth of plants.

T. J. SEMMES—CHAS. M. EMERSON.

When Senator Semmes died, a great deal was said about him and about what he said. As soon as the Confederacy collapsed, he went to President Johnson for a pardon and when asked what he had done, he said he had done everything in his power, and the president told him to "go to work." He borrowed $100. Repeatedly, in after years, he said he had always done what he thought was right, and if he were to live his life over he would do the same thing again.

Colonel Emerson was a veteran of the Mexican war and was in the battle of Palo Alto. He was fond of describing the splendid sight of the orderly advance on that level field of the 30,000 Mexican cavalry lancers.

When the war came on the consensus of opinion was, the Confederacy must and shall be sustained. The law firm of Emerson in New Orleans was prominent and it

was thought the war would only last 60 days, it was agreed that he should go into the Confederacy and that his partner should take care of the law business. After the war, Emerson was poor and had a large family of children. In order to hold the office of judge, he was required to make some sort of recantation. Judge Emerson came out in a card in a newspaper and stated that he was sorry for the part he had taken in the rebellion.

CHRISTIAN ROSELIUS—THOS. J. SEMMES.

In 1861, I was sitting on the upper floor of the New Orleans City Hall listening to the debates of the Secession Convention. The question was shall the ordinance of secession be submitted to the people. Semmes made a forcible argument against it and said: "We, the representatives, are the people, we are the quint essence of the people." In reply, Roselius said: "The gentleman says we are the people, we are the quint es-

sence of the people! I should like to know in what alembic that quint essence has been distilled." The ordinance was not submitted to the people. Soon after that Roselius quit the convention and went home for good.

HON. J. AD. ROSIER,

a life-long member of the New Orleans bar, was a member of the Secession Convention. He was a union man and an ardent supporter of the Federal government. In vain, he tried to avert the storm and resist the decree of fate. He said in one of his speeches, "I do not belong to the torrid zone, nor to the frigid zone, but to the temperate zone."

JAMES BEGGS.

On the 27th of March, 1857, when I had partly sown my wild oats, I arrived in New Orleans to stay, on the Empire City *via* Havana, having got away from the Fillibusters in Nicaragua on a pass from William Walker by Panama. After being admitted to the bar, I was sent by my partner, Major Henry St. Paul, to Baton Rouge to enter 10,000 acres of cypress lands. At that time there was a conspicuous member in the legislature from Orleans by the name of Beggs. He was rather large, well formed and of a reddish complexion. By occupation a printer, with a good education and fine voice Mr. Beggs occupied a great deal of the time of the house.

The war came on, Beggs went out of Politics and totally disappeared. Years afterwards, I had occasion in some busines matter to make inquiries about him. I found him, and he was the most quiet, unassum-

ing, elderly gentleman I ever met. He followed his trade and lived in complete retirement.

After the federal occupation in 1862, General Butler ran the St. Charles hotel. The old structure had high, Corinthean pillars with winding, granite stairways leading up to the open rotunda in front.

At that time the feeling of the Confederate population was very bitter against the yankees and all their sympathisers. Many men in New Orleans had been very noisy rebels until the Federals arrived. Then, they went forward to the surprise of the people, took the oath and joined the yankees.

One day, an old friend saw Jim Beggs under the stairs of the St. Charles Hotel busily engaged with a note book and pencil. He called to him, "Hello, Jim, what are you doing?" He answered, "I am putting down the names of these fellows in my 'S—— a b—— book."

THE GAMBLER.

Once in Mexico, I visited my friend Don Miguel del Rio y Rio and read over to him Mazeppa. He took me to a wardrobe and showed me a pile of $500 in gold. There is a village sixteen miles from the city where they hold a carnival of Monte every year for a week. He said that he had just won that gold there; that the games were going on then; that he went every year and did the same thing; and that he always took a cousin to stop him at the right time or he would lose all. I had in my pocket an ounce ($16) of gold that I had earned as professor of English by giving eight lessons of one hour a month. I said nothing but secretly resolved to try to get $500 too. The next stage took me to the village by dark. I sat down at a table and put up $4 and won. I put up $4 more and won again. Then I lost and in less than an hour my ounce of gold was gone. I had no money for lodging

but slept somewhere. The next morning it had rained and walking was bad. But I made the trip. When I got home, professor Hypolite Copée (we had rooms together) laughed at me and said "*Je n' aurais pas cru ce la de vous.*" "A burnt child dreads the fire." I never bet again, "you bet."

THE SAW MILL.

I suppose I must have been about seventeen when my father had occasion to have some lumber sawed at an old time saw mill on Deer Creek, Livingston county, Kentucky. The long, upright frame of the straight saw allowed the log to pass through on the carriage, the top of the frame coming down to two or three feet of the top of the log. When a large stock had been squared and the saw was commencing to cut planks on one side, I measured the situation with the eye and saw that there was room to take a ride on the wide side of the stock by lying straight with my arms close, though I would

have to meet and pass in a few inches of the saw. No sooner resolved than executed. When my body had partly passed the saw, my father discovered me, but he had presence of mind to keep quiet and look on 'til I got safely through. He said nothing to me but he told my mother about it. The remembrance of such things of my father makes me honor him more and more as he deserved to be. Many times I have been near death, but never does my flesh creep more than when I think of that trial of the nerves, not even when I think of the cold steel pointed at my breast and I said "strike."

To understand the sciences theoretically and not practically is not sufficient. Chemistry is a great science, but to have read books about chemistry and even to have attended a course of lectures without practice in the laboratory gives very imperfect knowledge. Therefore, I conceived that a situation in a drug store for sometime would be beneficial to a student. Dr. Franklin for a reading man and a self made man must have had special talent for chemical investigation and the secrets of nature which led up to his electrical discoveries. But electricity was everyday talk in his time and others long before had compared it to lightning. Bacon's experiments were laborious.

Astronomy is a grand subject. But much reading on the subject as now understood only gives an unsatisfactory outline of the theory, such as is obtained by a glance at a large printing press or other great machine.

It takes the use of the telescope and other practical work to take the universe to pieces, *á la logique de Condillac.*

The earth is thought to be the most solid of the planets. Jupiter, although hundreds of times larger than the earth, appears to be of so light a nature that it is doubtful if it is inhabited. Mars is of firmer material, and though smaller than the earth presents conditions favorable for inhabitants. The Moon always presents the same side to the Earth and probably to the Sun, which must make it hot on that side. It has no air.

But the fixed stars excite our wonder. By the way, I never could understand exactly the example put by Aristotle in his logic, "The star is fixed because it twinkles, or, it twinkles because it is fixed." Here, again, the want of practice with instruments and practical calculations leaves us very much in the dark on a benighted subject. We learned at college, geometry and trigonometry. We can form a triangle

on the Earth, the Moon and the Sun, and we can calculate (though not experts) with reasonable certainty the length of the side from the Earth to the Sun, ninety odd millions of miles.

But when we get out of the Solar System, and consider the fixed stars as centres of other systems beyond number, we come indeed to infinity. We are lost in a maze of creation upon creation utterly beyond the scope of our pigmy intellects.

WONDERS OF CREATION.

Mathematicians calculate the distances of the heavenly bodies by means of the triangle. The square described on the hypothenuze is equal to the sum of the squares described on the other two sides. A triangle formed by a point on the surface of the earth, its center and the sun, has a respectable short end on account of the comparative nearness of the sun. But when such a triangle is formed to a fixed star of great

distance, the two long sides of the triangle are nearly parallel. The end is so short as to be almost a point. Then the fulcrum of Archimedes is lacking upon which to place his lever to remove the earth and the distance becomes as it were infinite.

The North Star is distant two hundred and fifty billions of miles. Therefore, in considering ourselves with reference to creation, it is evident that each one of us could not amount, at most, to more than the one ten thousandth part of a gnat. It is said that one of the stars in the Dipper, being a fixed star, is a sun and many times larger than our sun. As to time, there is an infinity *ante* and an infinity *post*. There is an infinity of extension and an infinity of creation.

THE SUN.

The center of our system, according to astronomers, is an immense body. It is a globe and its diameter is 850,000 miles.

The substance, itself, is thought to be an ever changing fiery mass of electricity and combustible matter. How its heat can travel so far, 95,000,000 of miles, and heat the earth, as it does, may be a subject of doubt. Heat, light, electricity and motion appear not to be well understood. We know that in the top stratum of our atmosphere it is very cold. May it not be that by some chemical action of the perpendicular rays of light striking our atmosphere and earth heat is then and there generated, without being transmitted the whole way through space by the mass of heat directly from the sun?

The Peruvians, according to Prescott, were a wonderful race. The Inca was descended from the sun. The modern or principal god was the sun. The monarch belonged to a sacred race and was married to his own sister. The other marriages were made once a year by wholesale in the public square simply by the hand of the bride being

placed in that of the bridegroom by the Inca or the governor.

It would seem that the worship of the sun was well rewarded. The whole country was in a wonderfully perfect state of cultivation, far better than it has ever been under the Spaniards. Canals of irrigation permeated the whole country. All bridges were in order. Government stores were found at regular stations. There being no iron used in the country, the Spaniards had to shoe their horses with silver.

The sun is about one million and a quarter times larger than our earth. His mass is said to be about 750 times larger than all his planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, etc.

THE MOON.

The moon is a dark body and shines by light reflected from the sun. It is distant near a quarter of a million of miles. Its diameter is a little over 2000 miles. She

always shows us the same side. "And he said, wherefore wilt thou go to him today? It is neither New Moon, nor Sabbath."

A MEDICAL OPINION.

A young man, 29 years of age, with fine commercial prospects, a loving mother and many friends suffered from pains in the abdomen. The surgeons consulted and concluded that he was afflicted with appendicitis. X rays were not resorted to or did no good. He went voluntarily to the hospital and was operated upon. They opened his side and took out his entrails, but found that he had no appendicitis at all. His intestines were ulcerated. They cut out eight or ten inches of the part and sewed up the ends. Four days after he was dead and they made an autopsy and discovered that they had made the mistake of not cutting from the diseased bowel several inches more. In the opinion of the author, he

might have been cured by light, long, continued purging with castor oil or other medicine. Oil is especially soothing, curative and molifying in young children. The same treatment has often been successful in paralysis and might be in cases of supposed cancers on full blooded bodies. But the trend of modern theory is opposed to purging and doubtless it is not good in cases of old people and wasted systems. In cases like that of the young man and in supposed cancers where nature is trying to throw off disease, and in all cases of inflamation and imposthumes, starvation should be a sovereign remedy.

But the religious view of life is the best. The young man's troubles are over, "*que locum curae neque gaudio ne esse ultra.*" All things are for the best. The beehive is a wonderful creation and destruction. The bee lives forty days, the queen three or four years. She is the goddess. But the male courtiers, at times, are most sadly treated.

Let us return, however, to the diagnosis of the case. Gil Blas, *Lesage*, or whoever he was, had a wholesome fear of doctors. For those who like to live, give nature a chance! Beware of the knife!

THE PARROT.

Once, in Mexico, I was sitting before my room on the narrow gallery of the second story facing the *patio* (court yard) when I heard a disagreeable, ugly barking of a dog above, as I thought. Looking up, I discovered a parrot in his cage at the head of the stairs of the story above. One afternoon, while reading, I found him by me on the bannister. He had come down to make me a visit and was very friendly. He got on my chair, sat on my shoulder and appeared to want to communicate something. Then he marched away, with dignity. He never did that before, nor afterwards. That night there was a terrific earthquake. Two Frenchmen jumped out from the next room with, "*mon Dieu! Que ce qu'il y a?*" The "earth swung blind." That conduct was positive proof to me that birds know when the earthquake is coming.

NIAGARA.

AN ODE LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM HEREDIA, THE CUBAN BYRON, BY W. W. HANDLIN.

Tune my lyre, give it me, I feel
Inspiration in my trembling
And agitated soul. Oh! how long
I slept in darkness, ere thy light
Illumined my brow! Wavy Niagara,
Thy sublime terror alone could
Restore me the divine gift, which, enraged,
The impious hand of sorrow tore from me.

Prodigious torrent, be still, hush
Thy terrific thunder: dissipate somewhat
The utter darkness which encircles thee,
Let me contemplate thy face serene,
And with ardent enthusiasm fill my soul.
I am worthy to contemplate thee: ever
Disdaining the low and the mean,
I yearned for the terrible and sublime.
At the loud roar of the furious hurricane,
At the burst of the thunderbolt before my face,
Palpitating I rejoiced: I saw the ocean,
Scourged by the tempestuous south wind,
Beat upon my bark, and at my feet
I saw the whirling vortex yawn, and loved the danger.
But the fierceness of the sea

Produced not in my soul
The profound impression which does thy grandeur.

Serene thou runnest, majestic; and soon
Broken amid rugged cliffs,
Violent, headlong thou hurl'st thyself,
Like destiny, irresistible and blind.
What human voice can describe
The roaring Syrtis'
Frightful front? My soul
On beholding that fervid stream,
Which, in vain, the disturbed vision endeavors
To follow in its flight to the dark brink
Of the deepest precipice; a thousand waves,
Passing as rapid as thought,
Dash, and infuriate themselves,
And other thousands meet them there,
And, amid foam and roar, they disappear.

See! they come, they bound! the horrible abyss
Devours the headlong torrents:
A thousand rainbows cross themselves, and the deafen'd
Woods return the tremendous sound.
On the inflexible rocks
The water rushes: the vaporous cloud,
With elastic power,
Fills the abyss in the whirlpool, rises,
Whirls around and raises
To the ether a luminous pyramid:

Through the surrounding mountains
The solitary huntsman is astounded.

But what does my longing vision seek in thee
With vain endeavor? why do I not see,
Around thy immense cavern,
The palm trees? ah! the delightful palms,
Which, in the plains of my burning soil,
Are born from the smile of the sun, and grow,
And, at the breath of the ocean's breezes,
They wave 'neath the purest sky.

In spite of me this memory comes.....
Oh Niagara! naught is wanting to thy destiny;
No crown but the humble pine tree
To thy terrible majesty is due.
The palm, the myrtle and the delicate rose,
Inspire soft pleasure and sweet repose
In the frivolous garden; for thee dame fortune
Had a worthier object — sublimity.
The free, strong, generous soul
Comes, sees thee, is astounded,
Despises mean delight,
And is even elevated when thou art named.

Omnipotent God! in other climes
I saw execrable monsters,
Blaspheming thy most holy name,
Sowing error and impious fanaticism,
Inundating plains with blood and tears,
Stirring up brothers to impious war,

Madly desolating the land.
I saw them, and at their sight my heart was inflamed
With grave indignation. On one side
I saw lying philosophers, who dared
To scrutenize thy mysteries, to outrage thee,
And with impiety, to the lamentable abyss
They dragged the miserable men.
For this my feeble mind has sought thee
In sublime solitude. Now it is
Wholly opened to thee. Thy hand feels
In the immensity which surrounds me,
And thy profound voice wounds my soul
With this great torrent's eternal thunder.

Wonderful, amazing stream!
How thy sight enraptures my mind,
And fills me with terror and admiration!
Where is thy origin? Who has nourished,
For so many ages, thy inexhaustible source?
What all-powerful hand
Stays thy awful entrance
From overwhelming the ocean?

The Lord opened His omnipotent hand;
He covered thy face with trembling clouds,
Gave his voice to thy precipitous waters,
And adorned with his bow thy terrible brow.
Blind, deep, indefatigable thou runnest,
As the dark torrent of centuries
In unfathomable eternity! From man,

So fly his pleasing illusions,
His most flourishing days,
And he awakes to sorrow ! Alas ! my youth
Lies parched, my face is withered,
And the deep grief, which agitates me,
Wrinkles my brow with clouded sorrow.

Never, as this day, have I so felt
My solitude and miserable abandonment,
My lamentable friendlessness Can I,
In my stormy life,
Without love be happy ? Oh ! if some fair one
Should fix my affection,
And to the turbid border of this abyss,
My wandering thought
And ardent admiration accompany,
How I would rejoice, on seeing her cover herself
With gentle pallor, and become more beautiful
In her sweet terror, and smile
When sustained in my loving arms.
Virtuous delirium ! Alas ! banished,
Without love, without a home;
Tears and sorrows alone, I see before me.

All powerful Niagara !
Adieu ! adieu ! within a few short years
The cold tomb shall have devoured
Thy feeble singer. May my verses last,
As thy immortal glory. May some pious
Traveler, on beholding thee,
Give one feeble sigh for my poor memory !

And when the fiery Phebus is engulfed in the
West,
Happy, may I fly where my Maker calls me,
And, on listening to the echoes of my fame,
Raise on the clouds my radiant brow.

BARBARISM AND THE PRESS.

(This Item of News is reported).

"Barrundia, the Guatemalan revolutionist, was captured and shot on board *an American Steamer* passing the port of San José de Guatemala, while resisting arrest. The captain of the vessel *had consented* to his extradition to the officers of Barillas, which meant death to him, and he resisted arrest."

It is well known that in the countries South of us, they are accustomed to shoot their prisoners. In our own country, the United States, it is not necessary to undertake to convince any person that prisoners of war are entitled to the protection of their lives. To take the life of a helpless, unresisting prisoner is murder. This

is so universally admitted in this country, that the poorest and most ignorant soldier would respect the sanctity of his prisoner's life. But for an educated and civilized officer to shoot a prisoner would render him execrable in the sight of his fellow men.

This principle was so well understood in our late civil war between the States, which lasted five years, that it is not within our memory that ever an officer of the army of the United States of America, or an officer of the Southern Confederacy, could be prevailed upon to shoot his prisoner in cold blood. But this principle is recognized by the law of nations. In all the great nations of Europe and Asia the life of a prisoner of war is respected.

While this is so, and while we boast of the advancement of civilization, which we assume to have extended to all the world except the cannibal islands, right here, under our very eyes, this horrid practice of

shooting defenceless prisoners of war in cold blood is, and has been carried on in Mexico, Central America and a great part of South America. It is not in cannibal islands, it is not in ignorant and savage nations that this is done, but it is in lands where the language of Cervantes is spoken and written in all its beauty and splendor.

Let the American press thunder against this inhuman and uncivilized practice of murdering prisoners of war in cold blood. Let them pray their brother editors of Spanish America to publish their editorials on the subject, and if they are unable to translate them into Spanish, we will do it for them. Let those same Spanish editors translate and publish this article in the name of humanity, in the name of chivalry.

A notable case, that of the fillibuster William Walker. The enemy, the Hondurians, were not able, after considerable fighting, to capture Walker, who was

among the bravest of the brave. They applied to a British man-of-war lying off the coast for assistance. It was useless to resist, and Walker surrended to the British captain. This officer delivered his prisoner of war to the enemy who had been unable to conquer him in a fair field, and Walker was taken from on board the British man-of-war and carried to land by the Hondurians and shot. The jackal followed the lion.

What became of that British captain? He sank into disgrace and infamy. The British government did not countenance the personal treachery of the infamous captain of the man-of-war.

So may all traitors perish! Any man who withdraws his protection from his guest—from one whom he is bound in honor to protect—is a base traitor.

But what is gained, by this practice of shooting prisoners of war on both sides? We, ourselves, have seen a brave colonel of Guatemala and talked with him in his own

tongue, who was shot under the *lex talionis* because Lennés, a prisoner of war, had been butchered. He knew his doom, and was resigned to die. We were so shocked at the horrid practice, however it seemed justified in that case, that we could not witness the execution, though opportunity offered.

Juan Diaz de Corvarrubias, the young Mexican poet, with 17 other medical students, were shot, because they dared to go out and dress the wounds of the rebels who fell in the battle near Tacabaya.

The writer knew all the martyred prisoners personally, as well as the poet Juan Diaz de Corvarrubias.

WILLIAM WALKER.

There was a period called the Walker administration in Nicaragua. William Walker and other Americans went to Nicaragua. At that time a civil war was raging

between two parties, each contending for the exclusive possession of the government.

Walker and those other Americans formed a treaty of alliance with one of the parties, and after considerable fighting that party was successful, and a single government was established, with Walker as one of the ministers. The property of certain defeated rebels was seized, confiscated and sold. Possibly but few of those deeds or claims are in existence now. An American minister, Wheeler, resided there during the Walker government. On account of some disagreement, and by a *coup d'état*, or in some other way, Walker became President. His government held the State internally, but the other four Central American States formed an alliance, and made war against Walker and all Americans, and finally expelled them from Nicaragua.

A question arises whether Americans acquiring rights *bona fide* are entitled to

protection, having been expelled by external force.

New Orleans, Feb. 21, 1879.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—Your postal card with reference to Nicaragua was duly received. You advertised for claims of Americans, and the question is whether those arising under the administration of President William Walker will be entertained. The history was about this: Walker and other Americans went to Nicaragua. A civil war was raging between two parties contending for the exclusive possession of the government. Those Americans formed a treaty of alliance with one of the parties, and after considerable fighting that party was successful and a single government was formed, with Walker as one of the ministers. The property of certain defeated rebels was seized, confiscated, and sold. But few of those

deeds or claims are in existence now. An American minister, Wheeler, resided in Nicaragua at the time. On account of some disagreement, or by a *coup de'état*, or some other way, Walker became President, the resident American minister recognizing him. His government was able internally to hold the State, but the other four Central American States formed an alliance, made war against all Americans, and finally expelled them from the country. It does not seem an unreasonable proposition to me that Americans acquiring rights *bona fide* under those circumstances should be indemnified for their losses, when those rights have been lost by external force.

I am, Sir, Your Obedient Servant,

W. W. HANDLIN.

THE SCIENCES AND THE BIBLE.

Our account of the creation shows that the Earth is the oldest and entitled to the greatest dignity, and that all the rest is subservient to it. Its density and specific gravity are the greatest. The dry land was divided from the waters. After the material creation, the greater and the less lights, and also the stars, were set in the firmament. Science proves the same thing, to-wit: that outside of the earth, in the solar system, all else was created subsequently to the earth. By astronomy, we learn that the other planets are much less solid than the earth, and unable, doubtless, to support animal life.

Mars, the most solid after the Earth, is thought to be inhabited; but Jupiter, two or more hundred times larger in size, is in substance light.

Geology teaches us by the *strata* of the earth, and the fossil remains of monstrous

and unknown animals found therein, that the Earth is so old that its age is mere guess work. Therefore, the existence and union of souls with bodies on Earth is more likely than in any other point in the universe.

CHRIST.

Whether Christ be God or not, may well be doubted by man. But that His doctrine of love and goodness is immortal, admits of no doubt whatever. His doctrine will doubtless overspread the earth. Already the Christian nations are sizing up and preparing to divide pagan China and Africa. The shame and scandal of Christians are the hatreds and divisions of the Christians against each other.

The burnings at the stake afford pitiful examples of the weakness of poor human nature. But this it is conceived affords no objection to the teachings of the Master. It was the work of the devil.

The polemic genius of Ingersoll, it is said,

did great harm, but it was because he was unable to suggest anything better than the Church founded by Christ on the rock. The poetic and mystic Koran cannot be compared to the teachings of Christ. Christ taught monogamy,—Mahomet established polygamy. Since the foundation of the world there has never been anything equal to the divine teachings of love and goodness by the Savior. Of course his testament is not responsible for the religious wars and the burnings at the stake. They were the work of the devil. The devil works on man principally in dreams. And yet again it would seem that the different sects of Christians of the present day are salutary checks upon each other, and their mutual criticisms prevent abuses. But the consensus of Christian opinion has brought about the present humane and civilized practices, both in war and in peace. Divine creations have been recognized since the beginning of the world. The speech of Cicero against

Mark Antony was called divine by the people. The period of the early Christians was strange and peculiar. Were they insane? "Paul, thou art beside thyself!" History admits that God has visited his creatures, or that at certain times there have been Divine visitations on earth.

A good witness as to Christ's divinity is the "Immortal Daniel." (Webster.) The inscription on his tomb at Marshfield, Mass., as seen and remembered, states that in his youth he was inclined to infidelity, but that in later years, when he reflected on the Sermon on the Mount, he was constrained to believe that it could only have emanated from God. The most that infidels can say is: "We do not know. Christ may be God; it is not impossible." But that His divine creation will continue to be immortal, can hardly be questioned.

A PRAYER.

O God! May it please Thee to look with compassion upon our weaknesses, and to forgive our sins. I pray for all the living and the dead. Divine Father, may it please Thee to remember the good that I have done, and to forget the evil. Lord, have mercy upon us; we submit to thy will. Amen!

A POLITICAL LETTER.

New Orleans, June 1, 1874.

To the Editor of the Picayune:

Dear Sir—Considering that it is the duty of all who have an interest in the welfare of our State and intend to stay here, as I do, to offer any suggestions which may occur to them, I avail myself of that liberty.

For the next election the most natural division of parties in Louisiana is into white and black. Democratic party, Republican party, are terms *inapplicable* to this State, and the two parties should be divided, not from prejudice or passion, but from the nature of the population, as it exists. Any other division adds strength to the African race and enables it to predominate. Divide and conquer, say they; and so far they have succeeded.

The white party is a broad banner under whose folds all conflicting opinions may be rallied. We whites here, as in Virginia,

should accept as a lesson the unity and discipline of the colored race, by which in this State, with Federal intervention, they have obtained full control. From the present great numbers and the arrogance of the negroes, all the white races, French, Irish, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Cubans, Jews, Chinese and Americans, are naturally and irreconcilably their political enemies. Either the negroes must control here or the white races. If the former, let us not be convinced of the fact without doing all that can be done to prevent it, and then it will be time enough to retire and submit to excessive taxation without representation either of the wealth or talent of the State.

Care should be taken in all the parishes to select a pure white conservative ticket, of the most meritorious, wealthy or talented men, and it might be that even some colored men would vote for such a ticket, with the assurance that afterwards they would be considered as friends and not as enemies.

In this way, although there would necessarily be a large colored representation, it is likely the whites, who own nearly all the property, would have a controlling majority in the Legislature, which would be best—even for the negro laborers, who cannot prosper unless the substantial interests of the State are protected by wise and incorruptible legislators.

United opposition by the whites is justified, not on the ground of hatred to the negroes, but because they are unfit. There are but few pure blacks who are capable of or who even aspire to be candidates, while heretofore their notorious and unscrupulous leaders could always be bought for a trifle. Reformers and unifiers have failed. Vain efforts! No confidence attaches to either side from such unnatural combinations. There is no way to put down negro domination except by a bold stand. A united front of all the white races will be respected, and their opponents will abandon their unjust

pretention, — not to participate, but to govern. And should it continue, the whites will be justified in non-intercourse, as far as possible, and in preferring those of their own race in all the dealings of private life; and the end will show who are to rule.

Although physical violence, which has done so much harm, should be constantly deprecated, no quarter, politically, should be granted. And since the most unscrupulous means have been used to blight the fair hopes of our people, by elevating an ignorant class to power, every lawful means of peaceable retaliation should be resorted to in order to defeat the enemies of public welfare. The exorbitant and unjust taxes heretofore imposed, many persons are unwilling or unable ever to pay; but with representation and economy in the future, the property holders would doubtless cheerfully pay every dollar of a low rate of taxation.

Let a constitutional convention be called, mainly to regulate suffrage, and consider

first the clause found in the constitution of Massachusetts, which is as follows: "Every member of the House of Representatives shall be chosen by written votes." Paupers and persons under guardianship cannot vote.

It is likely that most persons now believe that we have had enough of negro rule, and though they may not sympathize with the Southern Democrats, they would doubtless prefer a government even of the old stock of Southern gentlemen.

We, who were considered Republicans, and yet voted for John McEnery, did so not because he was a Democrat, or a friend of Warmouth, but because we were tired of strangers,—those pseudo Republicans who are altogether unlike the honest Republican masses at the North. Their principal object is unblushing plunder and intrusion, and being supported by Federal power, they have fastened themselves upon Louisiana like parasites and mistletoes, but the

people long to be governed by their own friends and neighbors, with whom they have sympathy and confidence.

Near three hundred years ago it was said, as it were for Louisiana, to express the present condition of her people, that "the causes and motives of seditions are innovations in religion, taxes, alteration of laws and customs, breaking of privileges, general oppression, advancement of unworthy persons, strangers, dearths, disbanded soldiers, factions grown desperate."

Our Utopians demand that all the good and worthy people of both races shall join together on one side, and make war on all the dishonest people on the other side. This would be very desirable, but in practice it becomes impossible, as some of each kind will always be found on both sides. Then, it is fair to assume that the whites, as a class, possess more intelligence, morality and worth than the negroes, and if they can succeed in the election, more of

these qualities will be found in the administration of public affairs.

A timid and conciliatory course has been pursued by the whites, which has caused a division among themselves, and brought strength and union to the African element. This has been chiefly the result of undue influence and interference by the United States government, but it is probable that this power will become more impartial in the near future, and it is hardly possible that the enlightened North can long assist in the degradation and oppression of the white races at the South, solely for the premature and unnatural aggrandizement of the blacks.

This could only be continued as a punishment for the past, but the past in the South was the result of circumstances over which our present white population have had but little control. It is obvious now that a plain issue should be made, and if no relief can be had by open and energetic

warfare, politically, so that the prosperity of the State can be advanced, it cannot come otherwise, and the responsibility will be shifted.

Submitting my right to offer my views, as editors and other citizens do, I remain,

Yours very respectfully,

W. W. HANDLIN.

HANDLIN DIFFERS WITH MR. FOWLER IN AN OPEN LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 13, 1898.

HON. CHARLES N. FOWLER,

Dear Sir:—Some weeks since I received a communication that you would send me your speech if I wished. I replied that I would read it if sent. I have to thank you for a copy, which I have read pretty carefully. I judge you are the lawyer for some bank or banks. Portions of your speech throw a great deal of light on the financial question. But your notion that the gov-

ernment ought to step down and out, and put the money power entirely under the control of the banks,—leaving the people at their mercy to speculate, expand and contract at will,—seems to me altogether wrong.

Why it is not possible for the government to issue all the circulating medium, and regulate it per capita, leaving the banks to do a strictly banking business, lending, discounting, etc., I cannot understand.

The vexed question of a single measure of values is well handled by you. But why not demonetize both gold and silver? Since the discussion of 1877 I have been a firm believer in greenbacks. In 1893, when I traveled, by the advice of a Spaniard who had lately been in Europe, I took gold. But when I got to Rome my banker informed me that greenbacks were worth just a little more than gold.

The Populists are right on all these questions. Just melt the precious metals

into bars and put them in the vaults of the Treasury, leaving government paper for money exclusively, except base coin for small amounts.

Your book [page 92] showing the difficulty and vexation of a double metal standard, is conclusive proof that a stamp paper standard is the best. Bars of metal are as good a foundation as coin, if any other nation or individual wants the bars.

The warehouse business is a good business. Croesus was a warehouseman. But the argument of iron being better than gold can hardly avail in our day. In 1862 gold slunk away. If the banks held it they failed to furnish it to the government.

The President's idea to issue no greenbacks except for gold is good. Since 1893 I have been a convert to his high tariff policy, however much the contrary may be good for Great Britain. Why not have a purely American system, both of currency and of tariff?

Your plan would put all the money in the bank, and the citizen could never put in enough,—like Mark Twain's jaybird, who said, "I reckon I've struck something."

Your Obedient Servant,

W. W. HANDLIN.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 19, 1900.

GEN. ADOLPH MEYER,

My Dear Friend:—I have very carefully read your late speech, and I think you are mistaken. I differ with you altogether. We paid our money, $20,000,000, and have a perfect title to the Philippine Islands,—the same as we have for Alaska, for which we paid $7,000,000. It would be the same thing if the aboriginal inhabitants were to rise up and defy the authority of the United States.

The President, therefore, is perfectly right in maintaining the war to keep the peace in all our possessions. In fact, by

your admission, he has been a model President. He did all he could to prevent the war with our friends, (*con mestros amigos, los Espanoles*) the Spaniards.

The President, surrounded by his cabinet of statesmen, and with the aid of the press, giving the sense of the country at large, was as competent to keep the peace as Congress would have been.

Some admissions in the speech seem fatal to the conclusions. "Louisiana, a vast domain sold to us by France." The ill will, not to say hatred, of the old French inhabitants against American rule, is too well known. The ladies thought it a disgrace to speak English. Within our memory the prejudice still existed, as no one knows, my dear General, better than you, who speak so well *la belle langue Française*. It is all changed now. Our young people do not like French, and those of the mother tongue strive to speak English.

There is nothing in a name. The United

States, to all intents and purposes, is an empire. What need have we for a vast navy, unless we intend to open a field to enterprising Americans and extend our blessings to the rest of mankind? The situation has changed since the days of Washington. To abandon the Philippine Islands now would be a retrograde movement in the onward march of the world. The civilized nations are in accord, and Africa is peaceably partitioned, barring the Boer war. Great Britain will run a railroad from the Cape of Good Hope to Egypt.

When the republic of Rome began to weaken, Caesar turned back the barbarian hordes for a time, annexing Gaul and Spain and extending their exceptional civilization as far as Britain, the evidence of which comes down to us in the beautiful Latin tongues.

A greater power than that of any one nation is pressing forward the civilization, and, perchance, the Christianization of this

age; and the time will most probably come soon when they will be extended to all the cannibal islands, and when by the power of steam, electricity, and artesian wells, the great Sahara desert will become one vast oasis. Truly,

W. W. HANDLIN.

A BILL

To Prevent Lynching, and to Protect Persons of African Descent in Their Lives and Civil Rights:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

That whenever a person of African descent shall be killed by a mob, or by other unlawful and overpowering force, the county, parish, district, or municipality in which such killing shall take place, shall be liable to pay one thousand dollars to the wife, parents, child, or friend of the deceased, suit for which may be instituted in the Uni-

ted States District Court having jurisdiction over such locality.

Be it further enacted, That this law shall take effect from and after its passage.

New Orleans, La., July 23, 1901.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, President,

Dear Sir:—In view of the helpless condition of the negro race, who are deprived of the shield of the law, and the presumption of innocence, permit me to suggest that the enclosed bill be offered in the next Congress, by Senator Foraker or some other member. *Ojalá que valga!*

Yours truly,

W. W. HANDLIN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, D. C., July 26, 1901.

Mr. W. W. Handlin,

New Orleans, La.

My Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd inst.,

with enclosure, and to say that the contents have been noted.

Very truly yours,

O. L. PRUDEN,

Assistant Secretary to the President.

GOOD ADVICE.—*Magister Dixit.*

If a man "be not apt to beat over matters and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases."

THE OPEN COURT.

Picayune May 19th, 1901.

MR. HANDLIN IN THE JACKSON TRIAL.

New Orleans, La., May 18, 1901.

Editor Picayune:—I take exception to this sentence in your editorial, to-wit: "Mr. Handlin, who acknowledges himself a fanatical friend of the negroes," etc.

I do not acknowledge myself so. I know of no facts in my history which prove this allegation. Indeed, the record is the other way, as you may see in the Case 12, Wallace, page 173. My partiality naturally is for my own, the white race. I am not particularly the negro's friend, unless he is a good negro. But I make no difference in

races or men, or other animals, where justice is concerned.

Being a Southern man, I know all about the negro. But when appointed by the Court to defend the negroes, I meant to do it. If they had been white I would have done the same. Your newspaper did not so style Mr. Maher, who defended Jim Murray, alias Greasy Jim.

I beg of you to do me justice and withdraw the above language. Please publish this. Yours, etc.,

W. W. HANDLIN.

NOTE.—[The Picayune derived its opinion of Mr. Handlin's prejudice in favor of the negroes from the radical sectional political expressions which characterized his arguments and the conduct of his case. But an opinion must yield to his disclaimer, which is duly accepted and given to the public above. The Picayune gave Mr. Handlin credit for the management of the cause in which he was engaged, and had no idea of reflecting on him for performing the duties to which he had been delegated. The Picayune has applauded Judge Maher and other lawyers who have ably defended negroes, but they did not find it necessary to inject violent sectional politics into cases where nothing of the sort was warranted. Mr.

Handlin was defending negroes charged with the murder of policemen under conditions where no political issues were involved, and any introduction of political questions should have had no place in the case.]

SECTION A.

May it please the Court,—crooked ways are bad ways. In all the cases which were dismissed on technicalities by the United States Supreme Court, the case of Jim Murry, alias Greasy Jim, the Williams case from Mississippi, and Neal vs. Delaware, 103 U. S., they were all judicial murders. They were negroes, and entitled to mixed juries. The Supreme Court lent itself to Southern race prejudice so far as to say, "We dismiss the cases because they are not properly brought up. We have nothing to do with it. The responsibility is on you." But in Carter vs. Texas, 177 U. S., the Court has said in no mistaken words, "You shall give the negro a legal trial." Texas is a big State, but Uncle Sam's arm has

reached it, and it will reach Louisiana and all the South.

Sir, do you believe the 13th and 14th amendments will ever be repealed? Never! They will perpetuate the three a's of the immortal French revolution: *liberté*, *fraternité*, *égalité*.

All through the South, the judiciary and the prosecuting lawyers have been so unmanly, if not criminal, as to undertake to evade the jury laws of the United States, which they undertook to enforce by their official oaths. Lynching is infinitely more manly than murder by the forms of law. Have I lived to see an infamous Court refuse to hear witnesses, and then try to excuse his wicked decision by saying there was no evidence? Is it not about time to submit to the inevitable and to submit to the supreme jury law of the land?

It is thirty-six years since the war is over and we find the South in full rebellion in its resistance to law. It is similar to the guer-

rilla warfare of the Boers. But just as surely as they will be put down by Great Britain, so surely will the South have to submit. Why not follow the example of the Government in the respectable mixed juries here in its courts?

I submit that the indictments against the negroes I defend out of charity, found by a grand jury of exclusive white men in this city, where a third of the people are negroes, ought to be quashed.

"JUDGE BAKER DENIES HANDLIN'S CONTENTIONS."—Times-Democrat.

Bill reserved.

THE STATE VS. SILAS JACKSON, ET AL.

The challenge and motion to quash the indictment will have to be re-submitted in this case. I was anxious at first to press the trial, but Judge Moïse said to me, "You had better not be in a hurry; maybe there was some race prejudice." After that I

waited, but the matter was still under advisement at the judge's death.

There is really no case against the accused. They were all arrested because they happened to live in the large tenement house where Robert Charles was found in one of the rooms. That there are some 80,000 colored people in New Orleans your honor will take judicial notice of. Greenleaf on Evidence, 4, 5 and 6.

The colored desperado, Robert Charles, having killed two policemen, was found in a tenement building and killed, after having killed two more policemen and a citizen. Ten of the inmates, men and women, were indicted for murder, and the juries were objected to because they were all white.

The Louisiana Constitution, 9, guarantees a trial by an impartial jury. The act 170 of 1894 requires the same kind of a trial. The case Ex. Virginia 100 U. S., 339, shows that colored people cannot be exclu-

ded from the jury. The evidence shows that the grand and petit juries were composed entirely of white men, and therefore illegal.

I think it a matter of conscience to set up this defense in case the prisoners should be found guilty, so that they might have something to stand on by appeal and writ of error. Now, gentlemen, there is great animosity and race prejudice in this city. And there is a population of near 100,000 colored citizens here. There are 10,000 colored voters, under the constitution of 1879, native American negro citizens. What are we going to do about it? We cannot kill them all, as the mob would have done. Are we to go by prejudice, or are we to follow the law? Clearly, we are to be governed by the law. Now the constitution and the law say, The accused shall have an impartial jury; not a jury belonging to any class; not a jury belonging to any society of the 400; not a lily white jury;

but an impartial jury. That is what the law says.

Jury duty is not remunerative. Most business men consider it a great burden. There are thousands of wealthy, intelligent, and educated colored men in New Orleans. Is there any reason why they should not bear their portion of this public duty and burden, and so relieve white citizens to that extent? The jury is the reflex of the registration of voters. It is to be taken from the whole people,—poor as well as rich, educated as well as ignorant, colored as well as white. Crime is most prevalent among the poor and ignorant.

It is an undue advantage to the State to exclude jurors of their own class. A common, uneducated man may take a very different view of a case from an educated man; yet, he is a good juror, says the law, and he may be more favorable to the prisoner. It might be better to have a few ignorant colored men on this jury, where these poor

people are being tried for their lives.

And who is responsible for this state of things in the administration of criminal justice,—excluding a class of voters from the jury? It is not the constitution; it is not the law of 1894; because they say that all the people shall be entitled to an impartial jury. The fault lies at the door of the jury commissioners. Who authorized them to impose jury duty on one class of voters, and to exclude a whole class of other voters? Neither the law nor their oath gave them any such authority, but their duty enjoined upon them the contrary. By this illegal and exclusive exercise of their office they have engendered and exalted race prejudice and ill blood in the community.

The practice in the United States Court at the Customhouse is different. The officers there respect the law. When I was there last and tried a case, a few colored citizens and voters were on the jury. Why

this anomaly of a different and an illegal practice in the State Court in the same community?

It will be a sorry day when the common people are excluded from the jury box. That splendid statesman and magnificent orator, W. J. Bryan, has said over and over again, that the common people are the "pillar of the State." The jury is a democratic institution. Whenever the institution of the jury is turned into a class concern, or an institution of the aristocracy, it will be an engine of tyranny and oppression. The panegyric of Sir William Blackstone that the jury is the palladium of liberty, will be no longer applicable.

During the unfortunate period of reconstruction, negro juries were very objectionable. The cause of that was the large negro registration. Now it is different. It has adjusted itself. There is a large registration of white voters. But the jury in

the United States Court is still composed in part of colored jurors.

When a rich man enters the court room he must lay aside his pride. It is a sacred place. It is the temple of justice. He should be filled with the spirit of Christian humility, and respect the rights of the humblest human being within the jurisdiction of the Court. He should remember the Golden Rule, to do unto others as he would be done by. In matters of life and death all men are equal.

I ask the Court to quash the indictment.

MOTION OVERRULED.

Bill reserved.

ROBERT CHARLES.

DEFENSE OF THE JACKSONS.

Gentlemen of the Jury:—Silas, Martha, and Charles Jackson are charged, with seven other negroes, in one indictment with the murder of John Lally. I was appointed by the judge to defend them. Somehow or other, I have a habit of getting on the wrong side. It may be that I am inclined to the side of the weak against the strong; or it may be because I do not look at things like other people. When I form an estimate of a man, I do not look at his race or his nationality, if he is a reliable man and a man of principle.

I am only half an American at best. In the late war with Spain, I did not believe that one American could conquer six Spaniards, and at San Juan Hill the Spaniards showed that they could fight. In our civil war, they said that one Southern man

could whip five yankees, but the five yankees tired out the one Southern man and put him under the negro.

I have made twenty or thirty sea voyages, and I consider myself an old sailor. I have been in Berlin, Vienna, (they call it Veen) Naples, Paris, London. Now, this may be why I get on the wrong side. I have had great admiration for heroes,—Rob Roy, Roderick Dhu, and others. The Cid was a hero of the brain. Amadis de Gaul was a hero of the brain.

My old friend, Major Wharton, at one time editor of the Picayune, published a small paper and I sometimes furnished him with articles. I had been informed of some treachery by Americans against a chief, and I wrote an article laudatory of Sitting Bull for his victory over Custer. I handed in my article, but the Major said, "Oh, no; I cannot put anything of that sort in my paper. I believe in going for the Indians."

Now, gentlemen of the jury, I will call

your attention to Robert Charles, who did kill Lally,—though the State carefully avoided proving that he was there, and it was left for me to show the fact, and that he was surrounded, besieged, and slain along with his enemies, and the house burnt down over his head.

Do you consider Robert Charles a hero? He lived and died a free man. The manacles were never placed upon his wrists. He died, like Cataline, fighting for sweet liberty. He was a brave man.

Let us imagine that Robert Charles is alive, and that I am defending him before you for this murder. At most he could only be convicted of manslaughter. Why? Because the killing was done in hot blood in a riot.

In the riots in Philadelphia between the Irish in 1844, which I remember, it was held that those homicides only amounted to manslaughter.

In the case of Robert Charles we must

look at it from his standpoint. He thought that he was defending his life, his home, and his liberty against wrong, oppression, and persecution. Like Samson, he said, "Let me die with the Philistines." If Charles had been a white man, the hoodlums of New Orleans would have deified him to the skies.

Let us come now to these negroes, who are here on trial for the murder of John Lally, who was slain in that riot by Robert Charles. No case is made out against the prisoners. It is evident that they have been kept in jail nearly a year to satisfy the longing for revenge against the negroes. There is cause for race prejudice. Those riots were fearful. In the beginning, Robert Charles and another negro were sitting on a step at night. They were approached by the police and ordered to move on. Words were exchanged, and shooting followed. I blame neither the police nor the negroes. Perhaps with prudence and good manage-

ment the riots might have been avoided. Four officers and several white men were laid low, and widows and orphans were made. I see the widow of poor Lally, with her orphan children and her weeds, in this court room.

But what under heaven, gentlemen of the jury, has all this to do with the case before you. Could these defendants stop the riots, or are they responsible?

Quis Epaminondam musicam docuit? The attorneys for the State are playing upon a harp of a thousand strings. They say Silas was present at the shooting of Lally and Porteous. But he was unarmed, and was actually in charge of those two officers when they were shot down by Charles from his closet. Silas was the only witness to that shooting, and you must take his evidence that it was not done by him, but by another.

Again, the State urges that Silas had a rifle. It is the privilege of every Ameri-

can to bear arms and military accoutrements. But his gun was loaded when found. Then, they say that Silas' actions were suspicious, and they want to convict him on suspicions. Lord Bacon says, "Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds,—they ever fly by twilight."

My father used to relate a fable of Dr. Franklin: "An eagle was sailing in the blue ether. He made a swoop on what he supposed to be a young rabbit, which he seized, and flew away. Pretty soon, he discovered that it was a young cat, which was tearing his vitals, and he wished to let it drop; but the cat held on, and forced him to return it whence it was taken."

So, with Robert Charles. The police supposed he was a rabbit, but they found him to be a lion, fearless of death.

Since the war, the negroes have been invested with civil rights. Do you believe the fourteenth amendment will ever be rescinded? Never! The three a's of the

French revolution have come to stay, towit: *égalité*, *fraternité*, *liberté!*

The negroes are not such a bad people. There are thieves among them, but there are many good negroes who are industrious and sober. You seldom see a negro drunk, and it is notorious that Americans are the greatest drunkards in the world.

Our hoodlums may take lessons from the negro. Indeed, they may learn from the brutes. The horse does not get drunk. He is too much of a gentleman. The dog does not get drunk. I have heard of a parrot getting drunk, but I never saw it. Look at the nasty, stinking, dirty, drunken, drink-shops all over this city,—at every corner grocery! They need Mrs. Carrie Nation down here to clear them out, and pitch them into the Mississippi River, dilute them with water, and send them to the gulf of destruction, where they belong.

Since the abuses of reconstruction, the negro has quit politics, and gone to making

money by his labor. Give him a fair chance. Perhaps you do not know of the causes that led to negro domination. I will tell you.

After the assassination of Lincoln, the good, Andrew Johnson became President. The Confederates returned in force to this city, Monroe was elected mayor, the returned Confederate soldiers were put on the police force, the embryo governments—city and State, set up by the United States—were not respected, and I saw a charge by that police, with their revolvers, across Canal street, into the Mechanic's Institute,—now Tulane Hall,—where they massacred seventy-five negroes.

Thaddeus Stevens, in Congress, moved the previous question until every reconstruction law was passed. There was some cause and some provocation for reconstruction laws.

The constitution makes you the judges of the law as well as the facts. I remember once reading Fenelon's Telémachus, trans-

lated into Spanish, and I came across this sentence: *Por bueno y sabio que un rey sea, aun es hombre.* However good and wise a king may be, still he is a man. So with the judge; and in case he should err in his charge, you are the judges. I apprehend no danger of this, and I need not to have mentioned it, because I think you will agree with the judge as to the law.

Gentlemen of the jury, the State has not proved the prisoners guilty. I ask you, as white men, to divest yourselves of all prejudice, to grant a general jail delivery, and to acquit them.

NOT GUILTY.

UNJUST REMOVAL.

In 1864, when the war was not flagrant (12 Wall., 173) in New Orleans, and when order and civil government had been established for two years,—as shown by the case of the Planters' Bank in 16 Wallace, 494,—the removal of Judge Handlin, by military order from the bench of the Third District Court, was most unjust.

The civil code which he was sworn to support was not abrogated. A slave had no standing in Court; the Judge was powerless, and all he could do was to dismiss the case,—the reasons given by him being unanswerable. But the manner of the removal was even more outrageous and reprehensible. Not a shadow of investigation was had, and no notice was given; but when the Judge arose next morning, he read the order of removal in the newspapers. Truly, strange things were done in those excitable times.—[Press.

SALARY CASE.

A CLAIM.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb 27, 1899.

To the Honorable, the Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Claims.

Sir:—In years past, a bill for my relief by the payment of $20,000, was introduced every Congress, and the committee invariably made the same stereotyped report, relying on 12 Wallace 173, a case which is objected to,—first, because an erroneous premise was assumed to show that the military order was valid or necessary in New Orleans in 1864 in a civil case, because the "war was yet flagrant;" and, secondly, because that case, though *res judicata* as to Louisiana, is not *res judicata* between me and the United States.

I became so dissatisfied,—not to use a stronger word,—with the unsatisfactory reports, that I desisted from further efforts,

hoping that as we recede from the period of the civil war, and as prejudice, in a matter in which the institution of slavery was directly involved, becomes less and less potent, there might be a disposition on the part of Congressmen to do justice fairly and completely by relying on other and more satisfactory citations of authorities besides the case in 12 Wallace 173, which I will endeavor to show, furnishes, as far as it goes, on its face, strong facts and reasons in favor of my claim. It occurred to me, therefore, if Senator McEnery would accept, and should be authorized during vacation to examine, review, and report upon the whole case, as arbitrator on my part, that it would be preferable to the expense of a new bill. Should he decline, then I will ask you to do me that favor in so far as to advise me whether or not to have a bill introduced regularly at the next session. Senator McEnery is a Louisiana judge,

and should his decision be adverse, after going over all the ground, it would doubtless bring conviction that the claim ought not to be allowed. But, should he refuse, then, as above, I request you to make such examination instead of him. Therefore, I shall state what I conceive to be the merits of the case.

The assumption in 12 Wallace 173 that the military order was valid or necessary in New Orleans in 1864 is erroneous and contrary to the proof in the transcript by the admitted statement of facts. Therefore, the assumption by the court that "the war was yet flagrant," is not true and not applicable as a reason to justify the military order in a civil matter in New Orleans at that time, and said order is a nullity.

The transcript shows that the war then was far removed from New Orleans, and was not flagrant, and that peace and quiet in civil government prevailed the

same as in New York. Therefore, the only ground in support of the military order, necessity, not being in existence, the same is an absolute nullity.

Mr. Phillips, one of the counsel in the case of the Union Bank, 16 Wall., 494, was present, and heard my argument in the Supreme Court, and thought I was right when I made the point of peace and quiet in New Orleans. He came to me and congratulated me. His case was pending and he went to work and convinced the court by overmuch insistence on *flagrante bello*, in the Bank case, in the fourth book after the 12 Wallace of the *peaceable* state of affairs in New Orleans in 1863, and the court reversed its ruling and held the military order in a civil matter to be null and void, and therefore, that the war was not flagrant *quo ad* that case.

The military order in my case was one year later, when order was still more re-

stored, and, *a fortiori*, it was void.

There can be no reason why the order in the earlier case of 1863 should be null and void, and the one of 1864 valid. They were both equally void, because there was no military necessity in either case.

The second reason why the case in 12 Wallace cannot be pleaded in bar of my claim, is that it is not *res judicata*. The case in 12 Wallace was brought against the State of Louisiana. This is a claim against the United States. They are not between the same parties. Nothing in the case against the State can be set up in favor of a new party. Undoubtedly, the finding of the court is correct in favor of the State,—whether the military order was null or not,—because the court stands upon the fact that the military had the power, and the State was under duress.

But how can this fact, power, relieve the United States from its liability for the wrong and injury done? Therefore, the

case in 12 Wallace is not *res judicata*, and cannot be urged in favor of the United States in its unlawful use of military power; and it makes in this point, as well as others, in favor of claimant.

The statement of the court,—though scant from the proofs contained in the transcript,—undoubtedly shows that I was right in my decision, for which I was removed by an unlawful military order of the United States.

The court states that President Lincoln had exempted New Orleans, where the Third District State Court was held, from his proclamation of emancipation of the slaves. Therefore, when, under this proclamation, a slave filed a suit in the court, I was compelled, under my oath of office, and under the unrepealed articles of the civil code, to maintain the exception and dismiss the suit. There was no option,—no escape from the per-

formance of duty. As judge, I was powerless to decide otherwise.

Christian Roselius told me, after his return from New York by sea in 1864, that he was invited by lawyers to a public dinner there, and that while at dinner some one asked him about Handlin's removal. He said he answered that Handlin was a good sort of a man, sometimes right and sometimes wrong, but that in this case he was so clearly right that "nobody but a fool or a knave could have doubted it." And he said he looked down the table and saw General Banks (who had provoked the removal) sitting at the table.

The Third District Court had no criminal or military jurisdiction. Only civil cases were tried there. I had sat for the whole business year, and decided between five hundred and one thousand cases. It was a State court, governed entirely by State law. It had no jurisdiction in

military matters, but concurrent jurisdiction with other district courts, then in operation.

When I accepted the office, there was an implied, contractual understanding that I was to do my duty, and was not to be abused, while strictly performing it, by the military authority, the United States, or any one else. The contrary doctrine cannot be law. On the contrary, the civil authority is superior to the military authority. Therefore, it is obiter in the decision that the same power which appoints can remove.

A private soldier, by military law, cannot be wrongfully abused, but he can only be dealt with, or discharged for fault found after proceeding according to military rules. How, then, can such uncivilized and monstrous doctrine be maintained that such an office as civil judge in a State court is only there at the

mercy and pleasure of the wrong doer? A strange sort of civil service, indeed!

The language of the court, "subject to revocation," is contrary to the proof in the transcript. It was not a case of revocation. The order purports to be a "removal," alleging false reasons, as shown by the transcript.

Another objection to the language of the court in the decision is that it states that the commanding general, whether right or wrong, has full power to terminate the career of a government's employee, who is performing his whole duty. On the contrary, it is here asserted that neither the commanding general nor the President has power to trample upon the rights of a common soldier, much less upon the rights of a righteous judge. The court held that there is a wrong without a remedy. No such scandalous doctrine was contended for, even

in the Dreyfous case. There, at least, there was a show of a hearing.

The proof in the transcript shows (12 Wallace 173) many other facts, not mentioned by the Court, upon which I rely to support the claim both in law and equity. As for law, military and civil, I refer to all the authorities heretofore cited in the case and before the committees.

But as to the facts. The other district judges resigned on account of the outrage against me. Their resignations were not accepted and they all held on for four years, and each drew $20,000. It is clear that I would have drawn the same amount, but for the wrongful military order. The act of the United States prevented me from receiving that sum by an unlawful, null and void, military order.

The proof in the transcript shows that it was a State court, the term or tenure of which office was fixed by statute at a period of four years with a salary of $5000.00 per annum.

Where is the difference between a case of property wrongfully taken or destroyed by the government, and a loss by the invasion of the personal rights of the citizen? Is property any better than personal rights? Does not the Constitution put the two side by side in the same article? Are intellect and talent on the part of the citizen, which enable him to come forward in an emergency and aid the government, to be despised and held subject to the bauble, the plaything of a void military order? In an emergency when friends were scant? — The Dreyfous case is a paragon of justice by the side of it. Where is the reason to protect the money of the bank by holding the order null and to hold the order valid in the case of the citizen judge? If the *dicta* in the 12 Wallace, repudiated case, be law, no man would come forward in a similar emergency, as Lord Bacon said, and take up the chancellor's seal, "if it were laid down on Hunslow Heath."

Most men of dignity of character and refined principles prefer personal protection against indignity and wrong rather than protection to property. "Who steals my purse steals trash. But he who filches from me my reputation takes that which doth not enrich him, but makes me poor indeed."

I did not seek the office. Suitable men to fill it were scarce. Gov. Geo. F. Shepley sent for me, called me "Judge", and pressed me to take it. It was considered and accepted as a permanent position during the war or the power of the United States, or at least while the functions of the office were properly filled and discharged.

I shall ask you to direct your clerk to acknowledge the receipt of this communication and claim, and to do me the honor to inform me what disposition will be made of the matter. Your obedient servant,

W. W. HANDLIN,
1519 Clio st., New Orleans, La.

New Orleans, La., March 6, 1901.

Secretary of the Senate:

Sir—What, if anything, was done or said by Caffery or McEnery as to the appeal and protest lodged with you? They are now referred to Roosevelt, as well as my present charity "nigger case" and "bull's pizzle."

W. W. HANDLIN.

Sagt Schiller in Don Carlos: "Der Ritter Pflicht ist, die Damen zu beschützen." Können die Damen so viel sagen?

MERCURY.

American Politics; — a moral and political work, treating the causes of the Civil War, by W. W. Handlin.

The above is a remarkably well written and temperate work, which has found its way North just in time to be history, and to disclose proposals for settling matters of moment to the Union at the time — 1864 — which fate and the sword have now finally disposed of. — Quebec *Mercury*, Feb. 28, 1866.

LIFE.

William W. Handlin was born January 23, 1830, in Livingston county, Kentucky. His father, Joseph T. Handlin, a native of North Carolina, emigrated to Kentucky when quite young, married, and raised a family of two sons and four daughters. The subject of this sketch was the oldest. Isaac T. Handlin, the younger brother, was a lawyer and afterwards probate judge of his

native county. He died at the age of fifty-two years. The mother of these children, Catherine Trimble, was born in South Carolina, and was descended maternally from the Pickens family of revolutionary fame. Her father was a pioneer of the State of Kentucky and opened a farm in the wilderness of Livingston county in 1805. Upon this extensive estate, comprising 700 acres, which afterwards became the property of his parents, W. W. Handlin passed his first years up to early manhood, in the country schools, farming, acting as deputy sherriff and other occupations. Being a great reader of history, he conceived the idea of preparing for a profession, studied Latin and the mathematics at Cumberland College and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. Immediately afterwards, he made the journey in the winter on horse-back over the Cumberland mountains, up the French Broad river, and through the States of Tennessee, North Carolina, South

Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. Returning to Kentucky, he determined to emigrate to the State of Texas, and he opened a law office in Brownsville on the Rio Grande in 1852, where he volunteered for the defense in a slander suit and made his first speech before a jury as a colleague of Rice Garland, formerly of the Supreme Bench of Louisiana, but who, for reasons not necessary to mention found himself practicing law in Brownsville.

Becoming dissatisfied in a year or two with Texas life and taking a fancy to the Spanish language, he went to the City of Mexico with the intention of perfecting himself in that language and practicing law in the City of Mexico. Having provided himself with a letter of recommendation from Lieutenant Governor Thompson before leaving Kentucky, he was enabled to obtain at Vera Cruz an introductory letter from the U. S. Consul there, Mr. Picket, to Mr. Black, the Consul at the City of Mexico,

by whose favor he was presented as a law student in the office of the Licenciado, Don Ignacio de Jauregui. Here, he studied the Spanish codes, and supported himself as professor of English, giving lessons in the College of Mineria and other institutions. He took a course of one year in a college and graduated at the head of his class in the Castillian grammar.

At the end of two years, being informed that he would still require six months study to be received as a lawyer in the City of Mexico, and meeting some roving American miners, he was persuaded to travel across the country to Acapulco and take passage to California with the view of following his profession there. During his stay in Mexico, he was intimate with General Gadsden, the American Minister, though his intercourse was almost wholly confined to the Mexicans, whom he found to be hospitable, refined and cultivated.

In that city he learned French and he was enabled through the family of Mr. Jauregui to form many pleasant acquaintances, among whom was that of the poet, Juan Diaz de Corvarrubias.

Arriving in California, he undertook the practice of the law, found the profession crowded, became sick, with his means exhausted. Scarcely a year passed, when the exaggerated reports of the Americanization of Nicaragua induced him to accept the offer of Edward Quewen, an ex-attorney general of California, to form a law partnership in Nicaragua, and arriving in that country he was duly presented in the city of Granada to President Walker, and they immediately published their law card. In a few weeks, however, the city was besieged, and Handlin did good service in the common defense, until General Henningsen was relieved by a night attack from lake Nicaragua by newly arrived forces from Texas and California, led by Cherokee Sam, among whose followers was John Purvez of New Orleans.

Being unexpectedly freed from that scene of suffering, in which one half perished, and the remainder, say 150, for twenty-one days were reduced to one spare meal of horse flesh daily, he obtained, after some difficulty, having remained altogether six months in the country, permission to go via Panama

to New Orleans, where he arrived almost without clothes on the 27th of March, 1857. He determined then to make New Orleans his home, having become thoroughly satisfied with an adventurous life.

After some months' study in the office of A. P. Field, he was admitted to practice law in Louisiana, and from his knowledge of the languages he was enabled to form a partnership with Major Henry St. Paul, at that time a State Senator. Being a good democrat, he obtained through his generous friend, St. Paul, an appointment from Gov. Wickliffe, as special attorney of the State for the collection of taxes.

In the year 1860, having realized something from his business, he visited his old home in Kentucky, and placed suitable inscriptions upon marble over the graves of his parents and his youngest sister, who had died while being educated at St. Vincent's Convent at Morganfield. From there he made the tour of the North and Canada, commencing with the Mammoth Cave, and taking in all the principal cities, including among others Niagara, Saratoga, Quebec,

Plymouth Rock, Marshfield, Lowell and all the principal places of note and interest, and returning home by sea. He was a considerable traveler in America, having made over twenty voyages in steam and sailing vessels.

The war coming on, he was inclined to look upon it as a kind of insanity, and having had some experience was not disposed to do anything that would interfere with his own business in leading a quiet, professional life. But notices to drill becoming frequent, he was advised to obtain a commission as captain of State Militia, which would probably protect him from any further annoyance, and it turned out to be true. Retiring in the country to the residence of his friend, H. M. Summers, he remained quiet till the bombardment of the Forts, and arrived on the day before Admiral Farragut anchored in front of New Orleans.

Handlin had become accustomed, from a distance, to regard the United States as one country, and he felt a national pride to see the Stars and Stripes float over New Orleans again.

For two years he practiced his profession successfully, when he was requested by Governor Shepley to accept a commission as State Judge of the Third District Court of New Orleans. He performed the functions of that office during the whole business year, deciding over five hundred causes, when, in July, 1864, on the argument of a motion for a new trial in a suit of a slave, which he as judge had dismissed as having no standing in court, he was dismissed from office, without notice or hearing, by an order of Michael Hahn, acting as Governor, who falsely alleged that no reasons had been given for the judgment, when the reasons had been given orally and published to the effect that the code had not been changed, and that there was not even a military order order allowing slaves to bring suits, while President Lincoln had excepted the loyal district of New Orleans from his proclamation of emancipation. But the fanaticism of the hour was such that the judge could not be heard, though he had had no intention of doing anything which a good patriot should not do, and was governed as judge solely by his oath.

Later, Judge Handlin instituted a proceeding by mandamus for his salary, $20,000.00, which he carried to the Supreme Court of the United States and personally argued there in 1871, at which time he was admitted to practice in that tribunal. The case is reported in 12 Wallace 173, and, with the transcript, shows that Judge Handlin was badly treated, though the relief demanded was not granted. Caleb Cushing had engaged to argue the case, but not finding him at home and being impatient of delay, Judge Handlin was over-confident and supposed that he would be able to show the nullity of his dismissal and that the military was subordinate to the civil authority.

But he had not proceeded far in his argument when he saw Chief Justice Chase whispering on both sides to his fellows (which was not polite) as soon as he found that there was a slave in the case (a nigger in the wood pile), and it proved to be an inauspicious omen. Cushing should have made the argument. It was not a case of what was said, but who said it.

In the summer of 1864 (when he quit

smoking cigarettes), he visited congenial friends, lawyers, in Pinar del Rio, Cuba.

Returning to the bar, Judge Handlin continued to perform the quiet duties of his profession and took no part in politics. Although always a democrat, and never voting for a carpet bagger, he was never at any pains to disabuse persons, who might regard all those as republicans who had been formerly dubbed "union men". But he thought the free trade of Cleveland did not work well for America.

Of late years he contributed towards the advancement of Spanish culture in New Orleans and was a director of the Centro Español. The language of Cervantes was with him a passion, and he attributed in great part, whatever correctness he might have in English, to the thorough course in the Castillian grammar in El Colegio de Comercio, Mexico.

In 1893, he made the tour of Europe, going as far as Pompeii, and though only three weeks in Italy, he learned Italian, so that when he returned, he read all the plays of Metastacio, the Italian Shakespeare. He

spoke German considerably, having read many German works in the original, among which was Schiller's *chef d'œuvre*, Don Carlos. But German is hard.

* * *

In person tall, six feet two inches, with a large frame and good constitution. Eyes dark brown . . . . . .

CHALLENGE.

"O that mine enemy would write a book."

THE BOOK IS WRITTEN.

"Many a time and oft" the devil put himself in the way of publishing this book, but I brushed him aside, "like the dew drops from the lion's mane."