

THE  
**Overland Monthly**

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

VOLUME X.



SAN FRANCISCO:  
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1873.

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THE  
OVERLAND MONTHLY

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ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART V.

*Well, we have threaded through and through  
The gloaming forests. Fairy Isles,  
Begirt in God's eternal smiles,  
As fallen stars in fields of blue ;  
Some futile wars with subtle love  
That mortal never vanquished yet —  
Some symphonies by angels set  
In wave below, in bough above —  
Were yours and mine ; but here adieu.*

*Yet if it come to pass some days  
That you grow weary, sad, and you  
Lift up deep eyes from dusty ways  
Of mart and moneys, to the blue  
And pure, cool waters, Isle and vine,  
And bathe you there, and then arise  
Refreshed by one fresh thought of mine,  
I rest content ; I kiss your eyes,  
I kiss your hair in my delight,  
I kiss my hand to say " Good - night."*

*May love be thine by sun or moon ;  
May peace be thine by stormy way,  
Through all the darling days of May,  
Through all the genial days of June,  
To golden days that die in smiles  
Of sunset on the blessed Isles.*

What way is familiar when journeyed in first ?  
The new roads are rugged, the journeyings hard ;  
No storied names lure you, nor deeds as they erst  
Allured you in songs of the Scion, sweet bard.

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When spires shall shine on the Amazon's shore  
 From temples of God, and time shall have rolled  
 Like a scroll from the border the limitless wold;  
 When the tiger is tamed, and the *mono* no more

Swings over the waters to chatter and call  
 To the crocodile sleeping in rushes and fern;  
 When cities shall gleam, and their battlements burn  
 In the sunsets of gold where the cocoa-nuts fall;

And the mountains flash back from their mantles of snow  
 The reflection of splendors from tower and dome  
 Of temples, where art has established a home  
 More royal than aught that the moderns may show;

'Twill be something to lean from the stars, and to know  
 That the engine red-mouthing with turbulent tongue,  
 The white ships that come and the cargoes that go,  
 We invoked them of old when the nations were young:

'Twill be something to know that we named them of old—  
 That we said to the nations, lo! here is the fleece  
 That allures to the rest, and the perfectest peace,  
 With its foldings of sunlight shed mellow like gold:

That we were the Carsons in kingdoms untrod,  
 That we followed the trail through the rustle of leaves,  
 That we stood by the waves where solitude weaves  
 Her garments of mosses, and lonely as God:

That here we made venture when singers were young,  
 Inviting from Grecia, from long-trodden lands  
 That are easy of journeys, and are holy from hands  
 Laid upon by the Masters when giants had tongue.

Yea, rugged the hills, and most hard of defeat  
 Are the difficult journeys to bountiful song,  
 Through places not hallowed by fame and the feet  
 Of the classical singers, made sacred to song.

But the prophet should lead, to discover the grand  
 And the beautiful hidden in quarries of stone;  
 Be a leader to point to the fair and unknown,  
 And the far, and allure to the sweets of a land.

Behold my Sierras! new mountains of song! . . .  
 The Andes shall break through the wings of the night  
 As the fierce condor breaks through the clouds in his flight;  
 And we here plant the cross. How long? and how long?

Ay, idle indeed! And yet to have dared  
 On an unsailed sea may deserve some grace. . .  
 But the harvest will come, and behold, my place  
 Shall be filled with the prophets, to my fullest reward.

\* \* \* \* \*

I reckon that love is the bitterest sweet  
 That ever laid hold on the heart of a man—  
 A chain to the soul, and to slumber a ban,  
 And a bane to the brain, and a snare to the feet.

Who would ascend on the hollow white wings  
 Of love but to fall; to fall and to learn,  
 Like a moth, and a man, that the lights lure to burn,  
 That the roses have thorns, and the sweetest bee stings.

I say to you surely that grief shall befall;  
 I lift you my finger, I caution you true,  
 And yet you go forward, laugh gaily, and you  
 Must learn for yourself, and then mourn for us all.

You had better be drown'd than to love and to dream;  
 It were better to sit on a moss-grown stone,  
 And away from the sun, and forever alone,  
 Slow pitching white pebbles at trout in the stream,

Than to dream for a day, then awake for an age,  
 And to walk through the world like a ghost, and to start,  
 Then suddenly stop, with the hand to the heart  
 Pressed hard, and the teeth set savage with rage.

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The clouds are above us, and snowy and cold,  
 And what is beyond but the steel-gray sky,  
 And the still, far stars that twinkle and lie  
 Like the eyes of a love or delusions of gold!

Ah! who would ascend? The clouds are above.  
 Ay! all things perish; to rise is to fall.  
 And alack for loving, and alas for love,  
 And alas that we ever are lovers at all.

And alas for a heart that is left forlorn!  
 If you live you must love; if you love, regret.  
 It were better, perhaps, we had never been born,  
 Or better, at least, we could all forget.

And yet, after all, it is harder to die  
 Of a broken-up heart than one would suppose . . .  
 The clouds blow over, and you see that the rose  
 Of heaven is born of a turbulent sky.

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The singer stood forth in the fragrance of wood,  
 But not as alone, and he chid his heart,  
 And subdued his soul, and assumed his part  
 With a passionate will, in the palms where he stood;

Then he reached where he stood, like to one made strong  
 In a strange resolve to a doubtful good,  
 And he shook his hair, made free from his mood,  
 Forgot his silence and resumed his song:

“She is sweet as the breath of the Castile rose,  
 She is warm to the heart as a world of wine,  
 And as rich to behold as the rose that grows  
 With its red heart bent to the tide of the Rhine.

“O hot blood, born of the heavens above!  
 I shall drain her soul, I shall drink her up,  
 I shall love with a searching and merciless love,  
 I shall sip her lips as the brown bees sup

“From the great gold heart of the buttercup!  
 I shall live and love! I shall have my day,  
 Let the suns fall down or the moons rise up,  
 And die in my time, and who shall gainsay?

“What boots me the battles that I have fought  
 With self for honor? My brave resolve?  
 And who takes note? The senses dissolve  
 In a sea of love, and the land is forgot.

“And the march of men, and the drift of ships,  
 And the dreams of fame, and desires for gold,  
 They shall go for aye, as a tale that is told,  
 Nor divide forever my lips from her lips.

“And a knight shall rest, and none shall say nay,  
 In a green Isle washed by an arm of the seas,  
 And walled from the world by the white Andes,  
 For the years are of age and can go their way.”



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The sentinel stood on the furthest land,  
 And shouted aloud her fearful alarms:  
 "He comes!" she cried, "in the strength of storms,"  
 And struck her shield, and, her sword in hand,

She cried, "O Queen of the sun-kissed Isle,  
 He comes as a wind comes, blown from the seas,  
 In a cloud of canoes, on the curling breeze,  
 With his shields of tortoise and of crocodile,

And girt in copper, with silver-white spears,  
 And his flint-tipped arrows and his bended bows,  
 To take our blood, though we give him tears,  
 And to flood our Isles in a world of woes."

She rushed her down where the white tide ran,  
 She breasted away where the breakers reeled,  
 She shook her sword in the face of man,  
 And beat, as the waves beat, sword on shield.

She dared him to come with his storm of seas—  
 To come as the winds come, fierce and frantic,  
 Sounding down to the far Atlantic—  
 And sounding away to the deep Andes.

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She slept at peace in the holy places,  
 Sacred alone to the splendid Queen;  
 She slept in peace in the opaline  
 Hush and blush of the tropic graces;

And bound around by the twining traces,  
 Vine and trellis in their primal morn,  
 As still and as sweet as a babe new-born  
 The brown Queen lay as in love's embraces.

She heard her sentry's passionate words,  
 The sound of shields and the clash of swords,  
 And slow she came with her head on her breast,  
 And her two hands held as to plead for rest.

Where, O where, were the Juno graces?  
Where, O where, was the glance of Jove,  
When the Queen came forth from the sacred places,  
That lay away in the heart of the grove.

They rallied around as of old; they besought her,  
With swords to the sun and the sounding shield,  
To lead them again to the glorious field,  
So sacred to Freedom; and, breathless, they brought her

Her buckler and sword, and her armor all bright  
With a thousand gems and enjeweled gold.  
She lifted her head with the look of old,  
For an instant only; with all of her might

She strove to be strong and majestic again;  
She bared them her arms and her ample brown breast,  
And they lifted her armor, and they strove their best  
To clasp it about her; but they strove in vain.

It closed never more, but clanged on the ground,  
Like the fall of a king, with an ominous sound.  
And she cried, "Alas!"—and she smote her breast—  
"For the nights of love, for the noons of rest."

And her warriors wondered; but they stood apart,  
And trailed their swords, and subdued their eyes  
To earth in sorrow and in hushed surprise,  
And forgot themselves in their pity of heart.

"O Isles of the Sun," cried the blue-eyed youth,  
"O Edens new-made and let down from above!  
Be sacred to peace and to passionate love,  
Hallowed by tears and made holy with truth.

"O gardens of God, new-planted below!  
Shall rivers be red? Shall days be as night?"  
And he stood in the wood with his face to the foe,  
And apart with his buckler and sword for the fight.

But the fair Isle filled with the fierce invader;  
He formed on the strand, he lifted his spears,  
Where never was man for years and for years,  
And moved on the Queen. She lifted and laid her

Finger-tip to her lips. And sweet, O sweet,  
Was the song of love, like a love new-born,  
That the minstrel blew in the virgin morn,  
Away where the trees and the sea-sands meet.

The strong men leaned and their shields let fall,  
And slowly they moved with their trailing spears,  
And heads bowed down as if bent with years,  
And an air of gentleness over them all.

And the men grew glad as the song ascended,  
They leaned their lances against the palms,  
And they reached their arms as to reach for alms,  
And the Amazons came—and their reign was ended.

They reached their arms to the arms extended,  
Put by their swords, and no more seemed sad,  
But moved as the men moved, tall and splendid—  
Mingled together, and were all made glad.

Then the Queen stood tall, as of old she had stood,  
With her face to the sun and her breast to the foe;  
Then moved like a king, unheeding and slow,  
And aside to the singer in the fringe of the wood.

She led him forth, and she bade him sing:  
Then bade him cease; and the gold of his hair  
She touched with her hands; she embraced him there,  
Then lifted her voice and proclaimed him King.

And the men, made fair in their new-found loves,  
They all cried “King!” and again and again,  
Cried “Long may they live, and long may they reign,  
And as true be their love as the red-billed doves’.

“Ay, long may they live, and long may they love,  
And their blue-eyed babes with the years increase,  
And we all have love, and we all have peace,  
While the seas are below or the stars are above.

“Let the winds blow fair and the fruits be gold,  
And the gods be gracious to King and to Queen,  
While the tides are gray or the Isles are green,  
Or the moons wax new or the moons wane old.”

FINIS.

## THE GHOST OF RUMMELSBURG.

A LEGEND OF THE NETHERLANDS.

RICH was Arnoldsen among the merchants of Bremen, and many were the vessels which carried his wealth from the newly discovered *dorados* of Mexico and Peru. His word was worth a million at the exchange, and his residence the wonder of his numerous visitors: gold and silver ornaments everywhere; and what struck the multitude with almost awe, the spacious halls and entries paved with shining dollars. Besides his palatial mansion, he had more than one suburban residence; and it was in one of these that, after a succession of festivities our merchant-prince was called where rich and poor must once appear.

The heir of all his wealth was his only son, just of age, and therefore entitled to the full possession of all the riches which had been accumulating while young Franz was rolling in premature dissipation. Generous and open-hearted, he thought best to enjoy the present; gave up exchange and business, and many were the visitors who trod the dollar-paved halls, and helped to empty the richly stored money-chest.

But where is the barrel which does not once give out when constantly drawn upon, and never replenished? So one morning the major-domo said, with solemn look: "The last dollar is gone;" to which young Franz replied in an angry mood: "Get money of the Jews; money there must be!" And so the sons of Israel began to loan, and to take mortgages, and to compound interest; and, to make a short story still shorter, when it became known in the city that the dollar pavement had been taken up,

credit was gone, and Franz was left with a few family jewels, a lute, and a few dollars capital, perhaps some of the pavement.

Somewhat discouraged, he dropped his name, and took a small room in a forlorn house, in one of the narrow alleys which you only find in the old-world cities. There he was safe from temptation, with sufficient means against cold and starvation, but rather sad and lonely.

Of course he often sat at the window, and surveyed with curious eye the opposite ones, only a few feet distant. Think how interested the lonely bird became when he saw an arm, as beautiful as the Venus de Medici, removing the curtains of a window just opposite his own; and then another arm removing the other side, and at last a face looking dreamingly through the open window; but what a face! so sweet and pure—so richly framed in richest flowing locks!

Poor Franz! He could not control himself. Open flew his window, and his gaze met that of the wondering beauty.

They gazed not long. A daft dame appeared behind the nymph, and with angry look shut up the window and curtains. Franz remained lost in admiration; then with a sigh withdrew, and fell into a deep reverie.

Never had he loved. In foolish dissipation and revelry he had passed his time, and spent his fortune. Now, alone, left to himself, this sudden apparition of pure, undefiled maidenhood had struck him to the quick.

And well might it! Meta was the

only child of Frau Brigitta, the widow of a brave and sturdy ship-owner, who in his voyages to and from the New World had earned a large fortune, but in the stormy Channel had met with a direful shipwreck, was lost, and left his widow to settle his affairs. And bravely she did so. The hard-hearted creditors took advantage. House and property went, and Frau Brigitta took refuge in the third story room, earning her living by spinning flax, and wisely providing for the future by keeping a small trade in the much sought-for article.

Meta, her only beloved, was her pride and care. With the strictest precision she brought her up. Daily she went with her to mass, and now and then a walk to the suburbs, but else she kept her safe from the world's contact. We may suppose that Frau Brigitta, while diligently providing for the present, did not forget the future; and that she hoped, through a well-to-do son-in-law, to spend her riper years in some comfort and ease.

Poor Franz took care no more to show himself. He now and then peeped through the curtains, but avoided being seen. He took the lute; a poor musician, he struck some melancholy accords, but somehow or other his deeply-moved soul imparted to his performance a degree of harmony, which after a while broke out in tones so full of meaning that he could see the lovely Meta listening through the windows ajar. Love is a wonderful teacher. Soon he began to give sounds of joy and happiness when the angel was visible; tones of sorrow and despondency when she was absent. The neighborhood began to listen. Mothers hushed their children, fathers drove the noisy boys away, when the lute was heard, and even Frau Brigitta listened sometimes, while keeping watch over her beloved Meta.

Then Franz began to be a church-goer. He took care to pass Meta when

coming from mass with her aged mother. There was a look of recognition. No word was said, nor any *billets-doux* exchanged, but Franz knew that Meta loved him; and Meta had to hear many scoldings from Frau Brigitta for paying attention to the young good-for-nothing who had spent his fortune.

One day Franz spied through his window, and behold! curtains, flowers, everything was gone; and soon he heard that his opposite neighbors had left. Indeed, Frau Brigitta, tired of this silent love affair, and wishing to further the addresses of a rich merchant in flax, had taken French leave, and gone to another quarter of the city. But the flax-merchant was not successful with Meta. Nothing could persuade her; and when the merchant, who was in a hurry to marry, took as his bride another damsel, Frau Brigitta broke out in bitter words against her loving daughter.

The rumor of the merchant being refused by Meta, soon spread throughout the alley-population, and Franz rejoiced. Meta was his—she sacrificed fortune and luxury for him. What could he do, poor and destitute as he was, to deserve her? He was roused from his apathy—he would try. In the account-books of his father, which happened to remain in his possession, he found several debtors who had failed to settle. They were mostly merchants of Antwerp. Perhaps he might make something out of it; perhaps they had recovered from their failure, and would pay, if not the whole, at least some of the amounts. He made up his mind; he sold his father's gold watch, his mother's ear-rings, bought a fleet and sturdy trotter, equipped himself for a long journey, and one bright morning set out in good and buoyant spirits.

But it was a long and tedious journey, indeed! On and on he rode, until he reached the populous and thrifty Netherlands, and finally entered the gates of

Antwerp, then the Venice of the North, whose merchant-princes might almost defy the power of emperors and kings.

After a few days' rest from the fatigue of his journey, he began to inquire concerning several of his father's old debtors: "How does Peter Van Wirt get along?" "Oh, he's richer and richer; he recovered soon enough." "And Vlietboom?" "Well, he has more vessels in port than I can tell." "And Gerrit Pinker?" "Let him alone! well, he sold yesterday a cargo for half a million florins!" Franz was encouraged; surely his journey would prove successful. He began to collect the necessary documents, and went to the proper authorities to have his claims looked after.

But, alas! one said he never heard of such a man as Arnoldsen; another said: "When I gave up everything, paying five per cent., Arnoldsen might have had his part; it is not my fault if he did not collect." Another opened his books, and made out a fearful account against Arnoldsen. In short, in a very brief time, poor Franz was in prison for debts claimed from his father's estate.

There he was, pining and ruminating, and thinking of Meta, and of his baffled hope. But the rich men of Antwerp did not want to keep and feed the poor wanderer. No, after a few weeks he was set free, with five dollars, to leave the country as fast as he could go. His horse had been sold to pay expenses; and with a weary heart our young claimant took up his pilgrim's staff and left the gates of Antwerp.

He went and went, scarcely knowing where, but at last he reached the village of Rummelsburg, not far from Rheinberg, since utterly destroyed in the Thirty Years War. A caravan of teamsters from Liege had just arrived at the inn, where Franz intended to ask for night quarters.

"No use," said the host, not pre-possessed by the wanderer's destitute appearance—"no use; go to the next village."

With a muttered imprecation, Franz took up his bundle, when the host, with a mixed feeling of pity and mischief, called out to him:

"Halloo, my boy, you might rest here in that old castle, of which I have the key, and I'll give you a piece of bread to keep up your spirits until to-morrow."

Wearied Franz was but too grateful. "You see," said the host, "that castle looks old and forlorn, but is as comfortable as possible within. The fact is, they say the castle is haunted at night, but it is all nonsense. Wild cats and owls make noise enough. Yet the Count believes the stories. When on his hunting excursions, he keeps jolly with his friends in his spacious halls and chambers, which are all splendidly furnished; but when darkness comes he leaves. Well, young fellow, you can have there better quarters than in my inn; and I'm going to fix you some supper in a basket, which you can enjoy at your leisure, and then take your night's rest on one of the softest mattresses you ever rested on."

Franz thanked the wily host for his kindness, and soon thereafter followed him to his weird and lonely quarters.

The castle lay on a steep rock, just opposite the inn, from which it was separated by the main road and a small brook. There the host preceded Franz, carrying a heavy basket with provisions and a flask of wine; also, some consecrated candles and two candlesticks. Having opened the front gate, he handed Franz the basket, showed him the way, and wished him good night.

As he was told, Franz mounted the winding staircase, and came before a closed door, which he opened with the key. A long and dark hall, which ech-

oed each of his footsteps, led him to a spacious drawing-room, and from this a side-door to a succession of apartments all provided with luxurious comfort. He chose the most cheerful one, where he found an inviting bedstead, and of which the windows looked out upon the inn, where the talk and noise were at that time lively, so that he could nearly understand each word. He lighted the candles, spread out his supper-table, and enjoyed himself amazingly.

As long as the teeth were occupied, and the wine-flask held out, no spectral illusions bothered him. But when hunger was satisfied and digestion began, there was a tendency to observe sounds and noises.

He locked the door, drew the bolt, and retired to the roomy window-sill. He opened the window, looked at the stars, but all was silent. In the inn, the lights were out, and all at rest. The watchman could be heard clapping his doleful clap, and wandering through the village singing his monotonous song, "Ten is the clock, the clock is ten!"

Franz felt lonely, became somewhat nervous, and when the watchman sang "Eleven is the clock, the clock is eleven!" he began to think it safe to go to rest. He thought of ghostly midnight. Better sleep through it. Once more he went round his room, looked carefully at every nook and corner, snuffed the candles so as to make them burn brightly, and made himself comfortable on the bed.

But sleep would not come as soon as he wished. Then he bethought himself of prayer, and verily he was soon in a quiet doze.

An hour might have passed, when a sudden fright awakened him. He listened: no noise; nothing but the village clock just striking twelve, and the watchman's monotonous clap, clap. Franz listened awhile longer, then turned to sleep again, when lo! far away he heard

a door creaking, then closing with a muffled noise.

Fear said, "That is the ghost;" a little courage whispered, "No; nothing but the wind!"

But it came nearer and nearer, like the heavy step of a man. It rattled as if a convict was dragging about his chain. That was no wind. And Franz did what frightened children are apt to do: he covered his head with the bed-quilt, as the ostrich hides his head in the grass when he can no more escape the hunter.

On it went; doors flew open, doors were shut, until it came to the sleeping-room. The lock was turned and twisted, one key after another tried, until the right one was found; but the bolt resisted, when a blow like a thunder-clap knocked it off.

In stepped a tall, lean man, with a black beard, dressed in by-gone fashion, and looking dark and gloomy. On his left shoulder he wore a scarlet cloak, his head was covered with a pointed hat. With heavy step he walked three times up and down the room, looked at the candles, and snuffed them. Then he dropped his cloak, opened a bag, pulled out and spread on the table some barber's tools, and with rapid strokes sharpened a razor on the broad strop which was suspended from his girdle.

Franz, from under his quilt, was looking on in trembling and fear. Was the razor meant for beard or throat? The ghost solved the problem by pouring from a silver flask some water into a silver basin; then, with bony hand, he beat the soap to frothy foam, placed a chair, and with serious look beckoned Franz to come forward.

The look was so positive that Franz, with all his fear and trembling, could not resist, and, strange to say, slipped lightly from his bed, and took his seat.

The ghostly barber soon adjusted a neat shaving-cloth to his trembling client, and then, with comb and scissors,

cropped his hair and beard. Next he soaped him carefully, first the beard, then the eyebrows, at last the temples and the head, and shaved him from throat to neck as smooth and bare as a skull. Having duly performed this operation, he washed the whole and dried it clean, made a bow, took up his shaving-bag, hung his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and prepared to leave.

Poor Franz saw with dismay, in an opposite mirror, how his handsome head was transformed into a sort of Chinese pagoda. He sighed, but felt relieved, for after this sacrifice he instinctively perceived that the ghost had no more power over him. And so it was. Red-mantle went to the door, silent as he had come, but when about three steps away, he stood still, looked with melancholy mien at his customer, and stroked his black beard with the flat of his hand. He did the same again and again, when he reached the door. There was something beseeching in his manner; and Franz suddenly got the notion he might want the same good office from him which he had just performed on Franz.

By this time all fear had left our young hero; he made sign to the ghost to sit down on the chair which he just had left. Red-mantle immediately obeyed the summons, threw his cloak aside, fetched the barber tools out of the bag, and took his seat on the chair, as one who wishes to be relieved of his beard.

Franz followed exactly the proceedings of his ghostly barber, cut his hair and beard, soaped him thoroughly, and shaved him from throat to neck, as well as he could, for this was his first trial, and many mistakes he made; but the ghost sat quiet as a stone, and never murmured when Franz made a scratch.

Until now the whole scene had been a pantomime; but now, all at once, it became dramatic.

"Stranger," said the ghost, with kindly mien, "receive my thanks for the serv-

ice thou hast rendered me. To thee I owe that I am now freed from three centuries' captivity within these walls, to which I was condemned until a mortal should do to me what in my life-time I did to others.

"Know that once there lived here a reckless, overbearing man—Count Hartman—no one's friend, and who violated even the sacred rights of hospitality to humor his evil whims and wicked jests. The stranger who came under his roof, the poor who asked for a morsel of bread, never left the castle without some malicious trick being played on them. I was his barber, and did what pleased him. Many a pious pilgrim I decoyed by kindness into the castle, prepared his bath, and when he thought to obtain gentle treatment, shaved him bare, showing him mockingly to the gate. This Count Hartman looked through the window and enjoyed with cruel laughter the sport of idle boys, who abused the pilgrim, and called him, like the prophet of old, 'Bald head—bald head!'

"Once there came a holy man from far, who, as a penitent, carried a heavy cross on his shoulder; in his hands and feet and side he had burned the five wounds of Christ; on his head was a crown of hair, like the crown of thorns. He asked some water to wash his feet, and a piece of bread. I led him to the bath-room, and served him like others, shaving the crown from his head. Then the pious pilgrim uttered a heavy malediction on me: 'Miserable man, know that after thy death, heaven and hell and the iron gate of purgatory will be shut against thy soul. As a tormenting spirit thou wilt stay within these walls, until, unmasked, a pilgrim will retaliate on thee.'

"From that moment I became ill, the marrow dried in my bones, and I dwindled away as a shadow. The soul left the worn-out body, and remained hovering in this castle, as the holy man had



foretold. In vain I waited for release from these earthly bonds; for when the soul leaves the body it is anxious to be in the place of rest, and suffers nameless pains when kept in earthly places. Soon my noisy appearance emptied this house. But seldom a pilgrim came to pass the night, and, though I did to all what now I did to thee, none understood my need. Henceforth no roving spirit will disturb this castle, for now I go to my long-desired rest. Once more, young stranger, receive my thanks. Were I a guardian of treasures, they would be thine; but riches I never had, nor are there any in this castle. But listen to good advice. Remain here till beard and hair cover again thy chin and head, then turn thy steps to thy native city, and wait on the Weser Bridge, when day and night are equal, for a friend who will tell to thee what best to do for thy welfare on this earth. When riches and prosperity come to thee, remember me, and when the day returns, have three masses said for the rest of my released spirit. Now farewell; I take my leave of thee."

With these words the ghost disappeared, leaving Franz in no small amazement. For some time he thought it was all a dream, but his poor bald head soon convinced him of the reality. He then betook himself to bed, and slept soundly until noon. Meantime the roguish inn-keeper had been on the look-out since early morning, expecting to see the bald-headed traveler come forward, and having a good joke on him. But as it became noon, he was rather anxious, called servant-men and girls, and went to the castle, going at once to the room where the night before he had observed a light. Franz had locked the door again, and louder and louder knocked the host, until the sleeper woke, and opened.

With feigned wonder, the malicious host cried out: "By all the saints, Red-mantle has been here and shaved thy

head! It is, then, true, after all! But, tell me, how did the ghost look, what did he say, what did he do?"

Franz, who by this time understood his man, said, gravely:

"The ghost looked as a man with a red mantle; what he did you know yourself; but what he said, I remember well. 'Stranger,' said he, 'put no confidence in a deceitful host; what would happen to thee, he very well knew. Farewell; I leave these old walls, for my time is up. Henceforth no wandering ghost will haunt this castle. I, now become a quiet elf, will tease the host, will pinch and sorely bother him, unless he make amends, and give thee board and lodging till round thy head the brown and wavy locks again appear.'"

At these words the host began to tremble, made the sign of the cross with a will, and vowed by the Virgin and all the saints to give the wanderer free and abundant maintenance as long as he would stay with him; then took him to his house and served him in lordly style.

No more the ghost was heard, and Franz got quite a name. Many times he slept in the castle, and even once a young man took the risk and kept him company; and when he came out with hair and beard, the thing became a settled fact. Red-mantle was gone, the castle free, and the owner, in great joy, gave orders to take the utmost care of the stranger who had done him such important service.

About the time when the grapes began to color, and approaching fall to red-den the apples in the orchard, the brown and heavy locks and the silken beard of Franz reminded him of travel—not that alone, but Meta's sweet image and the "promised friend" on the Weser Bridge. So he packed his bundle, and, when taking leave of his host, behold! this honest man led from the stable a beautifully-harnessed saddle-horse, a gift from the grateful castle-owner, with a hand-

some purse for traveling expenses. Glad and joyful, Franz resumed his journey; and so it happened that he rode into his native city, about a year after he left it, not only in lordly style, but in that happy mood which well-founded expectations are sure to produce.

How he yearned for the day when Sol should pass the equator, and the friend be found who would lead him to wealth and prosperity, and, above all, to the means of approaching sweet Meta; for, though he quietly took his old quarters, and inquired about her, and found her faithful to their silent love, never would he dare to approach her as long as he was poor and needy.

There he was on the bridge, long before daybreak. At last, there came some wagons, and more and more increased the number of people. The crowds of beggars took their habitual position to gather their usual contributions from the charitable; for in those days they had no almshouses, and work-houses, and hospitals. The first of the begging crowd who observed the joyfully expectant face of Franz, was an old soldier, who, fighting for his country, had been honored with a wooden leg and a free pass to beg where and when he would. He had ample time to study physiognomy, and seldom failed in addressing the right man to get a penny. So now he thought the beaming face of Franz promised well, and stretched out his hat. With friendly mien, our expectant youth threw in a silver piece.

Till now only working-men had passed the bridge. Among them Franz did not expect his "friend." But now the rich began to pass—the judges to the tribunal, the merchants to the exchange—and Franz was all eye, and often thought he saw the promised man. But the sun rose higher and higher; noon approached; the bridge became empty; and during a couple of hours none but the beggar crowd remained,

looking curiously at the young man, who alone continued walking up and down. The one-legged soldier went to the other side, and, relying upon the stranger's absentmindedness, again held up his hat, and again received a silver piece.

By and by, the bridge began to fill again. But no friend for poor Franz, though many times he walked straight up to some, and looked them in the face. All walked coolly along, leaving disappointed Franz to his own meditations. They began to be gloomy. The sun lowered, the shades of night approached, and sometimes Franz thought of jumping down, to make an end. But sweet Meta! Once more he would see her, and then . . .

He was going to leave the bridge, when the wooden-leg came up to him. He had watched him the whole day, and was curious to know what in the world he wanted. So he said, "Pardon, my dear sir; allow me a question."

Franz was not in very good humor, and said, rather gruffly, "Well, what do you want, old man? speak out."

Said wooden-leg: "You see, we two have been the first here on this bridge, and we are the last. As for me and such like, we do it to make our living. But you surely don't belong to our guild! Now, dear sir, if it is no secret, please tell me what brings you here? what burden lies on your heart?"

"What matters it to thee, old man?" said Franz. "What good can it do to thee to know my trouble?"

"Sir," responded wooden-leg, "you have been kind to me; twice you have opened your hand and given me alms. I wish you well. Now your face is not as joyful as this morning. That hurts me, indeed."

This kindly-spoken word softened the heart of Franz. "Well, now," said he, "if you want to know it, I have been waiting for a friend who on this day had promised to be here."

"Excuse me, sir," said wooden-leg, "if I may be so bold, but your friend is a scoundrel. If he did so to me, I would give it him with my crutch. No one has a right to fool a man."

"Well, now," said Franz, "I can not say much about his delay. He did not promise me anything. It was only a dream, in which I was told I would meet him here."

The ghost story was too long to tell, so he made it up with a dream.

"O, that is another thing," said the old man. "If you rely on dreams, no wonder you are fooled. I have dreamed many stupid things in my life, but I never took any notice of them. I never believed in dreams, and never moved hand or foot to see if they would come out. Now, truly, I must laugh in your face that for an idle dream you squandered a beautiful day of your life, which you might have passed pleasantly with some companions."

"Well," said Franz, "my experience seems to prove that thou art right, my old man, and that dreams are often idle. But then," added he, in self-defense, "I dreamed so lively and so precisely, more than three months ago, that on this very day, and on this spot, I would meet a friend who would tell me important things, that it seemed worth while to try it."

"O, as for that," said wooden-leg, "no one dreams more lively dreams than I. One among the rest, I shall never forget should I live ever so long. I don't know how many years ago, I dreamed that my guardian angel stood near my bed. A golden-haired youth he was, with silvery wings. He said to me: 'Berthold, listen and forget not one word of what I say. There is a treasure for thee, which thou canst take and live happily thy life-long. To-morrow night, at sundown, take pickaxe and spade, go through the Mattenburg, over the Tieber, on the right side, to the Beam Bridge,

near St. John's Convent, to the Roland. Then cross the square, through the Arm Street, till thou come out of the city near a garden, to the entrance of which there are four stone steps. Remain there hidden till the moon comes up. Then press with all thy might against the gate, which will yield. Enter the garden, and turn to a grape-trellis, behind which, on the left side, stands a large apple-tree. Stand near its stem, turning to the moon. Look three yards before thee; thou wilt see two rose-bushes; there begin to dig a foot and a half deep, until thou findest a stone slab, under which lies the treasure in an iron chest. Heavy as it may be, don't give up till thou hast lifted it, and findest the key which lies underneath.'"

In amazement Franz stared at the dreamer, and his confusion could not have been hidden, had it not been for the lowering darkness. He recognized at once the garden which he had inherited from his father and sold almost for nothing. Yes, it was his father's pet-garden, where the old man used to practice his horticultural tastes.

Now the wooden-leg became at once quite interesting. That was the friend promised him by the ghost of Rummelsburg. He was going to take him in his arms, but thought it more prudent to keep silence.

"And so thou never didst try to follow the behest of thy guardian angel?" he asked.

"Upon my word, not so foolish was I," replied the old man. "If my guardian angel wanted to help me, he might come when I was awake. No, not I!"

Franz gave him another silver piece and said: "Drink a flask of wine, my old friend, and don't forget to visit this bridge. I hope to see thee again."

The old man was glad, and went to the next inn, following the advice of Franz, who, full of hope, hurried to his narrow alley, and began to plan future operations.

You may be sure that Franz was on the spot the following evening, fully trusting in Red-mantle's promise. There he stood, leaning against the sturdy trunk of the apple-tree, and anxiously waiting for the rising moon. He soon struck out with pickaxe and spade, and with youthful vigor lifted the chest, found the key, and opening the lock, stared with no little joy at the Spanish gold-pieces.

So then poor Arnoldsen's wish was fulfilled. Knowing his son's disposition, he had gathered a handsome treasure for time of need, and hid it where he so often used to rest. When taken ill, having received last unction and spiritual comfort, he would have called for his beloved son and confided to him the hidden treasure, but death came too soon, and happily the treasure was kept for better times.

Franz buried his gold-chest in a hollow tree, confiding in the watching care of his ghostly friend, leveled the spot, took with him as much as he could carry, and returned to his quarters in the narrow alley. This he repeated several days, until the whole treasure was well ensconced in his third-story room, and then began to lay out his future plans.

First of all he dropped his *incognito*, assuming a dress corresponding with his altered circumstances; then he went to church, and had a thanksgiving offered for a traveler just returned home. He watched Meta, who, as usual, attended with Frau Brigitta. When the thanking words were uttered, he could see the glow of joy which overspread her rosy cheeks. Yes, she was faithful to him. And when he left the church, and, as had been his custom, passed her with knowing look, there was a thrill of recognition which might have been observed even by others than Frau Brigitta.

Now Franz began to see old friends, to visit the exchange. He started a business which soon assumed colossal proportions. He was for a time the

wonder of the city. Certainly the old debtors must have been conscientious, certainly he had succeeded in his efforts. They did not know about the ghost of Rummelsburg!

In the meantime, Meta began to be uneasy. Now her lover might show himself, and speak a word. But no! Less and less she saw of him. She heard the more. Franz Arnoldsen was building a magnificent house; he was preparing it to receive a bride—a rich daughter of Antwerp. Yes, it was said she was actually on the way. Poor Meta! how jealousy began to gnaw and fret! How the spindle began to weary her! How Mother Brigitta began to look gloomy! How, now and then, the flax-merchant was remembered!

There they sat, spinning and spinning, one cheerful morning, when lo! there was a loud tap at the door. In stepped Franz, dressed as a rich lover ought to be equipped, and, with solemn bow, introduced himself to the frightened Brigitta.

With clear and manly voice, he asked her for the precious gift—the gift of her lovely Meta. “Since long,” he said, “I loved her, and I have hope that my earnest love is understood, and not despised.” And, bending one knee, he took Brigitta's hand, and, humbly kissing it, he said, beseechingly, “Allow me to call thee mother.”

Frau Brigitta was too much overcome to speak. She looked round to Meta, who was trembling and blushing. She looked again at Franz, whose honest, handsome face was shining with the rapturous joy of love, for he felt surer of his treasure than when he stood on the Weser Bridge. At last, Frau Brigitta arose, and, taking Meta's hand, laid it in the hand of Franz, which she still held.

The two lovers, who never had exchanged a syllable, now made up for lost time. All the little signs and sig-

nals were remembered, all the days of anxiety gone over, but the present—how delicious! Hours passed, and yet they were talking and planning, until Franz all at once recovered himself, arose, and said, "I have a duty to perform; when that is done, I come again, and we shall further see."

What was this duty? He directed his steps to the Weser Bridge, and soon found poor wooden-leg at his accustomed post. It was long since the old man had seen him, and the richly-attired merchant was different from wandering, expectant Franz. But the old soldier soon recognized him, and when Franz gave him his hand, took it with a look of satisfaction.

"My old friend," said Franz, "couldst thou go with me to the new city, where I have some business to attend to, thou wouldst oblige me."

"Most certainly," was the answer; "and I can walk as fast as a youngster, for a wooden leg has one advantage: it never gets tired. Only I should like to wait a moment, till my little Gray-coat comes."

"And who is little Gray-coat?"

"Well, I don't know; but since many days he passes regularly and puts a silver-piece in my hat. To tell you the truth, I have often thought it may be the evil one himself, who wants to buy my soul. But then it takes two to make a bargain, and I am none of them; so I take the silver-piece without compunction."

Franz laughed, and said: "Well, no matter about the silver-piece. I'll take care of that. Let us go."

When they had reached the New City, Franz conducted his companion to a neat little dwelling, surrounded by a lovely

garden. He opened the door and said:

"My friend, this is your house and home. I give it to you, stocked with provisions, and an aged attendant to look to your comfort. And daily you will find under your plate a silver-piece, so as not to forget the Weser Bridge and little Gray-coat. Be happy here, and enjoy the rest of your days in ease and comfort."

The old man sat down on a chair, tears streaming from his eyes. It came so suddenly, it was so wonderful, it seemed a dream. He began to stammer questions, but Franz said, smiling:

"No matter now, old friend; perhaps I am thy guardian angel come in the flesh. At any rate, be happy and remember me."

With these words he left the old man to solve the riddle as best he could, and returned to his matrimonial arrangements.

Next day it was a perfect fair in the rooms of Frau Brigitta. Franz sent merchants, jewelers, dress-makers, tailors, shoe-makers, and seamstresses to offer their wares and services. She passed a happy day in selecting silks, and muslins, and laces, and shawls, and all that was necessary for a bridal suit. Her tiny foot, her rounded arm, her slender waist, were as often measured and measured again, as if the model of a Venus had to be taken.

Meanwhile, the bridegroom went to get the license, and, after three weeks, he led the lovely bride to the altar with a display which put the marriage-feast of the flax-merchant in the shade. Frau Brigitta had the joy of placing the bridal-crown on her sweet and virtuous daughter's head, and of passing her summer days in ease and comfort.

## A DAY AT ENGLAND'S SEA-SIDE.

SOUTHEND, an English watering-place, lies at the mouth of the Thames, some forty-odd miles from London; and, after one passage thither by sea, the Californian may all the better appreciate the comforts of his own river and harbor steamers, for while the boats running to Southend grant speed, they are sparing of many appliances conducive to human ease. What is termed the fore-cabin is a cramped, triangular pen, furnished with hard benches, and these are always filled by voluminous women surrounded by packages, boxes, baskets, and hampers, while, as everybody opens an umbrella, when it rains or the sun breaks from the clouds—occurrences happening every fifteen minutes—it follows that room becomes extremely limited, and a view of the Thames' banks is confined to momentary fragments of scenery seen through the interstices of numberless umbrellas. There is no resource for cramped limbs, save to arise and walk, and when you do this, you lose your seat. Besides, there is no room to walk, so that you can only stand. The only refuge lies in beer, which the steward loudly proclaims, and every one orders. With this and pipes, and the enormous lunches, which are opened an hour after starting—thus explaining the necessity of so many packages—and eating themselves to sleep and sleeping until they are hungry again, and wishing the place of destination was reached, the passengers manage to enjoy the trip down the Thames; while the Captain picks out the prettiest girl on board, elevates her to the dignity of the paddle-box bridge, and devotes himself entirely to her, until the premonitory heavings of the German Ocean affect her stomach, when he barter her for another, toward whom the elderly women look scandal over their brandy, which is developed from side-pockets in “nog-gins,” and the younger ones figuratively make up envious faces. All this time the boat is making the best of speed, shooting close alongside and past barges, whose cooks are preparing solid and comfortable dinners, just a savor of which is vouchsafed us, and whose dogs mount the rail and hurl after us all manner of canine abuse; past clumsy, smoky, rheumatic, lumber-laden ships, from the Baltic; past brigs, which the knowing lady-passenger by my side informs her companion are ships, and sloops, which she terms schooners; past great rusty iron propellers, surging along and churning the waters behind them. We came to snuff the fresh air, but, apart from the heaving of the ocean, it is a dead stillness, and many of the passengers, overcome by the sun without and beer within, drop off in bone-and-muscle-aching dozes. A tall, young woman opposite me, who for the last three hours has busily supported life by a steady consumption of ham-sandwiches and ale, interspersed by sips from a small pocket-flagon, drops her head on the rail, opens her tired jaws, and snores for the entertainment of all who have sufficient vitality left to enjoy the spectacle. At last, the pier at Southend—a mile in length, the boast and pride of Britain—is reached; and as I gaze upon it, I wonder why no one has told these Anglo-Saxons that afar off, on the Pacific frontier of America—where, less than twenty-five years ago, scarce an American and not a single newspaper drew breath, and in a State which to-

day numbers not the population of some second-class English cities—some person, or a power evolved from among us, has built a pier two miles in length, and is ready, on the least provocation, to make it ten.

Oppressed, but still glorying in this thought, I step on the Southend pier, bringing up the rear of the two sea-sick girls, who, at various times during their miserable pleasure-trip from London, would have sold all their future right, title, pleasure, and interest in this world for sixpence. We step in some large bread-trays provided with seats and wheels, and when the string is full, and the summer residents of Southend, who have come down to witness the boat's arrival, have finished staring at us, the train, propelled by a solitary horse, whose brightest hope now is that he may soon die and give this world of misery the cold shoulder, starts, and the conductor proceeds to rid all on board of threepence each. We pass the old man-o'-war's-man, whose tarpaulin, in gilt letters, is labeled "Coast-guard," who is always sweeping the horizon with his spy-glass after vessels which, deep down in their holds, may be carrying contraband packages, and who does this and nothing more, because there is nothing more to do, save drink his beer, draw his pay, and hope he may never be transferred from shore to ship again. We pass the gauntlet of cabs, whose owners are anxious that we should snuff the glories of a ride on the beach to Shoe-buryness; a ride, which, no matter how fresh the air, how picturesque the combined view of sea and land, ships, steamers, forts, groves, meadows, thatched cottages, yellow fields, and red-tiled farm-houses, can only be fraught with sympathetic suffering to the man of humanity, as he contemplates the lashing and goading of the weary and emaciated animal by whose languid and painful ac-

tion of bone and muscle he is rolled over the sands.

We are at last fairly in Southend, looking for a week's lodgings; and, having only means and inclination to pay a moderate price, our search is a prolonged one, for, although every other window bears the word "Apartments," yet every landlady has about four asking prices, commencing at her highest figure, and, trembling then for fear she may not be demanding quite enough, gradually coming down, as the applicant holds out, and when, at last, a bargain is struck, the woman, encumbered with empty bedrooms, looks out of one-half her countenance as if she were on the verge of ruin, and out of the other as if you or I, or whoever the applicant may be, were a hard, mean, heartless creature, thus to grind—ay, polish—the faces of the poor; while scarcely has your newly-acquired chamber-door closed upon you, and you are trying to quench your thirst with water which has stood in that chamber for the last month, or commenced to do battle with the fleas, who argue a prior right to the premises, being to the manor born, than that same landlady is metaphorically dancing, at the bottom of her heart, a breakdown for joy at having secured a lodger.

Having rested sufficiently and strengthened ourselves by a meal of tea and shrimp—a most popular dish at the English sea-side—we go forth and find Southend to consist of the upper town, situated on the "Cliffs," being neat and stylish architecturally, and fronted by the "Terrace," corresponding to the Spanish Plaza, where, at evening, every one repairs to read the papers, hear the music, see the vast armada ever creeping out and in at the mouth of the Thames, inspect the last batch of new dresses on the persons of the wearers, and criticise each other. There is also Southend lower town, more ancient, more strag-

gling, being a long, single row of houses facing the beach, and more plentiful in small shops and green-grocers' stands, whose fruit, that has never ripened, too often verges on rottenness, for the promotion of cholera plain, cholera complex, cholera compound.

The evening air seems raw and chilly to a newly-arrived Californian. I wonder, especially at the sea-side, how people can be so comfortable in light apparel, while I long for my overcoat. I wonder how those English girls can remain bathing half an hour in the sea, when a single immersion chills me to the marrow. I am provoked at seeing stout men protecting themselves with umbrellas from the sun, while I wish that the orb was even more potent for warmth. I desire that those young men who keep their straw hats so carefully swathed with scarfs, after the East Indian fashion, might feel one hot day in the Sacramento or San Joaquin Valley, when the atmosphere shimmers and quivers near the earth, and the infant whirlwinds are sending up spirals of red dust in every direction, and every barn and house a mile away seems but a quivering white blur upon the horizon. Such are my first "night-thoughts" at Southend. I retire, and long for more blankets.

It is morning. Even at as late an hour as nine o'clock, Southend is very quiet, the only persons visible being a group of superannuated fishermen, seated about one of the flag-staffs, who deem it a sin to sleep after daylight, yet who know not how to occupy the time when they do get up, save by the repetition, for the hundredth time, of the old yarn about the old boat, which, finding herself fast getting past her prime, vigor, and usefulness, sensibly capsized in an opportune squall, and got out of the way and went out of sight forever.

The tide is out, laying bare the sands a full mile from shore, and over the dull,

flat expanse lie hundreds of sail-boats, careened at various angles, hard, fast, quiet, and immovable, as if they were taking a sound morning nap, ere the rocking and rolling consequent on the coming tide.

By ten or eleven Southend awakes. There is a rattling of butcher and baker-wagons; the ice-cream, ginger-beer, and Persian sherbet-man gets his battery in position; the tea-gardens hoist their flags; the oyster-carts are unlimbered; cockles, shrimp, sole, prawns, and herrings are cried on every corner: all this preparatory for the expected crowd of excursionists from London. The first down-trains roll into the station, and they come, by the hundred—men, women and children—rough, dowdy, boisterous—rejoicing at the first draught of pure air which has entered their lungs since last year's sea-side trip.

For they are of the humbler class, seldom able to extricate themselves from the miasma of their London basements and garrets. This day's trip will make a large gap in their limited income; but there is no reason why they should trouble themselves with that reflection now. They rush first for the nearest porter-house, and next for the beach. Men and women tuck up their garments and wade. The ankles are not those of sylphs. They shout and scream, and, if the tide be at ebb, chase the poor little crabs, who scuttle about hither and thither, until captured and torn to pieces by merciless humanity.

As the day advances more trains and boats arrive. Every public house is filled with bread, beer, and cheese consuming crowds. The bar-maids' faces are flushed with their lively exercise at the beer-cranks. The Italian hurdy-gurdies, of whom a detachment is stationed at Southend during the season—being, with their monkeys, strengthened by the sea-air for their winter's campaign



in the city—turn on their well-worn music; and many of the fairer sex, not of the most ethereal build, break out in jigs and awkward waltzes on the street. Though not graceful, it is vigorous dancing, fitting for the street, muddy perhaps from the last shower—for an excursion is not complete in England without its shower. It is the coarser poetry of motion, having a wash-tub flavor, and inspired by half a gallon of beer—for this British maid can scarcely appreciate the charms of the country without her ale. The Italian smiles thereat, as he revolves his crank, for he has an instinctive appreciation of awkwardness as well as grace; while his wretched monkey, its tail brought out in strong relief by the red coat which partly covers it, hobbles about, half supported by a stick, like some possible pilgrim of the pre-adamite and less developed age of humanity.

The torture of the donkeys begins. These animals are hired in packs; and, when the cavaliers and their dames are mounted, they are chased by the proprietor through the street, being subjected meantime to a most vigorous belaboring in the rear from his club. The riders seem animated by the motion, and the donkeys sufficiently so by the drubbing as to maintain a stolid sort of canter, which diminishes and increases in exact ratio with the weight and vigor of the castigation behind. These donkey-drivers, while on the full run, handle their clubs with the dexterity evidenced by a stage-Irishman with his shillalah, momentarily bestowing pokes and whacks over at least one-third of the animal's carcass. This is necessary, since the great object involved in the life of these donkeys is to move as slowly and little as possible; and, even when on the full canter, one may plainly see, from the expression of their countenances, that they are studying new plans for the furtherance of inertia. For these donkeys

and the street-organist's monkeys, all the sunshine of life seems to have departed. I once noticed a driver, who, in a superlative condition of intoxication, became surcharged with a maudlin affection for his brace of animals, hugging and kissing them, between the intervals wherein he disported himself by flinging his ragged outer garments to the breeze, and kicking the relics of a hat in a desperate manner about the street. But the quadrupeds, falling firmly back on the dignity of sobriety and self-respect, responded not to these heated and lurid counterfeit testimonials of affection, which they well knew would next morning be transformed into increased abuse and violence. They received their drunken driver's caresses with passive, silent, and contemptuous endurance.

The day draws toward its close. The London excursionists concentrate about the railway stations. The lady, who, a few hours since, danced so vigorously to the notes of the street-organ, still keeps herself before the public; but her step is less steady, her face more flushed, her hair more disordered, and a good lookout ahead is necessary to prevent being run down by her; for her street-collisions are numerous, and without respect of persons—as is evident by the manner in which just now she shouldered a dandified individual, trimmed externally with bouquet at the button-hole, cane, and eye-glass, who repressed his intense indignation and disgust within the limits of a mutter and a fierce glance. She has consumed a trifle too much ale. This is not a fault in her social grade. She expected to pass the limits of the strictest sobriety, when she left London. In the same company, other and older women are similarly circumstanced. They feel very happy. A fleeting youth for them has returned, despite wrinkles and gray hair. Behind come women encumbered with children—some in arms,

some straggling among the crowd; and after them half-grown boys and girls, their arms about each other's waists. The train is packed. Everybody is happy. It is a yelling, howling, hooting happiness. These are not the butterflies of humanity. They are the grubs.

The crowd return contented to their homes; a day in the country long suffices them. Are we humanitarian? Are we reformers? Are we "elevators of the masses?" Do we groan over the wretchedness, squalor, and misery prevalent among these children of the city? Let us abate one-half our distress. For these sufferers realize not all the pain we attribute to them. They love Lon-

don too well to leave it, were opportunity offered. Green fields and fresh air will answer for an occasional change, but the country is "dull." Offer one of yon crowd the choice between a cottage by the sea, on condition of permanent residence, and a cellar in a London court, with its bad air, bad water, shoals of dirty children, squabbling women by day, husband-beaten wives by night—its noise, confusion, shrieks, cries, groans, and clamor: Will they not sigh for the court? Do they not love the swash and stir of their metropolitan mire, where something new, naughty, or excitable may be seen every time their heads are thrust from their windows?

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## A JOURNEY IN A JUNK.

### THE RUINS OF ANGKOR WAT.

WHILE spending a short time at that charmingly-romantic spot, Macao—a Portuguese settlement on the coast of China, redolent still with the poetic genius of Camoëns—a French gentleman asked me if I had visited the great wonder of the world, Angkor Wat. I think I may fairly assume, that most of my readers, like myself, had never heard of Angkor Wat.

I resolved to visit this marvel of antiquity. For this purpose I had to go to Saigon, the capital of French Cochin China, the most utterly condemned spot on the surface of the earth. Every evil that can be said of any place has been published and reiterated and sworn of Saigon. It was said to be so hot that it was doubtful whether there was anything more than a sheet-of-brown-paper partition between it and another hot place, which must be nameless in these pages. I was told, that even a few days there were sufficient to give a

fever which remained in the system for months, and sometimes for life—that no one went there but the reprobates of the earth, who could not find *pied-à-terre* in the other respectable colonies, such as Singapore and Hongkong—that it was equally a cesspool of moral vice as of malaria and disease. All united in anathematizing Saigon, in order to prevent me going there; and the result was, that I took the first sailing-vessel, and, with a northeast monsoon, found myself in Saigon river in five days. In justice to that much-abused city, I need only remark here, that I found it very interesting as a young city, and was never sick for a single day.

I was still nearly two hundred and fifty miles from the goal of my ambition, Angkor Wat. This would be a mere step in America; but here, in the kingdom of Anam, without roads, without communication, two hundred and fifty miles through a dense jungle, inhabited

by wild elephants, tigers, etc., it was really a formidable enterprise; and if I had been warned and cautioned and advised and frightened about Saigon, by my friends in China, they of Cochin China were more vehemently opposed to my journey through Cambodia and Siam, in order to reach the ruins of the pagodas of Angkor Wat and Angkor Tnom. I was beset in Saigon, until, getting possession of a good surveyor's chart of the country (for ordinary geographical maps afford little assistance), I found that the great river Mèkhong—which is yet unexplored to its source, supposed to be in the mountains of Thibet—laves in its various branches the whole of that country, intersecting it in a similar way to the Nile in Egypt, and performing in its descent one of the most extraordinary feats that a river ever effected—viz., of turning round, and running at a right angle back toward its source, forming a great lake, twelve or fifteen miles from which are the ruins of Angkor Wat. It would seem, upon the first view of the case, that the lake formed the river confluent with the Mèkhong, at Nam Van, as a tributary in the natural way; but the fact is not so. In the season of the melting of snows in the Thibet mountains, the waters of the Mèkhong rise from twenty to fifty feet, and, boiling over various cataracts to Nam Van, the capital of Cambodia, one-half makes a sudden turn, forming an acute angle, and as violently rushes back again to the lake, which is low, marshy ground one-half the year, but has five to six fathoms of water the other half. It is fed from no other source, and is sixty miles in length, the breadth varying from ten to thirty. But the course of the Mèkhong is, I believe, unique in the annals of rivers. It is supposed to be the one mentioned by Ptolemy as “the great two-branch river,” at whose conflux was situated the city of Thinoe, or Sinoe—where Nam Van now stands; and further to the

north, he also speaks of another great city, called Sinarum Metropolis; which is supposed to be no other than the great ruins of Angkor Tnom, some six or eight miles distant from Angkor Wat.

Having made this discovery, I resolved to go by water, and occupied myself in finding a junk, or sampan, to convey me. A small junk, or sampan, is a long, narrow, open boat, with a prow at each end, on the principle of a Roman galley or Venetian gondola. It has a small house, or tent, in the middle, the oarsmen standing at each end. It is constructed very lightly, and draws but little water. My troubles were summarily put at rest, by an announcement that the King of Cambodia, or, strictly speaking, Kamphuxa, whose territories extend between Cochin China, Tonquin, and Siam, having been informed by the French ambassador (or, as he is called, *protecteur*) of my desire to visit the country and the ruins of Angkor Wat, would send one of his own steam yachts to convey me to his capital of Nam Van, (or Phnom Peugh, signifying “mountain of gold”), where his majesty would expect me as his guest, and forward me to my destination.

“Do not be astonished,” said one, “should his majesty give you an audience in a cool and airy costume. Perhaps you do not know that the Cambodian dress consists of a single garment—a sort of table-cloth, tied round the middle, called a *sangouti*; that his majesty, having already about two hundred wives, would willingly emulate Solomon, and may suppose you to be a modern Queen of Sheba!” Under the protection of the French governor of Cochin China, I had nothing to fear; as, some years ago, Norodon the First had been established on his throne by French arms, and the present *protecteur* was also his intimate friend and counselor. A more serious impediment was advanced by the fact, that the eccentric

river was receding from the lake, Tonli-Sap, leaving it a vast plain of muddy swamp, almost impossible to traverse.

I shall pass over my visit to the court of Kamphuxa—his majesty being literally clothed with diamonds, which was a world of wonders in itself—and merely say, that I was received with princely honors—that I was never made a state prisoner, nor shut up in a seraglio or harem; but his majesty kept his royal word, and forwarded me on my journey in a junk.

My junk was thirty feet long by six wide. The cabin was furnished with a silk mattress, made of waste silk, and a number of cushions; a mosquito-curtain of fine green silk gauze of Shanghai, bordered with pink, to suit the complexion; my polished leather tartar-trunk made quite a handsome table, or side-board; a mirror, which *did not* fairly represent my personal appearance, as I fondly hope; and a wonderful picture of a dragon with three heads. In the hold was stowed away the rice for the men, and my American canned provisions—salmon from California, green corn, and condensed milk, (for the Cambodians never use the milk of their cows, and have a strong prejudice against taking the milk from any animal.) My crew consisted of eight oarsmen, two *mathos* (or soldiers) with arms for six, a minor mandarin, an interpreter and his wife Ony, my page and general aide-de-camp Nam, (a little Anamite boy of twelve years, who understood a few words of French, and soon became my right-hand man and factotum.) From the stern of my galley waved the King of Kamphuxa's flag—three white towers on a pink field with azure border, supported by two mighty bunches of peacocks' feathers, and a strangely-fabulous animal as a weather-vane. At either end of the bark, four oarsmen rowed, standing—literally sleeping on their oars; for they never sat down, unless to eat. My cabin, which occupied

nine feet in the centre, was my bed-chamber and dining-room; bamboo shutters closed it at both ends and on either side, so that I could have as much air and as little sun as I thought fit. Andrea the interpreter, and his wife, slept on one side, under a bamboo canopy, and Nam on the other. The mandarin reposed on the sloping prow; and, as he never uttered a sound other than the bubbling of his opium-pipe, and rarely moved from his position, he became associated in my mind with the figure-head of my boat—and was never of much more use. My rowers were like fine bronze statues, as well formed and as little draped. I believe they regarded me in their hearts as some supernatural production, or something uncanny.

There is a sweet satisfaction in self-reliance, when a purpose, for which we have had to fight to gain every inch of ground, is nearly accomplished. There came over me an indescribable feeling of awe and curiosity as we penetrated into that unknown wilderness, which the face of a white woman had never looked upon. Unaccustomed sounds of unknown night-birds met my ears; the very splash of the oars, from the fact of being worked standing, was unfamiliar. Once and again came, borne from a distance on the breath of night, a high-toned minor wail, so pitiful that it went to my heart, and made me tremble; I learned afterward, to my cost, that it was the cry of those who travel in the forest, and have lost the trail. All was strangely, terribly novel; only the little crescent moon appeared to look down upon me as a friend.

Sunrise found us floating on the Mèk-hong; through a sweet, cool atmosphere, now perfumed with jasmine, now with orange-blossoms and a variety of spice-wood; resonant with the warbling of birds in the deep-green shade of mango trees, laden with fruit, and the lichi, which is even prettier than our Europe-

an cherry; now crushing through a perfect avenue of broad banana leaves—for the bronzes loved to “hug the coast,” to avoid the strength of the current, and the better to help themselves to whatever might be growing there. And I loved it for the wondrous beauties of nature every moment displayed to my delighted eyes; and its glories will spring up green in my heart for many a day. It has all the stupendous majesty of the Mississippi, with the graceful beauty of the St. John’s river, Florida. The river banks are fringed with villages, or hamlets, sometimes for ten or twelve miles—one street, and one row of houses, or sheds.

The greater part of the population of Kamphuxa, supposed to be from two to two and a half millions, live upon the rivers or lakes. There are very few interior villages. The rivers supply the fish, and irrigate the land, which grows the rice. The interior of the country is dense, impenetrable forest, for the most part. Com-pong-loan, the first place we landed at, merited the name of a town. It has about two thousand inhabitants, a long shady road, well-built houses (of course, of bamboo), and a bran-new pagoda, or temple, erected by a rich mandarin. Wishing to compare this modern building with the ancient ones I was about to visit, we found another fallen tree, and got ashore. The style of the architecture of this pagoda is utterly indescribable. It was neither Chinese, nor Moorish, nor Turkish, but a fearful *mélange* of all. The pilasters and buttresses were gilded, and filled with a mosaic of colored glass—the ornamentations of the most grotesque character, of creatures partly fish, partly elephant, and wholly non-existent between heaven and earth. The temple was surrounded by three massive ornamental walls, and two smaller pagodas, where the bodies of great personages were burnt. Further away were the mat-sheds of the monks

who serve the temple. Inside the temple was a colossal gilt figure of Buddha, which certainly had a significant squint. Upon the altar, before the statue, was the strangest medley of objects ever congregated together even upon a bazaar table. In a glass box was a statuette of a goddess, in pure gold, and the canopy was a perfect *bijou* of art; but the golden eyes gazed steadily upon two pomatum-pots, which had formed part of a lady’s toilet-set. Beside these were several tawdry vases of French flowers, looking pitiable from their age and dirt; and flanking these were two censers, in exquisite mosaic of gold and ebony, *chefs-d’œuvre* of skill—and so on throughout the whole. The walls were rudely painted with stories of battles, and seductions of devils, who seem to be playing quite a prominent part everywhere. Two men were fighting a duel by tilting their heads together, the hardest being doubtless the conqueror. In some panels were large French mirrors, and in others still worse, coarse, indelicate French prints of fair ladies taking their bath. To my great disgust, one of the Cambodian women forming a crowd around me led me directly to this picture, pointing out the similarity between us, and pulling at my dress in her desire to complete the resemblance. I had encountered the same thing in the harem of the King of Kamphuxa, and had with difficulty convinced a score of his wives that European women were not adorned in that costume. How can we be surprised that savage natures become more debased from communication with the civilized world, when drunkenness and immorality are the first lessons we teach them? The bare fact of these revolting French prints taking a place of honor in a new temple, shows the degradation they are effecting among this primitive people. They had no doubt found their way up from Saigon. From the fantastic gables of the roof were suspended lit-

tle bells, with a red, heart-shaped bit of tin attached to each clapper, so that with the slightest breath of air the tiny bells pealed out a soft, sweet harmony—a strangely-poetic idea as contrasted with the grossness inside.

I returned gladly to my boat. Andrea, who always had an eye to the main chance, had secured eggs, poultry, cabbages, and melons. We continued our journey through never-ending banks of verdure, with occasional flocks of white cranes vividly throwing up the contrast; sometimes sailing in the deep solitude of the primeval forests; sometimes amid the pleasant excitements of the fishing villages, among the junks casting their nets and making a haul of five or six hundred fish, or sampans crowded with whole families off to a *fête* in a neighboring village, or the solitary boatman, plying his one oar, and catching fish with his hand for his own lonely meal; admiring the little fellow, in his tiny canoe a couple of yards long, swimming and rowing ere he can scarcely toddle: for every village, every man, woman, and child, follows the trade of fishing—even the very birds are of the same profession. We saw large villages of pelicans—gigantic, brown fellows, standing four feet high; the king, or head mandarin, was perched upon a large tree, his ministers or smaller officers holding positions a little below him, while the coolie pelicans were tugging and toiling, at the edge of the water, with great fish nearly as big as themselves; others (wealthy citizens, no doubt), were walking about two and two, discussing politics or the state of the markets—they looked like portly old gentlemen, with very thin legs and long-tail coats. Sometimes we met whole droves or phalanxes of these majestic birds on the water, like a fleet of Roman galleys. They would barely give way for the bark, so proud and grand they seemed—for perhaps, next to the swans, they are the finest-looking birds on the water;

but when they attempt to fly, they descend from the sublime to the ridiculous—the head is too heavy, and droops a little, and the long legs stretch out in an absurd fashion. There was another, a large black bird, which swam entirely under the water, with the exception of its head and its long neck, like a serpent. Other villages were inhabited by eagles, brown and black; these noble birds, I regret to say, like the Chinese, affected putrid fish in preference to fresh. Occasionally we came upon a company of monkeys, who, I think, were merely amateurs spending the afternoon in a little piscatory amusement. A river more replete with life can scarcely exist. Fish of all sizes and descriptions, from the tiny white burt, which Nam used to catch in my hair-net, to monsters six or seven feet long (which are boiled down for oil), abound in its waters. The banks where these great creatures were slaughtered and cut up resembled the shambles, and the stench was anything but agreeable. The fish-oil and dried fish produce a large revenue to the King of Kamphuxa.

As evening approached, we entered a narrow part of the river, which was merely a fork, forming an island. There the wild fowls, of nearly every description, floated and skimmed about by the score. The trees overhung the water in exquisite festoons of creepers and flowers; and wherever there was a gnarled bough more picturesque than another, there sat the lonely heron, as in melancholy contemplation of some poignant woe. There is a peculiar stillness indicated in the *posé* of the lonely bird, which conveys the idea of grief or death. In thousands of positions in the woods, he would scarcely be remarked—flying and skimming about, he would be like his fellows; but he has the instinctive tact to select a spot which is singularly adapted to show off his symmetrical form, and make a picture of striking

beauty. In this *arroyo* we anchored for the night, by running our boat into the bushes, and mooring her to a tree. Our bronzes cooked their rice by kindling a few sticks in an earthenware bowl, which served us as a stove—smoked a little tobacco, tied up in a banana leaf—chewed their betel-nut, and went to sleep. In the distance, we could descry the twinkling lights of another fish-drying village; but we left it well to the windward. All was still, save the plaintive “tee-wheet” of the owls, as they conversed with each other from tree to tree, and the unbroken trill of the cicada. The crescent moon had just arisen, and dropped a silver star from between her horns—which English farmers say denotes rain; but in this country it would not rain out of the season for all the moon’s horns in the world. A great clump of the delicate bamboo, on the bank above us, hung like a feather fan over our little junk; and underneath, on a decayed but silvered bough, as though this exquisite canopy had been made for him, sat my friend the heron.

I laid down on my crimson silk couch, and only awoke the next morning when the invaluable little Nam thrust my coffee in to me. Next came my bucket of water. It was no difficult matter to take a shower-bath there; I had only to roll up the matting, sit on the rattan, and heave the water over me, when it found its way to the bilge-water in the hold, or into my wine-cellar. The first excitement of the day was an alligator, airing his very ugly head above the water; but, with true Asiatic *sang-froid*, he never disturbed himself, although we passed close by him. At this part of the river we lost sight of the cocoa-nut and palm trees generally, the foliage of which was dense wherever it was not broken up by villages. The scenery had more of the familiar European character; and, indeed, for five or six miles we skirted a broad belt of green sward like an En-

glish park, with hundreds of wild cattle feeding upon it. The river was generally from two to three miles wide, except where it forked, forming islands sometimes a mile long. These islands were covered with verdure; indeed, there was not a yard of land untenanted by some flower or shrub or grass.

The third day of our voyage, the river widened out, the bank receding until it became a dim line in the distance. We were entering the first, or smaller lake. Before this time I had to take the entire command of the vessel, the mandarin and Andrea vying with each other as to which could smoke the most opium. The bronzes rowed and ruminated, and certainly never gave a thought whether they were going five or ten miles out of the direct line, by taking some loop in the river that would probably bring us back to the same place. Therefore I had to keep a sharp look-out, to see that she kept her course; for, by the time I had shaken Ony, who had in turn to shake her husband up to the consciousness that he was to interpret, we were far away down a creek we had no business to enter at all. I therefore kept my map extended, and, with Nam to reiterate my commands, with a strength of lung quite startling from such a small person, I contrived to navigate my own craft safe to harbor. We had two and a half to three feet of water all through the lake; and so strong was the current and the wind over this vast plain of water, that there was frequently quite a heavy sea, which caused the boat to rock and pitch as upon the ocean, and Andrea and Ony became very sea-sick. It was phenomenal, how we could have so much sea in so little water. It was on the principle of a storm in a tea-pot; yet, the splashing and dashing, and roaring and rolling, were quite as violent as at sea, except that there was no danger—for, at the worst, we had only to get out and walk.

The storm continued all night, and, although we moored our boat by driving long bamboos into the mud, she was constantly slipping her cables and going adrift; so that next morning I found we were some twenty miles out of our course, and the bronzes pulling in the wrong direction, going back toward the *embouchure* of the river. Andrea, between the sea-sickness and the opium, was perfectly imperturbable—the most totally-useless animal on the face of the earth; yet this is a matter which concerns Providence, and not me—he ought to be placed in the same category with mosquitos and fleas. He was a fair specimen of the mongrel race, Anamite-Cambodian, with a dash of Portuguese, consisting of his name and baptism. The Jesuits at Pulo-penang had endeavored to educate him as a priest, and among the multiplicity of languages which he spoke he counted Latin, though it went no further than “*Dominus vobiscum*” and “*ora pro nobis.*” In the matter of speaking “strange tongues,” the Holy Ghost had certainly been favorable to him; but in the use of them he was never profuse. I seldom heard him address his wife the whole six or seven weeks he was with me; and frequently noted, that he was not awake more than twenty minutes out of the twenty-four hours—always excepting the time required for filling and smoking his pipe.

We soon arrived at the water villages: and a most singular appearance they presented. They were constructed on a sort of scaffolding, or piles driven into the water. They were literally *frame* houses; for I do not think there was a single plank in the whole village. They were constructed entirely of laths, tied together with withes, forming a grating. The floors, walls and roofs were made in this fashion, and tied together, a few palm-leaves supplying the place of tiles. A ladder led down into the water streets, where men, women, and children were

walking about, up to their middles in water, as unconcernedly as if on shore. They were of such an amphibious nature, that they did not appear to discern the difference. Upon every unoccupied pole perched a jackdaw, crane, or pelican, though the latter generally lived in their own village. One and all followed the ancient profession of fishermen—the unfeathered bipeds by netting and spearing, and the plumed by patient watching from the tops of those poles until some frolicsome fish leaped, in the exuberance of his youth, beyond the muddy depths of his domicile of origin. Then the bright, watchful eyes caught the gleam of his little silver body, and, without an instant’s warning, his joys and sorrows, bones and body, were transmuted to something else. But I noticed that the feathery fishermen were quite dainty in their appetites, and, like great epicures in oysters, preferred to eat their fish alive. They despised the pieces floating along the river or lake from the fish-shambles, as coarse food; but pounced with avidity on the little silver morsels, as they rose to the surface. I noticed a very handsome red or tawny hawk, which hovered over a large fish—as over a bird, and when the creature sunned his back above the water, the fisher-hawk fell upon him and nipped a piece from his living body. The human bipeds are not so fastidious. The water, owing to its shallowness, is like liquid mud, and the vast quantity of offal thrown into it makes it utterly disgusting; yet, rather than be at the trouble to place it in a jar, until it clarifies, they drink it in that noxious state. Starting upon the hypothesis that people’s characters are influenced by the kind of food they eat—does the fact of eating nothing but fish approximate the nature of man to the former, or create a bond of union between the piscivorous and the piscatorial? These people scarcely know the taste of meat, unless, occasionally, a little pork.



Thus seven days of unmeasured beauty, of incessant novelty and pleasure, of continued splash of the oars, of unnumbered opium pipes by Andrea and the mandarin, brought us to the top of Tonli Sap, and up a small stream, where we soon stuck fast in the mud; when the bronzes went ashore, and soon returned with two buffaloes, which they harnessed to the boat; and so we continued our sort of amphibious journey upon one foot of water and one foot of mud, for a few miles, until we reached a landing, where horses, elephants, buffalo and ox wagons were waiting for us. The wagon is a small carriage on two wheels, narrow and long, with a bamboo bottom and banana-leaf cover. The traveler is obliged to recline as in a hammock. Upon a smooth road, this vehicle would not be uncomfortable, and the oxen walked at a fair pace; but the descent into the deep holes and quagmires was terrible. After half a day's journey, I resolved to patronize the elephant, or the pony. A great part of the route was over paddy-fields, and a river intervening made no difference. We went straight through; the water, so long as it did not drown me, seemed unheeded by our drivers—they experience nothing of our European dread of getting wet. Several miles of this river were planted with waterwheels of the most primitive construction. To an immense bamboo wheel were attached hollow bamboo tubes, which filled with water at each revolution and emptied themselves into a tank as they descended; and by another set of tubes the country was irrigated. It was extremely simple and effective, the bamboo serving all the purposes of our India-rubber and metal piping.

Half a day's journey brought us to Siam Kep, a fortified city of Siam, and the residence of the governor. He received us with great honor, having had a house prepared for us. We remained a day, and resumed our journey on the morrow.

This time I mounted the pony, having been supplied by the governor with the nearest to a mount he possessed—an English racing saddle. This was a luxury in comparison with the saddles of the country, which were nothing more than cushions, without girths or stirrups. We now rode through the dense forests, where the nightingale, the lark, and a number of strangers, made the air ring with their chorus. One black-and-white bird, like a woodpecker, had a sweet note, similar to castanets, with which he kept time to the rest. Another was a lovely green bird, his wings lined with burnished gold, shading into bright scarlet on his breast—glittering like a prism of light as he flew in the pale blue ether of the Siamese sky. Monkeys were springing and spluttering from bough to bough; and, on a piece of open ground, some peacocks were displaying, in the height of vain-glory, their superb plumage. The forests were of an entirely different character from the American forests. I did not see a single pine, live-oak, sequoia, or cypress; but, instead, the teak, the ironwood, the banyan, and a multitude of flowering and fruit-bearing trees. The cocoa-nut, or palm, is not found in the centre of the forest. Magnolias of various species, and the large tree-jasmine, were plentiful.

Entranced by the novelties and the beauties all around me, which filled my senses to overflowing with sweet sounds, delicious odors, and lovely coloring, I submitted with indifference to Andrea's announcement that I could go no further on my pony, and must now descend and walk. I made a few steps after him, mechanically, inspecting a flower I had just culled, when, raising my eyes, I was almost paralyzed at beholding the full glory of the temple of Angkor Wat displayed before me. It seemed more stupendous than any building I had ever seen in my life; though this may have been the effect of its rising out of the

very heart of the great forest. I had not at all realized its magnificence in my continuous fight to get there, and on the road had been too much engrossed with other beauties. For awhile I could not speak; my faculties seemed absorbed and overcome. But presently, as my eyes took in each separate beauty, the terrible need of sympathy in my pleasure came over me. O, for an individual who could understand my civilized tongue, that I might have uttered some exclamation of pleasure and delight! One of my suite was busy with the horses and buffaloes; Ony was seated on the ground rocking her knees, with her back to the temple; Nam was inspecting some ripe lichi hanging on a tree above him. It was exasperating—I seized him by the shoulders, turned him round, and pointed to the temple. “Is that it?” was all he said. How I longed to “call a spirit from the vasty deep”—or anywhere else—to gloat with me over this wonderful spectacle! Thus all my enthusiasm had to flow down to my fingers, to be written out, and assuage the desire of reciprocity.

The Temple, or Pagoda, or Wat of Angkor, is built in the form of a quadrangle, covering a square mile of ground. A massive wall, with outbuildings, and four splendid entrance-halls, form the first square. Within is a lake. The second quadrangle is a raised terrace, formed of solid blocks of stone, fitted together on the model of the Via-Appia of Rome. A massive and richly-carved balustrade protects this terraced walk, and bridges the lake on each side. The terrace, which is now considerably dilapidated, is eighteen hundred feet on each side. In front, it has a magnificent building in the form of a vestibule, or gallery, six hundred feet long, with three domes, or cupolas, and grand entrance-hall. The whole is sculptured minutely, and the delicate precision of the lines and angles of the pilasters and gateways

give a perfect symmetry. The steps up to this gateway are flanked on either side with colossal lions, their manes so carved as to put me in mind of Lord Chancellors' wigs. Inside this square have been magnificent gardens and fish-ponds. Four detached houses, all in the same style, had probably been the residences of priests of the temple. All is in solid stone, without a particle of wood or iron. The third square is of six hundred feet a side. It rises superbly from the elevation of the terrace, with eight towers, about a hundred and fifty feet above its basement level. To give any idea of the architecture is difficult, as it follows no recognized order. The towers are all formed in projecting leaves, like a pineapple, having the shape of a bishop's mitre. All the roofs are domed, and made of solid stone; all the door-ways are square, and surrounded with elaborate beadings, exceedingly chaste. The windows are richly mullioned—of course, without glass. This structure is surrounded by a double row of square columns, or pillars, with ornamental capitals and pedestals, and the surface carved with the figure of a woman, finely attired in a quantity of jewelry, and a skirt which must have represented silk, as it is *broché* with a pattern such as ladies wear at the present day. The skirt is trimmed with a fringe and braiding, and is gored; the dress has no bodice, and the person remains uncovered save for a deep necklace which descends upon the shoulders, armlets, bracelets, and anklets of jewels or gold. But the scantiness of the dress is compensated for by the head-dress, which towers in strange, fantastic shape, as high again as the head—square on the forehead, like the coif of Mary Stuart. The face is round, the features short, the eyes large and soft, quite different from the Chinese eye. The figures are round and graceful, but lack the development of muscle in the arms and legs. There must have been thou-

sands of these figures, for this building alone was surrounded by four hundred and eighty detached pillars, each holding two figures.

The interior of this colonnade was a picture-gallery, wrought in stone or black marble, of historical events, representing great battles, with half a million of men engaged, each regiment consisting of one thousand—the numerical strength of the present day—each regiment bearing a different insignia. The arms were javelins, arrows, and a sort of truncheon, or battle-axe. The men fought on foot, the chiefs on horseback—the horses are remarkably well drawn, and the riders have capital seats, but no stirrups—in chariots and on elephants, the latter dashing among the troops and whirling them up in the air. The day after the victory, women and children were led captive with the prisoners. The tortures inflicted on the conquered were terrible; and, although I tried several times to examine them, it made me quite sick each time, and I therefore spare my readers the description.

In another gallery was a representation of a fight between men and monkeys, humorous and grotesque, and very significant of the Darwinian theory. The legend is that the monkeys so closely approached men that they contended with them in open fight, but being utterly subdued and crushed, they sank into degradation—probably not a greater fall than the present Cambodians from their grand ancestors. In another place, there were exquisite bass-reliefs of a great procession marching through a forest, the trees marvelously chiseled. There is an allegorical picture of a dragon or serpent, four hundred feet long, which a multitude of people are unable to subdue or tame, until *one* is sent from heaven, who possesses about thirty faces representing omniscience, and as many hands, being all-powerful. He subdues the dragon, and the men are able to curb

him afterward. This seems a strange parody, cut in stone, upon the redemption of the world! In this arabesque picture the fish and aquatic animals are prodigious; it would take weeks to examine them. The fourth square was another beautifully-sculptured building, elevated about five yards above the outer one. It contained a vestibule of five hundred pillars, and I should be afraid to say how many gods, or images of Buddha. They were in rows, or tumbling about pell-mell; and I plead guilty to having helped myself, for the benefit of science, which, viewing the objects, may possibly aid in defining the date of these ruins, as yet unsettled. There were also four large swimming-baths, finely carved and ornamented, probably kept for the priests' ablutions before entering the *sanctum sanctorum*, which is the final square, surmounted by a grand tower, considerably higher than the rest. Forty steps conduct you up to it, and, in a splendid array of sculptured columns, is the quadruple sleeping Buddha, intended to represent one figure with four sides. The pillars and steps are so arranged, that, in walking up and down, you seem always to come upon the same figure, which is, in fact, four precisely alike. It is a couchant figure, about nine or ten feet long, so deeply gilt, that even at the present day—a period of at least one thousand years from its origin—it still resembles solid gold. The wonderful repose conveyed into this statue is remarkable. It simulates perfect quietude, which never had been and never could be disturbed. Neither in painting nor sculpture have I ever seen peace, tranquillity, and absorption so effectively portrayed. One is almost surprised with the stillness, and feels disinclined to raise the voice or move boisterously. Several other figures surround this Buddha—one standing with the hand raised, as if cautioning silence; others in attitude of waiting—all richly gilt on stone.

Under each tower is a colossal figure, twelve to fourteen feet high. Some are mutilated, but most of them are in good state of preservation.

The amount of stone requisite to build these gigantic structures is incalculable, and it remains an enigma from whence it could have been procured. The country far around is a sandy soil, not producing a pebble, and the stones are so enormous that it is a mystery how they could have been conveyed and hoisted to their places. The arabesques are, I believe, equal to those of Nineveh, the *coup-d'œil* equal to St. Peter's at Rome, and the general effect quite as impressive as the Pyramids. On the terrace *enceinte*, or second inclosure, is established a monastery of Buddhist monks, who, strange to say, do not inhabit the temple, or even worship there, but in little mat sheds, which rather detract, in their disorderly appearance, from the grandeur of the *tout ensemble*. But their low, monotonous chant, on the other hand, rather enhanced the effect. These priests repeat their prayers and psalms in a dead language—a Cambodian Latin—and, like many Christian monks, comprehend very little of what they are repeating; in fact, their habits and customs very much resemble each other. They have a sort of bible, or history of Buddha, or, in other words, *som-mon-nocu-dom*, which has, fortunately for caligraphists, been curtailed to Buddha, who had for mother a woman named Maha or Meia, who was born pure in the calico of the lily Neimpha, and brought a son into the world by miraculous conception. This woman is held in high veneration by the priests, and they devote hours to the repetition of her name in the same way as the recital of the rosary. They have also psalms, which they chant, changing the tune with each. The priests teach all the young to read and write, instructing them in their religion from this book. The Cam-

bodians have much more sentiment of religion than the Anamites, and believe firmly in God and devil. The priests are all celibates, but have the option to leave their order and return into the world, if they wish to marry. Many remain for life. Their vows compel them to live on charity given, from hand to mouth. They are not allowed to possess anything. Like the monastic orders in Europe, they must live in absolute poverty. Hence the Cambodian monks, dressed in their yellow toga, sally forth every morning into the adjacent villages, to solicit alms, the inhabitants supplying them with cooked rice and fish, which they carry home and divide with their brethren. They are not allowed to kill, or cook, or store. When they are not eating or sleeping, they are praying; and I must say that their monotonous drawl or repetition of "Maha Maha Meia" for hours, during the night and early morning, inspired me with more vexation than veneration.

The governor, to facilitate my object, had built me a bamboo house in their vicinity, in order to be in the centre of the ruins, and our domestic life was not the least curious part of this journey. My establishment was now considerably increased by the suite with which the governor had supplied me—grooms and drivers, and, of course, a small mandarin. Three of the grooms were for my special use, as his highness was under the impression that I should need two to hold me on the pony and one to lead him. Ony, Andrea's wife, was to do the cooking and be *femme de chambre* in general; but her cooking was confined to lighting her lord's pipe, and her aid as *femme de chambre* to watching me act for myself. Little Nam was the only useful personage I had; he could make coffee, grill a fowl, and fry an omelet. The roof was neatly thatched with grass, and was quite symmetrical and pretty. The walls, also of grass, opened out-

ward, like shutters. We divided the shed into compartments, also with bamboo, and hung up drapery to make a private chamber for myself. My mattress I laid on the laths, and, with the musquito-curtain carefully tucked underneath, I slept as well as in a royal couch. Indeed, it was a royal bed, for did it not belong to my host, the King of Kamphuxa. I slept with all my shutters unclosed. There were no doors to shut, and I opened my eyes in the morning on that glorious leafy wilderness embowering those stupendous ruins—that is, if I succeeded in sleeping through the cock-crow, which heralds the dawn. These woods are filled with the most beautiful game-cocks, in a wild state, and also the very noisiest. We had scarcely installed ourselves in the bird-cage house before we were waited upon by a deputation of roosters, who, besides giving us welcome, inquired our business and the general state of our larder. At first we made them welcome under the sanguinary *arrière pensée* that we would kill and eat them presently, when they should have gathered enough crumbs. But such idea was vain, for they turned out to be sacred cocks, they and their progeny all belonging to the Temple of Buddha, and no one dared to touch them, for their lives or souls. They were beautiful birds, but the most provoking; and to see them strutting about in all the vanity of their plumage, and their arrogance in waking us up at their pleasure at any hour, feeding upon our *débris*, and shrieking discordant opinions as to the quality or quantity, was too tantalizing. It was useless to drive them away. They returned by tens and twenties—each bird worth \$25—and promenaded under our house, escorting their hens, of which they had very few, and every lady seemed to have several husbands, or, at least, *attachés*. It was Mormonism reversed.

But once awake, I had merely to pour

my two buckets of water over me—which served the double purpose of a shower-bath and of scattering the fowls below—and close my brown Holland dress, of all others the most desirable garment for this climate, because it is cool, and strong, and not transparent—three great *desiderata* in traveling, with the thermometer ranging from 80° to 100°, having to mount racing-saddles, elephants, ruins, rocks, trees, and sit generally on the floor. We were not supplied with either chairs or tables, and a cushion with my plate on my lap was the greatest state we could arrive at in dining.

The first thing in the morning, after my coffee, was to sally forth to the picture-gallery of the pagoda, to make sketches and take notes—never omitting the smelling-salts, for the great entrances were filled with bats, and the stench was overpowering. Through these ruins I wandered for twelve days, counting pillars, measuring distances, sketching figures and arabesques; living in a world of by-gone grandeur, of beautiful conceptions and delicate fancies; in communion with high minds and great thoughts that never die, but speak for centuries and tens of centuries in those massive stones, as they will speak to souls yet unborn—telling us plainly that not Solomon alone built temples to the Lord, but that all creatures between earth and heaven have worshiped Him with their highest aspirations, with their utmost labor—bearing testimony to all future generations that the great Supreme has ever been praised with the deepest devotion. So spoke the ruin-stones in Angkor Wat, and my pen is but their mouth-piece—too feeble to convey to my readers a true picture of all they are. Their beauty, their solemnity, their majestic grandeur, the great peacefulness which envelopes them, the awesome stillness at certain hours, and the exquisite music of the singing-birds at others; the fairy-like dream of the whole scene, as, sit-

ting under those mysterious colonnades, emotions strange and new throng around us so fleetly, that we only care to drink deeply of the magic draught, in order to recall it afresh at some distant period; to realize vividly all around—"wondering, hoping, fearing, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dreamed before."

We made excursions to other ruins, which lie in different directions, distant from five to twenty miles. They were all similar in style to Angkor Wat, but much more dilapidated; the foliage and vegetation having crept over them and taken such root between the stones as to overthrow them, and much beautiful sculpture is underground with the tree-roots upon them. There are traceable the ruins of a city, with ramparts, moat, temples, and palaces, which must have been splendid, and of great dimensions. It is known now as Angkor Tnom, but is probably the city mentioned by Ptolemy as Sinarum Metropolis. The city wall may be about eight or ten miles around, and in riding through the forest we often came upon an enormous statue of Buddha, from twenty to fifty feet high, around which worship is offered on the Buddhist Sunday (which occurs once a fortnight), by the priests, the natives assembling as spectators. They consider that the priests are maintained to do the praying, while they do the work of life. Returning from one of these moonlight services—for they are always held at night—I was shocked to see two large fires under my bird-cage. I seized the nearest of my suite, and made signs to throw water on the flames, while I rushed forward to save the few things I had; but, as I stepped on the grating, there lay Andrea, being toasted, and Ony calmly nursing her knees beside him. I pushed him with one foot as hard as I dared under the fear of slipping through with the other, and called, "You will be burned alive!" Ony regarded me calmly, and uttered the word "Moncambe"

(mosquitoes). Andrea roused up, and explained that the fire was to drive away mosquitoes, and that they usually placed it under the house, watching to see that the flames did not catch the bamboo. I certainly preferred the mosquitoes to such a remedy, which nevertheless is a custom.

All the time I remained, there was an ever-changing crowd of people from the villages, far and near, coming to see me, as the first White woman they had ever beheld. They generally brought me small presents of fruit, flowers, vegetables, fish, eggs, or chickens. They would squat around the house, canvassing my appearance as a phenomenon. They sometimes wanted to touch and rub me, to satisfy themselves that I was real, and not got up for the occasion. One old woman came frequently, and, after gratifying her eye-sight, always asked to eat. I gave her rice, which she tied up in her *sangouti*, the sole rag she wore round her loins. She differed from the other women in the fashion of her hair, which had been allowed to grow, and now stood out in a conical tower half a yard from her head. How long it had taken for the hair to mat itself solidly into that shape I do not know, but it had obviously not been combed nor disturbed for a length of time. It was nearly gray, with a reddish tinge, and I think she must have had it in the saffron-vat, where the priests die their vestments. I was cautioned not to meddle with her, as she was possessed by the devil; that she could effect great evil, and foretell things to come; that her brother, who was the abbot of the priests, had often tried to exorcise the evil spirit in her, but he refused to quit. I could not help telling them to "try swine." She had a wild look in her eyes, and glared vindictively when she noticed that she was the subject of comment. I gave her a little more rice, to conciliate the evil one. Poor body! she

was another victim to circumstance, for I was told she had been possessed from her youth, and no one would marry her.

There was scarcely any money used in this part of Siam, and in return for the people's presents I had to bestow my white skirts, towels, or bottles. They also delighted in needles, scissors, and knives, but they did not know the use of pins. Men and women dressed alike, and, from equal exposure, became similar. They took their share of the labor, and there appeared to be no remarkable difference in their strength. Feeding the hungry is a self-evident benevolence, but clothing the naked is open to discussion in this climate, where they seemed much happier in their single rag than

those who are obliged, by force of custom, to put on a dozen garments, and be boiled and baked therein.

I bade farewell to Angkor Wat with regret, and with a half-yearning to become another Lady Hester Stanhope. I traveled back in my junk the whole distance to Saigon, two hundred and fifty miles, visiting all the French posts in Cochin China. I did not meet with any difficulty or even unpleasantness, although the country was said to be in insurrection. I neither saw nor felt anything of it, and, in spite of the prophecies, I accomplished my journey to my own satisfaction, and, I trust, to the amusement and instruction of some others.

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THE GATE.

Down the serpentine reach—  
Under the orient peach,  
Grape-vine and quince interlaced—  
Leisurely two of us paced.

Half of the yellow moon  
Hung in the west in a swoon;  
Scents of geranium leaves  
Swam on the indolent breeze.

Soon to the garden gate  
Sauntering we came, to wait;  
Vows entangled with sighs  
Raveled out our good-bys.

“Shears, to sever our paths,  
Cut us not yet into halves!”  
Cried I the gate: and we stood  
Close to each as we could.

Sweets have end, as the sour:  
“Be thou eternal, this hour!”  
Sighed I, in frenzy of bliss,  
That burst on her lips a kiss.

O, gate! you then swung ajar  
To a pathway flamed by a star;  
And down the shining reach  
Went two forsworn of speech.

## THE COLORADO DESERT.

CROSSING by the San Gorgonio Pass, the continuation of the Sierra Nevada range back of San Bernardino, the traveler leaves the fertile coast valleys, and enters upon what appears to his astonished eyes the parched and death-stricken remains of some ancient world. As he came through the broad, rolling pass, upon his right towered San Gorgonio Peak, a huge unbroken mass, 10,500 feet in height, the great trees up its rugged sides dwindling to mere shrubs. Upon the left, forming the other wall of the pass, pine-clad San Bernardino, more broken and irregular in outline, reaches an altitude of 11,500 feet. But leaving now the mountains behind, he descends into what seems the scorched, blasted bed of some old cyclopean furnace, a wreck of the days when "there were giants in the land." San Gorgonio and San Bernardino on this side have lost their pines, and brown, barren and desolate, frown down upon yet greater desolation. Upon the west, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the Sierras in an unending line—a forbidding, rugged wall. At the north, a spur from this main chain turns off eastward, and then curving around bears to the south, parallel to the Sierras, making another abrupt wall, which at last drops down and is lost near Fort Yuma. Inclosed by these mountains, open only toward the south, where 200 miles away it faces out upon the waters of the Gulf of California, is the Colorado Desert. From its upper end, the eye lifts mile after mile toward the southeast over the broad expanse—no trees, no hills, no water, no life. Only the glare of the never-ending sand, the deceptive mirage, and the silence of death. Here and there a lone

whirlwind rears its stately column of sand hundreds of feet in the heated air, and travels slowly on for hours. At times fierce blasts of scorching wind rage for days, carrying the fine sand in clouds that obscure the sun, and give to the sky a dull red glare. These are the dreaded sand-storms of the desert.

What is the Colorado Desert? In the spring of 1867, I crossed its upper end with troops, on the road to La Paz. I found the sand white with innumerable sea-shells, some minute, some fragile, such as are only found in sheltered arms of the sea. For miles and miles I traced with the eye a strange, well-defined line along the mountain sides, always at the same level. It was as un-deviating as the chalk-line of a carpenter's marking-twine. Riding out to it, I found it to be the old beach of a sea.

The rocks were worn and rounded up to that level, as by the constant washing of water, with coarse coral formations in their crevices and upon their under sides. Above that line the rocks were sharp and jagged. The worn rocks showed that for ages the water had stood at that level. No other beach could be discovered. The water consequently, when it abandoned that level, must steadily have diminished, until it disappeared. The surveying party of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in running the line to Fort Yuma, struck the present sea-level the moment their instruments reached this ancient beach. Further south they gradually descended, until a depression of 215 feet below the sea was found. The great basin of the desert, the chief engineer, Mr. Phelps, estimated to be at least 350 feet below the level of the sea. The whole area now below the sea-



level is supposed to be about 3,900 square miles—130 miles in length by thirty miles average width.

The inquiry naturally arises, "At what point has this desert been connected with the sea, and how has it been shut off?" Surrounded upon every side by mountains, except in one direction, and there opening out upon the head of the Gulf of California, the answer is plain. The desert is a portion of the old gulf, which then extended 200 miles above its present limit. Its head-waters then were immediately back of San Bernardino, with only the mountains intervening. The cause of the separation of the upper end of that gulf, making what is now the Colorado Desert, is so apparent, that a moment's examination reveals it. The same agency is still at work, constantly widening the space between the gulf and the desert. Here, nearly 150 miles from the head of the ancient gulf, came in from the east side the Colorado River, bearing in its thick floods quicksand, and the red mud from the great plateaus of Northern Arizona, which gives the river its color and its name.

The contour of the country shows the gulf to have been narrow here. The filling in of this alluvial deposit went on unceasingly, as at the mouth of every great river which enters the sea at a sheltered point. The water grew constantly shoaler, until at length the separation was complete. The upper end of the gulf thus isolated from the sea, and not having rain-fall sufficient to keep up its supply, finally dried up and became a desert basin. The alluvial deposit has steadily increased the distance between the gulf and the low bed of the desert, until now the division is marked by a narrow neck of thirty or forty miles of land but little raised above the sea-level.

The length of time which has elapsed since this great change took place is also another interesting question; the more

so because the change is plainly a recent one, and the data exist for at least a comparatively accurate estimate. Among the many shells which whiten the sand of the desert, I found numbers of a thin, fragile bivalve, about one and one-half inches in length by an inch in width, the shell scarcely thicker than half-a-dozen sheets of ordinary note-paper, closely pressed.

These shells are drifted about in the restless winds, beaten upon by raging sand-storms, scoured and worn by the constant attrition of the sharp grains—and yet to-day they may be gathered in great numbers, unbroken, perfect in outline, only scratched and scored, and evidently rapidly crumbling. How long could these shells withstand this constant wear? Not possibly more than a very few centuries; probably not more than two or three. The rate of formation of the alluvial deposit at the mouth of the Colorado might also be readily computed, although the data here are not sufficient for accurate computation. That it is now very rapid, the mud-laden current of the river and the rolling quicksand of its bed sufficiently testify. That the deposit has been equally as rapid in the past, one thing would seem to indicate. The proof can be taken for what it is worth.

In the possession of General Stoneman, of the U. S. Army, is a map which he obtained in the city of Mexico. This map shows the results of the early explorations of the Spanish navigators at the head of the Gulf of California. That the accuracy of the map is sufficient to entitle it to some credence, one feature renders probable. While the eastern shore of the gulf up to the mouth of the river is clearly and sharply defined, and as at present found, the western shore is left in doubt. This shows a regard for exactness hard to be reconciled with the supposition that the whole map is to an extent guesswork. In that map the Gila

river is laid down as entering the head of the gulf, while now it empties into the Colorado, about ninety miles above its mouth. Granting that the observation was taken at a time when the conjunction of a flood of the Colorado and high tides in the gulf caused an unusual overflow of the lowlands, and thus apparently extended the sea limits, still the great distance now intervening would show a remarkable change. That the Gila could then have entered the gulf by a separate channel, the contour of the country hardly admits as a possibility. The constant drift of sand from the desert, carried by the prevailing west wind, has still further helped to widen the belt of low country. Within the last twenty years, the sand is said to have encroached upon the river bottom more than a mile.

Two other facts, remains of former vegetation and relics of dead races, incidentally bear testimony upon the same question, of time elapsed, and point to the same conclusion. These will be discussed under another heading, viz., the climatic changes which would naturally result in the surrounding territory, as a consequence of the drying-up of this portion of the gulf. That such a change has taken place in the climate of western Arizona and southern California, and within a comparatively recent period, seems positive. It is a transformation within a historical rather than a geological era.

In western Arizona are traces of an ancient population, much more dense, much more highly civilized, than that now inhabiting the country—a people patiently tilling the soil and living upon its fruits. Among these remains are the ruins of cities, once large and populous; canals for extensive systems of irrigation; fragments of pottery so numerous that in places the ground seems almost paved with them. It would hardly have been possible for that population to sub-

sist with the present arid state of the country. These remains are many of them perishable, and can scarcely date back more than a few centuries. The records of the Spanish explorations in the sixteenth century show that even then the population was much more dense than now.

Take another curious fact. Men who have rambled much in these now desert mountains and plains, report that they have found the remains of old forests, still in a passable state of preservation, where all is now parched and dry; perished evidently through lack of moisture. How long a time could elapse after the death of the forests before all traces of them would be obliterated? Even in that dry climate, not more than a very few centuries. It is a natural inquiry, whether there is evidence of any great alteration in the general contour of the country to account for this recent climatic transformation. The shores of the gulf show that for thousands of years there has been no extensive upheaval. The mountain chains of Arizona bear no appearance of recent convulsions. Living and scouting among them for months, the one deep impress which they gave was of age—drear old age. Brown and bare, washed and gullied by the storms of centuries, parched with fierce heats and beaten upon by burning winds, they seemed the skeleton-frame of a world long worn-out and forgotten—borne down with the burden of years, wearily waiting the end. It is a land of wrecks. I have traversed cañons where the solid mountain had by a mighty power been cleft asunder, and the rocky walls lifted bodily back, until upon either side they stood dizzy with their own height—a world-shudder, frozen in the moment of fright—a cold, stony horror. That was ages and ages ago. Since then the water has filled in the bottom of these cañons with the wash and *débris* of centuries; worn channels in the solid rock, that tell

of long quiet and rest. One thing shows the great length of time which must have elapsed since these wide-spread convulsions. I frequently saw, while scouting in the mountains, huge boulders balanced upon slight pinnacles of rock, in such positions that the least shock would have displaced them. They had evidently been so left by the gradual decomposition and disintegration of the softer stone around.

Do not forget these two facts: the still existing traces of a dense population—traces which the lapse of a very few centuries would obliterate entirely; and the remains of old forests, perished evidently through lack of moisture—remains which would also have been undistinguishable in a very limited time. Recall that other fact already given, the existence in a good state of preservation of countless numbers of the thin, perishable shells of the Colorado Desert; shells which the scouring of the ever-shifting sands and the bleaching of the sun would necessarily destroy within a like limited time. Weigh also the evidence of rapid change at the head of the gulf within an even more recent period, as shown by that old Spanish map. Take also for what it is worth a tradition which exists among the Indians upon the lower Colorado, that formerly the river ran much more to the west, and that they had villages and cultivated fields, where now is only barren sand.

The drying-up of the desert and the apparently contemporaneous change of climate is a very remarkable coincidence. Was it more? In the light of the foregoing facts, in the absence of any other apparent cause for that change—nay, with positive proof from the geological formation and topographical features of the country, that no other cause could have existed—shall it be called more than a coincidence? Cause and effect?

What would be the logical result of the transformation of so large a portion

of the ancient gulf? An area 180 miles in length, by an average of at least thirty miles in width, has ceased to be covered by water, and has become a parched, heated desert. The yearly evaporation in the Bay of Bengal, as shown by the published proceedings of the "Bombay Geographical Society," is more than sixteen feet. This portion of the gulf, which is surrounded by high mountains, reflecting the sun from their bare sides, shut off from the cool winds of the ocean, its waters shallow and easily heated, must have been a steaming caldron, keeping the air-currents above constantly saturated with moisture. This evaporation, however, estimated at the rate before given, would be enough, if all recondensed and precipitated, to supply twelve inches of rain to 86,400 square miles—more than double the area of the State of Ohio. Again, that evaporation involves the rendering of a vast amount of active heat latent. This would lower the temperature of all the adjacent territory. Fort Yuma, at the south end of the desert, upon the Colorado River, has for days at a time a temperature of 120°. When the desert was covered by the sea, the heat must have been lower by a number of degrees. This lowering of temperature alone, apart from any increase of moisture in the air, would add to the rain-fall, by increasing the condensation of vapor already brought by the rain-currents from further south. The augmented dampness of the atmosphere and the consequent fall of temperature would have another effect. Such rain as had fallen over the adjacent country would be less quickly dried up, by giving a moister soil and more numerous springs and streams of water. It is not probable that western Arizona, the Mojave Desert, and the mountains surrounding the Colorado Desert, were ever sufficiently well watered for any general system of agriculture, but it is probable that there was enough moist-

ure to supply forests where none now exist, to feed innumerable streams for irrigation where now the channels are dry except after an occasional storm, and to support an annual growth of grass for grazing where now are barren wastes.

Could the Colorado Desert be again filled with water? It is an interesting question. From the Gulf of California, it is probably an impossibility. The gradual silting up of the old gulf-bed at the mouth of the river, and the drift of sand by the wind, have interposed a barrier too extensive to be easily removed. By turning the Colorado River into the desert it might be accomplished. The project has for years been discussed, of taking enough water from the river to irrigate a stretch of fertile land, alluvial deposit, found at the southern end of the desert; but the idea of going further than this, of diverting the river into the desert and forming a large fresh-water lake, seems never to have been broached. Nature, unassisted, is now attempting this. The drift of sand, through the prevailing western wind, is from the desert toward the east. This drift has kept the river walled in upon the east side of the valley, and has apparently constantly forced it further in that direction. The river, however, with its immense alluvial deposit, is unceasingly at work filling up its bed and rising higher above the level of the desert, which a few miles away forms an inclined plane with a rapid descent from the river.

Within the past twenty years, the water, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the rise in the bed of the river is becoming more rapid than the rise of its western bank, has commenced during each flood season to escape over the brim and run back into the desert. The larger portion of the overflow leaves the main river, it is supposed, about forty miles above its mouth. At first it has no definite channel, but, after a few miles, follows a well-marked river-bed. In the summer

of 1868, I crossed this stream, some sixty miles from the point where it leaves the Colorado. It was there a stream one hundred yards wide, with a depth that would average four feet, and a strong flood-current. The stream is said to be yearly growing larger. If left to itself, probably a large portion of the flood of the Colorado would eventually be diverted from the gulf to the desert. The descent is much more rapid than down the present course of the river to its mouth. The reason why the diversion is not more rapid is, no doubt, the fact, before given, that "New River," as the stream is called, has for the first few miles of its course, after leaving the main river, no definite channel. If a channel were cleared out for that short distance, the current would soon enlarge it and make it permanent. The difference between high and low water-mark in the lower Colorado is not more than fifteen feet. The fact that this small rise is sufficient to turn its water into the desert, shows how slight would be the difficulty in diverting the current permanently. The difficulty is even less than this would indicate, for "New River" commences to run long before, and continues long after, the high water-mark has been reached. The evaporation from the surface of the lake thus made would be so great that the Colorado would hardly refill the old basin; yet even now at the flood season a shallow lake is formed many miles in extent, but quickly dries up.

The climatic effect of thus even partly refilling this portion of the ancient gulf with water, becomes an interesting problem. The Colorado Desert is now a serious disturbing element in the climate of southern California. It is a huge furnace, from which withering blasts make forays upon more favored territories around. One personal reminiscence will show the intensity of its heat. When accompanying troops from Wilmington, California, to northern Arizo-

na, in the spring of 1867, I had two men sun-struck, the tenth of March, in traveling a distance of only seven miles, across the upper end of the desert. These occasional hot winds are but the smallest of the evils to which it gives birth. Any one who has resided a few years in the Los Angeles and San Bernardino valleys, can not have failed to notice and execrate the baffling west wind that so often breaks up the storm-current from which refreshing rain is hoped. A south-easter sets in, blows for several days, clouds gather loweringly upon the mountains, and the parched earth waits for the cooling shower. But suddenly the storm-drift checks, the west wind comes rushing in, there is an angry commotion in the upper air, and the clouds, baffled and beaten, are driven back, carrying with them their precious moisture, through the mountain-passes to the interior. This especially happens in the evening, the time for the full strength of the daily sea-breeze, and so repeatedly that the plaintive remark is often heard, "If only our rain-current will continue until the turn of the evening, we shall escape the west wind, and then we are certain of another day's rain." What is the cause of this interruption? Simply this: back of those mountains is the desert. All day it is heating up with the sun. When afternoon comes, it is probably  $40^{\circ}$  hotter than the ocean, on the west. Then the cold sea-air rushes in through every break in the mountain-chain, to take the place of this rarified atmosphere, forcing back with it the clouds, whose moisture is quickly dissipated by the scorching breath of the sands. So constant and powerful is this wind-current that the trees in the San Gorgonio Pass are all blown from the perpendicular, and slant toward the east.

The same warring of winds is seen again in the months of July and August. Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San

Diego counties are really within the circuit of the Sonora summer rains. Again comes the south-east wind, but more gently than in winter. Now it seems to follow rather up the course of the gulf, and from there passes over westward. Again the clouds gather upon the mountain-tops. Light showers fall, even heavy rains, in the San Bernardino mountains. Thunder and lightning are frequent. But the disturbing influence of the Colorado Desert again makes itself felt. In winter it was hot. Now it is a fiery furnace. It glows and wavers with ever-increasing heat; without water, without life. Day knows no respite; night brings no freshness— $120^{\circ}$ , even  $130^{\circ}$  are recorded. The rains have traveled up the gulf. They have refreshed Sonora and Lower California. Arizona has grown green. They have followed the Colorado River far to the north. They have even turned the upper end of the Colorado Desert, and sent occasional floods upon the higher and cooler Mojave Desert and in the mountains about Tehachapi. They have gone to the south of the great, fertile plains of Los Angeles and San Bernardino; they have skirted the western edge of Arizona, back of them; they have doubled around and spent their strength upon the mountains, north of them. Why have these rains thus gone all around the only extensive fertile portion of southern California, and yet avoided it as a forbidden land? Because, to reach it, they must cross the Colorado Desert, and its fiery breath is to them the blast of death. Should they cross it, should other rain-currents follow up the coast from the south, the cold wind of the ocean, rushing in to displace the overheated air of the desert, beats them back, and so the land has no rain.

Could that desert be refilled with water—converted from dry, hot sand to an inland lake—the very heat which is reflected from the barren mountain-sides around would be a power of good instead

of evil. The constant evaporation would render heat latent which is now active, thus lowering the annual temperature very perceptibly. This lowering of temperature alone, even if unaccompanied by an increase of moisture in the air, would give a greater rain-fall by the more perfect condensation which it would cause. But the evaporation from the surface of the lake would materially augment the supply of vapor in the rain-currents, thus acting in a double manner—a decrease of temperature and an increase of moisture for precipitation. These rain-currents would also meet with less difficulty in making their way against the ocean winds—as these winds, caused largely by the heat of the desert, would be less violent—and would, therefore, with more certainty and regularity deposit their supply of moisture over the plains of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego. When it is considered that every additional inch of rain is worth millions of dollars to these southern counties, the value of such a change in quantity and certainty of fall may be appreciated.

The difference in the summer climate would be especially marked. The flood season of the Colorado River is from April to September. The flood is caused by the melting of the snows in the Rocky Mountains, where the river has its source. The water still retains much of its coolness when it reaches the gulf. The lake in the desert would be at its highest, filled with cold snow-water, just in the hottest portion of the year. All the influences at work to modify the winter-rain would now act with double power, and the summer-rains would prob-

ably become as reliable in the mountains of southern California as they now are in the mountains of Arizona. Streams which are used for irrigation would have their flow augmented; other streams, which now only furnish water in the winter, would become permanent during the year. The grazing lands in the mountains and among the foot-hills would furnish a much more abundant and certain pasturage. The hot, dry winds which now come, at times, from the desert, scorching vegetation, would be cool and laden with vapor.

There is satisfactory evidence that such a difference did once exist in the climate of the territory surrounding the Colorado Desert, at a time when it was still a portion of the Gulf of California. The evidence further shows that this difference must have been caused by the presence of such a body of water where now none exists. If the old bed could be filled from the river, is it unreasonable to suppose that the same cause would again work the same result? It might be a rash assertion to say that the work of refilling the desert is a possibility. It might be equally rash to assert that the water of the Colorado would be sufficient for the purpose. Yet men who have traveled much and seen much upon the desert think the project feasible. If it were done, enough land could probably be reclaimed, by irrigation, from the alluvial deposit at the south end of the desert, to amply repay all the expense of the undertaking. Would it be money wasted if the government were to send a commission of scientific men, of engineers, carefully to examine the subject, to run levels, and report the result?

## BRAVE MRS. LYLE.

THE heroism of common life finds little space in history. Of that more passive form of courage, called fortitude, which bears its burdens with a spirit steadfast and unbroken, the world takes small account. Like the air and sunlight, it pervades earth with an atmosphere of blessing, but is so generic in its scope as to be held cheap.

Champions of law and liberty, in Arkansas, had fallen upon troublous times. The Federal flotilla of gunboats, that swept down the Mississippi to aid in the Vicksburg struggle, virtually segregated the States west of the river; thus constituting a new department, more or less isolated in situation and circumscribed in action. General Foreman, once a representative of the State in the council-halls of the nation, but now a zealous leader in the Confederate ranks, had returned to his native soil, and was enforcing a vigorous and ruthless conscription. Adherents to the Union cause, outside the pale of Federal protection, had learned to expect no quarter. Compelled allegiance to the rebel authorities, or the most bitter persecution—perhaps even death—these were the alternatives offered. There was no escape, except in stealthy flight. In counties more remote, lying west of the White River, affairs had assumed a perilous aspect. To be an avowed Unionist there, was to dare dangers the most imminent, and invite penalties the most appalling.

Nathaniel Lyle, a native of Pennsylvania, emigrated to Arkansas at an early day, and at the breaking out of the war was a well-to-do planter, in the western part of the State. A large inheritance of principle and pluck stood as atonement for meagre educational endow-

ments; and these invaluable characteristics had been supplemented by that last best gift to man—a loving, sensible, heroic wife. But with the choice presented, of duty or trial, principle or persecution, there was no trembling hesitation, no weak dalliance. Mrs. Lyle knew what it was to suffer and be strong.

The solemn November day on which our story opens had been harsh and vexatious. The cows, at milking-time, had been perverse and vicious, completing a long catalogue of provoking peccadilloes with the final upsetting of a generous, well-filled milk-pail, wasting at once the product of their own day's scanty pickings, and the tired housewife's patient strippings. What made the matter far worse, was the fact that the milk had a special, predestined use. There was no mistake about it—this had been a day of marked disaster. Even the staid and decorous old plow-horses, Darby and Joan, whose historical record, in the matter of runaways, was without a blemish, had that morning, while coming down the long lane with a load of "light-wood," with evidently preconcerted action, pricked up their ears, caught the bit, and dashed down the road as if, contemptuous of humble pedigree, they would rival the proudest achievements of the best-bred Hambletonian.

This all-pervading, morbid tendency must have been atmospheric; else why should Charlie, the prince of good fellows, have lost his proverbial good-humor to such an extent as to declare that Nat, his baby brother, was a perfect little vixen, and to wonder what in the world he was ever made for, unless it was to "torment folks to death?" Sure enough, this was a problem that had

puzzled wiser heads than Master Charlie's, since poor Mrs. Lyle had been going through such a sea of trouble.

It was almost midnight; Mrs. Lyle was still worrying with the despotic little tyrant Nat, who had maliciously set himself against sleep, and neither nursing, rocking, nor lullaby could budge him from his resolve. The other children—five, all told—had been sound asleep for three hours. Care-worn and very pale was that pleadingly-eloquent face, on which was recorded the story of an inevitable grief that she had hidden in the peaceful chambers of silence. Spirits sensitive, and finely strung, seem oft-times to possess prophetic vision; they feel the shadow of coming calamity, even as we see the penumbra of an eclipse, that is to end in darkness. The exigency is upon her; there is no time for temporizing policies; desperate schemes are taking shape in her mind, as, with that pugnacious bit of babyhood tossed over her shoulder, she unconsciously rocks to and fro, keeping time to the sweet, mournful refrain with a pat on the back of the petty potentate. Poor little Nat was not in the least responsible for that mischievous sleeplessness and nervous disquietude. They were no less an inheritance from the sensitive, mettlesome mother, than were those large, brooding eyes, and soft brown curls, that set off his pretty baby face. Long before his name was added to the census-register of White county, or the air stirred with his first imperious cry, baby Nat had been in intimate sympathy with the troubled mother-heart, beneath which he lay enfolded. Wordsworth tells the story:

“Her little child  
Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,  
And sighed amid its playthings.”

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner struck the hour of midnight, and its harsh, metallic ring startled Mrs. Lyle to the consciousness of the press-

ing demands of the moment. Rising hastily, she laid the child, still broad awake, in his rustic, homespun crib, and proceeded to wrap herself in a coarse woolen cloak and hood, and taking from the closet a pair of strong boots, she drew them on, as if preparing for a long walk. Nat, who had been avenging himself for the indignity offered, by screaming at the top of his voice, had fairly worn himself out, and was snubbing and sobbing in the very dreariness of despair.

“No fresh milk for poor papa tonight,” mused Mrs. Lyle, half-audibly, as she poured a panful from the morning's setting—cream and all—into a tin bucket, and placed it beside a large, well-filled basket, which stood near the door opening into the rear-yard.

Moving as quietly as her clumsy boots permitted, she approached the bed where Charlie lay sleeping—her first-born, noble boy, who, she repeatedly declared, was the greatest comfort a mother ever had. If baby Nat was a sadly-suggestive illustration of the baneful effects of an ante-natal atmosphere of sorrow and misfortune, Charlie was a triumphant exemplification of the salutary influence of a pre-natal atmosphere of hope and joyful activity. It was no marvel that Charlie's whole being was absorbed in the prosperity and well-doing of his home, for he had been in closest sympathy with the buoyant efforts of the early wedded years which had established that home.

The sleeper murmured in his dreams, as the mother approached. “Come, Charlie,” she said, softly, as she kissed his fair forehead—“come, my boy! I'm so sorry to disturb you; but Natty is so fretful to-night, and I must go to the camp, or your father will be caught by the conscript officers, you know. They are on his track”—and she heaved a deep sigh, and uttered a brief ejaculatory prayer.

Charlie's ear caught both sigh and



prayer, for he had slept as with one eye open for many a week, since the dangers thickened about them so fast.

"Yes, mother, I'll mind the baby; but hear the rain against the windows! Let me go and carry the things, and break the news. You can't cross the branch in such a storm as this."

"Yes, Charlie, I must go. I must see your father myself before he goes—God only knows where. Try and keep Natty from waking up the children; and mind that the fire don't fall down. I'll turn out the lamp, for the oil is nearly gone; but the light-wood fire will make it cheerful enough. Don't worry about me, Charlie."

With this, Mrs. Lyle packed up her burden, and glided noiselessly out into the darkness and storm. The load with which her hands wrestled was heavy enough; but the dull weight at her heart was far heavier. What was she to do? Whither should her husband flee to escape his persecutors? How could she protect herself and her children from the inevitable woes impending? A clap of thunder rent the air, and the wind shrieked and howled through the leafless trees—was this her answer? Perhaps, after the storm, would come the "still, small voice."

Mr. Lyle and a neighboring planter, Philip Nourse, had been "lying out" for nearly six weeks—fugitives from the infamous conscription so mercilessly enforced by Foreman. They were encamping in the woods about two miles off; hidden in a sort of natural fortress, formed by the convergence of hills, whose rugged sides offered at once protection and concealment. During all this time, Mrs. Lyle had been going twice every week with a supply of provisions and other little comforts, wherewith to cheer the exiles in their self-imposed but dreary banishment. These visitations were always made in the stillness and darkness of night; for the

country was alive with spies, and discovery would bring disastrous, perhaps fatal consequences. What contributed no little to Mrs. Lyle's responsibility and burden, was the fact that her neighbor, Mrs. Nourse, was one of those dear, devoted little wives that know how to do nothing else, well, but to love and be loved in return—no mean accomplishments, but always the better for being reinforced with good, strong, womanly sense, and a *modicum*, at least, of sterling executive talent. A hereditary predisposition to heart-disease had made Mr. Nourse all the more careful to shield his gentle wife from every possible hardship and annoyance. What with natural temperamental tendencies and the happiest experiences, Mrs. Nourse could be none other than she was—a veritable Griselda in loyal, trustful affection, but a tender-eyed Dora in helplessness and dependence. She was a child-wife. She wanted to be brave; but it was awkward business for her, in the absence of that great, manly breast upon which she was wont to pillow her drooping head. Poor Mrs. Nourse! she was doing wonders now, in caring for the blind sister, who was an inmate in the household; and keeping within bounds their only little boy, three years old and over, turbulent as he was with fresh young life—for the stir and vigor of the father was in him. Indeed, it is a question whether she would have gotten along at all, had not Mrs. Lyle, amidst her own over-burdening cares, managed to find opportunity to visit her every day, often assisting her in the very nick of time.

They had been waiting and watching for help from some quarter; they felt sure that relief would come—whence and how they hardly knew. But a new crisis had arisen. On the morning of the day in question, Charlie had been out in a deep thicket of second-growth pines, looking up stray cattle. Worn and exhausted with the tramp, he had

thrown himself down in the underbrush, when the low hum of voices, not far off, caught his ear.

"There's no sort of doubt but they're hid out somewheres about here; for that plucky little woman wasn't coming in at that time o' night without some good reason for it. Why it must have been two o'clock in the morning, or better, when I saw her getting over the stile into the back yard. That was a lucky day for Nat Lyle, when he married Eunice Atherton. She's a deuced smart woman, and as good as she is smart."

"That's so, Cap; there wasn't another like her in Van Buren county. You didn't know I once set up to her myself, eh? But Nat got in ahead of me. I've never squared the account with him, yet; this may be my chance—who knows? But he's a devilish fine fellow, that Nat Lyle." The voice was deep-toned and resonant; but there was nothing vindictive in it.

Charlie hugged the ground still more closely, and listened breathlessly for the reply. After a moment's pause, the speaker continued: "I say, Cap, hadn't we better keep an eye on the little duck? Follow her, and we'll soon find out where the old drake is paddling. That's a pesky nice brood of ducklings—those Lyle young ones. The boy Charlie is his mother, right over again—quick as lightning, and cunning as a fox. He's good grit, and no mistake. Why, that little cuss was born with more good sense than nine-tenths of folks die with. He's bound to make his mark some day—if somebody don't make a mark of him. If we can't do better, we can put some pretty straight questions to him. He's 'cute; but the sight of one of these 'tooth-picks' may fetch the secret out of him. He knows where his dad has vamosed to—no doubt of it!"

"But, Pete," the first speaker interposed, in a gruff, sepulchral tone, "you forget that we must go down the valley

to-night, and carry out the general's orders in regard to that blasted horse-stealing business, that he dignifies by the name of 'confiscation.' He says we'd better bring in no more miserable, broken-down animals like that old tackey which came so near costing him his life. Foreman is a catawamptious old cuss, and is getting a little too big for his boots. He'll get flipfoppussed himself before he knows it. I'm getting deuced tired of his nonsense. He's too durned cruel to suit my notion of things. He walks into folks too rough, altogether. Lyle and Nourse have got a lot of choice blooded stock, that they set great store by; and the orders are, to take the last one of them—drive the cattle down the river—unearth the men-folks and press them into service, or burn their old shebangs to the ground. Now, that's devilish rough on the women folks, just as winter's setting in! But the old moke won't rest till it's done. I reckon Bill's right about it—the old skeezicks means to kill off Lyle, and marry the widow himself."

"Reckon he'll slip up on that," returned Pete, a little flushed. "The general won't do to tie to in such matters, anyhow. But I allow, we'd better do one thing or t'other—either turn tail on the old slang-whanger altogether, or else rope in, and obey orders. You know, Cap, the general looks on you as the bell-mare of us skalawags; you mustn't play out. I hate this sneak-thief sort of business as much as you do. These poor fellows have worked for what they have got, and it's tight on 'em. Speaking of blooded stock, Cap, reminds me of that colt, Nebo, that old man Atherton gave Charlie for his name. Why, the boy fairly worships the animal; and he's as pretty a piece of horseflesh as I ever laid eyes on. It's astonishing to see the tricks the boy has taught him. The yunderstand each other better than we do. Some animals an' half-human, I

believe. Charlie declares Nebo will do wonders one o' these days. 'Taint worth while to pester the child's colt, whatever else we take. Let the boy have him. Besides, he's like half the women-folks, nowadays — more for show than good hard work. We'd better let the colt alone."

Charlie bristled at the thought of Nebo's danger, and instinctively sprang to his feet. It was well for him that just at that instant the two men moved toward their horses, browsing in an opposite direction. Discretion mastered emotion, and Charlie dropped down again into the pine straw, and laid concealed in the thick underbrush. As the riders dashed by, within a few feet, he caught the words, "We must get back by day after to-morrow, and follow the little partridge to the ambush."

Here was a revelation, the full significance of which Mrs. Lyle was prepared to grasp, as Charlie—all alive with excitement—detailed the marvelous disclosure. It was evident that her movements had been watched; that her husband's retreat would be discovered; that she herself might be forced to reveal it; and that he would be at their mercy unless she went, at once, to tell him the whole story, and hasten him forward to the Federal lines. To know that the marauders were to be gone down the valley for two days, re-assured her for the struggle. It was a comfort, too, to feel that a latent spark of humanhood still lingered in the breasts of the desperate men with whom she must sooner or later deal, and who so largely controlled her destiny. Could it be possible that Peter Preston, who, years ago, when she was a mere school-girl, talked so softly and sweetly to her, under the big magnolia, in her father's garden—could it be that he would harm her now, in her helplessness and desolation? She could not believe it. She had too much faith in manhood. She had too

much trust in heaven. He might feel bound to obey the orders of his superior officer, but, in carrying them out, he would not insult and abuse her, or her children. The thought consoled her, as she struggled on through the darkness and storm to the rescue of her husband.

Drenched to the skin, and too much exhausted even to speak, Mrs. Lyle reached the camp of the fugitives—a rude inclosure, improvised of pine boughs and alien remnants of a rail-fence, that had been dragged for more than a mile. She fell prostrate as she reached the door of the cabin. It was a perilous and dreary scene. The lightning flashed with a glare that illumined the woods with floods of flame; thunder on thunder rent the air; rain poured in torrents from each gathering cloud; streams dashed along the deluged valley, and the crest of the surging waters seemed tipped with fire; wind howled to wind, through the swaying trees; the heavens scowled, and Nature was draped in the garniture of woe. The scene without was a fitting accompaniment to the recital within; although Mrs. Lyle, in hurrying preparations for their immediate departure, took good care to represent all home affairs in *couleur de rose*, as far as possible. They needed the tonic of a brave nature like hers in this terrible exigency. Many a man, lacking it, at such a crisis, has irrevocably fallen.

But we turn to the scene at home. Mrs. Lyle had been gone less than a half-hour, when a fearful clap of thunder startled Nat from his troubled sleep, and he sent up at once an imprecating psalm. Charlie was hushing him to quietude, by pacing back and forth across the room in the soft glimmer of the light-wood fire. A momentary lull in the storm revealed the approach of hurrying footsteps, followed by a quick rap on the back-door. The branch was doubtless impassable, and his mother had been

compelled to return. Charlie stepped nimbly, and turned back the clumsy bolt, when the two men whom he had seen in the thicket presented themselves, in evident disguise.

"Pretty late for young chaps like you to be up. Where's all the folks?"

If there had been a doubt as to the *personnel* of the speaker, there could be no mistaking that voice. It was the dull, stentorian drawl of Cap; Charlie knew it at once, and his mother-wit indicated the answer.

"Why, father he's been gone for six weeks, or better; and mother she's been going down the valley to Mrs. Haley's, every chance she could get, for a fortnight. They've got a new baby down there—he's a cripple—and they're afraid Mrs. Haley aint going to get well."

"So your mother's down to old Haley's, is she?" (Charlie had not said so; but no commandment had been broken.) "And your dad—where's he, p'rhaps?"

"Perhaps he's in the Federal lines, by this time," responded Charlie, repeating the adverb with concealed but grateful satisfaction. "That's the safest place for folks to be these days. But won't you come in and dry yourselves? I'll chuck on some fat knots, and have a scorcher in a jiffy. It's pouring down faster than ever. You'd better come in."

There was a childish welcome in the invitation, and a trustful frankness that softened the heart of the interrogator, who replied: "No, thank you; we wanted to see your father. What time d'ye reckon your mother'll be back?"

"By late milking-time in the morning, for nobody else can manage the little red heifer; she's like Natty (giving the baby fresh prominence), nobody but mother can do anything with her."

Pete, who had not spoken during the interview, turned on his heel, saying, "Come, let's be off!" and the two disappeared in the darkness.

Long before daylight, drenched and dripping in front of the fire, Mrs. Lyle was listening to the story of the unexpected *denouement*. The terrible storm had doubtless prevented their contemplated trip down the valley. The crisis was upon her. There was no time for delay. The twilight of the morning found her tapping softly at the window of Mrs. Nourse, awakening her from a heavy slumber. No rude, nocturnal visitors had disturbed her sleep; for this she was thankful, not alone for her own sake, for if the child-wife had been taken unawares, she might, in her weak fear, have disclosed everything. She must be fortified against attack.

Mrs. Nourse took in the significance of the situation much after the manner of a child. She realized there was a great volume of wretchedness, but of the contents-table of detail she took not the slightest account. "What *must* I do?" she asked, with pleading entreaty.

"Just say the men have gone to the Federal lines, and stick to it. Don't let them get another word out of you! Federal lines—Federal lines! do you understand?"

"Oh, yes; I understand. I won't say another word, if they choke me." And the flushed and purple face looked as if the process of choking had already begun.

"Now give me your valuable papers and keepsakes," continued Mrs. Lyle. "I will put them in a stone jar with my own, and bury them in the cave. Be quick! If anything happens, leave little Phil with Rachel, and run over to me."

Poor Rachel! had she been deaf as well as blind, she might have been spared the agony she was now suffering.

The storm had abated. The sun was struggling through the falling mist, and far up the blue sky the rainbow arch appeared, as if angelic watchers, in the plenitude of sympathetic love, had bent

over the pearly battlements to unfold the covenant pledge of heaven to weary, overspent mortals. Mrs. Lyle interpreted the full meaning of the soft-tinted emblem, and was refreshed for duty.

It was not far from noon when four horsemen appeared at the gate. One of them dismounted and presented himself at the door. There was a blended air of affected civility and saucy bluntness in manner and speech.

"We take it you know something of your old man's whereabouts these days. If you'll be good enough to mount one o' these animals at the gate and lead the way, you shan't be harmed."

Argument would be wasted. Numbers might prove her protection. In any event, she would rather accept the risks than imperil Mrs. Nourse. She stepped to the gate to see if Pete was of the party. His disguise did not conceal his identity, but it was a secret all her own. Looking him full in the eye, she said: "I'm not afraid to trust that face. I will go with you where I last met my husband, although I assure you he is now seeking Federal protection; he is no longer there. You will let me ride a horse that better suits me, I'm sure. Here, Charlie, saddle Nebo, and bring him to the door!"

The men were awestruck and confounded; they did not interpose a word. The imperial majesty of her exalted womanhood had subdued and overmastered them. They were her subjects; she was not their slave. The omnipotence of her sublime heroism compelled their worship.

The companionship of a trusty brute, in such peril, is a solace; there is conscious sympathy. Through bog and *débris* Nebo daintily picked his way, obedient to the firm rein of his well-known rider, whose thoughts just now far outdistanced his constrained pace. Mrs. Lyle was in no hurry. Every minute increased the distance between the

pursued and the pursuers—at least, she hoped so. But what if the streams beyond had forced them to return? What if the storm had shut out all hope of escape? Once or twice she was startled by the sound of her own voice, as she mused. Had they overheard her fears? They were following at a distance, mute and respectful.

The camp was now in sight. There was no smoke, no appearance of life. A moment more and it proved itself deserted. Mrs. Lyle thought she detected a glint of satisfaction on Pete's face. Possibly she was mistaken, but it emboldened her to say: "You see it is just as I told you. Here is where I used to bring food to them, but they have gone to the Federal lines."

A few words, but not of censure, and the riders put spurs to their horses and dashed off toward the river. They would not be likely to surprise the fugitives, for their route lay in the opposite direction.

Perilous days followed. Rumors of devastation reached them from every quarter. They were in constant dread of a similar fate. In the dim twilight of an evening, early in December, a horseman, riding furiously down the road, darted up to the back-gate, and, throwing a package quite into the small piazza, disappeared in the bushes. Charlie, who caught a glimpse of the rider, declared him to be Pete Preston. The contents of the envelope gave confirmation of his statement. The note was brief, and ran thus:

"Danger is at hand. Brave as you are, you can not cope with rapine, fire, and exposure. Those who would help you are powerless to do so. Flee at once to Federal protection, and delay not a moment."

To a nature less resolute this would have been an hour unredeemed by hope; but Mrs. Lyle's unflagging vigor kept her activities abreast of her quick, intuitive plans, and the magnetic influence of her undaunted courage would have in-

spired the veriest coward with confidence. What was this but genius?

The old clock struck three, and Mrs. Lyle was still busy with hasty preparations for departure. She must, if possible, snatch a few moments' rest, and then lend assistance to her faint-hearted neighbor, who was to go with them. But there was no truce to be made with sleep; a vision of disaster usurped the place of slumber. Was it the stir of trouble from without, or the mute prophecy of doom from within? The solution of the problem was at hand. A flash of light from across the way told the story. Mrs. Nourse's dwelling was in flames, and, wild with terror, the half-crazed inmates were fleeing up the road toward Mrs. Lyle's.

"They've burned us up! They've burned us up!" shrieked the frantic woman, clutching her boy with one hand, and poor, blind Rachel with the other. "What shall we do—what shall we do? You'll go next!"

With the air of one accustomed to command, this mother-generalissimo hurried forward preparations for immediate flight. Was she to be foiled at the very first step? A visit to the stable found every stall empty; not a horse remained—not even Nebo. To resolve was to do. Two stout yoke of oxen were still available. They had done generous duty in front of the great lumbering country-wagon for many a year. An ample commissariat and plenty of warm blankets and other little comforts were hurriedly stowed away within its great, swelling sides, and, before noon, the heavy-laden, heavy-hearted emigrant train was under way for Memphis—more than a hundred miles distant—over a rough, unfrequented route, and in midwinter oftentimes impassable.

Family-life in a country-wagon, with a party of ten, including seven children, a blind dependent, a weak, fragile woman, exhausted with fatigue and fright,

and a turbulent little autocrat like Nat, was calculated to test the mettle of the hardiest campaigner. In Charlie, her second-self, Mrs. Lyle found strength and cheer. His innate manhood expanded with the emergency. The third morning rose on a scene of fresh and unlooked-for sorrow. Mrs. Nourse, who seemed to be sleeping later than usual, was found to be dead. She had slipped away in the shadows of night, and had gone home, leaving to her little boy, who lay enfolded in her cold arms, the sweet legacy of a smile.

A hushed, funereal sadness lingered about the journeyers all that dreary day, as the great clumsy wagon, at once their hearse and home, dragged on through marsh and lagoon, till toward sunset a hint of habitation appeared in view; when kindly hands assisted in a hasty burial, and twilight dews shed holy tears over the new-made grave of the pilgrim—at rest.

Three weeks of wearisome journeying through dangerous defiles and over rugged corduroy roads, and we find the refugees—ten, less one—sharing the hospitality of a genial-souled planter—though southern in sentiment, yet warm of heart—who, coming upon the strange group around their evening camp-fire, and learning something of their history, insisted upon their occupying some vacant cabins in his own yard. They had crossed the river, and were within five miles of Memphis. A few days of rest would better prepare them for whatever of struggle awaited them there.

But misfortune had his iron grip upon them—they were fairly at bay with fate. Sudden and serious illness fell upon the planter, which physicians pronounced to be a malignant form of measles, prevalent in the army encamped all about, and frequently fatal. To expose her family to this, was to invite further disaster; for not one of them had ever had the contagious disease.

With a small amount of means—the proceeds of the sale of her oxen to the planter, who was disposed to afford her all the aid in his power—she managed to get through the lines, and make her way into the city. It was not difficult to secure temporary protection; and prospects were encouraging for obtaining a meagre subsistence.

But her stay at the planter's, brief as it had been, was to have its sad sequel. The mother was the first to succumb to the insidious disease, leaving her family helpless. Her case was quickly made known to "The Society for the Protection of Refugees," then in active operation in Memphis, and a home was provided for her in the refugee hospital. Every member of the family was ill—three dangerously so. Blind Rachel was the first to be carried to Elmwood—the darkness of earth had given place to the brightness of heaven. A few days, and little Nat followed—going up to the better nursery of angels. The rest, save Charlie, were doing well.

Poor Mrs. Lyle! She was slowly recovering; and Charlie's critical condition left no time for useless repinings. A council of physicians had pronounced his case hopeless; but the mother still clung to her boy with a grasp that would not let him go—with an agonizing faith that cried, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

All was hushed in the darkened wards of the hospital. Sleep had fallen upon most of its inmates. Stillness reigned, broken only, at times, by the troubled groan of tossing patients, who were perhaps dreaming of home, and friends far away. Charlie laid quiet, almost breathless, in his unconsciousness. Mrs. Lyle, agonized and tearful, yet still clinging to a desperate hope, sat by his bedside, holding on her lap little Phil Nourse, whom she was trying to soothe and comfort in his feverish fretfulness. That pale mother-face, lying back in the val-

ley, was ever pleadingly before her, and the orphan boy was her tender care. Sitting in the mournful silence, the events of the past few weeks flitted in dreary succession before her. She was almost paralyzed with grief. Charlie gave a sudden start, and, looking wildly about him for a moment, shrieked aloud the name of "mother!" and, sinking back, was as one dead. Was this, then, the final blow? She uttered a pleading cry, stroked his cold forehead, hugged the orphan baby still more closely to her heart, and sank back in a swoon.

"Then whisper'd the angel of mothers  
To the watcher, in gentle tone,  
'One so kind to the children of others  
Doth richly deserve her own.'"

Charlie was given back to her, as one alive from the dead. The blackened cloud began to unfold its silver lining.

Ministering often ends in being ministered unto. Bread cast upon the waters is sure to find its way back, after many days. Winter had given place to spring, and Mrs. Lyle, with her family (now reduced to seven members), was anchored again at the homestead of the planter, who had, so unwittingly, bequeathed her such a heritage of woe. His house had once been her protection—she was now to be its defense. His own sickness had proved fatal; and Mrs. Lyle had been sought out by the widow, to afford at the same time fellowship and security. Smuggled goods, for the Confederacy, had been discovered secreted about the place; and, although consciously innocent herself, her property was threatened with confiscation. By her trials and persecutions, Mrs. Lyle had become well known to the Federal authorities, who were disposed to render her generous assistance. Her presence at the plantation would insure its safety. The offer of the widow was munificent: liberal provision for all her family wants—supplies for the needed plantation hands—the entire jurisdiction of

the place, and an equal share in the crop. With the details of cotton-raising she was amply familiar; a good overseer was already on the spot; and, being so near the city, colored help was not difficult to secure. Even the patient oxen seemed to catch, instinctively, the situation of affairs, and bent eagerly to their task, as if ambitious of doing their part in replenishing an impoverished family exchequer. The heavens were propitious with sunshine and rain, and an abundant crop rewarded patient toil.

A single notable incident enlivened the dull monotone of daily plantation life. Charlie had gone to town on some household commission, and was passing down a frequented street where a quartermaster's sale of condemned stock was going on. A man emerged from the crowd leading a fleet-limbed animal, with glossy mane and flowing tail, and a neck still proudly arched, though spurs had seamed and scarred his lean, weather-beaten sides, and the significant "I. C." flared ignominiously from his shapely flank.

"There's Nebo!" shouted Charlie; and, with a bound, he sprang to the side of the animal. "That's my colt, sir—my colt!"—and his face flushed with a joyful excitement that gave full attestation to the assertion.

"Your colt?—the deuce it is! Why, I've just planked fifty dollars for him. Don't you see that?"—pointing to the hateful brand.

"O yes; I see! But won't you let me talk a bit to the colt, and I'll show you he was mine. He was stolen, sir—stolen over in White County. Here, Nebo!" and Charlie proffered a lump of sugar, which he had taken from a package on his arm. At the sound of his name, the animal pricked up his ears in a knowing way, and his flashing eye kindled with a new fire. Charlie patted him caressingly, as he repeated the question: "I say, Nebo! do you want this

lump of sugar? If you do, up with your white foot!"

With a sniff of recognition, Nebo lifted the dainty limb, once so supple, but now perceptibly stiffened with hard usage, yet still awkwardly obedient to the behests of its young trainer. Without a word of protest, the generous dealer placed the halter in Charlie's hand, saying, "Here, my boy! take your colt; you well deserve it. I'm no stranger to horses; but that beats all, in the way of horse-sense, that I ever saw." Charlie once prophesied that Nebo would do wonders, yet; the prediction was likely to be fulfilled.

A year had elapsed since their exodus from home; still, no tidings of the fugitives, although letters and messages had been dispatched in every direction. They were undoubtedly dead. Hardship and exposure, or the hand of the assassin, had accomplished the work. It was the anniversary of that dreadful December day, which, opening in conflagrations, found every stall empty, and the rude ox-team their *dernier ressort* for flight. Mrs. Lyle and the widow had been in town all day, purchasing a stock of winter supplies. It was the dusk of evening, and they were slowly approaching home. Mrs. Lyle's thoughts were busy with the past. Nebo, who was in front of the carryall, was doing his best, but showed evident signs of fatigue;—the roads were heavy, and his wonted vigor had not yet returned. Two men, suddenly emerging from a by-path, eyed them with a scrutiny well calculated to awaken suspicion and alarm. Their gaze seemed riveted on Nebo, who, just now, was tugging heroically with the deep ruts of the road. Through the increasing darkness, the shadowy outlines of figures were but dimly visible. They drew near, as if to seize the bridle.

"What do you want?" Mrs. Lyle's voice was firm and commanding in emphasis; but the music of its tone was



not to be disguised—it disclosed its ownership.

“Want? why we want *you*, my precious wife! God be praised, we have found you at last!”

But the woman at her side was not Mrs. Nourse. For *him*, the comrade of the speaker, there remained a mournful recital, which was the grave of hope.

The story of the wanderers is soon told. They had reached the Federal lines—enlisted in the Union service—fought in many a battle—been shut up in hospital from sickness and wounds; and, obtaining a furlough at the first opportunity, had hurried back to their homes, to find nothing but desolation—not a house remaining. Not a trace of their families could be discovered. Their route had been eastward—this was all they could learn. Reaching Memphis, they had obtained a clue to their whereabouts, and were prosecuting the search when Nebo presented himself, and was instantly recognized. Verily, he had “done wonders!”

Peace had once more unfolded her fair pinions over a distracted land. The exiles had returned to their homes, beyond the White River. The product of the cotton crop sufficed to rebuild the Lyle farm-house. But poor Philip Nourse—what had he? A few acres of overgrown, neglected land—a share in the contents of the unmolested stone jar, buried in the cave—little Phil, well kept

and rosy-cheeked, a perpetual reminder of one gone—a stranded and bitter spirit: these were all that remained to him. There was not even a mound on the hillside to tell of the sweet and loving child-wife.

A protracted civil war leaves many claims for adjustment. Unhappily they are not all of a monetary nature. Vengeance, deep-brooding over dire cruelty, sometimes refuses to sheathe the blood-stained sword.

Foreman had returned unharmed to his native soil, and to the practice of his profession. His legal acumen, however, did not avail to protect him from a stray bullet that went whizzing through the open window of his dwelling, to find a lodgment in his heart. If sent in retribution by a foe, he was never discovered; and efforts to unearth him were not gigantic.

During their long banishment, Charlie had made numerous friends, both in the army and outside. Among the former were those who insisted that he should be fortified against possible future exigencies, by a thorough education at the expense of the Government, in one of the first military schools of the country.

“Go! my dear boy,” said Mrs. Lyle. “Your country may need your best service, by and by; and Nebo may yet ‘do wonders’ as your war-horse—who can tell? But Heaven forbid that you should ever ride forth to the dreadful conflicts of another civil war!”

## THE CITY AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

WHEN the world was younger, the sites of cities were often the offspring of the merest freak or fancy of emperors and kings. The capital was certain to be the largest city of the realm; and ocean commerce being an undreamed-of thing, only three considerations were entertained by even the wisest rulers—and those were the geographical centre, the centre of population, and the adaptability to defense against the raids of enemies. The great cities of the world were all inland cities, and the greatest of men failed to appreciate the design of the Creator in ordering three-fourths of the surface of the globe into “a vast waste of waters.”

Later in the world's history, a contest sprang up between inland trade and traffic and a brisk coasting commerce, and the result was a compromise in selecting the sites of the larger cities. The cities of modern Europe are, therefore, generally located near the head of navigation upon the largest rivers, where the great freight-wagon and the small watercraft could come together and exchange their burdens. Then the railroads had not annihilated land, nor ocean steamships water.

But the nineteenth century has witnessed the preponderance of ocean commerce, and the inference is inevitable that the great cities of the world must henceforth be maritime cities. The ship of largest draught and the railroad of greatest length have decided the question of future metropolitan grandeur and superiority. Hence, ancient Pekin must go to Canton, Rome to Naples and Venice, London to Liverpool, and Paris to Havre and Marseilles—as Moscow has already gone to St. Petersburg.

In this view, San Francisco looms up as the great future metropolis of the western coast of a whole continent. Not the comparatively insulated San Francisco of to-day, but the grander city which shall embrace the whole population upon her magnificent bay, connected by highways across the water; whose mammoth structures shall present the perfected skill of the Iron Age, combined with the solid masonry of the Stone Age, as the city itself will mingle the elements of the past and present in the temples dedicated in the name of all the great prophets and religions which have swayed the different races of mankind for two thousand years; a city of different races and diverse religions, all to be assimilated and absorbed by the better race and the better religion. There have been cities teeming with an almost innumerable population in the past, when ocean commerce was unknown. If to their meagre facilities for creating and condensing population were added the possibilities of our modern appliances, prominent among which are the steamship and the railroad, we should be able to approximate to an idea of the magnitude of the great cities of the future which will be the most favorably located for combining inland trade and foreign commerce. But the commercial chart of the future, embracing those favored localities, can not be drawn without an adequate forecast of the possibilities of Oriental commerce, and of the main channel through which it will seek the western world.

If a merchant, endowed with one of those rare intellects capable of comprehending the commercial geography of the earth, the growth and resources of

commercial nations, the common principles of political economy which underlie the prosperity of cities, and possessing a matured experience in the higher walks of his profession, were asked to designate the site for a city upon the commercial map of the future, the one most fortunately located for foreign and inland trade and commerce and domestic manufactures, bearing in mind the increasing importance and the unrivaled possibilities of Oriental trade, together with the mineral and agricultural resources of the Pacific Coast, he would unhesitatingly locate that site upon the harbor of San Francisco.

It is by no means an easy matter to determine where the future commercial emporium of the world is, or is to be, located; but if the spirit and enterprise of the people corresponded to the natural advantages of the place, the weight of enlightened opinion would favor the designation of San Francisco. But as Archimedes required a *place* on which to put his lever in order to move the world, so a place requires an *Archimedes* in order to produce the same effect. It must be confessed that there is nothing in the past or present of San Francisco to denote that the right place has found the right people to develop its great natural advantages.

Daniel Webster once said of the peculiarity of the profession of law, that to be a good lawyer the man of genius must study just as assiduously as though he did not possess a single spark of genius. It is very much with cities as with lawyers. No natural advantages will compensate for the absence of enterprise and public spirit; although, as with the lawyer, where these are united with great natural advantages, the greatest possible effect is produced. No one believes that the New York of sixty years ago would have become the great emporium that she is to-day, if she had delayed till the days of railroads that

wonderful artificial river which connects her with the inland oceans of the continent and those vast prairies of the West where is to be found the home of agriculture and stock-raising. Had she failed in enterprise at the birth of enterprise in America, she would now rank with the second or third cities of the Union. Who does not believe that the same enterprise and public spirit in St. Louis, that has made Chicago what she is, would have given the former city a population of half a million? Chicago, that modern wonder of the world, like Sacramento, borrowed from abroad the very foundation on which she stands. Situated upon low, marshy ground, upon the border of a vast plain, over which the winds and tempests sweep with the besom of destruction, fanning conflagrations that seem the work of the infernal regions; where the Winter-king reigns during long months of each year, with a rigor that almost congeals the very agents that mark his power; in defiance of all drawbacks, there she stands—the city of unrivaled growth in population, wealth and power. Cincinnati and St. Louis, both better located, and having many years the start in the race for superiority, are already both distanced, and scarcely regarded as rivals, although they scorned Chicago “in the day of her small things.”

It is easy to understand how Chicago might now be a town of seventy-five thousand inhabitants; but it is not so easy to see how San Francisco could possibly be less populous than she is. With an unrivaled position upon the continent, and starting at a period of most remarkable and fortunate events to speed her growth, with a harbor of unequaled proportions and security for shipping, at the mouth of two large rivers which, extending north and south, drain their rich valleys for hundreds of miles; looking out upon the broad Pacific, with its highways from the Orient converging at

her harbor; with the control of the rich trade of China, Japan, Australia, and the islands of the sea, to be had for the asking; with innumerable inland mines and an endless coast commerce; with an agricultural background capable of producing without limit cereals, wines, silks, cotton and wool—with all these resources, and with no rival on the coast, San Francisco could not but grow, in spite of herself. But her growth has been, and is, in spite of herself, for she has merely accepted the gifts that the gods sent her, and there rested. She has not a public work of any kind, and never had a municipal policy. She controls no railroads, no lines of ocean steamships, no works of internal improvements—and yet she boasts unnumbered princes, hedged about with millions of capital. Her habits and her methods of business are still provincial, and her scope of vision can scarcely pierce the horizon that encircles her city limits. In an age when railroads and steamships and manufactories are the recognized agents of human progress, she is content to pocket the commissions which she levies upon the productions of the surrounding country, the tolls of the Golden Gate, and the one per cent. per month with which she cripples struggling enterprises. Her merchant princes are stock-jobbers, and her capitalists are land and mine and wild-cat speculators; Shylock sitting at the receipt of customs, and selfishness forging the chains of the blind votaries of chance!

Instead of being the nursery of budding enterprises, the patron of grand undertakings, and the seat of political economy, she invests her faith in the omnipotence of the natural advantages of her location, and will neither go to the mountain nor compel the mountain to come to her. Can not the world spare her, from its vast treasury of representative men, at least one De Witt Clinton,

one Astor, or Girard, or Lawrence, or Bright?

The man of Chicago loves Chicago first, and himself last; the man of San Francisco loves himself first, and San Francisco last. Chicago has a city policy; and she goes to the Legislature or to Congress, for a right or a boon, with a united delegation backed by the support of her whole business population. San Francisco has no policy; and she goes to the Capitol for a right or a boon with a divided delegation, divided counsels, conflicting interests—and generally returns to find a plundered municipality.

The public spirit of the ancient Romans ordained, that all the grand highways of the world should lead to Rome. Modern thoroughfares may lead to San Francisco if they will, but there will be no compulsion about it. With millions of idle capital seeking opportunities for speculation, she still permits the enterprise of an interior village to project and build all her thoroughfares of trade and commerce, and then quarrels for privileges which only ownership can control. Now brought in competition with all the great cities of the continent and Europe, she still wears the provincial garb and indulges the provincial habits of her early isolation. With a thousand useful avenues open to profitable investment of foreign capital, she forces all that comes here into the old channels of speculation and usurious banking. Through emigrant-aid associations, she spreads circulars replete with glowing descriptions of an unrivaled climate, a rich virgin soil, and boundless homesteads; but it is work that the penniless immigrant wants when he lands upon her wharves, and she offers him none. She invites the enterprising manufacturer here, with declarations of unlimited resources of the raw material to stock his mills and feed his looms; but when he comes, she offers him no cheap capital with which to lay the foundation of her future Man-

chesters and Lowells, her Birminghams and Lynns.

San Francisco should become the ship-builder of the Union, and should control the carrying-trade of the Pacific. She can have but one rival; but that rival is a sleepless, energetic antagonist. England has appropriated the rich carrying-trade of our whole Atlantic coast. The masts of her vessels, and the smokestacks of her steamships stand like forest trees upon every bay, harbor, and inlet from Maine to Texas. Not a breeze that ruffles the ocean, nor a current that ripples its surface, that is not felt by some portion of her ubiquitous merchant marine. The rich harvests of the Atlantic, all its thoroughfares, are hers; and nothing can deprive her of them save one of those terrible visitations—a national war. She must continue the sail-or and ship-builder of the Atlantic; for such is the calling of her island people—she has the power, and is in possession.

But there is a broader ocean, with unclaimed highways, grander possibilities of commerce, a richer harvest, and a mightier field. Centrally located upon its border—the lumber-yard of the continent upon the north, the boundless productions of the tropics upon the south, the granary, the mineral vaults, the silk and cotton fields of the Pacific Coast stretching their unnumbered acres in the background—stands San Francisco, all unmoved; seemingly unconscious of her duty and her destiny. Looking out upon the only field that is left to American marine enterprise, she makes no effort, enters no protest, against its occupation by the same power that is now paramount upon the Atlantic.

But not alone is her mission material; it is intellectual and moral as well. With her commerce must go her civilization and her religion, her language and laws.

From her position, she must stand as the representative of the United States

to the Oriental nations. To Europe, we present Boston as the exponent of our civilization, and New York of our commercial character. But to Asia, San Francisco must stand as the exponent of both, with the national religion added. Her mission is, therefore, three-fold, and her responsibility in the same proportion. The evidence is not yet visible that she is equal or will be equal to her mission. In time she may outgrow the speculative tendency of her childhood, born of the habit of risking everything on chance, and dedicate herself to the production of legitimate results.

Candor compels the acknowledgment, however, that there have been palliating causes for the ruling passion of speculation which controls too many men of affluence, and deals the death-blow to the cordial adoption of any intelligent city policy for the inception and prosecution of useful public enterprises. Mining was for years the main pursuit, and is still one of the leading pursuits of the people of this coast; and although, in itself, a perfectly legitimate occupation, yet its well-known hazardous and exciting character has undoubtedly generated and invoked the spirit of gambling and speculation that is repeating upon California Street a scarcely improved edition of the notorious Wall Street of New York. To the score of mining, therefore, we may charge the instigation of the mania that warps the public judgment, dwarfs public enterprise, and undermines that pride of city without which nothing great can ever be accomplished.

The mines of California shed a priceless blessing on the nation just at the critical moment when the nation must have a blessing no less pure and omnipotent than fine gold, to save her from foundering in the angry billows of disunion. But every sweet has its bitter; and the bitter alloy of this national blessing is exclusively to the profit-and-loss

account of California. Capital, it is well known, is cautious and conservative everywhere except here; and it is peculiarly so here, except in speculation. It is true, manufactures can not be expected to spring up in a day, even in this, the finest field in the world for them; but they should not be allowed to languish in their infancy, with their substantial security, for want of adequate and necessary means at moderate, living rates, while the wildest of "wild-cat" collaterals command ready discount—though, of course, at speculative rates. No matter what the hazard, so long as there is a speculative margin in the heavy discount.

Eastern capitalists may not have the same or so good reason for withholding their fostering care from internal improvements, public enterprises, and home manufactures. Their plethoric, unemployed means, and the lower ruling rates of interest, often force them into

worthy enterprises for which they deserve little credit on the score of humanitarian impulse or public spirit. But one can always find there noble exceptions, of men who, having amassed a fortune greater than they can reasonably enjoy, use it to employ, at remunerative rates, the labor of their less fortunate but equally worthy fellow-men, and who feel that there is a mission above mere money-making, or bold, unscrupulous and oppressive money-using.

We hope—nay, confidently believe, for signs are already visible—that the immediate future will develop among us at least a sufficient number of worthy examples to form a nucleus, around which may centre a redeeming spirit of enterprise and brotherly aid, which is undoubtedly abundant, but extremely latent and dormant in the will and energies of those who have the power to set the world in motion.

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#### THE THRUST IN TIERCE.

"TOUCHÉ."

"No."

"I appeal. Judgment, judgment."

"A clear hit, gentlemen. Monsieur Paul, you improve. Monsieur Gabriel, you are weak in carte. Let me show you;" and Jean Petit, our fencing-master, took the foil from Gabriel's hand, and threw himself into the correct attitude.

"So," said the master, glancing critically along his blade, from the hilt to the button, "you err, Monsieur, in that bend of the elbow. Now, see, my arm covers the body, and half an inch throws my adversary's blade out of line."

"Another bout," cried Gabriel, "and a bottle of champagne on the result."

They cross blades, and advance and

retreat, and lunge and parry, while Jean Petit looks on with interest.

"*Touché.*"

"Yes, Gabriel, a clear hit," said I.

"Granted; at it again. *En garde.*"

We were all three of us attending a course of lectures on *Materia Medica* at — College, in the south of London; and Jean Petit, the "amiable exile," as we dubbed him, instructed us in the mysteries of "carte" and "tierce," at three shillings a week per man. Cheap enough, heaven knows; for the poor fellow labored as conscientiously in his vocation as if we were being drilled for field marshals of France, and the honor of the glory-loving nation depended on our proficiency.

Paul and Gabriel were about my own

age—that is to say, in the neighborhood of two-and-twenty. Although warm friends, there raged between them a constant struggle for the supremacy in out-door games, in studies, in boxing, fencing, and every pursuit to which the mind of the student youth inclines. Gabriel was the most muscular of the two; but Paul was the most skillful, and generally carried off the prize from his weightier but less expert rival. I often feared that this incessant rivalry might at some time or other be the cause of an outbreak between the friends. Once I said to Paul:

“How will it be if your unremitting struggle with Gabriel should extend to the fair sex, Paul?”

“Never fear, old fellow,” he answered, merrily, “Gabriel’s taste leans toward the blonde beauties, and I am heart and soul devoted to brunettes. In this respect, I assure you, you need fear no outbreak, nor, indeed, in any, for we are too good friends to quarrel.”

Arm-in-arm, we left old Jean Petit’s academy, and strolled toward Gabriel’s room, for a friendly pipe. Once established in his snug quarters, we dispatched a trim maid-servant—the fair goddess of the lodging-house—for a quart of half-and-half, to help the tobacco.

“Just noon,” said Paul, looking at his watch. “I had a letter from the governor to-day, containing a small remittance, to supply the inevitable necessities of existence, and consequently feel inclined for a spree. What do you fellows say to a pull on the river?”

“Agreed,” said I; “mind, none of your racing, high-pressure pulls, but a gentle drift for half a dozen miles, and nothing too violent to interfere with the placid enjoyment of a pipe.”

“O, you lazy rascal!” cried the chums in chorus; “but off we go, high-pressure or low-pressure.”

We were out of the London smoke, moving dreamily by the villa-studded

banks of the river, now sweeping by a drowsy angler bobbing for perch, and again an object of admiration to the nursery-maids and their broods, who lazily watched us from the bank. Occasionally a trim racing-boat, pulled by trained rowers, whose bared arms showed magnificent muscular development, foamed by us, and we laughed in our superior wisdom at their painful exertions on that hot afternoon.

“Let us lay on our oars,” said I, “and I’ll give you a surprise.”

“Bring it along,” laughed Paul, flinging his oars on board.

I drew from under the stern a jar of cold punch, which I had concealed for an agreeable thunder-clap to the party when the desire for such an ingredient should begin to develop itself. We hob-nobbed, and Gabriel proposed a toast, “The provider of the feast,” which I responded to, and Paul made a short speech, in the course of which he referred to the unbounded liberality that had always characterized medical students, and of which he begged to point to his friend in the stern (meaning me) as a shining example.

“A thousand suns will shine on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver;  
But not by thee my steps shall be  
Forever and forever,”

spouted Paul, as he lay at full length on the thwarts. “Who can say when we three will float along thusly again?”

“Your pardon, gentlemen.”

We started, and lo! in our relaxation into cold punch and tobacco, we had run, or rather drifted, into a tiny skiff, which a rosy-cheeked girl, costumed in bewitching white, and with the sauciest of gipsy hats, was paddling a short distance from the bank.

“A thousand pardons,” apologized Gabriel; and then, after a prolonged stare, which the lady returned with interest, “By George! it is Laura Summers. Laura, don’t you know me?”

"Cousin Gabriel, I knew you three minutes ago," quoth the fair rower, demurely, "and heard your voice before you turned yonder bend of the river."

"Charley — Paul — let me introduce you. My cousin, Miss Summers."

We pulled off our boating-caps and let our boat run alongside the skiff, into which Gabriel clambered, and took the sculls from the lady.

"Why, how long have you been here, Laura?"

"About a week. We took this place for the summer; papa is delighted with it, and catches any quantity of perch every evening when he returns from town."

"Laura, we're awfully hungry," whispered Gabriel; "what hour does the old gentleman dine?"

A whispered conversation followed, at the conclusion of which we were invited to step ashore and spend the evening at Riverside Villa, for so Miss Summer's country nook was called. And, indeed, we enjoyed the prospect of an adventure. When a man is hungry, there is a spice of novelty about taking up his quarters and feeding with people whose *personnel* he has no idea of, and of whom he hopes rare things, in the dinner line. Then, a stranger, introduced by *un ami de la famille*, has so many privileges, and everybody is anxious to find out what stuff he is made of, so that, on the whole, the novelty is delightful. Ten minutes after our introduction, we were all three dressing for dinner, which dressing consisted of a total ablution, a turned collar, and a general brush down to improve the texture of our boating-clothes.

"What do you think of it?" said Paul to me, as we waited impatiently, it must be confessed, the tinkle of the dinner-bell.

"Jolly, my boy, jolly. Don't you think the fair Laura is sweet?"

"Do you know, Gabriel has often raved to me about his cousin, and I have

chaffed him ever so many times on the subject of his lady-love. I'm going in to-night to make him jealous."

"Don't do anything foolish, Paul," said I, cautiously, as we walked toward the dining-room.

Mr. Summers and his wife treated us to a cordial shake-hands, and seemed to hold medical students in an exalted and unusual light, indeed. He thought a few days at Riverside Villa would be a healthy relaxation, after the fatigue of our studies, assured us that the perch-fishing was excellent, and that Laura would exert all her powers to entertain us, if we could possibly remain. Paul was willing, and remembered that our next lecture would not come off for several days; and, for my part, being a much harder student than either of my companions, I really felt the necessity of a little draught of country-life. And so we agreed to remain for three days.

That evening Paul was evidently on his best behavior. He was well versed in the many little arts that please women, and had an excellent baritone voice. I could see that Gabriel was longing to have Miss Laura to himself, to talk over old times, and perhaps, I conjectured, renew some soft promises that might have passed between them. But she seemed to be completely taken up with Paul, and they sang duets together; and, isolating themselves from us, appeared to be deep in a strong flirtation. Mr. Summers fell asleep over the evening paper; Mrs. Summers dozed over the worsted-work; and Gabriel and myself examined a book of prints; while Paul and Laura chatted in a low voice beside the piano. I could see that Gabriel was slightly annoyed, and I regretted the resolution which Paul had evidently formed in regard to making his chum desperately jealous.

The next morning we all rose early for a swim in the river.

"Jolly girl that cousin of yours," said



Paul, gaily, as he prepared to take a header.

"Laura, I'm inclined to think, has more beauty than sense," answered Gabriel, dryly, pulling off his boots and stockings in a sulky sort of a way.

"Were you ever in love, Paul?" said I, jocosely, wishing to give the conversation a bantering turn. But Paul was spluttering and floundering ten yards off in the river.

"I don't think it fair," said Gabriel to me, confidentially, "that Paul should make such a determined attempt to flirt with Laura. She is about half-engaged to me; the old gentleman has consented, and Paul knows this. Why should he endeavor to make himself disagreeable in this way?"

"Pshaw! 'tis only his confounded levity. Never mind him, Gabriel."

"But I will mind him; and though I may be very wrong, I confess that I never felt more inclined to quarrel with him than at this moment."

I was back in London. I had left Paul and Gabriel at Riverside Villa to fight it out between them for the smiles of the fair Laura. I was working hard, for the time approached when I should go up for my degree. Three days after my departure, I had a short note from Paul, stating that Summers had extended his invitation to a couple of weeks, and asking me to send him down a certain number of his medical works. This I did, muttering as I put them in the office, "I don't think, Mr. Paul, that your studies will occupy a large portion of the two weeks you intend spending at Riverside Villa."

One evening, while I was poring over a skeleton that I had purchased a week before, Gabriel presented himself.

"I'm glad to see you, old fellow," I shouted, jumping up and taking his hand. He grasped mine cordially and sat down. I noticed, with uneasiness, that his frank,

jolly look was changed to a sort of brooding, angry expression, very unusual indeed to his open countenance.

"How are the people at the villa," I asked; "and did you bring Paul along with you?"

Gabriel struck his hand on the table with an energy that shook the vertebrae of my poor skeleton all out of place, and said, "Paul is no longer a friend of mine; he has wronged me, and must answer for it."

"What do you mean?" asked I, in amazement.

"I knew how it would be," said Gabriel, walking restlessly up and down my narrow room; "Laura is a silly girl, and Paul's fine speeches and opera songs, and all that sort of silly stuff, were too much for her weak brain. Well, the end of it is, we have broken off our engagement—for we were engaged, although I did not tell you so before—and I have left my friend" (this very bitterly) "master of the situation and the lady's heart, I suppose."

"Why, Gabriel, you don't mean this, surely?" said I, shocked at the condition of affairs, and still unwilling to believe that Paul could have been so totally regardless of all principle as to willfully put himself between Gabriel and his betrothed.

"Don't I? Ay, indeed I do. But I will not act the fool—rely on me for that."

"Still, this may be only a freak of the girl's. You know, women always like to tantalize their lovers."

"'Tis no freak!"

"She's not in earnest?"

"Earnest or no earnest, I've done with her forever. I saw too much of her conduct with Mr. Paul ever to bother myself about her again."

Of Paul I saw nothing for a week. One afternoon, wearied with hard study, I sauntered into the academy of Jean Petit. Two or three pupils were lung-

ing furiously at targets, under the direction of the master.

"Ah, Monsieur! Glad to see you," cried the exile, joyously. "It is long since you and Monsieur Paul and Monsieur Gabriel have honored my poor place with your presence."

Hardly had I received his welcome, when the door opened, and Paul and Gabriel entered. I was astonished that they should be together again, and I shook them both warmly by the hand.

"Why, Paul, how thin you are!" I remarked. "And you, Gabriel, seem white as chalk! The country did not agree with either of you," I added, slyly, conjecturing that the little difference about Laura had been all settled.

"Give us the foils for a bout, Monsieur Jean," said Gabriel, not heeding my remark.

"Ha! I am glad to see you cross blades again," chuckled the master, as, after a moment's conference, the fencers came on guard. "You are two of my best pupils. But, gentlemen, your masks are forgotten!"

"Nonsense, Jean Petit! Don't you think we know how to take care of our faces by this time, after all your teaching?" said Paul.

They fenced rapidly, and well.

"Mind your tierce-guard, Paul!" shouted the master, who watched their skill with proud and delighted eyes.

He was standing by me, and together we remarked that both Paul and Gabriel seemed to be on their mettle. Their foils crossed and disengaged like a flash—they advanced and retreated, and feinted and parried, in a style I had never seen either approach before.

"Be careful about that tierce!" warned Jean Petit again. And then, after a moment's pause, as if something un-

sual had occurred, and startled him, he cried, "Pardieu, Monsieurs! this must stop! Throw down your foils at once!" And he was rushing between the fencers, when Gabriel's blade struck Paul in tierce, and, to my utter astonishment, pierced him in the side. He was falling, when Jean Petit caught him in his arms.

"My God!" I ejaculated, "what accident is this?"

Paul was lying on the floor, bleeding profusely from the wound in his side; and then I discovered that both foils were without buttons.

"Here are the facts," said Gabriel, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion. "You know we quarreled; and we decided to fight it out here, with Jean Petit's foils. You see the result. We broke the buttons off before we engaged. O, Paul! Paul! are you much hurt?—are you dying?" And he knelt beside the wounded student.

"He is dead, Monsieur!" said Jean Petit, solemnly laying the head of our poor Paul reverentially on the floor.

A grave in the wilds of Australia contains the dust of Gabriel. He could not bear to live in England, after the duel in which he slew his once darling friend. The true facts of the affair were never brought to light. The newspapers had a paragraph warning fencers to be careful that their foils were buttoned before engaging. Of Laura Summers, I heard, a year after the death of Paul, that she married a wealthy corn-dealer, and was a most exemplary wife. I often wondered if the wreck of two gallant gentlemen, the friends whom I loved indeed, ever troubled her dreams.

Jean Petit still prospers with his fencing-school. The history of the bout on that fatal day has never passed his lips.

## ULTRAWA.—No. IV.

## WHAMPLE'S WAYS.

TWO spots in Bay Coast are all agog this afternoon. One is the "Long-Shore Tavern." Its critics call it the "Cavern," and the villagers the "Larng-Shore House." The other is the dwelling of Mrs. Charger, and her daughter, Harriet Amanda. Perhaps it may not be amiss to mention the additional circumstance, that the husband of Mrs. Charger, and father of "our Hatty Mandy," is an inmate of the same abode. Said inmate wears a dejected look at this hour, not without occasion, for Mrs. Charger has laid out his "clean things" upon a chair, and bids him put them on. He feels put upon, already, by the bare thought. That mysterious institution, which Mrs. Charger calls "common decency," compresses him as with a straight-jacket. The collar that should be stuck up on either cheek, sticking under his chin, clamps him like a garrote.

It does seem to him, that, for a well man, a sane man, a warm and comfortable man, to be undone in such a fashion, at high noon, is needlessly abject, and suggestive of sickness or surgery. He sympathizes now with those innocent babes that screech against being washed and dressed, and protest upon the lap of Fortune, with blazing foreheads and hopeless but indignant kicks. As for his hands and face, "they have both been washed once to-day a'ready," is his timid snarl to Mrs. Charger. "O, wot's the use? There's no sense into it. And wot are they all a-cumin' here again to-day *fur*? It was only last week that the hull lot wus together to Mis' Caddington's. Bodder to it."

"Bodder to it" is Mr. Charger's pet proverb, except when, with remarkable

contradiction, he sets it crosswise—namely, "Don't bodder." On rare occasions, he doubles it up and redoubles it, "Don't bodder—bodder to it!"

At present his opinions may be said to be filed, as undoubtedly his thoughts and features equally are rasped; for Mrs. Charger, as he says, "suspects company to tea," and her suspicions are well-founded. The feminine society of the neighborhood take tea together, it appears, "oncet or twicet every week." Another husband and father is wont to complain that "they are all the time goin' out to take tea."

Upon these festive afternoons it is expected of the lord of the manor that he get home early, don his best raiment, and "sit up"—usually on the extreme edge of a chair—"to help entertain." The spectacle might be entertaining to the heartless—the spectacle of a lone man amid a group of busy-tongued women; but it was rather rough on him, inasmuch as no male visitors were expected to arrive until the moment came to "sit up to tea"—that is, to sit down at table—which did not take place until five o'clock, in quality-circles; and, in the exclusive presence of ladies, no chivalrous Charger would be caught saying "Bodder to it," nor even "Don't bodder," however apposite these phrases might appear; but merely such courteous words as these, "No, marm—no marm, no;" or, "Yes, marm, yes;" or, "It is but dusty," and "What a powerful sight of rain we had last year this time;" "How is your husband and children, Mrs. Jones?—and Mr. Jones, how is he?" "It is a great blessing to have good health."

This afternoon, however, Mr. Charger

is soon relieved, as each succeeding flurry of a dress whisks him tenderly into obscurity; and the conversation—rising in its tide to a very surf—beaches him high and dry. Why, O! why, ladies—his inmost spirit asks you why—may not his numb feet take him to the friendly barn, whose gable-end beams cordially and coaxingly upon him through the—we were going to say gratings—casements of the parlor! Because, alas! because he must not track mud into that parlor, nor forget that his clean things have been put upon him.

But now the table has its clean things put upon it; so superior is the array of table-cloth and service to the common spread of every day.

Heavy boots are audible upon the porch. More than usual eagerness is shown, by more than usual prinking; for it is understood that Mr. Caddington will “fetch that Mr. Whample” to take tea.

Mr. Whample is a city gent, of no little elegance, who has been stopping for some days at the Long-Shore Tavern, with a view, it is said, to enjoy a little fishing and hunting; and, assuredly, no two words in our mother tongue could better describe Mr. Whample's purpose, or Mr. Whample's manners. In fact, so fond of these sports is he, that he practises them among his fellow-men, and moves toward them like one disguising a fishing-line, or lowering a shot-gun, and ever asking sportively of himself, “Well, Whample, what luck? Caught anything to-day, Whample?”

Whample is so affable that already he has made many acquaintances in the village—founding them chiefly on a remarkable ability he has of recalling some interview which he had with the same party elsewhere; some mutual acquaintance, making the party ashamed because unable to recall the same, or anything resembling the same.

Whample having met Mr. Caddington

in business circles, the latter has been instructed by Mrs. Caddington, to fetch Whample to Mrs. Charger's tea. “For,” says Mrs. Caddington to her hostess, “he must be rich to do as he does; not that that is of any consequence, but the scriptures says, we must entertain angels, as strangers, unawares.”

Mr. Whample is a junior partner of a legal firm, which is reported to do a little illegal business once in awhile—just for variety. This is the firm which has pounced upon a flaw in the title of the property held by the late Mrs. Stewart, and by her bequeathed to Calla Conrad.

Whample is sure to recall your image. “Where was it that I met *you*?” Or, “I used to know a person of your name; often did business with him; built the same way, too, only a trifle slimmer. Were *you* always as heavy as you are now?”

Whample is “fetched” by Mr. Caddington, and by him duly made over to Mrs. Caddington, as a heavy package, by express, *via* Charger. Mrs. Caddington introduces him, first, generally: “Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Whample.” Next, personally, to Mrs. Charger and Harriet Amanda, who “have so often heard of him,” and “have so wished to know him;”—whereupon he: “Let me see—are they relatives of the Massachusetts Chargers?—certainly there is a family likeness.”—“Little Miss Plimley, who is “delighted to meet Mr. Whamper.” “Now, reelly, will he give her now his honest opinion, reelly and truly—does he like Bay Coast?” For her part she “likes the city best.” She “should die if it were not for Broadway—reelly and truly.” She “actially should.” She “loves Bay Coast, but Broadway is the place for me—‘*par* eminence, *mar* excellence,’ as the French say.” “Oh! but does he dance?” She “should die if it were not for dancing—reelly and truly now, she actially should.” “Now, *does* he like Bay Coast?”

While he: "Primrose — Primrose! may I ask if you ever had a brother of that name — a remarkably handsome young man, who was in a bank, or something? Appears to me you don't look unlike him." *Answer*: "Not that she remembers; but she had a grandmother, and, now she thought of it, grandmother used to keep some money in a bank."

To Miss Georgiana Perk, who makes him an exceedingly stiff and stately bow, ending in meek obeisance, and rolls her eyes reproachfully upon him, but forgivingly, at last, as who should say: "Fear not; this is the way to greet a perfect stranger. I am not like the rest, you see; this is extreme high-breeding."

To Mrs. Parner — one of those stern-visaged women, whose hearts are full of sweetness, whose tones are so sensible as to take the nonsense out of you, and ways so true as to make a very knave honest while he talks to them; who look like termagants until they look right at you and speak to you, when lo! they turn out to be such as you would choose for friends: to Mrs. Parner—who gives him a reassuring nod of simple greeting which makes him say to himself that that homely one is the handsomest person in the room; and somehow he finds himself unable, at the instant, to recall any Parner, with whom he used to go to school, or transact business.

Last, not least, to "old Job Toll" and his older sister, Aunt Rojanna, the latter of whom gazes at him over her spectacles, and deigns no other recognition than to take them off and put them on again, plying her needle to a fierce jerk that breaks the thread.

Job, however, is disposed to go into particulars; and when Mr. Whample blandly requests to be informed "whether this is *the* Mr. Toll—Mr. *Job* Toll—whose market-wagon, with its early vegetables, is so popular in the city," Job insists upon being informed "what it is

so popular about," and whether "them cityfiers liked best them Jackson whites or them ere Chile reds," in respect to which Whample is undecided, as also as to whether his partners "have got their cabbages laid in;" Job appearing to suppose that a lawyer would provide on the same scale as a grocer—which, perhaps, in the matter of cabbaging might not be unlikely.

The talk, however — buzzing in separate corners, and on disconnected topics, like a scattered swarm of bees — suddenly settles thick upon the Conrad household—their life, lineage, ways, and manners; Whample bringing it back to that topic, by a casual word, whenever it diverges or flags, as follows:

"How that old DeLissey Place has spruced up latterly, since those Conners took it. I think you said the name was Conner, Mrs. Caddington?" "Conrad, I said," she answers. Again: "That's a queer old darky that goes about there on the hill; a sullen fellow, too. I asked him a question or two about the old roads, as I happened to be passing, but could get nothing out of him."

"Mr. Toll can, well, once tell you, all about him for all," exclaimed Mrs. Charger, multiplying her particles of speech in rich confusion, as is the fashion in Bay Coast. "Franz used to live with Mis' Stewart, and when her will was read, Franz had been willed to Miss Cally, and he went over, but for all, and carried that curious little chest with him which used to—well, once—stand under Mis' Stewart's high-post bedstead. Mr. Toll bought that strip of meadow-land from the Stewart Place."

Job Toll had a solemn and tender manner about him, a gravity of fixed features encircling ferret-like eyes which twinkled most inconsistently with their position. He invested the mention of trivial occurrences with a startling character. It was this which made people esteem him older than he was, and

gave him the distinctive epithet of "old Job Toll."

Add to this two other peculiarities—one, a habit of deprecating censure in matters with which he could not possibly be connected; the other, a way of telling, for news, what had happened years ago, when it came freshly to his mind.

Thus, when a neighbor, who had been absent for a year, met Mr. Toll, and hailed him: "How d'ye do, Job? Well, Job, what's the news, Job?" Mr. Toll, glancing about him, made reply, "Why, there's no *particular* news, except that Ennis has been and married Mary Brown"—referring thus to a wedding at which the two had met full five years before, and at which, in fact, the inquirer had officiated as groomsman—and, indeed, an Ennis, jr., bearing strong resemblance to her who had been "Mary Brown," was, at that identical minute, making mud-pies full in their view. Mr. Toll's other habit, of making premature protest against blame, seemed to be intense in proportion to the distance of the case, and the difficulty of supposing him to have anything to do with it whatever. When, for example, some one read to him the news of a big fire in the city, he took the precaution to plead, "I hope no one will blame it onto me—but it's a bad business." When, however, word arrived that the President had been assassinated, he exclaimed, in much more agitated tone, "This here is a judgment on our nation—but I hope no one ain't agoin' to blame it onto me."

"Mr. Toll," says Mrs. Charger, "you can, well, once, tell Mr. Whample, then, about Mr. Conrad, and Cally, and Mrs. Stewart."

Whereupon Whample, thinking to propitiate the matter by using the same vernacular, appeals, "*Do*, once, then, for all, but, though, Mr. Toll."

Every one looks up amazed, as if such style of speech were something new—

and the effect is a failure. Mrs. Charger stares; Mrs. Parner drops her threads, and looks perplexed; Harriet Amanda snickers outright; Mr. Charger, for the first and only time, breaks from his moorings, and mutters, audibly, "Bodder to it!—don't bodder!" while Aunt Rojanna re-adjusts her spectacles, and glowers grimly on the speaker.

Mr. Toll, however, quickly proceeds: "Mr. Whample, sir, Franz is a old nigger, and he always was. Franz, he was born a old nigger. He never did die yet"—announcing it as news—"and I don't know as he ever will. However, Mrs. Stewart, *she* died!"—looking round, to see how the company would bear these tidings.

"Why, that must have been, well, once, eight years ago," ejaculated Mrs. Charger.

"Yes, marm," says Job, "it were eight years ago"—glad to be corroborated. "I hope no one will blame it onto me; but there was a Will that willed it all to Cally Conrad, because her grandfather died so sudden. They say the mother had a fortune buried with her, or some kind of Will or 'nuther. It never was none of my business, and I hope no one ain't agoin' to blame it onto me; but I learn that they buried her very quick, and next to her father—*who has been shooting himself!*"—in an astounded way—"but it was giv out that she died of the plague, and that the plague was in the pack of papers. Some folks thought that was the reason she was buried so curus, and everybody kep away."

"Mis' Stewart's papers," added Job, "were all taken over to the old DeLissey Place in a old chest; Franz said he helped to carry it, and saw them open it, and it was chuck-full of papers. Franz, he went over and lived, because he was willed by the Will to live, with the Conrads—and Miss Cally is as proud of him as if he were a white man. The old

chest stands, now, in the back parlor. I see it there, when I went to pay fur my strip o' land."

Whample's eyes brightened at the intelligence. He gave a start, and stepped to the window, to look out. Returning, he changed the conversation, by addressing little Miss Plimley: "That Miss Conrad is fortunate. Is she handsome? Bay Coast seems to be a good soil for beauties. The Primroses, that I knew in New Jersey, were great belles; what relation did you say they were to you?"

"My! she doesn't let on that her name is *Plimley*," murmured Harriet Amanda.

Little Miss Plimley appeared, however, not ill-pleased with the compliment to the *Primroses*, and only too glad, on this as on every occasion, to revive the memory of her departed grandmother.

"Yes," says Miss Plimley, "Miss Calla *is* said to be a beauty; but she carries too much hair for me"—which was very true, as Miss Plimley's coiffure was plainly somewhat sparse, somewhat tight, and somewhat scrubby. "Grandmother always used to say, that if there was too much hair on the top of the head, it was sure to draw down a typhus fever. Don't you never marry a man with too much hair, Harriet"—sparklingly, to Miss Charger, whose only beau was as shaggy as a goat. "There was a girl lived opposite to grandmother's who had a splendid head of hair, once, and it drove her crazy. They cut it all, well, once, off in the asylum; for the doctor said nothing else could cure her."

"That Miss Conrad's grandfather shot himself, for love, or because his love deserted him—didn't he?" Mr. Whample asked.

"Did he?" cried Harriet Amanda—"Did he?" all the young ladies in a gush—"O yes, I have heard the story."

"What a love of a man!" exclaimed Miss Plimley. "I'm sure I'd marry

him, after that. I'd marry any man who had shot himself for love."

"But this man," said some one, "was already married. It was a case of desertion."

"Grandmother used to say," rejoined Miss Plimley, "that there *was* a man shot for desertion here, in the war; but whether because his girl deserted him, or he deserted her, I disremember; only grandmother saw a taploon of soldiers put in file, she said, to see him shot, and they marched by the house, and one of them took a drink at old Nyse's well. Old Nyse's well is up there now, near the old DeLissey Place; and they've lots of blackcaps there. Harriet Amanda! let's go berrying there, some day. Say, will you?"

The conversation now reverts to ordinary trifles. The tea-things clatter like the voices—the voices clatter like the tea-things; a pleasant medley. Whample already yawns a little, and even Caddington begins to fidget; when all at once there is a rushing heard overhead—the street-door slams with a quiver, and a loud voice responds to the meek servant's intimations, "O yes, I know there's company—I'll go down." And down comes, like an avalanche, Mr. Cham, the brother of Mrs. Charger, known as "Birdie Cham;" though what there was "birdy" about him was not evident—great mastodon that he was, tramping through things, and roaring, at the top of his voice, wherever he tramped. A right royal fellow, full of fun, whose rampant rollicking can nowhere be repressed—comes Cham—rushes over the meek servant—whisks up to each one severally, beginning with Miss Georgiana Perk, who is preparing to receive him with an excruciating bow—but no, he shakes her hand so heartily, that she winces with the squeeze, and draws it back in sheer amazement. Cham rushes at one and another, with some pleasant jeer for each; espies Whample, and, to

the universal consternation, bluffs him at his own game:

"Why, there's Whample! Is that *you*, Whample? How *are* you, then, old boy—Whample, old boy, how *are* you?"

Mr. Whample, who has not the remotest recollection of Mr. Cham, contrives to gasp: "My dear fellow, how are *you*? I am glad to see you. I can't quite recall your name, but your face is perfectly familiar. Its a curious feature of my memory that I never can remember names. I forget my own brother's name. But I am so glad to see you."

"Why, Whample!" exclaims Mr. Cham, "you remember Johnson, whom you used to go fishing with—don't you remember—down at Morford?"

"Remember!" exclaims Mr. Whample, gleefully. "As if I didn't; as if I ever could forget! Why, Johnson, I should have known *you* anywhere, you know. You ain't changed a bit, Johnson, old fellow. Let me see: how long since we went up the creek together? Mr. Caddington, did you ever know anything so strange? Here's Johnson and I have always been intimate, and I forgot his name—well, well! ha, ha!" "But I ain't *Johnson*," quietly returns the new-comer; "my name is Cham." Whereupon, with a sickly smile and a gasping "Ah, O; yes, indeed," Whample subsides.

Cham, however, rushes on, and roars, with amiable roughness: "Jane"—he yells at Mrs. Charger, who appears to be otherwise engaged and reluctant to listen—"I say, Ja-a-a-ne"—yelling to a climax—"fetch us something solid—something to eat—Ja-a-a-ne! Charger looks as if he were half-starved, and pretty nearly choked with his collars, too. Now, tell the truth, Charger: don't she do you short when there's to be company—eh, eh, eh?" raising his voice to a roar, and ending with a turbulent laugh.

"Aunt Rojanny, *you* look as if you had lost all your friends! Hattie Mandy, when *did* you frizzle up your hair that way? Say—I sa-a-a-ay—that fellow, Rev. Bendleton, has gone to see another girl. I saw him walking with her yesterday. Say, Jane, hain't you got anything in the house but sponge-cake? Job Toll, put down that jelly-bowl: it isn't yours. Say, folkses all, I am going to have some cold pork, and apples, and cider. Won't you jine in?" Shouting as to distant auditors—"I am bound to have something to eat. Whample, what's the matter with *you*? Job Toll, give back that dish; do you want it *all*? You, Sam"—vociferating at the small colored boy, who grins from ear to ear, but looks irresolutely at his mistress—"are you going to bring them in or not? I'll go myself." He suddenly starts, and, rushing into the rear apartment, returns bearing a large dish of cold pork, which he slams down on the table, and then jams his chair so hard that the spokes give way, and he takes another, which creaks but patiently endures. "Now then, folkses, come on. Georgiana, take hold. Georgiana Perk, I tell you, you need something to give you a color. Caddington, I bet you're afraid of Mis' Caddington; come on!" Instead of coming on, however, the whole group move off, somewhat stealthily, one by one, while the indifferent and happy Cham gives himself wholly to his meal.

That familiar object, Job Toll's green wagon, now presents itself before the door, drawn by the staid, homestead team—the old gray mare, and the older sorrel horse. They are quiet beasts, usually, that have jogged and waddled together, cow-fashion, this many a day. But the old gray mare, whose name is Nanny, has an infant colt, which, after the manner of the country, has been allowed, for the first time, to-day, to run and frolic by the side of its dam, in company with the wagon—the little creat-



ure's first pleasure excursion; which, like pleasure excursions on the part of other youth, equally giddy and gay, coaxes it into familiarity with the tugs and traces of the coming cares. Now, so long as the foal moved by her side, or even when it frisked and pirouetted in advance, the venerable dam trotted on in her usual meditative mood, but whenever the baby-horse lagged behind out of sight, the maternal heart waxed frantic. Then the anxious mother smites with both hind-feet upon the dashboard—not, it may be, with malice prepense, but as a signal and a summons. And her feet are honest—heavy with the plowing of many years, and firmly shod with iron.

Job takes the reins, and Rojanna emerges from the door-way, surrounded by the tea-table company, who have left Mr. Cham alone with his glory. Rojanna's bonnet on, and little black shawl pinned firmly on her breast, she appears to unbend at sight of the homeward transportation there awaiting her; for many persons are most at ease with their friends when they see that they can get away from them.

The invitations, counter-invitations, and good-bys fly back and forth: "Come, then, once for all, to see us, then!" "Why don't *you* never come our way, then?" "It's your turn next time; you ain't never sociable to our house." Hattie Mandy gushes, Miss Perk bows, and, this time, goes so far as to wave her handkerchief. Each, in turn, assures Mrs. Charger that "such biscuit as she makes" they "never eat before;" and, as for Mrs. Caddington, she "never will attempt to make pound-cake again;" she "never can come up to it."

They all call out, "Good-night, Aunt Rojanny; take care of yourself, Rojanny;" which advice is requisite, for the instant Miss Toll puts her hand on the side of the wagon, and plants one foot on the hub of the wheel, to climb the high seat—slam! slam!—slam! slam!

—bang! go those maternal heels, which may be called tender in their solicitude, but are unqualifiedly tough in their expression.

Rojanna steps back, and makes a pause, while the bevy gurgle and shriek, "O! she *will* be killed." "Rojanny, *don't*." "Mr. Toll, what *is* the matter with that frightful brute?" while the venerable sorrel turns a surprised and pained look upon his companion of years—saying, apparently, "This is something new for you, and quite unworthy of your age."

Presently Rojanna tries once more, while Job, shifting the reins to the other hand, reaches forward and takes her by the arm, helping her up, and saying sternly to old Nanny, "You will, now? will you?" which challenge the mare promptly accepts, waiting only until Rojanna gets both feet on the hub, and both hands on the seat, and is bending over for a final spring, when slam! slam!—slam! slam!—bang! come the hoofs, in such a random shower of blows, that Rojanna hesitates to move, either way.

At that moment out rushes the tormentor, Cham—voice and manner reinforced.

"What is all this rantang about out here?" he yells, good-naturedly. "Rojanny—Aunt Rojanny!—what on earth *are* you doing to that poor old horse? Why can't you take your seat like a Christian woman? At your time of life, too! People will think that you have been taking something in your tea! For shame, to torment the poor old mare."

Slam! slam!—slam! slam!—*bang!* again.

Aunt Rojanna tries to turn round and glare at Cham, annihilatingly, but the situation makes it difficult, and she springs convulsively upon the seat, with a bound that would do credit to a deer, flounders over the seat upon all-fours, and at length secures an upright attitude, and sits more rigidly erect than ever.

Meek-faced, and kittenish, the sportive colt now comes to the front, and the gray mare sobers down to cow-like gentleness—the sorrel turning his head, as if to say, “Think nothing of it—it is all over now; I know her well.”

The team turns the corner, on a trusty jog, Rojanna remarking curtly, “That man Cham must be an idjit.”

Whample betakes himself to his lodgings at Long-Shore Tavern, halting by the way, sometimes to frown, sometimes to laugh a little cunning laugh, and once to slap his thigh, as though there were a mosquito on it; or, as though he might himself be a mosquito upon the thigh of that community.

Long-Shore Tavern has been all day more brisk than usual. As dusk sets in, the knot of 'longshoremen and loungers from the village, who congregate about the dice-table in the brightly-lighted bar-room, is much augmented, and lights flit through such upper and interior chambers as commonly are vacant.

It has become known that a sporting-man from town has “driven down a span,” and that span has stood in the stable all day, under inspection by all the jockeys, the teamsters, and sundry farmers of the vicinity. The span have had their mouths opened, and their teeth searched, often enough to give them the toothache, or the lockjaw; and their feet “heisted,” until their pasterns are kept limp for the next arrival; and their eyes struck at with feints of blows to test their sight, until they might well go blind and be left in peace; and their haunches slapped resoundingly, with directions to “stand over,” and “stand up there,” while hemmed in, on one side by the amateur-judge of horseflesh, and on the other by the wall, without an inch of spare space—and their points in general canvassed so insultingly, that they are discussing between themselves the question, “Have the humans reason?”

Judging horse-flesh is apt to be very

dry work, and most of those who have been practicing it experience a peculiar thirst; so that each time when a horse's mouth is opened, several human mouths must be opened, also; it comes about that the bar has a run, like a bank in a panic, against which, however, it is quite solvent; while, for the sake of that bar-room floor, it could be wished that these human mouths were even a trifle drier than they are.

Teunis Larkin is hanging about the doorway, as also the lesser lad known as John Simon, and by way of contrast, a very bean-pole of a man, by the name of Copple, who muses with ineffable disdain on all things, and ejects tobacco-juice, in bitterest protest that such a universe as this should be upside-down, and “them fellers that is rich enough to own hosses haint no sence to han'le 'em; an' men as knows how a hoss ought to be han'led haint no hoss to han'le.”

Near by, a pert young negro lad, well known, and too well known as “Si,” employs himself between the errands of the stable and the chores of the house, halting incessantly at the porch to chaff John Simon, or whisper with Teun Larkin—pronouncing loudly the most oracular opinions, and exploding with tremendous “hi-hies,” and “yah-yahs,” wholly unexplained and unexpected. On the porch are Ledson and Peter, who, as lodgers, mingle freely with the visitors, but have very little to say for themselves, and are supposed to be sailors from an English trading-vessel in the harbor.

One little occurrence has admonished Teunis Larkin. Misled by the reserve and modesty of the two strangers, he has once or twice offered an insulting speech, and at length brushes against them rudely; upon which, Peter—that is—Hunter, suddenly seizing him like a staff or light bundle, swings him round and round above his head, the astonished Teun screaming out: “Don't—stop! I'm a'posed to this here; I'm a'posed.

I don't 'prove of no sich querrelin'. Don't—stop, I say! Lem me go!”

Upon being released, and laid upon his back on the floor of the porch, Teun resumes a little bluster, mixed with much trepidation lest the experience be renewed, and utters the following protest:

“Mebbe you fellers don't know my senemens; *I've sot my senemens agin wrastlin'*. Now you know 'em! I've sot 'em agin it!”

Not Teun the only mortal whose doctrine begins where his practice fails.

The afternoon stage arrives, from which descend two female figures, of large proportions, flashily dressed, but with the most villainous countenances of masculine hardihood that one ever beheld. Teun Larkin steps out to meet them, very briskly, and converses with them for an instant in low tones, when he steps to the bar, and, appearing as their spokesman, or agent, informs the landlord—who is not over-particular about such matters—that “them two luddies say they want to stay all night; they'm from the city, and they'm expecting their husbands, in a fishing-smack, to-morrow. One of them is took faint-like, and they wants a bottle of best brandy in their room.”

All of which requests are speedily fulfilled, with the aid of Si, who grins impertinently, and whispers to Teun, “Golly, wot big feet dose leddies hab; dem's bully women;” while Peter remarks to Ledson, “Those—that is—women never have been women—that is—long.”

At this juncture, Whample returns, steps lightly into the bar-room, shows himself there a condescending man—treats all hands; steps proudly into the stable, gives instructions, gives the hostler a dollar; and, at an early hour, retires to his own apartment, ordering a wood-fire to be made there, because, summer-evening as it is, he is afraid lest the

swamp-air give him a chill. Teun Larkin has a long whispering confab with the Negro, Si, in the stable-yard, and they retire.

The Long-Shore Tavern settles into midnight slumber. Sleep, we were about to remark, has silenced sound, but the statement would be poetical. Sleep snores so sonorously here that midnight is noisier than midday.

An hour later, a window-shutter opens softly in the room assigned to “them two luddies,” a light wire-ladder is let down from the sill, and, presto, change! the females descend as males, thoroughly equipped for a tramp, with enormous pockets in their coats, and a bag under their arms, in which they deposit the wire-ladder, folding it into an exceedingly small compass, and proceed through the village.

At a low whistle from one of them, the swinging-door of a hay-loft in a neighboring barn-yard opens, and Teun Larkin's lank legs are seen to dangle thence. He attempts a whistle of the same tone in return, but is so nervous and shrill that one ruffian nudges the other: “Porkenbush, that fellow is not the stuff. *He* give a sig'gal! A mess he kin give a sig'gal!”

“Never mind, Case,” says Porkenbush, with a sneering chuckle; “he's built to clime—limber-like—and I'll back him on a run.”

Teun joins them, looking somewhat livid, it is true, and the trio creep toward the house upon the hill. “Where's that young nig, now—the scallywag?” asks Porkenbush.

“He ain't cum,” replies Teun, which was plain. “He tuk the money, an' sed he'd be on hand. He must have overslep hissef with the drink.”

“Can't wait for no nig,” says Porkenbush; “two o'clock.”

“Say,” says Teun, “that's a smart lyar a-sleepin' up-stairs in the Larnng-Shore House. Did yer see him? If *he*

sot eyes on you, he'd get you nabbed quicker'n a flash."

"I guess he would," replies Porkenbush, winking at his friend. "Best keep clear of *him*."

That night, at two o'clock, the old DeLissey Place was skillfully broken into, from a window on the shed of the piazza. The principal thing taken was an old chest, or trunk, which had been known to belong, in other days, to the late Mrs. Stewart. Only one room was entered, and that without disturbing the family, who slept in another portion of the house, although old Franz insisted that he had been disturbed in his sleep, and thought he heard men in the house, his cot being in a little veranda, just off from the room in question, and between that and the apartments of the family—the chamber in which Miss Calla and Miss Jenny Perley slept being next upon the other side—and he got up to step into the room where the robbery occurred, when he saw coming out of that room—"as shuah as he was a brack man"—his "dear ole mistis, Mis' Stewart, an' a-walkin' arm-in-arm wid her, dat bressed lady, Mistis Adelaidy Conrad—Missy Cally's ony moder—jes so as dey done use to walk togedder in dese garding-paths 'mong de toolip-beds—and dey was all smilin' bery much, an' de mose splendorous-lookin' dat eber you seed. An' dey made motions to me to be bery still, an' dey seem bery glad 'bout somtin', an' went troo dreckly into Mis' Cally's room. An' dis chile fell soun' asleep, mose like he was dead."

The tears ran down the cheeks of Franz as he told this dream, which to him had all the power of a waking vision. Nothing could make Franz believe that any harm had happened in the loss of the trunk. "Dey was dat happy, dey larf wid dere eyes."

At daybreak, however, the housekeeper had discovered the window open, a closet-door forced with a wrench, sun-

dry silver spoons and a small sum of money, kept for convenience of change at the same place, appropriated; while in the old chest, which the robbers probably imagined to contain bonds or stocks, they had carried off what could be of the least possible avail to themselves. No clue was found to their identity; and next morning the sleepers in the Long-Shore Tavern awoke to hear the news casually told by the village teamsters, who were earlier astir.

As was afterward brought to light, Si, the young colored lad, had been beguiled into joining the burglarious expedition, by splendid lures of the two principals, who were anxious to have some one familiar with the premises whom they could put through the window, and also, in case of accident, to have some scapegoat take their place behind prison-bars. But Si had not known what house they sought; and thought, at most, he was in for a petty piece of pilfering.

No sooner had he been made to understand that they were bound for "de ole Lissey Place" and that "ole uncle Franz," who stood to him as the owner of the place, was to be invaded, and "lubly Miss Cally dat ar' way frightened by dem blame scounerels," than it appeared to him in the light of sacrilege, and he began to shirk, at first—to remonstrate with those who were employed to bribe him: "Dat ar' won't do, now, not noways! I'se tell you, dey's fatter pullets down to farmer Beggs's, and gobblers, too; and he keeps money loose in der kitchen clossit." Not succeeding in effecting any diversion, he kept muttering to himself, "Noways—not noways, dat ar' won't—not *no* how yer can fix it. Ole uncle Franz ain't goin' to git no chance to lick dis chile dis yer time; I tell 'em dat prazacly—I does." He wound up by skulking altogether. Feeling himself too deeply in for it, however, to go and confess, he makes the compromise of burying himself under the

hay in some distant hay-mow, being supposed to be gone on a spree for days.

It thus comes about, much to Teun Larkin's terror, that *he* must be inserted in the window, and told to open the door. This much Teun accomplishes.

The little trunk or chest is secured by one of the men, who carries it forth as far as the door, but, being jealous lest his pal should not divide equally the other swag, he hands the chest for an instant's convenience to Teun. Just at that moment a step is heard—the step of old Franz, who is restless in the night, and who is in the very room next to the one they leave, so that he seems to be coming right after them. A panic seizes Teun, and he yells involuntarily, and trips, letting the chest fall with such violence that the lid flies open. A double panic seizes Teun; for, one of the ruffians grips him by the neck, well-nigh throttling him, and while the other snatches the box, closing the lid under his arm, declares, "Porkenbush, I'm a mind to punch this varmint's tongue out. Wot's the reason we didn't bring a cacklin' hen?—it 'ud been better nor sich a squealing babby."

His companion, however, hurries him along, and all parties are soon safe in their own quiet slumbers, which are sounder than any sleep of innocence this night.

Mr. Whample is in his own apartment, not asleep at all—very far from sleep. Whample is always a busy man, and this is his busiest moment. He slips into the room occupied by the two strangers, and takes the little box, empties the papers and relics it contains upon

his table, then locks the box in his trunk, and sits down, at four o'clock in the morning. After glancing rapidly through the papers, the most of which he shoves away impatiently, he comes upon a slip of paper in the handwriting of the late Mrs. Stewart, infolding a bit of tissue paper, within which was a curl of a woman's hair. Instead of any pleasing effect, the little relic seems to fill him with surprise and wrath.

"All done for nothing, is it?" he asks of himself. "All to be done over again. Buried with that Adelaide Monard! That must be it. It will be an awful business to get that paper from the grave. But it has got to be done, and done at once."

He packs the papers away under his clothing, and retires.

Next morning, when the robbery is discovered, Mr. Whample offers his services to pursue the rascals—declaring it an infamous and infernal shame, that "any New York vagabonds should go out of their way to invade the peaceful precincts of Bay Coast." As it is, he prepares an article upon "Mistaken Lenity, or the Impunity of Crime," for the village newspaper, *The Bay Coast Enterprise and Herald of Humanity*, the junior editor of which is a particular friend of his. This is a rare journal, which we would commend in its next issue for the reader's improvement in humanity and progressive enterprise.

As to the movements of the Ultrawans, meantime, certain letters which have come into our hands, when given to the reader, will throw light upon them, and upon this history at large.

## CHRISTMAS EVE: 1872.

Peace in thy snowy breast,  
 O cloud from storm at rest!  
 Peace in the winds that sleep  
 Upon the deep.

Peace in the starry height:  
 Peace infinite,  
 Through all the worlds that move  
 Within His love.

O! all sad hearts, that be  
 On land or on the sea,  
 God's peace with you rest light  
 This Christmas night!

And with the souls that stand  
 In that dear land  
 Where pain and all tears cease,  
 Most perfect peace!

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 CHINESE PROVERBS.

## ON INTIMACY AND FRIENDSHIP.

CONFUCIUS said: To dwell with a good man is like entering a house wherein are the fragrant "lan" flowers; after awhile you may not seem to smell the fragrance, because you yourself have changed—(your whole person has become impregnated with the fragrance.)

To dwell with a bad man is like entering a market of abalones (a large shell-fish); after awhile you do not notice the stench, because you yourself have changed—(your garments are saturated with it.)

The vessel in which cinnabar is stored will have the carnation color: the vessel which contains black varnish will become black.

Therefore, all ye gentlemen! take great care with whom ye associate.

Association with good men is like the fragrance of the lan-wai flower. Let one man cultivate it, and all people will enjoy its fragrance.

Association with bad men is like carrying a child to the top of a wall: if the man misses his step, both will meet with disaster.

In the family sayings of Confucius it is said: To dwell with a good man is like walking in a gentle mist: although your garments do not become suddenly wet, yet are they all the time imbibing the moisture.

To dwell with wicked men is like standing in the midst of knives and swords: although they may not wound

men, yet all the time are they in dread.

Tai Kung said: What is in proximity to vermilion, turns to a carnation color; what is near to ink, becomes black: those who keep with the virtuous and sage, become clear-minded: those who are near the talented, become wise: those who keep company with the dull, become stupid: those who keep company with the good, become virtuous: those who keep close to the wise, become honorable: those who affiliate with the foolish, become obtuse: those who associate with flatterers, become sycophants: the companions of pilferers, become thieves.

The teacher Hung Ku Chang said: In regard to him who at present is your friend, select good and agreeable words whereby you may be able to preserve concord; and thus, patting him on the shoulder, and taking him by the sleeve as you walk, you may be able to cultivate the same tastes. But if in one word you disagree, then angry passions will mutually arise.

Between friends there should be no grindstone, to whet anger to an edge; if so, how will there be profit?

Confucius said: On Ping Chung's relations with men were good, because he was always respectful.

Kai Hong said: A dangerous man treat respectfully, but keep at a distance from him; a virtuous and good man you may keep near to, and associate with. If he (the bad man) comes to me with ugly language, I will answer with good words; if he comes to me with crooked speech, I will return him direct and straight answers. Thus, how will he be able to get angry with me?

Mencius said: Have no words with a person who is violent with himself; and have nothing to do with a person who throws himself away.

Tai Kung said: A woman without a mirror will not know whether her face is clean or dirty. A scholar without a good friend will not know when he

transgresses, or when he comes short.

Confucius said: To urge one another to what is good, by reproofs, is the way of friends.

The friends which a person unites to himself should be better than he is; yet, if only like himself, it is better than to have none at all.

Of acquaintances, there are enough to fill the world; but of true friends, there are few.

In planting trees, do not plant the branches of the weeping willow: in uniting to yourself a friend, do not become united to a heartless fellow.

Anciently in uniting in friendships they united hearts; but now there is only the union of faces.

Sung Hung said: The poor and unaccomplished wife (who was taken when the husband was also poor), must not be discarded when he becomes rich and great.

A friend in his poverty must not be forgotten, but confer favors and treat him kindly, the same as before you met with good fortune; and let friendships still be united in times of poverty and distress. Let men's feelings constantly be as they were in the original acquaintance; then in the end there will be no ill-feeling in the heart.

Those who have plenty of wine and food will have brothers by the thousand; but those who are in straitened and distressed circumstances will not have even one.

Desist from planting shrubs which bear no flowers.

Do not contract friendships with people devoid of righteousness.

The great man's friendship is like the fresh-water stream—ever-flowing; the small man's friendship is like the sweetness of honey—sweet, very sweet at first, but soon consumed.

Among mankind we use riches to try friendship—(real friendship is tested by wealth and poverty). Fire is used for

trying gold. With water we take a stick to sound it as to deepness or shallowness.

Men, by means of money in trying friendships, soon perceive the nature of the heart.

Benevolence and righteousness do not make wealth a consideration in friendships. Where wealth is the consideration, benevolence and righteousness are set aside.

By a long journey we know the strength of the horse. By long experience we ascertain the nature of a man's heart.

#### ON THE CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

Confucius says : Woman depends upon the man ; therefore, she must not presume to meddle with governmental affairs.

There are three classes of duties for her to follow :

At home (unmarried), she must submit to her father.

Having been married, she must submit to her husband.

If her husband be dead, she must submit to the son.

She may not dare to follow her own will.

Command her not to go outside of the female apartments.

Her business consists in preparing food and such like domestic duties — nothing more.

Therefore, at the age of putting up the hair (at the marriageable age) she must keep within the female apartments, and may not go a hundred *li* to attend a funeral. (She may not go far from home, even on the most important occasions.)

In business matters she must not assume responsibility.

In going abroad she must not go alone.

Having taken counsel, (learned what is best), let her diligently perform.

Having proof sufficient of what she is about to say, then she may speak.

During the daytime she may not walk in the public hall, and going about the house at night she must carry a light.

By means of these rules she may fulfill the round of woman's virtuous actions.

The Book of Wisdom and Profit says : There are four classes of female virtuous actions which are to her praise. They are, 1st, womanly virtue ; 2d, womanly countenance ; 3d, womanly speech ; 4th, womanly employments.

As to woman's virtuous actions, they do not require an uncommon display of talent and brilliancy. As to her countenance, it is not necessary that she be exceedingly handsome. As to her speech, it is not necessary that she have a mouth for discussion, and a sharp, rapid delivery. As to her works, she need not excel other people in cleverness and skill.

She must be chaste, innocent, sober and economical. She must mind her own business, and be neat and orderly. In her personal conduct she must preserve modesty. In her work she must have rule and order.

These constitute female virtue.

She must carefully choose her words, and then speak. She must use no improper or untimely expression. When it is the proper time, then she may speak. Let there be no occasion for others to be offended with what she says.

These are the rules for woman's conversation.

Let her wash and dust her clothes, and let her keep bright and fresh. Let her bathe at proper times, and preserve her person from all impurities.

These are what are required with regard to appearance.

Let her diligently spin and weave, and let her not be inordinately fond of savory food and wine. Let her in perfect order prepare savory dishes to set before the guests.

This constitutes woman's work.

These four virtues constitute woman's



great and essential duties: they are very easy. Let her use the utmost diligence to continue on in this straight road, doing according to these directions.

This is the sum of woman's virtuous conduct.

Tai Kung said: the rules of propriety for woman require that she speak with gentle voice; that she walk slow; when she stays her steps, to stand erect; in her appearance, to be sedate and respectful. Her ears must not hear too much (must not be eaves-dropping); her eyes must not see too much (must not be prying into other people's affairs). Abroad she must not wear the countenance of a flatterer. She must not steal glances over the wall. She must not peer through the lattice. She must rise early and retire late. She must not fear labor or suffering. Of broils and quarrels she must be especially cautious. She must live in constant dread of bringing any possible disgrace on the family.

A virtuous woman is a source of honor to her husband.

A vicious woman brings dishonor on her husband.

The house having a virtuous wife, the husband will not meet with sinister and calamitous events.

By a virtuous woman concord will be preserved among the six relations (the six degrees of consanguinity), but a talkative and subtile woman will break up the six relations.

Suppose a person should ask whether the rules of propriety forbid a widow marrying again—how about it?

The teacher E Chün said: all who take a wife do thereby pair themselves. If a widow loses her "chastity of widowhood," he who marries her also loses his own chastity.

Again, if it should be asked, supposing the case of a widow, who is poor, with none to depend upon—may she marry again?

The answer is, that the motive to marry would be only because in her future life she has a dread of hunger, cold, and starving to death. Therefore, this is what we have to say: The starving to death is a very small matter; but losing the "chastity of widowhood" is of the greatest importance.\*

The Records of Eminent Women say: "Formerly women who were *en-cainte* did not sleep in a crooked position, nor stand in a leaning, halting manner, nor eat things of bad taste (stale or sour), nor did they eat what was not cut straight. If the mat was awry, they might not sit down upon it. Their eyes might not observe any lascivious sight; nor their ears listen to any obscene sounds.

At night, they commanded the blind minstrels to chant the ballads; and conversation in her presence must be upon correct and appropriate matters.

Thus the son to which she gave birth was perfect and comely in form and countenance, and with talents and wisdom surpassing others.

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\*Throughout China there are many monumental pillars and honorary tablets to women who in respect to deceased husbands have refrained from a second marriage. These are called "Tablets to virtuous women."

## HALF AND HALF.

## A CHRISTMAS CHRONICLE.

AFTER a plum-pudding, that was brought in all of a blaze and smelling delightfully, they went to the pantomime in company with the very queen of landladies and her princess of a daughter; and after the pantomime the company sat down to cold slices of plum-pudding, and ate heartily—not that there was any excuse for so doing; but it was Christmas, and there was much to talk about, and it seemed more like Christmas to talk with one's mouth full—of harlequins and columbines, and sprites and fairies, and of numerous theatrical adventures as just witnessed by the ladies in question, together with your humble servants, Messrs. Tom, Dick and Harry.

You see they were three chums, occupying chambers that ran into each other through doors that were never known to be shut. The landlady used to say if she knocked at Tom's door she was sure to be answered from the window in Dick's room, where Tom and Dick were on the lookout for the arrival of Harry, who was, of course, overdue, he being the slowest of the three fellows, who were instinctively a trifle fast. And later, if she rapped at Harry's door she was answered by a chorus of three, who were celebrating Hal's arrival at Tom's sideboard; and that was the way that Tom, Dick and Harry passed their off hours, when the stupid offices in — street were closed, and there was nothing left for them to do but to be perfectly jolly.

As Christmas drew on apace the three chums had the greatest difficulty in keeping the secret of their gifts to them-

selves; Tom told Dick what he was about to bestow upon Harry as a holiday token of his love; Harry divulged to Tom the mystery that was in store for Dick; and they each managed to puzzle one another to an unlimited extent, that made all three of them supremely happy.

There was a girl in the case; there always is: how could there be any case worth mentioning that didn't in some way or other involve this very important subject?

Rosebud wasn't her name, but T., D. and H. used to call her Rosebud, and take turns at loving her a little better than anyone else they knew of. Rosebud was as pretty as she was useful, and seemed more like a sister than anything else in the house. She used to tidy the three rooms when Tom, Dick and Harry were off on business, and there was a unanimous vote of thanks passed immediately upon the return of the young gentlemen; and a great many complimentary allusions were made during the evening, the very whisper of which should have made the ears of Miss Rosebud tingle deliciously. Such was the fate of the landlady's pretty daughter!

Tom admired Rosebud for her good heart and her amiable disposition; he was happy as possible when Rose found time to talk to him; and the two other fellows noticed a finer moral tone in his conversation, and more gentleness of manner in Tom whenever he came from one of those coveted *séances*.

Dick thought Rosebud the most useful little body it had been his good for-

tune to fall in with; she was ever ready to repair his bursted gloves or to put a neat monogram in the triangle of his handkerchief. Once, when he was ill, she brought him cups of tea and slices of toast made with her own hands; she trotted about all day, and was so convenient and useful that Dick loved her from necessity; he wanted everything done for him, and she was willing to do everything for somebody; it actually seemed as if the two were born for one another—how could he help loving her?

Harry was more self-reliant than either of his friends, and he was slower and surer of heart; he had to raise steam gradually, and little by little get under headway; but once started he was certain as sunrise, and there was no resisting him.

Tom, Dick and Harry sat at cold slices of plum-pudding, talking of pantomimes and thinking of Rosebud. Rosebud's mamma, a very Christmas-like landlady, presided for propriety's sake, looking the picture of a dear, delightful pudding, with two large plums for eyes, and unctuous wrinkles under her chin, as though the pudding bag had been tied there and left an indelible impress; then her mouth suggested a little break in the richest and plumpest of puddings, and all over her face there was a kind of spirituous and sauce-like glow.

Rosebud's mamma thought cold pudding uncharitable, so she mixed a savory cup that was passed merrily around the circle, and five happy hearts grew as warm as possible, and five glib tongues wagged almost incessantly in that cozy supper-room back of the chambers.

I believe the whole pantomime the party had just witnessed was rehearsed at least three times before it grew at all tedious to narrators or listeners; young Harlequin was made to go over his thorny path of love in a very picturesque and desirable fashion; Columbine danced again and again, in the language

of Tom, Dick and Harry; Mamma Rosebud had a good word to say for the juvenile frog of unusual dimensions, who nearly swallowed a man—but not quite! Rosebud listened and laughed, and was as good to one friend as another, so that you could not possibly have told which of the three she liked best.

Well, they sat there until it was evident that no long-lost son would return from the stormy seas in the manner of Christmas stories, with a heart full of love, and several chests of inestimable value. It was also too late for any good fairy to rap at the door and announce glad tidings—because it was getting toward day-break, and all of these pleasant things belong to the “witching hour;” so they drank again, and said “Good-night” and “Merry Christmas” very frequently—in fact, much more frequently than was at all necessary—and then the young fellows went off to their chambers, arm-in-arm.

I never knew exactly how they got to bed. I fear they were indifferent to circumstances, and slept as it happened. Nature, no doubt, looked after them—she is very good at this sort of thing. However, they soon slept heartily, and all dreamed Christmas dreams; but it is Hal's dream that interests us most, and this is what he dreamed:

He was instantly, and in the most miraculous manner, transformed into a harlequin, with a charming suit of close-fitting garments, in pattern much like a fancy bed-quilt. Rosebud was Columbine—and who should be Clown and Pantaloon but the undeniable Dick and the unmistakable Tom!

On this discovery, Harlequin Harry became much excited—to slow music in the orchestra—and was quite at a loss what to do next. Seeing his embarrassment, Clown and Pantaloon seized him, and with no little dexterity fastened him to an enormous pasteboard-rock at the back of the stage; there he was doomed

to witness the despair of Columbine, who was bored with the attentions of both Clown and Pantaloon, though she had all the while secretly loved Harlequin, as any one could plainly see with half an eye. Clown loved Columbine for her domestic accomplishments, and Pantaloon adored her for her amiability and beauty; neither would yield her to the other, so it became necessary to divide her, and let each take his half and be satisfied. Just then, a gorgeous cloud descended upon the stage, and Solomon in all his glory, who had arrived in this aerial chariot, stepped forth quietly, cut Columbine in two at the waist, giving the head and shoulders to Pantaloon, and the arms and legs to Clown; he thereupon returned into his golden cloud, and was hauled up into the canvas *flies* forever.

Pantaloon at once had Columbine's *torso* beautifully mounted upon a pedestal of a convenient height, and then he began to hold charming and instructive conversation with her before the face and eyes of Harlequin, who wept aloud, and shook the pasteboard rocks like a young earthquake. Clown had a neat little table, with a shelf or two at one side of it, riveted on to the waist of his half of Columbine, and she at once skipped about the stage in the most cheerful manner, having two little knot-holes in the upper shelf for eyes, and folding her hands gracefully upon the table, when they were not wanted for anything in particular.

No words can do justice to the agony of Harlequin at this period; chained, as it were, to Caucasus, with the vultures preying upon his liver! He saw how sad a case it was; had Clown won the whole of Columbine, he would have had no use for her pretty head and face, and her warm, trusting heart; he needed only a couple of willing hands and two ready feet that would not tire of running and supplying his many wants. In

fact, he had all that was necessary for his comfort, and he at once began his queer, domestic, and, I am sorry to add, very selfish life. He ordered dinner for one, and off went the little walking machine, as willing as a bride, and back she came in a moment, with a table-cloth spread over her shoulders—I mean her leaves; a bowl of soup, a broiled fowl, with sauce, and *entrées*, spread out on her neat little slab; there was also a cup of delightful tea on her top shelf, and, in fact, everything that could be desired was ready, and Clown began eating as heartily as a man who is just married can eat.

Harlequin watched the exhibition with great, honest tears in his eyes; he seemed at once to comprehend the situation. In his mind's eye he saw the thankless Clown, mindful only of his own comfort, waxing fatter and more selfish every year; he saw poor little Columbine growing rusty and decrepid in the service; her leaves were warped, her shelves stained, her varnish considerably defaced; she could scarcely see out of her two little knot-holes; and she was sometimes caught running into something and spilling the dishes off from herself; or, perhaps, she backed up into a corner, when no one was looking, and wished she were dead, while she tipped over against the wall, as though her days were numbered. What joy could she look forward to in the hereafter? There is no paradise for broken furniture, and she seemed to realize it. Harlequin saw that she realized it, by the hopeless expression of her legs—they were growing loose at the joints, and she was by this time beginning to dangle her arms in a pathetic fashion, a thing she would not have been seen doing at the time of her honeymoon. No wonder, she was going all to pieces, just as if she didn't care to be useful any longer! She felt that when her hour came, when all of a sudden, some bright day, one of her

arms dropped off, or a leg snapped in two, and she went to the floor all of a heap—dishes, dinner and everything—she felt that then she would pass quietly away, and go to some sort of heaven—a cheap one, probably—where she would be nothing, perhaps, but a bed-making angel through all eternity.

By this time Clown had finished eating, and Columbine fled to her kitchen, which was of course her boudoir also, and having rid herself of the remains of the banquet as speedily as possible, she returned again, to await further orders from her lord and master.

“Ah!” said Harry, in his own natural voice—he forgot for a moment that he was Harlequin—“Ah!” said he, “and this is to be the fate of Dick’s half of Rosebud!” And for his prophetic vision of their possible future Hal actually hated Dick, a thing he had always believed himself incapable of doing.

Then Harlequin turned to Pantaloon, who was still holding sweet converse with his half of Columbine; they were happy enough for the time being, but love-making, and nothing but love-making, soon grew monotonous. By and by Columbine felt the pangs of hunger, and she delicately insinuated that refreshments would be most acceptable. Pantaloon was by no means practical; he had laid in no stores for the winter of his life which was sure to follow the summer of his love; nothing but warmth, and artificial warmth at that, could save him after the fever of his heart had once cooled. Columbine would have saved herself and Pantaloon also, had he not permitted her more useful members to be taken from her; in truth Pantaloon objected to her coming down from the beautiful pedestal where he had instated her, and the consequences were direful enough for a genuine tragedy.

The prophetic Harlequin again cast his sorrowful eyes into the future, and saw poverty staring that unlucky pair in

the face. Unfed, unclad, unloved, the little household died a spiritual death; and before the corpse was decently interred, Pantaloon deserted, and was seen no more. There were a few flashes of red-fire in the wings at the side of the stage, and several small devils played leap-frog for some moments in the direction of the departed Pantaloon; but the end of that domestic episode was come, in very truth.

Then Harlequin arose in his wrath, and burst his chains; again and again he implored Solomon to come down out of his cloud and mend the idol of his choice; but Solomon was too wise a man to undo anything he had done, albeit the result of his action was scarcely what he had anticipated, for he would have lost his reputation for wisdom had he sought to mend the matter.

Harlequin, no longer able to endure his anguish, annihilated his offenders; and, seizing the fragments of his loved one, he bore them up a rose-colored mountain, and entered the realms of bliss quite out of breath. There was an azure firmament fretted with golden stars, and every conceivable delight in the shape of large gauze flowers with no perceptible perfume, lime-lights shining forever with blinding brilliancy, and a great multitude of stuffed fairies with unenviable dispositions—for they, too, were underfed, and sat up very late o’ nights on shockingly small salaries.

At that moment, came a dreadful crash, which proved to be the Christmas landlady, who was announcing, with some concern, the lateness of the hour. Tom, Dick, and Harry arose and went forth to the duties of the day; they felt not over-well. Hal looked dark-browed and suspicious—for him; Tom and Dick seemed to have something upon their minds. A crisis was approaching, and each was anxious to confide in the other, but didn’t know exactly where to begin.

Well, Tom told Dick he was quite miserable, and had an important something on his mind; Dick advised Tom to seek Harry and relieve himself, because Hal was best able to advise in serious matters. Tom, having poured into Hal's ear the story of his love for Rosebud, withdrew to the sideboard for consolation; then followed Dick, who repeated the tale, but altered to suit his case. Thereafter, Dick joined Tom in his convivial misery, and Hal was left to himself.

Hal's case was dreadful; he not only had his own passion to conquer, but he must needs have heaped upon him the combined emotions of his two friends—dearer to him than brothers. The dream haunted him; he needed no Joseph to interpret its awful significance. Were his own happiness alone in question, he felt that he would willingly sacrifice it for the sake of either of the dear fellows who had appealed to him for advice; he would yield to them, and go his way with a dead heart and a free conscience. But Rosebud should not be sacrificed, either to the selfishness of the one, or the improvidence of the other; he would save her this martyrdom, if he had to marry her himself! After all, why not save her, in spite of everything, including his sense of honor? or, better still, why not argue the case before her, and leave the verdict to the victim?

This plan was no sooner suggested than accepted. Tom, Dick, and Harry arranged themselves on three chairs, facing the sofa in Hal's room. Enter Rosebud, the incarnation of a living blush; enter the Christmas landlady, looking good enough to eat.

Dick opened the argument. He loved Rosebud because she had done so much for him; felt that he was but half a man without her; for his sake, thought she should be his. Rosebud glanced tenderly and pityingly on poor Dick, as he sat down with a look of confidence,

that, properly speaking, should have been misplaced.

Tom worshiped her for herself alone. He would make a queen of his Rosebud—suggested a carriage; servants; livery, in course of time; artistic receptions, also; likewise, watering-places, Europe, etc.! Tom subsided, and Rosebud's eyes were half-filled with tears.

Then Harry stepped forward, and began his thesis. His face was a marvelous study; for once in his life he was inclined to be savage toward his bosom friends. Tom and Dick changed color; they had expected nothing of this sort from the lips of him whom they had grown to look upon as the most lovable of created Harries.

To save himself from reproaches, he related his dream: "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," said Hal; and the young fellows felt hurt and hopeless. Rosebud blossomed, and almost withered, yet blossomed again—so variable were her emotions as she listened to the eloquent Hal, who was surprising himself every moment, and growing as bold as a criminal lawyer. It was evident that he was almost irresistible, and therefore he spoke much longer than he had intended—as irresistible folk are fond of doing.

All this while the Christmas landlady was gleaming and glowing as though her bursting cheeks had just been inundated with the richest of sauces; while those plum-like eyes of hers seemed likely to pop out of her pudding face, at the very first opportunity.

Then the meeting adjourned, and the matter was dropped for a day. After that, Tom entered into a conspiracy with the landlady, and at a moment when least expected, he proposed to Rosebud. When he returned to his chamber, with a cheerful and benevolent face, Dick and Harry felt a little bit like companions in misery; but Tom whispered a word in Dick's ear that sent him flying to Rose-

bud, who was tatting like a good little woman by the window in the landlady's parlor. Tom looked ominous, and Hal looked puzzled, until Dick returned with a face almost as complacent and satisfied as Tom's own. Dick winked at Tom, and thereupon both boys seized a hand of Hal, and wished him joy of Rosebud. They assured him, that to no husband but himself would they intrust so precious a bride; and with that they sought the sideboard, in the best of humors—feeling an almost irresistible desire to hug everybody in creation.

So Hal married Rosebud, to the joy of the whole household; and nothing happened after that but congratulations and good-luck.

Dick never married. He thought it safer to live by himself; and so he lived, until Tom, one fine day, discovered a treasure, and secured it. Tom wrote Hal a long letter all about it, and declared, in several places, that he was very happy—in fact, much happier than

he deserved; and that as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Hal would call on Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Mr. Tom would take very great pleasure in introducing to them a perfect little fairy, with a face like a cameo—and who, to tell the whole truth, could be none other than Mrs. Tom herself!

Then Dick, like a good fellow, went to end his days with Tom and his wife; and he proved to be matter-of-fact enough to strike a balance in the domestic circle, so that they lived happily for many years.

Rosebud's mamma grew more and more puddingish, until, like a good mother-in-law, she died of richness. So, on the whole, the amount of joy that came of that Christmas pudding was only equaled by the amount of misery everybody escaped in doing just as he did; and I believe the whole of it may be credited to the eating of that particular pudding, and the eating of it cold, after the pantomime—all of a Christmas night!

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## ETC.

### "Christmas Comes but Once a Year."

To the Californian who still remembers with some degree of fondness the Christmas in his Eastern home, this sacred season returns like an old friend in a new dress. Perhaps he awakens from a dream of Christmases past: it is scarcely daybreak; he sees the frost-ferns on the window-frame, and beyond them the sharp stars are sparkling in the clear, cold sky; during the night some boisterous wind has heaped a snow-hill against the casement, and laid white, feathery rolls of snow in the shelves of the shutters.

By and by the sun slides his level rays across the glittering landscape; the trees look like silver candelabra, ribbed with crystal, and hung full of prismatic stalactites; the snow-apples fairly ripen in the rosy light,

and the evergreens shake off their cumbrous mantles of ermine, and reach out their resinous boughs to the brave little snow-birds. From every chimney ascends the incense of the morning meal, the frost-ferns wither on the window-panes, and day begins. Somehow, those Eastern Christmases are forever associated with a sentiment of fraternal love. It was always at such a season that everybody loved everybody in a very open and cordial manner; the exchange of gifts, the universal charity, the earnest jollity of the occasion, will live forever in the heart of him who has once realized them.

We have our California Christmas, though it be of a different temperature. To be sure, the old folks and the young folks—the linked generations that have such good cause to re-

member one another on the blessed eve of Christmas—are somewhat scattered! Perhaps they are a little changed in nature, though not in heart; if they partake more or less of the unceasing gaiety of the Occidental year, that leaves less margin for any special joy on any particular occasion, it is because we live under an uncommon climatic pressure, and our social demands are proportionately increased. We have a sort of sham winter, dwelling, as we do, under the icy eaves of the sierra glaciers. Nowadays, a light frost occasionally whitens the roofs for an hour after sunrise; a dense fog hangs over us—the ghost of a remembered snow-storm; a north wind chills us, and closed windows, clouded with steam, proclaim the mild bitterness of the weather.

In the midst of our winter season come golden days—it is the new birth of Nature, heralded by the radiant and prophetic stars, and the wise men of the east are beginning to discover some virtue in the symbol.

On every hill-slope the tender grass is pricking up under a naked sky full of clear sunshine; the dusty channels of the summer brooks are glossed with sudden and impetuous floods; the meadow-larks sing their carols, and the roots begin to stir in the moist soil. After all, there is something in the event that makes it very dear to us, spite of the wraith of the departed holidays that rises before us whenever we think of the past. Have we not our own red berries, our native holly, differing of course from the holly of Old England—for we scorn to follow in the footsteps of anybody or anything! Have we not our shining laurel leaves, together with abundant misletoe? Yea, all that Nature can do to sanctify the season she has done, and it is not her fault if Christmas is not hallowed by Californian mankind in general.

We begin a new year amid the clashing of joy-bells; the pungent odor of evergreens is in the air; something tells that the climax of the year is reached; from this date we gradually sink into a vale of flowers, and cross the smoking plains of summer, and then climb again the brazen hills of autumn to reach the very summit of events, where all things have their beginning, and where all things end.

#### Write Home! Write Home!

Write home; write home. The Christmas time for tender memories, and meltings of the soul. The New Year's prime for freshened purposes. Seasons blending well, and blending now for us. Write home!

In many a household, two articles are apt to be laid on the shelf—the family bible and the inkstand. If the former be sprinkled with corner dust, the latter curdles its sediment in its fluid moldiness; holding the stub of a pen in soak to uselessness, so that should one use it, it would make a thick, black, muddy down-stroke—and nothing else. Others of us there are who keep the inkstand open all the time; and it is dip, dip, scratch and scramble—producing much waste paper in the world—good writing, which, in after years, shall make poor kindling. So much that we write is altogether so mechanical, superficial, formal.

But write home. Write the expected letters. Better a little oftener, and a little earlier, than in mere surrender to the demands of expectation. Nevertheless, sometimes the expected letter acquires new charms in its few hours of tardiness, like a small sum of interest paid with the principal. Let it not run too long, however. Let it never be too late. There are letters arriving for the hands that are folded on the breast—the letters lie upon the mantel, while the coffin lies upon the trestles; and it is an awkward thing for colder hands to open them. Write home!

“Has nothing come in the mail for us, Bridget!” “No, nothing to-night, mum.” “Sarah Jane, did no letter come?” (hoping that Sarah Jane may have gone to the post-office and secured the same, without Bridget's knowledge.) “No, mother; nothing for us to-night.” “Poor John! I suppose he can hardly get time. I hope nothing has happened to John.” The dear old mother, disciplined through life, makes no complaint. The rheumatic hands only stir the fire a little more impatiently. The rheumatic limbs only cower a little closer over it. A shadow on the gray hair, and a slight absence of mind in household care. “I know John is dreadful busy; God preserve him.” But stop—“I forgot to tell ye, mum, there kem a letter for ye. Mesther Jones, the neebor, fetched it till ye, as he cum airly. I was



afear'd the childer would be aafter playin' wid it, and I put it behint the picter in the parlor; and what wid the scampagin' round and round, it went clane out of my mind. Shall I be aafter gettin' it for yees?" "Oh! Bridget!" is all the answer. The tone says all. Write the expected letters.

Write the unexpected letters. It is nice to be reminded of people, and to know that people remember you, upon whose memory you have no claim.

There is the group in the rustic New England store, standing round the stove. It is a dreary day; and some hearts are very dreary. They have outgrown their own pith, and outlasted their own hopes. Others are heedless and hard, because parched. The consequential postmaster—sometimes talkative, sometimes surly, always dignified—puts on his steel spectacles, with a relish. He fumbles among the documents. He scans the bundles of exchanges—lots of *weakly* newspapers. "Jenks," he says, "it seems to me that there's a letter come for you. Your name is Jenkins Jenks, aint it?" looking at the seedy individual searchingly—not through the spectacles, but over them, that he may not claim any Jenks but the right Jenks. "Yes," he says dubiously, "I believe that is my name; but there must be some mistake. There aint no letter comin' to me. Aint nobody writes to *me*. What would anybody write to *me* for?"—he adds, half scared, half sad—"I don't owe nobody anything!" "Wal, I don't see any letter," says the sapient postmaster. "If there was one, it had ought to be on that shelf, where it belongs. Seemed to me I *did* see one. Sure enough, here it is, on the floor. For *you*, Jenks." "For *me*?" asks Jenks, sceptically. And now the tables are turned. Great severity in the postmaster's tone and glance. "Your *name* is Jenkins Jenks, *aint* it?" sharply. "Well, then, you jest take that letter, if you are agoin' to." Jenks takes it, twirls it between thumb and finger, looks at it on each corner, slowly opens it, and his wrinkled features rustle out of their rigidity. "Why, it's from George Robbins! way down to Californy." "Why! what on airth! he has been writing to *me*. Why," to the interested group of listeners, "*you* remember Robbins? Him and me was boys together.

He's a rich man *now*—they all *git* rich down to Californy. Who'd have thought of his remembering *me*?" And here he is writing all about the old elm tree; and the pond where we caught the snapping turtles; and that time we shared our dinner-basket in the lane. 'Precious hungry'—so we was! 'Tasted good'—guess it did! Why, Robbins is jest the same; not a mite spiled. Strange, that he should think of writing to *me*." And Jenkins Jenks smiles, but there are tears in his eyes. Jenkins Jenks walks out of that store, happier, healthier, larger-hearted, and longer-lived, for that letter. *Write the unlooked-for letters*. Write home; write home.

Write letters of the *Past*—no labored intelligence. They get that in the newspapers. Your death they will get there; as also your marriage, and the like. Write words of remembrance, that shall call up the early days. Put in the photographs; they are the real "tracts to distribute." They show what time has done, to waste and wear. They show what survives the waste and wear of time. The best sermons these that you can preach. Make presents; send souvenirs—if only a pebble from your garden-walk; only a leaf from your tree. It costs little; it counts much. Write home; write home.

Write from home, ye beloved! You need not tell us news of the election, nor remind us: "Suppose you have heard all about the great fire." Of course we have. Write to us of the dumb creatures we used to know, if any of them survive. Give us some intelligence of the favorite tree. Tell us that you went where we used to gather nuts. Send us a picture of the old barn-eaves, just as drooping as they are. Take us back to the playground. Show us the light and shadow on our mother's grave. Write us home-like things, from home.

But write home. Write home. There is a home at hand. There is a homestead where they re-assemble. It is their Christmas time and their Thanksgiving Day in one. It is their New Year, that shall never be old!

There is a postal department under the Creator's hand. His government takes the heart's letters, to convey them, overland-mail—ah, how safely crossing the mountains steeped in fog, along the highway that climbs the stars. Write home! Write home!

#### America's Dead of '72.

The past year was fatal to many Americans, eminent in art, letters, science, politics and war, whose names will long be memorable in history. None of these were young; and some, the most famous and useful, had reached a ripe old age. Among the latter, Prof. Morse, the electrician, was nearly fourscore. The telegraph sounds his praise all around the world, and gives him a claim to the perpetual recollection and gratitude of mankind. It has fallen to the lot of few men to do such signal service to the race, and to fewer still to be so well rewarded and esteemed. Morse was also honorably connected with the rise of American art, attained no mean distinction in it; was one of the founders and the first President of the National Academy of Design, a contemporary and friend of West, of Allston, Stuart, Vanderlyn, Inman, Coleman, and other pioneers in that line. Another link with our early art, who has dropped away the past year, was the venerable Sully—painter of gracious portraits, to whom royalty sat abroad, and who limned some of the first Presidents and other famous survivors of the struggle for independence. An artist of a later epoch passed away in the person of T. Buchanan Read, who immortalized Sheridan's Ride with both pen and brush, and wrote one of the most perfect poems in the language—"The Closing Scene."

Following these bright sons of fame went the illustrious statesman Seward, whose eloquence, tempered with logic, and brightened with the cheerful hope of a far-seeing spirit, led the Republic out of the cruelty and degradation of a double bondage; whose diplomacy, as resolute as it was adroit, averted foreign war when it would have made civil strife fatal; whose sense of public duty kept him silently faithful during a bitter season of mistrust and abuse; and who rounded a busy career, when other men would have sought repose, by an eventful trip around the globe, leaving for posthumous publication records of his public life and of his last journey, written or dictated during the few months of palsy that could not dim his active brain until it sunk in death. Of Henry Wager Halleck it must also be said, as the Romans said of their departed, "he has lived." His was

an intellect that studied war as a science; that was adapted equally to directing military operations, to elucidating international law, to organizing civil government on remote frontiers, to developing the resources of new States, to cultivating the amenities of literature, even while he practiced as a counselor-at-law and busied himself in the accumulation of wealth. He was a patient, self-contained man, who did the best he could and made no fuss about it; who could bear abuse without complaint, and who never made a boast of either his talent or his service. A fine soldierly figure of the best type was Gen. Meade, the hero of Gettysburg; whose victory on that field, coincidentally with Grant's at Vicksburg, turned the tide in favor of the Union, and who followed it up with excellent service at the head of the Army of the Potomac to the end of the civil war. Dr. Jonathan Letterman, who died in San Francisco, was the first Surgeon-General of that famous army, and organized the ambulance corps of the Union service, writing a book on the subject which will be an authority.

James Gordon Bennett belonged to another sphere of activity. He was one of the two men who did most to make the American daily newspaper what we see it—"a history of the world for one day." The *Herald*, in his time, only lacked convictions and consistency to render it fully worthy of its immense success. Horace Greeley gave these to the *Tribune*, and so made it a greater journal than the *Herald*, and the most powerful political motor in the Republic. Now that Greeley is gone, under circumstances so pathetic, even those who so cruelly lampooned and vilified him admit his moral purity, his high purpose, his benevolence, his wonderful vigor and fertility of brain, his splendid service to journalism, to the state, to mankind. He has not left his equal in a profession which he made more potent than presidents, senates and conventions.

Among the lesser lights that went out during last year were Mrs. Parton ("Fanny Fern"), whose quaint and caustic pen made her one of the most popular writers of the day; Edward Stanly, once an influential Congressman from North Carolina, the friend of Clay and Greeley in the early Whig days,

and later Military Governor of his native State, a pure and honorable man; and good Archbishop Spalding, who, had he lived a few weeks longer, would have been the first American Cardinal.

James W. Grimes, for four years governor of Wisconsin and twelve years a senator of the United States, was also one of the best of our public men in his character and motives. Erastus Corning, of New York, Congressman, railroad manager, and organizer of new enterprises, was one of the most energetic and successful of the business class he represented; as James Fisk, Jr., whose fast and dissolute life went out in blood, was one of the most unscrupulous of that growing class who make business a gambling speculation, and riot in personal indulgence and vulgar display. Edwin Forrest was before the public as an actor for fifty years, and his name is identified with the first successful efforts of the dramatic muse in this country, through the plays written for him by Stone, Conrad, Bird, and Payne, some of which will long keep the stage.

California has to lament the loss of men like Albert S. Evans, journalist, traveler, and magazinist, who met at sea the fate of which he seemed to have a presentiment; and poor Arriola, the undisciplined painter, whose genius would have shone under better auspices, who met a similar fate. With R. B. Swain and Edward Tompkins went two men whose generous public spirit, charitable impulses, and constant devotion to whatever would make the metropolis a worthier abode, will long be missed. Finally, we may mention J. Neely Johnson, the fourth governor of California; James Coffroth, politician, lawyer, and orator; B. F. Washington, politician and editor (grand-nephew of George Washington); Judge Royal T. Sprague, of the Supreme Court; F. L. A. Pioche, the enterprising and generous Frenchman; his partner, Bayerque, who so liberally remembered our orphan-asylums in his will; and Capt. J. B. R. Cooper, brother-in-law of Gen. Vallejo, and a resident of the State since 1823: all men of note in the pioneer annals of California, who did their share in founding the State and city. Truly, our list of memorable Americans gone during the last twelve months is a long one.

#### Juan the Vaquero.

Now loose the bridle, give the rein,  
For Juan is on the plain again.  
Salinas lies a gleam of light  
Past yon faint mirage to the right;  
While, far behind, the mountains rise—  
Ahead the dim horizon lies:  
And if or sea, or plain, be there  
Where sky stoops down, and seems to share  
The dim, far outline at the verge—  
Eye can not see, so close they merge.

Refreshed at some far mountain-spring,  
The mighty herd come bellowing,  
And, seeking pasturage again,  
Their thundering tread rings o'er the plain.  
Yon tawny bull, who leads the van,  
With lowered front, bodes ill to Juan,  
Who, riding fast beside the herd,  
With grace and ease of flying-bird  
Reins up across the leader's path,  
And takes his glance of growing wrath.

Now, Holy Virgin, save to-day  
His soul who dares death in this way!  
An instant, and the swift lasso  
Juan's nimble fingers quickly throw;  
He checks with skill the furious rush  
That threatened horse and man to crush.  
The herd recoil and swerve aside,  
Choosing another as their guide;  
While, flying down the dusty road,  
Sped on by fear as by a goad,  
A woman comes, whose eager glance  
Tells all she dreads; but, happy chance,  
There stands her urchin by the side  
Of Juan's old mustang, while the pride  
Of last year's bull-fight tangled lies,  
Just where he fell, and can not rise.

From far in rear, then, Juan had seen  
The child at play, the herd between;  
Had measured well the time and space,  
And rode for that boy's life a race  
Whose speed, and grace, and manliness,  
Unequaled, well deserved success.

#### Our Sea-board Speech.

Why, in the wide, wide world, must we Californians, in speaking of our State or city, always say, "*this coast?*" Our "speech bewrayeth" us. Trying to utter "shibboleth," we still lisp "sibboleth." Has California only one side? Is it an island? Or are we simple coasters, or fishermen? Perhaps, indeed, we may be said to have latterly become diamond-divers. Beyond a doubt, our diamonds have been taken from beds well salted previously; and those who went out after them took a decided plunge—many of them going under. The tidings of discovery were tidings proper to be told to "the marines."

A Benedict Arnold once sought to sell his country. Whether our Arnold be a Benedict is not announced; but, in any case, the country seems to have been sold. According to Shakspeare, *Duke Clarence* had a fearful dream, in which he saw

"Invaluable stones, inestimable jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea."

But Clarence *King* had fearful waking — for he saw them all scattered on the *surface of the land*. We have been under a pretty sharp diamond drill; its touch was hard and cutting. We may be said to have been bored by diamonds. In fact, also, we have been stoned with precious stones. They hurt us as much as if they had been common pebbles. It turned out well, perhaps, that the monster ruby proved a soft thing—we ourselves were soft.

But wherefore are we loitering all the day long upon the shore? "This coast!—this coast!" "The interests of the coast!" "The claims of the coast!" "The prospects of the coast!" "The literature of the coast!" "The religion of the coast!" (which is, of course, misty and moody). "The politics of the coast!" (which are, of course, turbulent, and given to tidal waves). Does an orator wax eloquent?—he is "the ablest speaker on the coast." Does a preacher become impressive?—he is "the most popular pastor of the coast;" probably, therefore, a successful fisher of men. Does an author enchant us?—he becomes "quite a lion on this coast" (query, a sea-lion?) Is a merchant prominent and prosperous?—he has a "mammoth establishment upon the coast;" perhaps it is a coastwise steamer; or, possibly, a leviathan. We are told about "the women of this coast." Is that altogether respectful? Is it home-like? Are they fish-women?—Do they utter billingsgate? No; these are rare "beauties of the coast." One can ride out to "the Cliff," on any fine day, and meet the "beauties of the coast!"—are they then rainbows? or are they capricious waves? or are they rocks? Surely they are not mermaids, whatever hero-heroinas inhabit the *Isles of the Amazons*, according to the "Poet of the Sierras." And even the Poet of the Sierras, it appears, must quit their peaks, and go sauntering along the sands, to garland his brow with sea-weeds, hold sea-shells to his ear, and muse among the Muses of "this coast." It

seems to us, that the Sierras have cause to "take on airs" about that thing, and frown, with icy brows and stony gaze, upon such recreant recreations.

But now, seriously, why do we always harp upon "this coast?" Is it that, in this climate of perpetual summer, we propose to treat existence as a season at a watering place—a good haunt for harpers? We may be said to "hug the shore." Is it that there is no inland to love? We reply that there is a philosophy of all proverbial speech. In this case it lies in the fact that we watch the horizon of the Uncertain for the ships of the Unseen. We are afraid to commit ourselves to the Interior. Many of us came here upon a speculation. We like to be upon the dock, to see the vessels go, and watch for coming vessels. We have a passion for waving handkerchiefs and peering into changeful clouds. The heart of the State is not yet occupied, because the heart of the people is not yet settled.

No large State can dispense with large, substantial inland cities. Such vital glands must send their vital ducts from inmost recesses to outmost cuticle. The nerves must have strong, hearty ganglions—making the body nervous with strength, or the body will be left nervous, (as that word is popularly employed), *i. e.*, unnerved and weak. Vigor of circulation will feel the tingle and show the tinge of robustness.

A great Rome must be built in a great forest, by a Romulus, suckled of a wolf. Seaboard cities are best built by the steady confluence of farm wagons toward "the coast," followed by trains of manufactures, and these by crates of the finer and the rarer things, in their regular procession; wains and freight vans of surplus production, in long line, that must make for the sea-side. The coast must be the place of export first, of import afterwards. Let it be so.

Change the key-note a little. Like the Greeks at Troy, burn your ships, and march from "this coast." How pastoral, how positive, how domestic it will sound, to say oftener, "this valley," "these hill-sides," "our pleasant plains?" Make the oversea overland, then will the overland spread to an oversea.

Happy New Year to the State!

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES. THE VEDA; THE AVESTA; THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. By William Dwight Whitney. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The various papers comprised in this volume were originally published in different reviews—principally the *North American*—or were contributed to the American Philological Association, by Mr. Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. In this valuable work, the author reveals not only his intimate familiarity, but his fervent fellowship, with Oriental study. The first chapters are devoted to the Vedas—in contradistinction to the Veda—and to the Vedic doctrine of a Future Life. After a summary view of the single Vedas, he considers the general questions relative to their composition and history; questions too obscure, for the most part, to admit of satisfactory solution. From this he passes on to a comprehensive statement of the main results which the Vedas have contributed to the history of ancient and modern India, in the geographical and social relations exhibited by these books. He describes, in detail, the main features of the Vedic religion, graphically picturing the more prominent and important deities, divinities, and personifications. The Vedic doctrine of a Future Life—transmigration—is clearly and summarily set forth. It is, in substance, the present popular doctrine of Evolution, inasmuch as it teaches that the present life is but one of an infinite series of existences through which each individual soul is destined to pass; that death is but the termination of one, and the entrance upon another; that all life is one essence; that there is no fundamental difference between the vital principle of a human being and that of any other living creature; and that the soul, in its progress toward the final consummation of its existence, is liable to experience all forms of life.

Several chapters are devoted to a review and criticism of Muller's *History of Ancient*

*Sanskrit Literature*, his *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, and his *Lectures on the Science of Language*, in which that accomplished scholar is rather severely handled. While the author indulges in no running-fire of abuse against this noted philologist, there is an occasional spasmodic *pronunciamiento*, or splenetic *jeu d'esprit* like the following, where, in a summary disposal of Muller's Rig-Veda translation, he says: "On the whole, we hardly know a volume of which the make-up is more unfortunate and ill-judged, more calculated to baffle the reasonable hopes of him who resorts to it, than the first volume of Muller's so-called 'translation' of the Rig-Veda. If the obligation of its title be at all insisted on, at least three-quarters of its contents are to be condemned as 'padding.'" Mr. Muller having survived the "nitro-glycerine mine" which Kavanagh essayed to spring at the very foundation of his theorizing, in his *Origin of Language and Myths*, it will not be surprising to know that he still lives after this fresh bombardment. Professor Whitney speaks with much warmth of the amount of harm done by Muller in inculcating false views and obstructing better light; while, at the same time, he admits the admirable service rendered by him to the cause of linguistics, by the spread of information, and the awakening of a spirit of appreciation and love in a very large class of readers. The former influence, however, he believes tends more and more to preponderate over the latter.

An authoritative record of the religion of the Persians may be gathered from a singularly interesting article on "The Avesta." The subject is handled with great thoroughness, as well as conciseness; and the review is a valuable repertory of carefully-collated facts in regard to the history and present condition of Zoroastrian scriptures, together with a critical tracing of the course of European studies upon them. The first task of Zoroastrian study—namely, the selection of proper traditional material—the author deems to

have been pretty satisfactorily accomplished; but the second and far more difficult task, of discovering and correcting the errors of the tradition, and of establishing the true form and relation of the sacred texts, and ascertaining their full meaning, he thinks is but just begun.

The well-digested papers on "Linguistic Studies" which follow, show vastness of research, laborious study, classical and æsthetic culture, robust thought, and a very wide range of linguistic learning. The closing chapter on "Language and Education," is an eloquent plea for the full development of every faculty; a protest against too strait-laced a scheme of study, and an argument against uniformity. The work is both valuable and interesting.

CONCORD DAYS. By A. Bronson Alcott.  
Boston: Roberts Bros.

We know of no recent book so full of sunshine and serene weather as this before us, *Concord Days*, wherein a venerable and sweet-souled philosopher discourses on life, literature, and fifty charming topics, with a voice full of wisdom and prophecy. The best pages of his life are here gathered together in the shape of essay, criticism, and biography. Mr. Alcott seems to take delight in endowing the memory of his friends with all that is sweet and appreciative and charitable. There is a kind of antique grace, and an unaffected gentleness, in his diction, that is perfectly delightful. We hardly know which to admire the more, the temperate judgment of the man, or the amiable frankness of his language; and the spirit of his work is as rare in these times as a saint or a miracle.

We quote a single paragraph from the volume, because of its peculiar interest to reader and writer: "My code of composition stands thus, and it is my advice to whom it may concern: Burn every scrap that stands not the test of all moods of criticism. Such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. Very little of what is thought admirable at the writing holds good over night. Sleep on your writing; take a walk over it; scrutinize it of a morning; review it of an afternoon; digest it after

a meal; let it sleep in your drawer a twelve-month; never venture a whisper about it to your friend, if he be an author especially. You may read selections to sensible women,—if young, the better; and if it stand these trials, you may offer it to a publisher, and think yourself fortunate if he refuse to print it. Then you may be sure you have written a book worthy of type, and wait with assurance for a publisher and reader thirty years hence—that is, when you are engaged in authorship that needs neither type nor publisher."

SAILING ON THE NILE. From the French of Laurent Laporte. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Frenchmen are good travelers. They improve their opportunities, and enjoy the moment; their past is soon forgotten, and the future possesses no terrors for them. They have not the narrowness of the English, the coldness of the German, nor the boastfulness of the American, tourist. They delight in everything, like children; they break their hearts over a picturesque ruin or a pretty face, and mend them again at the very next object of interest, with an ease and grace truly refreshing.

Laurent Laporte sails on the Nile like a young graduate whose generous mind has absorbed the *Arabian Nights* in the same mood with which he attacked the classics. He scents clove and cassia in every gale; he hears the rustle of the sails as he lies on the deck of his *dahabieh*—which, by the way, is a faithful copy of that of the Viceroy of Egypt (what more can a Frenchman ask?)—and they sound silken in his ears. He dotes on donkeys; he weeps over the piteous slave, who sings at his oar; he composes himself under the Libyan stars, and dreams his Oriental dream; is washed shoreward by a melodious wave, and abandons himself to the voluptuous Arabian *kief*. The date-palms seem to spring up before his joyous progress; for him the pigeons coo and the ibis flaps its white wings in welcome.

Even the Pyramids smile upon him, as witness his first sight of them: "Day was now beginning to dawn: its brightening radiance gradually replaced the moonli

At this hour the light is vague, the darkness transparent. Our donkeys chose their own way, over fields intersected with canals, over verdant meadows bespangled with a slight dew. Rosy turtle-doves, snipes, and clouds of pigeons, startled by our approach, were constantly soaring into the air. Some white ibises were walking solemnly among the young shoots of a grove of cotton-plants, from whose half-open pods flew flakes of snow. Suddenly we all cried out with one voice, 'The Pyramids!' The first ray of the rising sun had just struck their summits, and, in the midst of the misty aureole of the morning, they arose before us white and shadowy as a vision."

Perhaps there is more drought and dreariness in Egypt than M. Laporte saw; perhaps the indifferent eye of the average traveler would find little beyond a yellow, sluggish stream, fringed scantily with palms; but memory glosses over the accidents of travel, and Laporte's book is a memory of a very dreamy and seductive cruise. Voyagers would do well to go out into the world with an imagination as quick and a heart as susceptible as this Frenchman's; at least, he thinks so, and concludes his very agreeable volume with this bit of advice: "Do as I have done: stroll along the sandy beach, dream and meditate in the waving and majestic palm-groves, take no note of the flight of time, or of how speedily or slowly you are advancing, but find your delight in the passing moment. Watch the wind swelling your sails, hearken to the singing of your crew, to the measured throbbing of their oars; and, when night comes, cast your anchor against a green bank or off a lonely shore, and sleep in the open air under the stars of heaven, as did the shepherd kings. There is only one way to see Egypt, and that is sailing on the Nile."

THE POLYTECHNIC. Compiled and written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

This collection of music is designed for the use of schools, classes and clubs. It is a choice compilation of deservedly popular melodies--hitherto widely scattered--the best of college songs, and a rare and valuable

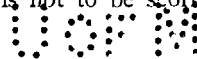
assortment of sacred music, well suited to the ordinary and extraordinary exercises of public, academic and normal schools.

The secular department embraces classical gems from Donizetti, Rossini, Von Weber, Offenbach, Verdi, Bellini, Flotow, Millard, De Beriot, and other celebrated musical authors; all of which have been reharmonized for mixed voices, and new words have been frequently substituted for the objectionable English paraphrases of the operas. For festival and commencement occasions, a few more pretentious and elaborate compositions have been introduced. The list of college songs comprises the best and most popular from this unique and indispensable department of the musical literature of the country.

While the selections for each of the divisions are of the highest order, another point of primal importance has not been overlooked, viz., to give special preference to melodies of a tuneful and ear-captivating character, which enlarges the sphere of its utility as a school work, and enhances its value for different avenues of circulation; making it a pleasant parlor companion, a delightful accession to the library of social song, a valuable acquisition to the school-room, and a substantial and satisfactory resource for the more classical and æsthetic demands of the virtuoso or *dilettante*.

THE MARBLE PROPHECY, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

We hesitate to denounce the well-known author of *Kathrina* and *Bitter Sweet* as a poetical fraud. When we say he is not a true poet, the odds are against us, for probably no poet, save Whittier, is so popular with the reading public, and possibly Dr. Holland outsells the author of *Snow Bound* and "Barbara Fritchie." What we will say is this: that Dr. Holland writes good and exceedingly proper verses, that are easily understood by the hundred thousand who buy his books as rapidly as they appear; and we venture to assert that in most cases the apostles of the Doctor will be found to have no stomach for any other poet, save, perhaps, Mr. Tupper. But the poet who can satisfy souls of this calibre is not to be scorned, for he



does a great and, perhaps, permanent good.

*The Marble Prophecy* is a bit of prosaic verse, conveying an indefinite impression of strength taxed to its utmost. The poet hurls his anathema at the Roman powers that be, and does what he can to set the world to rights; asserting that the grand old Laocoon is after all sublimer and more worthy of worship than the living head of the church who riots in the Vatican, together with all his statues, etc. The essay would have been quite as poetical, and perhaps more forcible, if issued in a prose form, unincumbered with a metre a trifle irregular, and lines that are unadorned with rhymes and naturally bald.

The twenty or more minor poems that eke out the volume, are hardly worthy of being gathered and bound over. A few of them are familiar to most readers, and some of them are noteworthy more for the sentiment than the form of expression. We know there are some souls that have been made patient and hopeful by these familiar lines, among the best in the volume, from the poem entitled "Gradatim:"

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round."

Such a poem saves a book that seems to us to have been made up of fragments twice discarded, and at last printed from dire necessity, since the successful author must produce his annual volume or be deposed from his place in the public heart.

THE RISE OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES. By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

In every department of art, science, or literature, the demand of the present age is for a broad, comprehensive and philosophical spirit. True art is vastly more interested in the actual incorporation and development of the idea into the material at its control than in the mere study of material. Science, that "last born, petted progeny of time," in anticipation of its fast-coming millennial day, roams the wide world, rummaging in search of laws that await discovery—not invention—and with which philosophy is eager to busy itself in its backward leaps from facts to principles.



Literature, also, has come to be a matter of scientific study. M. Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, has clearly substantiated this statement. In his application of this scientific method to historical literature, he has been happily successful. It is by the careful study of potent forces lying back in antecedent history, that he determines the character and development of the literature of any people. His best energies are not alone directed to the marshaling of facts, but in turning those facts to the best account, by deducing the necessary and inevitable sequence therefrom. It has come to be understood that a microscopic keenness for discovering, sifting, and tabulating facts, is of secondary importance, if unallied with a capacity for interpreting the meaning and bearing of those facts upon mankind. This constitutes the true philosophy of history, which concerns itself chiefly with the origin, progress and development of the industrial, political, and social organism of a people. Buckle, in his introduction to the *History of Civilization in England*, pledges himself to show that the progress which Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity. Guizot, in his *History of Civilization in Europe*, exhibits his doctrinaire style of philosophising; but to M. Taine belongs the honor of leadership (if honor there be), in the struggle to reduce history to a purely positivistic basis. Hallam and Freeman, while patient of research, accurate of statement, firm in attachment to liberal principles, laborious in investigation, profound in scholarship, and marvelous in artistic skill and realistic power, yet lack the philosophic ability, which, after all, may transcend the province of the true historian. Kingsley, Froude and Macaulay belong to yet another school—less severely historical, but more generally popular. Aubrey, in his *National and Domestic History of England*, and Draper, in his *American Civil War*, tread a pathway between the two last-named classes of historians. To severe historical research they add careful original investigation. With pleasant narration they combine judicious suggestion, contributing also the deductions of a sober judgment, thus making their works at once popular and valuable.



The purpose of the author of the present work seems identical with that of the writers just named. It is historical rather than philosophical—a sketch of the political history of the *Rise of the Republic of the United States*—a careful narration of events, with their causes and relations. His plan is best told by himself: “I shall aim to show how the European emigrant, imbued with the spirit of a new civilization, organized self-governing communities, and to follow the stages of their growth into a Union. I shall then trace the origin and rise of a sentiment of nationality, and the effort by which it became embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which was the first covenant of our country; and of the Federal Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land.”

In consonance with this plan, he proceeds, in his introductory chapter, to show the preparation in the Old World for colonization. He recognizes in George Buchanan, Hubert Lanquet, John Milton, John Locke and Algernon Sidney, the pioneers of the republican school. The origin of the idea of a common union, he traces to the appreciation and pressure of a great and vital want. But when the attitude of the colonies was pronounced from the throne to be rebellion, and the force of the nation summoned to suppress it, the popular party was forced to accept the situation of revolution, and to aim at separation. Then grafted on and blended with the conception of union was the sentiment of nationality. Just at this point was opened a most tempting field for the exercise and application of the philosophical spirit, had the author so elected; and would not the value of the work have been enhanced by a happy *détour* into the history of causation in regard to revolution, showing that what Huxley says of the human mind is equally true of the human race; that, when fed by constant accessions of knowledge, each periodically grows too large for its theoretical coverings, and bursts them asunder, to appear in new habiliments; that revolution, in other words, is the incarnation of new ideas—the development of expanding sentiments?

The author, however, presses bravely forward in the progress of colonization, the combination of local self-government and union in the New England confederacy. He

proceeds to show how a common peril necessitated and occasioned a Congress; details the dangers attending the French and Indian wars, with conciseness and eloquence of description; describes the surrender of Canada to the British arms; takes up English legislation from the Stamp Act down, and portrays the influence upon the colonies in evoking a sentiment of union, and establishing a general Congress. Moving on, he keeps pace with the popular leaders in their recognition of the fact of revolution and aim at independence, and shows how they met the question of sovereignty; how by the Declaration of Independence they decreed their existence as a nation composed of free and independent States; and how the people, by ordaining the Constitution of the United States, instituted Republican Government. This is, briefly, the plan of the work.

Mr. Frothingham is an interesting writer. There is little of sparkle and brilliant coloring; there is little, too, of offensive rhetorical flourish and hasty assertion. The work has much of graphic description, and if it lacks masterly historical grouping, it is neither crude nor superficial. There is a conscientious gathering of rich material, and a scholarly grasp of the same; there are evinced great painstaking and fidelity to facts; and in a quiet, lucid, sober way, we are treated to the full details of the *Rise of the Republic of the United States*.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.  
By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Some years since, and during the period when the author of the present volume was writing *Elsie Venner*, a stranger from California, bearing a letter of introduction from the poet Whittier, called upon him, in Boston, to acknowledge the pleasure the *Autocrat* had given to a circle of readers in the Golden City, then separated from the “hub” by leagues of ocean, and a month of time.

With a warm welcome, the genial poet said, “It is especially gratifying to me, when the echoes come back from so far away.” Ever since then, he has been sending out healthful alteratives to sick souls—administering sugar-coated pills of reform, or oblit-

erating the lines which have *not* fallen in pleasant places in the lives of others, by dexterous touches of his magic wand, wielded among his satellites of the "Breakfast-Table." And ever since then he must have been hearing gracious echoes from far-off places. He speaks to the human heart, and the human heart responds. His *dramatis personæ* are drawn with such fidelity to life, and come so near being flesh and blood, that their words and actions are vital with individuality, and we feel a personal interest in the sentiments they utter. We draw up to the "Breakfast-Table" with an appetite for the intellectual variety of good things so lavishly dealt out—finding no repetition in the bill of fare, nor re-hashes of meats served before.

The "Landlady," and some of her boarders, we have met, certainly—we recognize them as acquaintances of our own, and wonder we have been so stupid in not sooner penetrating the secrets of their inner lives. One of the peculiarities of the poet is, that he awakens no coarse sentiment of pity or commiseration for the anxieties and troubles which shrink from revealing themselves; but rather a sincere and loving sympathy for the nameless mortifications which follow genteel poverty and unsuspected struggles to keep up appearances.

We recognize "the Lady" as instinctively as we recognize her, meeting her in our daily walks. We respect her reticence, and presume on no familiarity. "That Boy" is brother or cousin to every one of us; and the "Scarabee" stands for the man of one idea in every form of its monopoly. It is easier to duplicate the boarders than the poet who introduces them. None but he could have given us recollections of the old "Gambrel-roofed House," with such tender touches of memory and love; recalling to the absent (ah! how many years absent!) sweet and sad or joyful reminiscences. Californians, especially, can appreciate the remark, "We lose a great deal, in living where there are so few permanent homes"—or *Holmes*, which is it? If we seem personal and familiar with our *Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, and a little out of the line of legitimate criticism, it is because we can not separate ourselves from the personality of the author. We explore

with him the garret of the old house in a riot of unlicensed rummaging—sighing as we recall the solemn condemnation of a Bostonian on our western style of architecture. "No garrets?" said he; "no reminders that you are growing old, except what pertains to gray hairs, and other personal imperfections? I consider legless tables and dilapidated books my daily monitors."

How much erudition—how many scraps of wisdom—what a number of moral axioms, and really delightful descriptions of men and things, the reader skips over to read again and again this heart-awakening and home-loving paragraph: "Let us look at a garret, as I can reproduce it from memory: It has a flooring of laths, with ridges of mortar squeezed up between them, which if you tread on—the Lord have mercy on you!—where will you go to? The same being crossed by narrow bridges of boards, on which you may put your feet—but with fear and trembling. It is a realm of darkness and thick dust, and shroud-like cobwebs—and dead things they wrap in their gray folds. *For a garret is like a sea-shore, where wrecks are thrown up, and slowly go to pieces.* There is the cradle, in which the old man you just remember was rocked. There is the ruin of the bedstead he died on; that ugly, slanting contrivance used to be put under his pillow when his breath came hard. There is his old chair, with both arms gone—symbol of the desolate time when he had nothing earthly left to lean upon. There is the large wooden reel, which the blear-eyed old deacon sent the minister's lady, who thanked him graciously, and twirled it smilingly, and in fitting season bowed it out to the limbo of troublesome conveniences. And there are old leather portmanteaus, like stranded porpoises, their mouths gaping in gaunt hunger for the food with which they used to be gorged to bulging repletion; and the old brass andirons, waiting until time shall revenge them on their paltry substitutes, and they shall have their own again, and bring with them the fore-stick and back-log of ancient days; and the empty churn, with the idle dashers, which the Nancies and Phebes, who have left their comfortable places to the Bridgets and Norahs, used to handle to good purpose; and the brown, shaky

old spinning-wheel, which was running, it may be, in the days when they were hanging the Salem witches."

Now, we do not intend to convey the idea that the description of this roomy old attic is the best thing in the volume, by any means. There are studies in psychology and ethics which involve a much wider range of suggestions; but the recollection of such an infirmary for the general ruin of household traps, in homes never again to be looked upon, is so fraught with associations, that it is no wonder we glance over it the last thing at night, sleep with it under our pillow, consult it before prayers in the morning, and sigh for *one* relic of the olden times—a garret.

There is a grim contrast in introducing, after these local reminiscences, the boarder who applies himself to the "order of things." From the attic to the stars is not such an improbable leap, after all; and the man who "wants to project a possible universe outside of the order of things," can not be other than original in habits of thought and modes of expression. Under this guise, the author gives us some sound thinking. There is a natural harmony in introducing "one-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with sky-lights," as a sequence to the rambles over the old house; and following it out is only a similar rummage in the chambers of the brain. The poet has such a graceful way of concealing the lancet of satire with which he pricks us, that we gratefully acknowledge the benefit of the delicate thrust. The old master at a modern concert, however, is a broader cut into the very arteries of affectation.

In the treatment of some of the weakest foibles of human nature, there are touches of genuine feeling and sympathy, inlaid with such mirth-provoking wit, that we sometimes forget the poet in our rich enjoyment of the humorist. But "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts" recall us to our fealty. This poem runs through some of the chapters like a golden thread, upon which are strung crystal-clear gems of a mainly sound and healthful theology—flawed a little now and then, 'tis true, but especially commendable to those cruel clerical despots who would fain light offending sinners into heaven by the brimstone torches and sulphurous flames of the nether

regions—continually goading them into a state of nervous apprehension lest they lose their way, and so slip into outer darkness. The poet advances, at the "Breakfast-Table," authoritative and definite opinions on many subjects; but the listening soul may hear, striking above the discords of vexed questions, that sweet, soft whisper of Infinite Love: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Thus overland we again send an echo to the genial author; rejoicing that it now takes but a week to reverberate.

KALLOOLAH. By W. S. Mayo, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

*Kaloolah* is already a generation old. At the time of its appearance, in 1849, it ran through four editions in four months, and established the reputation of its author, who afterward followed it with one or two volumes of a similar nature. Its success might have been aided by the desire for graphic and picturesque literature awakened by the advent of Herman Melville's fascinating story of *Typee*; at any rate, authors of pure fiction were at that time fond of imposing their ingenious inventions upon the credulous public in the shape of facts, and their realistic dress generally carried conviction to the reading mind, though the authorities were often wanting. *Kaloolah* is as interesting to-day, and will perhaps find as eager a public, as upon the occasion of its first issue from the press. There is pleasant satire in its pages, sage hints on sanitary reform, much vivid description, and no end of adventure woven in a novel and interesting story-form.

We find this quaint fancy worth quoting for its originality. The "Ristum-Kitherum" was an instrument whose gamut included a series of subtle odors—noiseless, but infinitely varied. There were fifty distinct perfumes, that stood in the same relation to each other that tones and semi-tones do to the different parts of the scale in music. Garlic corresponded to the minor key in music; compositions in the sulphureted-hydrogen key had invariably a spirit-stirring and martial expression. "Romer" listened to, or rather smelt, a performance upon this instrument,

sitting in a long hall, through which a current of air wafted the various perfumes past him. He says, "a series of staccato passages, amid bergamot, lemon, orange, cinnamon, and other familiar perfumes, quite entranced me, while a succession of double shakes on the attar of rose made me fancy, for a moment, that the joyous breath of a bright spring morning was once more dashing the odors of that old sweet-briar bush into the open window of my chamber at O——." All this took place in the mysterious land of the "Framazugs," together with much else as singular and suggestive.

Dr. Mayo has something to say on the moral influence of food, which is worth considering. "It is a great thing, a plenty of good, plain, wholesome food in this world, and not without its influence in the next. If anyone doubts, let him ask the starving millions, who are suffering the pangs of hunger—who are dying of diseases engendered of famine—who are groveling in the mental and moral debasement of deficient nutrition—and what will be the answer? Why, that a starving stomach permits no moral sense, no religious sentiment—that you must fill that organ before you can touch the heart—before you can make the consolations of religion, the

incitements of virtue, the hopes of heaven, anything better than miserable and empty sounds, signifying nothing."

So much for the medical gentleman who found no difficulty in weaving much wholesome logic into his story, which seems to us second only to the unrivaled Polynesian romances of Herman Melville.

LEISURE HOUR SERIES. *Fly-Leaves* by C. S. C. New York: Holt & Williams.

Mr. C. S. Calverley, the reputed author of *Fly-Leaves*, may be judged as a writer from two stand-points: he is either a genuine poet, whose broad humor masters his sentiment when least expected, while he convulses the reader who may be quite in the mood to accept him in good earnest; or he is a wit, with an uncommon appreciation of the beautiful, and who possesses poetic powers of no mean order. In fact, there are stanzas in this volume that would do honor to almost any of the modern poets, and we are sometimes inclined to feel vexed with the author when we find he is only fooling. Altogether, it is one of the most entertaining books we have met with for many a day, and we thank the publishers for introducing it to us in so attractive and convenient a form.

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#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:*

- THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. By C. P. Cranch. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.  
 THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. By O. W. Holmes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.  
 GARETH AND LYNETTE. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.  
 THE HIGHER MINISTRY OF NATURE. By J. R. Leifchild. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.  
 THE MINISTRY OF SONG. By Frances R. Havergal. New York: D. C. Lent & Co.  
 HINTS ON DRESS. By Ethel C. Gale. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.  
 THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Schele DeVere. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.  
 THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY. By Chas. K. Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.  
 KEEL AND SADDLE. By Joseph W. Revere. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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

- A SUMMER'S ROMANCE. By Mary Healy. Boston: Roberts Bros.  
 BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA. By S. T. Coleridge. 2 Vols. New York: Holt & Williams.  
 OUTLINES OF HISTORY. By Edward A. Freeman. New York: Holt & Williams.  
 INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. By D. D. Home. New York: Holt & Williams.  
 SERMONS. By Rev. H. R. Haweis. New York: Holt & Williams.  
 ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Henry Coppée. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.  
 OFF THE SKELIGS. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Bros.