

RETROSPECTS
AND
PROSPECTS

Descriptive and Historical Essays

BY

SIDNEY LANIER



SECOND EDITION.

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NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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University Press

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Prefatory Note

THE essays here republished were written at widely separated periods of the poet's life, under different kinds of circumstances, and with no plan on his part that they should be gathered together in this or any analogous grouping. The sketch of San Antonio, for instance, came into existence from no more elaborate prompting than the need to earn money with the literary materials of a picturesque city, to which Sidney Lanier was driven by dangerous weakness of the lungs. The article was offered to the *Southern Magazine*, and was published in it. The essay, "The New South," was written for *Scribner's Monthly*, and the "Sketches of India" at the invitation of J. B. Lippincott and Company; the occasion of the Confederate Memorial Address is obvious. The opening essay, "Retrospects and Prospects," had less definiteness of intention. It was composed at the age of twenty-five, — the compelled overflow of a buoyant, strenuous soul.

Thus it may well be that a critic will find no substantial thread of continuity to hold the chapters

in orderly relation. Quite apart, however, from a common denominator in the subject-matter, there is a justification for this volume of Mr. Lanier's prose sufficient for the many who have come into strong sympathy with his verse. This justification lies in two striking qualities in the argument, — the ever-recurring hopefulness and the practical good sense, which have not always been added to the spiritual equipment of poets. They will serve, present as they are to a remarkable degree in the following chapters, to give a certain harmony to the very different notes sounded in this volume.

Probably of all those who have read any of Lanier's writings, the great majority remember him as the author of the "Marshes of Glynn," "Corn," and "Clover." To this greater part of his audience it will come as a surprise that this sensitive poet's nature should throw itself with such royal good will into the obstinate tangle of social and industrial conditions confronting his time, that he should gather statistics with such zest about acres and cotton and cattle, with never a hint in the work that the poet would lieber hide behind his traditional privilege of a sad, silent protest against the ugliness of life. This strong, earnest, and eager attitude toward the world was temperamental with Mr. Lanier, and gives these prose sketches a clear distinction from the perfunctory labor, the hack-work, of a needy man of

letters. Where, too, these essays lose in homogeneity, they gain in the interest of comparing Mr. Lanier's earliest prose style with his latest, the first represented by the opening chapter, "Retrospects and Prospects," written in 1867, the second by the magazine article, "The New South," 1880. The comparison aptly aids in proving the rule of a progress in literary style from the complex to the simple, by the example of a writer whose luxuriant, ingenious imagination, and dashing method, were to the last highly characteristic.

C. D. L.

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Retrospects and Prospects

I

Retrospects and Prospects

I

THERE is an old problem of early school-days, which, if it had been intended for an allegory, would make one think of fine John Bunyan. It was doubtless concocted by some steady-going pedagogue, of mathematico-religious proclivities, who little dreamed how he was therein symbolizing the strange question which, in wonderfully different shapes and guises, may now be considered the one question of history, of current politics, of current socialism, of current science, of current poetry, of current religion : —

A boy, quotha, starts to church : every minute he steps three feet forward, but is blown by the wind two feet backward ; the church being (given) miles distant, — to find the time in which he will reach it.

Now Humanity is a boy (as yet), and he has started to church ; but the time is windy, and the wind is against him, insomuch that his heart, which is naturally devout, is fain to cry out, “ How long, O ye heavens that rule the winds, how long ? ”

Doubtless, in spite of its distinct appearance, the Church of All-Workers is yet a long way off ; doubtless,

young Hopeful will pass many a lonely quagmire where warlocks and jack-o'-lanterns will confuse him; doubtless, he will often, in the school-boy way, make long *détours* in order to avoid those graveyards of history in which his hot fancy has beheld ghostly calamities stalking among the dead and menacing the living; doubtless, he will often have to regret taking those side-paths to right or left which began so charmingly and ended so dismally in gloomy forest or trackless moor; and perhaps he will meet by the way one or two wise-hearted, white-headed folk who will cry, "Courage, little man! The church is far, but a brave heart will take thee to it." And so, after rare adventures, he will get there — if the head-wind will let him.

Will it? A parlous question! For some men, when they hear it, droop their heads and whisper that the two opposing forces of leg-muscle and wind are precisely equal; that while Humanity has been sturdily stepping out for six or more thousand years, he has been as sturdily thrust back for six or more thousand years, and that he is now exactly where he started; though truly time has changed the looks of things about him in the interval. Humanity is foolish, say these men, to suppose that he is marching forward: he is only marking time, and he will die in his original foot-tracks, for the Devil is in the wind.

It cannot be questioned (to abandon the allegory) that man's work, whose result we call civilization, has two powerful tendencies, one of which is forward and the other backward; and recent events have caused many worthy people to fear that at present these two tendencies are *in equilibrio*, or even that the backward tendency is beginning to exceed the forward. They observe

that at each new upstarting of man's energy — and what age has seen so many as this? — the resulting invention or discovery, be it in material or in spiritual matters, immediately inures to the benefit of both the tendencies of civilization. These two tendencies, they conclude, are like two expert duellists, who by the constant attrition of mutual parry and thrust are continually sharpening each other's swords, and continually finding occasion to bewail advantage gained at the expense of advantage conferred.

For instance, "Look at the sea-cable," cries Progress; "how beautiful were the greetings of the East and West!"

"Ay," reply the Equilibrium men; "but the sea-telegraph brings nearly as much war news as peace news, and it talks as rapidly in the service of wealthy falsehood as of needy truth!"

"Well, but what say you to the multitude of the type foundries?" again inquires confident Progress: "see how the heathen are lit with Bibles every year!"

"So," rejoins Equilibrium sturdily, "and observe also how the breakfast tables of the enlightened are darkened every morning with seduction cases and crim.-con. reports, and chaffings and vile abuse and blasphemies, well and legibly printed in the newspapers!"

"How about steam, then?" shouts Progress, getting red in the face. "Shortly, steam will take you from New York to the Rocky Mountains in half a week!"

"True," whispers Equilibrium, in stage-tragic voice, "true; and steam already runs whiskey distilleries enough to throw the whole world into *delirium tremens*; and three thieves to one honest man will make time by your railroad."

In view of the respectability of these parties and the consequent weight of their opinions, it is surely worth the while of earnest people to look more closely into the age, to note the two opposing forces in our civilization, and to see which one of these is really availing itself of the new resources offered by exhaustless invention. With more force now than ever before, it may be said that to comprehend his epoch is at once the most difficult and the most pressing emergency of the thinker, of the sober citizen, or of the selfish demagogue. For he who to-day says "Let us look into the time," speaks a thrilling word. Into what time does he invite us? Into the twentieth century! That old road we called the nineteenth century is ended; we stand at the mile-post with beating hearts and gaze up the unfamiliar avenue of a new era. And the emergency is difficult. In this era-dawn, it is as if we rubbed our eyes at daybreak. We are amazed at the singular dawn-noises and dawn-sights which present themselves on all sides in wild contrasts. Yonder are the dim forms of the night animals slinking away into the forest, and growling in bloody fights for lairs and refuges; about us is the stertorous upstarting of day animals, hungry for prey; above all the blood and the snarling bends the morning sky; and the morning star, that love-light in the misty blue eye overhead, gleams upon the serene dew. Who at such a moment is so calm of soul that he can scrutinize the low clouds yonder, and prophesy sunshine or foul weather for the day? Yes, that central idea which has for a considerable period been controlling with centripetal force the vast revolving circle of circumstance, and which we have been denominating the nineteenth century, has abdicated its position; and a new idea, which we will doubtless

call the twentieth century, is but now settling itself in the central seat of power. What is this new idea, and in what direction will it whirl the old passionate energies of men? Which of the two prime opposing forces in man will succeed in leaguings with it? This is the problem which demands solution in some sort alike at the hands of the public and the private citizen, of the honest and the villainous, of the benefactor and the robber. Of course, he who exaggerates the difficulty of a problem and then proceeds to solve it in sight of the people may be justly accused of charlatanry. To disarm such accusation, this present writer declares that his aim is not to solve but only to clear the way for solution ; and if in so modest emprise his success be to lighten by one stroke the labor of stronger and wiser men, then his most soaring hope will alight and fold contented wing.

A soul and a sense linked together in order to fight each other more conveniently, compose a man. A fearful double is he ; and these two combatants, when all is said, are simply the two duellists that sharpen each other's swords, and are the two confronting powers of the boy struggling forward and the wind pressing backward. This conflict of soul and sense is precisely the old conflict of Roman Patrician and Plebeian. Sense is luxurious ; luxury is called sensuality : sense is brutal because it knows only itself ; sense is fastidiously nice in small matters ; sense measures precisely with dainty rule and square, and calls its measurements conventionalities — all of which are Patrician characteristics. Soul, on the other hand, is essentially Plebeian. Soul loves and hates, and grasps and flings away, and laughs and weeps in a thoroughly loud, vulgar way — vulgar at least from the Patrician view of the proprieties. Now the Plebs

won in Rome ; and soul must win in life. The Patrician is always old, the Plebeian is always young. The old luxurious patrician East is full of "Hindoo life-weariness ;" but the young plebeian West is

" . . . young

As Eve with Nature's daybreak on her brow."

Sense drops his languid hands and sighs for a new titillation, which, when he has got it, can elicit from him only some gentle trituration of gloved hands in the way of applause ; soul offers him a fresh, dewy enthusiasm of love, a brave morning-energy of life. Now if, in spite of this conflict and contrast, the Patrician sense should awake to the nobleness of the Third Estate, should voluntarily abandon his own pseudo-nobility and fall into the wild ranks of the Plebeians, like the old Roman Tribune of history, like the Romney Leigh of fiction, considering his apparent disgrace a true promotion, — then would the rightful progress of man go on.

It is hoped to prove that this is not only the right progress of humanity, but that it is and has been the actual historic progress of men and things and events. For as time flows on, man and nature steadily etherealize. As time flows on, the sense-kingdom continually decreases, and the soul-kingdom continually increases, *and this not by the destruction of sense's subjects, but by a system of promotions in which sensuous things, constantly etherealizing, constantly acquire the dignity of spiritual things, and so diminish their own number and increase the other.* This paradoxical ennobling-by-disgrace of the material into the spiritual expresses the historic development of the world. Over this route Nature and Art, like a bird's shadow and a bird, have flown up to to-day.

By this course politics and religion, which are respectively the body and the soul of life, have acquired their present features.

And first with the first.

Nature, in that fine ramble of hers along the shore of the great deep (a ramble which we call Time), has been good enough to write and strew along the sand at intervals short monographs of autobiography which remain for our reading. These quaint epistles of Nature, like all women's letters, full of blots, of erasures, of false syntax, of queer spelling, of ejaculations, of double underscorings, of marvellous punctuations, of confidential disclosures, of tiger hates, of lily loves; these rare, incoherent letters, in one line repeating starry compliments, in another retailing muddy scandals of old convulsions and hideousnesses, a scripture complex with crossings and re-crossings of the page, a composition intricate with breaks and clauses and parentheses,—these violet-stained letters, I say, of our sweetheart Nature, all breathe one tone in respect of the constant etherealizing process which she has been undergoing. He who collates her earliest letters with her latest will discover that whereas she was a stormy virago of sixty, she has now been magically rejuvenated, and is become marvellously like to a gentle and dainty-fingered maiden of sixteen. What Frederic von Hardenberg has called the "old Titanic times" of Nature, "in which all objects lay strewn about the earth like the remains of a terrific repast;" times in which volcanoes flamed and earthquakes cracked, and glaciers crawled and avalanches fell, and oceans overbrimmed, and islands rose above or sank beneath the sea; times in which land, air, and water were horrible with megatherium and pterodactyl and

ichthyosaurus, — these times are gone : things are less hideous, and behave more gently. To-day we have from Nature rather dew than avalanches ; to-day she gives us more of the fruitful mould and less of the barren rock ; to-day sees petroleum wells and healing springs instead of volcanoes ; to-day the woods emerge from the gloom of giant ferns, and revel in the lights and odors of tiny flowers ; to-day we pluck fruit from off rocks that once starved a fir.

But more than this. Nature has in these days really caught the spirit of man. In the Greek times Nature rose half-way to the dignity of man, with her oreads and nymphs and fauns ; in our times she has risen all the way. If Tennyson stroll into a glen, the *genius loci* is now not a hamadryad, but a veritable human soul ; and to Tennyson (and through him to us) the tree laughs and loves and hates, and is jealous and generous and selfish, like any man. The sea should not mourn for his lost Triton ; for the sea should now have done playing like a sea-god, and should rage passionately and repose grandly like a man. The modern poets have flown out and put a star on the forehead of each rock and tree and cloud and wave ; it is the star of love and grief which is worn by purified men. For, listen ! Yonder in England grows a "Talking Oak" that talks as well as Tennyson ! Verily, we have heard nothing like it since on yon Midsummer's Night the wall held forth of Pyramus and Thisbe, and good Demetrius swore it was the wittiest partition that ever he heard discourse. A very English oak, a right gnarled fellow, with root, trunk, and branches, watching the world revolve about him as if he had a man's eye ; swearing "By summers !" plumping an acorn with fatherly pride into the bosom of

a maiden sleeping therebeneath, and returning thanks for this honor which had befallen his progeny ; and lastly, weeping and sighing, which was most human of all. In this fine forest of Master Tennyson is another tree that thrills with an inward agony ; and down upon it gazes the sun, which is become a human eye with fringed storms for eyelashes ; and the by-passed tempests moan and call out of other lands. And Coleridge's mountain-top struggles all the night with troops of stars ; and Swinburne has overheard some sea-conversation which he has translated into good English ; and angelic Shelley, and sweet Christina Rossetti, and deep-thoughted Elizabeth Browning, and quaint Jean Ingelow, and overbrimming Ruskin, and sad Maurice de Guérin, and that tempest Victor Hugo, and dainty John Keats, and all-mingling Jean Paul, and priestly Novalis, and a thousand more poets in verse and prose, have proven to us how human physical nature has become, by translating Nature's maiden fantasies for the general ear. So that nowadays not only may the geniuses of the world — those ministers plenipotentiary at the court of Nature — hold diplomatic interviews and discourse high topics with her, but so well have they made her language known, and so gracious has she proven, that all the commonest domestic folk may run out and chit-chat with her, whenever they will, a million at a time.

Nature, therefore (to return to the soberer philosophic method), does really spiritualize herself, as time rolls on, into a genuine companion and friend of man. She does really come under the influence of that great central idea of the ages which presides over the conclave of special ideas controlling special epochs, — the idea of etherealization. A most provoking word ! For it so nearly

expresses and yet does not express that process which combines the two ideas of an old woman become beautiful by rejuvenation and of a young woman becoming wise and gentle and pure by age. Now, if Nature be the glancing shadow, and Art the living singing-bird above it, surely the motions of the shadow will be but copies of the flutterings of the bird ; and we shall expect to find that Art, too, has been spiritualizing itself, has been forsaking its Titanic days and chastening its frolic awkwardness, has been learning to rely more on soul and less on sense, has been divesting itself of unsightly material props and supports, has been, in short, etherealizing and floating in the thin air of the spiritual. An exhaustive treatise on this department of the question would have to contain separate volumes devoted to each of these following subjects, namely, a searching analysis of the past and present conditions and characteristics of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, and prose, together with various discourses under the head of the useful arts. But this present paper must content itself to etch, by single, and therefore necessarily inexact, outline strokes, the contrasting portraits of these arts as existing heretofore and now.

As for architecture, one scarcely knows in this day whether it has not voluntarily abandoned its old tendencies towards preaching, and gone into business with the conviction that commerce pays better than piety. What time has architecture to spend on churches, when here are thousands of railroad depots and newspaper buildings and dry-goods stores thronging around him, jingling their pocketsful of money and offering heavy prices for airiness, lightness, and rapidity of construction? Yet in spite of the fact that architecture has

become rather one of the useful than of the fine arts, in those very words "airiness, lightness, and rapidity" has been indicated the veritable etherealizing change which it has undergone. Trinity Church compared with an Egyptian temple is as Tennyson compared with Milton; the massive force of the former has been refined into the spiritual power of the latter, a power full as strong and greatly less unwieldy. And so when architecture builds nowadays a place for the wealthy who die, there arises, not a pyramid to lie like a dead weight on the breast of the dead, but some airy and light mausoleum whose taper proportions direct our thought rather to the soul that is risen out of the grave than to the inert bones that decay within it.

And what of sculpture? Well — and let no one cry out until he has read to the end — here is Webster's statue in marble, or Washington's equestrian *eidolon* in bronze. What? Webster, with white eyes, with white hair, with white draperies? Or Washington, with bronze eyes, bronze hair, and a bronze horse? We approach these statues, then, with a preliminary chilling sense of unreality; and we crush back this sense: all felt and done half unconsciously. But we observe that the statues are well executed, that they indicate faithful study, that the pose is good; and we say to our friend: "It is a fine imitation: how natural is the hand! how perfect that nail!" Why, this is precisely the criticism of Gellert's Fool; only, here, wisdom and folly agree, and the judgment is a true one. For imagine a Greek led in to see the Phidian Jove. There sits the majesty of Olympus, amid thunderbolts and winged Victories; the Greek's eye is misty, and looks at the statue through a rosy dream; a divine breath from the

god's lip penetrates to the man's soul, which grows tense therewith, as a cloud is tense with lightning. Will the Greek step close and pick at the great toe-nail to see if it be well chiselled? Imagine it! He rather walks slowly out and dreams, through the streets, of heaven and of immortality, and the like. Now the power, factitious or otherwise, of Jove had informed his statue, and made it, *quoad* the Greek, transparent, so that the Greek looked through the statue, and not at it. Sculpture, *per* Phidias' genius, wielded this power of Jove, and so cast an unearthly glamour over the incongruities of its work. But, unfortunately (for sculpture at least), sculpture has lost this power. Webster and Washington were great men, but not gods; we approach their statues with reverential but not with frenzied souls; we are calm enough to judge in the matter of nails and eyes; and we are, unwittingly, at once true enough and cruel enough to stab poor sculpture to the heart, when we walk away smiling and saying, "How fine the nail!" For Art does not imitate: it creates; and if the artist has only imitated Webster in stone, and has not veritably re-created Webster in our soul, then Webster, the artist, and we, all three, are to be commiserated. So that sculpture, like architecture, has grown at once more rich and less exalted by abandoning religion to take up trade; and though in this lower capacity it still in all respects bears out the theory which has been enunciated, yet as a useful art it is not to be now treated of. The truth of the whole matter seems to be that Art, striving in these modern times for that most rare combination, *truth and reality*, has come to regard sculpture as a glaring unreality embodied, and has purified herself of it; has knocked it away as a mere material prop, weak

in itself and unnecessary for support. It is impossible, however, to speak of modern sculpture without referring to what is perhaps the brightest example of genius in that art yet afforded by our country. I mean the small groups of Rogers. Little mention has been made of these groups; but surely genius had a hand on the chisel there. And one cites them with all the more pleasure since they in all respects bear out the theory which it has been partially attempted to enunciate—the theory of etherealization, of spiritualization. They are genuine creations: the black man, there, for all his turned-up toes and his patched knee, will start some high thoughts in the minds of the meditative; and the little cottage-porch, whose vines are thrilling with the lingering kiss of the departing soldier on his trim lassie's lips, sends a man's soul wandering away amid a multitude of sweet and sad things. These groups afford perhaps the only field now left to sculpture. They engage themselves with the *domesticities* of our life; and by as much as home-life is tenderer than camp-life, by as much as an idyl is more heavenly than an epic, by so much are these groups more ethereal than the groups of ancient sculpture.

Signs exist that painting, as such, will follow its brethren of the compass and chisel. If, however, this word be considered as the general name of that art which depicts upon flat surfaces by means of perspective and light and shade, then better things must be said of it. As photography, as engraving upon wood, stone, and metals, painting has suffered a rare sea-change on this long voyage of man. It has abandoned the purple and gold in which it long ruled over men; it has come down upon us in a rare new avatar of the colorless

photograph and engraving. These two, besides having copied most of the beautiful old pictures, give us daily a thousand new things full as beautiful. How grand is painting, then, as simple shade and light ! The dark, the bright ; night, day ; death, life ; how all these ideas couple and symbolize each other ! And how impartially, like death, has painting knocked at the doors of all palaces and huts in the land since it became only colorless ; and how radiantly, like life, has painting lit up the humble as well as the pretentious homes in the land since it became photography and engraving ! Like two new worlds, each half-lit and half-shaded at once, and each bearing a whole worldful of rare and strange beauties upon its surface, float forth these two newly discovered planets, and glitter in a free heaven for all to see. No man may have a home nowadays that is all unlovely. The poorest may have a picture that the richest would prize ; and the richest can scarcely buy a picture whose faithful *eidolon* is not attainable by the poorest. See, then, how this art, painting, has risen and floated away free as air and sunshine into all homes and all wastes, simply by having lightened itself of the purely material load of color ! So that painting, also, like nature, like architecture, like sculpture, etherealizes ; and we get from it now rather tender home-scenes than barbarous battle-scenes ; rather little ones saying prayers at mothers' knees than bloody-heeled conquerors soiling the plain.

II

FOR himself personally, this present writer is right glad that he is now come to speak of music. This is the art of to-day ; this is the art into whose hands has fallen

the unfinished work of the bygone arts. Music, Music : — one repeats this word a thousand times to oneself, as a boy murmurs his sweetheart's name in solitude.

And here one must beg indulgence for some brief time. For does the student of physiology run to his beloved and calmly strip off the pearly skin and dissect the dainty limbs, in order to improve his science? And if not, how can this writer, in the presence of this divinity whom he is scarce bold enough to love, prate of her food-assimilations and stomachic-actions, and progress, and the like? No ! By her dawn-gray eyes, and by the red lips of the Nine, and by all the holy oaths of art, he will for this once sink the philosopher in the man ; he will for this little while refuse to be music's surgeon : he will leave this to some one who is called a Doctor of Music. He will only remain kneeling, and swear to all knights of the age that this Music is the fairest of all God's creatures, that her heart is a harp and her voice is a flute ; the which he will maintain with sword, lance, and battle-axe against all comers, Paynim or Christian ! And having so discharged his challenge-obligation, let him now, for some few blissful moments, breathe in whatever extravagant tropes the passion of his love will lend him, his knightly duty and reverence and loyal love to music.

A silver horn represents the dead mineral kingdom, a wooden flute represents the half-animate vegetable kingdom, and a sinew-strung violin represents the living animal kingdom ; so have the three kingdoms of nature sent each a minister to the court of King Man, and music is their diplomacy. The horn is, therefore, the controlled and firm voice of the enduring metals ; the flute is the pure yet passionate voice of the trees, which

live and yet are sinless ; and the violin is the strange, mournful-joyful voice of blood happily bounding in veins or painfully shooting from wounds, and of breath peacefully working in life or laboringly departing in death.

The new-born child hears before he sees ; the dying man hears after his eyes are forever dimmed : and so hearing is, as Richter says, " the first sense of the living " and " the last sense of the dying." This sense therefore clasps in its arms more of life than any other. Upon the musical air-waves float to and fro invisible ships freighted with strange freight, trading between souls and finding wharfage on the shore of the ear : to which ships, full cargoes, both ways, forever and forever ! is the earnest wish of all true hearts.

Melody is as if one loved without reciprocation : harmony is the satisfaction of mutual love. Perhaps for this reason melody fascinates disappointed humanity, and harmony pleases the satisfied angels. When the young lusty earth leapt out of the night like a white doe out of the woods, and sprang into the open heaven-road to make a race for life, then the morning-stars sang and charmed it into a circular path which it has never left : such is the power of music over animals ! As the blue sky, at the horizon-line, adjusts itself precisely to all the unevennesses of the land, so music, our other sky, adapts itself to all the inequalities of life, and has a tune to suit the lowest or the highest in society and the most barbarous or the most enlightened in civilization. From Ashango-land to America ; from Poor Tom, the singing idiot, to Tennyson, the singing philosopher ; from a jaw-bone rattled by a savage to a great organ played by Mendelssohn : such is the blue reach and overspan of the sky of music.

Music defies calculation, it baffles prophecy, it vanishes during analysis. It has more avatars than Vishnu, more metamorphoses than Jupiter, more transmigrations than Pythagoras's soul. It is, at one and the same time, an angel and a devil; a muse and a fury; a tarantula and an anodyne; a free Proteus and a Prometheus bound. It is a spiritual analogue to carbon; which appears one moment as charcoal, the next moment as rose-leaf, and the next as diamond. Yonder, as drum and horn, music marches at the head of armies like a general; here, as voice or lute, it sings by the cradles of children like a mother. In the cathedral it is chanting *Laudamus* for the birth of a king; in the graveyard it is chief mourner at the burial of a beggar. Last night in slippers and spangles it led a dance; to-day in sober black it leads a church-service. It conducts virtue along the aisle to the marriage-altar; it inflames vice to unholy embrace in the brothel. In the music-room it is a piano, in the forest it is a whistling bird, in the heavens it is a groaning wind, in the firmament it is a whirling star, and in the soul it is like a serene fire.

Why does not our age, which claims to be a Prospero of eras, subject and tame this singular spirit, Music, which is at once an Ariel and a Caliban, and will indifferently girdle the earth or chop firewood for us?

To the soul, music combines in itself the power of steam, the agility of electricity, and the fidelity of printing-type. It is a civilization in a conch-shell.

Love is a vast lily whose petals gleam faintly just under the wave of life, and sometimes sway and float out above it. Up from this lily, then, arises an odor: it is Music.

"The orator," said Quintilian, "should know everything." How much more should the musician under-

stand all things! For the true musician is as much higher than the orator as love is higher than law. The Greeks did well therefore when they made their word *Mousiké* signify a symmetrical and harmonious education of all the powers of a man.

And now (to turn from love to philosophy again), let us see how music has etherealized. At first glance, appearances do not seem propitious to the theory. For there is in this country an institution which, under the guise of a devotee of music, has done music more injury than all its open enemies. This institution is the Italian Opera, as at present rendered — an important limitation, for it is by no means wished to attack those noble *chefs-d'œuvre* of some fine musicians, but only the present method of getting these works before the public. Out of the long catalogue of crimes committed by this Italian Opera, let us choose two, in the discussion of which our theory will perhaps be confirmed.

First: let it be known to those wholly unacquainted with the science, that if the tone E (for instance) be made upon the A string of the violin with the bow, and at the same time the open E string be gently and repeatedly touched with the little finger of the left hand, then the open string will repeat the tone of the string upon which the bow is drawn, producing a vibratory effect which is like a thrill, and is very powerful in suitable passages. This vibratory effect is a mere increase and decrease of the volume of the tone, which remains pure E all the time. Now in endeavoring to imitate this effect with the voice, the opera people have allowed themselves to fall into a monstrous mistake, which, ridiculous as it is, has by excessive and monotonous repetition so habituated them and most of their hearers to it

that, as bitter tobacco has become essential to men, so terrible discord has become essential to the opera. For instead of really imitating the violin effect — an imitation which even if perfectly accomplished should be used only in rare cases of peculiar expression — instead of really keeping the identical tone E, as the violin does, and alternately increasing and diminishing its volume, the opera-singers increase and diminish the pitch of their tone, and make a sort of up and down trill, from E, for instance, to E sharp above and E flat below : a mistake which, besides rendering a wavering sound incapable of harmonizing with the purer instrumental tones of the orchestra, further produces in itself a horrible discord. To prove all this : let any one hear (for a common example) that pretty trio of Verdi's in *Attila* played by three pure horns, or flutes, or violoncellos, and the hearer will thank God for the gift of his ears ; but let him hear the same trio as commonly rendered by the opera-people, and, unless his ears be long and villainous hairy ears, he will pray Heaven to close them up, for the discords are really unendurable save to those whose musical sense has been so battered that it is a question whether Bully Bottom's tongs and bones would not frantically delight them, if only the said tongs and bones should call themselves Tongoni and Bonetti.

And, secondly : look ! thou audience in white gloves and marvellous coiffure, — here comes out one on the stage to sing the tenor part in this opera. One — what ? Is it a man ? How it ogles, smirks, leers, strains, wiggles its moustache, and throws its whole artistic soul into the pose of its beautiful divine leg ! “What a leg ! what a calf !” we say, when it has finished perhaps the sweetest aria of Bellini. Why, this singing *tertium quid* is not a

man ; it is only a calf of a leg, with appurtenances and machinery (such as soul, mind, stomach, and the like) for preserving the same in order and condition. Must we fall down and worship this calf (of a leg), set up in the temple of music by the heathen ? It is not even a golden calf ; nay, to crown this infinitely blasphemous joke, it is not always a flesh calf, but oftentimes a mere counterfeit, concocted of meal-bran and springs and flesh-colored tights ! Ah, *tenori* who adore your own calves ; ah, *bassi* who pamper your tons of flesh, ye are but wretched human *confetti* : ye are not even the sweet-meats of men that you would be — bad enough, if genuine ; but ye are only made of flour-paste without any sugar or spices at all, — mere *confetti* such as your countrymen throw at each other in the Carnival-days ! What have these pastry-figures to do with music ? What know they of the poverties, of the struggles, of the passions, of the blacknesses, of the weaknesses, of the yearnings, of the sister's-tendernesses, of the mother's-agonies, of the home-storms, of the rare purities of life ? Are these the preachers by whom the beautiful evangel of music is to be unfolded to sinful men and women ? Are these the men who can make our souls see the Titanic up-reaching of Beethoven ; the glittering sparkle of Rossini ; the tender purity of Bellini ; the quiet, deep smiles of Mendelssohn ; the intense heart of Chopin, which in breaking exhaled music as a crushed flower exhales fragrance ; the night-worship of Schumann and Döhler ; the pellucid depths of Ernst ; the wailing unsatisfaction of Gottschalk, whose music stands over his life as over a grave stands the marble image of the dead man beneath ; the quaint alternation of loneliness and ethereal cheerfulness of Gounod, in whose music Scotch echoes

recur amid German beauties, as if heather-bells grew amid the vines of Rhineland ; and all the thousand sweetnesses of the thousand other modern writers for piano or flute, or violin or voice? Why do we not worship devoutly in the opera-house as in a church ; why do not all the artists, as was said of Bach, transform with their music every place of performance into a church ; why do we not have inspiration and instruction and conversation from this stage-pulpit where the preacher is life and his voice is music, with its force, its thrill, its persuasion, its healing, its wounding, its pure condemnation, its upward pointing?

Now this, as was said, at first looks bad for our theory of the progress of music ; but it is really the proof of it. For opera-houses *do not pay* ; and will not until the managers shall give us an opera with violins that are not insane, with singers that are men, with voices that are pure and unvibratory, with propriety of costume and scene, and with a *mise en scène* that is altogether quiet, pure, and dewy with the emotions of the morning, rather than loud, hot, and lustful with the dark-red passions of the evening. And so, when one speaks of music now-a-days, one, if he be any lover of music, has no reference whatever to the Italian Opera ; one means Schubert's and Mendelssohn's and Chopin's music, as fresh young girls and pure men render it in private, the number of whom is now immense and rapidly increasing. For the Italian Opera has abandoned music in favor of legs ; and music, with strict justice, has abandoned the Italian Opera.

In purifying herself of this very material and sensual element, music has etherealized, and like painting, has floated away freely into all homes over the whole land.

More than any art, music is *in omnium manibus*; and steadily improves in purity, in refined spiritual strength, in universality. The perfection of the piano, which has arisen out of the old spinet like a beautiful soul out of a deformed body; and the recent development of the flute into a pure solo instrument (for which, however, no adequate music has yet been written), together with the new creations of Chopin, of Mendelssohn, and of Wagner, which have each added a new continent to the old world of music (though Wagner's is, it must be confessed, as yet a barbarous continent); all these things show how music spiritualizes, how she strengthens with the strength of the spirit. At once purify and strengthen thyself, O Beloved, Beloved! for thou who compared with all art now seemest but as a dove by the side of the great bird Roc, thou wilt yet upon thy two dove's-wings bear a whole world-full of people to Heaven!

To discover the process of spiritualization which poetry has undergone, one has only to compare Tennyson with Milton. One will immediately observe that both are powerful, but different in the method of it. Milton is strong rather from the main force of physical vastness and the unwieldy pressure of colossal matters; Tennyson is strong by virtue of the calm, collected, intense potential momentum of steady spiritual enthusiasm. Milton's is the strength of the sea in its rage; Tennyson's is the potential force of the sea in its repose: and inasmuch as calm control is better, is more spirit-like, is more ethereal than indiscriminate violence, however powerful, in just so much is Tennyson's poetry more spiritual than Milton's, and to-day's poetry more ethereal than that of the past times. Observe, too, how many purely material accessories of Milton's poetry are well gotten rid of and puri-

fied away in Tennyson's. The elisions, the apostrophic shortenings, the involutions, the anaconda conceits which in mere kindness wind about us and crush us to death : these are gone. Full words, direct arrangements of clauses, terse phrases, Saxon roots, light, airy metaphors, three-word conceits : these display themselves in Tennyson. Dainty flowers have sprouted where the gigantic ferns died. The sesquipedalian hollowness and clumsiness of the classic metres, the chilling shocks of the "poetical license," the comic inevitableness of the four-footed iambics rhyming though the heavens fall for it, and lashed in distichs like well-matched hounds in couples — all these iron manacles on the wrists of poetry have been stricken off by a magic touch, the walls of the prison have opened, and the bound apostle may now preach in the market-place.

Like the *Sänger* of Goethe, the modern poet sings as the bird sings. He need not wait for the fine frenzy : he is possessed by the unflickering flame of an enthusiasm that nor wanes nor dies ; and we now get poems o' weekdays as well as Sundays. Precisely as music freed itself from the serpentine cadenzas and mazy complexities and endless fugues of the last century, has poetry also freed itself from the hampering limitations of that era. Indeed poetry has in some notable cases of late so completely transfigured its external address that it must needs go under an alias. Several times recently poetry has put off the purple. Porphyrogenitus has donned the sober dress of the citizen, that he might go *incog.* into many places otherwise inaccessible to royalty. His alias is "Prose ;" and how he becomes it ! Look at Hugo ; look at Richter, at Ruskin, at Carlyle, at De Guérin, at Hawthorne, at Poe ! Here is Poetry escaped from his palace, bath-

ing, crazy with delight, in the sea and the air and the sunshine, darting into hovels that he never saw before, and relieving poverties that he never had suspected. What a man, a right, true, god-like man is this: who is as exemplary in citizenship as he was magnificent in royalty, so that men know not whether to love him better as the freeholder Prose or as the king Poetry!

Some years ago Elizabeth Browning noticed that the drama now no longer employs the huge mask wherewith the player

“ Was wont to ape the front of Themis’ son,”

nor the brazen trumpet which lent a terrific sonorousness to the voice, nor the thick sole which increased his stature to more than mortal height. The drama has outgrown these mere physical aids. Men’s souls get taller, and do not have to be propped up to see over the bars of matter into the ideal field beyond. And so poetry, wielding its kingly power with the light airiness of prose — a knight fighting in his scarf, still invulnerable, and all the better that his limbs are unshackled by the cumbrous armor which he has thrown off — is perhaps the most striking instance of the process which has been so often alluded to, the process of etherealizing, of lightening, of freeing things from the limitations of time and space. Time and space have long been our Giants Grim. Now their power doth wane and wane. It is well. They were tyrants: let them fall.

How tempting is it to pursue this idea of etherealization into extremes that might with justice be called fantastic! For even all those material forces which men once employed in the mechanic arts to fulfil the stern exactions of space and time have undergone a precisely

analogous modification to that of art. For instance, the ancients did hew and whack each other with hard, tangible stone and steel, while we propel our bullets with an elastic gas. And whereas the gross muscles of men and beasts formerly did the world's work, now, on the contrary, the invisible vapor, steam, does it. Moreover, once the world talked between distances by carrier-pigeons and couriers; now, however, viewless electricity, which is so ethereal that some have even declared it to be a spirit, conveys our messages.

But, leaving these fancies to some quieter moment than this busy daybreak of a new epoch, it was asserted that politics and religion, as well as nature and art, spiritualize themselves through the ages. Politics and religion were called the body and soul of life. This expression, then used as metaphor, is here to be considered a rigorously literal truth. Let us get at the root of the matter.

1st. In the last analysis, politics has regard only to the physical sense of man; 2d. In the last analysis, religion has regard only to the spiritual love of man. For, first, politics regards only those new conditions in a man's life resulting from his contact with other men. Now this word "contact" is itself a proof of the first proposition. Contact is a touching; contact is only possible through the physical sense; the communication of spirit with spirit must of necessity be embodied into some physical shape or other. One can receive from his fellow no possible right or wrong which one has not previously seen, heard, tasted, touched, or smelled, in some physical form; and it is at the moment of this embodiment in physical form, and only at this moment, that politics takes cognizance of wrong.

But, secondly, religion regards only the spiritual love of man. "Love" is the term we apply to that peculiar activity which is the province of the soul. And there yet remain many people in the world who do not very clearly distinguish between the signification of soul and of intellect. As between soul and sense, intellect is surely a common ground, so different from either as to be entirely incomparable with them except by some remote symbolization or other. For instance, intellect is a debatable land full of powerful yeomen, who are without predilections or prejudices or loyalties, and who fight indifferently for soul or for sense, as careless whether one or the other as a steel-pen is careless whether truth or falsehood write with it. Such is intellect: but soul is the radical energy of man, namely, man's love, that strange divinity, in its thousand avatars of love of self and love of one's fellow; of appetite and disgust; of desire and aversion; of faith, or love for the higher; and of charity, or love for the lower. Whenever the soul wishes to walk in the open air of the world, intellect, like a Grand Usher, must throw open the door of sense; and whenever the sense wishes to get into the fine air of the spiritual world, then intellect, like a Grand Vizier, must present his petition to the Sultan Soul. Here, then, is our old soul-and-sense idea recurring upon us in quite a new form, and suggesting certain relations between politics and religion which perhaps have not been clearly noticed by philosophers.

In their essential nature, politics and religion are at deadly variance with each other; and the perfection of either is the annihilation, by merging or by destruction, of the other. Certainly religion, if perfect, would de-

stroy politics ; for he who loved all things would injure no thing. And as surely would politics, if perfect, destroy religion ; for the absolute confining of men's bad actions to themselves would convert the general soul into an irremediable hell. The best politics, therefore, is that which secures the most unlimited intercourse between fellow-men together with the least possible wrong therein ; and the best religion is that which loves all things well and each thing adequately. And so politics, if it have followed the etherealizing course of nature and of art, will be found to have reduced, or at least to be reducing, to that minimum consistent with the least wrong-doing, the purely physical tenures it possessed upon men's actions : and these abandoned tenures will be found to have converted themselves into their spiritual analogues, namely, religious tenures. And religion, if it also have followed the course of nature and art, should be found to have purified itself as far as possible of all physical necessities for its support, and to have largely expanded the range of the objects of man's love.

Let us see. At intervals, and far more frequently of late days than formerly, there arises in the breasts of men a certain law-breaking temper which appears to be rather an electric instinct than any intellectual persuasion, and which busies itself in shivering to pieces all sorts of political restrictions. It never stops short of the thing demanded ; and frequently, ignorant of what it does demand, goes far beyond its original hope. What is this, which is here called the law-breaking temper, except the grand idea of etherealization, descending in some new avatar and dwelling among men, whereby they find themselves driven straight forward to some high con-

summation which they do not know at the beginning, which they do not even recognize at the ending till they have drawn breath from the fighting and the labor and wiped their eyes and looked behind them and before them?

Like the buds in a forest of mulberry-trees, bursting in quick succession and each emitting its own little puff of vapor, have the events of the last fifty years opened about us and sent up clouds towards heaven. Until very recently the world had two dark closets of corpses. They were China and Japan. Now, curious commerce, like Blue-Beard's last wife, has thrust her sweet face in at their door, though forbidden to do so upon peril of her life. In Russia the serfs have been freed. Germany, once said Richter, has for a long time been the *Bois de Boulogne* of Europe, to which, whenever two powers became angry, they immediately repaired in order to fight out their terrific duel on its sward. But Count Bismarck has changed all that; and if Count Bismarck is a tyrant, he is surely not such a tyrant as two mad nations inflamed by war; which last is itself a greater tyrant than all others. In France, the revolution has burst and liberated its cloud. In England, John Bright is forcing his mulberry-bud, and it will open; violently, if a more skilful arboriculturist be not put in charge. In South America the lately-created republics continue to perfect themselves. In Mexico, President Juarez astonishes the world by subduing a coalition of church prerogative and foreign tyranny which at first seemed irresistible. In the Southern portion of the United States, the last five years have witnessed the extinction of negro slavery. In Brazil, the Emperor has set free the slaves of the Government. While this is written the Chinese insur-

gents make headway, and the Christian rebels in Candia defeat the Turks.

But there are some circumstances attendant upon the conclusion of the late war in the United States which notably exhibit how many physical bonds of restraint politics has found itself able to dispense with in these later days. At the close of that war, three armies which had been fighting on the Southern side, and which numbered probably forty thousand men, were disbanded. These men had for four years been subjected to the unfamiliar and galling restrictions of military discipline, and to the most maddening privations. The exigencies of unsuccessful combat had wholly deprived them of any means of subsistence beyond what was available through manual labor. At the same time, four millions of slaves, without provisions and without prospect of labor in a land where employers were impoverished, were liberated. "Half a man's virtue," says Dr. Arnold, "is gone when he becomes a slave; and the other half goes when he becomes *a slave broken loose*." The reign of law, at this thrilling time, was at an end. The civil powers of the States were dead. The military power of the conquerors was not yet organized for civil purposes. The railroad and the telegraph, those most efficient sheriffs of modern times, had fallen in the shock of war. All possible opportunities presented themselves to each man who chose to injure his neighbor with impunity. The country was sparsely settled, the country roads were intricate, the forests were extensive and dense, the hiding-places were numerous and secure, the witnesses were few and ignorant. Never had crime such fair weather for his carnival. Serious apprehensions had been long entertained by the Southern citizens that in

the event of a disastrous termination of the war, the whole army would be frenzied to convert itself after disintegration into forty thousand highwaymen, who would take advantage of the annihilation of the civil war to prey upon the numerous unfortunates who would be compelled to travel the country roads on errands necessitated by the needs of fallen fortunes, by yearnings for long-separated kindred, and by the demands of hard existence. Moreover, the feuds between master and slave, alleged by the Northern parties in the contest to have been long smouldering in the South, would seize this opportunity to flame out and redress themselves. Altogether, regarding humanity from the old point of view, there appeared to many wise citizens a clear prospect of dwelling in midst of a furious pandemonium for several years after an unfavorable termination of the war. But was this prospect realized? Where were the highway robberies, the bloody vengeance, the arsons, the rapine, the murders, the outrages, the insults? They *were*, not anywhere. With great calmness the soldier cast behind him the memory of all wrongs and hardships and reckless habits of the war, embraced his wife, patched his cabin-roof, and proceeded to mingle the dust of recent battles yet lingering on his feet with the peaceful clods of his cornfield. What restrained these men? Was it fear? The word cannot be spoken. Was he who had breasted the storms of Gettysburg and Perryville to shrink from the puny arm of a civil law that was more powerless than the shrunken muscle of Justice Shallow? And what could the negro fear when his belief and assurance were that a conquering nation stood ready to support him in his wildest demand? It was the spirit of the time that brought about these

things. Politics in a couple of hundred years past has learned to dispense with many iron bands wherewith it formerly restrained men from wrong-doing ; and silken bands have taken the places of the iron ones, bands which rather attract men towards the good than rudely repel them from the bad. Many political restraints have been spiritualized into religious ones which appear not upon the statute-books, but are unconscious records on the heart. In the view of philosophy, a thousand Atlantic cables and Pacific Railroads would not have contributed cause for so earnest self-gratulation as was afforded by this one feature in our recent political convulsion. Who will find words to express his sorrowful surprise at that total absence of philosophic insight into the age which has resulted in those hundreds of laws recently promulgated by the reigning body in the United States ; laws which, if from no other cause at least from sheer multiplicity, are wholly at variance with the genius of the time and of the people, laws which have resulted in such a mass of crime and hatred and bitterness as even the four terrible years of war had entirely failed to bring about ?

And so, to return from this digression, politics has really spiritualized itself, has lost many of its physical complexities, and has etherealized. Let politics now purge itself of war. This is a material prop. Politics does not need it. Politics is at variance with the genius of the age until an international court of some sort is established. Some small but cheerful signs exist that this will be so, and that war will die. It was a strange circumstance that only two days ago *The London Times*, which has long been a mouth-piece through which a people has sounded the

praise of its pluck, avowed itself uncompromisingly opposed to a war which certainly had more color of right than any war in which England ever engaged, and proceeded to refer not even angrily but only sorrowfully to the taunts which a previous expression of such peaceful opinion had elicited from foreign journals. And in Germany, Richter swears that war is the relic of barbarism. And here and there are the Quakers. And perhaps, after two thousand years of coquettish blindness, the world will at length open its eyes and read what Christ said and did anent war.

It is time now, lastly, to speak of religion. Here one finds a wonderful etherealizing process. See how the Church has purified itself of the State, for instance. The union of Church and State threw both of them into the falsest of attitudes; it puffed up the State with a dignity far above its deserving, and it degraded the Church to a station utterly beneath it—necessarily, in order to bring them upon common ground, where they might unite. Any compromise between these two is simply ruinous to both. And so it is well that the Church has lost, or is losing, all temporal dominions and powers, whether these appear as territorial appanages of a Pope, as livings in the gift of a bishop, as Spanish Inquisitions, as Puritanical burnings of witches, as physical crusades in behalf of whatever religious order. Every time that religion has shaken itself free of an inquisition, of a persecution, of an intolerance, of any such material irrelevancy, she has signalized the event by rising and floating, and shining splendidly and expanding gloriously.

If this theory which has been enunciated be true, if material things constantly tend to spiritualize themselves

into analogous forms, then will political changes tend to convert themselves quickly into their spiritual analogues, religious changes. And this, after so much of retrospect, brings me to devote some small space to prospect.

The French revolution, along with a thousand spiritual changes, exhibits a "Vie de Jésus ;" the English revolution proceeds, accompanied by an "Ecce Homo ;" the American revolution leaves a religion so unsettled as to be called Mormonism, Free Love, Oneida-ism, Spiritualism, English Church Catholicism, and a thousand other names denoting a thousand other disintegrated parts of the Church. What do these things, as events so small, as indications so great, signify? Are they not the little hissing lightnings out of a great and as yet unseen cloud? In a word, as the era just now closed was an era of political revolution, will not the era just now opening be an era of religious revolution?

1867.

II

San Antonio de Bexar

IF peculiarities were quills, San Antonio de Bexar would be a rare porcupine. Over all the round of aspects in which a thoughtful mind may view a city, it bristles with striking idiosyncrasies and *bizarre* contrasts. Its history, population, climate, location, architecture, soil, water, customs, costumes, horses, cattle, all attract the stranger's attention, either by force of intrinsic singularity or of odd juxtapositions. It was a puling infant for a century and a quarter, yet has grown to a pretty vigorous youth in a quarter of a century; its inhabitants are so varied that the "go slow" directions over its bridges are printed in three languages, and the religious services in its churches held in four; the thermometer, the barometer, the vane, the hygrometer, oscillate so rapidly, so frequently, so lawlessly, and through so wide a meteorological range, that the climate is simply indescribable, yet it is a growing resort for consumptives; it stands with all its gay prosperity just in the edge of a lonesome, untilled belt of land one hundred and fifty miles wide, like *Mardi Gras* on the austere brink of Lent; it has no Sunday laws, and that day finds its bar-rooms and billiard-saloons as freely open and as fully attended as its churches; its buildings, ranging from the Mexican *jacal* to the San Fernando Cathedral,

represent all the progressive stages of man's architectural progress in edifices of mud, of wood, of stone, of iron, and of sundry combinations of those materials; its soil is in wet weather an inky-black cement, but in dry a floury-white powder; it is built along both banks of two limpid streams, yet it drinks rain-water collected in cisterns; its horses and mules are from Lilliput, while its oxen are from Brobdingnag.

San Antonio de Bexar, Texas, had its birth in 1715. It was, indeed, born before its time, in consequence of a sudden fright into which its mother-Spain was thrown by the menacing activities of certain Frenchmen, who, upon other occasions besides this one, were in those days very much what immortal Mrs. Gamp has declared to Mrs. Harris "these steam-ingines is in our business," — a frequent cause of the premature development of projects. For Spain had not intended to allow any settlements, as yet, in that part of her province of the New Philippines which embraced what is now called Texas. In the then situation of her affairs, this policy was not without some reasons to support it. She had valuable possessions in New Mexico: between these possessions and the French settlements to the eastward, intervened an enormous breadth of country, whose obstacles against intruders, appalling enough in themselves, were yet magnified by the shadowy terrors that haunt an unknown land. Why not fortify her New Mexican silver-mines with these sextuple barriers, droughts, deserts, mountains, rivers, savages, and nameless fears? Surely, if inclosure could be made impregnable, this would seem to be so; and accordingly the Spanish Government had finally determined, in 1694, not to revive the feeble posts and missions which had been established four

years previously with a view to make head against the expedition of La Salle, but which had been abandoned already by soldier and friar, in consequence of the want of food and the ferocity of the savages.

But in 1712, Anthony Crozat, an enterprising French merchant, obtained from Louis XIV. a conditional grant to the whole of the French province of Louisiana. Crozat believed that a lucrative trade might be established with the northeastern provinces of Mexico, and that mines might exist in his territory. To test these beliefs, young Huchereau St. Denis, acting under instructions from Cadillac, who had been appointed Governor of Louisiana by Crozat's influence, started westward, left a nucleus of a settlement at Natchitoches, and proceeded across the country to the Rio Grande, where his explorations, after romantic adventures too numerous to be related here, came to an inglorious suspension with his seizure and imprisonment by the Spanish vice-regal authorities in Mexico.

It was this expedition which produced the premature result hereinbefore alluded to. Spain saw that instead of surrounding New Mexico with inhospitable wastes and ferocious savages, she was in reality but leaving France free to occupy whatever coigns of vantage might be found in that prodigious Debatable Land, which was claimed by both and was held by neither.

Perhaps this consideration was heightened by Spain's consciousness that the flimsiness of her title to that part of the "New Philippines" which lay east of the Rio Grande really required an actual occupation in order to bolster it up. Pretty much all that she could prove in support of her claim was, that in 1494 Pope Alexander VI., acting as arbitrator between Portugal and Spain,

had assigned to the latter all of the American possessions that lay west of a meridian running three hundred and seventy miles west of the Azores; that De Leon, De Ayllon, De Narvaez, and De Soto, in voyages made between the years 1512 and 1538, had sailed from Cape Florida to Cape Catorce; and that Philip II. had denounced the penalty of extermination against any foreigner who should enter the Gulf of Mexico or any of the lands bordering thereupon.

These were, to say the least, but indefinite muniments of title; and to them France could oppose the unquestionable fact that La Salle had coasted the shore of Texas westward to Corpus Christi inlet, had returned along the same route, had explored bays and rivers and named them, and had finally built Fort St. Louis on the Lavaca River in 1685. Here now, in 1714, to crown all, was the daring young Lord Huchereau St. Denis traversing the whole land from Natchitoches to the Rio Grande, and thrusting in his audacious face like an apparition of energy upon the sleepy routines of post-life and mission-life at San Juan Bautista.

This was alarming; and in 1715 the Duke of Linares, Viceroy of Mexico, despatched Don Domingo Ramon to Texas with a party of troops and some Franciscan friars, to take steps for the permanent occupation of the country. Ramon established several forts and missions; among others he located a fort, or *presidio* (Spanish, "a garrison"), on the western bank of the San Pedro River, a small stream flowing through the western suburbs of the present city of San Antonio de Bexar, about three fourths of a mile from the present Main Plaza. This *presidio* was called San Antonio de Valero. In May, 1718, certain Alcantarine Franciscans,

of the College of Queretaro, established a mission under the protection of the *presidio*, calling it by the same invocation, San Antonio de Valero. It was this mission whose Church of the Alamo afterwards shed so red a glory upon the Texan revolution. It had been founded fifteen years before, in the valley of the Rio Grande, under the invocation of San Francisco Solano; had been removed to San Ildefonso in 1708, and again removed back to the Rio Grande in 1710 under the new invocation of San José. It had not indeed yet reached the end of its wanderings. In 1722, both the *presidio* and mission of San Antonio de Valero were removed to what is now known as the Military Plaza, and a permanent system of improvements begun.

Here then, with sword and crozier, Spain set to work at once to reduce her wild claim into possession, and to fulfil the condition upon which Pope Alexander had granted her the country — of christianizing its natives. One cannot but lean one's head on one's hand to dream out, for a moment, this old Military Plaza — most singular spot on the wide expanse of the lonesome Texan prairies — as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. The rude buildings, the church, the hospital, the soldiers' dwellings, the brethren's lodgings, the huts for the converted Indians (*Yndios Reducidos*) stand ranged about the large level quadrangle, so placed upon the same theory of protection which "parks" the wagon-train that will camp this night on the plains. Ah, here they come, the inhabitants of San Antonio, from the church-door; vespers is over; the big-thighed, bow-legged, horse-riding Apache steps forth, slowly, for he is yet in a maze — the burning candles, the shrine, the genuflexions, the chants, are all yet whirling in his memory; the lazy

soldier slouches by, leering at him, yet observing a certain care not to be seen therein, for Señor Soldado is not wholly free from fear of this great-thewed Señor Apache ; the soldiers' wives, the squaws, the catechumens, the children, all wend their ways across the plaza. Here advances Brother Juan, bare-footed, in a gown of serge, with his knotted scourge a-dangle from his girdle ; he accosts the Indian, he draws him on to talk of Manitou, his grave pale face grows intense and his forehead wrinkles as he spurs his brain on to the devising of arguments that will convince this wild soul before him of the fact of the God of Adam, of Peter, and of Francis. Yonder is a crowd : alas, it is stout Brother Antonio, laying shrewd stripes with unsparing arm upon the back of a young Indian — so hard to convince these dusky youths and maidens of the wide range and ramifications of that commandment which they seem most prone to break. Ha ! there behind the church, if you look, goes on another flagellation : Brother Francis has crept back there, slipped his woollen gown from his shoulders, and fallen to with his knotted scourge upon his own bare back, for that a quick vision did, by instigation of the devil, cross his mind even in the very midst of vespers, — a vision of a certain señorita as his wife, of a warm all-day sunned *hacienda*, of children playing, of fruits, of friends, of laughter — “ O blessed St. Francis of Assisi, fend off Sathanas ! ” he cries, and raises a heavier welt.

Presently, as evening draws on, the Indians hold meetings, males in one place, females in another ; reciting prayers, singing canticles. Finally it is bed-time ; honest Brother Antonio goes round and locks the unmarried young male Indians into their sleeping apartments on one side, the maidens on the other side into

theirs, casts a glance mayhap towards Mexico, breathes a prayer, gets him to his pallet, and the Plaza of San Antonio de Valero is left in company of the still sentinel, the stream of the San Pedro purling on one side, that of the San Antonio whispering on the other, under the quiet stars, midst of the solemn prairie, in whose long grass yonder (by all odds) crouches some keen-eyed Apache *bravo*,¹ who has taken a fancy that he will ride Don Ramon's charger.

The infant settlement soon begins to serve in that capacity which gives it a "bad eminence" among the other Texan settlements for the next hundred years: to wit, as the point to which, or from which, armies are retreating or advancing, or in which armies are fighting. Already, in 1719, before the removal to the Military Plaza, the scenes of war have been transacting themselves in the young San Antonio de Valero. On a certain day in the spring of that year, the peaceful people are astonished to behold all their Spanish brethren who belong to the settlements eastward of theirs, come crowding into the town: monks, soldiers, women, and all. In the confusion they quickly learn that in the latter part of the year before, France has declared war against Spain; that the Frenchmen at Natchitoches, as soon as they have heard the news, have rushed to arms with Gallic impetuosity, and led by La Harpe and St. Denis, have advanced westward, have put to flight all the Spanish at Adaes, at Orquizaco, at Aes, and at Nacogdoches; and that these are they who are here now, disturbing the peaceful mission with unwonted sights and sounds, and stretching its slender hospitalities to repletion. The French do not attack, however, but

¹ Sp. *Yndios Bravos*: unconverted Indians.

return towards Natchitoches. In a short time enter from the opposite side of the stage, that is to say from Mexico, the Marquis de Aguayo, Governor-General of New Estremadura and the New Philippines, with five hundred mounted men. These march through, take with them the men of Orquizaco, of Adaes and Aes, re-establish those settlements, and pursue the French until they hear that the latter are in Natchitoches; De Aguayo then returns to San Antonio and sets on foot plans for its permanent improvement.

About this time occurs a short and spicy correspondence, which for the first time probably announces the name of the State of Texas, and which explicitly broaches a dispute that is to last for many a year. The Spanish Viceroy in Mexico appoints Don Martin D'Alarconne Governor of Texas. Soon afterwards La Harpe leaves the French post of Natchitoches and busies himself in advancing the French interests among the Nassonite¹ Indians. In beginning this enterprise La Harpe sends "a polite message" to the Spanish Governor, who thereupon writes: —

MONSIEUR, — I am very sensible of the politeness that M. de Bienville and yourself have had the goodness to show to me. The orders I have received from the King my master are to maintain a good understanding with the French of Louisiana; my own inclinations lead me equally to afford them all the services that depend upon me. But I am compelled to say that your arrival at the Nassonite village surprises me much. Your Governor could not be ignorant that the post you occupy belongs to my government, and that all the lands west of the Nassonites depend

¹ A tribe, or set of tribes, whose seat of government seems to have been a village called *Texas*, on the east bank of the Neches River.

upon New Mexico. I counsel you to inform M. Bienville of this, or you will force me to oblige you to abandon lands that the French have no right to occupy. I have the honor, etc.

D'ALARCONNE.

TRINITY RIVER, May 20, 1719.

To this La Harpe makes reply : —

MONSIEUR, — The order from his Catholic Majesty to maintain a good understanding with the French of Louisiana, and the kind intentions you have yourself expressed towards them, accord but little with your proceedings. Permit me to apprise you that M. de Bienville is perfectly informed of the limits of his government, and is very certain that the post of Nassonite does not depend upon the dominions of his Catholic Majesty. He knows also that the Province of Lastekas,¹ of which you say you are Governor, is a part of Louisiana. M. de la Salle took possession in 1685, in the name of his Most Christian Majesty, and since the above epoch possession has been renewed from time to time. Respecting the post of Nassonite, I cannot comprehend by what right you pretend that it forms a part of New Mexico. I beg leave to represent to you that Don Antonio de Minoir, who discovered New Mexico in 1683, never penetrated east of that province or the Rio Bravo. It was the French who first made alliances with the savage tribes in this region, and it is natural to conclude that a river that flows into the Mississippi and the lands it waters belong to the King my master. If you will do me the pleasure to come into this quarter I will convince you I hold a post I know how to defend.

I have the honor, etc.,

DE LA HARPE.

NASSONITE, July 8th, 1719.

¹ Lastekas, *i. e.* Las Tekas : *Texas*. The Frenchmen in those days appear to have great difficulty in inventing orthographies for these odious Indian names. The Choctaws, for instance, appear in the documents of the time as "Tchactas," the Chickasaws as "Chicachats," the Cherokees as "Cheraquis," and they can get no nearer to "Camanches" than "Choumans," or "Cannensis" !

For several years after the permanent location round the Military Plaza, no important events seem to be recorded as happening in San Antonio; but the quiet work of post and mission goes on, and the probable talk on the Plaza is of the three new missions which De Aguayo establishes on the San Antonio River, below the town, under the protection of its garrison; or of the tales which come slowly floating from the northward concerning the dreadful fate of a Spanish expedition which has been sent to attack the French settlements on the Upper Mississippi, and which, mistaking the hostile Missouris on the way for friendly Osages, distributes fifteen hundred muskets, together with sabres and pistols, to the said Missouris to be used against the French, whereupon the Missouris next morning at day-break fall upon the unsuspecting Spaniards, butcher them all (save the priest, whom they keep for a "magpie," as they call him, to laugh at), and march off into the French fort arrayed in great spoils, their chief wearing the chasuble and bearing the paten before him for a breastplate; or of Governor De Aguayo's recommendation to the home government to send colonists instead of soldiers if it would help the friars to win the Indians; or of the appointment of a separate governor for Texas in 1727; or of the withdrawal of ten soldiers in 1729, leaving only forty-three in garrison at San Antonio. About 1731, however, an important addition is made to the town. Under the auspices of the home government—which seems to have accepted De Aguayo's ideas—thirteen families and two single men arrive, pure Spaniards from the Canary Islands, also some Tlascalans, and a party from Monterey. These set to work around a Plaza (the "Plaza of the Constitution," or "Main Plaza") just

eastward of and adjoining the Military Plaza, and commence a town which they call San Fernando. They are led, it seems, to this location by the same facility of irrigation which had recommended the Military Plaza to their neighbors. The new colonists impart vigor to affairs. The missions prosper, Indians are captured and brought in to be civilized whether or no, and on the 5th of March, 1731, the foundation is laid of the Mission of *La Purísima Concepcion de Acuña*, on the San Antonio River, a mile or so below the town.

Meantime a serious conspiracy against the welfare of San Antonio and San Fernando is hatched in the northeast. The Natchez Indians wish to revenge themselves upon the French, who have driven them from their home on the Mississippi. They resolve to attack St. Denis at Natchitoches, and to prevent the Spaniards from helping him (the French and Spanish are now friends, having united against England), they procure the Apaches to assail San Antonio. St. Denis, however, surprises and defeats the Natchez; and the Apaches appear to have made no organized attack, but to have confined themselves to murdering and thieving in parties. These Apaches, indeed, were dreadful scourges in these days to San Antonio and its environs. The people of the *presidio* of San Fernando and of the missions on the river complained repeatedly (says the *Testimonio de un Parecer*¹ in the archives of Bexar) that they cannot expand (*sin poder estenderse*) on account of "*las frequenttes hostilidades que experimenttan de los Yndios Apaches.*" This great tribe had headquarters about the Pass of Bandera, some fifty miles to the northwestward,

¹ Testimony of a witness: this document is hereinafter described.

from which they forayed, not only up to Antonio, but even as far as to Coahuila. Moreover, they manage (says the *Testimonio*) horses, firearms, and arrows *con mucha desttreza y agilidad*. Finally the men of San Antonio and San Fernando get tired of it, and after some minor counter-forays, they organize an expedition in 1732 which conquers comparative peace from the Apaches for a few years.

Nothing of special interest is recorded as happening in San Antonio from this time until 1736. In September of that year arrives Don Carlos de Franquis, who immediately proceeds to throw the town into a very pretty ferment. Franquis had come out from Spain to Mexico to be Governor of Tlascala. On arriving, he finds that some one else is already Governor of Tlascala. Vizarron, Archbishop of Mexico, and acting Viceroy since Casa Fuerte's death, disposes of him—it is likely he made trouble enough till that was done—by sending him off to Texas to supersede Governor Sandoval, a fine old veteran, who has been for two years governing the Province with such soldierly fidelity as has won him great favor among the inhabitants. Franquis begins by insulting the priests, and follows this up with breaking open people's letters. Presently he arrests Sandoval, has him chained, and causes criminal proceedings to be commenced against him, charging him with treacherous complicity in certain movements of St. Denis at Natchitoches. It seems that St. Denis, having found a higher and drier location, has removed his garrison and the French Mission of St. John the Baptist some miles further from Red River towards the Texas territory, and built a new fort and settlements; that Sandoval, hearing of it, has promptly called him to account as an intruder

on Spanish ground ; and that a correspondence has ensued between St. Denis and Sandoval, urging the rights of their respective governments in the premises, which has just been brought to the point of a flat issue upon which to go to the jury of war when Sandoval is ousted by Franquis. The Viceroy sends the Governor of New Leon to investigate the trouble ; and the famous lawsuit of Franquis *versus* Sandoval is fairly commenced. The Governor of New Leon seems to find against Franquis, who is sent back to the *presidio* on the Rio Grande. He gets away, however, and off to the Viceroy. But Sandoval is not satisfied, naturally, for he has been mulcted in some three thousand four hundred dollars, costs of the investigating commission. He pays, and in 1738 files his petition against Franquis for redress of his injuries. Franquis, thus attacked in turn, strengthens his position with a new line of accusations. He now, besides the French business, charges Sandoval with living at San Antonio instead of at Adaes, the official residence ; with being irregular in his accounts with the San Antonio garrison ; and with peculation in the matter of the salaries of certain paid missionaries, whom Sandoval is alleged to have discharged and then pocketed their stipends. The papers go to the Viceroy, and from the Viceroy to Attorney-General Vedoya. In 1740 Vedoya decides Sandoval guilty of living at San Antonio, though it was his duty to be there to defend it against the Apaches ; guilty of irregular book-keeping, though through memoranda it is found that there is a balance in his favor of thirteen hundred dollars ; not guilty of stealing the missionary money. Upon the French matter Vedoya will not decide without further evidence. With poor Sandoval it is pay again ; he is fined five hundred dollars

for his "guilt." Meantime, some months afterward, an order is made that testimony be taken in Texas with regard to the French affair, said testimony to embrace an account of pretty much everything in, about, and concerning Texas. The testimony being taken and returned, the Attorney-General, in November, 1741, entirely acquits Sandoval. But alas for the stout old soldier! this is in Mexico, where from of old, if one is asked who rules now, one must reply with the circumspection of that Georgia judge, who, being asked the politics of his son, made answer that *he knew not, not having seen the creature since breakfast*. Vizarron has gone out; the Duke de la Conquista has come into the Viceroyalty; and Sandoval has hardly had time to taste his hard-earned triumph before, through machinations of Franquis, he finds himself in prison by order of the new Viceroy. Finally, however, the rule works the other way; in December, 1743, a new Viceroy, Count Fuenclara, gets hold of the papers in the case, acquits Sandoval, and enjoins Franquis from proceeding further in the matter.

It was in the course of this litigation—a copy of the proceedings in which, "filling thirty volumes of manuscript," was transmitted to Spain—that the old document hereinbefore referred to as the *Testimonio de un Parecer* had its origin. In this paper San Antonio is called *San Antonio de Vejar ó Valero*, Vejar being the Spanish orthography of the Mexican *Bexar* (pronounced Váy-har). This name, San Antonio de Bexar, seems to have attached itself particularly to the military post, or *presidio*; its origin is not known. The town of San Fernando was still so called at this time; and the town and mission of San Antonio de Valero bore that name. In 1744 this latter extended itself to the eastward, or rather the

extension had probably gone on before that time and was only evidenced then. At any rate, on the 8th of May, 1744, the first stone of the present Church of the Alamo was laid and blessed. The site of this church is nearly a quarter of a mile to the eastward of the Military Plaza, where the mission to which it belonged had been located in 1722. From an old record-book purporting to contain the baptisms in "the Parish of the Pueblo of *San José del Alamo*," it would seem that there must have been also a settlement of that name. San Antonio de Bexar, therefore — the modern city — seems to be a consolidation of the *presidio* of San Antonio de Bexar, the mission and *pueblo* (or villa) of San Antonio de Valero, and the *pueblos* of San Fernando and San José del Alamo.

For the next forty years after the foundation of the Alamo in 1744, the colonists and missionaries seem to have pursued the ordinary round of their labors without unusual events; in point of material prosperity San Antonio seems to have led but a struggling existence. Yoakum¹ estimates the whole European population of Texas in 1744 to have been fifteen hundred, which, together with about the same number of converted Indians, "was divided mostly between Adaes and San Antonio." The same author again² estimates the population of Adaes and San Antonio in 1765 to have been "hardly five hundred" Europeans, besides converted Indians, of whom he adds that there were only about seven hundred and fifty in the whole province of Texas. It was impossible indeed during these years that any legitimate prosperity could have been attained. Up to

¹ *History of Texas*, vol. i., p. 87.

² Vol. i., p. 97.

the year 1762, when France, to save Louisiana from the clutches of England, ceded it to Spain, trade had been prohibited by the latter between her Texan colonists and the French settlers in Louisiana, though some intercourse always went on in a smuggling way between the two, whenever they could get a Spanish official to wink his eye or turn his back ; and even after the cession of Louisiana matters were little better in point of commercial activity. There were also restrictions even upon the agricultural energies of the colonists ; they were, it is said, prohibited from cultivating the vine and the olive, and also from the manufacture of many articles. Indeed, the immediate necessity of settlements having passed away with the removal of the danger of French occupation, the old policy of Spain seems to have been resumed in full force, — that of keeping her provinces around New Mexico and Mexico impenetrable wastes, as barriers against enterprising neighbors.

Nor was the spiritual prosperity much greater. The arduous toils and sublime devotions of the Franciscan brethren bore but moderate fruit. Father Marest had declared in 1712 that the conversion of the Indians was "a miracle of the Lord's mercy," and that it was "necessary first to transform them into men, and afterward to labor to make them Christians." These noble brothers too had reason to believe in the inhumanity of the Indians. They could remember the San Saba Mission, where, in 1758, the Indians had fallen upon the people and massacred every human being, lay and clerical ; and here, in 1785, they could see for themselves the company of San Carlos de Parras driven by the fierce Camanches to place their quarters within the enclosure of the Alamo.

In 1783-5 San Antonio de Valero ceased to be a mission. For some reason it had become customary to send whatever captive Indians were brought in to the missions below the town for christianization. The town, however, which had been built up about the mission buildings, remained, having a separate alcalde, and an organization politically and religiously distinct from that of San Antonio de Bexar and San Fernando for some years longer. In 1790 the population around the Alamo was increased by the addition of the people from the Presidio de los Adaes; this post was abandoned, and its inhabitants were provided with lands which had been the property of the mission of San Antonio de Valero, lying in the neighborhood of the Alamo, to the north. "The upper *labor*¹ of the Alamo," says Mr. Giraud, the present mayor of the city, in an interesting note which constitutes Appendix iv. of Yoakum's *History of Texas*, "... is still commonly called by the old inhabitants the *labor de los Adaeseños*." These mission lands about the Alamo seem to have ceased to be such about this time, and to have been divided off to the mission-people, each of whom received a portion, with fee-simple title. In 1793 the distinct religious organization of the Mission of San Antonio de Valero terminated, and it was aggregated to the curacy of the town of San Fernando and the *presidio* of San Antonio de Bexar; as appears by the following note which is found on the last page of an old record-book of baptisms in the archives of Bexar:—

On the 22d day of August, 1793, I passed this book of the records of the *pueblo* of San Antonio de Valero to the archives of the curacy of the town of San Fernando and

¹ *Labor*: a Spanish land-measure of about one hundred and seventy-seven acres.

presidio of San Antonio de Bexar, by order of the most illustrious Señor Dr. Don Andres de Llanos y Valdez, most worthy bishop of this diocese, dated January 2d, of the same year, by reason of said *pueblo* having been aggregated to the curacy of Bexar; and that it may be known, I sign it.

FR. JOSÉ FRANCISCO LOPEZ, *Parroco*.

In the year 1800 San Antonio began to see a new sort of prisoners brought in. Instead of captive Indians, here arrived a party of eleven Americans¹ in irons, who were the remainder of a company with which Philip Nolan, a trader between Natchez and San Antonio, had started out, and who, after a sharp fight with one hundred and fifty Spanish soldiers, in which Nolan was killed, had been first induced to return to Nacogdoches, and there were treacherously manacled and sent to prison at San Antonio. Again, in 1805, three Americans are brought in under guard. In this year, too, matters begin to be a little more lively in the town. Spain's neighbor on the east is not now France; for in 1803 Louisiana has been formally transferred to the United States. There is already trouble with the latter about the boundary line betwixt Louisiana and Texas. Don Antonio Cordero, the new Governor of Texas, has brought on a lot of troops through the town, and fixed his official residence here; and troops continue to march through *en route* to Natchitoches, where the American General Wilkinson is menacing the border. Again, in 1807, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, of the United States army, passes through town in charge of an escort. Lieutenant Pike has been sent to explore the Arkansas and Red rivers, and to treat

¹ Americans, *i. e.* United States people; in which sense, to avoid the awkwardness of the only other equivalent terms, I shall hereafter use the word.

with the Camanches, has been apprehended by the Spanish authorities in New Mexico, carried to Santa Fé, and is now being escorted home.

At this time there are four hundred troops in San Antonio, in quarters near the Alamo. Besides these, the town has about two thousand inhabitants, mostly Spaniards and Creoles, the remainder Frenchmen, Americans, civilized Indians, and half-breeds. New settlers have come in; and what with army officers, the Governor's people, the clergy, and prominent citizens, society begins to form and to enjoy itself. The Governor, Father McGuire, Colonel Delgado, Captain Ugarte, Doctor Zerbín, dispense hospitalities and adorn social meetings. There are, in the evenings, levees at the Governor's; sometimes Mexican dances on the Plaza, at which all assist; and frequent and prolonged card-parties.

But these peaceful scenes do not last long. In 1811 the passers across the San Antonio River between the Alamo and the Main Plaza behold a strange sight: it is the head of a man stuck on a pole, there, in bloody menace against rebels. This head but yesterday was on the shoulders of Colonel Delgado, a flying adherent of Hidalgo in Mexico: Hidalgo, initiator of how long a train of Mexican revolutions! having been also put to death in Chihuahua. It was not long before this blood was (as from of old) washed out with other blood. Bernardo Gutierrez, a fellow-rebel of the unfortunate Delgado, escaped to Natchitoches, and met young Magee, an officer of the United States army. In a short time the two had assembled a mixed force of American adventurers and rebellious Mexican republicans, had driven the Spanish troops from Nacogdoches, marched into Texas, captured the fort and supplies at La Bahia, enlisted its

garrison, and sustained a siege there which the enemy was finally compelled to abandon with loss. It was in March, 1813, that the Spanish besieging force set out on its retreat up the river to San Antonio. Gutierrez—Magee having committed suicide in consequence of mortification at the indignant refusal of the troops to accept a surrender which he had negotiated soon after the beginning of the siege—determined to pursue. On the 28th of March he crossed the Salado, *en route* to San Antonio, with a force consisting of eight hundred Americans under Colonel Kemper, one hundred and eighty Mexicans led by Manchaco,¹ under Colonel James Gaines, three hundred Lipan and Twowokana Indians, and twenty-five Cooshattie Indians. Marching along the bank of the San Antonio River, with the left flank protected by the stream, this motley army arrived within nine miles of San Antonio, when the riflemen on the right suddenly discovered the enemy ambushed in the chaparral on the side of a ridge. Here the whole force that Governor Salcedo could muster had been posted, consisting of about fifteen hundred regular troops and a thousand militia. To gain time to form, the Indians were ranged to receive the opening charge of the Spanish cavalry; the enemy meantime having immediately formed along the crest of the ridge, with twelve pieces of artillery in the centre. The Indians broke at the first shock; only the Cooshatties and a few others stood their ground. These received two other charges, in which they lost two killed and several wounded. The Americans had now made their dispositions, and proceeded to execute them with matchless coolness. They charged up the

¹ A prominent Mexican, of Texas, of strong but uncultivated intellect.

hill, stopped at thirty yards of the enemy's line, fired three rounds, loaded, then charged again, and straightway the slope towards San Antonio was dotted with Spanish fugitives, whom the Indians pursued and butchered regardless of quarter. The Spanish commander, who had pledged sword and head to Governor Salcedo that he would kill and capture the American army, could not endure the sting of his misfortune. He spurred his horse upon the American ranks, attacked Major Ross, then Colonel Kemper, and while in the act of striking the latter was shot by private William Owen. The Spanish loss is said to have been near a thousand killed and wounded.

Next day the Americans advanced to the outskirts of San Antonio and demanded a surrender. Governor Salcedo desired to parley, to delay. A second demand was made — peremptory. Governor Salcedo then marched out with his staff. He presented his sword to Captain Taylor; Taylor refused, and referred him to Colonel Kemper. Presenting to Colonel Kemper, he was in turn referred to Gutierrez. No, not to that rebel! Salcedo thrust his sword into the ground, whence Gutierrez drew it. The victors got stores, arms, and treasure. Seventeen American prisoners in the Alamo were released and armed. The troops were paid, — receiving a bonus of fifteen dollars each in addition to wages, — clothed and mounted out of the booty. The Indians were not forgotten in the distribution; they “were supplied,” says Yoakum, “with two dollars’ worth of vermilion, together with presents of the value of a hundred and thirty dollars, and sent away rejoicing.”

And now flowed the blood that must answer that

which dripped down the pole from poor Colonel Delgado's head. Shortly after the victory, Captain Delgado, a son of the executed rebel, falls upon his knees before Gutierrez, and demands vengeance upon the prisoner, Governor Salcedo, who apprehended and executed his father. Gutierrez arrays his army, informs them that it would be safe to send Salcedo and staff to New Orleans, and that it so happens that vessels are about to sail for that port from Matagorda Bay. The army consents (we are so fearfully and wonderfully republican in these days: *the army* consents) that the prisoners be sent off as proposed. Captain Delgado, with a company of Mexicans, starts in charge, ostensibly *en route* for Matagorda Bay. There are fifteen of the distinguished captives: Governor Salcedo of Texas, Governor Herrera of New Leon, Ex-Governor Cordero, whom we last saw holding levees in San Antonio, several Spanish and Mexican officers, and one citizen. Delgado gets his prisoners a mile and a half from town, halts them on the bank of the river, strips them, ties them, and cuts the throat of every man: "some of the assassins," says Colonel Navarro, whetting "their knives upon the soles of their shoes in presence of their victims."

The town of San Antonio must have been anything but a pleasant place for peaceful citizens during the next two months. Colonel Kemper, who was really the commanding officer of the American army, refused further connection with those who could be guilty of such barbarity, and left, with other American officers. Their departure left in the town an uncontrolled body of troops who feared neither God nor man; and these immediately proceeded to avail themselves of the situation by indulging in all manner of riotous and lawless

pleasures. With the month of June, however, came Don Elisondo from Mexico with an army of royalists, consisting of about three thousand men, half of whom were regular troops. His advance upon San Antonio seems to have been a complete surprise, and to have been only learned by the undisciplined republican army in the town together with the fact that he had captured their horses, which had been out grazing, and killed part of the guard which was protecting the *caballada*. If Elisondo had marched straight on into town, his task would probably have been an easy one. But he committed the fatal mistake of encamping a short distance from the suburbs, where he threw up two bastions with a curtain between, on a ridge near the river Aloxon.

Meantime the republican army in the town recovered from the confusion into which they had been thrown by the first intelligence of Elisondo's proximity, and organized themselves under Gutierrez and Captain Perry. It was determined to anticipate the enemy's attack. Ingress and egress were prohibited, the sentinels doubled, and all the cannon spiked except four field-pieces. In the darkness of the night of June 4th the Americans marched quietly out of town, by file, to within hearing of the enemy's pickets, and remained there until the enemy was heard at matins. The signal to charge being given — a cheer from the right of companies — the Americans advanced, surprised and captured the pickets in front, mounted the enemy's work, lowered his flag and hoisted their own, before they were fairly discovered through the dim dawn. The enemy struggled hard, however, and compelled the Americans to abandon the works. The latter charged again, and this time routed the enemy completely. The royalist loss is said

to have been about a thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners ; and that of the Americans, ninety-four killed and mortally wounded.

For some reason Gutierrez was now dismissed from the leadership of the army (we republican soldiers decapitate our commanders very quickly if they please us not !), and shortly afterwards troops and citizens went forth in grand procession to welcome Don José Alvarez Toledo, a distinguished republican Cuban who had been forwarding recruits from Louisiana to San Antonio ; and having escorted him into town with much ceremony, elected him commander-in-chief of the Republican Army of the North. Toledo immediately organized a government ; but the people of San Antonio enjoyed the unaccustomed blessing of civil law only a little while.

In a few days enter, from over the Mexican border, General Arredondo with the remnant of Elisondo's men and some fresh troops, about four thousand in all, *en route* for San Antonio. Toledo marches out to meet him with about twenty-five hundred men, one third of whom are Americans, the balance Mexicans under Manchaco ; and on the 18th of August, 1813, they come together. Arredondo decoys him into an ingenious *cul de sac* which he has thrown up just south of the Medina River, and has concealed by cut bushes ; and pours such a murderous fire of cannon and small arms upon him, that in spite of the gallantry of the right wing, where the Americans are, the retreat which Toledo has ordered too late becomes a mere rout, and the republican army is butchered without mercy. One batch of seventy or eighty fugitives is captured by the pursuing royalists, tied, set by tens upon a log laid across a great grave, and shot !

On the 20th, Arredondo enters San Antonio in great triumph, and straightway proceeds to wreak fearful vengeance upon the unhappy town for the massacre of his brother governors. Seven hundred citizens are thrown into prison. During the night of the 20th eighteen die of suffocation out of three hundred who are confined in one house. These only anticipate the remainder, who are shot, without trial, in detachments. Five hundred republican women are imprisoned in a building on the present site of the post-office, derisively termed the *Quinta*, and compelled to make up twenty-four bushels of corn into *tortillas* every day for the royalist army. Having thus sent up a sweet savor of revenge to the spirits of the murdered Salcedo, Cordero, Herrera, and the others, Arredondo finally gathers their bones together and buries them. In all this blood the prosperity of San Antonio was drowned. To settlers it offered no inducements; to most of its former citizens it held out nothing but terror; and it is described as almost entirely abandoned in 1816.

In December, 1820, arrived a person in San Antonio who, though not then known as such, was really a harbinger of better times. This was Moses Austin, of Connecticut. He came to see Governor Martinez, with a view of bringing a colony to Texas. The two, with the Baron de Bastrop, put in train the preliminary application for permission to Arredondo, Commandant-General at Monterey. Austin, it is true, died soon afterwards; but he left his project to his son Stephen F., who afterwards carried it out with a patience that amounted to genius and a fortitude that was equivalent to the favor of Heaven.

On the 24th of August, 1821, Don Juan O'Donojú

and Iturbide entered into the Treaty of Córdoba, which substantially perfected the separation of Mexico from the mother-country. When the intelligence of this event had spread, the citizens of San Antonio returned. Moreover, about this time a tide of emigration began to set towards Texas. The Americans who had composed part of the army of Gutierrez had circulated fair reports of the country. In 1823 San Antonio is said to have had five thousand inhabitants; though the Camanches appear still to have had matters all their own way when they came into town, as they frequently did, to buy beads and other articles with skins of deer and buffalo. One would find this difficult to believe, but reasoning *a priori*, it is rendered probable by the fact that in the decree of the Federal Congress of Mexico of the 24th of August, 1826, to provide for raising troops to serve in Coahuila and Texas as frontier defenders, it is ordered that out of the gross levies there shall be first preferred for military service "*los vagos y mal entretenidos*," vagrant and evil-disposed persons; and *a posteriori*, it is quite confirmed by the experience of Olmsted in San Fernando (a considerable town west of the Rio Grande) so late as 1854, where he found the Indians "lounging in and out of every house . . . with such an air as indicated they were masters of the town. They entered every door," adds Olmsted, "fell on every neck, patted the women on the cheek, helped themselves to whatever suited their fancy, and distributed their scowls or grunts of pleasure according to their sensations."

In the year 1824 a lot of French merchants passed through San Antonio *en route* to Santa Fé on a trading expedition. Some distance from town their pack-

animals were all stolen by Indians ; but they managed to get carts and oxen from San Antonio, and so conveyed their goods finally to Santa Fé, where they sold them at an immense profit. In 1831 the Bowie brothers, Rezin P., and James, organized in San Antonio their expedition in search of the old reputed silver mines at San Saba Mission. In the course of this unlucky venture occurred their famous Indian fight, where the two Bowies, with nine others, fought a pitched battle with one hundred and sixty-four Indians who had attacked them with arrow, with rifle, and with fire from sundown to sunset, killing and wounding eighty-four. They then fortified their position during the night, maintained it for eight days afterwards, and finally returned to San Antonio with their horses and three wounded comrades, leaving one man killed.

It is related that in 1832 a Camanche Indian attempted to abduct a Shawnee woman in San Antonio. She escaped him, joined a party of her people who were staying some thirty-five miles from town, and informed them where the Camanches (of whom five hundred had been in town for some purpose) would probably camp. The Shawnees ambushed themselves at the spot indicated. The Camanches came on and stopped as expected : the Shawnees poured a fire into them, and repeated it as they continually rallied, until the Camanches abandoned the contest with a loss of one hundred and seventy-five dead.

Early in 1833 (or perhaps late in December, 1832) arrives in San Antonio for the first time one who is to be called the father of his country. This is Sam Houston. He comes in company with the famous James Bowie, son-in-law of Vice-Governor Veramendi, and holds a

consultation with the Camanche chiefs here to arrange a meeting at Cantonment Gibson with a view to a treaty of peace. Meantime trouble is brewing. Young Texas does not get on well with his mother. What seems to hurt most is the late union of Texas with Coahuila. This we cannot stand. Stephen F. Austin goes to the City of Mexico with a memorial on the subject to the federal government. He writes from there to the municipality of San Antonio, Oct. 2d, 1833, informing the people that their request is likely to be refused, and advising them to make themselves ready for that emergency.* The municipality hand this letter over to Vice-President Farias, who, already angry with Austin on an old account, arrests him on his way home and throws him into prison, back in the City of Mexico.

In October, 1834, certain people in San Antonio hold what Yoakum calls "the first strictly revolutionary meeting in Texas;" for Santa Ana has *pronounced*, and got to be at the head of affairs, and he refuses to separate Texas from Coahuila. So, through meetings all over the State; through conferences of citizen deputations with Colonel Ugartochea, Mexican Commandant at San Antonio, for the purpose of explaining matters; through confused arguments and resolutions of the peace party and the war party; through confused rumors of the advance of Mexican General Cos with an army; through squabbling and wrangling and final fighting over the cannon that had been lent by the Post of Bexar to the people of Gonzalez; through all manner of civic trouble consequent upon the imprisonment of Governor Viesca of Texas by Santa Ana, and the suspension of the progress of the civil law machine, — we come to the time when the committee of San Felipe boldly cry: "*Let us*

take Bexar and drive the Mexican soldiery out of Texas!" and presently here, on the 28th of October, 1835, is General Cos with his army in San Antonio, fortifying for dear life, while yonder is Austin with a thousand Texans, at Mission Concepcion, a mile and a half down the river below town, where Fannin and Bowie with ninety men in advance have a few hours before waged a brilliant battle with four hundred Mexicans, capturing their field-piece, killing and wounding a hundred or more, and driving the rest back to town.

General Austin believes, it seems, that Cos will surrender without a battle; and so remains at Concepcion till November 2d, then marches up past the town on the east side, encamps four or five days, marches down on the west side, displays his forces on a hillside *in terrorem*, sends in a demand for surrender—and is flatly answered *no*. He resolves to lay siege. The days pass slowly; the enemy will not come out, though allured with all manner of military enticements, and the army has no "fun," with the exception of one small skirmish, until the 26th, when "Deaf" Smith¹ discovers a party of a hundred Mexican troops, who have been sent out to cut prairie-grass for the horses in town, and reporting them in camp, brings on what is known as the "grass-fight." Col. James Bowie attacks with a hundred mounted men; both sides are quickly reinforced, and a sharp running fight is kept up until the enemy get back to town; the Texans capturing seventy horses and killing some fifty of the enemy, with a loss of but two wounded and one missing. Meantime discontents arise. On the day before the "grass-fight" Austin resigns, having

¹ One of the most celebrated and efficient scouts of the revolution.

been appointed Commissioner to the United States, and Edward Burleson is elected by the army to the command. General Burleson, for some reason, seems loth to storm. Moreover, one Dr. James Grant seduces a large party with a wild project to leave San Antonio and attack Matamoros, when he declares that the whole of Mexico will rise and overwhelm Santa Ana; and on the 29th of November it is actually announced that two hundred and twenty-five men are determined to start the next morning.

But they do not start. It is whispered the town will be stormed. On the 3d of December, Smith, Holmes, and Maverick escape from San Antonio, and give the Texan commander such information as apparently determines him to storm. Volunteers are called for to attack early next morning; all day and all night of that December 3d the men make themselves ready, and long for the moment to advance: when here comes word from the General's quarters that the attack is put off! Chagrin and indignation prevail on all sides. On the morning of the 4th there is open disobedience of orders; whole companies refuse to parade. Finally, when on the same afternoon orders are issued to abandon camp and march for La Bahia at seven o'clock, the tumult is terrible, and it seems likely that these wild energetic souls, failing the Mexicans, will end by exterminating each other.

Midst of the confusion here arrives Mexican Lieutenant Vuavis, a deserter, and declares that the projected attack is *not* known (as had been assigned for reason of postponing), and that the garrison in town is in as bad order and discontent as the besiegers. At this critical moment a brave man suddenly crystallizes the loose

mass of discordant men and opinions into one compact force and one keen purpose. It is late in the morning, Col. Benjamin R. Milam steps forth among the men, and cries aloud: "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" Three hundred and one men will go.

A little before daylight on the 5th they "go," General Burleson agreeing to hold his position until he hears from them. Milam marches into and along Acequia Street with his party; Johnson with his along Soledad Street. Where these debouch into the Main Plaza, Cos has thrown up breastworks and placed raking batteries. The columns march parallel along the quiet streets. Presently, as Johnson gets near the Veramendi House (which he is to occupy, while Milam is to gain De la Ganza's house), a Mexican sentinel fires. Deaf Smith shoots the sentinel. The Mexicans prick up their ears, prick into their cannon-cartridges; the Plaza batteries open, the Alamo batteries join in; spade, crowbar, rifle, escopet, all are plied, and the storming of Bexar is begun.

But it would take many such papers as this to give even meagre details of all the battles that have been fought in and around San Antonio, and one must pass over the four days of this thrilling conflict with briefest mention. It is novel fighting; warfare intramural, one might say. The Texans advance inch by inch by piercing through the stone walls of the houses, pecking loopholes with crowbars for their rifles as they gain each room, picking off the enemy from his house-tops, from around his cannon, even from behind his own loopholes. On the night of the 5th with great trouble and risk the two columns succeed in opening communication

with each other. On the 6th they advance a little beyond the Ganza house. On the 7th brave Karnes steps forth with a crowbar and breaks into a house midway between the Ganza house and the Plaza; brave Milam is stricken by a rifle ball just as he is entering the yard of the Veramendi house and falls instantly dead; and the Navarro house, one block from the Main Plaza, is gained. On the 8th they take the "Zambrano Row" of buildings, driving the enemy from it room by room; the enemy endeavor to produce a diversion with fifty men, and do, in a sense, for Burleson finds some diversion in driving them back precipitately with a six-pounder; at night those in the Zambrano Row are reinforced, and the "Priest's House" is gained amid heavy fighting.

This last is the stroke of grace. The Priest's House commands the Plaza. Early on the morning of the 9th General Cos sends a flag of truce, asking to surrender, and on the 10th agrees with General Burleson upon formal and honorable articles of capitulation.

The poor citizens of San Antonio de Bexar, however, do not yet enjoy the blessings of life in quiet; these wild soldiers who have stormed the town cannot remain long without excitement. Presently Dr. Grant revives his old Matamoras project, and soon departs, carrying with him most of the troops that had been left at Bexar for its defence, together with great part of the garrison's winter supply of clothing, ammunition, and provisions, and in addition "pressing" such property of the citizens as he needs, insomuch that Colonel Neill, at that time in command at Bexar, writes to the Governor of Texas that the place is left destitute and defenceless. Soon afterward Colonel Neill is ordered to destroy the Alamo

walls and other fortifications, and bring off the artillery, since no head can be made there in the present crisis against the enemy, who is reported marching in force upon San Antonio. Having no teams, Colonel Neill is unable to obey the order, and presently retires, his unpaid men having dropped off until but eighty remain, of whom Col. Wm. B. Travis assumes command. Colonel Travis promptly calls for more troops, but gets none as yet, for the Governor and Council are at deadly quarrel, and the soldiers are all pressing towards Matamoros. Travis has brought thirty men with him; about the middle of February he is joined by Colonel Bowie with thirty others, and these, with the eighty already in garrison, constitute the defenders of San Antonio de Bexar. On the 23d of February appears General Santa Ana at the head of a well-appointed army of some four thousand men, and marches straight on into town. The Texans retire before him slowly, and finally shut themselves up in the Alamo; here straightway begins that bloodiest, smokiest, grimest tragedy of this century. William B. Travis, James Bowie, and David Crockett, with their hundred and forty-five effective men, are enclosed within a stone rectangle one hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and twenty-two feet wide, having the old church of the Alamo in the southeast corner, in which are their quarters and magazine. They have a supply of water from the ditches that run alongside the walls, and by way of provision they have about ninety bushels of corn and thirty beef-cattle, their entire stock, all collected since the enemy came in sight. The walls are unbroken, with no angles from which to command besieging lines. They have fourteen pieces of artillery mounted, with but little ammunition.

Santa Ana demands unconditional surrender. Travis replies with a cannon-shot, and the attack commences, the enemy running up a blood-red flag in town. Travis dispatches a messenger with a call to his countrymen for reinforcements, which concludes: "Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!" Meantime the enemy is active. On the 25th Travis has a sharp fight to prevent him from erecting a battery raking the gate of the Alamo. At night it is erected, with another a half-mile off at the *Garita*, or powder-house, on a sharp eminence at the extremity of the present main street of the town. On the 26th there is skirmishing with the Mexican cavalry. In the cold—for a norther has commenced to blow and the thermometer is down to thirty-nine—the Texans make a sally successfully for wood and water, and that night they burn some old houses on the northeast that might afford cover for the enemy. So amid the enemy's constant rain of shells and balls, which miraculously hurt no one, the Texans strengthen their works and the siege goes on. On the 28th Fannin starts from Goliad with three hundred troops and four pieces of artillery, but for lack of teams and provisions quickly returns, and the little garrison is left to its fate. On the morning of the 1st of March there is doubtless a wild shout of welcome in the Alamo; Capt. John W. Smith has managed to convey thirty-two men from Gonzales into the fort. These join the heroes, and the attack and defence go on. On the 3d a single man, Moses Rose, escapes from the fort. His account of

that day¹ must entitle it to consecration as one of the most pathetic days of time.

"About two hours before sunset on the 3d of March, 1836, the bombardment suddenly ceased, and the enemy withdrew an unusual distance. . . . Colonel Travis paraded all his effective men in a single file, and taking his position in front of the centre, he stood for some moments apparently speechless from emotion; then nerving himself for the occasion, he addressed them substantially as follows: —

"My brave companions: stern necessity compels me to employ the few moments afforded by this probably brief cessation of conflict, in making known to you the most interesting, yet the most solemn, melancholy, and unwelcome fact that humanity can realize. . . . Our fate is sealed. Within a very few days, perhaps a very few hours, we must all be in eternity! I have deceived you long by the promise of help; but I crave your pardon, hoping that after hearing my explanation you will not only regard my conduct as pardonable, but heartily sympathize with me in my extreme necessity. . . . I have continually received the strongest assurances of help from home. Every letter from the Council, and every one that I have seen from individuals at home, has teemed with assurances that our people were ready, willing, and anxious to come to our re-

¹ As transmitted by the Zuber family, whose residence was the first place at which poor Rose had dared to stop, and with whom he remained some weeks, healing the festered wounds made on his legs by the cactus-thorns during the days of his fearful journey. The account from which these extracts are taken, is contributed to the Texas Almanac for 1873, by W. P. Zuber, and his mother, Mary Ann Zuber.

lief. . . . These assurances I received as facts. . . . In the honest and simple confidence of my heart I have transmitted to you these promises of help and my confident hope of success. But the promised help has not come, and our hopes are not to be realized. I have evidently confided too much in the promises of our friends ; but let us not be in haste to censure them. . . . Our friends were evidently not informed of our perilous condition in time to save us. Doubtless they would have been here by this time had they expected any considerable force of the enemy. . . . My calls on Colonel Fannin remain unanswered, and my messengers have not returned. The probabilities are that his whole command has fallen into the hands of the enemy, or been cut to pieces, and that our couriers have been cut off. [So does the brave simple soul refuse to feel any bitterness in the hour of death.] . . . Then we must die. . . . Our business is not to make a fruitless effort to save our lives, but to choose the manner of our death. But three modes are presented to us ; let us choose that by which we may best serve our country. Shall we surrender and be deliberately shot without taking the life of a single enemy? Shall we try to cut our way out through the Mexican ranks and be butchered before we can kill twenty of our adversaries? I am opposed to either method. . . . Let us resolve to withstand our adversaries to the last, and at each advance to kill as many of them as possible. And when at last they shall storm our fortress, let us kill them as they come ! kill them as they scale our wall ! kill them as they leap within ! kill them as they raise their weapons and as they use them ! kill them as they kill our companions ! and continue to kill them as long as one of us shall

remain alive ! . . . But I leave every man to his own choice. Should any man prefer to surrender . . . or to attempt an escape . . . he is at liberty to do so. My own choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. This will I do, even if you leave me alone. Do as you think best ; but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death ! ’

“Colonel Travis then drew his sword, and with its point traced a line upon the ground extending from the right to the left of the file. Then resuming his position in front of the centre, he said, ‘I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across this line. Who will be first? March!’ The first respondent was Tapley Holland, who leaped the line at a bound, exclaiming, ‘I am ready to die for my country!’ His example was instantly followed by every man in the file with the exception of Rose. . . . Every sick man that could walk, arose from his bunk and tottered across the line. Colonel Bowie, who could not leave his bed, said, ‘Boys, I am not able to come to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to remove my cot over there.’ Four men instantly ran to the cot, and each lifting a corner, carried it across the line. Then every sick man that could not walk made the same request, and had his bunk removed in the same way.

“Rose too was deeply affected, but differently from his companions. He stood till every man but himself had crossed the line. . . . He sank upon the ground, covered his face, and yielded to his own reflections. . . . A bright idea came to his relief ; he spoke the Mexican

dialect very fluently, and could he once get safely out of the fort, he might easily pass for a Mexican and effect an escape. . . . He directed a searching glance at the cot of Colonel Bowie. . . . Col. David Crockett was leaning over the cot, conversing with its occupant in an undertone. After a few seconds Bowie looked at Rose and said, 'You seem not to be willing to die with us, Rose.' 'No,' said Rose; 'I am not prepared to die, and shall not do so if I can avoid it.' Then Crockett also looked at him, and said, 'You may as well conclude to die with us, old man, for escape is impossible.' Rose made no reply, but looked at the top of the wall. 'I have often done worse than to climb that wall,' thought he. Suiting the action to the thought, he sprang up, seized his wallet of unwashed clothes, and ascended the wall. Standing on its top, he looked down within to take a last view of his dying friends. They were all now in motion, but what they were doing he heeded not; overpowered by his feelings, he looked away and saw them no more. . . . He threw down his wallet and leaped after it. . . . He took the road which led down the river around a bend to the ford, and through the town by the church. He waded the river at the ford and passed through the town. He saw no person . . . but the doors were all closed, and San Antonio appeared as a deserted city.

"After passing through the town he turned down the river. A stillness as of death prevailed. When he had gone about a quarter of a mile below the town, his ears were saluted by the thunder of the bombardment, which was then renewed. That thunder continued to remind him that his friends were true to their cause, by a continual roar with but slight intervals until a little before

sunrise on the morning of the 6th, when it ceased and he heard it no more." ¹

And well may it "cease" on that morning of that 6th; for after that thrilling 3d the siege goes on, the enemy furious, the Texans replying calmly and slowly. Finally Santa Ana determines to storm. Some hours before daylight on the morning of the 6th the Mexican infantry, provided with scaling-ladders, and backed by the cavalry to keep them up to the work, surround the doomed fort. At daylight they advance and plant their ladders, but give back under a deadly fire from the Texans. They advance again, and again retreat. A third time — Santa Ana threatening and coaxing by turns — they plant their ladders. Now they mount the walls. The Texans are overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers and exhaustion of continued watching and fighting. The Mexicans swarm into the fort. The Texans club their guns; one by one they fall fighting — now Travis yonder by the western wall, now Crockett here in the angle of the church-wall, now Bowie butchered and mutilated in his sick-cot, breathe quick and pass away; and presently every Texan lies dead, while there in horrid heaps are stretched five hundred and twenty-one dead Mexicans and as many more wounded! Of the human beings that were in the fort five remain alive: Mrs. Dickinson and her child, Colonel Travis' negro-servant, and two Mexican women. The conquerors endeavored to get

¹ Rose succeeded in making his escape, and reached the house of the Zubers, as before stated, in fearful condition. After remaining here some weeks, he started for his home in Nacogdoches, but on the way his thorn-wounds became inflamed anew, and when he reached home "his friends thought that he could not live many months." This was "the last" that the Zubers "heard of him."

some more revenge out of the dead, and close the scene with raking together the bodies of the Texans, amid insults, and burning them.

The town did not long remain in the hands of the Mexicans. Events followed each other rapidly until the battle of San Jacinto, after which the dejected Santa Ana wrote his famous letter of captivity under the tree, which for a time relieved the soil of Texas from hostile footsteps. San Antonio was nevertheless not free from bloodshed, though beginning to drive a sharp trade with Mexico and to make those approaches towards the peaceful arts which necessarily accompany trade. The Indians kept life from stagnating, and in the year 1840 occurred a bloody battle with them in the very midst of the town. Certain Camanche chiefs, pending negotiations for a treaty of peace, had promised to bring in all the captives they had ; and on the 19th of March, 1840, met the Texan Commissioners in the Council-house in San Antonio to redeem their promise. Leaving twenty warriors and thirty-two women and children outside, twelve chiefs entered the council-room and presented the only captive they had brought — a little white girl — declaring that they had no others. This statement the little girl pronounced false, asserting that it was made solely for the purpose of extorting greater ransoms, and that she had but recently seen other captives in their camp. An awkward pause followed. Presently one of the chiefs inquired, How the Commissioners liked it. By way of reply, the company of Captain Howard, who had been sent for, filed into the room, and the Indians were told that they would be held prisoners until they should send some of their party outside after the rest of the captives. The Commissioners then rose and left the room.

As they were in the act of leaving, however, one of the Indian chiefs attempted to rush through the door, and being confronted by the sentinel, stabbed him. Seeing the sentinel hurt, and Captain Howard also stabbed, the other chiefs sprang forward with knives and bows and arrows, and the fight raged until they were all killed. Meantime the warriors outside began to fight, and engaged the company of Captain Read; but, taking shelter in a stone-house, were surrounded and killed. Still another detachment of the Indians managed to continue the fight until they had reached the other side of the river, when they were finally despatched. Thirty-two Indian warriors and five Indian women and children were slain, and the rest of the women and children were made prisoners. The savages fought desperately, for seven Texans were killed and eight wounded.

The war between Texas and Mexico had now languished for some years. The project of annexation was much discussed in the United States; one great objection to it was that the United States would embroil itself with a nation with which it was at peace — Mexico — by annexing Texas, then at war. The war, however, seemed likely to die away; and to prevent the removal of the obstacle to annexation in that way, Mexico made feeble efforts to keep up such hostilities as might at least give color to the assertion that the war had not ended. Accordingly in the year 1842 a Mexican army again invested San Antonio. After a short parley, Colonel Hays withdrew with his small force, and the Mexicans, numbering about seven hundred men under General Vasquez, took possession of the place and formally reorganized it as a Mexican town. They remained, however, only two days, and conducted themselves, officially, with great propriety,

though the citizens are said to have lost a great deal of valuable property by unauthorized depredations of private soldiers and of Mexican citizens who accompanied the army on its departure.

Again on the 11th of September, 1842, a Mexican army of twelve hundred men under General Woll, sent probably by the same policy which had despatched the other, surprised the town of San Antonio, and after having a few killed and wounded, took possession, the citizens having capitulated. General Woll captured the entire bar of lawyers in attendance on the District Court, then in session, and held them as prisoners of war. He did not escape, however, so easily as General Vasquez. The Texans gathered rapidly, and by the 17th had assembled two hundred and twenty men on the Salado, some six miles from town. Captain Hays with fifty men decoyed General Woll forth, and a battle ensued from which the enemy withdrew at sunset with a loss of sixty killed and about the same number wounded, the Texans losing one killed and nine wounded. It is easy to believe that the honest citizens of San Antonio got little sleep on that night of the 17th of September, 1842. General Woll was busy making preparations for retreat; and the Mexican citizens who intended to accompany him were also busy gathering up plunder right and left to take with them. At daylight they all departed. This was the last time that San Antonio de Bexar was ever in Mexican hands.

After annexation, in 1845, the town began to improve. The trade from certain portions of Mexico — Chihuahua and the neighboring States — seems always to have eagerly sought San Antonio as a point of supplies whenever peace gave it the opportunity. Presently,

too, the United States government selected San Antonio as the base for the frontier army below El Paso, and the large quantities of money expended in connection with the supply and transportation of all *matériel* for so long a line of forts have contributed very materially to the prosperity of the town. From a population of about 3500 in 1850, it increased to 10,000 in 1856, and has now about 15,000.

Abandoning now this meagre historical sketch, and pursuing the order indicated in the enumeration of contrast and eccentricities given in the early part of this paper: one finds in San Antonio the queerest juxtaposition of civilizations, white, yellow (Mexican), red (Indian), black (negro), and all possible permutations of these significant colors. The Germans, the Americans, and the Mexicans are not greatly unequal in numbers; besides these there are probably representatives from all European nationalities. At the Commerce Street bridge over the San Antonio River, stands a post supporting a large sign-board, upon which appear the following three legends:

Walk your horse over this bridge, or you will be fined.

Schnelles Reiten über diese Brücke ist verboten.

Anda despacio con su caballo, ó teme la ley.

To the meditative stroller across this bridge — and on a soft day when the Gulf breeze and the sunshine are king and queen, any stranger may be safely defied to cross this bridge without becoming meditative — there is a fine satire in the varying tone of these inscriptions — for they are by no means faithful translations of each other; a satire all the keener in that it must have been wholly unconscious. For mark: “Walk your horse,

etc., *or you will be fined!*" This is the American's warning: the alternative is a money consideration, and the appeal is solely to the pocket. But now the German is simply informed that *schnelles Reiten* over this bridge *ist verboten* — *is forbidden*; as who should say: "So, thou quiet, law-abiding Teuton, enough for thee to know that it is forbidden, simply." And lastly, the Mexican direction takes wholly a different turn from either: Slow there with your horse, Mexicano, "*ó teme la ley*," — or "*fear the law!*"

Religious services are regularly conducted in four languages, German, Spanish, English, and Polish.

Perhaps the variety of the population cannot be better illustrated than by the following "commodity of good names," occurring in a slip cut from a daily paper of the town a day or two ago:

MATRIMONIAL. — The matrimonial market for a couple of weeks past has been unusually lively, as evidenced by the following list of marriage licenses issued during that time: Cruz de la Cruz and Manuela Sauseda; Felipe Sallani and Maria del R. Lopez; G. Isabolo and Rafaela Urvana; Anto. P. Rivas and Maria Quintana; Garmel Hernandez and Seferina Rodriguez; T. B. Leighton and Franceska E. Schmidt; Rafael Diaz and Michaela Chavez; Levy Taylor and Anna Simpson, colored; Ignacio Andrada and Juliana Baltasar; August Dubiell and Philomena Muschell; James Callaghan and Mary Grenet; Albert Anz and Ida Pollock; Stephen Hoog and Mina Schneider; Wm. King and Sarah Wilson, colored; Joseph McCoy and Jessie Brown; Valentine Heck and Clara Hirsch; John F. Dunn and E. Annie Dunn.

These various nationalities appear to take great pains in preserving their peculiar tongues. In all the large stores the clerks must understand at least English, German,

and Mexican; and one medical gentleman adds to his professional card in the newspaper that he will hold "consultations in English, French, Italian, and Spanish."

Much interest has attached, of late years, to the climate of San Antonio, in consequence of its alleged happy influence upon consumption. One of the recognized "institutions" of the town is the consumptives, who are sent here from remote parts of the United States and from Europe and who may be seen on fine days, in various stages of decrepitude, strolling about the streets. This present writer has the honor to be one of those strolling individuals; but he does not intend to attempt to *describe* the climate, for three reasons: first, because it is simply indescribable; second, if it were not so, his experience has been such as to convince him that the needs of consumptives in point of climate depend upon two variable elements, to wit, the stage which the patient has reached, and the peculiar temperament of each individual, and that therefore any general recommendation of any particular climate is often erroneous and sometimes fatally deceptive; and third, because he fortunately is able to present some of the *facts* of the climate, which may be relied upon as scientifically accurate, and from the proper study of which each intelligent consumptive can make up his mind as to the suitableness of the climate to his individual case. For the past five years, Dr. F. v. Pettersén, a Swedish physician and ardent lover of science, resident in San Antonio, has conducted a series of meteorological observations with accurate apparatus; and the results which follow have been compiled from his records:

MEAN THERMOMETER.

		<i>Spring.</i>	<i>Summer.</i>	<i>Autumn.</i>	<i>Winter.</i>
Seasons of 1868	. . .	74.33	84.33	71.33	54.66
" 1869	. . .	66.43	83.10	67.53	52.93
" 1870	. . .	68.70	83.43	70.66	51.30
" 1871	. . .	71.28	87.45	68.38	54.3 ¹
" 1872	. . .	70.58	83.13	68.96	49.75

MEAN HYGROMETER.

Seasons of 1868	. . .	65 ¹	78	64	49
" 1869	. . .	62	77	62	49
" 1870	. . .	60	77	65	46
" 1871	. . .	64	73	63	50
" 1872	. . .	64	76	61	46

TOTAL RAINFALL.

For the year 1868		46.60 inches
" 1869		49.03 "
" 1870		35.12 "
" 1871		24.86 "
" 1872		31.62 "

These are averages, but the view which they present of the climate, although strictly accurate as far as it goes, is by no means complete. For the consumptive is specially interested in the uniformity and equableness of temperatures, and it remains therefore to supplement the above table with some account of the nature, extent, and suddenness of the *changes* of the thermometer in the climate under consideration. These at San Antonio are very peculiar, very great and very rapid. They mostly occur under the influence of those remarkable meteorological phenomena called "northerners," which are peculiar to a belt of country that may be roughly defined as bounded on the east by the second tier of Texan counties from Red River, on the west by the

¹ Fractions omitted.

Sierra Madre in Mexico, and on the north by a line drawn through the Indian Territory not far above the northern boundary of Texas. The northerners are known as of two sorts: the wet and the dry. To know what a norther is, let one fancy himself riding along the undulating prairie about San Antonio on a splendid day in April, when the flowers, the birds, and the sunshine seem to be playing at a wild game of which can be maddest with delight, and the tender spring-sky looks on like a young mother laughing at the antics of her darlings. Presently you observe that it is very warm. An hour later you cannot endure your coat; you throw it off and hang it about the saddle, and soon the heat is stifling, thermometer at ninety degrees, which on a windless prairie with the Gulf moisture in the air, is greatly relaxing. Standing on an elevation in the hope of getting some breath of air, suddenly you observe a bluish haze in the north, which has come no one knows when or whence. In a few moments a great roar advances; then you observe the mesquit grow tremulous, and presently the wind strikes you, blows your moist garment against your skin with a mortal chill; and if you are prudent at all you make for a house as fast as your horse can carry you, or in default of that for some thicket of mesquit in a ravine under the lee of the hill. In an hour the thermometer may have sunken to forty degrees from ninety degrees; this range of fifty degrees in an hour was noted by Dr. Pettersén during the observations before alluded to. This is the "dry norther;" for the wet norther, add a furious storm of rain, of hail, or of snow, to the phenomena just described. The norther may last but twelve hours; it may also last nine days, the usual duration being probably about three days.

Dr. Pettersén's records show that in the year 1868 there were at San Antonio twelve northers, of which nine were dry, two wet, and one with hail; in 1869 twenty northers — eighteen dry and two wet; in 1870 twenty-four northers — seventeen dry, seven wet; in 1871 twenty-six northers — twenty-two dry, three wet, one with hail-storm; in 1872 thirty northers — twenty dry, nine wet, and one with hail. These occurred during all months of the year except June, July, and August; less frequently in May than during the other months. There is also, besides the genuine norther, a wind which the inhabitants call a "gentle norther." This is rather a north-westerly, or sometimes westerly wind, and its prevalence creates what, in this present writer's experience, is by far the finest winter weather in Texas. One came up two days ago. The night had been sultry, though in February; a nameless oppression was in the air, and a heavy mist rolled along over the river. After an uneasy half-slumber I woke at dawn, and immediately heard a pleasant *drawing* sound in the air, greatly like the noise made by the water against the prow of one's boat when after a calm the sail has caught the steady breeze and she begins to cut swiftly and smoothly along. In a few moments the wind was howling about the house, but when I came out for breakfast I found that its bark was worse than its bite; for this was a typic "gentle norther," the air crystalline, brittle, and dry, the sun shining brightly, the sky clear, the wind strong but balmy, the temperature soft yet bracing. In about three months of residence, commencing near the middle of November, 1872, there have occurred not more than three of these, lasting about two days each. I have no authentic data upon which to base a conclusion as to

their average frequency. Any one who discovers a land where such weather prevails for two or three months at a time, will have found the place where consumption can be cured.

It is proper to add that the city of San Antonio is situated in the valley of the San Antonio River, and that malarious mists creep down this stream, when not blown away by contrary winds, which subject the stranger to liability to those diseases which require quinine, such as remittent fevers, fever and ague, epidemic colds, etc. These are, however, of mild form, and can probably be prevented by taking small quantities of quinine each day in anticipation.¹

While the thermometer cuts such capers as leaping over 50° in an hour, the hygrometer, in whose motions invalids are no less interested, often seems to behave with equal want of dignity. During one of the "gentle northers" above alluded to, the hygrometer has shown the relative moisture of the atmosphere to be as low as 18, full saturation being 100; but again the same instrument has shown, during the month of August, 1872, a state of moisture represented by 101; a period when rain must have been actually exuding from the air like water from a sponge. Frequently the writer has seen remarkable examples of complete saturation of the air in the strange aspect of the river which runs a few yards from his window. All day long a great cloud of mist sometimes goes steaming up from the surface of the stream to such an extent that its milky-green water will

¹ Perhaps it may be mentioned here for the benefit of consumptives that the climates of Boerne (30 miles above) and of Fredericksburg (80 miles above) are said to be better in this particular than that of San Antonio, and also cooler.

be completely obscured, and standing at a short distance one seems to have arrived at some long rift in the earth from which the smoke of the nether fires is continually pouring up. I have seen this uprising of thick mist go on day and night for several days together. The water of the stream is said to be at 72° the year round. This high temperature must keep up a rapid evaporation; and when the vapor-capacity of the superincumbent air has been surcharged, with at the same time sufficiently cold air to condense the vaporous mist, the evaporation becomes visible and produces the effect described.

The following table, which will conclude this account of the San Antonio climate, will give to the invalid a very important, and at the same time authoritative and accurate series of facts upon which to project his preparations for weather-defence in the way of clothing, etc. This table is calculated from the records for the four years beginning with 1868 and ending with 1871. The plain interpretation of it is, taking the month of February for instance, that on this present 10th day of that month neither I nor any other man can tell whether the temperature to-morrow may be 84° , when we shall yearn to throw away our coats and to burn all our flannel goods, or whether it may be 26° , when we shall desire to stand all day with our arms clasped affectionately round our respective stove-pipes.

MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM OF THERMOMETER DURING THE FOUR
YEARS ABOVE-MENTIONED FOR EACH MONTH.

Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May. June. July. Aug. Sept. Oct. Nov. Dec.

Maximum	75	84	82	87	95	106	102	104	99	90	89	79
Minimum	27	26	29	46	63	71	75	75	57	43	22	14

San Antonio is at an altitude of 564 feet above the level of the sea, in latitude $29^{\circ} 28'$, longitude $98^{\circ} 24'$. It is placed just in the edge of a belt of country one hundred and fifty miles wide, reaching to the Rio Grande, and principally devoted to cattle-raising. One can sit on one's horse, in the western suburbs of the city and mark where the line of the rude Mexican *jacals* (huts) abruptly breaks off, and yields place to the vast mesquit-covered plain, over which the eye ranges for great lonely distances without detecting any traces of the occupancy of man. No gardens, pastures, scattered houses, or the like are there to break the sudden transition: it is the city, then the plain; it is home cheek by jowl with desert. Inside, the location of the city is no less picturesque. Two streams, the San Antonio and San Pedro rivers, run in a direction generally parallel, though specially as far from parallelism as capricious crookedness can make itself, through the entire town. The San Antonio is about sixty feet wide; its water is usually of a lovely milky-green. The stranger strolling on a mild sunny day through the streets often finds himself suddenly on a bridge, and is half startled with the winding vista of sweet lawns running down to the water, of weeping-willows kissing its surface, of summer-houses on its banks, and of the swift yet smooth-shining stream meandering this way and that, actually combing the long sea-green locks of a trailing water-grass which sends its waving tresses down the centre of the current for hundreds of feet, and murmuring the while with a palpable Spanish lisp which floats up among the rude noises of traffic along the rock-paved street, as it were some dove-voiced Spanish nun out of the convent yonder, praying heaven's mitiga-

tion of the wild battle of trade. Leaving this bridge, walking down the main ("Commerce") street, across the Main Plaza, then past the San Fernando Cathedral, then across the Military Plaza, one comes presently to the San Pedro, a small stream ten or fifteen feet in width, up which the gazing stroller finds no romance but mostly strict use; for there squat the Mexican women on their haunches, by their flat stones, washing the family garments, in a position the very recollection of which gives one simultaneous stitches of lumbago and sciatica, yet which they appear to maintain for hours without detriment. If it had been summer-time we would most likely have seen, before we left the bridge over the San Antonio, the black-locked heads of these same ladies bobbing up and down the surface of the river; for they love to lave themselves in this tepid water, these sleek, plump, black-eyed, olive-cheeked *Mexicanas*.

Crossing the San Pedro we are among the *jacals*. Here is surely the very first step Architecture made when she came out of the cave. A row of stakes is driven into the ground, in and out between these mesquit-twigs are wattled, a roof of twigs and straw is fastened on somehow, anyhow, and there you are. Not only you, but your family of astonishing numbers are there, all huddled into this kennel whose door has to be crawled into. Of course typhus-fevers and small-pox are to be found among such layers of humanity. People are not sardines.

Now we come to a step in advance in the matter of houses. A row of stakes is put down, this is enclosed by another row, leaving a space between of about a foot's width, which is filled in with stones and mud, a thatched

roof of straw is then put on, and the house is complete. Still more pretentious dwellings are built of *adobes*, or sun-dried brick. The majority of the substantial houses of the town are constructed of a whitish limestone, so soft when first quarried that it can be cut with a knife, but quickly hardening by exposure into a very durable building material. The prevailing style of dwelling houses is low, windows are few and balconies scarce, though in the more pretentious two-storied dwellings there are some very good Moorish effects of projecting stone and lattice-work.

By far the finest and largest architectural example in the town is the San Fernando Cathedral, which presents a broad, varied, and imposing façade upon the western side of the Main Plaza. Entering this building, one's pleasure in its exterior gives way to curious surprise; for one finds inside the old stone church built here more than a century ago, standing, a church within a church, almost untouched save that parts of some projecting pediments have been knocked away by the builders. In this inner church services are still regularly held, the outer one not being yet quite completed. The curious dome, surrounded by a high wall over which its topmost slit-windows just peer—an evident relic of ancient Moorish architecture, which one finds in the rear of most of the old Spanish religious edifices in Texas—has been preserved, and still adjoins the queer priests' dormitories, which constitute the rear end of the cathedral building.

There are other notable religious edifices in town. Going back to Commerce Street, one can see a fine large church just being completed for the German Catholics (San Fernando Cathedral is Mexican Catholic).

Crossing a graceful iron foot-bridge, down an alley that turns off to the north from Commerce Street, one glances up and down the stream, which here flows between heavy and costly abutments of stone to protect the rear of the large stores whose fronts are on the Main Street, and whose rear doors open almost immediately over the water. Across the bridge the alley widens into a street, and here in this odd nook of the stream is St. Mary's, the American Catholic Church, its rear adjoining a long three-storied stone convent building, and its yard sloping down to the water. Strolling up the river a quarter of a mile, one comes upon a long white stone building which has evidently had much trouble to accommodate itself to the site upon which it is built, and whose line is broken into four or five abrupt angles, while its roof is varied with dormer-windows and sharp projections and spires and quaint clock-faces, and its rear is mysterious with lattice-covered balconies and half-hidden corners and corridors. This is the Ursuline Convent; and standing as it does on a rocky and steep (steep for Texas plains) bank of the river, whose course its broken line follows, and down to which its long stern-looking wall descends, it is an edifice at once piquant and sombre, and one cannot resist figuring Mr. James' horseman spurring his charger up the white limestone road that winds alongside the wall, in the early twilight, when dreams come whispering down the current among the willow-sprays.

There are notable places about the town which the stranger must visit. He may ride two miles along a level road between market gardens which are vitalized by a long *acequia*, or ditch, fed from the river, and come presently upon the quaint gray towers of the old

Mission Concepcion¹ whose early location has been incidentally mentioned in the foregoing history. The old church, with its high-walled dome in the rear, is in a good state of preservation, and traces of the singular many-colored frescoing on its front are still plainly visible. Climbing a very shaky ladder, one gets upon the roof of a long stone corridor running off from the church building, and, taking good heed of the sharp-thorned cactus which abounds up there, looks over upon a quaint complication of wall-angles, nooks, and small-windowed rooms. The place ceased to be used for religious purposes some years ago, and is now occupied by a German with his family, his Mexican laborers, and his farm animals. This German tills the fertile mission lands. Heaven send him better luck with his crops than he had with his English !

Further down the river a couple of miles one comes to the Mission *San José de Aguayo*. This is more elaborate and on a larger scale than the buildings of the first Mission, and is still very beautiful. Religious services are regularly conducted here ; and one can do worse things than to steal out here from town on some wonderfully calm Sunday morning, and hear a mass, and dream back the century and a half of strange, lonesome, devout, hymn-haunted and Indian-haunted years that have trailed past these walls. Five or six miles further down the river are the ruins of the Mission San Juan, in much dilapidation.

Or the visitor may stroll off to the eastward, climb the hill, wander about among the graves of heroes in the large cemetery on the crest of the ridge, and please himself with the noble reaches of country east and west

¹ The Mission of Our Lady of the *Concepcion de Acuña*.

and with the perfect view of the city, which from here seems "sown," like Tennyson's, "in a monstrous wrinkle of the " prairie. Or, being in search of lions, one may see the actual animal by a stroll to the "San Pedro Springs Park," a mile or so to the northward. Here, from under a white-ledged rocky hill, burst forth three crystalline springs, which quickly unite and form the San Pedro. Herr Dürler, in charge, has taken admirable advantage of the ground, and what with spreading water-oaks, rustic pleasure buildings, promenades along smooth shaded avenues between concentric artificial lakes, a race-course, an aviary, a fine Mexican lion whom burly Herr Dürler scratches on the head, but who does not seem to appreciate similar advances from other persons, a bear-pit in which are an emerald-eyed blind cinnamon-bear, a large black bear, a wolf and a *coyote*, and other attractions, this is a very green spot indeed in the waste prairies. Or one may drive five miles to northward and see the romantic spot where the San Antonio River is forever being born, leaping forth from the mountain, complete, *totus*, even as Minerva from the head of Jove. Or one may take one's stand on the Commerce Street bridge and involve oneself in the life that goes by this way and that. Yonder comes a long train of enormous blue-bodied, canvas-covered wagons, built high and square in the stern, much like a fleet of Dutch galleons, and lumbering in a ponderous way that suggests cargoes of silver and gold. These are drawn by fourteen mules each, who are harnessed in four tiers, the three front tiers of four mules each, and that next the wagon of two. The "lead" mules are wee fellows, veritable mulekins; the next tier larger, and so on to the two wheel-mules, who are always as large as can be procured. Yonder

fares slowly another train of wagons, drawn by great wide-horned oxen, whose evident tendency to run to hump and fore-shoulder irresistibly persuades one of their cousinship to the buffalo.

Here, now, comes somewhat that shows as if Birnam Wood had been cut into fagots and was advancing with tipsy swagger upon Dunsinane. Presently one's gazing eye receives a sensation of hair, then of enormous ears, and then the legs appear, of the little roan-gray *bourras*, or asses, upon whose backs that Mexican walking behind has managed to pile a mass of mesquit firewood that is simply astonishing. This mesquit is a species of acacia, whose roots and body form the principal fuel here. It yields, by exudation, a gum which is quite equal to gum arabic, when the tannin in it is extracted. It appears to have spread over this portion of Texas within the last twenty-five years, perhaps less time. The old settlers account for its appearance by the theory that the Indians — and after them the stock-raisers — were formerly in the habit of burning off the prairie-grass annually, and that these great fires rendered it impossible for the mesquit shrub to obtain a foothold; but that now the departure of the Indians, and the transfer of most of the large cattle-raising business to points further westward, have resulted in leaving the soil free for the occupation of the mesquit. It has certainly taken advantage of the opportunity. It covers the prairie thickly, in many directions, as far as the eye can reach, growing to a pretty uniform height of four or five feet — though occasionally much larger — and presenting, with its tough branches and innumerable formidable thorns, a singular appearance. The wood when dry is exceedingly hard and durable, and of a rich walnut color. This recent overspread of

foliage on the plains is supposed by many persons to be the cause of the quite remarkable increase of moisture in the climate of San Antonio which has been observed of late years. The phenomena — of the coincident increase of moisture and of mesquit — are unquestionable ; but whether they bear the relation of cause and effect, is a question upon which the unscientific lingerers on this bridge may be permitted to hold themselves in reserve.

But while we are discussing the mesquit, do but notice yonder Mexican in gorgeous array, promenading, intent upon instant subjugation of all his countrywomen in eye-shot ! His black trowsers with silver buttons down the seams ; his jaunty hussar-jacket ; his six-inch brimmed felt *sombrero*, with marvellous silver filigree upon all available spaces of it, save those occupied by the hat-band, which is like two silver snakes tied parallel round the crown ; his red sash, serving at once to support the trowsers and to inflate the full white shirt-bosom — what *Mexicana* can resist these things ? And — if it happen to be Sunday afternoon — yonder comes the German *Turnverein*, marching in from the San Pedro Springs Park, where they have been twisting themselves among the bars, and playing leap-frog and other honest games what time they emptied a cask of beer. Walking too, as tired men will walk, one sees sundry sportsmen returning from the prairies, where they have been popping away at quail and donkey-rabbits all this blessed Sunday. In especial notice that old German walking lustily in the middle of the street. He has a rusty gun on his shoulder ; his game-bag is bloody and full ; his long white beard and white moustache float about a face determined, strong, yet jovial.

It is Rip Van Winkle in person. "But where is Schneider?" said one, the day we saw this man — "what a pity he has n't Schneider with him!" "By Jove, there *is* Schneider!" in a moment cried another of the party; and veritably there he was. He came dashing round the corner, and ran and trotted behind his grizzled master, bearing an enormous donkey-rabbit tied by its legs around his neck.

And now as we leave the bridge in the gathering twilight and loiter down the street, we pass all manner of odd personages and "characters." Here hobbles an old Mexican who looks like old Father Time in reduced circumstances, his feet, his body, his head all swathed in rags, his face a blur of wrinkles, his beard gray-grizzled — a picture of eld such as one will rarely find. There goes a little German boy who was captured a year or two ago by Indians within three miles of San Antonio, and has just been retaken and sent home a few days ago. Do you see that poor Mexican without any hands? A few months ago a wagon-train was captured by Indians at Howard's Wells; the teamsters, of whom he was one, were tied to the wagons and these set on fire, and this poor fellow was released by the flames burning off his hands, the rest all perishing save two. Here is a great Indian-fighter who will show you what he calls his "vouchers," being scalps of the red braves he has slain; there a gentleman who blew up his store here in '42 to keep the incoming Mexicans from benefiting by his goods, and who afterwards spent a weary imprisonment in that stern castle of Perote away down in Mexico, where the Mier prisoners (and who ever thinks now-a-days of that strange, bloody Mier Expedition?) were confined; there a portly, handsome, buccaneer-looking

captain who led the Texans against Cortina in '59; there a small, intelligent-looking gentleman who at twenty was first Secretary of War of the young Texan Republic, and who is said to know the history of everything that has been done in Texas from that time to this minutely; and so on through a perfect gauntlet of people who have odd histories, odd natures, or odd appearances, we reach our hotel. It is time, for the dogs — there are far more dogs here than in Constantinople — have begun to howl, and night has closed in upon San Antonio de Bexar.

1873.

III

Confederate Memorial Address

(Delivered at Macon, Ga., April 26, 1870.)

IN the unbroken silence of the dead soldierly forms that lie beneath our feet ; in the winding processions of these stately trees ; in the large tranquillity of this vast and benignant heaven that overspreads us ; in the quiet ripple of yonder patient river, flowing down to his death in the sea ; in the manifold melodies drawn from these green leaves by wandering airs that go, like Troubadours, singing in all the lands ; in the many-voiced memories that flock into this day, and fill it, as swallows fill the summer,—in all these, there is to me so voluble an eloquence to-day that I cannot but shrink from the harsher sound of my own human voice ; and, if I might but follow where these silver tongues lead me, far rather would I invite your thoughts to their spiritual guidance and keep mine still. Indeed, I will pursue this preferable course, and so combine my duty as orator and my inclination as man ; for if I have rightly interpreted the sentiment which supports your memorial organization ; if I have accurately comprehended the enduring idea about which your society has grown and wound itself, as a vine about some firm pillar of white marble,—then, in giving utterance to this most musical converse of death and nature and memory, which goes

on in this place by night and by day, so will I best utter those emotions which animate your Association, and which call for some mouthpiece to-day. I take it, the very words which I have employed in describing the elements and circumstances of this scene, do most accurately symbolize and embody the precise virtues which it is the direct tendency of your Association to perpetuate and keep alive in our midst.

Believe then, that in the few words I have to say, I shall but translate to you that formless and soundless rhetoric of which I spoke in the outset, ay, that majestic oratory of death's silence, of the forests' stateliness, of the Heaven's tranquillity, of the river's patience, of the music of winds and leaves, and of the strange commingling of grief and glory and joy that lies in our memories of the days when these men died for liberty.

I spoke first of the silence of death. My countrywomen and countrymen, I know few wants that press upon our modern life with more immediate necessity than the want of this same silence. In this culmination of the nineteenth century, which our generation is witnessing, I tell you the world is far too full of noise. The nineteenth century worships Trade; and Trade is the most boisterous god of all the false gods under Heaven. Hear how his railways do thrill the land with interwoven roaring and yellings! Hear the clatter of his factories, the clank of his mills, the groaning of his forges, the sputtering and laboring of his water-power! And that is not half. Listen how he brags, in newspaper and pamphlet and huge placard and poster and advertisement! Are not your ears fatigued with his loud braggadocio, with his braggard pretensions, with his stertorous vaunting of himself and his wares? Nay, in this age of

noise, the very noise itself, which is usually but the wretched accompaniment of trade, has positively come to have an intrinsic commercial value of its own. It is a fact that some trades succeed by mere force of noise, by mere auctioneer's strength of voice, by mere loudness of stentorian advertisement, without possessing a single other element of recommendation or success.

Now far be it from me to condemn the sounds of hammer and saw and anvil ; far be it from me to censure advertisements, which form the legitimate appliances of success in trade. I am not here for that to-day. This is not the place or the time to draw the distinction between the legitimate and the illegitimate rush of commerce — between what is vile brag and what is proper self-assertion in the merchant's advertisement. But I know that there is an evil in all this noise. Out of this universal hubbub there is born a great wrong. A certain old homely phrase expresses this evil in vivid terms : In these days there is so much noise that we cannot hear ourselves think.

What time have I to enumerate the signs and evidences of this evil, of not hearing ourselves think? They are on every hand. Crudity, immaturity, unripeness, acidity, instability — these things characterize our laws, our literature, all our thought, our politics, our social life, our loves and hates, our self-development.

Permit me, then, to felicitate your Memorial Association, because, among many other reasons, one of its immediate consequences is to counteract these evils of noise which I have depicted. You, my countrywomen, invite us once in the year to escape out of the turbulencies of trade, and to come here among these silent resting-places of our dead soldiers. You lay a tender

finger on the blatant lips of Trade, and bid him be still in the august presence of the dead who speak not. You help us to hear ourselves to think, for a moment. This is well done. If there be in this company one broken heart; if there be here one who has her dead lying in this cemetery; if there be here one who has learned from silence the divine secret whereby a man may harmonize the awful discordant noises of life, I invoke its witness that my words are true, that silence is the mother of a thousand radiant graces and rare virtues, and that if one will lean for one hour over these graves of our dead Confederate heroes, there will well up into his soul more

“Large, divine, and comfortable words”

than ever fell from living human orator.

Ah, old comrades who lie sleeping about this yard, beneath tomb and hillock and sculptured pillar, you fought for us in your lives, you died for us in your love, and now — if our human voice might float over the dark river to where you are gone on the other side — we would cry across to you that still, after death, your unselfish ministrations to us continue; still, after death, your graves send up benignant blessings to our souls; still, after death, your dumb lips answer the tributary flowers that we bring you, with responses and strengthening benedictions that rain sweet influence on our distracted life.

For this, my countrywomen who compose this Memorial Association — that you enable us to appropriate this after-death beneficence of our silent dead — for this, in the name of an age half insane with uproar, I thank you.

I spoke, next, of the stateliness of the trees. In these days, stateliness is an antique virtue. This age is not grand ; it is, rather, active. We have substituted adroitness, in the modern, for the massive strength of the old times. Where the antique man was strong, the modern man is supple ; where the antique man was large, the modern man is keen. In such an age as ours, how extraordinary was the stately grandeur of those noble figures that arose and moved in splendid procession across the theatre of our Confederate war ! Look with me down the long temple of history, and I will single you out two figures, wherewith I am willing that my beloved land shall front the world, and front all time, as bright, magnificent exemplars of stateliness. Mark them ! Whether their swords gleamed in the hottest smoke of the front of battle, or their peaceful hands waved from the professor's chair, stately always : stately in victory, stately in defeat ; stately among the cannons, stately among the books ; stately in solitude, stately in society ; stately in form, in soul, in character, and in action ; ay, each of them,

“ From spur to plume, a star of tournament.”

Do you not know them ? One is still stately in life ; the other lies stately in death. Their two colossal statues are already set up in fame's glittering gallery of the stately souls of time. The convulsive tempests of the war-ocean have lashed and lashed at them, and they have not moved. Multitudinous arrows, shot by the ingenious malignities of a thousand enemies, have fallen blunted from their mighty sides. The insulting fulminations of tyranny have lightened about their tranquil heads in vain. There they stand, high-reaching, eternal

sculptured images of stateliness, in the sight of all the nations. Glory has set but a simple inscription upon them.

It is the same inscription which love has written on every heart in this land. On one, Robert E. Lee ; and on the other, Stonewall Jackson.

For this, my countrywomen who compose this Memorial Association — that you bring us to contemplate the stateliness of the chiefs, and the stateliness of the unswerving private soldier, who fought or fell in the Confederate war — for this, in the name of an age when stateliness is rare, I thank you.

I spoke next of the tranquillity of the over-spanning heavens. This, too, is a noble quality which your Association tends to keep alive. Who in all the world needs tranquillity more than we? I know not a deeper question in our Southern life at this present time, than how we shall bear our load of wrong and injury with the calmness and tranquil dignity that become men and women who would be great in misfortune ; and believe me, I know not where we will draw deeper inspirations of calm strength for this great emergency than in this place where we now stand, in the midst of departed heroes who fought against these things to death. Why, yonder lies my brave, brilliant friend, Lamar ; and yonder, genial Robert Smith ; and yonder, generous Tracy — gallant men, all ; good knights and stainless gentlemen. How calmly they sleep in the midst of it ! Unto this calmness shall we come, at last. If so, why should we disquiet our souls for the petty stings of our conquerors? There comes a time when conqueror and conquered shall alike descend into the grave. In that time, O my countrymen, in that time the conqueror

shall be ashamed of his lash, and the conquered shall be proud of his calm endurance ; in that time the conqueror shall hide his face, and the conquered shall lift his head with an exultation in his tranquil fortitude which God shall surely pardon ! O happy Lamar, O happy Smith and Tracy, O happy heroes all ! Ye who died whilst liberty was yet a hope in our bosoms, and whilst tyranny was yet only a possible speck on our future ! If we may not envy you your death, we may at least solace ourselves in the tranquillity of your graves until we, too, shall join you in those regions

“ Where beyond these voices there is peace ! ”

For the contemplation of this tranquillity, my friends of this Association, in the name of a land stung half to madness, I thank you.

I spoke next of the patient river. See there how it draws on steadily to where it shall mingle with the salt sea and be lost in it, through fair or foul weather, by night and by day, under snow or sunshine, by rugged hill or alluring valley, reckless of obstacle, patient of opposition, unhasting yet unresisting, it moves onward to destruction. Was it not like this that these soldiers walked their life of battle, patient through heat and cold, through rain and drought, through bullets and diseases, through hunger and nakedness, through rigor of discipline and laxity of morals, ay, through the very shards and pits of hell, down to the almost inevitable death that awaited them ?

For this, that you bring us to contemplate this vast patience, I commend you.

And I spoke of the music of winds and leaves. I like to figure every event as a tone, and all events as one

many-toned harmony that arises to the great music-master and composer, up yonder. That the tone of this day may be round and melodious, we come here without resentment, without scorn or hate or any vengeful feeling to mar our love for these dead. That we can do this—that we can contemplate these dead faces without unseemly revenges burning in our souls, is to me a most marvellous triumph of divine Christianity. I have had occasion once or twice to speak of certain antique virtues in which the ancients excelled us. Here now, we rise immeasurably above the classic people, on our new wings of divine faith in yonder great Forgiver and great Avenger. Listen to Mark Antony, when he looks upon dead Cæsar's face, his murdered friend!

“O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war ;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds ;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war."

So, Mark Antony ; but not so gaze we upon our dead.
To-day we are here for love and not for hate. To-day

we are here for harmony and not for discord. To-day we are risen immeasurably above all vengeance. To-day, standing upon the serene heights of forgiveness, our souls choir together the enchanting music of harmonious Christian civilization. To-day we will not disturb the peaceful slumbers of these sleepers with music less sweet than the serenade of loving remembrances, breathing upon our hearts as the winds of heaven breathe upon these swaying leaves above us.

Lastly, I spoke of the memories that throng this day and this place. Here, my heart and my tongue fail me. In the presence of these mighty remembrances of those strange, sad, glorious moments when the land was full of war, I falter. Who is here that needs help to recall the glory of those days when young Liberty sailed in front of our arms, and her radiant eyes beamed upon our victorious armies, as a maiden's upon her lover in the first blush of love? Who is here that needs help to recall the suffering that followed those early victories, the stern endurance of defeat, the sickness of long apprehension, the weariness of prolonged expectancy, the hardships of straitened circumstance, the broodings of love over beloved ones absent in battle, the hope, the fear, the prayer, the tear, the frequent agony? Who is here that needs help to recall the dreadful thrill of that last blow, when the land, like a strong man stricken, bowed head and shrouded face in mantle and wept, knowing beyond doubt that it could not be free?

To these memories I commend you, as you proceed to your reverent employment. They exhale from these graves to meet and greet the fragrance of your flowers.

Before I leave you to your most loving task, I have one word which these departed soldiers, if they were in

life, would certainly wish to be spoken. I know that I am here to-day as your representative, to honor my dead comrades, but now I take heart of grace, and I become for this brief moment the representative of my dead comrades to honor you. My countrywomen, these men who have gone into the silent land, — these men also have their memories of the war, which they have carried with them. I speak for them when I thank you that for every wound, and by every sick-bed, in camp and hospital and home, there came the white hand of woman, soothing and tending and comforting. I speak for them, when I thank you that there was no brave man in battle who did not receive the liberal glory of your woman's smile for his reward, and that there was no coward in battle whom your woman's soul did not frown into merited contempt. I speak for them, when I thank you for a myriad graces that beamed from you in a time of darkness — for a myriad tendernesses in a time of cruelty — for a myriad kindnesses in a time wild with revenge. I speak for them, when I thank you for this annual tribute of the early glories of the spring which you bring to lay upon their graves. O, ye bright companies of the martyrs of liberty! O, ye glittering battalions of the dead that died in glory! O, ye stately chieftains that lead in Heaven as ye led on earth! One day ye shall witness for yourselves, in burning acclamations of gratitude, how ye remember, and how ye shall eternally remember, the uncorrupted souls, the gracious hearts, the brave characters, the stainless eyes, the radiant smiles and the tender fingers of the women who glorified and sanctified the Southern Confederacy!

IV

The New South

It would seem that facts may now be arrayed which leave no doubt that upon the general cycle of American advance the South has described such an epicycle of individual growth that no profitable discussion of that region is possible at present which does not clearly define at the outset whether it is to be a discussion of the old South or the new South. Although the movement here called by the latter name is originally neither political, social, moral, nor æsthetic, yet the term in the present instance connotes all these with surprising completeness. The New South means small farming.

What Southern small farming really signifies, and how it has come to involve and determine the whole compass of civilization in that part of the republic, this paper proposes to show, (1) by briefly pointing out its true relation, in its last or (what one may call, its) poetic outcome, to the "large farming" now so imminent in the Northwest; (2) by presenting some statistics of the remarkable increase in the number of Southern small farms from 1860 to 1870, together with some details of the actual cultures and special conditions thereof; and (3) by contrasting with it a picture of large farming in England three hundred years ago. Indeed, one has only to recall how the connection between

marriage and the price of corn is but a crude and partial statement of the intimate relation between politics, social life, morality, art, on the one hand, and the bread-giver earth on the other; one has only to remember that, particularly here in America, whatever crop we hope to reap in the future,—whether it be a crop of poems, of paintings, of symphonies, of constitutional safeguards, of virtuous behaviors, of religious exaltations,—we have got to bring it out of the ground with palpable ploughs and with plain farmer's forethought: in order to see that a vital revolution in the farming economy of the South, if it is actually occurring, is necessarily carrying with it all future Southern politics and Southern social relations and Southern art, and that, therefore, such an agricultural change is the one substantial fact upon which any really new South can be predicated.

Approached from this direction, the quiet rise of the small farmer in the Southern States during the last twenty years becomes the notable circumstance of the period, in comparison with which noisier events signify nothing.

I

As just now hinted, small farming in the South becomes clear in its remoter bearings when seen over against the precisely opposite tendency toward large farming in the West. Doubtless recent reports of this tendency have been sometimes exaggerated. In reading them, one has been obliged to remember that small minds love to bring large news, and, failing a load, will make one. But certainly enough appears, if only in the single apparently well-authenticated item of the tempting profits realized by some of the great northwestern

planters, to authorize the inference that the tendency to cultivate wheat on enormous farms, where the economies possible only to corporation-management can secure the greatest yield with the least expense, is a growing one.

And, this being so, the most rapid glance along the peculiar details of the northwestern large farm opens before us a path of thought which quickly passes beyond wheat-raising, and leads among all those other means of life which appertain to this complex creature who cannot live by bread alone. For instance, classify, as a social and moral factor, a farm like the Grandin place, near Fargo, where 4,855 acres are sown in wheat; where five hands do all the work during the six winter months, while as many as two hundred and fifty must be employed in midsummer; where the day's work is nearly thirteen hours; where, out of the numerous structures for farm purposes, but two have any direct relation to man, — one a residence for the superintendent and foreman, the other a boarding-house for the hands; where no women, children, nor poultry are to be seen; where the economies are such as are wholly out of the power of the small wheat-raisers, insomuch that even the railways can give special rates for grain coming in such convenient large quantities; where the steam machine, the telephone, and the telegraph are brought to the last degree of skilful service; where, finally, the net profits for the current year are \$52,239.¹

It appears plainly enough from these details that, looked upon from the midst of all those associations which cluster about the idea of the farm, large farming is not farming at all. It is mining for wheat.

¹ According to an anonymous writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1880.

Or a slight change in the point of view presents it as a manufacturing business, in which clods are fed to the mill, and grain appears in carloads at Chicago. And perhaps the most exact relations of this large farming to society in general are to be drawn by considering such farmers as corporations, their laborers as mill-operatives for six months in each year and tramps for the other six, their farms as mills where nature mainly turns the wheel, their investment as beyond the reach of strikes or fires, foreign distress their friend, and the world's hunger their steady customer.

It appears further that, while such agricultural communities are so merely in name and are manufacturing communities in fact, they are manufacturing communities only as to the sterner features of that guild,—the order, the machine, the minimum of expense, the maximum of product,—and not as to those pleasanter features, the school-house, the church, the little workingmen's library, the sewing-class, the cookery-class, the line of promotion, the rise of the bright boy and the steady workman,—all the gentler matters which will spring up, even out of the dust-heaps, about any spot where men have the rudest abiding-place. On the large farm is no abiding-place; the laborer must move on; life cannot stand still, to settle and clarify.

It would not seem necessary to disclaim any design to inveigh against the owners of these great factory-farms, if indignation had not been already expressed in such a way as to oblige one to declare that no obligations can be cited, as between them and their laborers, which would not equally apply to every manufacturer. If it is wrong to discharge all but ten laborers when only ten are needed, then the mill-owners of Massachusetts must

be held bound to run day and night when the market is over-stocked because they ran so when it was booming ; and if it is criminal to pay the large-farm hands no more than will hardly support them for thirteen hours' work, every mill-company in the world which pays market rates for work is *particeps*. But, with the coast thus cleared of personality ; with the large farm thus classed as a manufacturing company in all its important incidents ; and recognizing in the fullest manner that, if wheat can be made most cheaply in this way, it must be so made : a very brief train of thought brings us upon a situation, as between the small farmer on the one hand and the corporation on the other, which reveals them as embodying two tendencies in the republic at this moment whose relations it is the business of statesmanship and of citizenship to understand with the utmost clearness, since we are bound to foster both of them.

For, if we stop our ears to the noisy child's-play of current politics, and remember (1) that in all ages and countries two spirits, or motives, or tendencies exist which are essentially opposed to each other, but both of which are necessary to the state ; (2) that the problem of any given period or society is to recognize the special forms in which these two tendencies are then and there embodying themselves, and to keep them in such relations that neither shall crush, while each shall healthily check, the other ; (3) that these tendencies may be called the spirit of control and the spirit of independence, and that they are so intimately connected with the two undeniable facts which lie at the bottom of moral behavior — namely, the facts of influence from without, on the one hand, and free will on the other — that the questions of morals and of politics

coalesce at their roots; (4) that these two tendencies are now most tangibly embodied among us in the corporation and the small farmer—the corporation representing the spirit of control, and the small farmer representing, in many curious ways, the spirit of independence; (5) that our republic vitally needs the corporation for the mighty works which only the corporation can do, while it as vitally needs the small farmer for the pure substance of individual and self-reliant manhood which he digs out of the ground, and which, the experience of all peoples would seem to show, must primarily come that way and no other: we are bound to conclude that the practical affair in the United States at the present juncture is to discover how we may cherish at once the corporation and the small farmer into the highest state of competitive activity, less by constitution-straining laws which forbid the corporation to do this and that, or which coddle the small farmer with sop and privilege, than by affording free scope for both to adjust themselves, and by persistently holding sound moral principles to guide the adjustment.

When, therefore, we behold the large farm as a defection from the farm-party in general—which represents individuality in the state—over to the corporation-party, whose existence is necessarily based upon such relations to employees as impair their individuality, we regard with all the more interest the rise of the small farmer, now occurring in an opposite direction so opportunely as to seem as if nature herself were balancing the Northwest¹ with the Southeast.

¹ Always with the saving clause: if the Northwest is really tending, on the whole, toward large farming; which certainly seems true, yet is not sufficiently clear to be argued upon, save with prudent reservations.

II

THE phrase "small farming," used of the South, crops out in directions curious enough to one unacquainted with the special economies and relations of existence in that part of our country. While large farming in the South means exclusive cotton-growing, — as it means in the West exclusive wheat-growing or exclusive corn-growing, — small farming means *diversified farm-products*; and a special result of the Southern conditions of agriculture has brought about a still more special sense of the word, so that in Georgia, for example, the term "small farmer" brings up to every native mind the idea of a farmer who, besides his cotton crop, raises corn enough to "do" him. But again, the incidents hinging upon this apparently simple matter of making corn enough to do him are so numerous as, in turn, to render *them* the distinctive feature of small farming. Small farming means, in short, meat and bread for which there are no notes in bank; pigs fed with home-made corn, and growing of themselves while the corn and cotton were being tended; yarn spun, stockings knit, butter made and sold (instead of bought); eggs, chickens, peaches, watermelons, the four extra sheep and a little wool, two calves and a beef, — all to sell every year, besides a colt who is now suddenly become, all of himself, a good, serviceable horse; the four oxen, who are as good as gifts made by the grass; and a hundred other items, all representing income from a hundred sources to the small farmer, which equally represent outgo to the large farmer, — items, too, scarcely appearing at all on the expense side of the strictest account-book, because they are either products of odd moments which, if not

so applied, would not have been at all applied, or products of natural animal growth, and grass at nothing a ton. All these ideas are inseparably connected with that of the small farmer in the South.

The extent of this diversity of product possible upon a single small farm in Georgia, for instance, and the certain process by which we find these diversified products presently creating demands for the village library, the neighborhood farmers'-club, the amateur Thespian society, the improvement of the public schools, the village orchestra, all manner of betterments and gentilities and openings out into the universe: show significantly, and even picturesquely, in a mass of clippings which I began to make a couple of years ago, from a number of country papers in Georgia, upon the idea that these unconsidered trifles of mere farmers' neighborhood news, with no politics behind them and no argumentative coloring in front of them, would form the best possible picture of actual small-farm life in the South—that is, of the New South.

To read these simple and homely scraps is indeed much like a drive among the farms themselves with the ideal automaton guide, who confines himself to telling you that this field is sugar-cane, that one yonder is cotton, the other is rice, and so on, without troubling you for responsive exclamations or other burdensome commentary.

Rambling among these cuttings, one sees growing side by side, possibly upon a single small farm, corn, wheat, rice, sugar-cane, cotton, peaches, plums, apples, pears, figs, watermelons, cantaloupes, musk-melons, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, Catawba grapes, Isabellas, Scuppernongs, peas, snap-beans, butter-beans,

okra, squash, beets, oyster-plant, mustard, cress, cabbage, turnips, tomatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, potatoes, onions ; one does not fail, too, to catch a glimpse of pigs sauntering about, chickens singing, colts flinging their heels at you and off down the pasture, calves likewise, cows caring not for these things, sheep on the rising ground, geese and turkeys *passim*, perhaps the green-gray moss — surely designed by nature to pack vegetables in and send them “North,” — a very bed of dew for many days after cutting, and the roses and morning-glories everywhere for a benison.

The first clipping which comes to hand is a cunning commentary, expressed in facts, upon the diversified-culture aspect of small farming. Perhaps every one who has heard the results of premium awards read out at county fairs will have noticed how often a single name will recur in the same list as premium taker: For the best corn — John Smith ; for the best sample of oats — John Smith ; for the best lot of pigs — John Smith ; for the finest colt — John Smith ; and so on. The relation of cause and effect, as between small farming and such success, is direct. Small farming makes so many edges cut at once that many things are obliged to result. And so one is not surprised to see, in this item concerning the fair of the Marshallville Agricultural Society (Marshallville is in what is known as southwestern Georgia, a cotton-growing portion of the State), the name of Mr. J. M. coming up in many varied connections ; nor is one surprised to find, upon inquiry, that the same gentleman is a small farmer, who commenced work after the war with his own hands, not a dollar in his pocket, and now owns his plantation, has it well stocked, no mortgage or debt of any kind on it, and a little money to lend.

"The attendance was very large," says the clipping.
" . . . Number of . . . exhibitors much larger than last year. . . .

"PREMIUMS AWARDED. For the largest and best display of field crops and garden products by single planter — J. M.

"For the largest and best display of stock by a single planter — J. M.

"For the best display of old home-raised side meat and hams, old home-raised corn and fodder, home-raised flour, corn meal, syrup, and one quart ley hominy made of old corn — J. M.

"Special mention is made of the fact that M. J. M. had on exhibition one hundred different articles."

And then we are given the "honorable mention" of "field-crops," which without taking up space with names of successful exhibitors may be cited here, so far as the crops are concerned, as partly indicating the diversified products customary in one narrow neighborhood of small farmers. Thus, a premium ("honorable mention") was given to the "best corn, . . . best stalk of cotton, . . . best upland rice, . . . best cleaned wheat, . . . best cleaned oats, . . . best cleaned barley, . . . best cleaned rye, . . . best ribbon sugar-cane, . . . best golden-rod cane, . . . best chufas, . . . best ground peas (peanuts), . . . best field-peas."

And so, looking along through this batch of items, — which surely never dreamed of finding themselves together, — one gathers a great number of circumstances illustrating the small farm of Georgia from various points of view. One hears, for instance, how the people of Thomas County (southern Georgia) are now busy gathering, packing, and forwarding the sand pear to Boston and

New York (the sand pear, or Le Conte pear, is a luscious variety which has recently been pushed with great success among the sandy lands of lower Georgia ; the entire stock is said to have come from one tree on the Le Conte plantation in Liberty County—the same farm which sent out a further notable product in the persons of the two illustrious professors John and Joseph Le Conte, now of the University of California) ; how last week thirty bushels of pears were obtained from the old tree mentioned in the preceding clause ; how southern Georgia is making sugar-cane a leading crop ; how Mr. Anthony (in Bibb County, middle Georgia) has twenty-eight varieties of grapes growing on a few acres, and has just introduced a new variety ; how Bartow County (above Atlanta) shipped 225,000 pounds of dried apples and peaches last season ; how over 15,000 pounds of wool have been received during the last four days at one warehouse in Albany (southwest Georgia), while in Quitman (same portion) our streets are constantly thronged with carts laden with wool from Colquitt and Berrien and Lowndes counties—this wool being, it should be added, the product of small farmers who “raise” many other things ; how the common sheep is an extremely profitable beast, it being but a sorry specimen which will not furnish one lamb and two and a half pounds of wool per annum, which lamb will sell for two dollars while the wool will bring nearly another dollar, and all for no tendance except a little rice-straw and cotton-seed during the yeanning season, together with careful folding at night ; how—and here the connection with small farming is only apparently remote—a library society is being organized in Milledgeville, while in another town the “Advertiser” is making a vigorous

call for a library, and in a third the library has recently received many additions of books, and in a fourth an amateur Thespian corps has just been formed, consisting of five ladies and fourteen gentlemen, whose first performance is to be early in July; how there are curious correlations between sheep, whiskey, public schools, and dogs, — the State school commissioner vigorously advocating the Moffett bell-punch system of tax on liquor and a tax on dogs (of which, I find from another slip, there are 99,414 in the State, destroying annually 28,625 of the small farmers' sheep), for the purpose of increasing the school fund to a million dollars annually; how, at the Atlanta University for colored people, which is endowed by the State, the progress of the pupils, the clearness of their recitations, their excellent behavior, and the remarkable neatness of their schoolrooms altogether convince "your committee that the colored race . . . are capable of receiving the education usually given at such institutions;" how last Thursday a neighborhood club of small farmers, on Walnut Creek (near Macon), celebrated the fifth anniversary of the club by meeting under the trees, with their wives and children, recounting in turn how many acres each had in cotton, how many in corn, how many in potatoes, how many in peas, etc., and discussing these matters and a barbecue, a sub-committee bringing in a joking report with shrewd hits at the behindhand members, — as that we found on Mr. W.'s farm the best gourd-crop, and on Mr. R.'s some acres of very remarkable "bumble-bee cotton," the peculiarity of which cotton is that the bee can sit upon the ground and "exultantly sip from the tallest cotton-bloom on the plant;" how at a somewhat similar gathering the yeomen brought out the great Jones

County soup pot, the same being an eighty-gallon syrup kettle, in which the soup began to boil on the night before and was served next day, marvellous rich and toothsome, to the company; how the single item of watermelons has brought nearly \$100,000 into Richmond County this season, and how Mr. J., of Baker County — in quite another part of the State — has just raised ten watermelons weighing together five hundred and fifty pounds; how Mr. R., of Schley County (in cotton-raising southwestern Georgia), has made five hundred and fifty-six bushels of oats on a five-acre patch; how the writer has just seen a six-acre crop of upland rice which will yield thirty bushels to the acre; how a party of two hundred and fifty colored excursionists came up to town yesterday, and the colored brass band played about the streets; or, in another slip a column long, how Governor Colquitt reviews seven colored companies of Georgia soldiery in full uniform, who afterward contest in a prize drill, and at night are entertained with parties, balls, and the like, by the Union Lincoln Guards, of Savannah, and the Lincoln Guards, of Macon; how (this is headed "Agriculture Advancing") the last few years has witnessed a very decided improvement in Georgia farming: moon-planting and other vulgar superstitions are exploding, the intelligent farmer is deriving more assistance from the philosopher, the naturalist, and the chemist, and he who is succeeding best is he who has plenty of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry of his own raising, together with good-sized barns and meat-houses filled from his own fields instead of from the West, — in short, the small farmer.

Fortunately, we have means for reducing to very definite figures the growth of small farming in the South

since the war, and thus of measuring the substance of the New South. A row of columns in the eighth and ninth census reports of the United States is devoted to enumerations of the number of farms in each State and county of given sizes; and a proper comparison thereof yields us facts of great significance to the present inquiry. For example, taking the State of Georgia: we find that, while in 1860 it had but 906 farms of under ten acres, in 1870 it had 3,527 such farms; in 1860, but 2,803 farms of over ten acres and under twenty acres,—in 1870, 6,942 such farms; in 1860, but 13,644 farms of over twenty and under fifty acres,—in 1870, 21,971 such farms; in 1860, but 14,129 farms of over fifty and under one hundred acres,—in 1870, 18,371 such farms. Making a total of all these subclasses, considered as small farms in general, and subtracting that for 1860 from that for 1870, we reach the instructive fact that, in some five years preceding 1870, the increase in the number of small farms in the State of Georgia was 19,329.

In the State of Mississippi the increase is in some particulars more striking than that in Georgia. By the census report, Mississippi had in 1860 only 563 farms of over three but under ten acres, 2,516 of over ten but under twenty, 10,967 of between twenty and fifty, and 9,204 of between fifty and one hundred; while in 1870 it had 11,003 farms of the first-mentioned size, 8,981 of the second, 26,048 of the third, and 11,967 of the fourth; in short, a total gain of 34,749 small farms between 1860 and 1870.

The political significance of these figures is great. To a large extent—exactly how large I have in vain sought means to estimate—they represent the transition

of the negro from his attitude as negro to an attitude as small farmer,—an attitude in which his interests, his hopes, and consequently his politics, become identical with those of all other small farmers, whether white or black.

Nothing seems more sure than that an entirely new direction of cleavage in the structure of Southern polity must come with the wholly different aggregation of particles implied in this development of small farming.

In the identical aims of the small-farmer class, whatever now remains of the color-line must surely disappear out of the Southern political situation. This class, consisting as it already does of black small-farmers and white small-farmers, must necessarily be a body of persons whose privileges, needs, and relations are *not* those which exist as between the black man on the one hand and the white man on the other, but those which exist as between the small farmer on the one hand and whatever affects small farming on the other. For here—as cannot be too often said—the relation of politics to agriculture is that of the turnip-top to the turnip.

This obliteration of the color-line could be reduced to figures if we knew the actual proportion of the new small farms held by negroes. Though, as already remarked, data are here wanting, yet the matter emerges into great distinctness if we select certain counties where the negro population was very large in 1860, and compare the number of small farms in those counties for 1860 with the number for 1870.

This exhibit grows all the more close if we confine it to very small farms, such as the colored people have been able to acquire since the war by lease or purchase, and thus make it indicate—certainly in part—the

accession to the number of small farmers from that source.

Consider, for example, the figures which stand opposite the name of Liberty County, Georgia, in Table VII. of the census report for 1870, as compared with those for 1860, directing the attention to but two classes of farms—those over three but under ten acres, and those over ten but under twenty. Liberty, it may be remarked, was in 1860 a county producing mainly sea-island cotton and rice, from large farms inhabited or owned by many of the oldest and wealthiest families of the State. In the year 1860, according to the report, it had eighteen farms of over three but under ten acres, and thirty-five of over ten but under twenty. In 1870 we find these figures changed to 616 farms of over three but under ten acres, and 749 farms of over ten but under twenty acres. In Camden County—a county penetrated by the Satilla River through its whole length, and before the war mainly covered with great rice-plantations—the increase is nearly as striking, though the figures are smaller. Here, in 1860, were but three farms of over three and under ten acres, and but five of over ten and under twenty acres; while in 1870 the former class of farms had increased to 189, and the latter to 136. Chatham County—in which Savannah is situated—shows a similarly enormous increase, though here a number of the small farms represent an immigration of white “truck-farmers,” raising vegetables for the Northern market,—a business which has largely grown in that neighborhood since the war, with the increased facilities offered by fast and often-running steamers from Savannah to New York.

Considering the case of Liberty County: the 1,365

small farms of 1870 (that is, the total of both sizes of farms above mentioned) against the fifty-three of 1860 may be considered — so far as I know — largely representative of accessions of negroes to the ranks of the small farmer. For, though these colored farmers hire out at times, yet their own little patches of varied products are kept up, and they are — as is, indeed, complained of sadly enough by larger farmers in want of hands — independent of such hiring.

Here one of my slips, cut from a sea-coast paper while this article is being written — in February, 1880 — gives a statement of affairs in Liberty County, which, coming ten years later than the 1870 census report last quoted from, is particularly helpful. After stating that a very large area of rice was planted last year, and a still larger area this year — that the price of rice is \$1.15 a bushel, and the average yield thirty bushels to the acre, at which figures the farmers plant but little cotton — the writer adds: —

“If the farmer of Liberty County could control the negro labor, she would soon become one of the richest counties of South Georgia; but there comes in the trouble. The negroes, most of them, have bought a small tract of land, ten acres or more, and they can make enough rice on it to be perfectly independent of the white man. If he hires one, he has to pay him his price, which is not less than fifty cents per day; but, with all that, the county seems to be thriving.”

It does not seem possible to doubt, in the light of these considerations, that there is, in Georgia at least, a strong class of small farmers which powerfully tends to obliterate color from politics, in virtue of its merger of all conflicting elements into the common interest of a common agricultural pursuit.

I find my slips much occupied with a machine which, if promises hold, is to play an important part in the New South. This is the "Clement Attachment," which proposes not only to gin the cotton without breaking the fibre, but with the same motive-power spins it, thus at one process converting seed-cotton into cotton-yarn. The saving in such a process embraces a dozen methods of expense and waste by the old process, and would be no less than enormous.

But it is not only the product which comes out as cotton-yarn that is valuable. The cotton-seed are themselves, in various ways, sources of revenue. One of these ways—and one which has grown greatly in importance of late years—is referred to in the following slip:—

"The cotton-seed oil factories in New Orleans are reaping this fall a golden harvest. . . . Every 450-pound bale of cotton, when ginned, yields about half a ton (1,100 pounds) of seed, which are sold to the factories at \$15 per ton. Here the oil is expressed and the refuse is sold as oil-cake—chiefly exported to Europe for stock food, and used by the sugar planters as a fertilizer. Before expressing the seed, they are first linted and hulled. The lint extracted is sold to the white-paper factories, and the hulls are used for fuel and as fertilizers."

Of course it remains to be seen whether all these fine things will be done by the Clement mills. Some of my slips show scepticism, a few, faith. It must be said that the stern experiences of the last fifteen years have inclined the New South to be, in general, doubtful of anything which holds out great promises at first. A cunning indication of such tendencies comes—upon the principle of like master, like man—in one of the cuttings before me (from the Atlanta "Constitution"), which records

the practical views of Uncle Remus, a famous colored philosopher of Atlanta, who is a fiction so founded upon fact and so like it as to have passed into true citizenship and authority, along with Bottom and Autolycus. This is all the more worth giving since it is real negro-talk, and not that supposititious negro-minstrel talk which so often goes for the original. It is as nearly perfect as any dialect can well be ; and if one had only some system of notation by which to convey the *tones* of the speaking voice in which Brer ¹ Remus and Brer Ab would say these things, nothing could be at once more fine in humor and pointed in philosophy. Negroes on the corner can be heard any day engaged in talk that at least makes one think of Shakespeare's clowns ; but half the point and flavor is in the subtle tone of voice, the gesture, the glance, and these, unfortunately, cannot be read between the lines by any one who has not studied them in the living original.

"Brer Remus, is you heern tell er deze doin's out here in de udder end er town?"

"W'at doin's is dat, Brer Ab?"

"Deze yer signs an' wunders whar dat cullud lady died day fo' yistiddy. Mighty quare goin's on out dar, Brer Remus, sho's you bawn."

"Sperrits?"

"Wuss 'n dat, Brer Remus. Some say dat jedgment-day aint fur off, an' de folks is flockin' roun' de house, a-hollerin' an' a-shoutin' like dey wuz in er revival. In de winder-glass dar you kin see de flags a-flyin', an' Jacob's ladder is dar, an' dar's writin' on de pane what no man can't read — leastwise, dey aint none read it yet."

"W'at kinder racket is dis youer givin' me now, Brer Ab?"

"I done bin dur, Brer Remus ; I done seed um wid bofe my eyes. Cullud lady what was intranced done woke up an'

¹ *Anglice*, Brother.

say dey aint much time fer ter tarry. She say she meet er angel in de road, an' he p'inted straight fur de mornin' star an' tell her fer ter prepar'. Hit look mighty cu'us, Brer Remus."

"Come down ter dat, Brer Ab," said Uncle Remus, wiping his spectacles carefully and re-adjusting them, — "cum down ter dat, an' dey aint nuthin' that aint cu'us. I aint no 'spicious nigger myse'f, but I 'spizes fer ter hear dogs a-howlin' an' squinch owls havin' de ager out in de woods, an' w'en a bull goes a-bellerin' by de house, den my bones git cole an' my flesh commences fer ter creep; but w'en it comes ter deze yer sines in de a'r an' deze yer sperrits in de woods, den I'm out — den I'm done. I is, fer a fac'. I been livin' yer more 'n seventy year, an' I hear talk er niggers seein' ghos'es all times er night an' all times er day, but I aint never seed none yit; an' deze yer flags and Jacob's lathers, I aint seed dem, nudder."

"Dey er dar, Brer Remus."

"Hit 's des like I tell you, Brer Ab. I aint 'sputin' 'bout it, but I aint seed um, an' I don't take no chances, deze days, on dat w'at I don't see, an' dat w'at I sees I gotter 'zamine mighty close. Lemme tell you dis, Brer Ab. Don't you let deze sines onsettle you. W'en ole man Gabrile toot his ho'n, he aint gwinter hang no sine out in de winder-panes, an' w'en ole Fadder Jacob lets down dat lather er hisn you 'll be mighty ap' fer ter hear de racket. An' don't you bodder wid jedgment-day. Jedgment-day is lieber fer ter take keer un itse'f."

"Dat 's so, Brer Remus."

"Hit 's bleedzed ter be so, Brer Ab. Hit don't bother me. Hit 's done got so now dat w'en I gotter pone er bread, an' a rasher er bacon, an' nuff grease ter make gravy, I aint keerin' fer much wedder folks sees ghos'es or no."

These concluding sentiments of Brer Remus would serve very accurately as an expression of the attitude of the small farmer — not only in the South, but elsewhere — toward many of the signs and ghosts and judgment-days with which the careful politician must fight the

possible loss of public attention. There may be signs of danger to the republic ; there may be ghosts of dreadful portent stalking around the hustings and through the Capitol corridors ; and Judgment-day may be coming, — to this or that representative or functionary ; but meantime it is clear that we small farmers will have nothing to eat unless we go into the field and hoe the corn and feed the hogs. By the time this is done, night comes on, and, being too tired to sit up until twelve o'clock for a sight of the ghost, we go to bed soon after supper, and sleep without sign or dream till the sun calls us forth again to the corn and the hogs.

III

THE evils just now alleged of large farming in the West were necessarily in the way of prophecy ; but it is not difficult to show them as history. Early in the sixteenth century, England was seized with a passion for large farming such as perhaps no age can parallel ; and it so happens that contemporary pictures place the results of it before us with quite extraordinary vividness.

After the fineness of English wool had been demonstrated, and had carried up the price of that commodity, the rage for sheep-raising became a mania like that of the South Sea speculation, and this one culture became the "large farming" of the period. Land-owners deliberately tore down farm-buildings and converted farms into sheep-walks ; churches were demolished, or converted into sheep-houses ; hamlets were turned to pasture ; and rents were raised to such a rate as would drive off tenants holding leases, and enable the landlords to make sheep-walks of their holdings. Thus, bodies of

productive glebe which had supported many farmers' families would be turned over to the occupation of a single shepherd. What must become of the farmers' families? Contemporary testimony is ample. They became beggars and criminals, and the world has rarely seen such sights of barbarous misery as are revealed by the writings, the sermons, the laws of this frightful period. A tract in Lambeth Library, belonging to this time, is entitled "Certain Causes Gathered Together, wherein is showed the decay of England only by the great multitude of sheep, to the utter decay of household keeping, maintenance of men, dearth of corn, and other notable discommodities;" and, after estimating that 50,000 fewer ploughs are going than a short time before, declares that the families once fed by these ploughs "now have nothing but to go about in England from door to door, and ask their alms for God's sake;" and "some of them, because they will not beg, do steal, and then they be hanged. And thus the realm doth decay."

In that notable dialogue of Thomas Starkey's, recently published by the New Shakspeare Society, purporting to be a conversation between Thomas Lupset, Oxford professor, and his friend, Cardinal Pole, — a work by no means an unworthy predecessor of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," — we have contemporary testimony to the same facts. "Who can be so blind or obstinate," cries Lupset, at a certain point, "to deny the great decay, faults, and misorders of our common weal; . . . our cities, castles, and towns of late days ruinate and fallen down"; and he laments the "ground so rude and waste, which hath been beforetime occupied and tilled;" declaring, in another place, that "this is sure, that in no country of Christendom you shall find so many beggars

as be here in England," and inveighing against the "nourishing of sheep, which is a great decay of the tillage of this realm."

But here honest Hugh Latimer comes and nails his nail with lightning and thunder. In the first of those seven sturdy sermons which he preached before the young King Edward VI., in 1548, immediately after Henry VIII.'s death, describing the number of agricultural laborers who had been thrown out of possible employment by the sudden rage for sheep-raising, he exclaims :

"For wher as have bene a great many of householders and inhabitantes, ther is now but a shepherd and his dogge !

"My lordes and maisters," proceeds Latimer, "I say also that all such procedynges . . . do intend plainly to make the yomanry slavery and the cleargye shavery." And then we have a bright glimpse at better old days of small farming, in some personal recollections with which the old preacher was often fond of clinching an argument. "My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onely he had a farme of iii. or iiii. pound by yere at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kepte half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked xxx. kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, wyth hymself, and hys horsse, whyle he come to ye place that he should receyve the kynges wages. I can remembre yat I buckled hys harnes when he went unto Blackeheath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to have preached before the kinges maiestie now. He maryed my systers with v. pounce a pece. . . . He kept hospitalitie for his pore neighbours. And sum almess he gave to the poore,

and all thys did he of the sayd farme. *When he that now hath it paieth XVI. pounce by yere or more*, and is not able to do anything for his Prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geve a cup of drincke to the pore."

Thus we learn, from the clause I have italicized, that within Hugh Latimer's personal recollection farm-rents had gone up more than three hundred per cent. in consequence of the "inclosure" mania — "inclosure" being a term in many mouths during all this period, and always equivalent to "large farming."

It is inspiring to observe the boldness with which Latimer charges home these evils upon the landlords, many of whom must have been sitting before him at the moment. These sermons were preached in the garden at Westminster, where the young king had caused a pulpit to be set up for Latimer in order to accommodate the crowd who desired to hear him. "You landlordes," he cries, in another part of the same sermon, "you rent-raisers, I maye saye you steplordes, you unnaturall lordes, you have for your possessions yerely to [too] much. Of thys to much, commeth this monsterous and portentious dearth . . . that poore menne . . . cannot wyth the sweate of their face have a livinge, all kinde of victales is so deare, pigges, gese, capons, chickens, egges," etc. !

But, worse again, in the large-farming mania, great land-owners became land-grabbers of the most unscrupulous kind. In his second sermon, Latimer gives us a view of one of their methods : —

"I can not go to my boke, for pore folkes come unto me, desiryng me that I wyll speake that theyr matters maye be heard." Occasionally he is at my lord of Canterbury's house, "and now and then I walke in the

garden loking in my boke. . . . I am no soner in the garden and have red a whyle but by and by cometh there some or other knocking at the gate. Anon cometh my man and sayth, Syr, there is one at the gate would speake wyth you. When I come there then it is some or other . . . that hathe layne thys longe [time] at great costes and charges and can not once have hys matter come to the hearing; but among all other, one especially moved me at this time to speak. . . . A gentlewoman come to me and tolde me that a great man keepeth certaine landes of hyrs from hir, and wil be hyr tennante in the spite of hyr tethe. And that in a whole twelve moneth she coulde not gette but one daye for the hearynge of hyr matter, and the same daye when the matter should be hearde, the greate manne broughte on hys syde a greate syghte of Lawyers for hys counsayle, the gentilwoman had but one man of lawe: and the great man shakes hym so that he can not tell what to do, so that when the matter came to the poynte, the Judge was a meane to the gentylwoman that she wold let the great man have a quietnes in hyr Lande."

But far more beautifully and comprehensively does that lucent soul Thomas More put the case, in the *Utopia*. Here, through the medium of another imaginary conversation, More is cunningly showing up affairs at home. He is talking with his supposititious traveller, Hythlodaye: —

"‘I pray you, syr [quod I], have you ben in our countrey?’

"‘Yea, forsoth [quod he], and there I taried for the space of iiii. or v. monethes together. . . . It chaunced on a certayne daye, when I sate at the table of Arch-

bishop John Morton, that a certain lawyer fell talking of thieves in England, rejoicing to see "XX hanged together upon one gallowes," and the like, wherto I replied :

" 'It is to [too] extreame and cruel a punishment for thefte, . . . much rather provision should have been made that there were some means whereby they myght get their livyng, so that no man shoulde be dryven to this extreame necessitie, firste to steale and then to dye.' "

One cause of this is " 'as I suppose, proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone.' "

" 'What is that,' quod the Cardinal.

" 'Forsoth, my lorde [quod I], your shepe that were wont to be so meeke and tame and so smal eaters, now, as I heare say, be become so great devowerers, and so wylde that they eate up and swallow downe the very men themselves. They consume, destroye, and devoure whole fieldes, houses and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therefore dearest woll [wool] these noblemen, and gentlemen, yea and certayn Abbottes, holy men, no doubt, leave no grounde for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures, thei throw downe houses, they plucke down townes, and leave nothing standyng but only the churche to be made a shepe-house,' " so that " 'the husbandmen be thrust owte of their owne, or els either by coveyne fraude, or by violent oppression they be put besyde it, or by wronges and injuries thei be so weried that they be compelled to sell all ; . . . either by hooke or crooke they must needs departe awaye, poore, selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widowes, wofull mothers with their yonge babes, and

their whole household, smal in substance and much in numbre, as husbandrye requireth many handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say . . . fyndyng no place to reste in. All their householde stufte, . . . beeyng sodainely thruste oute, they be constrayned to sell it for a thing of nought. And when they have wandred abroad tyll that be spent, what can they then els doo but steale, and then justly pardy be hanged, or els go about a-beggyng? . . . I praye you, what other thing do you then [than] make theves, and then punish them?"

It seems difficult to believe that towns were actually destroyed, and churches deliberately pulled down, to give room for sheep-pastures; yet, if anything were needed beyond the testimony already given, it is clinched beyond all doubt by many statutes of the reign of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. For example, the Preamble to the statute of Henry VIII., Chapter I., recites:

"The King, our Sovereign Lord, calling to his most blessed remembrance that whereas great inconvenience be and daily increase by . . . pulling down and destruction of houses and towns within this realm, and laying to pasture land which customably have been . . . occupied with tillage and husbandry . . . whereby husbandry is decayed, churches destroyed, etc., etc.," therefore enacted that such places "be re-edified, and such lands so turned into pasture be restored to tillage," upon penalty of the king's seizing half the yearly profits to his own use until they should be so re-edified and restored.

Eighteen years later I find "An Acte Concernyng Fermes and Shepe," whose preamble yields some curious details of this large farming rampant, and shows that

Latimer's poor gentlewoman, who had a great man for her tenant in the spite of her teeth, was but one of many.

"For as much as divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this Realm . . . now of late . . . have daily studied and practiced . . . ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into fewer hands as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle and in especial sheep, putting such land as they can get to pasture and not to tillage, whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns and enhanced the old rates of the rents . . . of this Realm . . . but have raised the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other, almost double . . . by reason whereof a marvelous multitude of the people of this Realm be not able to provide meat, etc., for themselves, their wives and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty that they fall daily to theft, robbing, etc., . . . or pitifully die for hunger and cold ;" and as all this comes of large farming in sheep, whereby great herds are gathered into few hands ; therefore enacted that hereafter no person shall have, of his own proper cattle, above two thousand head at a time ; upon pain of three shillings and four pence — a heavy fine — for each surplus sheep.

And to similar intents I find Act after Act, running far into Elizabeth's reign.

But to no effect ; for who can stop gambling ? "We have good statutes," quoth Latimer, "as touching commoners," — commoners being those who usurped commons for sheep-walks, in short, large farmers, — "but there cometh nothing forth. . . . Let the preacher preach till his tongue be worn to the stumps, nothing is amended."

In a time when ballads were so plentiful that, as *Martin Marsixtus* (1552) hath it, "every red-nosed rhymester is an author," and "scarce a cat can look out of a gutter but out starts some penny chronicler, and presently a proper new ballad of a strange sight is indited," such matters as these could hardly fail to find their way into popular verse; and accordingly we find the story in such forms as: —

"The towns go down, the land decays,
Of corn-fields, plain leas;
Great men maketh nowadays
A sheep-cot of the church.

.

Poor folk for bread to cry and weep;
Towns pulled down to pasture sheep;
This is the new guise."

How far this large farming, thus carried on, converted the most virtuous occupation of man — husbandry — into the most conscience-withering of all pursuits, — the gambler's, — and gave to the wildest speculation the factitious basis of a sort of real-estate transaction; how far it was connected with that national passion for dicing which Roger Ascham mourns when he patly quotes the *Pardoner's Tale* of Chaucer, wishing that English

"Lordes might finde them other maner of pleye
Honest ynough to drive the day awaye,"

and concludes, so beautifully: "I suppose that there is no one thyng that chaungeth sooner the golden and sylver wyttes of men into coppere and brassye wayes than dicing;" how far it was of the same piece with that frightful knavery in public station against which we hear old Latimer thundering, "They all love bribes, and bribery is a princely kind of thieving," and telling them

the story of Cambyzes, who flayed a bribe-taking judge and covered the judge's chair with it, that all succeeding judges might sit in that wholesome reminder, and finally exclaiming, "a goodly syne, . . . I praye God we may see the signe of the skynne in England;" how far it was connected with gentle George Gascoigne's picture in *The Steel Glass*, of the clergyman who

" will read the holy writ,
Which doth forbid all greedy usury,
And yet receive a shilling for a pound;
. . . will preach of patience,
And yet be found as angry as a wasp;
. . . reproveth vanity,
(While he himself, with hawk upon his fist
And hounds at heel, doth quite forget the text);
. . . corrects contentions
For trifling things, and yet will sue for tithes ;"

how far it had to do with Bernard Gilpin's rebuke, in his sermon, of "Never so many gentlemen and so little gentleness;" and how far the past of large farming in England sheds light on the future of large farming in America: are questions beyond the limits of this paper.

Meantime, it seems like an omen to this brief sketch, that while it is being written the newspapers bring report how Mr. Gladstone has recently proposed small farming as a remedy for the present agricultural ills of England, and has recommended that "English farmers should turn their attention to raising fruits, vegetables, poultry, eggs, and butter."

In truth, I find a great man appealing to the small farmer a long time before Mr. Gladstone. Euripides praises him for not being a crazy democrat. It is these farmers, he declares, who stay at home and do not come to the public assembly, that save the country.

It is impossible to end without adverting to a New South which exists in a far more literal sense than that of small farming. How much of this gracious land is yet new to all real cultivation, how much of it lies groaning for the muscle of man, and how doubly mournful is this newness, in view of the fair and fruitful conditions which here hold perpetual session, and press perpetual invitation upon all men to come and have plenty! Surely, along that ample stretch of generous soil, where the Appalachian ruggednesses calm themselves into pleasant hills before dying quite away into the sea-board levels, a man can find such temperances of heaven and earth—enough of struggle with nature to draw out manhood, with enough of bounty to sanction the struggle—that a more exquisite co-adaptation of all blessed circumstances for man's life need not be sought. It is with a part of that region that this writer is most familiar, and one cannot but remember that, as one stands at a certain spot thereof and looks off up and across the Ocmulgee River, the whole prospect seems distinctly to yearn for men. Everywhere the huge and gentle slopes kneel and pray for vineyards, for cornfields, for cottages, for spires to rise up from beyond the oak-groves. It is a land where there is never a day of summer nor of winter when a man cannot do a full day's work in the open field; all the products meet there, as at nature's own agricultural fair; rice grows alongside of wheat, corn alongside of sugar-cane, cotton alongside of clover, apples alongside of peaches, so that a small farm may often miniature the whole United States in growth; the little valleys everywhere run with living waters, asking grasses and cattle and quiet grist-mills; all manner of timbers for economic uses and trees for finer arts cover

the earth ; in short, here is such a neighborly congregation of climates, soils, minerals, and vegetables, that within the compass of many a hundred-acre farm a man may find wherewithal to build his house of stone, of brick, of oak, or of pine, to furnish it in woods that would delight the most curious eye, and to supply his family with all the necessities, most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of the whole world. It is the country of homes.

And, as said, it is because these blissful ranges are still clamorous for human friendship ; it is because many of them are actually virgin to plough, pillar, axe, or mill-wheel, while others have known only the insulting and mean cultivation of the earlier immigrants who scratched the surface for cotton a year or two, then carelessly abandoned all to sedge and sassafras, and sauntered on toward Texas : it is thus that these lands are, with sadder significance than that of small farming, also a New South.

1880.

V

Sketches of India

[Mr. Lanier writes to Mr. Gibson Peacock in 1875, as follows: "Yours . . . came to hand safely; and I should have immediately acknowledged it, had I not been over head (literally) and ears in a second instalment of my India papers, for which the magazine was agonizedly waiting. Possibly you may have seen the January number by this time; and it just occurs to me that if you should read the India article, you will be wondering at my talking coolly of strolling about Bombay with a Hindu friend. But Bhima Ghandarva (*Bhima* was the name of the ancient Sanscrit hero *The Son of the Air*, and *Ghandarva* means *A Heavenly Musician*) is only another name for *Imagination*—which is certainly the only Hindu friend I have; and the propriety of the term, as well as the true character of Bhima Ghandarva, and the insubstantial nature of all adventures recorded as happening to him and myself, is to be fully explained in the end of the last article. I hit upon this expedient after much tribulation and meditation, in order at once to be able to make something like a narrative that should avoid an arid, encyclopedic treatment, and to be perfectly truthful. The only plan was to make it a pure *jeu d'esprit*; and in writing the second paper I have found it of great advantage."]

I

"COME," says my Hindu friend, "let us do Bombay."

The name of my Hindu friend is Bhima Gandharva. At the same time his name is *not* Bhima Gandharva. But—for what is life worth if one may not have one's little riddle?—in respect that he is *not* so named let him be so called, for thus will a pretty contradiction be accomplished, thus shall I secure at once his privacy

and his publicity, and reveal and conceal him in a breath.

It is eight o'clock in the morning. We have met — Bhima Gandharva and I — in "The Fort." The Fort is to Bombay much as the Levee, with its adjacent quarters, is to New Orleans ; only it is — one may say *Hibernice* — a great deal more so. It is on the inner or harbor side of the island of Bombay. Instead of the low-banked Mississippi, the waters of a tranquil and charming haven smile welcome out yonder from between wooded island-peaks. Here Bombay has its counting-houses, its warehouses, its exchange, its "Cotton Green," its docks. But not its dwellings. This part of the Fort where we have met is, one may say, only inhabited for six hours in the day — from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. At the former hour Bombay is to be found here engaged at trade ; at the latter it rushes back into the various quarters outside the Fort which go to make up this many-citied city. So that at this particular hour of eight in the morning one must expect to find little here that is alive, except either a philosopher, a stranger, a policeman, or a rat.

"Well, then," I said as Bhima Gandharva finished communicating this information to me, "we are all here."

"How?"

"There stand you, a philosopher ; here I, a stranger ; yonder, the policeman ; and, heavens and earth ! what a rat !" I accompanied this exclamation by shooing a big musky fellow from behind a bale of cotton whither I had just seen him run.

Bhima Gandharva smiled in a large, tranquil way he has, which is like an Indian plain full of ripe corn. "I

find it curious," he said, "to compare the process which goes on here in the daily humdrum of trade about this place with that which one would see if one were far up yonder at the northward, in the appalling solitudes of the mountains, where trade has never been and will never be. Have you visited the Himalaya?"

I shook my head.

"Among those prodigious planes of snow," continued the Hindu, "which when level nevertheless frighten you as if they were horizontal precipices, and which when perpendicular nevertheless lull you with a smooth deadly half-sense of confusion as to whether you should refer your ideas of space to the slope or the plain, there reigns at this moment a quietude more profound than the Fort's. But presently, as the sun beats with more fervor, rivulets begin to trickle from exposed points; these grow to cataracts and roar down the precipices; masses of undermined snow plunge into the abysses; the great winds of the Himalaya rise and howl, and every silence of the morning becomes a noise at noon. A little longer, and the sun again decreases; the cataracts draw their heads back into the ice as tortoises into their shells; the winds creep into their hollows, and the snows rest. So here. At ten the tumult of trade will begin; at four it will quickly freeze again into stillness. One might even carry this parallelism into more fanciful extremes. For, as the vapors which lie on the Himalaya in the form of snow have in time come from all parts of the earth, so the tide of men that will presently pour in here is made up of people from the four quarters of the globe. The Hindu, the African, the Arabian, the Chinese, the Tartar, the European, the American, the Parsee, will in a little while be trading or working here."

“What a complete *bouleversement*,” I said, seating myself on a bale of cotton and looking toward the fleets of steamers and vessels collected off the great cotton-presses awaiting their cargoes, “this particular scene effects in the mind of a traveller just from America! India has been to me, as to the average American, a dream of terraced ghâts, of banyans and bungalows, of Taj Mahals and tigers, of sacred rivers and subterranean temples, and — and that sort of thing. I come here and land in a big cotton-yard. I ask myself, ‘Have I left Jonesville — dear Jonesville! — on the other side of the world in order to sit on an antipodal cotton-bale?’ ”

“There is some more of India,” said Bhima Gandharva, gently. “Let us look at it a little.”

One may construct a good-enough outline map of this wonderful land in one’s mind by referring its main features to the first letter of the alphabet. Take a capital A; turn it up side down, ∇; imagine that the inverted triangle forming the lower half of the letter is the Deccan, the left side representing the Western Ghâts, the right side representing the Eastern Ghâts, and the cross-stroke standing for the Vindhya Mountains; imagine further that a line from right to left across the upper ends of the letter, trending upward as it is drawn, represents the Himalaya, and that enclosed between them and the Vindhyas is Hindustan proper. Behind — *i. e.* to the north of — the centre of this last line rises the Indus, flowing first northwestward through the Vale of Cashmere, then cutting sharply to the south and flowing by the way of the Punjab and Scinde to where it empties at Kurrachee. Near the same spot where the Indus originates rises also the Brahmaputra, but the

latter empties its waters far from the former, flowing first southeastward, then cutting southward and emptying into the Gulf of Bengal. Fixing, now, in the mind the sacred Ganges and Jumna, coming down out of the Gangetic and Jumnaic peaks in a general southeasterly direction, uniting at Allahabad and emptying into the Bay of Bengal, and the Nerbudda River flowing over from the east to the west, along the southern bases of the Vindhya, until it empties at the important city of Brooch, a short distance north of Bombay, one will have thus located a number of convenient points and lines sufficient for general references.

This A of ours is a very capital A indeed, being some nineteen hundred miles in length and fifteen hundred in width. Lying on the western edge of this peninsula is Bombay Island. It is crossed by the line of 19° north latitude, and is, roughly speaking, halfway between the Punjab on the north and Ceylon on the south. Its shape is that of a lobster, with his claws extended southward and his body trending a little to the west of north. The larger island of Salsette lies immediately north, and the two, connected by a causeway, enclose the noble harbor of Bombay. Salsette approaches near to the mainland at its northern end, and is connected with it by the railway structure. These causeways act as breakwaters, and complete the protection of the port. The outer claw, next to the Indian Ocean, of the lobster-shaped Bombay Island is the famous Malabar Hill; the inner claw is the promontory of Calaba; in the curved space between the two is the body of shallow water known as the Back Bay, along whose strand so many strange things are done daily. As one turns into the harbor around the promontory of Calaba — which is one

of the European quarters of the manifold city of Bombay, and is occupied by magnificent residences and flower-gardens—one finds just north of it the great docks and commercial establishments of the Fort; then an enormous esplanade farther north; across which, a distance of about a mile, going still northward, is the great Indian city called Black Town, with its motley peoples and strange bazars; and still farther north is the Portuguese quarter, known as Mazagon.

As we crossed the great esplanade to the north of the Fort—Bhima Gandharva and I—and strolled along the noisy streets, I began to withdraw my complaint. It was not like Jonesville. It was not like any one place or thing, but like a hundred, and all the hundred *outré* to the last degree. Hindu beggars, so dirty that they seemed to have returned to dust before death; three fakirs, armed with round-bladed daggers with which they were wounding themselves apparently in the most reckless manner, so as to send streams of blood flowing to the ground, and redly tattooing the ashes with which their naked bodies were covered; Parsees with their long noses curving over their moustaches, clothed in white, sending one's thoughts back to Ormuz, to Persia, to Zoroaster, to fire-worship and to the strangeness of the fate which drove them out of Persia more than a thousand years ago, and which has turned them into the most industrious traders and most influential citizens of a land in which they are still exiles; Chinese, Afghans—the Highlanders of the East—Arabs, Africans, Mahrattas, Malays, Persians, Portuguese half-bloods; men that called upon Mohammed, men that called upon Confucius, upon Krishna, upon Christ, upon Gotama the Buddha, upon Rama and Sita, upon Brahma, upon Zoroaster; strange

carriages shaded by red domes that compressed a whole dream of the East in small, and drawn by humped oxen, alternating with palanquins, with stylish turnouts of the latest mode, with cavaliers upon Arabian horses; half-naked workmen, crouched in uncomfortable workshops and ornamenting sandal-wood boxes; dusky curb-stone shop-keepers, rushing at me with strenuous offerings of their wares; lines of low shop-counters along the street, backed by houses rising in many stories, whose black-pillared verandahs were curiously carved and painted; cries, chafferings, bickerings, Mussulman prayers, Arab oaths extending from "Praise God that you exist" to "Praise God *although* you exist," — all these things appealed to the confused senses.

The tall spire of a Hindu temple revealed itself.

"It seems to me," I said to Bhima Gandharva, "that your steeples — as we would call them in Jonesville — represent, in a sort of way, your cardinal doctrine: they seem to be composed of a multitude of little steeples, all like the big one, just as you might figure your Supreme Being in the act of absorbing a large number of the faithful who had just arrived from the dismal existence below. And then, again, your steeple looks as if it might be the central figure of your theistic scheme, surrounded by the three hundred millions of your lesser deities. How do you get on, Bhima Gandharva, with so many claims on your worshipping faculties? I should think you would be well lost in such a jungle of gods."

"My friend," said Bhima Gandharva, "a short time ago a play was performed in this city which purported to be a translation into the Mahratta language of the *Romeo and Juliet* which Shakespeare wrote. It was

indeed a very great departure from that miraculous work, which I know well, but among its many deviations from the original was one which for the mournful and yet humorous truth of it was really worthy of the Master. Somehow, the translator had managed to get a modern Englishman into the play, who, every time that one of my countrymen happened to be found in leg-reach, would give him a lusty kick and cry out, 'Damn fool!' Why is the whole world like this Englishman?—upon what does it found its opinion that the Hindu is a fool? Is it upon our religion? Listen! I will recite you some matters out of our scriptures: Once upon a time Arjuna stood in his chariot betwixt his army and the army of his foes. These foes were his kinsmen. Krishna—even that great god Krishna—moved by pity for Arjuna, had voluntarily placed himself in Arjuna's chariot and made himself the charioteer thereof. Then—so saith Sanjaya—in order to encourage him, the ardent old ancestor of the Kurus blew his conch-shell, sounding loud as the roar of a lion. Then on a sudden trumpets, cymbals, drums, and horns were sounded. That noise grew to an uproar. And, standing on a huge car drawn by white horses, the slayer of Madhu and the son of Pandu blew their celestial trumpets. Krishna blew his horn called Panchajanya; the Despiser of Wealth blew his horn called the Gift of the Gods; he of dreadful deeds and wolfish entrails blew a great trumpet called Paundra; King Yudishthira, the son of Kunti, blew the Eternal Victory; Nakula and Sahadeva blew the Sweet-toned and the Blooming-with-Jewels. The King of Kashi, renowned for the excellence of his bow, and Shikandin in his huge chariot, Dhrishtyadumna and Virata, and Satyaki, unconquered by his foes, and

Drupada and the sons of Drupadi all together, and the strong-armed son of Subhadrá, each severally blew their trumpets. That noise lacerated the hearts of the sons of Dhartarashtra, and uproar resounded both through heaven and earth. Now when Arjuna beheld the Dhartarashtras drawn up, and that the flying of arrows had commenced, he raised his bow, and then addressed these words to Krishna : —

“ ‘ Now that I have beheld this kindred standing here near together for the purpose of fighting, my limbs give way and my face is bloodless, and tremor is produced throughout my body, and my hair stands on end. My bow Gandiva slips from my hand, and my skin burns. Nor am I able to remain upright, and my mind is as it were whirling round. Nor do I perceive anything better even when I shall have slain these relations in battle. I seek not victory, Krishna, nor a kingdom, nor pleasures. What should we do with a kingdom, Govinda? What with enjoyments, or with life itself? Those very men on whose account we might desire a kingdom, enjoyments, or pleasures are assembled for battle. Teachers, fathers, and even sons, and grandfathers, uncles, fathers-in-law, grandsons, brothers-in-law, with connections also, — these I would not wish to slay, though I were slain myself, O Killer of Madhu! not even for the sake of the sovereignty of the triple world — how much less for that of this earth! When we had killed the Dhartarashtras, what pleasure should we have, O thou who art prayed to by mortals? How could we be happy after killing our own kindred, O Slayer of Madhu? Even if they whose reason is obscured by covetousness do not perceive the crime committed in destroying their own tribe, should we not know how

to recoil from such a sin? In the destruction of a tribe the eternal institutions of the tribe are destroyed. These laws being destroyed, lawlessness prevails. From the existence of lawlessness the women of the tribe become corrupted; and when the women are corrupted, O son of Vrishni! confusion of caste takes place. Confusion of caste is a gate to hell. Alas! we have determined to commit a great crime, since from the desire of sovereignty and pleasures we are prepared to slay our own kin. Better were it for me if the Dhartarashtras, being armed, would slay me, harmless and unresisting in the fight.'

"Having thus spoken in the midst of the battle, Arjuna, whose heart was troubled with grief, let fall his bow and arrow and sat down on the bench of the chariot."

"Well," I asked after a short pause, during which the Hindu kept his eyes fixed in contemplation on the spire of the temple, "what did Krishna have to say to that?"

"He instructed Arjuna, and said many wise things. I will tell you some of them, here and there, as they are scattered through the holy *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*: Then between the two armies, Krishna, smiling, addressed these words to him, thus downcast:—

"‘Thou hast grieved for those who need not be grieved for, yet thou utterest words of wisdom. The wise grieve not for dead or living. But never at any period did I or thou or these kings of men not exist, nor shall any of us at any time henceforward cease to exist. There is no existence for what does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists. . . . These finite bodies have been said to belong to an eternal, indestructible, and infinite spirit. . . . He who believes

that this spirit can kill, and he who thinks that it can be killed — both of these are mistaken. It neither kills nor is killed. It is born, and it does not die. . . . Un-born, changeless, eternal both as to future and past time, it is not slain when the body is killed. . . . As the soul in this body undergoes the changes of childhood, prime, and age, so it obtains a new body hereafter. . . . As a man abandons worn-out clothes and takes other new ones, so does the soul quit worn-out bodies and enter other new ones. Weapons cannot cleave it, fire cannot burn it, nor can water wet it, nor can wind dry it. It is impenetrable, incombustible, incapable of moistening and of drying. It is constant; it can go everywhere; it is firm, immovable, and eternal. And even if thou deem it born with the body and dying with the body, still, O great-armed one! thou art not right to grieve for it. For to everything generated death is certain; to everything dead regeneration is certain. . . . One looks on the soul as a miracle; another speaks of it as a miracle; another hears of it as a miracle; but even when he has heard of it, not one comprehends it. . . . When a man's heart is disposed in accordance with his roaming senses, it snatches away his spiritual knowledge as the wind does a ship on the waves. . . . He who does not practise devotion has neither intelligence nor reflection. And he who does not practise reflection has no calm. How can a man without calm obtain happiness? The self-governed man is awake in that which is night to all other beings; that in which other beings are awake is night to the self-governed. He into whom all desires enter in the same manner as rivers enter the ocean, which is always full, yet does not change its bed, can obtain tranquillity. . . . Love or

hate exists toward the object of each sense. One should not fall into the power of these two passions, for they are one's adversaries. . . . Know that passion is hostile to man in this world. As fire is surrounded by smoke and a mirror by rust, and a child by the womb, so is this universe surrounded by passion. . . . They say that the senses are great. The heart is greater than the senses. But the intellect is greater than the heart, and passion is greater than the intellect. . . .

“I and thou, O Arjuna ! have passed through many transmigrations. I know all these. Thou dost not know them. . . . For whenever there is a relaxation of duty, O son of Bharata ! and an increase of impiety, I then reproduce myself for the protection of the good and the destruction of evil-doers. I am produced in every age for the purpose of establishing duty. . . . Some sacrifice the sense of hearing and the other senses in the fire of restraint. Others, by abstaining from food, sacrifice life in their life. (But) the sacrifice of spiritual knowledge is better than a material sacrifice. . . . By this knowledge thou wilt recognize all things whatever in thyself, and then in me. He who possesses faith acquires spiritual knowledge. He who is devoid of faith and of doubtful mind perishes. The man of doubtful mind enjoys neither this world nor the other nor final beatitude. Therefore, sever this doubt which exists in thy heart, and springs from ignorance, with thy sword of knowledge : turn to devotion and arise, O son of Bharata ! . . .

“Learn my superior nature, O hero ! by means of which this world is sustained. I am the cause of the production and dissolution of the whole universe. There exists no other thing superior to me. On me are all the

worlds suspended, as numbers of pearls on a string. I am the savor of waters, and the principle of light in the moon and sun, the mystic syllable *Om* in the Vedas, the sound in the ether, the essence of man in men, the sweet smell in the earth; and I am the brightness in flame, the vitality in all beings, and the power of mortification in ascetics. Know, O son of Prithá! that I am the eternal seed of all things which exist. I am the intellect of those who have intellect; I am the strength of the strong. . . . And know that all dispositions, whether good, bad, or indifferent, proceed also from me. I do not exist in them, but they in me. . . . I am dear to the spiritually wise beyond possessions, and he is dear to me. A great-minded man who is convinced that *Vasudevū* (Krishna) is *everything* is difficult to find. . . . If one worships any inferior personage with faith, I make his faith constant. Gifted with such faith, he seeks the propitiation of this personage, and from him receives the pleasant objects of his desires, which (however) were sent by me alone. But the reward of these little-minded men is finite. They who sacrifice to the gods go to the gods; they who worship me come to me. I am the immolation. I am the whole sacrificial rite. I am the libation to ancestors. I am the drug. I am the incantation. I am the fire. I am the incense. I am the father, the mother, the sustainer, the grandfather of this universe — the path, the supporter, the master, the witness, the habitation, the refuge, the friend, the origin, the dissolution, the place, the receptacle, the inexhaustible seed. I heat. I withhold and give the rain. I am ambrosia and death, the existing and the non-existing. Even those who devoutly worship other gods with the gift of faith, worship me, but

only improperly. I am the same to all beings. I have neither foe nor friend. I am the beginning and the middle and the end of existing things. Among bodies I am the beaming sun. Among senses I am the heart. Among waters I am the ocean. Among mountains I am Himalaya. Among trees I am the banyan; among men, the king; among weapons, the thunderbolt; among things which count, time; among animals, the lion; among purifiers, the wind. I am Death who seizes all; I am the birth of those who are to be. I am Fame, Fortune, Speech, Memory, Meditation, Perseverance, and Patience among feminine words. I am the game of dice among things which deceive; I am splendor among things which are shining. Among tamers I am the rod; among means of victory I am polity; among mysteries I am silence, the knowledge of the wise. . . .

“‘They who know me to be the God of this universe, the God of gods and the God of worship — they who know me to be the God of this universe, the God of gods and the God of worship — yea, they who know me to be these things in the hour of death, they know me indeed.’”

When my friend finished these words there did not seem to be anything particular left in heaven or earth to talk about. At any rate, there was a dead pause for several minutes. Finally I asked — and I protest that in contrast with the large matters whereof Bhima Gandharva had discoursed my voice (which is American and slightly nasal) sounded like nothing in the world so much as the squeak of a sick rat, “When were these things written?”

“At least nineteen hundred and seventy-five years ago, we feel sure. How much earlier we do not know.”

We now directed our course toward the hospital for sick and disabled animals which has been established here in the most crowded portion of Black Town by that singular sect called the Jains, and which is only one of a number of such institutions to be found in the large cities of India. This sect is now important more by influence than by numbers in India, many of the richest merchants of the great Indian cities being among its adherents, though by the last census of British India there appears to be but a little over nine millions of Jains and Buddhists together, out of the one hundred and ninety millions of Hindus in British India. The tenets of the Jains are too complicated for description here, but it may be said that much doubt exists as to whether it is an old religion of which Brahmanism and Buddhism are varieties, or whether it is itself a variety of Buddhism. Indeed, it does not seem well settled whether the pure Jain doctrine was atheistical or theistical. At any rate, it is sufficiently differentiated from Brahmanism by its opposite notion of castes, and from Buddhism by its cultus of nakedness, which the Buddhists abhor. The Jains are split into two sects—the *Digambaras*, or nude Jains, and the *Svetambaras*, or clothed Jains, which latter sect seem to be Buddhists, who, besides the Tirthankars (*i. e.* mortals who have acquired the rank of gods by devout lives, in whom all the Jains believe), worship also the various divinities of the Vishnu system. The Jains themselves declare this system to date from a period ten thousand years before Christ, and they practically support this traditional antiquity by persistently regarding and treating the Buddhists as heretics from their system. At any event, their religion is an old one. They seem to be the

gymnosophists, or naked philosophers, described by Clitarchos as living in India at the time of the expedition of Alexander, and their history crops out in various accounts, — that of Clement of Alexandria, then of the Chinese Fu-Hian in the fourth and fifth centuries, and of the celebrated Chinese Hiouen-Tsang in the seventh century, at which last period they appear to have been the prevailing sect in India, and to have increased in favor until in the twelfth century the Rajpoots, who had become converts to Jainism, were schismatized into Brahmanism and deprived the naked philosophers of their prestige.

The great distinguishing feature of the Jains is the extreme to which they push the characteristic tenderness felt by the Hindus for animals of all descriptions. Jaina is, distinctly, *the purified*. The priests eat no animal food ; indeed, they are said not to eat at all after noon, lest the insects then abounding should fly into their mouths and be crushed unwittingly. They go with a piece of muslin bound over their mouths, in order to avoid the same catastrophe, and carry a soft brush wherewith to remove carefully from any spot upon which they are about to sit such insects as might be killed thereby.

“Ah, how my countryman Bergh would luxuriate in this scene !” I said as we stood looking upon the various dumb exhibitions of so many phases of sickness, of decrepitude and of mishap — quaint, grotesque, yet pathetic withal — in the precincts of the Jain hospital. Here were quadrupeds and bipeds, feathered creatures and hairy creatures, large animals and small, shy and tame, friendly and predatory — horses, horned cattle, rats, cats, dogs, jackals, crows, chickens ; what not. An

attendant was tenderly bandaging the blinking lids of a sore-eyed duck ; another was feeding a blind crow, who, it must be confessed, looked here very much like some fat member of the New York Ring cunningly availing himself of the more toothsome rations in the sick ward of the penitentiary. My friend pointed out to me a heron with a wooden leg.

"Suppose a gnat should break his shoulder-blade," I said, "would they put his wing in a sling?"

Bhima Gandharva looked me full in the face, and, smiling gently, said, "They would if they could."

The Jains are considered to have been the architects *par excellence* of India, and there are many monuments, in all styles, of their skill in this kind. The strange statues of the Tirthankars in the gorge called the Our-whai of Gwalior were (until injured by the "march of improvement") among the most notable of the forms of rock-cutting. These vary in size from statuettes of a foot in height to colossal figures of sixty feet, and nothing can be more striking than these great forms, hewn from the solid rock, represented entirely nude, with their impassive countenances, which remind every traveller of the Sphinx, their grotesque ears hanging down to their shoulders, and their heads, about which plays a ring of serpents for a halo, or out of which grows the mystical three-branched *Kalpa Vrich*, or Tree of Knowledge.

The sacred hill of Sunaghur, lying a few miles to the south of Gwalior, is one of the Meccas of the Jains, and is covered with temples in many styles, which display the fertility of their architectural invention ; there are over eighty of these structures in all.

"And now," said Bhima Gandharva next day, "while

you are thinking upon temples, and wondering if the Hindus have all been fools, you should complete your collection of mental materials by adding to the sight you have had of a Hindu temple proper, and to the description you have had of Jain temples proper, a sight of those marvellous subterranean works of the Buddhists proper which remain to us. We might select our examples of these either at Ellora or at Ajunta (which are on the mainland a short distance to the northeast of Bombay), the latter of which contains the most complete series of purely Buddhistic caves known in the country; or, indeed, we could find Buddhistic caves just yonder on Salsette. But let us go and see Karli at once; it is the largest *shaitya* (or cave-temple) in India."

Accordingly, we took railway at Bombay, sped along the isle, over the bridge to the island of Salsette, along Salsette to Tannah, then over the bridge which connects Salsette with the mainland, across the narrow head of Bombay harbor, and so on to the station of Khandalla, about halfway between Bombay and Poona, where we disembarked. The caves of Karli are situated but a few miles from Khandalla, and in a short time we were standing in front of a talus at the foot of a sloping hill whose summit was probably five to six hundred feet high. A flight of steps cut in the hillside led up to a ledge running out from an escarpment which was something above sixty feet high before giving off into the slope of the mountain. From the narrow and picturesque valley a flight of steps cut in the hillside led up to the platform. We could not see the façade of the *shaitya* on account of the concealing boscage of trees. On ascending the steps, however, and passing a small square

Brahmanic chapel, where we paid a trifling fee to the priests who reside there for the purpose of protecting the place, the entire front of the excavation revealed itself and with every moment of gazing grew in strangeness and solemn mystery.

The shaftya is hewn in the solid rock of the mountain. Just to the left of the entrance stands a heavy pillar (*Silasthamba*) completely detached from the temple, with a capital upon whose top stand four lions back to back. On this pillar is an inscription in Pâli, which has been deciphered, and which is now considered to fix the date of the excavation conclusively at not later than the second century before the Christian era. The eye took in at first only the vague confusion of windows and pillars cut in the rock. It is supposed that originally a music-gallery stood here in front, consisting of a balcony supported out from the two octagonal pillars, and probably roofed or having a second balcony above. But the woodwork is now gone. One soon felt one's attention becoming concentrated, however, upon a great arched window cut in the form of a horseshoe, through which one could look down what was very much like the nave of a church running straight back into the depths of the hill. Certainly at first, as one passes into the strange vestibule which intervenes still between the front and the interior of the shaftya, one does not think at all—one only feels the dim sense of mildness raying out from the great faces of the elephants, and of mysterious farawayness conveyed by the bizarre postures of the sculptured figures on the walls.

Entering the interior, a central nave stretches back between two lines of pillars, each of whose capitals supports upon its abacus two kneeling elephants; upon each

elephant are seated two figures, most of which are male and female pairs. The nave extends eighty-one feet three inches back, the whole length of the temple being one hundred and two feet three inches. There are fifteen pillars on each side the nave, which thus enclose between themselves and the wall two side-aisles, each about half the width of the nave, the latter being twenty-five feet and seven inches in width, while the whole width from wall to wall is forty-five feet and seven inches. At the rear, in a sort of apse, are seven plain octagonal pillars — the other thirty are sculptured. Just in front of these seven pillars is the *Daghaba* — a domed structure covered by a wooden parasol. The Daghaba is the reliquary in which or under which some relic of Gotama Buddha is enshrined. The roof of the shaitya is vaulted, and ribs of teak-wood — which could serve no possible architectural purpose — reveal themselves, strangely enough, running down the sides.

As I took in all these details, pacing round the dark aisles and finally resuming my stand near the entrance from which I perceived the aisles, dark between the close pillars and the wall, while the light streamed through the great horseshoe window full upon the Daghaba at the other end, I exclaimed to Bhima Gandharva, "Why, it is the very copy of a Gothic church — the aisles, the nave, the vaulted roof and all — and yet you tell me it was excavated two thousand years ago!"

"The resemblance has struck every traveller," he replied. "And, strange to say, all the Buddhist cave-temples are designed upon the same general plan. There is always the organ-loft, as you see there; always the three doors, the largest one opening on the nave, the smaller ones each on its side-aisle; always the window

throwing its light directly on the Daghaba at the other end ; always, in short, the general arrangement of the choir of a Gothic round or polygonal apse cathedral. It is supposed that the devotees were confined to the front part of the temple, and that the great window through which the light comes was hidden from view, both outside by the music-galleries and screens, and inside through the disposition of the worshippers in front. The gloom of the interior was thus available to the priests for the production of effects which may be imagined."

Emerging from the temple, we saw the Buddhist monastery (*Vihara*), which is a series of halls and cells rising one above the other in stories connected by flights of steps, all hewn in the face of the hill at the side of the temple. We sat down on a fragment of rock near a stream of water with which a spring in the hillside fills a little pool at the entrance of the Vihara. "Tell me something of Gotama Buddha," I said. "Recite some of his deliverances, O Bhima Gandharva !— you who know everything."

"I will recite to you from the 'Sutta Nipata,' which is supposed by many pundits of Ceylon to contain several of the oldest examples of the Pâli language. It professes to give the conversation of Buddha, who died five hundred and forty-three years before Christ lived on earth ; and these utterances are believed by scholars to have been brought together at least more than two hundred years before the Christian era. The *Mahâmangala Sutta* of the 'Nipata Sutta' says for example: 'Thus it was heard by me. At a certain time Bhagavâ (Gotama Buddha) lived at Sâvatthi in Jetavana, in the garden of Anâthupindika. Then, the night being far advanced, a certain god, endowed with a radiant color illuminating

Jetavana completely, came to where Bhagavá was [and] making obeisance to him, stood on one side. And, standing on one side, the god addressed Bhagavá in [these] verses :

1. Many gods and men, longing after what is good, have considered many things as blessings. Tell us what is the greatest blessing.
2. Buddha said: Not serving fools, but serving the wise, and honoring those worthy of being honored: this is the greatest blessing.
3. The living in a fit country, meritorious deeds done in a former existence, the righteous establishment of one's self: this is the greatest blessing.
4. Extensive knowledge and science, well-regulated discipline and well-spoken speech: this is the greatest blessing.
5. The helping of father and mother, the cherishing of child and wife, and the following of a lawful calling: this is the greatest blessing.
6. The giving alms, a religious life, aid rendered to relatives, blameless acts: this is the greatest blessing.
7. The abstaining from sins and the avoiding them, the eschewing of intoxicating drink, diligence in good deeds: this is the greatest blessing.
8. Reverence and humility, contentment and gratefulness, the hearing of the law in the right time: this is the greatest blessing.
9. Patience and mild speech, the association with those who have subdued their passions, the holding of religious discourse in the right time: this is the greatest blessing.
10. Temperance and charity, the discernment of holy truth, the perception of Nibbána: this is the greatest blessing.
11. The mind of any one unshaken by the ways of the world, exemption from sorrow, freedom from passion, and security: this is the greatest blessing.

12. Those who having done these things become invincible on all sides, attain happiness on all sides: this is the greatest blessing.

“At another time also Gotama Buddha was discoursing on caste. You know that the Hindus are divided into the Brahmans, or the priestly caste, which is the highest; next the Kshatriyas, or the warrior and statesman caste; next the Vaishyas, or the herdsman and farmer caste; lastly, the Sudras, or the menial caste. Now, once upon a time the two youths Vásettha and Bháradvaja had a discussion as to what constitutes a Brahman. Thus, Vásettha and Bháradvaja went to the place where Bhagavá was, and having approached him were well pleased with him; and having finished a pleasing and complimentary conversation, they sat down on one side. Vásettha, who sat down on one side, addressed Buddha in verse: . . .

3. O Gotama! we have a controversy regarding [the distinctions of] birth. Thus know, O wise one! the point of difference between us: Bháradvaja says that a Brahman is such by reason of his birth.
4. But I affirm that he is such by reason of his conduct. . . .
7. Bhagavá replied: . . .
53. I call him alone a Brahman who is fearless, eminent, heroic, a great sage, a conqueror, freed from attachments — one who has bathed in the waters of wisdom, and is a Buddha.
54. I call him alone a Brahman who knows his former abode, who sees both heaven and hell, and has reached the extinction of births.
55. What is called ‘name’ or ‘tribe’ in the world arises from usage only. It is adopted here and there by common consent.

56. It comes from long and uninterrupted usage, and from the false belief of the ignorant. Hence the ignorant assert that a Brahman is such from birth.
57. One is not a Brahman nor a non-Brahman by birth: by his conduct alone is he a Brahman, and by his conduct alone is he a non-Brahman.
58. By his conduct he is a husbandman, an artisan, a merchant, a servant;
59. By his conduct he is a thief, a warrior, a sacrificer, a king. . . .
62. One is a Brahman from penance, charity, observance of the moral precepts and the subjugation of the passions. Such is the best kind of Brahmanism."

"That would pass for very good republican doctrine in Jonesville," I said. "What a pity you have all so backslidden from your orthodoxies here in India, Bhima Gandharva! In my native land there is a region where many orange-trees grow. Sometimes, when a tree is too heavily fertilized it suddenly shoots out in great luxuriance and looks as if it were going to make oranges enough for the whole world, so to speak. But somehow, no fruit comes: it proves to be all wood and no oranges, and presently the whole tree changes and gets sick and good for nothing. It is a disease which the natives call 'the dieback.' Now, it seems to me that when you old Aryans came from — from — well, from wherever you did come from — you branched out at first into a superb magnificence of religions and sentiments and imaginations and other boscage. But it looks now as if you were really badly off with the dieback."

It was, however, impossible to perceive that Bhima Gandharva's smile was like anything other than the same plain full of ripe corn.

II

I HAD now learned to place myself unreservedly in the hands of Bhima Gandharva. When, therefore, on regaining the station at Khandalla he said, "The route by which I intend to show you India will immediately take us quite away from this part of it; first, however, let us go and see Poona, the old Mahratta capital, which lies but a little more than thirty miles farther to the southeastward by rail," — I accepted the proposition as a matter of course, and we were soon steaming down the eastern declivity of the Gháts. As we moved smoothly down into the treeless plains which surround Poona I could not resist a certain feeling of depression.

"Yes," said Bhima Gandharva, when I mentioned it to him, "I understand exactly what you mean. On reaching an unbroken expanse of level country after leaving the tops of mountains, I always feel as if my soul had come bump against a solid wall of rock in the dark. I seem to hear a dull *thud* of discouragement somewhere back in my soul, as when a man's body falls dead on the earth. Nothing, indeed, could more heighten such a sensation than the contrast between this and the Bombay side of the Gháts. There we had the undulating waters, the lovely harbor with its wooded and hilly islands, the ascending terraces of the Gháts: everything was energetic, the whole invitation of Nature was toward air, light, freedom, heaven. But here one spot is like another spot; this level ground is just the same level ground there was a mile back; this corn stands like that corn; there is an oppressive sense of bread-and-butter about; one somehow finds one's self thinking of ventila-

tion and economics. It is the sausage-grinding school of poetry — of which modern art, by the way, presents several examples — as compared with that general school represented by the geniuses who arise and fly their own flight and sing at a great distance above the heads of men and of wheat."

Having arrived and refreshed ourselves at our hotel, whose proprietor was, as usual, a Parsee, we sallied forth for a stroll about Poona. On one side of us lay the English quarter, consisting of the houses and gardens of the officers and government employees and of the two or three hundred other Englishmen residing here. On the other was the town, extending itself along the banks of the little river Moota. We dreamed ourselves along in the lovely weather through such of the seven quarters of the town as happened to strike the fancy of my companion. Occasionally we were compelled to turn out of our way for the sacred cattle, which, in the enjoyment of their divine prerogatives, would remain serenely lying across our path; but we respected the antiquity if not the reasonableness of their privileges, and murmured not.

Each of the seven quarters of Poona is named after a day of the week. As we strolled from Monday to Tuesday, or passed with bold anachronism from Saturday back to Wednesday, I could not help observing how these interweavings and reversals of time appeared to take an actual embodiment in the scenes through which we slowly moved, particularly in respect of the houses and the costumes which went to make up our general view. From the modern-built European houses to the mediæval-looking buildings of the Bhoodwar quarter, with their massive walls and loop-holes and crenellations,

was a matter of four or five centuries back in a mere turn of the eye ; and from these latter to the Hindu temples here and there, which, whether or not of actual age, always carry one straight into antiquity, was a further retrogression to the obscure depths of time. So, too, one's glance would often sweep in a twinkling from a European clothed in garments of the latest mode to a Hindu whose sole covering was his *dhotee*, or clout about the loins, taking in between these two extremes a number of distinct stages in the process of evolution through which our clothes have gone. In the evening we visited the *Sangam*, where the small streams of the Moola and the Moota come together. It is filled with cenotaphs, but, so far from being a place of weeping, the pleasant air was full of laughter and of gay conversation from the Hindus, who delight to repair here for the purpose of enjoying the cool breath of the evening as well as the pleasures of social intercourse.

But I did not care to linger in Poona. The atmosphere always had to me a certain tang of the assassinations, the intrigues, the treacheries which marked the reign of that singular line of usurping ministers whose capital was here. In the days when the Peishwas were in the height of their glory Poona was a city of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and great traffic was here carried on in jewelry and such luxuries among the Mahratta nobles. The Mahrattas once, indeed, possessed the whole of India practically ; and their name is composed of *Mahu*, a word meaning "great," and often to be met with in the designations of this land, where so many things really are great, and *Rachtra*, "kingdom," the propriety of the appellation seeming to be justified by the bravery and military character of the people.

They have been called the Cossacks of India from these qualities combined with their horsemanship. But the dynasty of the usurping ministers had its origin in iniquity; and the corruption of its birth quickly broke out again under the stimulus of excess and luxury, until it culminated in the destruction of the Mahratta empire in 1818. So, when we had seen the palace of the Peishwa, from one of whose balconies the young Peishwa Mahadeo committed suicide by leaping to the earth in the year 1797 through shame at having been reproved by his minister Nana Farnavese in presence of his court, and when we had visited the Hira-Bâgh, or Garden of Diamonds, the summer retreat of the Peishwas, with its elegant pavilion, its balconies jutting into the masses of foliage, its cool tank of water, reposing under the protection of the temple-studded Hill of Pararati, we took train again for Bombay.

The Great Indian Peninsula Railway's main line leads out of Bombay over the Ghâts to Jabalpûr, six hundred miles; thence a railway of some two hundred and twenty miles runs to Allahabad, connecting them with the great line known as the East Indian Railway, which extends for more than a thousand miles north-westward from Calcutta *via* Patna, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi. Our journey, as marked out by Bhima Gandharva, was to be from Bombay to Jabalpûr by rail; thence by some slow and easy conveyance across country to Bhopal, and from Bhopal northward through Jhansi to Delhi and the northern country, thence returning by rail to Calcutta.

As one ascends the Western Ghâts shortly after leaving Bombay one has continual occasion to remark the extraordinary resources of modern railway engineering.

Perhaps the mechanical skill of our time has not achieved any more brilliant illustrations of itself than here occur. For many miles one is literally going up a flight of steps by rail. The word "Ghát" indeed means the steps leading up from pools or rivers, whose frequent occurrence in India attests the need of easy access to water, arising from the important part which it plays both in the civil and religious economies of the Hindu. The Gháts are so called from their terraced ledges, rising one above another from the shores of the ocean like the stairs leading up from a pool. In achieving the ascent of these gigantic stairs all the expedients of road-makers have been resorted to: the zigzag, the trestle, the tunnel, the curve, have been pushed to their utmost applications; for five continuous miles on the Thull Ghát Incline there is a grade of one in thirty-seven, involving many trying curves, and on nineteen miles of the Bhore Ghát Incline there are thirty tunnels.

That which gives tone and character to a general view of the interior of a railway-car in travelling is, from the nature of things, the head-covering of the occupants, for it is this which mostly meets the eye; and no one who has travelled in the United States, for example, can have failed to observe the striking difference between the aspect of a car in the South, where the felt slouch prevails, and of one in the North, where the silk hat is more affected. But cars full of turbans! There were turbans of silk, of muslin, of woollen; white turbans, red, green, and yellow turbans; turbans with knots, turbans with ends hanging; neat turbans, baggy turbans, preternatural turbans, and that curious spotted silk inexpressible mitre which the Parsee wears.

Bhima Gandharva was good enough to explain to me

the turban ; and really, when within bounds, it is not so nonsensical a headdress as one is apt at first to imagine. It is a strip of cloth from nine to twelve inches wide, and from fifteen to twenty-five yards long. They are known, however, of larger dimensions, reaching to a yard in width and sixty yards in length. The most common color is white ; next, perhaps, red, and next yellow ; though green, blue, purple, and black are worn, as are also buff, shot colors, and gray, these latter being usually of silk ; but this does not exhaust the varieties, for there are many turbans made of cotton cloth printed in various devices to suit the fancies of the wearers.

"The *puttee-dar* (*pugri*, or turban)," continued my companion, "is a neat compact turban, in general use by Hindus and Mohammedans ; the *joore-dar* is like the *puttee-dar*, except that it has the addition of a knot on the crown ; the *khirkee-dar* is the full-dress turban of gentlemen attached to native courts ; the *nustalik* is a small turban which fits closely to the head, and is worn for full dress at the Mohammedan *durbars*, or royal receptions ; the *mundeel* is the military turban, with stripes of gold and ends ; the *séthi* is like the *nustalik*, and is worn by bankers ; the *shumla* is a shawl-turban ; and I fear you do not care to know the other varieties — the *morassa*, the *umamu*, the *dustar*, the — "

"Thank you," I said, "life is short, my dear Bhima, and I shall know nothing but turbans if this goes on, which will be inconvenient, particularly when I return to my home and my neighbor Smith asks me that ghastly question, 'What do I think of India?'"

"It is a more 'ghastly' question as to India than as to any other country in the world," said the Hindu. "Some years ago, when Mr. Dilke was travelling in this country,

a witty officer of one of the hill-stations remarked to him that *all general observations about India were absurd*. This is quite true. How could it be otherwise? Only consider, for example, the languages of India, — the Assamese, with its two branches of the Deccan-göl and the Uttar-göl; the Bengalee; the Maithilee, Tirhutiya, or Tirabhucti, spoken between the Coosy and the Gunduck; the Orissan, of the regions around Cuttack; the Nepalese; the Kosalese, about Almora; the Dogusee, between Almora and Cashmere; the Cashmiran; the Panjabee; the Mooltanee, or Vuchee, on the middle Indus; the two dialects of Sindhí, or Tatto, on the lower Indus; the Cutché, on the west coast of the peninsula; the Guseraté, spoken on the islands of Salsette and Bombay and the opposite coast of the Coucan, as well as by the Parsees in the cities, where it is corrupted with many words of other languages through the influence of commercial relations; the Coucané, from Bombay to Goa and along the parallel Gháts, where it is called Ballagate; the Bikaneeré, the Marvaré, the Jeyporé, the Udayaporé, of Rajpootana; the Vrajabhasha (the cow-pen language) of the Doab, between the Ganges and the Jumna, which is probably the parent of Hindí (or Oordú); the Malooé, of the tableland of Malwa; the Bundelakhandé, of the Bundelkhand; the Mogadhé, of Behar; the Maharachtré, of the country south of the Vindhya; the — ”

“It gives me pain to interrupt you, Bhima Gandharva,” I said (fervently hoping that this portion of my remark might escape the attention of the recording angel), “but I think we are at Jabalpúr.”

Apropos of Jubbulpoor, it is well enough to remark that by the rules of Indian orthography which are now

to be considered authentic, the letter "a" without an accent has a sound equivalent to short "u," and a vowel with an acute accent has what is usually called its long sound in English. Accordingly, the word written "Jabalpúr" should be pronounced as if retaining the "u" and the "oo" with which it was formerly written, "Jubbulpoor." The termination *púr*, so common in the designation of Indian places, is equivalent to that of *ville* in English, and means the same. The other common termination, *abad*, means "dwelling" or "residence": *e. g.*, Ahmedabad, the residence of Ahmed.

Jabalpúr is but about a mile from the right bank of the Nerbadá (*Nerbudda*) River; and as I wished to see the famous Marble Rocks of that stream, which are found a short distance from Jabalpúr, my companion and I here left the railway, intending to see a little of the valley of the Nerbadá and then to strike across the Vindhyas, along the valley of the Tonsa, to Bhopal, making our journey by such slow, irregular and easy stages as should be compatible with that serene and philosophic disposition into which the Hindu's beautiful gravity had by this time quite converted my American tendencies toward rushing through life at the killing pace.

It was a little past midday when we made our first journey along the river between the Marble Rocks. Although the weather was as nearly perfect as weather could be, the mornings being deliciously cool and bracing and the nights cold enough to produce often a thin layer of ice over a pan of water left exposed till daybreak, yet the midday sun was warm enough, especially after a walk, to make one long for leaves and shade and the like. It would be difficult, therefore, to convey the

sensations with which we reclined at our ease in a flat-bottomed punt while an attendant poled us up toward the "Fall of Smoke," where the Nerbadá leaps out eagerly toward the low lands he is to fertilize, like a young poet anxious to begin his work of grace in the world. On each side of us rose walls of marble a hundred feet in height, whose pure white was here and there striped with dark green or black: all the colors which met the eye — the marmoreal whites, the bluish grays of the recesses among the ledges, the green and black seams, the limpid blue of the stream — were grateful, calm-toned, refreshing; we inhaled the coolness as if it had been a mild aroma out of a distant flower. This pleasant fragrance, which seemed to come up out of all things, was presently intensified by a sort of spiritual counterpart, — a gentle breath that blew upon us from the mysterious regions of death; for on a *ghât* we saw a small company of Hindus just launching the body of a pious relative into the waters of Mother Nerbadá in all that freedom from grief, and even pleasant contemplation, with which this singular people regard the transition from present to future existence. These corpses, however, which are thus committed to the wave, do not always chime so happily in with the reveries of boating-parties on the Nerbadá. The Marble Rocks are often resorted to by picnic parties in the moonlit evenings; and one can easily fancy that to have a dusky dead body float against one's boat and sway slowly round alongside in the midst of a gay jest or of a light song of serenade, as is said to have happened not unfrequently here, is not an occurrence likely to heighten the spirits of revellers. Occasionally, also, the black, ugly double snout of the *magar* (or Nerbadá crocodile) may pop up from the

surface, which may here serve as a warning to the young lady who trails her hand in the water — and I have yet to be in a boating-party where the young lady did not trail her hand in the water — that on the Nerbadá it is perhaps as well to resign an absent-minded hand to the young officer who sits by her in the boat lest Magar should snap it off.

Leaving the Nerbadá we now struck off northward toward the Tonsa, intending to pass round by way of Dumoh, Sangor, Bhilsa, and Sanchi to Bhopal. We might have pursued a route somewhat more direct by following directly down the valley of the Nerbadá to Hoshangabad, and thence straight across to Bhopal, but my companion preferred the circuitous route indicated, as embracing a greater variety of interesting objects. He had procured for our conveyance a vehicle which was in all respects suitable to the placidity of his temper; and I make bold to confess that, American as I am — born on the railroad, so to speak — I have never enjoyed travelling as I did in this novel carriage. It was what is called a *chapaya*. It consisted of a body nearly ten feet in length by more than five in breadth, and was canopied by a top supported upon sculptured pillars of wood. The wheels were massive and low. There were no springs; but this deficiency was atoned for by the thick cushionment of the rear portion of the vehicle, which allowed us to lie at full length in luxurious ease as we rolled along. Four white bullocks, with humps and horns running nearly straight back on the prolongation of the forehead line, drew us along in a very stately manner at the rate of something like a mile and a half an hour.

We were now in the Góndwana, in some particulars

one of the most interesting portions of the country. Here are the Highlands of Central India; here rise the Nerbadá and the Tapti—which flow to the westward in a generally parallel direction, and empty into the Gulf of Cambaye, the one at Broode and the other at Surat—as well as the Sôn, the Keyn (or Cane) and the Tonsa, which flow northward into the Jumna. The valley of the Keyn and that of the Tonsa here run across the Vindhya, which are known to the eastward of this as the Kyrmores, and afford communication between Northern and Southern India. It is along the depression of the latter stream that the railway has been built from Jabalpúr to Allahabad.

The eight hundred thousand Góns of the Gónswana are supposed to be members of the great autochthonal family of ancient India. These hills of the Gónswana country appear to have been considered by the incoming Aryans for a long time as a sort of uncanny land, whose savage recesses were filled with demons and snakes; indeed, in the epics of the Máhábharáta and Rámáyana this evil character is attributed to that portion of India lying south of the Vindhya. The forest of Spenser's Fairy Queen, in which wandering knights meet with manifold beasts and maleficent giants and do valorous battles against them in the rescue of damsels and the like—such seem to have been the Gónswana woods to the ancient Hindu imagination. It was not distressed damsels, however, whom they figured as being assisted by the arms of the errant protectors, but religious devotees who dwelt in the seclusion of the forest, and who were protected from the pranks and machinations of the savage denizens by opportune heroes of the northern race. It appears, however, that the native

demons of the Góndwana had fascinating daughters; for presently we find the rajahs from the north coming down and marrying them; and finally, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the keen urgency of the conquering Mohammedans sends great numbers of Rajpúts down into the Góndwana, and a considerable mixture of the two bloods takes place. With this incursion of Hindu peoples come also the Hindu gods and tenets; and Mahadeo, the "great god," whose home had been the Kailas of the Himalayas, now finds himself domesticated in the mountains of Central India. In the Mahadeo mountain is still a shrine of Siva, which is much visited by pilgrims and worshippers.

The Gónd — he who lives back in the hills far off from the neighborhood of the extensive planting districts, which have attracted many of those living near them to become at least half-civilized laborers in harvest-time — is a primitive being enough.

"Only look," said Bhima Gandharva, "at that hut if you desire to see what is perhaps one of the most primitive houses since ever the banyan tree gave to man (as is fabled) the idea of sheltering himself from the elements artificially." It was simply made of stakes driven into the ground, between which were wattled branches. This structure was thatched with grass, and plastered with mud.

The Gónd, like the American Indian, has his little patch of grain, which he cultivates, however, in a fashion wholly his own. His sole instrument of agriculture seems to be the axe. Selecting a piece of ground which presents a growth of small and easily-cut saplings — and perhaps, by the way, thus destroying in a few hours a whole cargo of teak trees worth more than all the crops of his agricultural lifetime — he hews down the growth,

and in the dry season sets fire to the fallen timber. The result is a bed of ashes over a space of two or three acres. His soil is now ready. If the patch thus prepared happens to be level, he simply flings out a few handfuls of grain, coarse rice, kútki (ponicum) or kódon (paspalum), and the thing is done. The rest is in the hands of the god who sends the rains. If the patch be on a declivity, he places the grain at the upper part, where it will be washed down by the rains over the balance of the field. Next year he will burn some more wood—the first burning will have left many charred stumps and trunks, which he supplements with a little wood dragged from other parts of the forest—on the same spot, and so the next year, by which time it will become necessary to begin a new clearing, or *dhya*. The *dhya* thus abandoned does not renew the original growth which clothed it, like the pinelands of the Southern United States, which, if allowed to run waste after having been cleared and cultivated, clothe themselves either with oaks or with a wholly different species of pine from the original growth. The waste *dhya*, which may have perhaps nourished a splendid growth of teak, becomes now only a dense jungle.

The Gónd also raises pumpkins and beans; and this vegetable diet he supplements with game ensnared in the *dhyas*, to which peafowl, partridges, hares, and the like resort. Many of the villages, however, have a professional huntsman, who will display the most incredible patience in waiting with his matchlock for the game to appear.

Besides these articles of diet the aborigines of the Góndwana have their mhowa tree, which stands them in much the same multifarious stead as the palm does to

its beneficiaries. The flowers of the mhowa fall and are eaten, or are dried and pressed, being much like raisins: they also produce a wine by fermentation and the strong liquor of the hill-people by distillation. Of the seed, cakes are made and an oil is expressed from them which is an article of commerce.

In addition, the poor Gónd appears to have a periodical godsend resulting from a singular habit of one of the great Indian plants. The bamboo is said to undergo a general seeding every thirty years; at this period, although, in the mean time, many individual bamboos may have passed through the process of reproduction, it is said that the whole bamboo growth of a section will simultaneously drop its leaves and put forth large panicles of flowers, after which come great quantities of seeds much like rice. These are gathered for food by the inhabitants with all the greater diligence in consequence of a tradition — which, however, does not seem to be at all supported by facts — that the general seeding of the bamboo portends a failure of the regular crops. The liberal forests of the Góndwana furnish still other edibles to their denizens. The ebony plums, the wild mango, the seeds of the sál tree, the beans of the giant bauhinia creeper, a species of arrowroot, and a wild yam, are here found and eaten.

It is not long since the Gónds had arrived at a melancholy condition under the baleful influences of the kulars, or liquor-dealers, who resided among them and created an extraordinary demand for their intoxicating wares by paying for service and for produce in liquor. The kulars have, however, been thrown into the background by wise efforts toward their suppression, and matters have improved for the poor autochthones.

We spent our first night in our *chapaya*, my companion having so arranged matters that we were quite independent of the bungalows which the Englishmen have erected at suitable distances along the great roads for the convenience of travellers. The night was clear; betwixt the corner pillars which upheld our canopy a thousand friendly salutations from the stars streamed in upon us; the tranquil countenance of my friend seemed, as he lay beside me, like the face of the Past purified of old errors and calm with great wisdom got through great tribulation, insomuch that betwixt the Hindu and the stars I felt myself to be at once in communication with antiquity and with eternity.

Thus we pursued our ambulatory meditations through the Góndwana. If we had been sportsmen, we should have found full as varied a field for the bagging of game as for that more spiritual hunt after new ideas and sensations in which we were engaged. Gray quail, gray partridges, painted partridges (*Francolinus pictus*), snipe, and many varieties of water-fowl, the sambor, the black antelope, the Indian gazelle or ravine deer, the gaur or Indian bison, chewing the cud in the midday shade or drinking from a clear stream, troops of *nilgaé* springing out from the long grass and dwarf growth of polás and jujube trees which covered the sites of abandoned villages and fields, — all these revealed themselves to us in the most tempting situations. But although I had been an ardent devotee of the double-barrel, the large and manly tenderness which Bhima Gandharva invariably displayed toward all animals, whether wild or tame, had wrought marvels upon me, and I had grown fairly ashamed — nay, horrified — at the idea that anything which a generous and brave man could call *sport* should

consist wholly in the most keen and savage cruelties inflicted upon creatures whom we fight at the most un-knightly odds, we armed, they unarmed. While I knew that our pleasures are by the divine order mostly distillations from pain, I could not now help recognizing at the same time that this circumstance was part of an enormous plan which the slaughter of innocent creatures in the way of "sport" did in no wise help to carry out.

The truth is, although I had been for some days wavering upon the brink of these conclusions in a quiet way, I found the old keen ardor of the sportsman still burning too strongly, and I had started out with a breech-loader, intent upon doing much of the Góndwana route gun in hand. It was not long before a thoughtless shot operated to bring my growing convictions sharply face to face with my decreasing practice, and thus to quite frown the latter out of existence. It happened in this wise: One day, not far from sunset, I was walking idly along behind the *chapaya*, in which Bhima Gandharva was dreamily reclining, when suddenly a pair of great *sáras* cranes rose from the low banks of a small stream and sailed directly across the road. Quick as thought—indeed, quicker than thought; for if I had thought, I would not have done it—I fired, and brought down one of the monstrous birds. As I started to approach it, Bhima Gandharva said, in a tone just a trifle graver than usual, "Stop! wait a moment," and at the same time halted the *chapaya*. The mate of the bird I had shot, seeing him fall, alighted on the same spot, then flew up, then returned, flew up again, returned again, with an exhibition of sad and lingering affection of which I had not dreamed, and which penetrated me beyond expression; so I stood half stolid outwardly and wholly ashamed and

grieved inwardly. "The sáras," said my friend, "is the type of conjugal affection among the Hindus. The birds nearly always go in pairs; and when one is killed, the other invariably makes those demonstrations of tenderness which you have just seen."

As we journeyed along in the dusk came notes from another pair of feathered lovers, "chukwa, chukwi," "chukwa, chukwi," in a sort of mournful alternation. They were the branning ducks, he on one side, she on the other side of the stream, as is their habit, whence they are fabled to be a pair of lovers who must yearn unavailingly through the long nights from opposite banks of the river.

That night, when Bhima Gandharva was asleep, I gently arose, took my double-barrel — thou dear Manton! how often has not Jonesville admired thee returning from the field at late evening slanting at a jaunty angle high above my bagful of snipe or of quail as the case might be! — yes, I took this love of a gun, together with the cartridges, accoutrements, and all other rights, members, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining, and slid the whole lot softly into a deep green pool of the very stream from which had flown my sáras.

The taste of gypsy life which I was now enjoying contributed to add a sort of personal element to that general interest which hangs about the curious Banjaris, whom we met constantly, with their families and their bullocks, along our road. *Banjara* is literally "forest-wanderer." The women were especially notable for their tall stature, shapely figures, and erect carriage; which circumstances are all the more wonderful from the life of hardship which they lead, attending as they

do at once to the foraging of the cattle, the culinary preparations for the men, and the cares of the children. From the profusion of ornaments which they wore one may imagine, however, that they were well cared for by their lords in return for their affectionate labors; and the general bearing of the tall Banjara who bore a long two-handed sword gave evidence of a certain inward sense of protection over his belongings which probably found vent in many an affectionate gift of rings and bracelets to his graceful partner. It must be confessed that the gypsying of these Eastern Bohemians is not so free a life as is popularly supposed. The *naik*, or sovereign, of each *tanda*, or camp, seems to be possessed of absolute power, and in this connection the long two-handed sword suggested much less gentle reflections. The Banjara, however, though a nomad, is a serviceable one, for he is engaged in trade. With his bullocks he is the carrier of Central India, and is to be met with all over that section bringing salt and other commodities and returning with interior produce.

III

THUS we fared leisurely along. We passed Cabul merchants peddling their dried fruit on shaggy-haired camels; to these succeeded in more lonesome portions of the road small groups of Korkas, wretched remnants of one of the autochthonal families of Central India — even lower in the scale of civilization than the Gonds among whom they are found; and to these the richly-caparisoned elephants of some wealthy Bhopal gentleman making a journey. We lingered long among the marvellous old Buddhistic *topes* or tumuli of Sanchi, and I interested

my companion greatly in describing the mounds of the United States, with which I was familiar, and whose resemblance to these richly-sculptured and variously ornamented ruins, though rude and far off, was quite enough to set his active fancy to evolving all manner of curious hypotheses going to explain such similarity. The whole way, by Sangor, Gharispore, Bhilsa, Sanchi, Sonori, presented us with the most interesting relics of the past, and the frequent recurrence of the works of the once prevalent Buddhistic faith continually incited us to new discussions of the yet unsolved question, Why has Buddha's religion, which once had such entire possession of this people's hearts, so entirely disappeared from the land?

And, as nothing could be more completely contrasted with the desert asceticism which Buddha's tenets inculcated than the luxury into which Mohammed's creed has flowered, so nothing could have more strikingly broken in upon our discussions of the Buddhistic monuments than the view which we at last obtained of the lovely Mohammedan city of Bhopal. To the south and east ran a strip of country as barren and heartacheish as if the very rocks and earth had turned Buddhist, beyond which a range of low rounded hills, not unlike *topes*, completed the ascetic suggestion. But, turning from this, we saw Mohammedanism at its very loveliest. Minarets, domes, palaces, gardens, the towers of the citadel, waters of lovely lakes, all mingled themselves together in the voluptuous light of the low sun: there was a sense of music, of things that sparkled, of pearly lustres, of shimmering jewels, of softness, of delight, of luxury. Bhopal looked over the ragged valley like a sultan from the window of his zenana regarding afar off an unkempt hermit in his solitude.

My companion had arranged for permission to enter the town, and it was not long ere we were installed in the house of a friend of Bhima Gandharva's, whose guests we remained during our stay in Bhopal.

On a rock at the summit of a hill commanding this interesting city stands the fort of Fatehgarh, built by a certain Afghan adventurer, Dost Mohammed Khan, who, in a time when this part of India must have been a perfect paradise for all the free lances of the East, was so fortunate as to win the favor of Aurungzebe, and to receive as evidence thereof a certain district in Malwa. The Afghan seems to have lost no time in improving the foothold thus gained, and he thus founded the modern district of Bhopal, which was formerly divided between Malwa and Góndwana, one gate of the town standing in the former and one in the latter country. Dost Mohammed Khan appears, indeed, to have been not the only adventurer who bettered his fortunes in Bhopal. It is a curious fact, and one well illustrating the liberality which has characterized much of the more modern history of the Bhopal government, that no long time ago it was administered by a regency consisting of three persons, — one a Hindu, one a Mohammedan, and the other a Christian. This Christian is mentioned by Sir John Malcolm as "Shahzed Musseah, or Belthazzar Bourbona" (by which Sir John means *Shahzadah Messiah* — a native appellation signifying "the Christian prince"), or *Balthazar of Bourbon*, and is described by that officer, to whom he was well known, as a brave soldier and an able man. He traced his lineage to a certain Frenchman calling himself John of Bourbon, who in the time of Akbar was high in favor and position at Delhi. His widow, the princess Elizabeth of Bourbon, still

resides at Bhopal in great state, being possessed of abundant wealth and ranking second only to the Begum. She is the acknowledged head of a large number of descendants of John of Bourbon, amounting to five or six hundred, who remain at Bhopal and preserve their faith — having a church and Catholic priest of their own — as well as the traditions of their ancestry, which, according to their claim, allies them to the royal blood of France.

No mention of Bhopal can fail to pay at least a hasty tribute in commemoration of the forcible character and liberal politics of the Begum, who has but of late gone to her account after a long and sometimes trying connection with the administration of her country's affairs. After the death of her husband — who was accidentally killed by a pistol in the hands of a child not long after the treaty with the English in 1818 — their nephew, then in his minority, was considered as the future nawab, and was betrothed to their daughter, the Begum being regent during his minority. When the time came, with his majority, for the nuptials, the Begum refused to allow the marriage to take place, for reasons which need not here be detailed. After much dispute a younger brother of the nephew was declared more eligible, but the Begum still managed in one way or another to postpone matters, much to his dissatisfaction. An arbitration finally resulted in placing him on the throne, but his reign was short and he died after a few years, leaving the Begum again in practical charge of affairs, — a position which she improved by instituting many wise and salutary reforms and bringing the state of Bhopal to a condition of great prosperity. The Pearl Mosque (*Monti Masjid*), which stands immediately in front of the palace, was built at her instance in imitation of the great cathedral-mosque

of Delhi, and presents a charming evidence of her taste, as well as of the architectural powers still existing in this remarkable race.

The town proper of Bhopal is inclosed by a much-decayed wall of masonry some two miles in circuit, within which is a fort similar both in its condition and material to the wall. Outside these limits is a large commercial quarter (*gunge*). The beautiful lake running off past the town to the south is said to be artificial in its origin, and to have been produced at the instance of Bho Pal, the minister of King Bohoje, as long ago as the sixth century, by damming up the waters of the Bess (or Besali) River, for the purpose of converting an arid section into fertile land. It is still called the Bhopal Tal.

If this were a ponderous folio of travel, one could detail the pleasures and polite attentions of one's Bhopalese host; of the social *utter-pân*; of the sprinklings with rose-water; of the dreamy talks over fragrant hookahs; of the wanderings among bazaars filled with moving crowds of people hailing from all the ports that lie between Persia and the Góndwana; of the *fêtes* where the nautch-girl of Baroda contended in graceful emulation with the nautch-girl of Ulwur, and the cathacks (or male dancers) with both; of elegantly-perfumed Bhopalese young men; of the palaces of nobles guarded by soldiers whose accoutrements ranged from the musket to the morion; of the Moharum, when the Mohammedan celebrates the New Year. But what would you have? A sketch is a sketch. We have got only to the heart of India: the head and the whole prodigious eastern side are not yet reached. It is time one were off for Jhansi.

At Bioura we encountered modern civilization again in the shape of the southwest branch of the Grand Trunk

road, which leads off from the main stem at Agra. The Grand Trunk is not a railroad but a firm and smooth highway with which the English have united Calcutta to the Northwest Provinces and to the west of India. Much of this great roadway is metalled with *kunkur*, an oölitic limestone found near the surface of the soil in Hindustan; and all Anglo-India laughed at the joke of an irreverent punster, who, *apropos* of the fact that this application of *kunkur* to the road-bed was made under the orders of Lord William Bentinck, then governor-general, dubbed that gentleman William the Kunkurer.

We had abandoned our *chapaya* — which, we may add for the benefit of future travellers, we had greatly improved as against jolting by causing it to be suspended upon a pair of old springs which we found, a relic of some antique break-down, in a village on the route — and after a short journey on elephants were travelling *dâk*, that is, by post. The *dâk-gharri* is a comfortable-enough long carriage on four wheels, and constitutes the principal mode of conveyance for travellers in India besides the railway. It contains a mattress inside, for it goes night and day, and one's baggage is strapped on top, much as in an American stage-coach after the "boot" is full. Frequent relays of horses along the route enable the driver to urge his animals from one station to the other with great speed, and the only other stoppages are at the *dâk-bungalows*.

"I have discovered," I said to Bhima Gandharva, after a short experience of the *dâk-gharri* and the *dâk-bungalows* — "I have discovered a general remark about India which is *not* absurd: all the horses are devils and all the *dâk-bungalow* servants are patriarchs."

"If you judge by the heels of the former and the beards of the latter, it is true," he said.

This little passage was based on the experience of the last relay, which was, however, little more than a repetition of many previous ones. My friend and I having arranged ourselves comfortably in the *dāk-gharri* as soon as it was announced ready to start, the long and marvellously lean Indian who was our driver signified to his team by the usual horse-language that we should be glad to go. The horse did not even agitate his left ear—a phenomenon which I associate with a horse in that moment when he is quietly making up his mind to be fractious. "Go, my brother," said the driver, in a mellifluous and really fraternal tone of voice. The horse disdained to acknowledge the tie: he stood still.

Then the driver changed the relationship, with an access of tenderness in voice and in adjuration. "Go, my son," he entreated. But the son stood as immovable as if he were going to remain a monument of filial impiety to all time.

"Go, my grandson, my love." This seemed entirely too much for the animal, and produced apparently a sense of abasement in him which was in the highest degree uncomplimentary to his human kinsman and lover. He lay down. In so doing he broke several portions of the ragged harness, and then proceeded with the most deliberate absurdity to get himself thoroughly tangled in the remainder.

"I think I should be willing," I said to my companion, "to carry that horse to Jhansi on my own shoulders if I could have the pleasure of seeing him blown from one of the rajah's cannon in the fort."

But the driver without the least appearance of dis-

composure had dismounted, and with his long deft Hindu fingers soon released the animal, patched up his gear, replaced him between the shafts, and resumed his place.

Another round of consanguinities: the animal still remained immovable, till presently he lunged out with a wicked kick which had nearly obliterated at one blow the whole line of his ancestry and collateral relatives as represented in the driver. At this the latter became as furious as he had before been patient: he belabored the horse, assistants ran from the stables, the whole party yelled and gesticulated at the little beast simultaneously, and he finally broke down the road at a pace which the driver did not suffer him to relax until we arrived at the bungalow where we intended to stop for supper.

A venerable old Mohammedan in a white beard that gave him the majesty of Moses advanced for the purpose of ascertaining our wants.

"Had he any mutton-chops?" asked Bhima Gandharva in Hindustani, the *lingua franca* of the country.

"Cherisher of the humble! no."

"Any beefsteak?"

"Nourisher of the poor! no."

"Well, then, I *hear* a chicken," said my friend, conclusively.

"O great king," said the Mohammedan, turning to me, "there *is* a chicken."

In a twinkling the cook caught the chicken; its head was turned toward Mecca. Bismillah! O God the Compassionate, the Merciful! the poor fowl's head flew off, and by the time we had made our ablutions supper was ready.

Turning across the ridges to the northeastward from

Sipri, we were soon making our way among the tanks and groves which lie about the walls of Jhansi. Here, as at Poona, there was ever present to me a sense of evil destinies, of blood, of treacheries, which seemed to linger about the trees and the tanks like exhalations from the old crimes which have stained the soil of the country. For Jhansi is in the Bundelcund, and the Bundelcund was born in a great iniquity. The very name — which properly is *Bundelakhand*, or “the country of the Bundelas” — has a history thickly set about with the terrors of caste, of murder and of usurpation. Some five hundred years ago a certain Rajpūt prince, Hurdeo Sing, committed the unpardonable sin of marrying a slave (*bundi*), and was in consequence expelled from the Kshatriya caste to which he belonged. He fled with his disgrace into this region, and after some years found opportunity at least to salve his wounds with blood and power. The son of the king into whose land he had escaped conceived a passion for the daughter of the slave wife. It must needs have been a mighty sentiment, for the conditions which Hurdeo Sing exacted were of a nature to try the strongest love. These were, that the nuptial banquet should be prepared by the unmentionable hands of the slave wife herself, and that the king and his court should partake of it, — a proceeding which would involve the loss of their caste also. But the prince loved, and his love must have lent him extraordinary eloquence, for he prevailed on his royal father to accept the disgrace. If one could only stop here and record that he won his bride, succeeded his magnanimous old parent on the throne, lived a long and happy life with his queen, and finally died regretted by his loving people ! But this is

in the Bundelcund, and the facts are, that the treacherous Hurdeo Sing caused opium to be secretly put into all the dishes of the wedding-feast, and when the unsuspecting revellers were completely stupefied by the drug, had the whole party assassinated, after which he possessed himself of the throne and founded the Bundelcund.

One does not wonder that the hills and forests of such a land became the hiding-places of the strangling Thugs, the home of the poisoning Dacoits, the refuge of conspirators and insurgents, and the terror of Central India.

As for Jhansi, the district in whose capital we were now sojourning, its people must have tasted many of the sorrows of anarchy and of despotism even in recent times. It was appurtenant no long time ago to the Bundela rajah of Ourcha; from him it passed by conquest into the possession of the Peishwa. These small districts were all too handy for being tossed over as presents to favorites: one finds them falling about among the greedy subordinates of conquerors like nuts thrown out to school-boys. The Peishwa gave Jhansi to a soubahdar; the British government then appeared, and effected an arrangement by which the soubahdar should retain it as hereditary rajah on the annual payment of twenty-four thousand rupees. This so-called rajah, Ramchund Rao, died without issue in 1835. Amid great disputes as to the succession the British arbitrators finally decided in favor of Rugonath Rao; but new quarrels straightway arose, a great cry being made that Rugonath Rao was a leper, and that a leper ought not to be a rajah. His death in some three years settled that difficulty, only to open fresh ones among the

conflicting claimants. These perplexing questions the British finally concluded quite effectually by assuming charge of the government themselves, though this was attended with trouble, for the stout old mother of Ramchund Rao made armed resistance from the fort or castellated residence of the rajahs, which stands on its great rock overlooking the town of Jhansi. A commission finally decreed the succession to Baba Gunghadar Rao, but retained the substantial power until the revenues had recovered from the depression consequent upon these anarchic disturbances.

"At any rate," I said, as Bhima Gandharva finished this narrative while we were walking about the burial-place of the rajahs of Jhansi, and occupying ourselves with tracing the curious admixture of Moslem with Hindu architecture presented by the tombs, "these rajahs, if they loved each other but little in life, appear to have buried each other with proper enough observances: the cenotaphs are worthy of tenderer remembrances."

"Yes," he said; "this part of India is everywhere a land of beautiful tombs which enclose ugly memories. I recall one tomb, however, near which I have spent many hours of tranquil meditation, and which is at once lovely without and within: it is the tomb of the Moslem saint Allum Sayed at Baroda. It was built of stones taken from an old Jain temple, whose ruins are still visible near by; and with a singular fitness, in view of its material, the Moslem architect has mingled his own style with the Hindu, so that an elegant union of the keen and naked Jain asceticism with the mellow and richer fancy of the luxurious Mohammedan has resulted in a perfect work of that art which makes death lovely

by recalling its spiritual significance. Besides, a holy silence broods about the cactus and the euphorbian foliage, so that a word will send the paroquets, accustomed to such unbroken stillness, into hasty flights. The tomb proper is in the chamber at the centre, enclosed by delicately-trellised walls of stone. I can easily fancy that the soul of Allum Sayed is sitting by his grave, like a faithful dog loath to quit his dead master."

Jhansi was once in the enjoyment of a considerable trade. The caravans from the Deccan to Furruckabad and other places in the Douab were in the habit of stopping here, and there was much trafficking in the cloths of Chanderi and in bows, arrows, and spears — the weapons of the Bundela tribes — which were here manufactured. Remnants of the wealth then acquired remain; and on the evening of the same day when we were wandering among the rajahs' tombs, we proceeded to the house of a rich friend of Bhima Gandharva's where we were to witness a *nautch*, or dance, executed by a wandering troop of Mewati bayadères. We arrived about nine o'clock. A servant sprinkled us with rose-water, and we were ushered into a large saloon, where the bayadères were seated with a couple of musicians, one of whom played the tam-tam and another a sort of violin. When the family of our host, together with a few friends, were seated at the end of the room opposite the bayadères, the signal was given and the music commenced with a soft and indescribably languorous air. One of the bayadères rose with a lithe and supple movement of the body not comparable to anything save the slow separating of a white scud from the main cloud which one sees on a summer's day high up

in the cirrus regions. She was attired in a short jacket, a scarf, and a profusion of floating stuff that seemed at once to hide and expose. Presently I observed that her jewelry was glittering as it does not glitter when one is still, yet her feet were not moving. I also heard a gentle tinkling from her anklets and bracelets. On regarding her more steadily, I saw that her whole body was trembling in gentle and yet seemingly intense vibrations, and she maintained this singular agitation while she assumed an attitude of much grace, extending her arms and spreading out her scarf in gracefully-waving curves. In these slow and languid changes of posture which accommodated themselves to the music like undulations in running water to undulations in the sand of its bed, and in the strange trembling of her body, which seemed to be an inner miniature dance of the nerves, consisted her entire performance. She intensified the languid nature of her movements by the languishing coquetties of her enormous black eyes, from which she sent piercing glances between half-closed lids. It was a dance which only southern peoples understand. Any one who has ever beheld the *slow juba* of the negro in the Southern United States will recognize its affinity to these movements, which, apparently deliberate, are yet surcharged with intense energy and fire.

Her performance being finished, the bayadère was succeeded by others, each of whom appeared to have her specialty,—one imitating by her postures a serpent-charmer; another quite unequivocally representing a man-charmer; another rapidly executing what seemed an interminable pirouette. Finally, all joined in a song and a closing round, adding the sound of clapping hands to the more energetic measures of the music.

"I can now understand," I said when the nautch was finished, "the remark of the shah of Persia which set everybody laughing not long ago in England. During his visit to that country, being present at a ball where ladies and gentlemen were enjoying themselves in a somewhat laborious way in dancing, he finally asked, 'Why do you not make your servants do this for you?' It is at least entertaining to see a nautch, but to wade through the English interpretation of a waltz, *hic labor hoc opus est*, and the servants ought to perform it."

"Do you know," said Bhima Gandharva, "that much the same national mode of thought which prompts the Hindu to have his dancing done by the nautch-girls also prompts him to have his tax-gathering and general governing done by the English? We are often asked why the spectacle has so often been seen of our native princes quietly yielding up their kingdoms to strangers, and even why we do not now rise and expel the foreigner from power over us. The truth is, most Hindus are only glad to get some one else to do the very hard work of governing. The Englishman is always glad to get a French cook, because the French can cook better than the English. Why should not we be also glad to get English governors, when the English govern so much better than the Hindus? In truth, governing and cooking are very like — the successful ruler, like the successful cook, has only to consult the tastes of his employers; and upon any proper theory of politics government becomes just as purely an economic business as cooking. You do not cook your own dinner: why? Because you desire to devote your time to something better and higher. So we do not collect taxes and lay them out for the public convenience, because there are other

things we prefer to do. I am amazed at the modern ideas of government : it is looked upon as an end, as an objective result in itself, whereas it is really only the merest of means toward leaving a man at leisure to attend to his private affairs. 'The time will come' — and here the Hindu betrayed more energy than I had hitherto ever seen him display — "when the world will have its whole governing work done upon contract by those best fitted for it, and when such affairs will be looked upon as belonging simply to the police function of existence, which negatively secures us from harm without at all positively touching the substantial advancement of man's life."

The next day we fared northward toward Agra, by Duttiah, Gwalior, and Dholepore. Learning at Agra that the northward-bound train — for here we had come upon complete civilization again in the East Indian Railway — would pass in an hour, we determined to reserve the Taj Mahal (the lovely Pearl Mosque of Agra) until we should be returning from Delhi to Calcutta. Bhima Gandharva desired me, however, to see the Douab country and the old sacred city of Mattra ; and so when we had reached Hatras Station, a few miles north of Agra, we abandoned the railway and struck across to the southwestward toward Mattra, in a hired carriage.

We were now veritably in ancient Hindustan. It was among these level plains through which we were rolling that the antique Brahmins came and propounded that marvellous system which afterward took the whole heart of the land. Nothing could have been more striking than to cast one's eye thus over the wide cotton-fields — for one associates cotton with the New — and find them cultivated by these bare-legged and breech-

clouded peasants of the Douab, with ploughs which consisted substantially of a crooked stick shod with iron at the end, and with other such farming-implements out of the time that one thinks of as forty centuries back. Yet in spite of this primitive rudeness of culture, and an aridity of soil necessitating troublesome irrigation, these plains have for a prodigious period of time supported a teeming population; and I could not help crying out to Bhima Gandharva that if we had a few millions of these gentle and patient peasants among the cotton-fields of the United States, the South would quickly become a Garden of Delight, and the planters could build Jammah Masjids with rupees for marble.

The conservatism which has preserved for so long a time the ancient rude methods of industry begins to grow on one as one passes between these villages of people who seem to be living as if they were perfectly sure that God never intended them to live any other way.

"It is not long," said my friend, "since a British officer of engineers, on some expedition or other, was encamped for the night at no great distance from here. His tent had been pitched near one of those Persian water-wheels such as you have seen, which, although of great antiquity, are perhaps as ingeniously adapted to the purpose of lifting water as any machine ever invented. The creaking of the wheel annoyed him very much, and after a restless night owing to that cause, he rose and went out of his tent and inquired of the proprietor of the wheel (a native) why in the name of Heaven he never greased it. 'Because,' said the conservative Hindu, 'I have become so accustomed to the noise that I can only sleep soundly while it is going on; when it

stops, then I wake, and knowing from the cessation of the sound that my bullock-driver is neglecting his duty, I go out and beat him.' Thus, even the conservation of the useless comes in time to create habits which are useful."

"It is true," I replied, "and it recalls to me a somewhat unusual illustration. A summer or two ago a legal friend of mine who is the possessor of a large family of children, came into the court-room one morning with very red eyes, and to my inquiry concerning the cause of the same he replied: 'To tell you the truth, I can't go to sleep unless a child is crying about the house somewhere; but my wife left town yesterday for the summer with all the children, and I have n't had a wink the whole night.'"

A drive of some five hours brought us to Mattra after dark, and as we crossed the bridge of boats over the sacred Jumna (the *Yamuna* of the Sanskrit poems) he seemed indeed thrice holy with his bosom full of stars. Mattra, which lies immediately on the western bank of the river, stands next to Benares among the holy cities of the Hindus; here both the soil and the river-water are consecrated, for this was the birthplace of Krishna, or, more properly speaking, the scene of that avatar of Vishnu which is known as Krishna. When we rose early in the morning and repaired to the river-bank, hundreds of the faithful were ascending and descending the numerous gháts leading down the high bank to the water, while a still more animated crowd of both sexes were standing up to their middle in the stream, throwing the water in this direction and that, and mingling their personal ablutions with the rites of worship in such a way as might at once clean both souls and bodies.

Evidences of the holy character of the town met us everywhere as we strolled back to our lodgings. Sacred monkeys, painted red over their hind quarters in consecration to the monkey-god Hanuman, capered and grinned about us, and sacred bulls obstructed our way along the narrow and dirty streets, while everywhere we saw pictures representing Krishna, — sometimes much like an Apollo in the guise of a youthful shepherd playing the flute to a group of young girls who danced under a tree ; sometimes as a Hercules strangling a serpent or performing other feats of physical strength.

Fabulous stories are told of the early wealth and glory of Mattra. Ferishta relates that when Mahmoud of Ghazni had arrived with his troops in the neighborhood in the year 1017, he heard of this rich city consecrated to Krishna Vasu-Deva, and straightway marching upon it captured it and gave it up to plunder. Writing of it afterward to the governor of Ghazni, he declared that such another city could not be built within two centuries ; that it contained one thousand edifices "as firm as the faith of the faithful," and mostly built of marble ; that in one of the temples had been found five golden idols in whose heads were ruby eyes worth fifty thousand dinars ; that in another was a sapphire weighing four hundred *miskals* (the present *miskal* of Bosrah is seventy two grains), the image itself producing after being melted ninety-eight thousand three hundred *miskals* of pure gold ; and that besides these there were captured one hundred silver idols, each of which was a camel's load.

We spent a pleasant morning in wandering about the old ruined fort which was built here by Jey Singh (or Jaya Sinha), the famous astronomer, and we were par-

ticularly attracted, each in his own contemplative and quiet way, by the ruins of an observatory which we found on the roof of one of the buildings, where the remains of old dials, horizontal circles, and mural instruments lay scattered about. I think the only remark made by either of us was when Bhima Gandharva declared in a voice of much earnestness, from behind a broken gnomon where he had esconced himself, that he saw Time lying yonder on his back with his head on a broken dial, nearly asleep.

Returning to Hatras Station on the same day, we again took the train, and this time did not leave it until we had crossed the great tubular bridge over the Jumna and come to a standstill in the station at Delhi. Here we found one of the apparently innumerable friends of Bhima Gandharva, a banker of Delhi, awaiting us with a carriage, and we were quickly driven to his residence, — a circumstance, by the way, which I discovered next day to be a legitimate matter of felicitation to myself, for there is, strange to say, no hotel in Delhi for Europeans, travellers being dependent upon the accommodations of a *dhak*-bungalow where one is lodged for a rupee a day.

In the morning we made an early start for the palace of the padishahs, which stands near the river and indeed may be said to constitute the eastern portion of the city, having a wall of a mile in extent on its three sides, while the other abuts along the offset of the Jumna upon which Delhi is built. Passing under a splendid Gothic arch in the centre of a tower, then along a vaulted aisle in the centre of which was an octagonal court of stone, the whole route being adorned with flowers carved in stone and inscriptions from the Koran, we finally gained

the court of the palace in which is situated the Dewani Khas, the famous throne-room which contained the marvellous "peacock throne." I found it exteriorly a beautiful pavilion of white marble crowned by four domes of the same material, opening on one side to the court, on the other to the garden of the palace. On entering, my eye was at first conscious only of a confused interweaving of traceries and incrustations of stones, nor was it until after a few moments that I could bring myself to any definite singling out of particular elements from the general dream of flowing and intricate lines; but presently I was enabled to trace with more discriminating pleasure the flowers, the arabesques, the inscriptions which were carved or designed in incrustations of smaller stones, or inlaid or gilt on ceiling, arch, and pillar.

Yet what a sense of utter reverse of fortune comes upon one after the first shock of the beauty of these delicate stone fantasies! Wherever we went—in the Dewani Aum, or hall of audience; in the Akbari Hammam, or imperial baths; in the Sammam Burj, or private palace of the padishahs, that famous and beautiful palace over whose gate the well-known inscription stands, "If there is a Paradise on earth, it is here;" in the court, in the garden—everywhere was abandonment, everywhere the filthy occupations of birds, everywhere dirt, decay, desolation.

It was therefore a prodigious change when, emerging from the main gate of the palace, we found ourselves in the great thoroughfare of Delhi, the Chandni Chowk (literally "Shining street"), which runs straight to the Lahore gate of the city. Here an immense number of daily affairs were transacting themselves, and the Present

eagerly jostled the Past out of the road. The shops were of a size which would have seemed very absurd to an enterprising American tradesman, and those dealing in the same commodities appeared to be mostly situated together — here the shoemakers, there the bankers, and so on.

The gold-embroidered cloths — Delhi is famous for them — made me think of those embroidered in stone which we had just seen in the Dewani Khas. These people seem to dream in curves and flowing lines, as the German dreams in chords and meandering tones, the Italian in colors and ripe forms.

(“And as the American —?” said Bhima Gandharva, with a little smile as we were walking down the Chandni Chowk.

“The American does not dream — yet,” I answered.)

We saw much of the embroidered fabrics known as “kincob” (properly, *kunkhwab*) and “kalabatu;” and Bhima Gandharva led me into an inner apartment where a *nakad* was manufacturing the gold thread (called *kalabatoon*) for these curious loom embroideries. The *kalabatoon* consists of gold wire wound about a silk thread; and nothing could better illustrate the deftness of the Hindu fingers than the motions of the workman whom we saw. Over a polished steel hook hung from the ceiling the end of a reel of slightly twisted silk thread was passed. This end was tied to a spindle with a long bamboo shank, which was weighted and nearly reached the floor. Giving the shank of the spindle a smart roll along his thigh, the workman set it going with great velocity; then applying to the revolving thread the end of a quantity of gold wire which was wound upon a different reel, the gold wire twisted itself in with the

silk thread and made a length of kalabatoon about as long as the workman. The kalabatoon was then reeled off on a separate reel, and the process continually repeated.

We stopped at the office of our banker for a moment on our way along the Chandni Chowk in order to effect some changes of money. As we were leaving, Bhima Gandharva inquired if I had observed the young man in the red cotton turban who had politely broken off in our favor a long negotiation with our banker, which he resumed when we had finished our little business.

"Of course I did," I replied. "What a beautiful young man he was! His aquiline nose, his fair complexion, his brilliant eyes, his lithe form, his intelligent and vivacious expression, — all these irresistibly attracted me to him."

"Ha!" said Bhima Gandharva, as if he were clearing his throat. He grasped my arm: "Come, I thought I saw the young man's father standing near the door as we passed out. I wonder if *he* will irresistibly attract you?" He made me retrace my steps to the banker's office. "There he is."

He was the image of the son in feature, yet his face was as repulsive as his son's was beautiful: the Devil after the fall, compared with the angel he was before it, would have presented just such a contrast.

"They are two Vallābhāchāryas," said my companion, as we walked away. "You know that the trading community of India, comprehended under the general term of Baniahs, is divided into numerous castes which transmit their avocations from father to son and preserve themselves free from intermixture with others. The two men you saw are probably on some important business negotiation connected with Bombay or the west of India;

for they are Bhattias, who are also followers of the most singular religion the world has ever known, — that of the Vallābhāchārya or Maharaja sect. These are Epicureans who have quite exceeded, as well in their formal creeds as in their actual practices, the wildest dreams of any of those mortals who have endeavored to make a religion of luxury. They are called Vallābhāchāryas, from *Vallabha*, the name of their founder, who dates from 1479, and *āchārya*, a “leader.” Their *Pushti Marga*, or eat-and-drink doctrine, is briefly this: in the centre of heaven (*Gouloka*) sits Krishna, of the complexion of a dark cloud, clad in yellow, covered with unspeakable jewels, holding a flute. He is accompanied by Roaha, his wife, and also by three hundred millions of Gopis, or female attendants, each of whom has her own palace and three millions of private maids and waiting-women. It appears that once upon a time two over-loving Gopis quarrelled about the god, and, as might be expected in a place so given over to love, they fell from heaven as a consequence. Animated by love for them, Krishna descended from heaven, incarnated himself in the form of Vallabha (founder of the sect), and finally redeemed them. Vallabha’s descendants are therefore all gods, and reverence is paid them as such, the number of them being now sixty or seventy. To God belong all things — *Tan* (the body), *Man* (the mind) and *Dhan* (earthly possessions). The Vallābhāchāryas therefore give up all first to be enjoyed by their god, together with his descendants (the Maharajas, as they royally term themselves) and his representatives, the gosains or priestly teachers. Apply these doctrines logically, and what a carnival of the senses results! A few years ago one Karsandas Mulji, a man of talent and education, was

sued for libel in the court at Bombay by this sect, whose practices he had been exposing. On the trial the evidence revealed such a mass of iniquity, such a complete subversion of the natural proprietary feelings of manhood in the objects of its love, such systematic worship of beastly sin, as must forever give the Vallābhāchāryas pre-eminence among those who have manufactured authority for crime out of the laws of virtue. For the Vallābhāchāryas derive their scriptural sanction from the eighth book of the *Bhagavata Purana*, which they have completely falsified from its true meaning in their translation called the *Prem Sagar*, or *Ocean of Love*. You saw the son? In twenty years — for these people cannot last long — trade and cunning and the riot of all the senses will have made him what you saw the father.”

On the next day we visited the Jammah Masjid, the “Great Mosque” of Shah Jehan the renowned, and the glory of Delhi. Ascending the flight of steps leading to the principal entrance, we passed under the lofty arch of the gateway and found ourselves in a great court four hundred and fifty feet square, paved with red stone, in the centre of which a large basin supplied by several fountains contained the water for ceremonial ablutions. On three sides ran light and graceful arcades, while the fourth was quite enclosed by the mass of the mosque proper. Crossing the court and ascending another magnificent flight of stone steps, our eyes were soon commanding the façade of the great structure, and revelling in those prodigious contrasts of forms and colors which it presents. No building could, for this very reason, suffer more from that lack of simultaneity which is involved in any description by words; for it is the vivid shock of seeing in one stroke of the eye these three

ripe and luxuriant domes (each of which at the same time offers its own subsidiary opposition of white and black stripes), relieved by the keen heights of the two flanking minarets, — it is this, together with the noble admixtures of reds, whites and blacks in the stones, crowned by the shining of the gilded minaret-shafts, which fills the eye of the beholder with a large content of beautiful form and color.

As one's eye becomes cooler one begins to distinguish in the front, which is faced with slabs of pure white marble, the divisions adorned by inscriptions from the Koran inlaid in letters of black marble, and the singularly airy little pavilions which crown the minarets. We ascended one of the minarets by a winding staircase of one hundred and thirty steps, and here, while our gaze took flight over Delhi and beyond, traversing in a second the achievements of many centuries and races, Bhima Gandharva told me of the glories of old Delhi. Indranechta — as Delhi appears in the fabulous legends of old India, and as it is still called by the Hindus — dates its own birth as far back as three thousand years before our era. It was fifty-seven years before the time of Christ that the name of Delhi began to appear in history. Its successive destructions (which a sketch like this cannot even name) left enormous quantities of ruins, and as its successive rebuildings were accomplished by the side of (not upon) these remains, the result has been that from the garden of Shahlimar, the site of which is on the northwest of the town, to beyond the Kantab Minar whose tall column I could plainly distinguish rising up nine miles off to the southwest, the plain of Delhi presents an accumulation and variety of ruins not to be surpassed in the whole world.

IV

THE Koutab Minar, which I had first viewed nine miles off from one of the little kiosquelets crowning the minarets of the Jammah Masjid, improved upon closer acquaintance. One recognizes in the word "minaret" the diminutive of "minar," the latter being to the former as a tower to a turret. This minar of Koutab's — it was erected by the Mussulman general Koutab-Oudeen-Eibeg in the year 1200 to commemorate his success over the Rajpút emperor Pirthi-Raj — is two hundred and twenty feet high, and the cunning architect who designed it managed to greatly intensify its suggestion of loftiness by its peculiar shape. Instead of erecting a shaft with unbroken lines, he placed five truncated cones one upon another in such a way that the impression of their successively lessening diameters should be lengthened by the four balconies which result from the projection of each lower cone beyond the narrower base of the cone placed on it — thus borrowing, as it were, the perspective effects of five shafts and concentrating them upon one. The lower portion, too, shows the near color of red — it is built of the universal red sandstone with which the traveller becomes so familiar, while the upper part reveals the farther color of white from its marble casing. Each cone, finally, is carved into reeds, like a bundle of buttresses supporting a weight enormous not by reason of massiveness, but of pure height.

The group of ruins about the Koutab Minar was also very fascinating to me. The Gate of Aladdin, a veritable fairy portal, with its bewildering wealth of arabesques and flowing traceries in white marble inlaid upon red stones; the Tomb of Altamsh; the Mosque of

Koutab, — all these, lying in a singular oasis of trees and greenery that forms a unique spot in the arid and stony ruin-plain of Delhi, drew me with great power. I declared to Bhima Gandharva that it was not often in a lifetime that we could get so many centuries together to talk with at once, and wrought upon him to spend several days with me, unattended by servants, in this tranquil society of the dead ages which still live by sheer force of the beautiful that was in them.

“Very pretty,” said my companion, “but not by force of the beautiful alone. Do you see that iron pillar?” We were walking in the court of the Mosque of Koutab, and Bhima pointed, as he spoke, to a plain iron shaft about a foot in diameter rising in the centre of the enclosed space to a height of something over twenty feet. “Its base is sunken deeper in the ground than the upper part is high. It is in truth a gigantic nail, which, according to popular tradition, was constructed by an ancient king who desired to play Jael to a certain Sisera that was in his way. It is related that King Anang Pal was not satisfied with having conquered the whole of Northern India, and that a certain Brahman, artfully seizing upon the moment when his mind was foolish with the fumes of conquest, informed him there was but one obstacle to his acquisition of eternal power. ‘What is that?’ said King Anang Pal. — ‘It is,’ said the Brahman, ‘the serpent Sechnaga, who lies under the earth and stops it, and who at the same time has charge of Change and Revolution.’ — ‘Well, and what then?’ said King Anang Pal. — ‘If the serpent were dead there would be no change,’ said the Brahman. — ‘Well, and what then?’ said King Anang Pal. — ‘If you should cause to be constructed a great nail of iron, I will show

you a spot where it shall be driven so as to pierce the head of the serpent.' It was done; and the nail — being this column which you now contemplate — was duly driven. Then the Brahman departed from the court. Soon the king's mind began to work, to question, to doubt, to harass itself with a thousand speculations, until his curiosity was inflamed to such a degree that he ordered the nail to be drawn out. With great trouble and outlay this was done; slowly the heavy mass rose, while the anxious king regarded it. At last the lower end came to his view. Rama! it was covered with blood. 'Down with it again!' cries the joyful king; 'perhaps the serpent is not yet dead, and is escaping even now.' But, alas! it would not remain stable in any position, pack and shove howsoever they might. Then the wise Brahman returned. 'O king,' said he, in reply to the monarch's interrogatories, 'your curiosity has cost you your kingdom: the serpent has escaped. Nothing in the world can again give stability to the pillar or to your reign.' And it was true. Change still lived, and King Anang Pal, being up, quickly went down. It is from this pillar that yon same city gets its name. In the tongue of these people *dilha* is, being interpreted, 'tottering;' and hence Dilhi or Delhi. It must be confessed, however, that this is not the account which the iron pillar gives of itself, for the inscription there declares it to have been erected as a monument of victory by King Dhara in the year 317, and it is known as the Lâth (or pillar) of Dhara."

Next day we took train for Agra, which might be called Shah Jehan's "other city," for it was only after building the lovely monument to his queen — the Taj Mahal — which has made Agra famous all over the world,

that he removed to Delhi, or that part of it known as Shahjehanabad. Agra, in fact, first attained its grandeur under Akbar, and is still known among the natives as Akbarabad.

"But I am all for Shah Jehan," I said, as, after wandering about the great citadel and palace at the south of the city, we came out on the bank of the Jumna and started along the road which runs by the river to the Taj Mahal. "A prince in whose reign and under whose direct superintendence was fostered the style of architecture which produced that little Mouti Masjid (Pearl Mosque) which we saw a moment ago — not to speak of the Jammah Masjid of Delhi which we saw there, or of the Taj which we are now going to see — must have been a spacious-souled man, with frank and pure elevations of temper within him, like that exquisite white marble superstructure of the Mouti Masjid which rises from a terrace of rose, as if the glow of crude passion had thus lifted itself into the pure white of tried virtue."

A walk of a mile — during which my companion reviewed the uglinesses as well as the beauties of the great Mogol reign with a wise and impartial calmness that amounted to an affectionate rebuke of my inconsiderate effusiveness — brought us to the main gate of the long red stone enclosure about the Taj. This is itself a work of art — in red stone banded with white marble, surmounted by kiosques, and ornamented with mosaics in onyx and agate. But I stayed not to look at these, nor at the long sweep of the enclosure, crenellated and pavilioned. Hastening through the gate, and moving down a noble alley paved with freestone, surrounded on both sides with trees, rare plants, and flowers, and hav-

ing a basin running down its length studded with water-jets, I quickly found myself in front of that bewilderment of incrustations upon white marble which constitutes the visitor's first impression of this loveliest of Love's memorials.

I will not describe the Taj. This is not self-denial : the Taj cannot be described. One can, it is true, inform one's friends that the red stone platform upon which the white marble mausoleum stands runs some nine hundred and sixty feet east and west by three hundred and twenty north and south ; that the dome is two hundred and seventy feet high ; that the incrustations with which the whole superstructure is covered without and within are of rock-crystal, chalcedony, turquoise, lapis-lazuli, agate, carnaline, garnet, onyx, sapphire, coral, Pannah, diamonds, jasper, and conglomerates, brought respectively from Malwa, Asia minor, Thibet, Ceylon, Temen, Broach, Bundelcund, Persia, Colombo, Arabia, Pannah, the Panjab, and Jessalmir ; that there are, besides the mausoleum, two exquisite mosques occupying angles of the enclosure, the one built because it is the Moslem custom to have a house of prayer near the tomb, the other because the architect's passion for symmetry demanded another to answer to the first, whence it is called *Jawab* (" the answer ") ; that out of a great convention of all the architects of the East one Isa (Jesus) Mohammed was chosen to build this monument, and that its erection employed twenty thousand men from 1630 to 1647, at a total cost of twelve millions of dollars ; and, finally, that the remains of the beautiful queen variously known as Mumtazi Mahal, Mumtazi Zemani, and Taj Bibi, as well as those of her royal husband Shah Jehan, who built this tomb to her memory, repose here.

But this is not description. The only way to get an idea of the Taj Mahal is — to go and see it.

"But it is ten thousand miles!" you say.

"But it is the Taj Mahal," I reply with calmness. And no one who has seen the Taj will regard this answer as aught but conclusive.

But we had to leave it finally — it and Agra — and after a railway journey of some twelve hours, as we were nearing Allahabad, my companion began, in accordance with his custom, to give me a little preliminary view of the peculiarities of the town.

"We are now approaching," he said, "a city which distinguishes itself from those which you have seen by the fact that besides a very rich past it has also a very bright future. It is situated at the southern point of the Lower Douab, whose fertile and richly-cultivated plains you have been looking at to-day. These plains, with their wealth, converge to a point at Allahabad, narrowing with the approach of the two rivers — the Ganges and the Jumna — that enclose them. The Douab, in fact, derives its name from *do*, "two," and *ab*, "rivers." But Allahabad, besides being situated at the junction of the two great water-ways of India — for here the Jumna unites with the Ganges — is also equally distant from the great extremes of Bombay, Calcutta, and Lahore, and here centres the railway system which unites these widely-separated points. Add to this singular union of commercial advantages the circumstance — so important in an India controlled by Englishmen — that the climate, though warm, is perfectly wholesome, and you will see that Allahabad must soon be a great emporium of trade."

"Provided," I suggested, "Benares yonder — Benares is too close by to feel uninterested — will let it be so."

"Oh, Benares is the holy city. Benares is the blind Teiresias of India; it has beheld the Divine Form, and in this eternal grace its eyes have even lost the power of seeing those practical advancements which usually allure the endeavors of large cities. Allahabad, although antique and holy also, has never become so wrapped up in religious absorption."

On the day after our arrival my companion and I were driven by an English friend engaged in the cultivation of indigo to an indigo-factory near the town, in compliance with a desire I had expressed to witness the process of preparing the dye for market.

"Not long ago," I said to our friend as we were rolling out of the city, "I was wandering along the banks of that great lagoon of Florida which is called the Indian River, and my attention was often attracted to the evidences of extensive cultivation which everywhere abounded. Great ditches, growths of young forests upon what had evidently been well-ploughed fields within a century past, and various remains of settlements constantly revealed themselves. On inquiry I learned that these were the remains of those great proprietary indigo-plantations which were cultivated here by English grantees soon after Florida first came under English protection, and which were afterward mournfully abandoned to ruin upon the sudden recession of Florida by the English government."

"They are ruins of interest to me," said our English friend, "for one of them — perhaps some one that you beheld — represents the wreck of my great-great-grandfather's fortune. He could not bear to stay among the dreadful Spaniards and Indians; and so, there being nobody to sell to, he simply abandoned homestead, plan-

tations and all, and returned to England, and, finding soon afterward that the East India Company was earnestly bent upon fostering the indigo-culture of India, he came here and recommenced planting. Since then we've all been indigo-planters — genuine 'blue blood,' we call ourselves."

Indigo itself had a very arduous series of toils to encounter before it could manage to assert itself in the world. The ardent advocates of its azure rival, woad, struggled long before they would allow its adoption. In 1577 the German government officially prohibited the use of indigo, denouncing it as that pernicious, deceitful, and corrosive substance, the Devil's dye. It had, indeed, a worse fate in England, where hard names were supplemented by harsh acts, for in 1581 it was not only pronounced *anathema maranatha* by act of Parliament, but the people were authorized to institute search for it in their neighbors' dye-houses, and were empowered to destroy it wherever found. Not more than two hundred years have passed since this law was still in force. It was only after a determined effort, which involved steady losses for many years, that the East India Company succeeded in re-establishing the culture of indigo in Bengal. The Spanish and French in Central America and the West Indies had come to be large growers, and the production of St. Domingo was very large. But the revolt in the latter island, the Florida disasters, and the continual unsettlement of Mexico, all worked favorably for the planters of India, who may now be called the indigo-producers of the world.

The seed is usually sown in the latter part of October in Bengal, as soon as the annual deposit of the streams has been reduced by drainage to a practicable consistency,

though the sowing-season lasts quite on to the end of November. On dry ground the plough is used, the *ryots*, or native farm-laborers, usually planting under directions proceeding from the factory. There are two processes of extracting the dye, known as the method "from fresh leaves" and that "from dry leaves." I found them here manufacturing by the former process. The vats or cisterns of stone were in pairs, the bottom of the upper one of each couple being about on a level with the top of the lower, so as to allow the liquid contents of the former to run freely into the latter. The upper is the fermenting vat, or "steeper," and is about twenty feet square by three deep. The lower is the "beater," and is of much the same dimensions with the upper, except that its length is five or six feet greater. As the twigs and leaves of the plants are brought in from the fields the cuttings are placed in layers in the steeper, logs of wood secured by bamboo withes are placed upon the surface to prevent overswelling, and water is then pumped on or poured from buckets to within a few inches of the top. Fermentation now commences, and continues for fourteen or fifteen hours, varying with the temperature of the air, the wind, the nature of the water used, and the ripeness of the plants. When the agitation of the mass has begun to subside, the liquor is racked off into the lower vat, the "beater," and ten men set to work lustily beating it with paddles (*busquets*), though this is sometimes done by wheels armed with paddle-like appendages. Meanwhile the upper vat is cleaned out, and the refuse mass of cuttings stored up to be used as fuel or as fertilizing material. After an hour and a half's vigorous beating the liquor becomes flocculent. The precipitation is sometimes

hastened by lime-water. The liquor is then drained off the dye by the use of filtering-cloths, heat being also employed to drain off the yellow matter and to deepen the color. Then the residuum is pressed in bags, cut into three-inch cubes, dried in the drying-house, and sent to market.

The dry-leaf process depends also upon maceration, the leaves being cropped from the ripe plant, and dried in the hot sunshine during two days, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon.

On the next day, at an early hour in the morning, my companion and I betook us to the Plain of Alms. I have before mentioned that Allahabad, the ancient city of Prayaga, is doubly sanctified because it is at the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, and these two streams are affluents of its sanctity as well as of its trade. The great plain of white sand which is enclosed between the blue lake-like expanses of the two meeting rivers is the Plain of Alms. In truth, there are three rivers which unite here—the Ganges, the Jumna and the Saravasti—and this thrice-hallowed spot is known in the Hindu mythologic system as the Triveni.

“But where is the third?” I asked as we stood gazing across the unearthly-looking reaches of white sand far down the blue sweep of the mysterious waters.

“Thereby hangs a tale,” replied my companion. “It is invisible here, but I will show you what remains of it presently when we get into the fort. Here is a crowd of pilgrims coming to bathe in the purifying waters of the confluence: let us follow them.”

As they reached the shore a Brahman left his position under a great parasol and placed himself in front of the troop of believers, who, without regard to sex, immedi-

ately divested themselves of all clothing except a narrow cloth about the loins, and followed him into the water. Here they proceeded to imitate his motions, just as pupils in a calisthenic class follow the movements of their teacher, until the ceremonies of purification were all accomplished.

"A most villainous-faced penitent!" I exclaimed as one of their number came out, and, as if wearied by his exertions, lay down near us on the sand.

Bhima Gandharva showed his teeth: "He is what your American soldiers called in the late war a substitute. Some rich Hindu, off somewhere in India, has found the burden of his sins pressing heavily upon him, while at the same time the cares of this world, or maybe bodily infirmities, prevent him from visiting the Triveni. Hence, by the most natural arrangement in the world, he has hired this man to come in his place and accomplish his absolution for him."

Striking off to the westward from the Plain of Alms, we soon entered the citadel of Akbar, which he built so as to command the junction of the two streams. Passing the Lâth (pillar) of Asoka, my companion led me down into the old subterranean Buddhistic temple of Patal Pouri and showed me the ancient Achaya Bat, or sacred tree-trunk, which its custodians declare to be still living, although more than two thousand years old. Presently we came to a spot under one of the citadel towers where a feeble ooze of water appeared.

"Behold," said my friend, "the third of the Triveni rivers! This is the river Saravasti. You must know that once upon a time, Saravasti, goddess of learning, was tripping along fresh from the hills to the west of Yamuna (the Jumna), bearing in her hand a book.

Presently she entered the sandy country, when on a sudden a great press of frightful demons uprose, and so terrified her that in the absence of other refuge she sank into the earth. Here she reappears. So the Hindus fable."

On our return to our quarters we passed a verandah where an old pedagogue was teaching a lot of young Mussulmans the accidence of Oordoo, a process which he accomplished much as the "singing geography" man used to impart instruction in the olden days when I was a boy,—to wit, by causing the pupils to sing in unison the A, B, C. Occasionally, too, the little, queer-looking chaps squatted tailorwise on the floor would take a turn at writing the Arabic character on their slates. A friendly hookah in the midst of the group betrayed the manner in which the wise man solaced the labors of education.

On the next day, as our indigo-planter came to drive us to the gardens of Chusru, he said, "An English friend of mine who is living in the Moffussil—the Moffussil is anywhere *not* in Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras—not far from Patna has just written me that word has been brought from one of the Sontal villages concerning the depredations of a tiger from which the inhabitants have recently suffered, and that a grand hunt, elephant-back, has been organized through the combined contributions of the English and native elephant-owners. He presses me to come, and as an affair of this sort is by no means common—for it is no easy matter to get together and support a dozen elephants and the army of retainers considered necessary in a great hunt—I thought perhaps you would be glad to accompany me."

Of course I was; and Bhima Gandharva, though he would not take any active part in the hunt, insisted upon going along in order to see that no harm came to me.

On the next day, therefore, we all took train and fared southeastward toward Calcutta as far as to Bhagalpur, where we left the railway, sending our baggage on to Calcutta, and took private conveyance to a certain spot among the Rajmahal Mountains, where the camp had been fixed by retainers on the day before. It was near a village of the Sontals that we passed before reaching it, — a singular-enough spectacle this last, with its round-roofed huts and a platform at its entrance upon which and under which were ghastly heaps of the skulls of animals slain by the villagers. These Sontals reminded me of the Gonds whom I had seen, though they seemed to be far manlier representatives of the autochthonal races of India than the former. They are said to number about a million, and inhabit a belt of country some four hundred miles long by one hundred broad, including the Rajmahal Mountains, and extending from near the Bay of Bengal to the edge of Behar. So little have they been known that when in the year 1855 word was brought to Calcutta that the Sontals had risen and were murdering the Europeans, many of the English are said to have asked not only *Who* are the Sontals? but *What* are the Sontals?

The more inaccessible tops of the same mountains, the Rajmahal, are occupied by a much ruder set of people, the Mâlers, who appear to have been pushed up here by the Sontals, as the Sontals were themselves pressed by the incoming Aryans.

As we arrived at the camp I realized the words of our English friend concerning the magnitude of the preparations for a tiger-hunt undertaken on the present scale. The tents of the sportsmen, among whom were several English army officers and civil officials, besides a native rajah, were pitched in a beautiful glade canopied by large trees, and near these were the cooking-tents and the lodging-places of the servants, of whom there was the liberal allowance which is customary in India. Through the great tree-trunks I could see elephants, camels, and horses tethered about the outskirts of the camp, while the carts, elephant-pads and other *impedimenta* lying about gave the whole the appearance of an army at bivouac. Indeed, it was not an inconsiderable force that we could have mustered. There were fifteen or twenty elephants in the party. Every elephant had two men, the *mahaut* and his assistant; every two camels, one man; every cart, two men; besides whom were the *kholassies* (tent-pitchers), the *chikarries* (native huntsmen to mark down and flush the tiger), letter-carriers for the official personages, and finally the personal servants of the party, amounting in all to something like a hundred and fifty souls. The commissary arrangements of such a body of men and beasts were no light matter, and had on this occasion been placed by contract in the hands of a flour-and-grain merchant from Patna. As night drew on the scene became striking in the extreme, and I do not think I felt the fact of India more keenly at any time than while Bhima Gandharva and I, slipping away from a party who were making merry over vast allowances of pale ale and cheroots, went wandering about under the stars and green leaves, picking our way among the huge forms of

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the mild-countenanced elephants and the bizarre figures of the camels.

On the next day, after a leisurely breakfast at eight — the hunt was to begin at midday — my kind host assigned me an elephant, and his servants proceeded to equip me for the hunt, placing in my howdah brandy, cold tea, cheroots, a rifle, a smooth-bore, ammunition, an umbrella, and finally a blanket.

“And what is the blanket for?” I asked.

“For the wild-bees; and if your elephant happens to stir up a nest of them, the very best thing in the world you can do is to throw it incontinently over your head,” added my host, laughing.

The tiger had been marked down in a spot some three miles from camp, and when our battle-array, which had at first taken up the line of march in a very cozy and gentleman-militia sort of independence, had arrived within a mile of our destination, the leader who had been selected to direct our movements caused us all to assume more systematic dispositions, issued orders forbidding a shot to be fired at any sort of game, no matter how tempting, less than the royal object of our chase, and then led the way down the glade, which now began to spread out into lower and wetter ground covered by tall grasses and thickets. The hunt now began in earnest. Hot, flushed, scratched as to the face by the tall reeds, rolling on my ungainly animal's back as if I were hunting in an open boat on a chopping sea, I had the additional nervous distraction of seeing many sorts of game — deer, wild-hogs, pea-fowl, partridges — careering about in the most exasperating manner immediately under my gun-muzzle. To add to my dissatisfaction, presently I saw a wild-hog dash out of a thicket

with her young litter immediately across our path, and as my elephant stepped excitedly along one of his big fore feet crunched directly down on a beautiful little pig, bringing a quickly-smothered squeak which made me quite cower before the eye of Bhima Gandharva as he stood looking calmly forward beside me. So we tramped on through the thickets and grasses. An hour passed; the deployed huntsmen had again drawn in together, somewhat bored; we were all red-faced and twig-tattooed; no tiger was to be found; we gathered into a sort of circle and were looking at each other with that half-foolish, half-mad disconsolateness which men's faces show when they are unsuccessfully engaged in a matter which does not amount to much even after it is successfully achieved, — when suddenly my elephant flourished his trunk, uttered a shrill trumpeting sound, and dashed violently to one side, just as I saw a grand tiger, whose coat seemed to be all alive with throbbing spots, flying through the air past me to the haunches of the less wary elephant beside which mine had been walking. Instantly the whole party was in commotion. "*Bagh! bagh!*" yelled the mahauts and attendants; the elephants trumpeted and charged hither and thither. The tiger seemed to become fairly insane under the fusillade which greeted him; he leapt so desperately from one side to the other as to appear for a few moments almost ubiquitous, while at every discharge the frantic natives screamed "*Lugga! lugga!*" without in the least knowing whether he was hit (*lugga*) or not, till presently, when I supposed he must have received at least forty shots in his body, he fell back from a desperate attempt to scale the back of the rajah's elephant, and lay quite still.

"I thought that last shot of mine would finish him," said one of the English civil officials as we all crowded around the magnificent beast.

"Whether it did or not, I distinctly saw him cringe at *my* shot," hotly said another. "There's always a peculiar look a tiger has when he gets his death-wound: it's unmistakable when you once know it."

"And I'll engage to eat him," interjected a third, "if I didn't blow off the whole side of his face with my smooth-bore when he stuck his muzzle up into my howdah."

"Gentlemen," said our leader, a cool and model old hunter, "the shortest way to settle who is the owner of this tiger-skin is to examine the perforations in it."

Which we all accordingly fell to doing.

"B——, I'm afraid you've a heavy meal ahead of you: his muzzle is as guiltless of harm as a baby's," said one of the claimants.

"Well," retorted B——, "but I don't see any sign of that big bore of yours, either."

"By Jove!" said the leader, in some astonishment as our search proceeded unsuccessfully, "has *anybody* hit him? Maybe he died of fright."

At this moment Bhima Gandharva calmly advanced, lifted up the great fore leg of the tiger and showed us a small blue hole just underneath it; at the same time he felt along the tiger's skin on the opposite side to the hole, rolled the bullet about under the cuticle where it had lodged after passing through the animal, and deftly making an incision with his knife drew it forth betwixt his thumb and finger. He handed it to the gentleman whose guests we were, and to whom the rifle belonged

which had been placed in our howdah, and then modestly withdrew from the circle.

"There isn't another rifle in camp that carries so small a bullet," said our host, holding up the ball, "and there can't be the least doubt that the Hindu is the man who killed him."

Not another bullet-hole was to be found.

"When *did* you do it?" I asked of Bhima. "I knew not that you had fired at all."

"When he made his first leap from the thicket," he said quietly. "I feared he was going to land directly on you. The shot turned him."

At this the three discomfited claimants of the tiger-skin (which belongs to him who kills) with the heartiest English good-nature burst into roars of laughter, each at himself as well as the others, and warmly shook Bhima's hand amid a general outbreak of applause from the whole company.

Then amid a thousand jokes the tiffin-baskets were brought out, and we had a royal lunch while the tiger was "padded" — *i. e.*, placed on one of the unoccupied elephants; and finally we got us back to camp, where the rest of the day was devoted to dinner and cheroots.

From the tiger to the town, from the cries of jackals to those of street-vendors — this is an easy transition in India; and it was only the late afternoon of the second day after the tiger-hunt when my companion and I were strolling along the magnificent Esplanade of Calcutta, having cut across the mountains, elephant-back, early in the morning to a station where we caught the down-train.

Solidity, wealth, trade, ponderous ledgers, capacious ships' bottoms, merchandise transformed to magnificence,

an ample-stomached *bourgeoisie*, — this is what comes to one's mind as one faces the broad walk in front of Fort William and looks across the open space to the palaces, the domes, the columns of modern and English Calcutta ; or again as one wanders along the strand in the evening when the aristocrats of commerce do congregate, and, as it were, gazette the lengths of their bank-balances in the glitter of their equipages and appointments ; or again as one strolls about the great public gardens or the amplitudes of Tank Square, whose great tank of water suggests the luxury of the dwellers hereabout ; or the numerous other paths of comfort which are kept so by constant lustrations from the skins of the water-bearers. The whole situation seems that of ease and indulgence. The very circular verandahs of the rich men's dwellings expand like the ample vests of trustees and directors after dinner. The city extends some four and a half miles along the left bank of the Hooghly, and its breadth between the "Circular Road" and the river is about a mile and a half. If one cuts off from this space that part which lies south of a line drawn eastward from the Beebee Ross Ghát to the Upper Circular Road — the northern portion thus segregated being the native town — one has a veritable city of palaces ; and when to these one adds the magnificent suburbs lying beyond the old circumvallation of the "Mahratta Ditch" — Chitpore, Nundenbagh, Bobar, Simla, Sealdah, Entally, Ballygunge, Bhovaneepore, Allypore, Kidderpore — together with the riverward-sloping lawns and stately mansions of "Garden Reach" on the sea-side of town, and the great dockyards and warehouses of the right bank of the river opposite the city, one has enclosed a space which may probably vie with any similar

one in the world for the appearances and the realities of wealth within it.

But if one should allow this first impression of Calcutta — an impression in which good eating and the general pampering of the flesh seem to be the most prominent features — to lead one into the belief that here is nothing but moneymaking and grossness, one would commit a serious mistake. It is among the rich babous, or commercial natives, of Calcutta that the remarkable reformatory movement known as "Young India" has had its origin, and it would really seem that the very same qualities of patience, of prudence, of foresight, and of good sense which have helped these babous to accumulate their wealth are now about being applied to the nobler and far more difficult work of lifting their countrymen out of the degradations of old outworn customs and faiths upon some higher plane of reasonable behavior.

"In truth," said Bhima Gandharva to me one day as we were taking our customary stroll along the Esplanade, "you have now been from the west of this country to the east of it. You have seen the Past of India; I wish that you may have at least a glimpse of its Future. Here comes a young babou of my acquaintance to whom I will make you known. He is an enthusiastic member of 'Young India;' he has received a liberal education at one of the numerous schools which his order has so liberally founded in modern years, and you will, I am convinced, be pleased with the wisdom and moderation of his sentiments."

Just as I was reaching out my hand to take that of the babou, in compliance with Bhima's introduction, an enormous adjutant — one of the great pouched cranes (*arghilahs*) that stalk about Calcutta under protection

of the law, and do much of the scavenger-work of the city — walked directly between us, eyeing each of us with his red round eyes in a manner so ludicrous that we all broke forth in a fit of laughter that lasted for several minutes, while the ungainly bird stalked away with much the stolid air of one who has seen something whereof he thinks but little.

The babou addressed me in excellent English, and after some preliminary inquiries as to my stay in Calcutta, accompanied by hospitable invitations, he gradually began, in response to my evident desire, to talk of the hopes and fears of the new party.

“It is our great misfortune,” said he, “that we have here to do with that portion of my countrymen which is perhaps most deeply sunk in the mire of ancient custom. We have begun by unhesitatingly leading in the front ourselves whenever any disagreeable consequences are to be borne by reason of our infringement of the old customs. Take, for example, the problem of the peculiar position of women among the Hindus. Perhaps” — and here the babou’s voice grew very grave and earnest — “the human imagination is incapable of conceiving a lot more wretched than that of the Hindu widow. By immemorial tradition she could escape it only through the flames of the *satti*, the funeral-pile upon which she could burn herself with the dead body of her husband. But the *satti* is now prohibited by the English law, and the poor woman who loses her husband is, according to custom, stripped of her clothing, arrayed in coarse garments, and doomed thenceforth to perform the most menial offices of the family for the remainder of her life, as one accursed beyond redemption. To marry again is impossible: the man who marries a

widow suffers punishments which no one who has not lived under the traditions of caste can possibly comprehend. The wretched widow has not even the consolations which come from books: the decent Hindu woman does not know how to read or write. There was still one avenue of escape from this life. She might have become a *nautchni*. What wonder that there are so many of these? How, then, to deal with this fatal superstition, or rather conglomerate of superstitions, which seems to suffer no more from attack than a shadow? We have begun the revolution by marrying widows just as girls are married, and by showing that the loss of caste — which indeed we have quite abolished among ourselves — entails necessarily none of those miserable consequences which the priests have denounced; and we strike still more deeply at the root of the trouble by instituting schools where our own daughters, and all others' whom we can prevail upon to send, are educated with the utmost care. In our religion we retain Brahma — by whom we mean the one supreme God of all — and abolish all notions of the saving efficacy of merely ceremonial observances, holding that God has given to man the choice of right and wrong, and the dignity of exercising his powers in such accordance with his convictions as shall secure his eternal happiness. To these cardinal principles we subjoin the most unlimited toleration for other religions, recognizing in its fullest extent the law of the adaptation of the forms of belief to the varying moulds of character resulting from race, climate, and all those great conditions of existence which differentiate men one from another."

"How," I asked, "do the efforts of the Christian missionaries comport with your own sect's?"

“Substantially, we work together. With the sincerest good wishes for their success — for every sensible man must hail any influence which instils a single new idea into the wretched Bengalee of low condition — I am yet free to acknowledge that I do not expect the missionaries to make many converts satisfactory to themselves, for I am inclined to think them not fully aware of the fact that in importing Christianity among the Hindus they have not only brought the doctrine, but they have brought the *Western form* of it, and I fear that they do not recognize how much of the nature of substance this matter of form becomes when one is attempting to put new wine into old bottles. Nevertheless, God speed them ! I say. We are all full of hope. Signs of the day meet us everywhere. It is true that still, if you put yourself on the route to Orissa, you will meet thousands of pilgrims who are going to the temple at Jaghernâth (what your Sunday-school books call Juggernaut) for the purpose of worshipping the hideous idols which it contains ; and although the English policemen accompany the procession of the Rattjattrâ — when the idol is drawn on the monstrous car by the frenzied crowd of fanatics — and enforce the law which now forbids the poor insane devotees from casting themselves beneath the fatal wheels, still it cannot be denied that the devotees are there, nor that Jaghernâth is still the Mecca of millions of debased worshippers. It is also true that the pretended exhibitions of the tooth of Buddha can still inspire an ignorant multitude of people to place themselves in adoring procession and to debase themselves with the absurd rites of frenzy and unreason. Nor do I forget the fact that my countrymen are broken up into hundreds of sects, and their language frittered

into hundreds of dialects. Yet, as I said, we are full of hope, and there can be no man so bold as to limit the capabilities of that blood which flows in English veins as well as in Hindu. Somehow or other, India is now not so gloomy a topic to read of or to talk of as it used to be. The recent investigations of Indian religion and philosophy have set many European minds upon trains of thought which are full of novelty and of promise. India is not the only land — you who are from America know it full well — where the current orthodoxy has become wholly unsatisfactory to many of the soberest and most practically earnest men ; and I please myself with believing that it is now not wholly extravagant to speak of a time when these two hundred millions of industrious, patient, mild-hearted, yet mistaken Hindus may be found leaping joyfully forward out of their old shackles toward the larger purposes which reveal themselves in the light of progress."

At the close of our conversation, which was long and to me intensely interesting, the babou informed us that he had recently become interested with a company of Englishmen in reclaiming one of the numerous and hitherto wholly unused islands in the Sunderbunds for the purpose of devoting it to the culture of rice and sugar-cane, and that if we cared to penetrate some of the wildest and most picturesque portions of that strange region he would be glad to place at our disposal one of the boats of the company, which we would find lying at Port Canning. I eagerly accepted the proposition ; and on the next day, taking the short railway which connects Calcutta and Port Canning, we quickly arrived at the latter point, and proceeded to bestow ourselves comfortably in the boat for a lazy voyage along the winding streams and canals

which intersect the great marshes. It was not long after leaving Port Canning ere we were in the midst of the aquatic plants, the adjutants, the herons, the thousand sorts of water-birds, the crocodiles, which here abound.

The Sunderbunds — as the natives term that alluvial region which terminates the delta of the Ganges — can scarcely be considered either land or sea, but rather a multitudinous reticulation of streams, the meshes of which are represented by islands in all the various stages of consistency between water and dry land. Sometimes we floated along the lovely curves of canals which flowed underneath ravishing arches formed by the meeting overhead of great trees which leaned to each other from either bank ; while again our course led us between shores which were mere plaits and interweavings of the long stems and broad leaves of gigantic water-plants. The islands were but little inhabited, and the few denizens we saw were engaged either in fishing or in the manufacture of salt from the brackish water. Once we landed at a collection of huts where were quartered the laborers of another company which had been successfully engaged in prosecuting the same experiment of rice-culture which our friend had just undertaken. It was just at the time when the laborers were coming in from the fields. The wife of the one to whose hut my curiosity led me had prepared his evening meal of rice and curry, and he was just sitting down to it as I approached. With incredible deftness he mingled the curry and the rice together — he had no knife, fork, or spoon — by using the end-joints of his thumb and fingers ; then, when he had sufficiently amalgamated the mass, he rolled up a little ball of it, placed the ball upon his crooked thumb as a boy does a marble, and shot it into his mouth without losing a grain.

Thus he despatched his meal, and I could not but marvel at the neatness and dexterity which he displayed, with scarcely more need of a finger-bowl at the end than the most delicate feeder you shall see at Delmonico's.

The crops raised upon the rich alluvium of these islands were enormous, and if the other difficulties attending cultivation in such a region could be surmounted, there seemed to be no doubt of our friend the babou's success in his venture. But it was a wild and lonesome region, and as we floated along, after leaving the island, up a canal which flamed in the sunset like a great illuminated baldric slanting across the enormous shoulder of the world, a little air came breathing over me as if it had just blown from the mysterious regions where space and time are not, or are in different forms from those we know. A sense of the crudity of these great expanses of sea-becoming-land took possession of me; the horizon stretched away like a mere endless continuation of marshes and streams; the face of my companion was turned off seaward with an expression of ineffably mellow tranquillity; a glamour came about as if the world were again formless and void, and as if the marshes were chaos. I shivered with a certain eager expectation of beholding the shadowy outline of a great and beautiful spirit moving over the face of the waters to create a new world. I drew my gaze with difficulty from the heavens and turned toward my companion.

He was gone. The sailors also had disappeared.

And there, as I sat in that open boat, midst of the Sunderbunds, at my domestic antipodes, happened to me the most wondrous transformation which the tricky stage-carpenters and scene-shifters of the brain have ever devised. For this same far-stretching horizon, which had just been

alluring my soul into the depths of the creative period, suddenly contracted itself four-square into the somewhat yellowed walls of a certain apartment which I need not now further designate, and the sun and his flaming clouds became no more nor less than a certain half dozen of commonplace pictures upon these same yellowish walls ; and the boat wherefrom I was about to view the birth of continents degraded itself unto a certain — or, I had more accurately said, a very uncertain — cane chair, wherein I sit writing these lines and mourning for my lost Bhima Gandharva.

1876.