but a few miles distant, Mr. Hamilton's foot was pressing firmly against the lever of the brake as the coach rolled swiftly down a long incline, one of the last ere the level river valley was finally reached. All at once the iron bar broke from the driver's foot, the heavy vehicle, released from control, drove forward upon the wheelers, and Mr. Hamilton with difficulty retained his seat in the shock of the unlooked-for catastrophe. But he was equal to the emergency. He pulled himself and his team together in an instant; then he whipped his leaders, and held on down the long incline; the pace grew faster and faster, the inside passengers, knowing nothing of the accident, and deeming that the usual "trot for the avenue" had been changed into a wild gallop to that destination, cheered lustily.

At the foot of the hill the coach was pulled up. Mr. Hamilton handed the ribbons to the box fare, and, descending, surveyed the brake. "Clean gone," he said, remounting. "Guess we'd 'ave bin clean gone too, if it 'ad happened back at Chinaman's Bluff or Jackass Mountain." Then he drove into Yale.

III.

A LARGE dog lived at Yale. The fame of his savagery was known far up the coach road towards Clinton, and steamboat men were cognizant of it seawards nearly unto New Westminster. The dog belonged to a German Jew, who, having passed through the several grades of dealing approximating to pedlar, had finally blossomed into a general merchant, owner of many stores in Columbian settlements. The traditional unpopularity attaching to members of the Jewish persuasion found no exception in Yale; indeed, it is worthy of note that in no part of the civilised world is that unpopularity more strikingly observable than in these mountain towns and settlements of North America—a fact from which it might possibly be imagined that Christian feeling, in these remote places, had attained to that pitch of fervour known in the old feudal times in Germany, when a baron, whose family duties or bodily afflictions rendered service in the Holy Land impossible, condoned his inability to wage war against the Saracen by grilling the first Jew he could catch in the lower apartments of his residence. But as in

these old times the Jew clung to the baron, notwithstanding the grill-room above mentioned, so now he clings to the miner, and close follows the "prospector," despite the ill-concealed animosity of these adventurers.

Now the Jew's dog at Yale was a sharer in the unpopularity of his master. "Love me, love my dog" here found its converse, and dark looks were often turned upon the mastiff because of dark thoughts given to the mastiff's master. Among the many items of information which Mr. Hamilton had ready to dispense among the crowd that greeted him on his arrival at Yale, there figured prominently in the catalogue the fact that he had on this occasion brought in the boot an animal of surpassing savagery—an animal in whose physical and mental nature many wild and sanguinary beasts had united their several individual traits of ferocity for, apparently, the sole purpose of annihilating the Jew's dog.

"Yes, Bill, you bet—I've got a dawg here," exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, soon after the coach drew up, "that ain't a-going to flirt when he fights another dawg. He means business, he does. Got his eddication among the Rocky Mountain coyotes, he did, and afterwards served his time among the Rooshian American bars." Then in a stage (coach) whisper, "If thar should be a dawg hereabouts, Bill, whose life you was thinking of insuring, I'd just complete the policy before this Rooshian American animal in the boot gets out, that's all."

It will be only necessary to remark that before the unconscious object of these sanguinary sentiments found himself free to perambulate the single street of Yale, the Jew's dog had been safely secured by his anxious master.

A night's delay at Yale, and dog and man were again on the move. Through a deep mountain gorge the Frazer sweeps from its long-held southern course, and, some few miles south of Yale, bends west to meet the ocean. It is not easy to imagine a grander gateway than that through which the dark tide, so long vexed against cliff and torn in cañon, prepares to seek here, in profound peace, the vast grave of the sea. It may have been that the conditions of light and shade were singularly fortunate on the morning when the little steamboat ploughed her way from Yale to New Westminster, passing out at Hope between the gigantic portals of the Cascades, into the smoother waters of the tidal river.

The morning had been one soft summer rain; the lofty hills were draped in dense wreaths of white curling vapour; the rain fell straight through a pulseless atmosphere; but at Hope the rain ceased, great shafts of light shot through the masses of cloud, and the slow-curling eddies of billowy vapour began to uncoil from crag and pinnacle of lofty mountains. Then, as sunbeams streamed athwart the gorge, the eye caught for a moment the jagged outline of a mountain mass upreared against a rainbow; a spectral pine-tree stood far up the mountain, pin-

nacled against some rift of light; but so quick the veil of vapour opened and closed that no glance could mark where cloudland ended or mountain peak began. Enormous masses of inky cloud still rolled overhead, breaking into fantastic forms, through which the deep-blue sky was seen in loopholes of light; and above the shifting scene of light and shadow, high over the wide waters of the sullen river, a vivid rainbow threw its arch across the gloomy gorge. From beneath this magnificent scene of mountain, river, cloud, sun, and sky, the steamboat sped, hissing and splashing as though it felt bound to call special attention to the marvels of civilisation and of man as personified in its own little self. Yet the attempt was a failure; it simply looked like a small insect crawling from the mouth of some mammoth cavern, the sides of which were mountains, and whose roof no eye could reach.

The city of New Westminster stands some few miles from the mouth of the Frazer River, and not far from the American boundary line, the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Mountain ranges are in sight all round upon the land side, and looking seaward over the low forest that fringes the Frazer delta the eye catches the hilltops of Vancouver's Island rising beyond the isle-studded Strait of Georgia. The name of New Westminster was not more ambitious than the outlooks and aspirations of the city in its earlier days had been. Nor was it wholly unreasonable, either, that its founders and early settlers should have allowed themselves fullest scope for transmuting,

in the alchemy of fancy, their wooden houses into merchant palaces, and picturing their rude wharves filled with the products of many far-away lands in times not distant, when New Westminster was to become the great Northern Pacific port. For did not that veritable El Dorado, Cariboo, lie back beyond these circling hills, and might there not be fifty other Cariboos lying still to be discovered in all that wild region of rock, forest, and mountain, whose rills, lakes, and fountains drained here by the wooden piles of the infant city? It was even so: the water-shed of the Frazer might well promise to hold within its immense area riches sufficient to dwarf the boldest calculation of the most sanguine pioneer settler whose store stood by the tide-way of the great river. But the fellow of Cariboo was never found, and New Westminster still stands a city of unfulfilled expectations, looking wistfully up the broad Frazer for a repetition of the golden harvest it had once enjoyed.

In a comfortable wooden hotel the dog and the man spent three days of rest and plenty. If the gold is slow to come down the river, the silvery salmon is quick to ascend the stream. In myriads that never cease he goes by to begin his toilsome journey up the rapids and whirlpools to the far-away lakes that lie in the wilderness north of Quesnelle. Pink as a June rose, with snow-white "curd" laid between the leaves, the king of fish is here in size, shape, and flavour equal in every way to his Atlantic cousin. In one

respect only does he differ; he is a more sensible fish. No gaudy fly, twist it as man may, no king crow feather, no golden pheasant, no summer duck or African bustard will ever tempt him to lift his nose above the surface. The spear and the net work fell havoc in his crowded ranks through all the long course of his journey from the sea to his rest-place in Stuart's Lake or Tatla, Sushwap, or Nichaco; but to the allurements of the fly he is absolutely blind.

At New Westminster, then, the dog and the man spent three days of sleep and salmon cutlets. For the sum of two shillings a twenty-four pound fresh salmon could be purchased. During his experience of life from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, the dog had tasted many kinds of fish. He had sported when a pup with the delicate white fish of Deer's Lake. He had feasted upon the sturgeon of the Saskatchewan, the jack-fish of the Missinnippi, and the delicious butter-fish of the Red River, but he had never tasted salmon until here at New Westminster he consumed cutlet after cutlet.

The boards dividing the small sleeping-rooms of the hotel were thin and knot-holed. Speech was plainly audible from one room to another. The man was sometimes in the habit of carrying on conversation with the dog in the early summer morning. The language used by the man was a mysterious tongue known only to the dog; the replies given by the dog were of the nature of tail-wag, ear-lift, and eye-wink.

One morning, during cutlet time, an American

approached the man. "Stranger," he said, "I guess I heard you talking Esquimo this morning." It would have been unfair to have undeceived him; so the Esquimaux dialect was admitted. "Queer langidge that Esquimo," he went on. "Mighty queer langidge." "With a knowledge of the Esquimo tongue," continued the man, "and some acquaintance with the Athabascan language, dog-driving becomes quite easy." "I never druv dogs," replied the American, "but I've druv most other druvable things, and I found the langidge that had most cussing in it the best for the purpose. Guess now, Esquimo is pretty good in that line."

Three days passed and it was time to move. It was a dark, still, summer day; the isles of the Strait of Georgia lay in a waveless water, bearing record in their Spanish names of that great dominion which once stretched throughout one hundred degrees of coast-line along the Pacific shore—all gone now, from southmost Patagonia to here, where the rival Britisher and Yankee squabble over northmost San Juan.

And now the steamboat's course, coming through the Cordova Channel, was turned towards the west, and rounding the south-east point of Vancouver Island, a grand panorama burst suddenly into sight—the Bay of Victoria, the Strait of Juan de Fuca backed by the snow-clad range of the Olympian mountains. The clouds had vanished, the sun was bright overhead; the blue sea sparkled along the bay-indented shore of

Vancouver, and the oak forest above the line of rocks rippled in the full sheen of midsummer glory.

There may be spots on the earth to which summer comes in brighter dress and greater freshness than it does to this south coast of Vancouver; but these spots must be difficult to find. It is not the hot summer of more southern lands; it is a summer in which the oak and the honeysuckle play their parts; where the young shoots of the fir, and the chrysalis-like husks of the budding birch scatter balmy odours on the air; where the mornings and the evenings have in them the crystal freshness of spring water, and the mid-day sun is tempered by a soft breeze from the Pacific rippling the waves along the blue Strait of Juan de Fuca.

But in one particular Victoria excelled any other spot in which the dog and the man had yet sojourned. It was in its humming-birds. Numerous as butterflies they fluttered round the honeysuckle-hung porches of the wooden cottages, and far in the forest depth they held summer holiday under the deeper-toned hum of the colossal pine-trees.

It was the 26th of June when the two travellers set out from the pleasant city of Victoria on their southern way towards California. Midnight had gone over the Bay of Victoria when the steamboat quitted her moorings. When morning dawned she was steaming into Puget Sound, that deep landlocked bay which stretches so far into the north shore of Washington territory. So numerous are the capes and promon-

tories of this sound, so deep the indentations of water lying between them, that two thousand miles of coast lie within that narrow entrance—two thousand miles of shore, densely forested with pine-trees of colossal size; so deep the water that vessels lie broadside touching the shore, lashed to the trunks of the great pines. Above the tree-tops immense mountain peaks lift aloft six thousand feet of snow that never melts. Grandest of all, Mount Ranier stands a mighty mountain block, fourteen thousand feet above the sound level.

All day the little boat sped on its way, dodging in and out of the intricate inlets, touching here and there to land merchandise or to take on board wood fuel, and whistling loud and long among the forest isles and shores. Sometimes the sound opened out into wide expanses of clear, deep water; at other times the channels were narrow, filled with strong currents, and winding amid isles and shore; but all through the long summer day the traveller had cause to marvel at the natural wealth of this strange ocean inlet, and to think with bitter feelings of how a stroke of an official pen had sufficed to rob England of this fair birthright, and to write off under the name of Oregon all this wealth of forest, sea, and mountain from the dominion roll of England. "A country never destined to be of any practical value"—thus they had written of this territory, thus they had described this land. What must not the empire be that can afford to lose such realms and yet remain an

empire! Perhaps that is the least annoying way of looking at it.

After all, it is possible to measure greatness as well by loss as by gain. Ordinary captains have been judged by their victories: it was only a Napoleon of whom it could be asked, "What could he not dare with the Beresina and Leipsic behind him?" To-day there are single trees growing on the shore of Puget's Sound worth in England eight hundred pounds.

While the steamboat stopped at her ports of call the travellers strolled on shore or watched the coming and going of dogs and men. At a place called Seattle a crowd gathered around the dog; and one small boy, believing that the strange animal was the herald of a travelling menagerie, inquired eagerly when the whole show was to arrive. Various surmises were again expressed as to parentage and descent; but a large seafaring man put an end to the discussion by remarking that the animal "was quite a Rooshian dawg," and that he (the sailor) had fallen in with similar "dawgs" in Alaska, all of Russian extraction.

The tide in the sound rises high and ebbs low. At some of the stopping-places it was curious to watch the antics of certain crows, whose livelihood was gained from the rocks left bare by the low water. Around the base of the wooden piles upon which the landing-stages were built mussels thickly clustered; detaching these with their bills, the crows would ascend some thirty or forty yards into the air, then dropping the shell-fish on to the rock, they would

swoop after it to catch the fish detached by the fall from the shattered shell.

It was dark when the boat reached Olympia, the last and most southern port on Puget's Sound. Here at the Pacific Hotel the travellers found board and rest until the first streak of dawn called them again to the road. This time it was coach again—coach without the box seat for the man or the boot for the dog; without any seat at all, in fact. All the places had been taken, and nothing remained but the roof of the vehicle for the accommodation of the pair; so roof it had to be. Another passenger, also relegated to the roof, kindly lent a hand at the work of getting the reluctant animal into position. An iron rail running round the roof afforded means of lashing the dog at two sides, and also offered the means of "holding on" to the men. Fortunately the distance to Tenino was only fifteen miles, and at Tenino the railway would carry the passengers southwards on their roads. Ascending a steep road by the side of the Cowlitz River, at a point where a pretty waterfall had enabled a speculator to erect a saw-mill at the expense of the scenery, the coach entered a forest of enormous trees. So huge were the trunks of these giants that it did not pay to cut them down, save in close proximity to water-carriage. The trees that had been felled by the roadside still showed stumps eight and ten feet above the ground, at which height a platform had been erected in order to afford the woodman a lesser distance to cut through.

This magnificent forest was succeeded by an open space, a prairie composed of innumerable little hillocks all of the same size and shape. These mimic mounds were covered with grass; but the spaces between them showed stones and gravel on the surface. This plain was some miles in extent, and far as the eye could reach to the left the cone-shaped mounds were visible. What could their origin have been? The passenger on the roof was of opinion that the "Ingines" had had something to say to them; but many indications negatived the supposition that they had been the work of man.

The gentleman on the roof beguiled the tedium of the way with efforts to enlighten the man traveller on the social and political aspect of the Pacific States. On the question of Chinamen and Chinese labour he was particularly explicit. "You'll see," he said, after a forcible exposition of the wrongs inflicted on white labour, and civilisation generally, by celestial competition, "you'll see the biggest mutinize agen them Chinamen that ever you seed in your life." The man-traveller made bold to ask this youthful republican if he was a native of this Pacific slope, whose rights against Asiatics he was prepared so forcibly to protect. "No," he answered. "I was born in Vermont; but father and mother come from Wolverhampton in the old country. Father was a wheelwright there."

So the wanderer will discover, all the earth over, the most intolerant tyrant will invariably be found abroad

among the men who at home were loudest in their assertion of the equality of all men.

Winding again through the forest, the coach soon approached the neighbourhood of Tenino. Here stood a strange object—a railway locomotive and a train of carriages. From here to Kalama, a distance of sixty-four miles, the iron horse would bear the travellers on their way. Never before had the dog beheld anything so formidable; indeed, the jolting on the roof of the coach had but ill-prepared his nervous system for the successive shocks he was now to experience at the hands of civilisation, and it was only by a liberal administration of cold water that his composure was somewhat restored.

Five hours by rail brought the travellers to the banks of a large river. The mile or more that lay between its banks was not space enough to hold the vast volume of water rolling towards the west, and all the alluvial valley on either side lay deep in floods. Here was the Oregon of the old Spaniards, the Columbia of to-day. A little more than one hundred years from the present time it was still a race between England and Spain for the dominion of North America. That Spanish ships had fully explored the coast of the Pacific as far as the northern end of what is now called Vancouver's Island, no reasonable man can to-day doubt; but at that time it was convenient to deny or to ignore such discoveries, and to send out expeditions of rediscovery, whose work was to claim a coast line or a river estuary long before known to

the followers of Columbus. Thus the Oregon River of the Spanish geographers was lost sight of towards the close of the eighteenth century, and brought again to life in 1792 as the Columbia. This time, however, it was a skipper sailing from Boston Bay who played the part of rediscovery, and claimed for the Republic, still in its teens, "the great river of the West." It would be easy to show how hollow was the ground upon which the claim of the United States was founded. The men whose names still live in the rivers and mountains of the North Pacific slope, Findlay, Frazer, Thompson, built their fur forts far down this great river in the closing years of the century, and were in actual occupation of Oregon ere the pioneers of American enterprise in the west had crossed the Missouri.

But all this has long passed from the sphere of discovery, and the story of Oregon has gone into the limbo of lost empires, better there to be left buried.

On, up the broad river to the junction of the Willamette, and thence along the latter stream to the good city of Portland, the capital of the State of Oregon. Built upon a broad level stretching from the left bank of the Willamette, the city of Portland stands second only to San Francisco in size and importance among the cities of the Pacific slope. From high ground, as yet only partially built over, lying about a mile from the great river, a grand view is to be seen. Beyond the town and the river, and

at the back of the wide Willamette Valley, the snowy mass of Mount St. Helens rises twelve thousand feet above a bright green forest; yet another of those wondrous volcanic peaks set as sentinels along the Pacific coast, beginning far away to the north at St. Elias, and ending two hundred miles south of Portland at glowing Shasta; some still smouldering, their fires but lately burnt low; others cold and silent; all, clad in everlasting whiteness; all, lifting their immense cones from out of a vast sea of tree-tops. Over the valley of the Columbia and the Willamette Mounts St. Helens and Hood keep watch; at their base lies many a fair mile of country—meadow, copse, forest, and open glade. A winter not too cold, a summer fresh and bracing; peaks like Switzerland, pastures like Somerset; pines such as only Oregon can equal. Already Portland, set amid all this wealth of nature, rushes towards prosperity; and yet it is of this region that the infallible leader of the fourth estate in England pronounced only thirty years ago the following sapient opinion: "The Oregon Territory is really valueless to England and to America. The only use of it to America would be to make it an addition to territories already far too large for good government or even for civilisation. The emigrants to Oregon must pass through thousands of miles of unoccupied land, with a soil and climate far better than they will find on the shores of the Pacific. And when they get there, what will be the social state of a few thousand families scattered through a territory more than six

times as large as England and three thousand miles from the seat of government? They will mix with the Indians, and sink into a degraded race of half-caste barbarians. If she could obtain sovereignty over the whole of the lands west of the Rocky Mountains to-morrow, every wise American statesman must wish that the next day they should sink into the sea."

It was sunset when the two travellers wended their homeward way from the ridge from whose summit a single glance can read a bitter refutation to the opinion above stated; but the scent of white clover blossom, from the town lots which had yet to be built upon, was too sweet to permit even stupidity to be irritating. It was Sunday evening, and many people were abroad in the streets. Here and there groups of Chinese sat at open doorsteps, or stood chatting at street corners. Much of the neatness and regularity of the town, still more of the advanced state of civilisation in Oregon, had been due to this peaceful invasion of the yellow-skinned Asiatic race. The level roads, the wharves, the railways, the neatly finished woodwork of doorways and window-frames, all had been the fruits of the Chinaman's love of toil; yet was he hated here as elsewhere along this coast—victimised, ill-treated, and oppressed by the modern disciple of freedom, whose aspirations for equality have reference only to a set of beings above him in the social scale.

On the day previous to this a Chinese youth, who

had stolen an apple from a street stall, had received imprisonment for twenty days for the offence. It was not the mob alone who could play the tyrant. In this matter the utter absence of any prejudice of nationality on the part of the dog-traveller was very noticeable. He showed every indication indeed of cultivating friendly relations with the hated foreigner whenever he encountered him in the street. Did this spring from some long-forgotten time when some bushy-tailed ancestor had dwelt in the wild Yakoutsk waste, and had there known the Tartar races whose sons to-day hold empire in Mongolian realms? Or was it because of the more practical but less Darwinistic reason that every cook encountered by this dog since his advent to civilisation had been a Chinaman? Science alone can decide.

Crossing the Willamette River next morning, and taking their places in a railway car, the travellers continued their southern journey.

The line lay up the valley of Willamette. As the morning drew towards mid-day, the clouds gathered away into the mountains, and the broad country lying at either side of the road spread out its corn and fruit, its trees and flowers beneath the summer sun. By orchards which drooped with fruit, by forests whose flowering shrubs filled the underbush, through wide, far-reaching green meadows, over prairies where great herds of cattle stood, and troops of horses galloped in a vain race against the steam-horse, they held on through a long summer's day. Now and

again the line crossed some sparkling snow-fed river, and oftentimes, at the end of some long vista of plain or cultivated ground, a snow-clad peak of the Cascades rose towering aloft—the single Mount Jefferson, the triple-peaked Sisters, or nameless ridges whose pine-clad sides and icy summits guarded this "happy valley" of the Willamette.

Evening found the travellers at Roseburg, the end of the railway. Here a coach was to continue the journey for three hundred miles, until the railway system of the Sacramento valley would be reached at Redding. Before the door of a wooden building a coach stood ready for the road. The express agent, the driver, the clerk of the way-bill, and the numerous other loafing functionaries who form such an important feature in road transport in the Western States, were present either inside the building or at its door; an inner room contained supper for the passengers, who were duly admonished to look alive over the melancholy meal. Meantime the loafing community held debate among themselves upon the amount which should be charged upon the dog's passage to more southern lands. Various propositions were put forth and negatived for charging half fare, full fare, and no fare. At length the clerk of the way-bill spoke with the decision natural to his high and important office. "Charge him as extra baggage," said this sagacious functionary. The small hand-bag carried by the man was now placed in the scale, and the dog was induced to take his seat beside it, but no

sooner did the side on which he sat begin to swing to the adjustment of the weights than he was out on the ground again. Finally, the matter was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties: the bag weighed twenty pounds, the dog eighty; as the passengers were permitted to carry sixty pounds, forty was charged to the dog, and eight dollars duly registered against him. These matters having been settled, dog and man took their places on the box seat, and at eight o'clock on the evening of the 30th of June, the coach rolled slowly away from the village of Roseburg.

Darkness came down on the hills of Southern Oregon, and all the long night through the coach jolted along a road of intolerable roughness. Every twenty miles or so a stop was made to change horses, or take in some scanty mail-bag. Dreary and drowsy work it was, as the small hours were told off by the stars rising above or sinking beneath the dim circle of the hills. Day broke early; then, in the misty light, the coach stopped for breakfast. It was a mockery after such a night. "To be well shaken before taken" might avail for the medicine bottle; but the recipe was utterly futile when applied to the bad coffee, the greasy meat, and the damp bread of the Oregon wayside inn. Fain would the traveller have stayed his course and lain down to rest his aching bones and head; but the inn looked hopelessly uninviting, and the journey was resumed in the chance of going farther and faring better.

As mid-day drew near the hope of finding rest and

comfort became stronger. A place called Rock Point was frequently named by the driver as being remarkable for cleanliness and good living. The scenery, too, began to change; a peculiar red tinge became visible in the soil; great trees stood by themselves at intervals along the road; the sky grew to a more intense blue. At last the road passed a gorge between hills, and came in sight of a river running towards the west. "The Rogue River," said the driver. "And yon," he continued, pointing with his whip to a neat white house that stood on the left of the road, "is Rock Point Hotel."

Had the traveller even been less sick and sore than he was, he would still have welcomed the pleasant aspect of the place. Two lofty stone-pines stood by the roadside close to the house; a clear river ran in many curves through a valley in which patches of ripest wheat were set amid green groves of maple and madrono. Dark-leaved evergreen oaks grew by the road, hanging thick with large bunches of mistletoe. Here and there bright red bits of hill stood out amid the green trees and golden corn; over all the sun was bright, the sky intensely blue.

IV

AT Rock Point the man and the dog called a halt for the day, and the coach rolled away on its southern road, leaving the valley of the Rogue River in perfect peace. After the sixteen hours' jolting which the travellers had undergone since quitting Roseburg, the complete rest and unbroken quiet of this lovely spot were grateful to both man and beast.

Never was afternoon siesta more needed, never was it more enjoyed, than on that bright 1st of July when the tired man and the dozing dog idled away the warm hours of the summer's day in the roadside inn at Rock Point.

The western sun was beginning to get low on the red and green hills when a knock at the bedroom door caused the still sleepy travellers to start from their recumbent attitudes. The door opened, and the head of the hotel proprietor appeared.

"I ain't a man that bears any animosity agin dawgs," he said, "but that dawg won't agree with that carpet, and I'm bound to go for the carpet and not for the dawg."

The reasoning was sound.

"The dog," replied the traveller, "is an old and valued friend; he has not yet been denied admission into his owner's room by any hotel proprietors in Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia; nevertheless, if you think he injures your furniture I shall remove him, but his removal must be conditional upon a safe place, under lock and key, being provided for him in your farm buildings when the night has come." So much being said, the two travellers set forth upon an evening ramble ere the sun had gone down beneath the quiet hills.

It was one of those evenings, so perfect in colour and temperature, that fortunately for man they come but seldom to him in life, else the leaving of such a world would be all too terrible to think of. Strolling along the road the travellers stopped beneath the shadows of some tall stone-pines that grew by the wayside, in order to cast a fly upon the quiet stream of conversation which two denizens of the valley were maintaining. The theme was of Indian war. The remnant of a tribe, called Modocs, numbering about forty souls, had entrenched themselves amid lava beds some eighty miles farther east, and from thence had bidden defiance to some forty odd millions of white inhabitants of the United States. The forty odd millions in the United States had responded by moving up several battalions of troops, some batteries of artillery, and much military store. The fight had lasted three months; but the Modocs no longer held their lava burrows, and the valley of Rogue River had

to deplore the loss (upon brisk commissariat demand) of its farm produce, and exciting topics of conversation for its evening hours. As the traveller now stood listening to this wayside dialogue, he gathered many items of intelligence that threw light upon obscure points of Indian war. He found, for instance, that oats had advanced in price from thirty cents the bushel to one dollar in the valley, and that so long as these prices could be maintained war was rather a popular pastime to the peaceful inhabitants of the place.

As, however, this southern road will, in a day or two, carry the travellers nearer to the scene of conflict, the story of Modoc "war" must remain untold until Shasta is in sight.

Back through the long summer twilight to the inn, to find the preparations for the secure lodgment of the dog fully completed. Fear had evidently been the ruling passion that had dictated the arrangements in question—fear either that the dog would break loose in the night and devour quantities of farm produce, or else that he would turn the tide of his ferocity upon the human inmates of the hotel. The hotel-keeper, armed with two large keys, led the way towards a log-built barn. The dog was securely fastened to a beam, the two doors were locked, and the keys handed over to the man, who received them with a solemnity eminently impressive.

"He looks dangerous, he do," said the native of Oregon to the man, as, casting a last look through

the bars, the chained animal was dimly observable within.

"He has never been separated from me like this," gloomily replied the man. "I cannot answer for what he may do during the night. Which side of the house do you sleep?" he inquired, as if a thought had just struck him.

"On the near side," answered the innkeeper. "Me and my old woman are on the ground floor, next the kitchen."

"It doesn't much matter," went on the man, "we are sure to hear him if he is getting out."

In this assertion he only spoke a portion of the truth. The dog didn't get out; he remained in all night, but far and near he was heard all the same. It was a bright moonlight night, the air was very fresh, the odours of the trees very sweet, but all the same, Rogue River valley echoed with unceasing howls. The man's bedroom was situated at the side farthest from the barn, so that the lamentations of the captive fell muffled upon his sleepy ear. What was the effect upon the inmates on the nearer side morning alone could reveal.

Descending to breakfast next morning, the man inquired of the "old woman" how her husband had fared.

"He was tuck very bad in the night," she answered. "We sent off the waggon to Jacksonville for the doctor, but he hasn't come yet."

Under all these circumstances a continuation of

the journey became advisable, and a little after mid-day the travellers quitted Rock Point for the Siskyou and California.

It was a glowing July afternoon as the coach, now rolling along a good gravel road, held its way up the Rogue River valley to the city of Jacksonville. Although built of wood, Jacksonville was more addicted to masonry than any town the travellers had yet reached. The Fourth of July, now close at hand, promised to call forth some remarkable demonstrations from the masonic body of the city, as set forth in a printed programme posted in the hotel bar-room. According to this document, a national procession was to form at nine a.m. on the day in question. The grand Captain of the Host, a person of the name of Babcock, the Grand Principal Sojourner, a citizen named Shirtfill, the Bearer of Beauseant, represented by a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Biles, and the Guardian of the Temple, whose name has not been recorded, were severally and collectively to promote the interests of this remarkable "function" in a manner consistent with the high and mysterious titles borne by them in masonic life. Gentlemen bearing the names of Nolan, Niel, Kasper Kubli, and Nol Sachs were also to take a prominent part in the demonstration as orator, reader, and marshals of the day; while two orders of red men, together with thirty-eight young women representing the States of the Union, were to proceed on vehicles, on horse, and foot, to the rendezvous at Bylie's Grove, there to

celebrate, in becoming spirit, the Ninety-seventh Anniversary of American Independence.

Two days later, as the travellers were descending the Sacramento valley, many wobegone Guardians of Temples, Bearers of Beauseant, Principal Sojourners, and Chief Citizens were to be seen in different degrees of dilapidated sickliness along the stations of the Oregon and Californian railroad; but that was the day after the glorious "Fourth," and to-day, at Jacksonville, the Kasper Kublis, and the Nol Sachs, and the rest of the heroes have their drams and their headaches all before them.

Speeding along the upper valley of the Rogue River, the coach drew near the Siskyou range as the summer day began to grow dim. A long ascent wound up the hillside. The night fell, a brilliant moon rose over the scene, myriad scented things flung out perfume on the soft night air, the red stems of the madrono laurel glistened in the yellow light, the sheen of dew on blossom sparkled along the roadside. At length the crest was gained. Below, far stretching to the south, lost in a dreamy haze of moonlight, lay California the beautiful. The moon had risen high in the blue heaven, and under her lustrous light Shasta's cold white cone rose like a gigantic iceberg above the dim pine sea beneath.

On through the night. At a wayside stable about midnight there was a change of drivers, and there mounted the box D. M. Cawley, of Yreka, Cal. He was friendly with the man-traveller at once, he had

a dozen kind words for the dog, he had a hundred anecdotes to tell of road and State, of Indians and settlers. The moon set, and darkness was on all the land; there was just light enough to see that wild, bleak hills lay all around, and that the coach road had, at turns, steep slopes that dropped down into the darkness on one side and rose up into the hill upon the other. At length a black quick-flowing river lay across the road—it was the Klamath River. The coach and its four horses were ferried across upon a crazy raft, swinging to a cable from bank to bank.

It was after crossing this river that Mr. Cawley began a narrative of the "Modoc war," as the fight made by some few starving Indian men and women fifty miles higher up this Klamath River was known to the American people. It would not be easy to put into the original words the story of that war as the traveller here heard it from the lips of the stage-coach driver. Enough to say that no man had better opportunities of arriving at the truth than had this driver, whose knowledge of the district and its people —settler and savage—went back to times ere Californian roads began.

They were the scant remnant of a once powerful tribe. For generations deep beyond the coming of the white man, their fathers had dwelt around the base of Shasta—Shasta, the monarch mountain of the United States. Over a sea of pine-trees which offer a ceaseless melody around his feet, Shasta lifts his lonely head into unclouded skies; he stands alone, a

mighty, solitary mountain—not a crest amid countless peaks, but a single colossal cone, whose base springs from a circumference of sixty miles, whose summit lifts the light of its everlasting whiteness fourteen thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level.

Shasta, or "the Whiteness," they had named him; for wherever their tents were pitched, through the immense pine-trees, the sheen of his white splendour fell upon them as the glory of their home-land.

At the north side of Shasta there was a poor and arid region. The lava torrent had scorched from it verdure, and the sage bush alone grew upon the salt-encrusted soil. This region was given to the Modoc tribe as their reserved ground. They at first occupied a reserved tract on the Klamath River, under treaty with the United States; but incoming settlers hungered for this land, and the Modocs were moved by force into the wretched region just spoken of. It was a poor and arid waste. The people starved. The streams were without fish, the sage bush sheltered no deer, the Modocs killed and ate their horses for food, and then they starved.

One night they passed the line of posts set to mark the new reserve, and moved back into their old region along the stream, which they had named the Lost River. There were those amongst them who as boys had roved the entire country within sight of Shasta's lofty head, and found no mortal to dispute their right to it, for from the Pacific the land was theirs; and now, when they had killed their horses and their dogs

for food, the hungry band moved back into their old lost home, as the hunted hare will turn to seek her birthplace with the last effort of her strength, to die there.

Then came the usual Government officials of the United States, of many different degrees; and then, from Yreka, Portland, and San Francisco, soldiers and militia moved up to the Lost River.

Let us do these Government officials and United States soldiers justice. They do not want wars with the Indians. Like the petty savage wars of England, the fight is too unequal, its real causes too apparent to enlist the sympathies of the soldier. But behind wars of this class lie contracts, large demands for produce of land, increased expenditure and better prospect of robbing the State—all of which considerations go far to make war a popular pastime with the civilian and colonial mind. So it was determined that if the Modocs did not return to their barren reservation there would be war. The Modocs would not give up their old home, and the war began.

It would take long to tell how these few Modoc men and women held the wild lava beds by the Klamath lakes, from early spring to midsummer, against many hundred regular soldiers. "When we have killed each three white men," said the Modoc chief, "then we will die satisfied."

They began by killing the United States' commissioners at a parley; for from the first the contest, to the Indians, was a hopeless one, and to kill and

be killed was all they sought for. Meantime, very famous dispatches emanated from the generals commanding the United States' troops. Day after day accounts came of places stormed and Indians killed. Announcements in the newspapers appeared in which the strange names of the Modoc chiefs were seen in large capitals. Scar-faced Charley, Curly-headed Doctor, Boston Charley, Hooker Jim, and Bogus Charley—names bestowed on these poor wretches by the mingled ruffianism and civilisation of America—became prominent headings all over the States. Of course the slaughter among the Modocs was reported as very great. On one occasion a vigorous cannonade had resulted in the destruction of the Curly-headed Doctor; again, Steamboat Frank was disposed of by a cavalry charge; and finally, after a bombardment of the lava beds of several hours' duration, Bogus Charley's hat was picked up—a fact which pointed to the natural conclusion that the body of Bogus had been utterly blown into imperceptible fragments.

But the crowning triumph of this Modoc war was the fact of a new strategical phrase having arisen from it.

One fine morning two companies of United States' soldiers had advanced to storm some outlying position held by the Indians. The Modocs opened fire. "The companies, thrown into confusion," wrote the general, "received orders to retire; they obeyed, but failing to halt, &c., the field was abandoned to the enemy." Failing to halt! the good old man-

œuvre of "running away" never appeared in garb so delicate. To all future commanders in these warlike days the phrase should prove an invaluable addition to the dictionary of defeat. The Modoc war was over. Two mountain batteries, two regiments of infantry, many battalions of volunteers, had at length succeeded in cutting the Modocs off from water, and had thus compelled their surrender through thirst. But this had not been effected until four Modoc Indians had been induced, by large promises, to desert their comrades and reveal the hidden spring to the enemy.

Out of the lava beds, which they had held for three months, in spite of overwhelming forces, there marched fifteen men and forty-five women. The prisoners were sent down to Fort Klamath in waggons, bound hand and foot. This is what followed.

A company of Oregon volunteers waylaid one of the waggons on the road, cut the traces, ordered the small escort to alight, and deliberately shot the four handcuffed Indians as they sat in the waggon. The caitiffs who dared not face these wretched Modocs free, thus butchered them, bound and helpless.

The Anglo-Saxon race has never been remarkable for magnanimity towards a fallen foe. "Strike well these English," said Duke William, on the morning of Hastings, to his Normans; "show no weakness towards these English, for they will have no pity for you. Neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for fighting well, will be better liked by the English; nor will any be more spared on either

account." It has mattered little through history whether the foe was civilised or savage, or man or woman. The character given by Duke William has been verified throughout succeeding ages. For the two bravest women that ever stood in the path of our conquest we had nothing to offer but the stake and the infamy of shameful words. An English general spurns with his foot the dead body of the only African king who, whatever were his faults, was a soldier every inch of him; and three years ago a captive Zulu chief, brought prisoner through Natal, is spat upon, bound and helpless as the Modocs were, by the Anglo-Saxon colonist of the period. To return to the Modoc story.

They hanged the chief and his few remaining comrades: they met their end bravely. The day before the execution, Jack, the chief, was asked if he had anything to say. "I have nothing to say. To-morrow I am to die; but already my Indian heart is dead and cold, and all I ask is that Lizzie, my wife, may be allowed to sit beside me."

He might die contented. The last Modocs went from the shadow of Shasta; but they had sent three times the number of enemies into the deeper shade of death.

A dawn full of weird lights, of many-hued bars of clouds stretched horizontally along the eastern sky, of white vapours clinging to stream courses over a vast plain, and above the vapours sharp serrated cones rise to view, and still high above the cones one

grand mountain mass rears up into the pale green sky. A complete change had taken place in the character of the scenery and the land. The road lay across a level plain, covered with sage bush. Numbers of long-eared rabbits were to be seen hopping in and out of the low cover. In many places great heaps of gravel were visible—traces of gold-miner's labour in the days when first California was a magic name to the gold-seeker. But the one centre of sight was Shasta. Cold, white, and grand he rose to the south-east, holding aloft to many a long mile of the Pacific coast the signal of the sunrise.

At one hundred and one miles from Rock Point, a distance covered in eighteen and a half hours, the coach stopped for breakfast. The village was called Butteville. A stream of clear cold water, fed from Shasta's snow, ran by the little inn, and along it oleanders clustered thickly. The travellers, tired by the long night's journey, would fain have called here another halt, for independently of fatigue and sleepiness, at Butteville abided their good friend, D. M. Cawley, of Yreka, Cal. But ere that worthy driver had relinquished the reins to a successor, he had confided to the man a piece of advice as to lodgment.

"The next stage," he said, "is Sisson's. It's the coolest and best place on the line; right afore it is Shasta; all around it is forest. Sisson will treat you both well. Do ye know," went on the traveller's friend, "that dawg has come it kind on me. I'd like to know how that dawg got on in 'Frisco, I would; and

if ye'd have a spare minute, and just drop a line to D. M. Cawley, Yreka, California, I'd be glad to get it."

Some few miles south of Butteville the road began to ascend; soon it entered a deep and lofty pine forest, a forest differing entirely from the pine woods of Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia. Colossal trees stood at distances apart from each other, their lower trunks bare of branches to a height sufficient to allow a man on horseback to ride beneath; their tops tapering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the ground; their middle distance filled with dusky-leaved branches, through which the summer sun could not penetrate, and amid which a ceaseless murmur of soft winds sounded far away music night and day.

Beneath this glorious forest there was no gloom. The sandy soil showed bright amidst many a creeping plant; the morning sun shot down his rays here and there between the lofty trees, and fell on the massive trunks of dull red Douglass and darker-stemmed "sugar" pine. Through openings to the left Shasta was constantly visible.

It was yet two hours of mid-day when, amid a small glade in this great forest, Sisson's Hotel was seen by the roadside, standing full in front of Shasta, whose snow-white crown and colossal bulk rose from endless waves of tree-top.

A place of rest was Sisson's. Ice-cool water trickled along its little garden; from the gigantic pines soft murmurs and sweet odours came, and, as the long

summer day stole on into the west, such lights glowed on Shasta's splintered shoulders that the man-traveller, rousing himself from rest, looked out of the little window of his room and could not go to sleep again. The heat had been great, but it was eminently a bearable heat. The ground whereon Sisson's stood was three thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level; the snow upon the last four thousand feet of Shasta's mass made cool, at least to the eye, the clear bright atmosphere. Beneath the pines dark shadows slowly moved with the changing sun.

It was a rare good time for the dog; he squatted in the clear cold water-rills. He was an object of solicitude on the part of Sisson; but this feeling of friendship was traceable to the proximity of another large dog dwelling in the house of Sisson's rival, an innkeeper close by, and it was perceivable that Sisson regarded the newly arrived animal in the light of a possible annihilator of the beast across the road.

Evening came; the sun went down. Shasta seemed close at hand, every rock on his brown sides, each fissure far up amid his snow stood out distinct amid an atmosphere that had no trace of cloud or mist to mar its intense clearness. Twilight came; the sheen of Shasta's snow still glowed in the purple light; a low wind swept the lofty pine-tops; the hand of the night was stirring the old music of the earth, and the grand Californian forest was murmuring its melody at the feet of Shasta.

The snow that lies upon the crest of Shasta is as

old as earth itself; nor yet more youthful is that forest mantle spread around the giant's feet.

Here, since time began, the pine-tops have bent their lofty heads, the west wind has sung the Vesper Hymn at sunset, and back through all the ages, ere even the red man came, the crest of Shasta, wondrous church-tower of God, has flung its sunrise glory around six hundred miles of horizon.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THEY have written much about it; they have painted and photographed it many times. They have made roads and bridle-paths to it, built hotels and drinking saloons in it, brought the cosmopolite cockney to it, excursioned to it, picnicked in it, scraped names upon its rocks, levied tolls by its waterfalls, sung "Hail! Columbia" beneath the shadows of its precipices, swallowed "smashes" and "slings" under its pine-trees; outraged, desecrated, and profaned it, but still it stands an unmatched monument hewn by ice and fire from the very earth itself.

So far as man civilised is concerned, its story has been a short one. When the gold had all been taken from the "placer" diggings of Tuolumne and Mariposa, the miner began to turn the surface of the earth for other gold than that nugget wealth he had previously sought on bed-rock and in water-ledge. The yellow wheaten harvest, the golden ripeness of the Indian corn, began to colour the level expanses that spread at the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada; and as the mining camps lessened amid the hills, the farmstead

and the stock *ranche* grew more numerous on the lower land.

But, close by the edge of the foot-hills in Tuolumne, and Mariposa, there occurred ever and anon certain drawbacks to farmers' prosperity. Indians descended from the sierras, and swept cattle and horses from the *ranches* into the hills. When daylight revealed these depredations a hot pursuit usually began. Eagerly the trail was followed into the hills. Then, higher up, through winding glens and along the banks of torrents, into the sierras it led; sometimes a tired horse or a dying ox was overtaken, then the trail led still deeper into the tangled fastnesses of the mountains, until, in wild labyrinths of rock, precipice, and forest, it invariably ended—no man could tell where. In two or three days' time the party of pursuit would emerge from the sierras with provisions all exhausted, and with bruised or torn limbs.

Still the depredations went on. At last a party of farmers met together for a pursuit, and swore among themselves to stick to the trail, wherever it led, until their cattle had been recovered. They followed the old line through the foot-hills, up the rugged glens into the mountains. Tangled brake, steep precipices, places of indescribable ruggedness were passed; the trail seemed to lead everywhere at once. The place was a deep gloomy ravine, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent roared along an unseen course. Following up the valley, the path became lost amid

gigantic boulders. Climbing with difficulty the rock sides of this valley, the pursuers found themselves on a broken plateau, thickly forested. Wandering on, in the hope of again recovering the lost trail, they came all at once upon the edge of a vast depression. The oldest mountain climber among them had never seen such a sight.

Straight down beneath, how many thousand feet no man could guess, lay a fair and lovely land. It was not a valley. Its sides were perfectly steep, presenting to the eye, at the opposite side, a wall-like face of sheer dark-grey rock. It was not a chasm, because the floor appeared as a perfect level, carpeted with bright green grass, upon the surface of which stately pine-trees grew at intervals. Glen, valley, cañon, cirque, chasm—it was none of these things. It was a picture of a new and wondrous world, deep sunken beneath a rim of stupendous rock.

In many curves, bending from the farther wall, and lost to view under the nearer one on which the party stood, but emerging again into sight near the centre of the space, was seen a clear and beautiful river.

As the men crowded along the edge of the precipice that inclosed this wonderful fairy region, fresh marvels broke upon their sight. They saw many cataracts falling into the valley from great heights; some rolling over the opposing edges in vast volumes of water that broke into innumerable jets of spray, as they descended into the mid distance beneath; others making successive bounds from basin to basin as they

pitched headlong down; others again chafing into tiniest threads of vapour ere their long descent was done.

But to the rough farmers there was a sight even more wonderful than precipices or cataract or crystal river. Below, in the green meadow, they beheld their lost cattle and their stolen horses, appearing as specs of life in the immense distance beneath, but still clearly discernible in an atmosphere of intense clearness. Into this fairy land there must be means of entrance, this great rock wall must possess a door. They set to work eagerly to look for it; they followed the edge, and frequently essayed a descent, but everywhere they met the same sheer cliff.

Night came. They encamped on the summit, and with morning began again the work of exploration. They followed water-courses that flowed towards the precipice; but these ended in perpendicular falls of water that made the men dizzy to look down. Another night passed. Next day brought better fortune; they had now followed the precipice many miles along its edge. Fresh marvels had opened beneath them as they went, but in the absence of a means of entering the valley its wonders of scenery were little thought of. At last they reached a spot where the abrupt rock gave place to a descent shelving enough to give root and sustenance to a growth of pine-trees. Down this shelving bank they managed to travel for about a thousand feet; then the scarped rock was again met with. Descending through a kind of causeway

opening, cut by a water-course in this wall, they reached again a less abrupt escarpment, and finally, after many hours of excessive toil, found themselves on the floor of the valley.

Not far from where they entered, a cascade of immense height plunged in three great leaps down the wall of rock. Days afterwards, when these men had got back to the settlements, and were retailing to their friends the marvellous region they had visited, this cascade formed a chief topic of the story. "It falls," said one of the explorers, "one thousand feet." The neighbours shook their heads. One thousand feet! Impossible. Gauged since by actual measurement, this waterfall has been found to be two thousand six hundred feet in height. Perhaps this fact is as good a method of estimating the real nature of the Yosemite Valley as any other that can be stated. What is called the "vulgar estimate" of height or distance does not usually err on the side of depreciation. Waves in storm are said to be mountains high when they are only twenty feet, but this mountain wall was only reckoned at a third of its real height by the men who first gazed from beneath at its edge, clear cut, against the sky of California.

There was a farmer listening to this story who thought to himself deeply over the marvels of the place. "A waterfall," said he, "one thousand feet from top to bottom! Niagara is but one hundred and sixty feet, and yet tens of thousands of visitors flock to see it. I will go to the foot of the fall that is one

thousand feet high, and if I find there is such a thing, I will build there a hotel and make a fortune."

He was true to his word. Opposite the great fall of the Yosemite this farmer set his stakes and pitched his tent; and to-day, out of all the rest-houses, hotels, inns, restaurants, and places of entertainment for beast and man in the wonderful valley, that of Farmer Hutchings holds its own.

But to return to the party of explorers. They found their stolen cattle and horses resting quietly under the shade of the lofty pine-trees, and chewing the cud of contentment by the crystal waters of the serpentine river whose banks were deep in grass and flowers. They found, too, some scattered bands of red men, who offered but a feeble resistance to the incomers, preferring to seek safety in the steep rocks of unnumbered "kloofs" and caverns that fringed the waterfalls, and lay piled beneath the precipices.

And thus, after long centuries of seclusion, this most wonderful secret spot of nature was revealed to the eyes of the tame man. Ever since the earth began, the sun and the eaglehad gazed into its great depths. The roving red man had pitched his lodge in its hidden meadows; the grizzly had made it his favourite home; but henceforth all was to be changed. The loafer, the lying guide, the man of the mint julep, the man with the camera obscura, the man with the unwashed hands and the diamond breastpin, the English tourist in anxious uncertainty as to the identity of some particular waterfall, the man

going to Japan, the man with the paper-collar, the man who has been in the Holy Land, the male and female tourist of every degree—all are to eat, sleep, gallop, gossip, and guzzle in it.

The old Indian names of rock and waterfall are to give place to "Caps of Liberty," "Bridal Veils," and "Royal Arches," and through the murmur of waters, and within the roar of cataracts, petroleum, shoddy, and Saratoga will ride, rampant and unabashed. And yet they cannot spoil it. It defies even the united efforts of the British traveller and the Yankee tourist. Man in the Yosemite is no bigger than an infant in St. Peter's at Rome. He can crawl over the pavement, but the walls and the dome are beyond his reach.

All day long we have been working on into the range of the Sierra Nevada from the railway station at Merced. The coach-load is a big one, and fairly represents Californian society—a Britisher who is on his way round the world, evidently put out at not finding that his Club has been sent on just one day ahead of him; another Englishman, who is on his way from Japan, and is taking copious notes with a view to the publication of a work entitled "From Nangasaki to Niagara;" a Frenchman who is somewhat disheartened at discovering that his much-prized English is perfectly useless to convey or receive tangible thought in America; two Chinamen, silent, reserved, but good-humoured; an Irish-American, long resident in Asia.

With many twists and bends the road climbs the wooded foot-hills, and as the sunset hour draws near the height attained can be measured by the vast range of vision backwards over the San Joaquin Valley, and in the cool breeze that comes rippling along the glen-sides of the leafy foot-hills. It grows dusk as we reach the last stage for the day, a long, low, wooden building, with tiny bedrooms opening off a verandah running the entire length of the house; clean, cool beds in the little rooms, and cold water to wash away the hot, red dust of the San Joaquin, that enemy that hung so persistently upon our flying traces all through the long summer day.

When the evening meal is over the passengers group together in the verandah, and conversation becomes brisk. The Irish American has had wide experience. He has been American consul at Zanzibar, American ambassador at Pekin; he has seen something of life in most of the States of the Union, and the years have left him many a story to tell the travellers to-night.

The Chinese question, that burning one along the Pacific coast, is foremost on the list. "You treat the Chinese shamefully," says a traveller. "When I was in San Francisco a small boy belonging to the hotel used to look after my clothes and wait upon me. All one Sunday he was absent; late at night he presented himself before me. 'You have been away?' I said to him. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I had a bully day to-day. I first went to see the general buried; then I went to

the Chinese town, and threw bricks at the Chinamen all the afternoon.' 'Did not the police stop you?' I asked in my simplicity. 'The police stop me!' replied the juvenile, in a tone of half-contemptuous pity for my ignorance. 'I guess they'd heave bricks at the Yellow-skins as soon as I would.' And yet," continued the traveller, "your public men dare not make a stand against this monstrous tyranny of the mob. One evening I was at the house of a professional gentleman in San Francisco. I spoke of Chinese emigration. His drawing-room door stood open. Rising from his chair, he closed the door carefully, and said to me, 'I tell you what it is, sir: we better-class people could not live here at all if it were not for these poor Chinamen they so bitterly revile.'"

The Irish American follows. "Our people," he says, "dislike the Chinese for other reasons besides their interference with the labour market. They take our money, but they do not become Americans; they have nothing in common with us; they refuse our civilisation and reject our institutions."

"In other words," replies the first speaker, "you hate them because they are the only race under the sun who utterly triumph over you. The Spaniard and the Swede, the Frank and the Teuton, the Celt and the Saxon, all merge their national types into your social and political systems; even the Negro becomes a Yankee; the Red Indians disappear wholly before you; but this Asiatic, older than any, retains

unchanged the essence of his national life. He defies your power of assimilation, he uses you for his own ends; he builds roads, bridges, railways, wharves, but you cannot induce him to go this 'ticket' or that 'ticket' at your State elections. Greely and Grant are unknown quantities to him; nevertheless he knows the difference between a greenback and a 'shin-plaster,' and can beat you at a game of euchre or 'fives up.' He can live in comfort where you would die in misery, He takes your gold and gives you labour, but nothing more; in his secret heart he despises you. His heart and soul long for his own land again; and if in life he is not to see it, in death he is still to rest there. He is, in fine, the one human unit who utterly defies you, and you hate him because he is so."

Never before had such a view of the hated Chinaman been put before the mental gaze of an American. It was positively appalling in its novel audacity. The Frenchmen were delighted.

When the American had retired for the night one of the Frenchmen said—"Is it not curious—he is the first American whose English we can fully understand?" "Ah, yes," replied the traveller, "he is an Irishman, and he has lived in China for many years." The explanation was accepted.

Next morning the coach carried its load deeper into the mountains, and before mid-day reached another resting point seven thousand feet above the sea-level. Here the coach stopped, ponies were in waiting, and

those of the passengers who wished to visit the "big trees" that day set out for a further six miles through the forest.

Here, at an elevation varying between six and nine thousand feet, this hoary monarch of the great forest has sat throned through thousands of years.

This Californian forest reaches here its most magnificent proportions; not only are the "big trees" giants themselves, but far and near other pines almost as gigantic shadow the rolling sides of these beautiful Sierras; high above, between the far-reaching tree-tops, glimpses of bluest sky are seen. On the ground the horses' knees brush away the blossoms of the azaleas that cluster thickly along the pathway. There is no dust here, neither is there gloom; all is freshness, sense of health, sense of the ever-recurring life of nature.

Under yon hoary giant that has stood since Rome was founded grows some tender fern of last week's shower—blooms some bright flower whose life is but a summer.

On, beneath the great trees, the ponies amble in single file, and at last there is seen, a little way ahead, a dark russet tree-trunk, of girth surpassing anything we have yet come to. Assuredly a big tree, but is it one of the "big trees"? So many giants have stood along the pathway that we hesitate ere we call out to those who follow, "Here they are." Yes, it is the first of the big trees, and others follow at short intervals. Still it is difficult to take in all at once

the real vastness of these great red tree-trunks. It is only when we come to one fallen giant, and, dismounting, go up his side by a ladder, and walk the broad pathway of his upper surface, along a space wide enough for four men to walk abreast upon, that we realise the true nature of these gigantic pines. The "Fallen Monarch," they have named him. Almost every big tree has now its title—not always so apt as in the case of this prostrate giant. The political heroes of the Democratic or Republican parties in the Pacific slope, as well as the wider-known celebrities of the central government at Washington, have given names to these grand old trees, names terribly discordant with the scene. Rufus B. Crooks appears upon a brass plate on one tree; a little farther on, Colonel S. P. B. Scott is cut in a marble tablet hung against another; then President Grant, Longfellow, Stanton, and Mrs. Stanton meet the eye; the name of Cobb appears upon a seventh tree, and finally George Washington crowns the lot. We pass them all, and reach at last a wonderfully old tree—he bears the name of "Grizzly Giant." The guide tells us that he is two hundred and fifty feet in height; but that is only half what he must once have been, for his head and shoulders are gone, and no trace of them remains upon the surrounding ground. At a height of ninety feet above the ground there is a single branch which is eighteen feet in circumference; the tree itself, measured at two feet above the ground, is ninety feet around it. There are lumps and knobs encrusted

upon its bark as large as good-sized trees each of them. How pleasant it would be if the man who is bound for Japan would proceed there, if the man going round the world would continue his circum-exploration, if the guide and the rest of them would simply go away and leave us here alone to camp under this old giant, as we used to camp far away in the frozen North! Then we might look at him all to ourselves; then, perhaps, as the starlight was stealing over the Sierras, and huge trunks were growing dim in the lessening light, he, this wonder, might whisper forth his vast unutterable music; but now the trail of the tourist is over it all, the chicken-bone of yesterday's picnic lies amid the cones that hold the seeds of thirty centuries, and Time, in his thousands of years, as an American writer has put it, "looking down from the summit of this tree," is annihilated by the glance which the aforesaid tourist casts back into the tree-top.

From the foot of the Grizzly Giant we wander off to other big trees set along our return pathway. There is Pluto's Chimney, a vast ruined trunk, within the hollows of which a rider can turn his horse without touching the wood that is around him on every side, save the archway through which he entered; and there are many other old veterans more or less desecrated by that terrible civiliser, the Anglo-Saxon Yankee; for, be it ever remembered, that the highest extreme of American snobbishness is but the Anglo-Saxon vulgarity run to seed, precisely as the extreme