ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

IN AUSTRIA.

THE SUBJECT OF A CALIFORNIA EXHIBITION IN EUROPE.

The Vital Question of Forestry—Necessity of an Enlightened Course—Sure Results from Denudation.

[Special Correspondent of the RECORD-UNION.]

VIENNA, May 17, 1888.

Yesterday afternoon I called upon the Hon. Edmund Jussen, United States Consul at this place. I was cordially received by him, and on learning that I wished to interview him on matters appertaining to the welfare of our section of the United States, he gave me to understand that he was averse to being "interviewed," but that he would gladly give me any information or answer any question that it was in his power to do.

The first question that I put to him was: "What in your opinion would be the benefits derived from holding an exhibition of the products of California in Europe?"

"I think the benefit would be great if the exhibition were properly placed and handled."

"Where would you advise it to be held so as to produce the greatest general effect?"

"There are but two places in Europe that a general effect may be produced. One is London, the other is Berlin. Berlin has recently made rapid strides in commerce and industry, and the merchants of Europe visit Berlin as often now as they formerly did Paris."

"Is there really any market to be found for the products of California in Europe?"

"I can't say as to that. There is, however, a greater chance for the introduction of American goods in Europe than many Americans are aware. Thus far there has been scarcely any effort made to find such market here, and the few goods that find their way here from the United States reach here in a roundabout way. There should be direct communication between the United States and Triest. This would open a market for many lines of agricultural implements, meats, machinery and other lines of goods. As for your section of country—the Pacific Coast—you would also profit if there was direct communication, for you undoubtedly have some articles of merchandise that would be likely to find a market here if the cost of transportation would permit. As it is now all possible trade is hampered to such an extent as to render it insignificant.

"To return to the exhibition. I believe in it, as I do in all exhibitions, if they are properly placed and managed. If, as I understand, you have a fine climate, beautiful scenery and ample hotel accommodations, you could evidence that fact more readily by an exhibition than by any other means of which I know, and when this fact becomes generally known you are liable to induce thereby a large traveling class to visit the coast. This would be a source of revenue. You should also find a ready market here for honey and wax, and possibly your canned goods, especially salmon and apricots. Your wines, too, if properly introduced, may find a market in England and Russia."

"Would an exhibition not tend to bring us many desirable immigrants?"

"Possibly, yes, in England and Germany, but the German Government would perhaps not permit you to advertise your section with the view of securing immigrants. The better class of people from Austria seldom emigrate, and the *trash* you do not want."

"We, of course, desire an immigration of a well-to-do class of immigrants, who, when they arrive, may be able to buy and settle down on a farm. But we are also in need of a class of hardy, thrifty workers in all departments of industry, especially those who have a knowledge of and are accustomed to field labor."

"You can get all you want of these, but if you want them in any numbers you will have to transport them for much less than the present charges, for it is seldom that one of the class you want has sufficient money to travel so long a distance at present rates."

In mentioning to the Consul that I had an engagement for that evening with Professor Guttenberg on the question of forestry, he expressed satisfaction thereat and said that he hoped the people of the Pacific coast would take prompt action in arresting any tendency towards the destruction of the forests of that district. This gentleman has undoubtedly given the subject of forestry much serious attention. The results of his efforts in that direction are given in the "Forestry in Europe," published in 1887 at the Government Printing Office at Washington. There should be thousands of these books scattered throughout the United States, and all public journals and periodicals which labor in behalf and for the welfare of California, should study this subject thoroughly with a view of placing before the people of our State the question in all its bearings. There is no question touching the welfare of California that is of as much importance as is the one of forestry.

We have a beautiful climate, but we are permitting it to be stolen—tree by tree the climate goes, never to return. The foothill man will catch the flood first, but the valley man will catch the drought first—so both will be even, and properly paid for their neglect, if they permit the destruction. Even at the present time if an investigation should be made it would be found advisable to retrace former error by beginning the costly work of afforestation. Any one conversant with the locality will tell you that in and around certain portions of Mohawk valley, in Arizona, there are times when torrents of water rush down the sides of the mountains and in a few hours wash away miles of railroad track. Look at the mountains; they are bare and barren! There you have the cause—cause, not alone of flood, but also of drought; for nothing will grow in that region unless irrigated. You ascend on the higher benches of land—mesas, they are called—and what do you find? Bowlders, gravel, sand.

A citizen knowing these facts to be true, and believing them to be so, who does not raise his voice or make an effort to have this forest destruction stopped, is neither faithful to his State nor loyal to his country.

DAVID LUBIN.

PATHETIC SCENE AT A GRAVE.

A Long-Separated Couple Brought Together by a Daughter's Death.

Last week in one of the cemeteries here there was enacted a scene that was about as curious and dramatic as one could possibly wish to witness, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. About fifteen years ago a father and mother separated over a quarrel about some trivial matter. The mother left with her child, then a girl of about ten years, for the West, where she resided with relatives, who sent her child to school in a little town not far from St. Louis. About five years ago the mother's heart was almost broken by the news that her daughter had eloped from the school with a young man who had formerly resided in this city. The mother came to this city in the hopes of finding her child, and remained here with relatives. About three weeks ago a letter was forwarded to her from the home in the West, and she found it was from her daughter's husband, asking her to come to St. Louis immediately if she wished to see her daughter alive.

She at once repaired to the home of her daughter in South St. Louis and remained by her bedside constantly until the daughter died last week. At the newly-made grave in the cemetery knelt three persons. Two had apparently passed the fiftieth milestone of life, while the other, a young man of about 28 years, was praying in a low tone. The two elders, a man and a woman, responded with sobbing "amens" at intervals, and the sight was touching. The young man, the husband of the dead, allowed his voice to die away almost to a whisper as he uttered the concluding words of the prayer: "May her bright soul rest in eternal peace." The two elders looked up and into each other's eyes. They gazed on each other for a few moments without speaking a word. "Arthur," said the woman, hesitatingly, as she made an impulsive movement toward the man. The "Annie" he spoke was smothered in the woman's tresses. Husband and wife, father and mother, were united over the grave of their child after years of separation. I will vouch for the truth of this story, as I was an eye-witness of the scene.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

"Never cross a bridge till you come to it,"
My grandmother used to say,
Which means, little folks, that we mustn't fret
Over trifles that may the future beset,
If we've done what we can to-day.

You remember the time-worn fable
Of the farmer's eight-day clock—
How the pendulum counted, with trembling and fear,
The number of times it must tick in a year,
And then stood as still as a stock.

'Till aided by friendly counsel,
It decided it would not shirk
The duty that plainly before it lay,
Because at some very distant day
It might be too tired to work.

So, little folks, live in the present:
Daily strive to be useful and glad,
For when you are old you will find this out,
That many a trouble you've worried about
Is one you have never had.

ABOUT POMPEII.

"Oh, dear! I do wish there was no such thing as history. I just hate it!"

"Harry, my boy, I do not think you mean what you say. You were very much interested the other day when I was telling you about Marie Antoinette."

"O, mamma, that was just a lovely story! I wish all history was just beautiful stories without dates. I hate dates!"

"I remember you were quite anxious to know when Marie Antoinette lived, and whether she was beheaded before Washington was born. How could we know these things without dates? I think my Harry has been studying till his mind is tired. So you may put away your books, and I will leave my sewing, and we will take a walk in the fresh air."

"Oh, good! And while we are walking won't you tell me a story, a true story about something that happened ever so long ago?"

"Why, Harry, do you want me to spoil our walk with the history you hate so much?"

Harry laughed heartily, and set off in high spirits on the walk. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as these strolls with his mother, who always contrived to have something entertaining to tell her only child, whose brightness and enthusiasm were her greatest source of pleasure.

"A long time ago, cities were built with stone walls around them. Imagine a stone wall around this town wide enough on the top for two carriages to ride abreast! The walls of the city I am going to tell you about were twenty feet thick. That is about half the width of this street. They were as high as they were thick, and to walk all around them would be a walk of two miles. In this walk there were five gates. At each gate there was a soldier called a 'sentry' to keep guard over the city. There were twenty-five thousand people living in the city. Many of these were very wealthy, and lived in very fine houses. The houses, however, were not built like ours four or five stories high, but generally only one story and a cellar. The bed-rooms were made quite small, and often without any windows. They did not have so much knowledge of comfort as we have. Their climate was very fine, and they spent much time out of doors, so their houses had fine porches and courts filled with flowers. It was one of their customs to have the cemeteries for the rich people by the roadside. When any one died they burned their bodies."

"O, mamma, were they savages? I think that was horrible to burn the bodies!"

"No, they were not savages. They were cultivated people. They were so accustomed to it that it did not affect them any more unpleasantly than our custom of burying. After the bodies were burned, they gathered the ashes and put them into an urn, and often placed this in a marble vault and inscribed the name on the outside. The streets of the city were narrow, and paved with blocks of stone. The stores or shops were quite small. The public buildings were large, strongly built and beautifully finished. One bright, beautiful day, the sentries were all at their accustomed posts, and the shopmen were showing their wares to their customers. Many fine chariots, with spirited horses and filled with gaily-dressed people, were passing through the streets. Children were busy at play. Mothers were tenderly caring for their sick. Families were gathered on the broad plaza, laughing and chatting. Suddenly the sky was hidden by a black cloud. Some thought a heavy shower was coming, and drove their horses rapidly toward home. Others supposed it must mean a tornado or thunder-storm, and fled to the cellar. All attempt at escape was useless, for in less time than it takes me to tell it, not rain nor wind, but the cloud fell instantly upon the city and buried it with the people in a grave of ashes."

"That was dreadful, mamma. Did God send the ashes down from heaven?"

"No; but not more than five miles away there was a volcano—Vesuvius. It had not had any eruption for so long that the people did not think anything about danger, and this beautiful city of Pompeii, together with three other cities, was instantly destroyed."

"How long ago was that, mamma?"

"Oh, I don't want to spoil my story with those hateful dates, Harry. Never mind when this happened."

"Now, mamma, I am going to like dates, for they make stories ever so much more interesting."

"This occurred in 79. The most wonderful part of it all is, that when the ashes were removed, nearly seventeen centuries afterwards, everything was so well preserved, that much of the lives of the people and the history of the city can be read in the ruins."

"Wouldn't it be strange to walk in the streets of a city built before Christ came into the world?"

"This city was built nearly four hundred years before Christ came. Rich Romans used to have summer residences there. Cicero had a villa, beautifully fitted up, and often entertained Augustus Cæsar there. There was a magnificent amphitheatre, where they had the games I told you of the other day. But here we are at home again. Now begins duty. We are both fresh for our tasks."

"Hurrah for history, dates and all! I don't hate you any more."—*Susan S. Fessenden in Exchange.*

[We have walked for miles in the streets of old Pompeii, where uncovered, and the wheel marks, worn deeply into the pavements, are now as plainly seen as if made but yesterday, though they were covered by the volcanic ashes 1809 years ago. Pompeii is about 15 miles southeast of Naples in Italy, around the head or eastern end of the Bay of Naples.—*Editor Prairie Farmer.*]

Curiosities of Magnetism.

Most well-informed people are doubtless aware that the globe on which they live is a great ball of magnetism, but comparatively few have an adequate idea of the influence this property is continually exerting on all sides, that many common but inexplicable phenomena can be traced directly to this source. Statistics go to show that in the matter of steel rails as many as thirteen will become crystallized and break where they go to make up a railroad track running east and west, before one of those on a north and south track is similarly affected. This is entirely due to the magnetism generated by friction, and the fact that the polarity of the magnetic current is in the former instance resisted in the headlong rush of the train, whereas in the latter case it is undisturbed. Another strange effect of the peculiar and occult force is that exerted on the watches of trainmen. A timepiece carried by the conductor running a train 20 miles an hour, however accurate it may be, will, if the speed of the train is increased to, say 50 miles, become useless until regulated. The magnetism generated by the flight of a train may be said to be in proportion to the speed with which it is propelled, and the delicate parts of a watch, numbering all the way from 400 to 1,000 pieces, and peculiarly susceptible to this influence by reason of the hammering and polish-ing they have received, are not slow to feel the effect.

IN YUCATAN.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE ABORIGINAL MAYAS.

Ruins of Mayapan and Civilization Indicated of Its Builders—Sights in an Indian Town.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

YUCATAN, Mexico, June 5, 1888.

To visit Yucatan without making a pilgrimage to some of its world-famous ruins would be like "doing" Egypt without seeing the pyramids; so one fine day we set out for Mayapan, about thirty miles south of Merida, the old-time seat of the ancient empire of the Mayas or aboriginal inhabitants of this peninsula.

The route thereto lies through

THE VILLAGE OF TELCHAQUILLO,

Populated entirely by Indians to the number of about 800 and composed of the rudest of huts, *casas de paja*, where we were obliged to pass the night, both going and returning. Telchaquillo is not upon the *camino real*, or King's highway, but is reached by a wild path through the woods, which turns off abruptly from the royal road some five miles north of the town. The *camino real* is bad enough, and this is indescribable. How it came to be built at all illustrates a striking feature of Yucatan character. Forty years ago or more Telchaquillo was under the care of a cure, who was very much beloved by all the Indians far and near. But the path from Merida was so circuitous and difficult that, on account of many other duties, the good Father felt compelled to give it up and gave notice to that effect. Then the Indians, regarding the threatened loss as the worst possible calamity, turned out in a body and cut a new road, straight through the woods, from the cure's door to the church.

More than half a century ago a great cathedral was commenced in this out of the way hamlet, under the direction of some long-dead curate. It is needless to add that the poor Indian who can barely keep soul and body together could never complete it. One end has been roofed and rudely fitted up as a chapel, and beyond are the high, uncovered walls, fast crumbling to decay.

Sitting upon an adobe bench in the little plaza which occupies the center of the town, we were greatly astonished by what looked like

A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

There was a continuous procession of women, going and coming, each with a big *cantero*, or water jar, upon her shoulder. As they went from us they suddenly passed out of sight at the distance of a few yards, while others as suddenly appeared, with faces toward us, as if they had risen out of the earth. I rubbed my eyes, thinking it an optical illusion. But no; there they were, appearing and disappearing in constant procession, like so many phantoms or Jacks-in-a-box.

Determined to solve the mystery, we quickly came to a wide opening in the level but rocky surface of the ground, invisible at a little distance, which we at once recognized at the mouth of a *cenote*, or water-cave. There being no other stream or well for miles around, this subterranean reservoir supplies all the inhabitants with water. The descent is by regular steps cut in the limestone, now worn into hollows. Overhead extends an immense wall of stone, and 500 feet from the mouth is an inexhaustible supply of clear, cold water, which has no current, and whose source is a mystery. They tell us that it rises a little during the rainy season, but never falls below a certain point at any time of the year.

Around the mouth of the cave birds and bats were circling and darting, and the Egyptian-looking figures ascending and descending with their water-jars made a scene as picturesque as romantic. Luckily there are few strangers and no drunkards in Telchaquillo, for, as "all roads lead to Rome," the path to everywhere leads through the plaza, and it would be the easiest thing in life to tumble through this broken roof into the bottomless gulf beneath.

THE RUINS OF MAYAPAN

Are found upon the San Joaquin hacienda, which forms part of the vast estate called Xcanchakan, once the property of Don Jose Maria Menesis, former Provisor of the Church of Yucatan. This place is supposed to have been the capital of the ancient inhabitants, and is spoken of by the early Spanish historians as *El Pendon de los Mayas*—the banner city of the aborigines. We will not attempt a minute description of the ruins, for M. Charney, Dr. Le Plongeon, Squires, Ober, Stephens and other eminent archæologists have described them fully. Suffice it to say that the wonderful relics of a bygone age cover a vast plain, so overgrown with rank tropical vegetation as to be extremely difficult to reach and invisible till close upon them. The remains of a strong wall which once encompassed the unknown city may be distinctly traced through the woods.

Not far from the modern hacienda house, but completely hidden by trees and tangled creepers, rises a mound sixty high, and one hundred feet square at the base—an artificial structure built up solid from the plain, like the mounds of Palenque and Uxmal.

FOUR GRAND STAIRWAYS,

Each twenty-five feet wide, ascend to an esplanade within six feet of the top. The esplanade is scarcely six feet wide, and on each side is a smaller staircase leading to the summit. All these stairways are now in a ruinous condition, the steps being almost entirely gone, and to-day one can climb to the top only by means of fallen stones and dense chaparral growing out of the dust of ages. The summit is a plain stone platform, fifteen feet square, which bears no evidence of ever having been occupied by any sort of structure. Doubtless this mound was the great sacrificial pyramid upon which the early priests cut out the hearts of human victims within sight of the assembled people.

In this vicinity are several smaller mounds, and sculptured stones are strewn throughout the forest for miles around. Most of the latter are square blocks, carved on the face, and having at the back a long stone tenon, or stem, and doubtless once ornamented the facade of splendid temples. There are also grotesque representations of human figures and strange animals, with hideous features and malignant expression—doubtless once objects of worship, but now broken and half buried—the mute memorials of ancient paganism.

Remembering J. L. Stephens' excellent description of a circular mound which he discovered at this place, we searched for and readily found it. It is perfectly round, with exterior of plain stone, 30 feet high, and with walls 5 feet thick. Its door—which faces the west and has over it a lintel of stone—opens into a circular passage three feet wide, in the center of which is a cylindrical mass of solid stone without pinning of any kind. The diameter of the building is 25 feet, so that, deducting the double width of the wall and passage, this central mass must be nine feet thick.

The walls are covered with several coats of stucco, upon which the remains of paint—red, yellow, white and blue—may still be seen. On a terrace on one side of this remarkable building was once a double row of columns, eight feet apart, and a number of which are yet standing. They consist of second stories, about ten inches thick and about two and a half feet in diameter, placed one above another, without capitals.

Some distance from this place are long ranges of mounds, of which Mr. Stephens says: "These had once been buildings, the tops of which had fallen and almost buried the structures. At the end was a doorway, half filled with rubbish, crawling through which we stood upright in apartments exactly similar to those at Uxmal, with the arch of stones overlapping and a flat stone covering the top."

Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, in his report to the American Antiquarian Society presents many interesting details of discovery at Mayapan. Among his marvels, he mentions a stone, inscribed with characters, of which a cast was taken and sent to New York. The inscription on it represents the King, Cocom, who was tributary to the great Chaacmol, monarch of Chichen-Itza, whose grotesque portrait appears full-length upon his castle wall.

According to Maya genesis, the Creator formed the first man from a handful of *sacate* (grass) mixed with earth. From the latter came his flesh and bones, and from the grass his beauty and vigor. Dwarfs and giants were the first people of the land, and, as usual in traditions, the former always vanquished the latter. There seem to have been two distinct immigrations into the peninsula, but it is generally conceded that in ages past the great and potent theocratic empire existed in that part of Central America where Yucatan, Guatamala and Southern Mexico come together. Successive immigrations sweeping over it from the north and from the south, finally obliterated all distinctive race-individuality of the first inhabitants. The capital city of the early Empire was Xibalba, believed to be the Palenque of the present day. Nahuatls tribes, coming down from the north, built another city which they called Tulha, in what is now the State of Chiapas. In *Ah-Tza*, the mythical "Sacred Book" of the Quiches, we are told that the present inhabitants of Peten are lineal descendants of those dwellers in Xibalba.

When the Spaniards came, the three distinct immigrations into Yucatan—the Itzaes, Mayas, and Caribs—all spoke one tongue, the Maya language. The Itzaes founded cities in the northeastern portion of the peninsula—Tho (now Merida), Itzamal and Chichen-Itza. The Mayas arrived in the fifth and sixth centuries, followed by the Titul-Xius. The former founded Mayapan, and the latter settled in the region of Uxmal. In the wars that ensued between the Itzaes and Mayas, the latter came out ahead, and ruled the country, while the Itzaes retired to Chichen. The head of this ruling family was Cœom, from whom descended the Princes of Mayapan. Under King Cœom were many lords and caciques, who were bound to pay him tribute of cotton clothes, cocao, fowls, and gum for incense; to fight for him in wars, and to serve him day and night in the temples of the idols, at festivals and ceremonies. These lords, in turn, had under them many cities and serf. Becoming proud and ambitious, and unwilling to brook a superior, they rebelled against Cœom, and uniting their forces, besieged and destroyed the city of Mayapan. According to Herrera, this destruction occurred in the year 1420, and King Cœom with all his sons but one, was murdered by the nobles.

Of this old-time monarch Dr. Le Plongeon writes: "Next we will meet him in the reception-room of Queen Kinich-Kakmo, the wife and sister of the great King Chaacmol. That King, Cocom, is the personage represented on the *anta* of the castle, in the bas-reliefs of the Queen's chamber at Chichen, and on the slab found in Mayapan by the Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg. One has only to look at his unique, unmistakable nose, his short stature and towering hat to become satisfied of his identity. And then his name is symbolized by a little yellow flower, in some cases closed, in others open. In the Maya dictionary *cocom* is a plant with yellow flowers, from the leaves of which during the feast of St. John people make a kind of cigar. Cocom was the name of an ancient Maya dynasty, and is still preserved as an ancient family name among the natives of Yucatan. The number of feathers in the cap of the King indicates his exalted rank. The man before him holds a scroll—and this is proven by Landa that they had scrolls, written on large leaves folded and inclosed between two boards."

When any of the ancient family of Cocom died, the principal lords cut off their heads and cooked them, in order to clean the meat from the bones; after which they sawed off the hind part of the skull, preserving the front with its jaws and teeth. They then replaced the flesh on the half skull with a certain putty, giving them much the same appearance they had when alive; and then placed them among their idols and cinerary statues in the oratorios, and looked upon them with great reverence and love. At least, so say the historians.

FANNIE B. WARD.

An Average Vineyard.

Webster Treat, of the Oak Shade orchard, cultivates about fifty acres of Muscatel raisin grapes. The vines are now about ten years old. In 1886 this vineyard yielded 70,000 pounds of crude raisins. This year he packed 40,000 pounds from the same vines. He packed his entire 1887 crop loose, and realized about $1 40 per box therefor. Mr. Treat estimates that the cultivating a mature raisin vineyard, per acre, including picking, curing, packing and marketing his crop, at about $10. Of course this estimate is subject to contingencies, but is as close to the fact as a general statement may be. Basing a calculation upon this statement then, we arrive in conclusion that Mr. Treat charges up about $500 expenses against the vineyard per year. Taking the two last years together, the total yield was 110,000 pounds, or 5,500 boxes. Supposing he averaged $1 40 per box, the gross returns for the two years from this fifty-acre vineyard were $7,700. Deducting $1,000 expenses for two years and there remains $6,700 net profit, an average net profit of $3,350 per year, or $67 clear gain per acre. These are not boom figures concocted for the purpose of deceiving the credulous tenderfoot. We believe this representation is a fair and honest showing of what there is of fruit culture in and around Davisville. When it comes down to sober fact, no locality in the State can justly boast of a better average. Of course we could cite instances of as high as $100 to $200 clear profit per acre, from fruit culture around Davisville, but it is not necessary to dilate on these instances to prove the capacity and adaptability of our soil for fruit culture. It is true that a mature fifty-acre Davisville vineyard can be run for $500 per year, and that the gross proceeds therefrom will approximate $3,350, leaving a net profit of $2,850, that ought to satisfy anybody who doesn't want the earth, with a barbed wire fence around it.—*Davisville Signal.*

The Vine Hopper.

The Gilroy *Gazette* says: The pest has become troublesome in some vineyards, especially so where there are young plants. The Viticultural Commission recommends an elaborate system of wire screen flappers to be used in connection with petroleum, which is both expensive and tedious. S. W. Kilpatrick, who is in charge of Henry Miller's extensive orchards and vineyards in this section, assures us that a very simple, inexpensive and efficient remedy can be found in the use of concentrated lye. Mr. Kilpatrick recommends that two small can of concentrated lye be dissolved thoroughly in one barrel (40 gallons) of water, and this mixture sprayed upon the leaves and stalks of the vines, care being taken that the spraying shall be done so lightly as not to break off or injure the foliage by its force. The work should be done before sunrise, or some time after sunset. By placing a barrel on a light hand-cart it would be an easy matter to spray many acres in a few hours and at a very inconsiderable expense.

Another formula suggested by Mr. Kilpatrick, but which he does not recommend so strongly as the foregoing, is to dissolve one pound of sulphur in three gallons of milk taken from the fire at the boiling point; mix with this two quarts of kerosene, stir the whole thoroughly in one barrel (forty gallons) of water, and spray with the mixture in the same manner as recommended with the concentrated lye.

There can be no possible harm result from the use of either of these remedies, to either foliage or fruit, if sufficient care is taken that the spray shall fall lightly and gently upon the vines.

Mr. Kilpatrick is an authority upon such subjects, and our vineyardists will do well to heed his suggestions.

A WELL-KNOWN Boston lady says: "Every spring I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and know nothing of that terrible tired feeling so prevalent at that season of the year." Give this medicine a trial.

COOL the blood and regulate the bowels by the use of Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

SEA MONSTERS.

SOME STRANGE STORIES FROM CREDITABLE SOURCES.

Those Sea Serpents—Reptilian Monsters—Devil-Fish Sixty Feet Long—Ribbon Fish—Etc.

[Prof. Richard A. Proctor, in Courier Journal.]

The sea serpent has long been regarded as free sport for the buccaneers of the press. Folk of that very class who freely invent wild stories to tickle the foolish minds, assume severe solemnity of tone in talking of the reports of sea captains who have seen strange sea monsters, and because they can lie themselves without much pain, they conclude that it is so with others. The consequence is, that the history of the unknown monsters of the deep is affected by two serious evils. In the first place, many stories are invented for no worthier purpose than to take people in, and in the second place, those who have true stories to tell are unwilling to tell them, fearing they should be laughed at, and not knowing that those who would laugh at them most loudly are as likely as not the very folk who have invented the wild stories which have brought sea monsters into contempt. If they are not the same, they belong to the same order.

A few years ago a sea monster, corresponding in appearance to the famed sea serpent as often described (which is not saying that the creature was a serpent), was seen by Captain Austin Cooper and the officers and crew of the Carlisle Castle, then bound for Melbourne. A description and sketch of the monster appeared in the *Argus*. When this reached London the story was scoffed at and bullyragged by one of the buccaneers of the press who, in the columns of the daily *Telegram*, tried to be funny at the expense of the worthy seaman. Captain Cooper was unfortunately unaware of the small value attached by men of sense to lucubrations of this sort, usually to be regarded as the product of juvenility stirred by unwonted supplies of stimulant. So he became very angry. "I don't see any more sea serpents," he said. "It is too much to hold that one of Green's commanders can't tell the difference between a piece of sea weed and a live body in water. If twenty sea serpents come on the starboard, all hands shall be ordered to port. No London penny-a-liner shall say Austin Cooper is a liar and a fool." Of course, it was weak of the gallant Captain to care what shallow fools of the sort might say. To a man of sense, as he undoubtedly is, the laughter of fools should be no more seriously annoying than "the crackling of thorns under a pot." But the fact remains that many an honest seaman has been prevented from telling his experiences by the idiotic guffaws of tenth-rate scribblers, who are as certain to be called in to supply such matter as one might expect from them in the dull season as the dull season is to arrive.

It should be remembered that there has scarcely been a discovery relative to anything at all wonderful which has not been similarly haw-hawed by the foolish. It was so with the ancient travelers, who, going far south, came back with the story (perfectly true) that the sun travels from right to left across the sky, instead of traveling from left to right as in their northern home. It was so with the first accounts of the giraffe, which was shown by the penny-a-liners of the day to be impossible. It was so with a half a dozen stories told by Bruce (who was made to do duty for a Baron Munchausen), all subsequently confirmed. It was so with the gorilla, DuChaillu being grossly insulted by more than one dullard who supposed his own stupidity could tell him the limits of the possible.

It was so in the most striking degree of the cuttle fish, a sea monster long rejected as impossible. One writer on natural history, who should have known better, maintained that no cuttle fish ever existed whose tenacles exceeded twenty feet in length. But now it is known that not only are there cuttle fish (not Octopoda, but belonging to the sub-order Decapoda) having tenacles more than twice this length, but there are several varieties in which these enormous dimensions are attained.

Let us examine some of the accounts of sea monsters, which, despite the mischievous influence of press-buffoonery, have been reported by sea captains less susceptible than their fellows to noisy but senseless cachinnation.

On September 11th, at 10:30 A. M., the third officer of the British steamship Nestor, then in the Malacca Straits, announced a shoal. Surprised to find a shoal in such a well-known track, Captain Webster watched the object and found that it was in motion, keeping up the same speed as the ship, and retaining about the same distance as when first seen. "The shape of the creature," said the Captain (in an affidavit before Donald Spence, Acting Law Secretary to the British Supreme Court at Shanghai,), "I would compare to that of a gigantic frog. The head, of a pale yellowish color, was about twelve feet in length, and six feet of the crown was above the water. I tried in vain to make out the mouth," he proceeds, "but the mouth may have been below water. The head was immediately connected with the body without any indication of a neck. The body was about 45 or fifty feet long, and of an oval shape, perfectly smooth, but there might have been a slight ridge along the back. The back rose some five feet above the surface. An immense tail, fully 150 feet in length, rose a few inches above the water. This tail I saw distinctly from its junction with the body to its extremity; it seemed cylindrical, with a very slight taper, and I estimate its diameter at four feet. The body and tail were marked with alternate bands or stripes, black and pale yellow in color. The stripes were distinct to the very extremity of the tail. I cannot say whether the tail terminated in a fin or not. The creature possessed no fins or paddles, so far as we could perceive. I cannot say if it had legs. It appeared to progress by means of an undulatory motion of the tail in a vertical plane."

Now, it is obvious from this description that the monster belonged to the Ray tribe, being either a member of some unknown variety of that tribe (the Batoidei, which with the sharks or Salachoidei, form the sub-order Plagiostomata), or else an abnormally enormous specimen of the sixth Ray family, the Myliobatide, familiarly known as the eagle-rays, sea devils or devil-fish (and surely what Captain Webster describes was a devil of a fish). These creatures attain a great size, though until Captain Webster saw his "shoal" no devil-fish 200 feet in length had ever been heard of. The largest ever captured weighed 1,250 pounds. In the British Museum there is a specimen five feet long and weighing twenty pounds, which tells something of the enormous dimensions which full-grown devil fish may attain, since this young devil fish was yet unborn, having been taken from the body of the mother. (The eagle rays are viviparous.) The mother's body measured fifteen feet in length and breadth. The span of the pectoral fins corresponding to a body of this size would be about thirty feet, the tail about sixty or seventy feet in length. The sea devil's mode of progression is not that described by Captain Webster; but it would be easy for an observer unacquainted with the nature of the creature to suppose that it had no fins and was propelling itself by its long, undulating tail. The fact is that to the ordinary observer a ray fish seems to have pectoral fins because its pectoral fins are so abnormally developed. Half the breadth of what such an observer takes for the body is made up of the extended pectoral fins. The fish progresses by a slight, undulatory motion of these fins, a motion so slight as to be barely perceptible. The fish's chance of approaching its prey depends on this motion, being almost imperceptible, so that it might well escape Captain Webster's attention. The tail has no propulsive power at all, but appears to serve partly as a rudder and partly to help in preserving the balance of the ship—not from side to side, that is fully provided for by the pectoral fins, but in the direction of the ship's length. Hence a series of undulatory motions will be perceived in the tail, and if the creature is advancing in a straight course the undulations will be up and down—or, as Captain Webster puts it—in a vertical plane.

It may be remembered that in 1873 a monstrous cuttlefish was encountered by two fishermen in Conception Bay, Newfoundland. When attacked, the creature threw its long arms across the fishermen's boat, which it seemed to regard as a veritable object of prey; but one of the fishermen cut off the tentacle with an ax, on which the cephalopod withdrew, apparently regarding the man's action as unfair. This tentacle was 25 feet in length, and as the fishermen considered that it was cut off fully ten feet from the body, the entire length of the tentacle must have been about 35 feet. They estimated the body at 60 feet in length and five feet in diameter.

In 1861 the French steamer Alecto encountered a monstrous cuttle at sea about 120 miles northeast of Teneriffe. The crew got a noose around the body, but unfortunately it slipped to the tail, which it pulled off. The weight of this little bit of the creature was found to be over forty pounds. It was estimated that the body was fifty feet long and the weight not less than 4,000 pounds. Now, the manufacturers of small jokes before the time of the buccaneers of the press, the jeering jesters of nearly two thousand years ago, had held Pliny up to ridicule for asserting that a cuttle-fish had been captured on the Spanish coast which, according to his account, would have weighed about 2,000 pounds. But Pliny's cuttle-fish would have been a little one compared with the Alecto's. As for Victor Hugo's Devil-fish it would have been but a mouthful for either the Alecto's or the Conception bay devil.

In passing be it remarked that the Devil-fish Ray and the Devil-fish Cephalopod are by no means to be confounded. Victor Hugo's Devil-fish was no more a fish than it was a devil. But to many persons every water creature, whale, seal, crab, shrimp, oyster, etc., is a fish, even as all things that creep on the earth with more legs than four are insects. No naturalist can allow spiders to enter the insect family, though many insects may enter perforce the spider family.

With regard to sea monsters, which have been described as sea serpents, I need only to refer to the multitudinous accounts which have been well accredited, since to quote them in full would require several pages of this journal. It may be safely asserted that every single account among those which have been started for the purpose of willfully deceiving has been quickly dealt with, and whatever amusement the inventors of the story may have found in taking in those who unwisely regarded them as truthful and not idiotic has been immediately balanced by appropriate contempt. Again, every story which has admitted of being explained by some deceptive appearance, as floating seaweed, lines of porpoises, basking sharks, and so forth, has been dealt with in that way; nay, probably more sea-serpent stories have probably been so explained away than can so be fairly dealt with. A number of stories remain, which can neither be treated as foolish falsehoods (stupid story-tellers are luckily not quite so numerous as many imagine), nor explained as relating to objects mistaken for sea monsters, nor interpreted as describing known sea creatures—ribbon-fish, cuttle-fish, basking sharks, or the like, unusually large or seen under unusual conditions. The opinions of nearly all naturalists who have considered these outstanding stories carefully is that they indicate the existence of sea creatures as yet unclassified, which, though they may not be—most probably are not—sea serpents, yet when seen at the surface present the appearance of a serpent with head reared above the water, and often progressing with great rapidity.

The most remarkable account of a sea monster of this kind is that given by the Captain and officers of the Pauline. It was sworn to by George Drevar; the Captain; Horatio Thompson, Chief Mate; John Landells, Second Mate, and by the Steward and a seaman. It runs (somewhat abridged) as follows:

On July 8th we observed three large sperm whales, one of which was gripped around the body by two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about thirty feet, and a girth of eight or nine feet. The creature whirled the whale round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged it to the bottom head first.

Five days later the same creature or a similar one was seen about two hundred yards from the ship, darting along the surface, head and neck being out of the water. Only Captain Drevar and an ordinary seaman saw this. But a few minutes later the Captain, First Mate and two seamen saw the monster raise its head and neck above the water to a hight which they estimated at sixty feet.

It is certain that neither Drevar nor Thompson had any reason for inventing such a story as they and the rest swore to on the occasion. It is hard enough, thanks to the penny-a-liner buffoon, to get an officer of a merchant vessel to relate what he has seen, if it be at all remarkable. As Captain Drevar wrote to me soon after his story had been published, the master of a merchant craft gets little thanks from his employers when he publishes a story of this sort. "We don't want you to see sea monsters, but to attend to business," is the customary comment of the merchant owner when one of his captains has anything to tell of the living wonders of the deep. Drevar's case illustrated this somewhat badly. He was very soon out of employment; not because they doubted the truth of his story, but because they did not care to have any Captain in their employment exposing himself to ridicule.

Is it to be wondered at that those who are interested in learning all that travelers have to tell feel something more than mere contempt for flippant fools who, by their feeble but spiteful jesting, silence those who alone have good opportunities of extending our information about the little-known wonders of the great deep.

Here are two cases of sea monsters, one of which was certainly, the other probably, not really, serpentine.

Some ten years ago Commandant Villeneuve and the officers of the French man-of-war, the Leander, saw a creature corresponding in appearance with the "sea-serpent" traveling rapidly along, the head slightly raised above the water, and with a sort of mane streaming backwards, while the back of a long body could be seen under the water. A creature exactly answering to this description was seen by Major James Harding, then officer in the King of Figi's army, passing within a few yards of his canoe, and swimming towards a small island outside Suva Bay, known as the Home of the Big Snake. Captain, the Hon. George Hope, of the British ship Fly, when in the Gulf of California, the sea being unusually calm and transparent, saw at the bottom a large marine animal with the head and general figure of an alligator, but the neck much longer, and with four large paddles instead of legs.

My own belief is that some, at any rate, of the stories relating to supposed sea-serpents are to be explained by the theory that there still exists creatures such as Captain Hope described—long-necked reptilian forms akin to the Dolichodeiros of former geological ages. Such creatures would present all the characteristics recognized in the so-called sea serpents. Their paddles would enable them to advance rapidly without perceptible undulation (which the sea serpent has been observed to do, and which no actually serpentine creature could do). They would be very seldom seen, even if numerous, since their lives would be passed for the most part in the depths of the sea—and for a like reason their remains would not be likely to be ever found on the shores or in shallows. The great objection to this view has been that we find no fossil plesiosaurs in tertiary strata. But this objection loses its force when we note that the Chimera (a connecting link between the sharks and the sturgeons) is closely related to forms existing in the secondary era, while no trace of any of those forms has been found in the intermediate strata down to our own time. The Chimera certainly exists, for it has been seen and captured. It is exceedingly rare, however; and up to the beginning of the present century all the objections urged against the sea serpent might have been urged against the Chimera.

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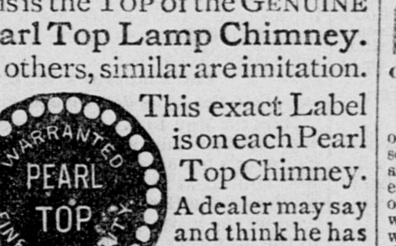

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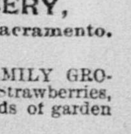

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