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FANTINE.

The sight of a woman whom once I knew,
  To-night in the silent street I've seen—
Knew once in the past—yet the years are few,
  Those bygone days and this night between.
Can I bear to restore the old-time gleam
  Which shines in my heart when my eyelids fold?
Can I bear to start from so sweet a dream,
  To face the knowledge that now I hold?

But sin hath ever his flag unfurled,
  And I fain would register what I know;
I shall happier be when my heart hath hurled
  Its weight, at least, at our mortal foe.
And perhaps some poor wan hands will wave
  From the shadowy land of vanished years,
In a sad response, that a word may save
  Some soul that approacheth the vale of tears.

In the blushes and breath of flowers she dwelt;
  The vine o'er the lattice was trained by her:
Each night, as to heaven she lowly knelt,
  She saw in her window the woodbine stir.
Lilies and roses uplifted their heads
  To breathe her name to the morning skies,
And violets smiled in their dew-gemmed beds,
  As she bent to look in their deep blue eyes.

Pure was her life in this girlhood of bloom;
  The heart in her bosom was her's alone—
But fingers invisible carved its doom,
  And feet were approaching to tread it down.
And the Thing came onward, and asked no leave,
  This garden of Eden it glided through—
And the serpent came to the daughter of Eve,
  As he came to the mother when earth was new.

And now in the house of immortal sin,
  Where the souls that Lucifer loves are made,
The gold of the prodigal flows to win
  The false caress of a girl betrayed.
And the laugh that leaps to her lips the while,
  And runs to her cavernous eyes in a blaze
Is a mocking ghost of that golden smile
  Which violets loved in the olden days.

Does she know that the village church still stands
  The same as in the Sabbath of buried years,
When she sat and folded her pure white hands,
  And gazed at the minister's face through tears?
In the graveyard rises a granite block,
  Rough-hewn and flowerless, bleak and bare—
Does she care that she keeps not a single lock
  Of her father's and mother's silver hair?

And where is the snake with the forked tongue?
  The viper that poisons the sweet he sips?
Does he ever think of the soul he flung
  In the blackest corner of life's eclipse?
Does she ever come in the night to him,
  To stand by his bed till he shuddering wakes?
Or does she ascend from the goblet's brim
  To be tossed on the sneers of his brother snakes?

And she—when the ghastly lamps grow dim,
  When God even there directs the dove,
Does she lie sleepless to think of him,
  And clothe him again in the garb of love?
Or is it with laugh of burning scorn,
  Or with grinding teeth of a quenchless hate,
That the name from her bitter lips is borne
  Of the man who is carving his sister's fate?

God knows! For the woman that he hath made
  Will worship the lips whose kisses were lies,
Will kiss the hand that hath sharpened the blade,
  And kneel at the feet where she bleeds and dies;
And it may be, here, where they never speak
  A single word that the Lord hath given,
That one tear falls on a painted cheek
  Which is worth a million of his in heaven!

The day will come when beneath the sod
  Their bodies will molder side by side;
And their souls behold the ermine of God,
  In a court where the beggar and king are tried;
And then, perhaps, on the golden page,
  The tear of the woman may still remain,
And the laugh of Satan be turned to rage,
  That he kindled his fires for two in vain!
—*Evening Post.*

WAN LEE, THE PAGAN.

A SKETCH BY BRET HARTE.

As I opened Hop Sing's letter, there fluttered to the ground a square strip of yellow paper covered with hieroglyphics which at first glance I innocently took to be the label from a pack of Chinese fire crackers. But the same envelope also contained a smaller strip of rice paper, with two Chinese characters traced in India ink, that I at once knew to be Hop Sing's visiting card. The whole, as afterwards literally translated, read as follows:

"To the stranger the gates of my house are not closed; the rice jar is on the left, and the sweetmeats on the right as you enter.
Two sayings of the Master:
Hospitality is the virtue of the son and the wisdom of the ancestor.
The Superior man is light-hearted after the crop gathering; he makes a festival.
When a stanger is in your melon patch observe him not too closely; inattention is often the highest form of civility.
Happiness, Peace and Prosperity.
HOP SING."

Admirable, certainly, as was this morality and proverbial wisdom, and although this last axiom was very characteristic of my friend Hop Sing, who was the most somber of all humorists, a Chinese philosopher, I must confess that, even after a very free translation, I was at a loss to make any immediate application of the message. Luckily I discovered a third inclosure in the shape of a little note in English and Hop Sing's own commercial hand. It ran thus:

"The pleasure of your company is requested at No. — Sacramento street, on Friday evening at eight o'clock. A cup of tea at nine—sharp. HOP SING."

This explained all. It meant a visit to Hop Sing's warehouse, the opening and exhibition of some rare Chinese novelties and *curios*, a chat in the back office, a cup of tea of a perfection unknown beyond these sacred precincts, cigars, and a visit to the Chinese theatre or temple. This was in fact the favorite programme of Hop Sing when he exercised his functions of hospitality as the chief factor or superintendent of the Ning Foo Company.

At eight o'clock on Friday evening I entered the warehouse of Hop Sing. There was that deliciously commingled mysterious foreign odor that I had so often noticed; there was the old array of uncouth looking objects, the long procession jars and crockery, the same singular blending of the grotesque and the mathematically neat and exact, the same endless suggestions of frivolity and fragility, the same want of harmony in colors that were each, in themselves, beautiful and rare. Kites in the shape of enormous dragons and gigantic butterflies; kites so ingeniously arranged as to utter at intervals, when facing the wind, the cry of a hawk; kites so large as to be beyond anybody's power of restraint—so large that you understood why kite-flying in China was an amusement for adults; gods of china and bronze so gratuitously ugly as to be beyond any human interest or sympathy from their very impossibility; jars of sweetmeats covered all over with moral sentiments from Confucius; hats that looked like baskets, and baskets that looked like hats; silks so light that I hesitate to record the incredible number of square yards that you might pass through the ring on your little finger—these and a great many other indescribable objects were all familiar to me. I pushed my way through the dimly lighted warehouse until I reached the back office or parlor, where I found Hop Sing waiting to receive me.

Before I describe him I want the average reader to discharge from his mind any idea of a Chinaman that he may have gathered from the pantomime. He did not wear beautifully scalloped drawers fringed with little bells—I never met a Chinaman who did; he did not habitually carry his forefinger extended before him at right angles with his body, nor did I ever hear him utter the mysterious sentence, "Ching a ring a ring chaw," nor dance under any provocation. He was, on the whole, a rather grave, decorous, handsome gentleman. His complexion, which extended all over his head except where his long pigtail grew, was like a very nice piece of glazed brown paper-muslin. His eyes were black and bright, and his eyelids set at an angle of fifteen degrees; his nose straight and delicately formed, his mouth small, and his teeth white and clean. He wore a dark blue silk blouse; and in the streets on cold days, a short jacket of astrakan fur. He wore also a pair of drawers of blue brocade gathered tightly over his calves and ankles, offering a general sort of suggestion that he had forgotten his trousers that morning, but that, so gentlemanly were his manners, his friends had forborne to mention the fact to him. His manner was urbane, although quite serious. He spoke French and English fluently. In brief, I doubt if you could have found the equal of this Pagan shopkeeper among the Christian traders of San Francisco.

There were a few others present; a judge of the federal court, an editor, a high government official and a prominent merchant. After we had drunk our tea, and tasted a few sweetmeats from a mysterious jar, that looked as if it might contain a preserved mouse among its other nondescript treasures, Hop Sing arose and, gravely beckoning us to follow him, began to descend to the basement. When we got there, we were amazed at finding it brilliantly-lighted, and that a number of chairs were arranged in a half-circle on the asphalt pavement. When he had courteously seated us he said:

"I have invited you to witness a performance which I can at least promise you no other foreigners but yourselves have ever seen. Wang, the court juggler, arrived here yesterday morning. He has never given a performance outside of the palace before. I have asked him to entertain my friends this evening. He requires no theatre, stage, accessories or confederate—nothing more than you see here. Will you be pleased to examine the ground yourselves, gentlemen?"

Of course we examined the premises. It was the ordinary basement or cellar of the San Francisco storehouse, cemented to keep out the damp. We poked our sticks into the pavement and rapped on the walls to satisfy our polite host, but for no other purpose. We were quite content to be the victims of any clever deception. For myself, I knew I was ready to be deluded to any extent, and if I had been offered an explanation of what followed I should have probably declined it.

Although I am satisfied that Wang's general performance was the first of that kind ever given on American soil, it has probably since become so familiar to many of my readers, that I shall not bore them with it here. He began by setting to flight, with the aid of his fan, the usual number of butterflies made before our eyes of little bits of tissue paper, and kept them in the air during the remainder of the performance. I have a vivid recollection of the judge trying to catch one that had lit on his knee, and of its evading him with the pertinacity of a living insect. And even at this time Wang, still plying his fan, was taking chickens out of hats, making oranges disappear, pulling endless yards of silk from his sleeve; apparently filling the whole area of the basement with goods that appeared mysteriously from the ground, from his own sleeves, from nowhere! He swallowed knives to the ruin of his digestion for years to come, he dislocated every limb of his body, he reclined in the air, apparently upon nothing. But his crowning performance, which I have never yet seen repeated, was the most weird, mysterious and astounding. It is my apology for this long introduction, my sole excuse for writing this article, the genesis of this veracious history.

He cleared the ground of its encumbering articles for a space of about fifteen feet square, and then invited us all to walk forward and examine it. We did so gravely; there was nothing but the cemented pavement below to be seen or felt. He then asked for the loan of a handkerchief, and, as I chanced to be nearest him, I offered mine. He took it, and spread it open upon the floor. Over this he spread a large square of silk, and over this again a large shawl nearly covering the space he had cleared. He then took a position at one of the points of this rectangle, and began a monotonous chant, rocking his body to and fro in time with the somewhat lugubrious air.

We sat still and waited. Above the chant we could hear the striking of the city clocks, and occasional rattle of a cart in the street overhead. The absolute watchfulness and expectation, the dim, mysterious half light of the cellar falling in a grewsome way upon the misshapen bulk of a Chinese diety in the background, a faint smell of opium smoke mingled with spice, and the dreadful uncertainty of what we were really waiting for, sent an uncomfortable thrill down our backs, and made us look at each other with a forced and unnatural smile. This feeling was heightened when Hop Sing slowly rose, and, and without a word, pointed with his finger to the centre of the shawl.

There was something beneath the shawl, surely—and something that was not there before. At first a mere suggestion in relief, a mere outline, but growing more and more distinct and more visible every moment. The chant still continued, the perspiration began to roll from the singer's face, gradually the hidden object took upon itself a shape and bulk that raised the shawl in its centre some five or six inches. It was now unmistakably the outline of a small but perfect human figure, with extended arms and legs. One or two of us turned pale; there was a feeling of general uneasiness until the editor broke the silence by a gibe that, poor as it was, was received with spontaneous enthusiasm. Then the chant suddenly ceased, Wang arose, and with a quick, dexterous movement stripped both shawl and silk away and discovered, sleeping peacefully upon my handkerchief, a tiny Chinese baby.

The applause and uproar which followed this revelation ought to have satisfied Wang, even if his audience was a small one; it was loud enough to awaken the baby—a pretty little boy about a year old, looking like a Cupid cut out of sandal wood. He was whisked away almost as mysteriously as he appeared. When Hop Sing returned my handkerchief to me with a bow, I asked if the juggler was the father of the baby. "No sabe," said the imperturbable Hop Sing, taking refuge in that Spanish form of non-committalism so common in California.

"But does he have a new baby for every performance?" I asked. "Perhaps; who knows?" "But what will become of this one?" "Whatever you choose, gentlemen," replied Hop Sing, with a courteous inclination, "it was born here—you are its godfather."

There were two characteristic peculiarities of any Californian assemblage in 1856; it was quick to take a hint, and generous to the point of prodigality in its response to any charitable appeal. No matter how sordid or avaricious the individual, he could not resist the infection of sympathy. I doubled the points of my handkerchief into a bag, dropped a coin into it, and, without a word, passed it to the judge. He quietly added a $20 gold piece, and passed it to the next; when it was returned to me it contained over $100. I knotted the money in the hankerchief and gave it to Hop Sing.

"For the baby, from its godfathers."

"But what name?" said the judge. There was a running fire of "Erebus," "Nox," "Plutus," "Terra Cotta," "Antaeus," etc., etc. Finally the question was referred to our host.

"Why not keep his own name?" he said quietly—"Wan Lee." And he did.

And thus was Wan Lee, on the night of Friday, March 5, 1856, born into this veracious chronicle.

The last form of the *Northern Star* for the nineteenth of July, 1865—the only daily paper published in Klamath county—had just gone to press, and at 3 P. M. I was putting aside my proofs and manuscripts, preparatory to going home, when I discovered a letter lying under some sheets of paper which I must have overlooked. The envelope was considerably soiled, it had no post-mark, but I had no difficulty in recognizing the hand of my friend Hop Sing. I opened it hurriedly and read as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR—I do not know whether the bearer will suit you, but unless the office of a "devil" in your newspaper is a purely technical one, I think he has all the qualities required. He is very quick, active and intelligent; understands English better than he speaks it, and makes up for any defect by his habits of observation and imitation. You have only to show him how to do a thing once, and he will repeat it, whether it is an offense or a virtue. But you certainly know him already; you are one of his godfathers, for is he not Wan Lee, the reputed son of Wang the Conjurer, to whose performances I had the honor to introduce you? But perhaps you have forgotten it.

I shall send him with a gang of coolies to Stockton, thence by express to your town. If you can use him there you will do me a favor, and probably save his life, which is at present in great peril from the hands of the younger members of your Christian and highly civilized race who attend the enlightened schools in San Francisco.

He has acquired some singular habits and customs from his experience of Wang's profession, which he followed for some years, until he became too large to go in a hat or be produced from his father's sleeve. The money you left with me has been expended on his education; he has gone through the tri-literal classics, but, I think, without much benefit. He knows but little of Confucius, and absolutely nothing of Mencius. Owing to the negligence of his father, he associated, perhaps, too much with American children.

I should have answered your letter before, by post, but I thought that Wan Lee himself would be a better messenger for this. Yours, respectfully,
HOP SING."

And this was the long-delayed answer to my letter to Hop Sing. But where was the bearer? How was the letter delivered? I summoned hastily the foreman, printers, and office boy, but without eliciting anything; no one had seen the letter delivered, nor knew anything of the bearer. A few days later I had a visit from my laundry man, Ah Ri.

"You wan'tee debbil? All lightee; me catchee him."

He returned in a few moments with a bright looking Chinese boy about ten years old, with whose appearance and general intelligence I was so greatly impressed that I engaged him on the spot. When the business was concluded I asked his name.

"Wan Lee," said the boy.

"What! Are you the boy sent out by Hop Sing? What the devil do you mean by not coming here before, and how did you deliver that letter?"

Wan Lee looked at me and laughed.

"Me pitchee in top side window."

I did not understand. He looked for a moment perplexed, and then snatching the letter out of my hand, ran down the stairs. After a moment's pause, to my great astonishment, the letter came flying in the window, circled twice around the room, and then dropped gently like a bird upon my table. Before I had got over my surprise Wan Lee reappeared, smiled, looked at the letter and then at me, said: "So, John," and then remained gravely silent. I said nothing further, but it was understood that this was his first official act.

His next performance, I grieve to say, was not attended with equal success. One of our regular paper carriers fell sick, and, at a pinch, Wan Lee was ordered to fill his place. To prevent mistakes he was shown over the route the previous evening, and supplied at about daylight with the usual number of subscribers' copies. He returned after an hour in good spirits and without the papers. He had delivered them all, he said.

Unfortunately for Wan Lee, at about eight o'clock indignant subscribers arrived at the office. They had received their copies; but how? In the form of hard-pressed cannon-balls, delivered by a single shot and a mere *tour de force* through the glass of bed-room windows. They had received them full in the face like a base ball, if they happened to be up and stirring; they had received them in quarter sheets, tucked in at separate windows; they had found them in the chimney, pinned against the door, shot through attic windows, delivered in long slips through convenient keyholes, stuffed into ventilators, and occupying the same can with the morning's milk. One subscriber, who waited for some time at the office door, to have a personal interview with Wan Lee (then comfortably locked in by bed-room), told me, with tears of rage in his eyes, that he had been awakened at five o'clock by a most hideous yelling below his windows; that on rising, in great agitation, he was startled by the sudden appearance of the *Northern Star*, rolled hard and bent into the form of a boomerang or East India club, that sailed into the window, described a number of fiendish circles in the room, knocked over the light, slapped the baby's face, "took" him (the subscriber) "in the jaw," and then returned out of the window and dropped hopelessly in the area. During the rest of the day, wads and strips of soiled paper, purporting to be copies of the *Northern Star* of that morning's issue, were brought indignantly to the office. An admirable editorial on "The Resources of Humboldt County," which I had constructed the evening before, and which, I had reason to believe, might have changed the whole balance of trade during the ensuing year, and left San Francisco bankrupt at her wharves, was in this way lost to the public.

It was deemed advisable for the next three weeks to keep Wan Lee closely confined to the printing office and the purely mechanical part of the business. Here he developed a surprising quickness and adaptability, winning even the favor and good will of the printers and foreman, who at first looked upon his introduction into the secrets of their trade as fraught with the gravest political significance. He learned to set type readily and neatly, his wonderful skill in manipulation aiding him in the mere mechanical art, and his ignorance of the language confining him simply to the mechanical effort—confirming the printer's axiom that the printer who considers or follows the ideas of his copy makes a poor compositor. He would set up deliberately long diatribes against himself, composed by his fellow-printers, and hung on the hook as copy, and even such short sentences as "Wan Lee is the devil's own imp," "Wan Lee is a Mongolian rascal," and bring the proof to me with happiness beaming from every tooth and satisfaction shining in his huckleberry eyes.

It was not long, however, before he learned to retaliate on his mischievous persecutors. I remember one instance in which his reprisal came very near involving me in a serious misunderstanding. Our foreman's name was Webster, and Wan Lee presently learned to know and recognize the individual and combined letters of his name. It was during a political campaign, and the eloquent and fiery Colonel Starbottle, of Siskyou, had delivered an effective speech, which was reported especially for the *Northern Star*. In a very sublime peroration Colonel Starbottle had said: "In the language of the god-like Webster, I repeat," and here followed the quotation, which I have forgotten. Now, it chanced that Wan Lee, looking over the galley after it had been revised, saw the name of his chief persecutor, and, of course, imagined the quotation his. After the form was locked up, Wan Lee took advantage of Webster's absence to remove the quotation and substitute a thin piece of lead of the same size as the type, engraved with Chinese characters, making a sentence which I had reason to believe was an utter and abject confession of the incapacity and offensiveness of the Webster family generally, and exceedingly eulogistic of Wan Lee himself personally.

The next morning's paper contained Colonel Starbottle's speech in full, in which it appeared that the "god-like" Webster had on one occasion uttered his thoughts in but perfectly enigmatical Chinese. The rage of Colonel Starbottle knew no bounds. I have a vivid recollection of that admirable man walking into my office and demanding a retraction of the statement.

"But, my dear sir," I asked, are you willing to deny, over your own signature, that Webster ever uttered such a sentence? Dare you deny that, with Mr. Webster's well known attainments, a knowledge of Chinese might not have been among the number? Are you willing to submit a translation suitable to the capacity of our readers, and deny, upon your honor as a gentleman, that the late Mr. Webster ever uttered such a sentiment? If you are, sir, I am willing to publish your denial."

The Colonel was not, and left, highly indignant.

Webster, the foreman, took it more coolly. Happily, he was unaware that for two days after Chinamen from the laundries, from the gulches, from the kitchens, looked in the front office door with faces beaming with sardonic delight; that 300 extra copies of the *Star* were ordered for the washhouses on the river. He only knew that during the day Wan Lee occasionally went off into convulsive spasms, and that he was obliged to kick him into consciousness again. A week after the occurrence I called Wan Lee into my office.

"Wan," I said, gravely, "I should like you to give me, for my own personal satisfaction, a translation of that Chinese sentence which my gifted countryman, the late god-like Webster, uttered upon a public occasion." Wan Lee looked at me intently, and then the slightest possible twinkle crept into his block eyes. Then he replied, with equal gravity:

"Mishtel Webstel—he say: 'China boy makee me belly much foolee. China boy makee me heap sick.'" Which I have reason to think was true.

But I fear I am giving but one side, and not the best, of Wan Lee's character. As he imparted it to me, his had been a hard life. He had known scarcely any childhood—he had no recollection of a father or mother. The conjurer Wang had brought him up. He had spent the first seven years of his life in appearing from baskets, in dropping out of hats, in climbing ladders, in putting his little limbs out of joint in posturing. He had lived in an atmosphere of trickery and deception; he had learned to look upon mankind as dupes of their senses; in fine, if he had thought at all, he would have been a skeptic; if he had been a little older, he would have been a cynic; if he had been older still, he would have been a philosopher. As it was he was a little imp. A good-natured imp it was, too—an imp whose moral nature had never been awakened, an imp up for a holiday, and willing to try virtue as a diversion. I don't know that he had any spiritual nature; he was very superstitious; he carried about with him a hideous little porcelain god, which he was in the habit of alternately reviling and propitiating. He was too intelligent for the commoner Chinese vices of stealing or gratuitous lying. Whatever discipline he practiced was taught by his intellect.

I am inclined to think his feelings were not altogether unimpressible—although it was almost impossible to extract an expression from him—and I conscientiously believe he became attached to those who were good to him. What he might have become under more favorable conditions than the bondsman of an over-worked, under-paid literary man I don't know: I only know that the scant, irregular, impulsive kindness that I showed him was gratefully received. He was very loyal and patient—two qualities rare in the average American servant. He was like Malvolio, "sad and civil" with me; only once, and then under great provocation, do I remember of his exhibiting any impatience.

It was my habit, after leaving the office at night, to take him with me to my rooms, as the bearer of any supplemental or happy after-thought in the editorial way that might occur to me before the paper went to press. One night I had been scribbling away past the usual hour of dismissing Wan Lee, and had become quite oblivious of his presence in a chair near my door, when suddenly I became aware of a voice saying, in plaintive accents, something that sounded like "Chy Lee."

I faced around sternly.

"What did you say?"

"Me say 'Chy Lee.'"

"Well?" I said, impatiently.

"You sabe 'How do, John!'"

"Yes,"

"You sabe 'So long, John!'"

"Yes."

"Well, 'Chy Lee allee same!"

I understood him quite plainly. It appeared that "Chy Lee" was a form of "good night," and that Wan Lee was anxious to go home. But an instinct of mischief which I fear I possessed in common with him impelled me to act as if oblivious of the hint. I muttered something about not understanding him, and again bent over my work. In a few minutes I heard his wooden shoes pattering pathetically over the floor. I looked up. He was standing near the door.

"You no sabe, 'Chy Lee?'"

"No," I said, sternly.

"You sabe muchee big foolee!—allee same!"

And with this audicity upon his lips, he fled. The next morning, however, he was as meek and patient as before, and I did not recall his offense. As a probable peace offering, he blacked all my boots—a duty never required of him—including a pair of buff deer skin slippers and an an immense pair of horseman's jack boots, on which he indulged his remorse for two hours.

I have spoken of his honesty as being a quality of his intellect rather than his principle, but I recall about this time two exceptions to the rule. I was anxious to get some fresh eggs, as a change to the heavy diet of a mining town, and knowing that Wan Lee's countrymen were great poultry raisers, I applied to him. He furnished them to me regularly every morning; but refused to take any pay, saying that the man did not sell them—a remarkable instance of self-abnegation, as eggs were then worth half a dollar apiece. One morning, my neighbor, Forrester, dropped in upon me at breakfast, and took occasion to bewail his own ill fortune, as his hens had lately stopped laying or wandered off in the bush. Wan Lee, who was present during our colloquy, preserved his characteristic sad taciturnity. When my neighbor had gone he turned to me with a slight chuckle: "Flostel's hens—Wan Lee's hens—allee same!" His other offense was more serious and ambitious. It was a season of great irregularities in the mails, and Wan Lee had heard me deplore the delay in the delivery of my letters and newspapers. On arriving at my office one day, I was amazed to find my table covered with letters, evidenly just from the postoffice, but unfortunately not one addressed to me. I turned to Wan Lee, who was surveying them with a calm satisfaction, and demanded an explanation. To my horror, he pointed to an empty mail bag in the corner, and said: "Postman he say 'no lettee, John—no lettee, John.' Postman plentee lie! Postman no good. Me catchee lettee last night—allee same!" Luckily it was still early; the mails had not been distributed; I had a hurried interview with the postmaster, and Wan Lee's bold attempt at robbing the United States mail was finally condoned by the purchase of a new mail bag, and the whole affair thus kept a secret.

If my liking for my little pagan page had not been sufficient, my duty to Hop Sing was enough to cause me to take Wan Lee with me when I returned to San Francisco, after my two years' experience with the *Northern Star*. I do not think he contemplated the change with pleasure. I attributed his feelings to a nervous dread of crowded public streets—when he had to go across town for me on an errand, he always made a long circuit of the outskirts—to his dislike for the discipline of the Chinese and English school to which I proposed to send him, to his fondness for the free, vagrant life of the mines, to sheer willfulness! That it might have been a superstitious premonition did not occur to me until long after.

Nevertheless it really seemed as if the opportunity I had long looked for and confidently expected had come—the opportunity of placing Wan Lee under gently restraining influences, of subjecting him to a life and experience that would draw out of him what good my superficial care and ill-regulated kindness could not teach. Wan Lee was placed at the school of a Chinese missionary—an intelligent and kind hearted gentleman, who had shown great interest in the boy, and who, better than all, had a wonderful faith in him. A home was found for him in the family of a widow, who had a bright and interesting daughter about two years younger than Wan Lee. It was this bright, cheery, innocent and artless child that touched and reached a depth in the boy's nature that hitherto had been unsuspected—that awakened a moral susceptibility that had lain for years insensible alike to the teachings of society or the ethics of the theologians.

These few brief months, bright with a promise that we never saw fulfilled, must have been happy ones to Wan Lee. He worshiped his little friend with something of the same superstition, but without any of the caprice, that he bestowed upon his porcelain pagan god. It was his delight to walk behind her to school, carrying her books—a service always fraught with danger to him from the little hands of his Caucasian Christian brothers. He made her the most marvelous toys, he would cut out of carrots and turnips the most astonishing roses and tulips, he made lifelike chickens out of melon seeds, he constructed fans and kites, and was singularly proficient in the making of dolls' paper dresses. On the other hand, she played and sang to him, taught him a thousand little prettinesses and refinements only known to girls, gave him a yellow ribbon for his pigtail, as best suited his complexion, read to him, showed him wherein he was original and valuable, took him to Sunday school with her, against the precedents of the school, and, small-woman-like, triumphed. I wish I could add here that she effected his conversion, and made him give up his porcelain idol, but I am telling a true story, and the little girl was quite content to fill him with her own Christian goodness, without letting him know that he was changed. So they got along very well together—this little Christian girl with her shining cross hanging around her plump, white, little neck, and this dark little pagan, with his hideous porcelain idol hidden away in his house.

There were two days of that eventful year which will long be remembered in San Francisco—two days when a mob of her citizens set upon and killed unarmed, defenseless foreigners because they were foreigners and of another race, religion and color, and worked for what wages they could get. There were some public men so timid that, seeing this, they thought the end of the world had come; there were some eminent statesmen whose names I am ashamed to write here, who began to think that the passage in the constitution which guarantees civil and religious liberty to every citizen or foreigner was a mistake. But there were also some men who were not so easily frightened, and in twenty-four hours we had things so arranged that the timid men could wring their hands in safety and the eminent statesmen utter their doubts without hurting anybody or anything. And in the midst of this I got a note from Hop Sing, asking me to come to him immediately.

I found his warehouse closed and strongly guarded by the police against any possible attack of the rioters. Hop Sing admitted me through a barred grating with his usual imperturbable calm, but, as it seemed to me, with more than his usual seriousness. Without a word he took my hand and led me to the rear of the room, and thence down stairs into the basement. It was dimly lighted, and there was something lying on the floor covered by a shawl. As I approached he drew the shawl away with a sudden gesture and revealed Wan Lee the Pagan, lying there dead!

Dead, my reverend friends, dead! Stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, in the year of grace, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, by a mob of half-grown boys Christian children.

As I put my hand reverently upon his breast, I felt something crumbling beneath his blouse. I looked inquiringly at Hop Sing. He put his hand between the folds of silk and drew out something, with the first bitter smile I had ever seen on the face on that pagan gentleman.

It was Wan Lee's porcelain god, crushed by a stone from the hands of those Christian iconoclasts!—*Scribner's Magazine.*

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The old man sits in his easy chair,
  And his ear has caught the ringing
Of many a church bell far and near,
  Their own sweet music singing.
And his head sinks low on the aged breast,
  While his thoughts far back are reaching
To the Sabbath morns of his boyish days,
  And a mother's sacred teaching.

A few years later, and lo! the bells
  A merrier strain were pealing,
And heavenward bore the marriage vows
  Which his manhood's joy were sealing.
But the old man's eyes are dimming now,
  As memory holds before him
The sad, sad picture of later years,
  When the tide of grief rolled o'er him.

When the bells were tolling for loved ones gone!
  For the wife, for the sons and daughters,
Who, one by one, from his home went out,
  And down into death's dark waters.
But the aged heart has still one joy
  Which his old life daily blesses,
And his eyes grow bright and his pulse warm
  'Neath a grandchild's sweet caresses.

But the old man wakes from his reverie
  And his dear old face is smiling,
While the child with her serious eyes reads on,
  The Sabbath hours beguiling.
Ah! bells once more ye will ring for him,
  When the heavenly hand shall sever
The cord of life, and his freed soul flies
  To dwell with his own forever.

A Visit to the Modocs.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who has visited the Modoc tribe at their reservation, writes thus:

We had introductions to and shook hands with Shack-nasty Jim, Steamboat Frank, Scar-faced Charley, Hooka Jim, Faithful David and others. Faithful David is so named because, when the Modoc Council determined to invite General Canby to a friendly conference and then murder him and his attendants, David at once informed Canby of the treacherous designs of Captain Jack. David's glory was not credited by the soldiers, and General Canby went to his death. David is a fine looking Indian, with a mildness of manner unusual to the rest of the tribe. Bogus Charley undertook to guide us through the camp. The Indian, from choice, pitches his tent on the prairie in the blazing sun, and sits around his tent bareheaded and generally barefooted in summer time. Old and young, male and female seem steeled against the sun's heat, that would melt a white man down in death. We saw them almost nude on the open prairie, in the blazing sun, going at the rate of six miles an hour, without let or hindrance. The camp habitations are mostly government canvas tents, with a few frame shanties as general Indian warehouses. Their furniture, bedding and cooking utensils are of the rudest kind. We found but slight indications in and about their tents of what civilized life would call comforts. The Indian is essentially improvident, lazy and uncleanly, loves money and whisky, and derides labor and cold weather as a means of cleanliness. The men, women and children in this camp were comfortably dressed. There were cases, however, where the effort to cover the body with garments was manifestly slight. This was especially the case among some very old squaws and young children. The government does not furnish them clothing. Up to this time, Mr. Jones said, the Friends and other charitable persons sent them clothing. Some they buy with the proceeds arising from the sale of bows and arrows, beadwork and hats. In the manufacture of these things they manifest considerable skill. The generality of the Modoc women are not attractive in person or feature. They are square built, with broad shoulders and of uniform size from top to bottom, and their wardrobe does not add much to the grace of their not handsome persons. Some of the children were arrayed in fancy cuts and colors, while most of them were in the condition of Mother Eve when she gave Father Adam the eye-opener in the Garden of Eden. The government furnishes these wards of its love rations of beef, flour, meal, beans or hominy, sugar, coffee, soda and soap. The saop ration does not appear to be in much demand from the looks of things and persons. Although the mass are lazy and improvident the head men manifest the Yankee's love of money and the Jew's tricks in acquiring it. They offer their wares for sale at unconscionable prices, and if they can not effect a sale at one price they will reduce it down, down, until the purchaser is almost ashamed of Indian cupidity. We invested for our boys, and are confident we paid ten prices for the articles we got. But our Anglo pride placed us on too high a level of human civilization to chaffer with a savage Modoc. We sustained our pride, but our money is gone forever. Our reward, however, was at hand. We asked if we could see the royal family. Bogus Charley told us it was a rare thing to show the blooded stock to strangers. But, having mollified him by our purchases, he said he would allow us to behold savage royalty. We were then introduced to Lizzie, Captain Jack's widow. She sat upon her throne of sticks and skins and received us right royally, but spoke nary word. Next we were introduced and shook hands with Princess Mary, Captain Jack's sister. She shook hands with us, looked at us with a sad expression, then covered her face with her hands. Bogus Charley said she refused to be comforted for the loss of her brother, her country and the graves of her fathers. Lizzie is homely as sin, but Princess Mary, for an Indian woman, was quite pleasant looking. She was dressed in a rather comely fitting green gown, and her person was decorated with some ornaments that lend a grace to female loveliness that can only be attained by refined, lady-like taste. Captain Jack left no little Jacks to perpetuate his name, so that his wife and sister are all that remain of the royal family. Since the Modocs came to this Indian Territory nine of their number have died, four have been born, and they now number, all told, 148.

Quite a number of them speak the English language well. Since they find that their home in all the future will be near the white man, they exhibit a laudable desire to learn his language. But their greatest delight to us appeared to be in shooting for nickels. The chief does not engage in this sport. He places the nickel in the split of a stick driven in the ground. Then the warriors with great glee send their arrows at it. The nickel belongs to him who knocks it out of its place. They are skillful bowmen. About thirty of the Modoc children are sent to a school provided for them, and Mr. Jones told us they were studious, tractable and apt in learning; that they were smart and intelligent learners.

There are less than fifty men of the Modocs; the exact number I could not learn. As I looked upon that handful of men I wondered how they ever had the hardihood, courage or temerity, call it what you will, to wage a war with the United States. Perhaps the answer may be found in the answer of Bogus Charley and Shack-nasty Jim to a question we put to them. Having said, as they were well fed and cared for now, they would rather remain where they are than return to their own country, we asked them why they fought. They drew on paper a rude map of their native country, and pointing with the finger said: "Here is Tula lake, here is Lost river, here is where we lived, where my father and his kindred are buried; here we lived and were well off until the white man come." Then pointing all around where their Modoc home was they said: "Here, and here, and here, and here, the white man come and settled, took Indian's game, Indian's land; game all gone, lands all gone. We loved our hunting grounds, we loved the graves of our fathers: where they were buried we wanted to stay."—*New York Herald.*

THE OLD BARN'S TENANTRY.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
He has a tail like a scimetar's edge,

A marshal's plume on his afghan neck,
An admiral's stride on his quarter deck;

He rules the roost and he walks the bay
With a dreadful cold and a Turkish way.

Two broadsides fired with his rapid wings,
This sultan proud of a line of kings—

One gutteral laugh, four blasts of horn,
Five rusty syllables rouse the morn!

The Saxon lambs in their woolen tabs
Are playing school with their a, b, abs;

A, e! I, o! All the cattle spell
Till they make the blatant vowels tell,

And a half-laugh whinny fills the stalls
When down in the rack the clover falls.

A dove is waltzing around his mate,
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate,

And showing off with a wooing note
The satin shine of his golden throat—

It is Ovid's "Art of Love" retold
In a binding fine of blue and gold!

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys,
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—

As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle light in pumkin bowls,
And the gleam that showed fantastic holes

In the quaint old lantern's tattoed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;

By the rarer light in the girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.

I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cup that the girls have kissed,

And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow

Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.
—Scribner's.

The Woman Bully.

The person who has been brought face to face with a woman bully will, in nine cases out of ten, says the *Liberal Review*, most certainly decline to believe in the alleged feebleness of what is facetiously styled the weaker sex. Indeed, it is highly probable that he will be confirmed in a previously held opinion that many ladies are intellectually more aggressive, as well as more pertinacious, in the obtaining of their own way, than are their masculine counterparts. As a rule, an old fogy is disposed to take things easily, so long as he is not exposed to emphatic contradiction. While fond of laying down the law to his juniors, he is in the habit of doing so in a heavy, ponderous and good-humored manner, which is not altogether disagreeable. He placidly assumes his own superiority, and as long as this is not combated he is content with occasionally reminding other people of their inferiority to himself, doing so in a gracious fashion which indicates that he believes the inferiority to be owing to no fault of theirs. His neighbor's affairs do not much concern him, and consequently, unless compelled by his innate egotism, he fails to talk about them to any great extent; indeed, almost the only time he does descant upon them is when he is desirous of advancing his own importance in the eyes of onlookers.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that it is the easiest matter in the world to maintain the most amicable relations with him. No one being so easy to bamboozle as a vain person, he is generally easily twisted round one's finger as one chooses, and while he is doing precisely as one has been working in order to make him perform, he may be led to the conclusion that he is acting entirely of his own free will, and completely in accordance with the dictates of his own judgment. Notwithstanding all this, he is supposed to belong to the stronger sex, by which the world is often irritably stated to be ruled. The lady bully is a being of very different mettle, and tactics which may be successfully employed against the old fogy are useless when she is in question. She is not satisfied with considering herself among the salt of the earth, which she does in a very strong degree; it is not enough for her to be left in peace to grow fat upon her self-conceit. She seems to deem it her duty to claim an enormous amount of credit for herself, and at the same time to be continually exposing the weaknesses and foibles of her neighbors.

She possesses the remarkable talent of being able to see through things almost as dense as stone walls, and prides herself upon her habit of saying precisely what she thinks. Naturally it is disagreeable to have much to do with her, and so people who value peace and quietness may be recommended to shun her company so far as lies in their power. In the matter of temper, she is what is described as uncertain, which simply means that if you are in her society for a day, or, at any rate, two days, she is bound to expend an amount of acidity upon you. No one has ever associated with her for any length of time without coming to the conclusion that she is personally convinced she is not only able to take care of herself, but of as many people as will enlist themselves under her patronage and protection.

The lady bully belongs to the leather-lunged order of beings. No matter where she is—whether she be in the drawingroom, the street, or private conclave, she makes a point of talking in a loud and aggressive voice. When she announces that young Brown is making a bad match in marrying Miss Smith, she does so in a manner which plainly indicates that she defies contradiction, and that no amount of persuasion or argument shall induce her to modify her opinion in the slightest degree. Her views upon men and things are, in a general way, decidedly eccentric. Young women are, according to her aspect of the case, something very much resembling simpletons, and require to be carefully watched at all the various stages of their careers. Young men, who do not possess a large share of this world's goods, on the other hand, are, in her eyes, monsters on a small scale, seeking whom they may devour, or, in other words, trying what well-dowered maidens they can entrap into marrying them. Strong adjectives are things for which she has special affections.

Let any one make a statement in her hearing, and the probability is that it will be stigmatized as "stuff" and "nonsense," or something of that kind. Let any young person attempt to hold his own against her and he will undoubtedly be dubbed an upstart, while an individual as old as herself who attempts to do this is sure to be made a victim upon whose character or intellect most serious reflections, couched in the plainest possible terms, will be cast. To say that people lack common sense is mildness itself compared with her sledgehammer speeches in reference to objects of her wrath. It is a notorious fact that she fancies she knows a great deal more about everybody's business than they do themselves, and that she is cognizant of every mistake which they have made in the conduct of their lives.

She will inform you in what respect Jones, whose children are turning out badly, has failed in his duty in reference to them, her invariable conclusion being that if he has not been a fool he has been a knave, and that he is, therefore, doing nothing more than meeting with his deserts. She will tell you how Smith, who has become a bankrupt, has brought himself into his trouble in such a disgraceful or dishonest manner that he is not worth an atom of compassion, which he will most certainly fail to get from her. It is a striking trait in her character that she never believes in people who are "down." These she deems it her duty to speak disparagingly of behind their backs, and to snub, not to say insult, when they appear before her. All things considered, it is not surprising that those who are brought across her path for the most part endeavor to shrink into obscurity when she heaves in sight, and are content to let her have her say unchecked.

When two of these female bullies meet, the spectacle presented is, indeed, edifying in the extreme. They rave and shout in order that their voices may be properly heard, which it is somewhat unreasonable to expect that they shall be, seeing that the two ladies persist in speaking at the same time, and that they both deem it a point of honor not to retire in favor of the other. At the same time above the gabble of sound it is easy to distinguish that they are talking ill about some persons who, you are led to understand, are deficient in common sense, virtue, and other desirable things. In a general way the lady bully, in addition to being an egotist, is a liar, and is utterly selfish. People must not fall into the mistake of imagining that she sets herself up in judgment upon her acquaintances because she loves them, inasmuch as this is not the case. It may invariably be concluded that the person who talks recklessly about other people is a selfish egotist, whose shallow intellect is as remarkable as her boundless vanity. The lady bully is, most certainly, not an argument in contravention of this statement.

Our Athletic Cousins.

Under the above heading the London *Echo* has the following:

The base ball contest at Lord's the other day, between the Boston and Philadelphia clubs, afforded clear proof that if the American youth are not so generally addicted to athletic sports as their kinsmen upon this side of the water, the cause is not to be sought in any physical degeneration. The athletic qualities displayed were quite up to the English standard, and, indeed, in the matter of "fielding," seem to have excited the envy of our best cricketers. We hear nothing but the most enthusiastic praise of the dexterity displayed in catching the ball, and of the accuracy of the eye and strength of arm shown in throwing it up. We scarcely think it likely that base ball will ever take its place in this country as a rival to cricket—among men at least. Among boys it—or something very like it—is already, under the name of "rounders," played to a considerable extent. But cricket in the eyes of Englishmen is, we believe, valued to a great extent on account of the very reasons which have prevented it from really taking root in America. The Americans are as a nation so busy, so bent upon getting on, that the greatest merit a game can possess in their eyes is that it can be played in three hours. But with us a game that lasts all day, or even two days, is on that account all the more popular.

The "American national game," however, seems to have many merits of its own. But the world in general will care less about the rival merits of cricket and base ball than about the now ascertained fact that in "base ball" the Americans have got a "national game." Hitherto it has been assumed by all observers, native and foreign, that in respect to devotion to athletic exercises and out-of-door sports, the American youth were essentially different from our own, and approached more nearly to the youth of the European continent. We have scarcely ever opened a book dealing with American life which has not adverted more or less forcibly to this contrast. But it would seem that a tendency to athleticism innate in the English race is at length breaking out in the Americans. Some signs of this have been making themselves manifest within the last few years in the new born taste for rowing which has sprung up in America. Speaking broadly, it may be said that hitherto the people of the United States have differed from every other people of British origin in being wanting in that passion for out-door exercise and open-air sports which may be said to be the most distinctly marked characteristic of the people of this country. Australia and New Zealand are as much given to the cultivation of the muscle as we are ourselves. Neither at home nor in our Australian colonies has it, as far as we are aware, been ever necessary on the part of the medical profession to insist upon the nation taking more exercise. But from the United States the complaint of doctors has been constant that exercise and fresh air are not taken to the extent they ought to be. Indeed, some observers have almost gone the length of persuading us that the American women do not take any exercise at all except as much as can be obtained by swinging backward and forward in a rocking chair.

It is an exceedingly curious thing that we, who possess probably as unpleasant a climate as any habitable country, should be most fond of exposing ourselves to it. But the fact is unquestionable, whatever may be the explanation. It is the characteristic in us which strikes most forcibly all foreign observers of our insular customs. M. Taine, in his "Notes on England," refers to it over and over again, and ascribes no insignificant number, both of our vices and virtues, to this single cause. Besides speaking no language but their own, and never reading, Mr. Disraeli has pointed out another characteristic of the English aristocracy—and an English aristocrat is, after all, merely an Englishman who can afford to lead the life he pleases—"they live in the open air." Now, a passion for open air in this country implies a passion for vigorous exercise; since during the greater part of the year doing nothing in the open air, that delightful pastime of more southern countries, would be anything but delightful here.

Our athletic tastes we have exported with our language and our institutions to every country which we have colonized except America. The students in American schools and colleges have hitherto been always described as resembling far more closely the students in a French Lycee than the schoolboys at Eton or Harrow, or the undergraduates of our English universities. Most of our readers must have learned, either from reading or from actual observation, how immense is the difference between a French and an English schoolboy. The English boy is educated, one may almost say, in the moments that can be spared from out-door exercise. Indeed, so great is the amount of time devoted to play that scarcely a week elapses without a letter appearing in the papers from some indignant paterfamilias, who complains that his son at school is being taught nothing but cricket and football, and who not unfrequently concludes his letter by asking, with Sydney Smith, the question which has been somewhat hackneyed by frequent quotation, but which will bear repitition, "Where is the use in having the body of a Hercules when we have good laws over our heads, and when a pistol, a porter, or a coach can be hired for a shilling." The French schoolboy, on the other hand, if he acquires the body of a Hercules—which he very rarely does—must acquire it in the gymnasium. Outdoor exercise of all sorts, except walking and drilling, may be said to be unknown. Such games as are played would be thought in this country to be more fit for girls than boys, and it has been the very general complaint that by far too large a share of the French boy's time is given to study and an undue strain put upon his undeveloped intellectual powers. In these particulars we have always been given to understand the American schoolboy approximated much more closely to the Gallic than the British model. But there seems to be now in the United States some signs of a reversion toward the athletic tastes of the mother country. And this, provided it is not allowed to go too far, is unquestionably a subject for congratulation.—*New York Times.*

The Idol Manufacture.

Birmingham, says Iron, until now, has engrossed the doubtful honor of supplying with impartial generosity missionaries and bibles to the more inquiring among the heathen and idols to those who prefer to walk in the old ways. But from a paragraph in a Sheffield paper we learn that the sharp blades of Hallamshire have likewise been in the habit of thus making the best of both worlds. It appears that the Japanese, finding that the old forms, at least of heathenism, do not fit well with the new civilization they are so eagerly adopting, are getting rid of their old gods. The Chinese have been called the English of the East; we may look upon the Japanese as a sort of Oriental Scotch; they are not throwing away their idols, but selling them. These are chiefly of metal, and of the precious metals in many cases, and the Mikado is making almost as good a thing out of his reformation as Henry VIII. did of his. It is in this way that we ascertain the birthplace of at least one of these discarded representatives of the gods of Japan, which is advertised for sale in the following terms: "For sale, at Kama Kura, a very fine idol with six arms. It is fifteen feet high and was cast in bronze at Sheffield."