

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Maupassant Schiller
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka
Cotton Dostoyevsky Kipling Doyle Willis
Baum Leslie Henry Flaubert Nietzsche Turgenev Balzac Crane
Dumas Stockton Vatsyayana Verne
Burroughs Tocqueville Gogol Busch
Curtis Homer Tolstoy Darwin Thoreau Twain Plato
Potter Zola Lawrence Stevenson Dickens Harte
Kant Freud Jowett Andersen London Descartes Cervantes Voltaire Cooke
Poe Aristotle Wells Burton Hesse
Hale James Hastings Shakespeare Chambers Irving
Bunner Richter Chekhov da Shaw Wodehouse
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Round the World

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PREFACE

It seems almost unnecessary to say that "Round the World," like "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," was originally printed for private circulation. My publishers having asked permission to give it to the public, I have been induced to undertake the slight revision, and to make some additions necessary to fit the original for general circulation, not so much by the favorable reception accorded to the "Four-in-Hand" in England as well as in America, nor even by the flattering words of the critics who have dealt so kindly with it, but chiefly because of many valued letters which entire strangers have been so extremely good as to take the trouble to write to me, and which indeed are still coming almost daily. Some of these are from invalids who thank me for making the days during which they read the book pass more brightly than before. Can any knowledge be sweeter to one than this? These letters are precious to me, and it is their writers who are mainly responsible for this second volume, especially since some who have thus written have asked where it could be obtained and I have no copies to send to them, which it would have given me a rare pleasure to be able to do.

I hope they will like it as they did the other. Some friends consider it better; others prefer the "Four-in-Hand." I think them different. While coaching I was more joyously happy; during the journey round the World I was gaining more knowledge; but if my readers like me half as well in the latter as in the former mood, I shall have only too much cause to subscribe myself with sincere thanks,

Most gratefully,

THE AUTHOR.

"Think on thy friends when thou haply see'st
Some rare, noteworthy object in thy travels,
Wish them partakers of thy happiness."

ROUND THE WORLD.

NEW YORK, Saturday, October 12, 1878.

Bang! click! the desk closes, the key turns, and good-bye for a year to my wards—that goodly cluster over which I have watched with parental solicitude for many a day; their several cribs full of records and labelled Union Iron Mills, Lucy Furnaces, Keystone Bridge Works, Union Forge, Cokevale Works, and last, but not least, that infant Hercules, the Edgar Thomson Steel Rail Works—good lusty bairns all, and well calculated to survive in The struggle for existence—great things are expected of them in The future, but for the present I bid them farewell; I'm off for a holiday, and the rise and fall of iron and steel "affecteth me not."

Years ago, Vandy, Harry, and I, standing in the very bottom of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, where we had roasted eggs and drank to the success of our next trip, resolved that some day, instead of turning back as we had then to do, we would make a tour round the Ball. My first return to Scotland and journey through Europe was an epoch in my life, I had so early in my days determined to do it; to-day another epoch comes—our tour fulfils another youthful aspiration. There is a sense of supreme satisfaction in carrying out these early dreams which I think nothing else can give, it is such a triumph to realize one's castles in the air. Other dreams remain, which in good time also *must* come to pass; for nothing can defeat these early inborn hopes, if one lives, and if death comes there is, until the latest day, the exaltation which comes from victory if one but continues true to his guiding star and manfully struggles on.

And now what to take for the long weary hours! for travellers know that sight-seeing is hard work, and that the ocean wave may become monotonous. I cannot carry a whole library with me. Yes, even this can be done; mother's thoughtfulness solves the problem, for she gives me Shakespeare, in thirteen small handy volumes. Come, then, my Shakespeare, you alone of all the mighty past shall

be my sole companion. I seek none else; there is no want when you are near, no mood when you are not welcome—a library indeed, and I look forward with great pleasure to many hours' communion with you on lonely seas—a lover might as well sigh for more than his affianced as I for any but you. A twitch of conscience here. You ploughman bard, who are so much to me, are you then forgotten? No, no, Robin, no need of taking you in my trunk; I have you in my heart, from "A man's a man for a that" to "My Nannie's awa'."

PITTSBURGH, Thursday, October 17.

What is this? A telegram! "Belgic sails from San Francisco 24th instead of 28th." Can we make it? Yes, travelling direct and via Omaha, and not seeing Denver as intended. All right! through we go, and here we are at St. Louis Friday morning, and off for Omaha to catch the Saturday morning train for San Francisco. If we miss but one connection we shall reach San Francisco too late. But we sha'n't. Having courted the fickle goddess assiduously, and secured her smiles, we are not going to lose faith in her now, come what may. See if our good fortune doesn't carry us through!

OMAHA, Saturday, October 19.

All aboard for "Frisco!"

A train of three Pullmans, all well filled—but what is this shift made for, at the last moment, when we thought we were off? Another car to be attached, carrying to the Pacific coast Rarus and Sweetzer, the fastest trotter and pacer, respectively, in the world. How we advance! Shades of Flora Temple and "2.40 on the plank road!" That was the cry when first I took to horses—that is, to owning them. At a much earlier age I was stealing a ride on every thing within reach that had four legs and could go. One takes to horseflesh by inheritance. Rarus now goes in 2.13-1/4, and Ten Broeck beats Lexington's best time many seconds. I saw him do it. And so in this fast age, second by second, we gain upon old Father Time. Even since this was written more than another second has been knocked off. America leads the world in trotters, and will probable do so in running horses as well, when we begin to develop them in

earnest. Our soft roads are favorable for speed; the English roads would ruin a fast horse.

We traverse all day a vast prairie watered by the Platte. Nothing could be finer: such fields of corn standing ungathered, such herds of cattle grazing at will! It is a superb day, and the russet-brown mantle in which Nature arrays herself in the autumn never showed to better advantage; but in all directions we see the prairies on fire. Farmers burn them over as the easiest mode of getting rid of the rank weeds and undergrowth; but it seems a dangerous practice. They plough a strip twenty to thirty feet in width around their houses, barns, hay-stacks, etc., and depend upon the flames not overleaping this barrier.

Third night out, and we are less fatigued than at the beginning. The first night upon a sleeping-car is the most fatiguing. Each successive one is less wearisome, and ere the fifth or sixth comes you really rest well. So much for custom!

* * * * *

SUNDAY, October 20.

All day long we have been passing through the grazing plains of Nebraska. Endless herds of cattle untrammelled by fences; the landscape a brown sea as far as the eye can reach; a rude hut now and then for a shelter to the shepherds. No wonder we export beef, for it is fed here for nothing. Horses and cattle thrive on the rich grasses as if fed on oats; no flies, no mosquitoes, nothing to disturb or annoy, while the pellucid streams which run through the ranches furnish the best of water. There can be no question that our export trade is still in its infancy. The business is now fully organized, and is subject to well-known rules. At Sherman we saw the large show-bills of the Wyoming County Cattle Raisers' Association, offering heavy rewards for offenders against these rules, and the *Cheyenne Herald* is filled with advertisements of the various "marks" adopted by different owners. Large profits have been made in the trade—the best assurance that it will grow—but from all I can gather it seems doubtful whether the experiment of exporting cattle alive will succeed.

We saw numerous herds of antelope to-day, but they graze among the cattle, and are altogether too finely civilized to meet our idea of "chasing the antelope over the plain;" one might as well chase a sheep. As night approaches we get higher and higher up the far-famed Rocky Mountains, and before dark reach the most elevated point, at Sherman, eight thousand feet above tide. But our preconceived notions of the Rocky Mountains, derived from pictures of Fremont *à la* Napoleon crossing the Alps, have received a rude shock; we only climb high plains—not a tree, nor a peak, nor a ravine; when at the top we are but on level ground—a brown prairie, "only this, and nothing more."

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TUESDAY, October 22.

Desolation! In the great desert! It extends southward to Mexico and northward to British Columbia, and is five hundred miles in width. Rivers traverse it only to lose themselves in its sands, there being no known outlet for the waters of this vast basin. What caverns must exist below capable of receiving them! and whither do they finally go?

At the station we begin to meet a mixture of Chinese and Indians—Shoshones, Piutes, and Winnemuccas. The Chinamen are at work on the line, and appear to be very expert. At Ogden we get some honey grapes—the sweetest I ever tasted. It is midnight before we are out of the desert.

We are up early to see the Sierras. My first glimpse was of a ravine resembling very much the Alleghany Gap below Bennington—going to bed in a desert and awaking to such a view was a delightful surprise indeed. We are now running down the western slope two hundred and twenty-five miles from San Francisco, with mines on both sides, and numerous flumes which tell of busy times. Hal-loa! what's this? Dutch Flat. Shades of Bret Harte, true child of genius, what a pity you ever forsook these scenes to dwindle in the foreign air of the Atlantic coast! A whispering pine of the Sierras transplanted to Fifth Avenue! How could it grow? Although it shows some faint signs of life, how sickly are the leaves! As for fruit, there is none. America had in Bret Harte its most distinctively national poet. His reputation in Europe proved his originality. The fact

is, American poets have been only English "with a difference." Tennyson might have written the "Psalm of Life," Browning "Thanatopsis," but who could have written "Her Letter," or "Flynn of Virginia," or "Jim," or "Chiquita"? An American, flesh and bone, and none other. If the East would only discard him, as Edinburgh society did his greater prototype, he might be forced to return to his "native heath" in poverty, and rise again as the first truly American poet. But poets, and indeed great artists as a class, seem to yield their best only under pressure. The grape must be crushed if we would have wine. Give a poet "society" at his feet and he sings no more, or sings as Tennyson has been singing of late years — fit strains to prepare us for the disgrace he has brought upon the poet's calling. Poor, weak, silly old man! Forgive him, however, for what he has done when truly the poet. He was noble then and didn't know it; now he is a sham noble and *knows* it. Punishment enough that he stands no more upon the mountain heights o'ertopping the petty ambitions of English life,

"With his garlands
And his singing robes about him."

His poet's robes, alas! are gone. Room, now, for the masquerader disguised as a British peer! Place, next the last great vulgar brewer or unprincipled political trimmer in that motley assembly, the House of Lords!

The weather is superb, the sky cloudless; the train stops to allow us to see the celebrated Cape Horn; the railroad skirts the edge of the mountain, and we stand upon a precipice two thousand feet high, smaller mountains enclosing the plain below, and the American River running at our feet. It is very fine, indeed, but the grandeur between Pack Saddle and San Francisco, with the exception of the entrance to Weber Cañon and a few miles in the vicinity, is all here; as a whole, the scenery on the Pacific Railroad is disappointing to one familiar with the Alleghanies.

At Colfax, two hundred miles from San Francisco, we stop for breakfast and have our first experience of fresh California grapes and salmon; the former black Hamburgs not to be excelled by the best hot-house grapes of England; and what a bagful for a quarter!

We tried the native white wine at dinner, and found it a fair Saunterne. With such grapes and climate, it must surely be only a question of a few years before the true American wine makes its appearance, and then what shall we have to import? Silks and woollens are going, watches and jewelry have already gone, and in this connection I think I may venture to say good-bye to foreign iron and steel; cotton goods went long ago. Now if wines, and especially champagne—that creature of fashion—should go, what shall we have to tax? What if America, which has given to mankind so many political lessons, should be destined to show a government living up to the very highest dictate of political economy, viz., supported by direct taxation! No, there remain our home products, whiskey and tobacco; let us be satisfied to do the next best thing and make these pay the entire cost of government. The day is not far distant when out of these two so-called luxuries we shall collect all our taxes; and those virtuous citizens who use neither shall escape scot-free. Although these sentences were written years ago, now since we approach the threshold of fulfilment I am not sure that upon the whole the total abolition of the internal revenue system is not preferable. We should thus dispense with four thousand officials. In government, the fewer the better.

No greater contrast can be imagined than that from the barren desert to the fertile plains below; oleanders and geraniums greet us with their welcome smiles; grapes, pears, peaches, all in profusion; we are indeed in the Italy of America at last, and Sacramento is reached by half-past ten. Since the great flood which almost ruined it some years ago, extensive dykes have been built, walling in the city, which so far have proved a sufficient barrier against the rapid swellings of the American River, that pours down its torrents from the mountains; but if Sacramento be now secure against flood, it is certainly vulnerable to the attacks of the not less terrible demon of fire. Such a mass of combustible material piled together and called a city I never saw before: it is a tinder-box, and we are to hear of its destruction some day. Prepare for an extra: "Great fire in Sacramento; the city in ashes;" but then, don't let us call it accidental.

What a valley we rush through for the hundred miles which separate Sacramento from San Francisco! It is about sixty miles wide, and as level as a billiard-table. Here are the famous wheat fields: as

far as the eye can reach on either side we see nothing but the golden straw standing, minus the heads of wheat which have been cut off, the straw being left to be burned down as a fertilizer. Fancy a Western prairie, substitute golden grain for corn, and you have before you the California harvest; for four hundred miles this valley extends, and it is wheat from one end to the other—nothing but wheat. Granted sufficient rain in the rainy season—that is, from November till February—and the husbandman seeks nothing more; Nature does all the rest, and a bountiful harvest is a certainty. In some years there is a scarcity of rain, but to provide against even this sole remaining contingency the rivers have but to be properly used for irrigation; with this done, the wheat crop of the Pacific coast will outstrip in value, year after year, all the gold and silver that can be mined. Douglas Jerrold's famous saying applies to no other land so well as to this, for it indeed needs only "to be tickled with a hoe to smile with a harvest."

We reached Oakland, the Jersey City of San Francisco, on time to the minute; the ferry-boat starts, and there lies before us the New York of the Pacific: but instead of the bright sparkling city we had pictured, sinking to rest with its tall spires suffused by the glories of the setting sun, imagine our surprise when not even our own smoky Pittsburgh could boast a denser canopy of smoke. A friend who had kindly met us upon arrival at Oakland tried to explain that this was not all smoke; it was mostly fog, and a peculiar wind which sometimes had this effect; but we could scarcely be mistaken upon that point. No, no, Mr. O'B., you may know all about "Frisco," the Chinese, the mines, and the Yosemite, but do allow me to know something about smoke. We reached our hotel, from the seven days' trip, and, after a bath and a good dinner with agreeable company, were shown as much of the city as it was possible to see before the "wee short hour ayont the twal'."

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PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, Wednesday Evening, October 23.

A palace truly! Where shall we find its equal? Windsor Hotel, good-bye! you must yield the palm to your great Western rival, as far as structure goes, though in all other respects you may keep the

foremost place. There is no other hotel building in the world equal to this. The court of the Grand at Paris is poor compared to that of the Palace. Its general effect at night, when brilliantly lighted, is superb; its furniture, rooms and appointments are all fine, but then it tells you all over it was built to "whip all creation," and the millions of its lucky owner enabled him to triumph. It is as much in place in San Francisco as the Taj would be in Sligo; but then your California operator, when he has made a "pile," goes in for a hotel, just as in New York one takes to a marble palace or a grand railway depot, or in Cincinnati to a music hall, or in Pittsburgh to building a church or another rolling mill. Every community has its social idiosyncrasies, but it struck us as rather an amusing coincidence that while we had recently greeted no less a man than Potter Palmer, Esq., behind the counter in Chicago as "mine host of the Garter," we should so soon have found ourselves in the keeping of Senator Sharon, lessee of the Palace. These hotels do not impress one as being quite suitable monuments for one who naturally considers his labors about over when he builds, as they are apt apparently to prove rather lively for comfort to the owners, and we have decided when our building time comes that it shall not be in the hotel line. We got to bed at last, but who could sleep after such a day—after such a week! The ceaseless motion, with the click, click, click of the wheels—our sweet lullaby apparently this had become—was wanting; and then the telegrams from home, which bade us Godspeed, the warm, balmy air of Italy, when we had left winter behind—all this drove sleep away; and when drowsiness came, what apparitions of Japanese, Chinese, Indians, elephants, camels, josses! passed through our brain in endless procession. We were at the Golden Gate; we had just reached the edge of the Pacific Ocean, and before us lay

... "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

To every blink the livelong night there came this refrain, which seemed to close each scene of Oriental magnificence that haunted the imagination:

"And our gude ship sails ye morn,
And our gude ship sails ye morn."

Do what I would, the words of the old Scotch ballad would not down. Sleep! who could sleep in such an hour? Dead must be the man whose pulse beats not quicker, and whose enthusiasm is not enkindled when for the first time he is privileged to whisper to himself, The East! the East!

"And our gude ship sails ye morn."

HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, Thursday, October 24.

At last! noon, 24th, and there she lies—the Belgic at her dock! What a crowd! but not of us; eight hundred Chinamen are to return to the Flowery Land. One looks like another; but how quiet they are! Are they happy? overjoyed at being homeward bound? We cannot judge. Those sphinx-like, copper-colored faces tell us no tales. We had asked a question last night by telegraph, and here is the reply brought to us on the deck. It ends with a tender good-bye. How near and yet how far! but even if the message had sought us out at the Antipodes, its power to warm the heart with the sense of the near presence and companionship of those we love would only have been enhanced. In this we seem almost to have reached the dream of the Swedish seer, who tells us that thought brings presence, annihilating space in heaven.

We start promptly at noon. Our ship is deeply laden with flour, which China needs in consequence of the famine prevailing in its northern provinces, not owing to a failure of the rice, as I had understood, but of the millet, which is used by the poor instead of rice. Some writers estimate that five millions of people must die from starvation before the next crop can be gathered; but this seems incredible. And now America comes to the rescue, so that at this moment, while from its Eastern shores it pours forth its inexhaustible stores to feed Europe, it sends from the West of its surplus to the older races of the far East. Thus from all sides, fabled Ceres as she is, she scatters to all peoples from the horn of plenty. Favored land, may you prove worthy of all your blessings and show to the world

that after ages of wars and conquests there comes at last to the troubled earth the glorious reign of peace. But no new steel cruisers, no standing army. These are the devil's tools in monarchies; the Republic's weapons are the ploughshare and the pruning hook.

For three hundred miles the Pacific is never pacific. Coast winds create a swell, and our first two nights at sea were trying to bad sailors, but the motion was to me so soft after our long railway ride that I seemed to be resting on air cushions. It was more delightful to be awake and enjoy the sense of perfect rest than to sleep, tired as we were; so we lay literally

"Rocked in the cradle of the rude imperious surge,"

and enjoyed it.

To some of my talented New York friends who are touched with Buddhism just now and much puzzled to describe, and I judge even to imagine, their heaven, I confidently recommend a week's continuous jar upon a rough railway as the surest preparation for attaining a just conception of Nirvana, where perfect rest is held the greatest possible bliss. Lying, as I did apparently, upon air cushions, and rocked so softly on the waves, I had not a wish; desire was gone; I was content; every particle of my weary body seemed bathed in delight. Here was the delicious sense of rest we are promised in Nirvana. The third day out we are beyond the influence of the coast, and begin our first experience of the Pacific Ocean. So far it is simply perfect; we are on the ideal summer sea. What hours for lovers, these superb nights! they would develop rapidly, I'm sure, under such skyey influences. The temperature is genial, balmy breezes blow, there is no feeling of chilliness; the sea, bathed in silver, glistens in the moonlight; we sit under awnings and glide through the water. The loneliness of this great ocean I find very impressive—so different from the Atlantic pathway—we are so terribly alone, a speck in the universe; the sky seems to enclose us in a huge inverted bowl, and we are only groping about, as it were, to find a way out; it is equidistant all around us; nothing but clouds and water. But as we sail westward we have every night a magnificent picture. I have never seen such resplendent sunsets as these: we seem nightly to be just approaching the gates of Enchanted Land; through the clouds, in beautiful perspective, shine the gardens of

the Hesperides, and imagination readily creates fairy lands beyond, peopled with spirits and fays. It is not so much the gorgeousness of the colors as their variety which gives these sunsets a character of their own; one can find anything he chooses in their infinite depths. Turner must have seen such in his mind's eye. "I never saw such sunsets as these you paint," said the critic of his style. "No; don't you wish you could?" was the reply. But I think even a prosaic critic would feel that these Pacific pictures have a spiritual sense beyond the letter, unless, indeed, he were Wordsworth's friend, to whom

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

He, of course, is hopeless.

THURSDAY, October 31.

We have been a week at sea. Can it be only seven days since we waved adieu to bright eyes on the pier? We begin to feel at home on the ship. The passengers are now known to each other, and hereafter the days, will slip by faster. I went down with the doctor and Vandy to see the Chinamen to-day. What a sight! Piled in narrow cots three tiers deep, with passages between the rows scarcely wide enough for one to walk, from end to end of the ship these poor wretches lie in an atmosphere so stifling that I had to rush up to the deck for air. So far three have died, and two have become crazy. My foolish curiosity has made the voyage less satisfactory, for I cannot forget the danger of disease breaking out among this horde, nor can I drive the yellow, stupid-looking faces out of mind. The night of the day in which I had gone below we were playing a rubber of whist in the cabin when the port-hole at my head was pushed open, and a voice in broken English shouted, "Crazee manee; he makee firee, firee!" I jumped round and saw a Chinaman. Such an expression—Shakespeare alone has described it—

"And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors."

Fire! that epitome of all that is appalling at sea, the danger each one instinctively dreads, but no one mentions. One ran one way and one another. The doctor (a real canny Scot, who sings "My Nannie's awa'" like Wilson) was over the rail and down the hold in a moment. I ran to Captain Meyer's room on the upper deck and roused him. He too was down and in the hold like a flash—brave fellows that they are, these "true British sailors." I waited the result, knowing that if fire had really started, a general stampede of Chinamen would soon come from the hatches; but all was still. How long those few moments seemed! In a short time the captain returned, looking, in his night-clothes, like a ghost. One of the crazy men had broken loose from his chains, and the Chinamen were panic-stricken. The watchman wanted the most startling alarm, and found it, undoubtedly, in that word fire. It is all over; but when he next has to sound an alarm let him "take any form but that."

We have a reverend missionary and wife, with two young lady missionaries in embryo, who are on their way to begin their labors among the Chinese. They are busily engaged learning the language. Poor girls! what a life they have before them! But apart from all question of its true usefulness, they have the grand thought to sustain them, and ennoble their lives, that they go at the call of what seems to them their duty. We watch the Chinese eating and laugh at their chopsticks, but we forget that one reason why John Chinaman prides himself upon being at the pinnacle of civilization is that he uses these very chopsticks. (None of the races of Asia, and until recently he knew no other, have ever got beyond chopsticks, the use of which was first taught China, while most of them don't even have them yet.) Let us not forget that our ancestors were using their fingers—barbarians that they were—when the Chinese had risen, centuries before, to the refinement of these sticks, for the fork is only about three hundred years old. Shakespeare probably, Spenser certainly, had only a knife at his girdle to carve the meat he ate, the fingers being important auxiliaries. We must be modest upon this chopstick question. It costs the ship eleven cents (5-1/2 d.) per day a head to feed these people, and this pays for a wholesome diet in great abundance, much beyond what they are accustomed to.

While on the subject of the Chinaman I may note that of course we did not get through California without hearing the Chinese problem warmly discussed. It is the burning question just now upon the Pacific coast, but it seems to me our Californians' fears are, as Colonel Diehl would put it, "slightly previous." There are only about 130,000 Chinese in America, and great numbers are returning as the result of hard times, and I fear harder treatment. There is no indication that we are to be overrun by them, and until they change their religious ideas and come to California to marry, settle, die, and be buried there, it is preposterous to believe there is any thing in the agitation against them beyond the usual prejudice of the ignorant races next to them in the social scale.

I met the owner of a quicksilver mine, whose remarks shed a flood of light upon the matter. The mine yields a lean ore, and did not pay when worked by white labor costing \$2 to \$2.50 per day. He contracted with a Chinaman to furnish 170 men at one-half these rates. They work well, doing as much per man as the white man can do in this climate. He has no trouble with them—no fights, no sprees, no strikes. The difference in the cost enables him to work at a profit a mine which otherwise would be idle; and to such as talk against Chinese labor in the neighborhood, he replies, "Very well, drive it off if you please, but the mine stops if you do." The benefit to the district of having a mine actively at work has so far insured protection. This is the whole story. Our free American citizen from Tipperary and the restless rowdy of home growth find a rival beating them in the race, and instead of taking the lesson to heart and practising the virtues which cause the Chinaman to excel, they mount the rostrum and proclaim that this is a "white man's country," and "down with the nigger and the Heathen Chinees," and "three cheers for whiskey and a free fight!" The Chinese question has not reached a stage requiring legislation, nor, if let alone, will it do so for centuries to come—and not then unless the Chinese change their religious ideas, which they have not done for thousands of years, and are not likely to do in our time.

* * * * *

FRIDAY, November 1

We saw flying-fishes to-day for the first time. The captain had been telling us as we approached the 30th degree of latitude that we should see these curiosities, and, sure enough, while standing on the bridge this morning, looking toward the bow, I saw three objects rise out of the water and fly from us. One seemed as large as a herring, the others were like humming-birds. They have much larger wings than I had supposed, and shine brightly in the sun as they fly. We have on board a gentleman connected with the Dutch Government, who visits their out-of-the-way possessions in the Malay Archipelago. He has been where a white man never was before—in the interior of New Guinea—and has seen strange things. He tells us that the birds of paradise take seven years to develop. The first year male and female are alike, but year after year the male acquires brighter feathers, until it becomes the superb bird we know. Some one remarked that it is just the reverse with the birds of paradise in man's creation. Here our Eve puts on gayer plumage year after year until finally she develops into a still more superb bird, while the male remains the same sober-suited fowl he was at first; but this was from a bachelor, I think.

We are in a new world, and the talk is all of people and islands and animals we never heard of. Do you know, for instance, that such a potentate as the Sultan of Terantor exists? and, ambitious ruler that he is, that he now claims tribute from the whole of New Guinea? Then, again, let me tell you that the Sultan of Burnei gets \$6,000 per year tribute from Setwanak, and, like a grasping tyrant, demands more; hence the wars which rage in that quarter of the globe. The Setwanaks have appealed to the "God of Battles," and are no doubt shouting on all hands that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God;" and "Millions for defence; not a cent for tribute." Look out for their forthcoming declaration of independence; and why shouldn't they have their "*Whereases*" as well as your even Christian? The only trouble is that when monarchs fight nothing is settled as a rule; what one loses to-day, he tries to win back to-morrow, and so the masses are kept in a state of perpetual war, or preparation for war, equally expensive. If Herbert Spencer had never formulated anything but the law underlying these sad contentions between man and man, he would have deserved to rank as one of our greatest benefactors. "When power is arbitrarily held by chief or king, the