

direct his course from one side to another. All the Eastern horses I have ever mounted, and their name is legion, require to be guided by the bit alone, and can seldom, or ever, be ridden with one hand. Most of the Indian women ride their ponies with a noose of rope through their mouths only, and some dispense even with this, and simply guide them with a piece of stick, which is applied, like the reins, to each side of the neck. It must be said, however, that the majority of horses in this country are very tractable, and can be easily handled, as indeed is necessary from the nature of the work required of them, and the cayuses are, it is universally conceded, the meanest of brutes; they are all wonderfully sure-footed, and can travel day after day over hundreds of miles of country with enormous loads, feeding only on the native bunch-grass, and never tasting corn or oats. Mules are, I believe, extensively used in packing, but I saw very few of them in my travels.

We got off soon after twelve o'clock, very sorry to bid adieu to our kind friends of the *Duchess*. We had two miles of tedious riding along the grass bluffs (western, benches) on the east bank of the Columbia; the trail followed the river as far as Lilacs' Landing, where it turned off inland. It was a very warm day, but the sun, fortunately for us, was obscured by a cloud of smoke which hung between earth and sky, and did not conceal the scenery, but veiled it in a silver mist which, combined with the perfect silence of nature, lent a strange ideal beauty to the country. Dust was a great drawback, and lay several inches deep along the trail; on the face of the cliff, where there was no alternative but to follow the beaten path, it was most oppressive. When we turned our backs upon the Columbia, however, we found ourselves in a fine grass region stretching away for miles, and could get off the dusty trails on to the turf and canter along at our pleasure. We made eight miles only the first afternoon and camped for the night at Windermere on the rancho of the Hon. F. Aylmer, which is beautifully situated near the base of a fine peak of the Rocky Mountains. We pitched our tent just above a large creek which rushed noisily through a wooded dell below us, but was completely concealed from view by a thick growth of trees. It faced two magnificent mountains, while behind us rose grass benches dotted with groups of evergreens. The pack and saddle horses were soon relieved of their loads, and turned out for the night to graze. This was my first experience of being under canvas. I found that a tent, comfortably arranged by skilful hands, was an abode not at all to be despised in favourable weather. Our Indian boy did not appear with the horses until noon the next day, having asked permission to go salmon-spearing in the Columbia the previous night, and been beguiled by that fascinating sport. It was one o'clock before all the horses were packed and ready, though Baptiste was assisted by another boy called Dave, a half-breed, whom we had also engaged, as we found that our work would require more than one youth to attend to it.

A western camp outfit was certainly a novel and picturesque sight. First came two well-mounted riders, behind them three Indian ponies (cayuses), not twelve hands high, without bridles, bearing two packs slung on each side of a pack saddle, and secured by strong ropes; the leader of these animals was decorated with a sonorous bell, and they were driven by our two Indian boys, attired in coats and trousers, who rode good stout ponies, and had excellent Mexican saddles and bridles. The cayuses were most aggravating beasts, often rushing off the track into the bush to snatch a mouthful of grass, and rubbing the packs against the trees with such violence that it was a marvel they stayed on at all; the dust and noise made by the after part of our outfit were so unpleasant that we found it advisable to keep well ahead. We had now seven horses in our party, and made quite an imposing train as we stretched out across the open country.

We made eight miles in pretty good time, as the riding was excellent, and stopped to dine by a brawling creek, which supplied the requisite water for our cooking and our horses. A Kootenay Indian joined us here, and shared our frugal meal of salmon, bacon, tea, and bread. The Mountain Indians struck me as a much finer race than their brethren of the plains; the one in question was a handsome man, well armed and well mounted; he wore a semi-civilised costume, consisting of a gray flannel shirt, and cloth waistcoat, a draped blanket fell over his lower limbs, which were encased in deer-skin leggings; a red cotton handkerchief bound round his head, and tied in a knot on the forehead, lent a brilliant touch of colour to the whole. In the course of an hour we were in the saddle again, and made seven miles during the afternoon. We camped that night on Geherry's Rancho (which is the legitimate and licensed stopping-place on the road, corresponding to the tavern of civilisation), and partook in his house of an excellent supper of partridges, cooked by his Chinaman in a novel and tempting manner, and paid for at a reasonable rate. The country we had passed through during the day had been so hidden by smoke that it was impossible to form any idea of it beyond the fact that it was hilly and wooded, with intervals of open park country.

E. S.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE used to visit with Grenville a good deal after his marriage, although the veteran statesman was then past his ninetieth year. Grenville told him that in middle age his health threatened to give way. "I could not imagine the cause. I thought first that perhaps I had been taking too much exercise; but I soon found that that had nothing to do with it. I read too much, perhaps, so I shut up my books. Again, it might be that I had accustomed myself to sitting up too late, so I went to bed earlier. But the results were worthless. When, all at once, by a sort of providential instinct, it flashed across my mind that for the last thirty years I had been drinking, day after day, at least a bottle and a half of port wine, and that possibly it was to that practice I might refer the threatened break up of my constitution. Accordingly, I dropped it at once, and speedily recovered my strength."

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK."

It is said that the revelation of the real sex of the writer who had been contributing such unique and admirable short stories to the *Atlantic Monthly*, over the massive masculine signature of "Charles Egbert Craddock," was as great a surprise to Thomas Bailey Aldrich as was the discovery of Miss Evans, under the disguise of "George Eliot," to the bewildered and abashed Mr. Blackwood, who thereupon began to anxiously cudgel his memory in the fear that some of his numerous letters might not have been just what he would have liked best to have written to a rather prim-looking young lady. Seeing that the day of small things for the gentler sex has altogether passed away, so far as literature is concerned, it is not very easy to understand just why genius of so striking and powerful a stamp as Miss Evans's, or Miss Murfree's, should seek to disguise its femininity by appropriating masculine appellations, and, in the case of the latter, a most masculine chirography also. If Miss Evans ever explained her action, I have not seen her explanation. Miss Murfree, I believe, when asked for her reasons, stated that she preferred not revealing her identity when making her first venture, and while looking about for a *nom de plume*, bethought herself of one "Charles Craddock," the hero of a story she had begun but never finished, and throwing in Egbert, because it was a favourite name of hers, behold her literary mask was complete.

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this any more than I can for the other story, that when the delightful news came of her first attempt upon the "charmed circle" of the *Atlantic* having proved successful, she arrayed herself in her best attire and sailed proudly in upon the astonished family with the pregnant missive held aloft, resolved that so signal an event should be fittingly heralded.

Whatever be her true reasons, Miss Mary N. Murfree, having once assumed her cumbrous pseudonym, seems as loath to part with it as was her prototype, and there are no doubt scores and hundreds of her readers who still remain in blissful ignorance of the fact that the writings they so keenly enjoy are the products of a woman's pen.

Moreover, there is nothing in these writings to undeceive them, or arouse a questioning within their minds. On the contrary, if Miss Murfree will pardon me for saying so, her work is so strong, so vivid, so intense, and the power is so steadfastly maintained throughout, never relaxing for a single scene or sentence, that it is not easy to credit a woman with having produced it. There is no comparing the types she has drawn with such masterly skill from the wild fastnesses of the Tennessee Mountains, and, putting one sex against the other, saying: "Ah! the woman's touch is unmistakable here: only a woman could have written this," without the next moment being moved to make precisely the same remark, only substituting "man" for "woman." She knows her men not less well than she does her women. Sometimes one is inclined to think that she spends more time over the opposite than over her own sex, and this perchance might be regarded as affording a clue of some value in penetrating her disguise.

The biographical details concerning Miss Murfree which have thus far become public property are unfortunately so slight as to throw very faint illumination upon her early life. The town of Murfreesboro', Illinois, is entitled to the credit of being her birthplace, and a prominent lawyer to the renown of being her father. Her intimate acquaintance with the Tennessee Mountains and their quaint out-of-the-world denizens is due to her having spent the summers of some sixteen years in that cool and airy locality. Rarely, indeed, have summer saunterings been put to better purpose, for Miss Murfree could hardly have spent an hour there that did not leave some impression upon her camera-like brain, from which in later days a picture should be struck whose beauty would appeal to all.

Just how Miss Murfree learned to clothe her thoughts in so rich and splendid a garb of language; whether she trained her pen by years of silent secret practice, or burst into the literary arena full panoplied like another Minerva; these and other questions, which rise naturally within the minds of her readers, have yet to be answered. It is only known that the boast has been made on her behalf that no proffered contribution has ever been rejected, while each one of the four volumes she has given the world have won immediate and permanent success.

Some seven years ago a story, entitled "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and sent "a thrill of joy prophetic" through the readers of that exclusive and eminently respectable periodical. Altogether unknown as was the name of the writer, and novel the field into which the first glimpse was thus given, there was nothing uncertain or immature about the hand which held the pen, and as "Electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting" and other stories followed, the conviction deepened that a new power had arisen in literature which promised the jaded palates of fiction readers *bonnes bouches* of such piquancy, originality, and potency as had hardly been enjoyed since the star of Bret Harte arose in the West. No one discerned more clearly the rare worth of these stories than Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and when he succeeded Howells in the editorial chair of the *Atlantic*, one of his first steps was to order some more from "Mr. Craddock," as, in his innocence, he supposed the author's name to be. After some six or eight had thus found their way into print, Mr. Aldrich strongly counselled their being gathered together into one volume by the publishers of the *Atlantic*. To this Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin somewhat hesitatingly consented, fearing that the market for short stories was overcrowded, but the result amply justified the editor's foresight, as no less than sixteen editions have gone off in two years, and the book still sells steadily.

The causes of its popularity are not hard to find. In the first place, the field chosen by the writer was absolutely fresh, and she had all the