



CHAPTER III.

"What have we toiled for? Fame—

"The echo of a name,

"To be forgot with easy unconcern

"When the quick flame, whose ray

"Illumes our thinking clay,

"Fades, and we shrink into the quiet urn,

"No more on this poor stage to smile or sigh,

"At woman's flattering voice, or man's ascetic eye."

J. H. Wiffen, "Inquisition of the year."

A GLIMPSE ONLY.

LIFE in the Rancho proceeded in the same quiet way as usual—and Willie Woodhouse had in a few weeks grown into the life, which at first struck him as being so repugnant. Before sun-rise the fire was alight in the American stove, bread being prepared for breakfast, luscious coffee berries roasted, and the coffee made. Pork would be fried, corn bread made, and men with hearty appetites—master, guest, and servants—sat down at the same table. What merry and happy breakfasts they were, can be imagined. A stray newspaper now and again would find its way into the company, and all questions under dispute