

home. The wedding day was fixed, but we were destined to disappointment. Never were we to realize that perfect bliss beginning at the hymenial altar, ending at the grave.

"A war cloud arose in the political horizon of Europe. The cry 'to arms!' resounded from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. France and Germany were about to decide at the point of the sword what diplomacy failed to adjust. The beautiful fields of France, the garden of the Old World, were to be drenched in blood, her villages destroyed and her fortresses invested. I was called to defend the honor of my country, to fight for German unity. I took leave of my father, my mother, and of her whom in a few weeks more I should have called my wife. You know of the horrible battles that were fought. I passed unscathed through all until we reached the vicinity of Sedan.

"On the memorable day of the battle of Sedan I was severely wounded and left for dead upon the field. By mere accident I was found and taken to a house in the outskirts of the town, but my name had been added to the list of those who 'fell in defence of the flag,' and, by some oversight on the part of the officers in charge, this error was not corrected.

"For three long months I lay between life and death, then gradually improved, so that at the end of thirty days more I was strong enough to be sent home. I reached my native village, and entered the door of the family mansion. Father and mother could hardly trust their eyes. I had been reported dead—killed at the battle of Sedan. * * * * *

I asked for Isabella. My mother's face assumed a pitiful look. My father remained silent. She was no more. The news of my death had been broken to her too suddenly. Brain fever carried her to the grave."

Mr. _____ was overcome with grief; the tears rolled down his manly cheeks and he remarked, "Gentlemen, now you have the reason why I visit a distant clime. Forget, it is impossible—but the ever-changing surroundings of travel may, in time, alleviate my suffering and bring some relief to my aching heart."

Our American friend, who was, like ourselves, moved to tears by the foregoing recital, now began his narrative:

"I was born in the City of New York, the metropolis of the great American Union, of wealthy parents, living in all the luxury and surrounded by the comforts so easily attainable in our country, by the universally worshipped, omnipotent dollar. I had a twin brother. We were the only children and were really idolized by our parents. My brother and myself were sent to school at the age of seven, and when we had finished the primary course, were transferred to an institute on the banks of the Hudson. As mere boys, we frequently talked about what we should like to become. I wished to be a sea Captain—my brother a General. Meanwhile we diligently pursued our studies, and at the age of 18 left the school and returned to New York. Our father said that it was necessary to put us to some occupation, while mother insisted that we were too young and not sufficiently experienced to brave the temptations of this wicked world. Several years rolled on. Our dear father, who had been ailing for some time, died, casting gloom and grief into the family circle. One year more, and our kind mother was carried to the grave. We were left alone—with no one to love and no one to love us, and the ties of brotherly affection, which had always been strong, were now redoubled. We thought of visiting Europe, the Holy land, etc., but decided to delay our departure in consequence of some unsettled affairs. The internal dissensions between North and South had been brewing for a long time and were about to burst forth in all the fury of rebellion. We joined the army to uphold the integrity of the Union and stand by our flag, the starry banner. By mere chance we were placed in the same company and fought many a battle side by side. In the battle of the Wilderness a ball from the enemy pierced my brother's breast—he fell almost lifeless at my feet. All he could say was, 'God bless you!' Heart-sick and disconsolate I resigned and bore the body of my beloved brother home, to place him beneath that sod which sheltered the forms of those who, during life, were so dear to him. * * * * * In Greenwood Cemetery, shaded by willows, may be seen a plain marble shaft—the inscription, '*mort sur le champ de bataille.*'

"Alone in the wide world, I have roamed from place to place. On the Overland train I met and became acquainted with Mr. _____. We have agreed to travel together, in search of what probably we shall never find on this side of the tomb—*contentment.*"

To eradicate, to a certain extent, the gloomy impression left upon our minds by these affecting recitals, we proposed the toast "California," which was very heartily responded to by our friends. Time had flown more rapidly than we imagined; the eastern horizon already showed signs of approaching day when we took leave of these amiable gentlemen, who expressed a desire to accompany us on a trip through Sonoma and Mendocino Counties. For the present we bid them farewell and will continue our journey.

We leave Lakeport at 9 A. M. Our horses having enjoyed a long rest are impatient to travel rapidly, and following the road in a northerly direction, we reach Blue Lakes at 10½ A. M.—distance 12 miles. At this point there are two hotels for the accommodation of tourists. There are two lakes, the upper and lower, covering an area of about four square miles. The water is of great depth and has a blue color, similar to the ocean. They are surrounded by rugged mountains covered with pines. On the western side there are