

they related conversations with natives who gave accounts of such peoples and countries farther to the northward.

A hint of this kind, after the spoiling of such a city as Mexico, was enough to inflame the imagination of the Viceroy; and an expedition was immediately determined on. In order to avoid a conflict with the natives, which soldiers were sure to provoke, two friars were selected to make the journey, having for guide one of the before mentioned adventurers, named Estevanico, a Moor. Friar Marcos de Niza, the principal of the expedition, returned the following year with tales so tempting, of the rich and beautiful countries, and large and splendid cities that he had seen, that nothing was talked of in Mexico but the El Dorado to which everybody was eager to go, and the Viceroy, Mendoza, more than all. To conquer this new and rich region was the ambition of all military men, and Mendoza had no trouble in raising two armed expeditions, the one to proceed by sea, and another by land, to co-operate in subjugating these wealthy cities of the interior.

According to Friar Marcos, the country they were seeking laid between the 35th and 36th degrees of latitude, and in a general northwesterly direction. The sea forces were to proceed to the head of the Gulf of California or "Sea of Cortez," and there quitting their ships, to proceed by land. But instead of being forced to march overland, as they expected, the naval commander discovered a large river, which he entered, and up which he proceeded eighty leagues in boats, making inquiries as he went, concerning the beautiful cities whose houses were built of stone and ornamented with precious gems, besides being inhabited by a people willing to embrace the Christian religion. Neither did the commander see anything of the numerous crosses which Friar Marcos declared he had erected secretly, thereby taking possession of the country for his Catholic sovereign. Some rumors he did hear of cities in the interior, and of monstrous beasts and enchanters, very like tales of the middle ages, but nothing to induce him to penetrate farther into a desert country. He therefore returned to Mexico before the year was out, having done nothing of importance except to discover the Colorado river.

Not so the commander of the land expedition. A march of three months brought his forces to the designated country, where nothing was discovered but a few villages, containing, it is true, stone houses, rudely built, and a people not altogether savage, possessing a few trinkets of gold and silver. Thus ended the exciting search for the rich and ancient cities of Cibola. The country was good enough to tempt the soldiers to remain and settle it, but their commander would not allow it. He was not yet satisfied with looking for cities to plunder, and spent two years wandering with his men through the country that must now be called Utah, discovering the sources of the Colorado and Platte rivers before he returned to Mexico. It may reasonably be conjectured that the ruined cities of Arizona were in some way reported to Friar Marcos; but he must still have drawn largely on a lively Spanish imagination for the accounts which induced the Viceroy to undertake so important an expedition as this.

The next attempt at discovery was by sea, when in 1542, two vessels were dispatched by Mendoza up the coast, reaching the latitude of San Francisco Bay, but not discovering it. Bad weather drove the vessels back to the Santa Barbara group of islands, where the *Comandante* Cabrillo died, leav-

ing the command to his pilot, Bartolome Ferrello, who resumed the voyage, and on the 26th of February, 1543, reached a cape in latitude 41°, to which he gave the name of *Cabo de Fortunas*, (Cape of Perils) on account of the severe weather encountered there. He continued on north, to latitude 44°, when the winds being adverse and his crew sick, he put about and returned to Mexico. But there can be no doubt that Ferrello first discovered Cape Mendocino, and the coast of Oregon.

To be Continued.

IN SEARCH OF A BRAIN.

BY NICHOLAS NILES.

In the summer of 1869 I had occasion to visit the Rushmore Asylum for the Insane. The institution is, I believe, reckoned among the best of its kind in this country. The distinguishing feature in its system of treatment is that of according to patients all reasonable freedom—a system, I am informed, which has been followed with the most encouraging results. So far as practicable, the inmates of the asylum are treated like sane men and women; and, instead of being kept constantly reminded of their infirmity, they are led to forget it—if the power to forget remains.

On the day of my visit I had purchased a case of medicines for one of the assistant physicians, who was my intimate friend. This I had done at his request, and it was to deliver these medicines that I made the journey to the Rushmore Asylum.

Ascending the massive stone steps, I was conducted by one of the attendants into the reception-parlor. Here I was left to wait until my presence could be announced to my friend Dr. Balcom. It so happened that I was the only occupant of the room, and to engage my mind while I waited, I picked up a copy of De Quincey's "Confessions," and began to read. While thus occupied, a voice accosted me, saying:

"Did you wish to see any one, sir?"

Looking up, I saw that the speaker was a small, neatly-dressed man, who had entered unobserved, and who had evidently addressed me in order to make his presence known.

"I was waiting," I replied, "to see Dr. Balcom."

"The doctor is engaged just at present on a very important case. Would you like to make a tour of the building?"

I answered that I should be pleased to do so, and thereupon my friend conducted me out into the hall. I discovered that he was one of the attendants in the asylum, and he also informed me that he had studied insanity for a number of years, with a view to fitting himself for a physician. Under so excellent a guide I was conducted through the building, and shown the numerous points of interest. Those patients whose cases possessed particular interest were also pointed out to me, and their idiosyncrasies fully explained.

"The man whom we have just passed," said my companion, referring to a large, fresh-faced, mild-eyed patient, "is one of the most dangerous cases which we have ever had."

"Indeed?" I replied. "One would not think so from looking at him."

"No; but the appearance of all insane people is deceptive. There was a woman here some time ago—a pale, sweet-faced, delicate creature—whom we all thought a saint, and who acted like one until she succeeded in getting hold of a carving-knife, and then she cut the throats of two of her fellow-patients!"

"Is there not danger," I asked, "in granting so much liberty to the inmates?"

"Well, it is our peculiar system. We find in some instances, of course, that the freedom is abused, but in the majority of cases it works well."

This, and much more conversation, took place between the attendant and myself as we passed through the halls. I was most favorably impressed with his intelligence and manners, and the thought struck me forcibly that he was fitted to fill a higher position than that which he occupied.

"I observe," he said, "that you carry a medicine-case, and I infer that you are a physician."

"No," I rejoined. "Although I have

the equipments of a doctor, I should make but sorry work at using them. They belong to Dr. Balcom, and I called to deliver them." Then looking at my watch, I added: "I fear that I am keeping the doctor waiting by my long absence."

"I think he is not yet disengaged," returned my companion. "We shall have time to go on to the roof of the building, from which the view is really magnificent."

Accordingly, my guide led the way up the spiral staircase, which connected the topmost story with the roof, I following at his heels. As we emerged through the broad skylight, the scene which presented itself to the eye was indeed magnificent. To the right lay the river, winding like a silver thread through the pleasant valley; in front could be seen the distant spires of the city, glistening like the sunlight; and afar off rose the hills, their summit lost in the deep blue of the heavens. The carefully kept grounds of the asylum, immediately beneath us, looked like a map, gorgeous with its many hues of flowers.

"This is certainly a splendid view," I said.

"It is still better from the opposite side of the building," returned my guide. "Let us go over there."

Accordingly, we walked along the flat roof, the attendant taking the precaution to close the skylight behind us, lest any of the patients should be tempted to follow us. The Rushmore Asylum is some two hundred and fifty feet in length, and as we had emerged from the westerly end of the roof we had this considerable distance to walk. Suddenly, when we had reached a point about midway in the building, my companion stopped, and, turning upon me abruptly, said:

"Have you a large brain?"

I looked at him a little wonderingly, and then laughed as I replied:

"Well, if I have, the world has not discovered it!"

"Don't jest, sir," he said petulantly, and with a seriousness that flashed an unpleasant suspicion across my mind, "I wish to know distinctly whether or not you have a large brain?"

He was looking me full in the face, with a peculiar expression in his dark eyes which I had not before observed. There was not the slightest betrayal of levity in his manner. He was terribly in earnest. His thin, white fingers worked convulsively, and there was a twitching about the muscles of the mouth such as I have seen in persons suffering intense pain. The horrible truth flashed upon me as I returned his steadfast gaze.

This man was a maniac.

I am possessed, I fancy, with an average amount of courage, but at that moment I felt it oozing out of the very pores of my skin. I know that I turned deathly pale, and for a moment was utterly unable to think. Then I grew calmer. Doubtless this maniac had brought me on to the roof of the building with the idea of pushing me off. As I have already said, he was a small man. Physically, I was his superior. But I was without any weapon of defense. Suppose that he was armed?

"My good sir," I said, endeavoring to speak in a natural tone, "I can assure you that my brain is not a large one; and, as my time is somewhat limited, I think we had better go down now."

I made a movement as if to retrace my steps to the skylight. Quick as thought, the madman sprang in front of me, and, with his eyes glaring wildly, albeit he spoke in a low, unexcited voice, he said:

"I think your brain is large enough for my purpose, sir. You must understand that I have a great mission in this world to fulfill—a mission which I have not as yet even begun. The strain upon my own mental faculties will be too great; I therefore intend to take out your brain and insert it in my own head."

Here he drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a large-sized clasp-dagger, which he opened, and began to rub the blade up and down on the palm of his hand.

"I have given years of thought to this subject," he continued, "and I am convinced that I shall succeed. With a double brain-power, I shall be enabled to accomplish a double amount of brain-work. I have been waiting for a subject a long, long time, but not until I saw you did I find one suited to my

purpose. You are the man—the brain for whom I have been watching!"

"I fear, sir," said I, "that you are sadly mistaken. Your idea is a grand one—an original one. But I am not fit to aid you in carrying it out. You should select a strong, active, healthy brain. Mine, on the contrary, is weak and diseased. Why, sir, up to the age of fourteen I was considered an idiot. Since then my friends do not permit me to have control of my own affairs. I am actually little better than a lunatic. I can neither read nor write."

"Nevertheless," he interrupted, "you will answer my purpose, and I am about to take out your brain with this dagger and insert it in my own head. I have brought you on to the roof here that we may be free from all interruptions. You will now oblige me by lying down!"

If my mind had been stunned by the first discovery of the man's madness, it was active enough now. A thousand schemes rushed through my brain. I took in the situation fully. I was alone with a maniac armed with an ugly weapon, and bent upon my destruction. To cry out would be useless. Nobody could hear me. The chances of any aid from those within the asylum were small indeed. I could not run away. If I attempted to gain the skylight, I would certainly be killed. The medicine-case in my hand suggested the thought which saved my life.

"If you are determined to make use of such an unworthy subject as I," I said, "well and good. I shall offer no further resistance. But I ask that you will grant me five minutes while I address a brief farewell to my friends. I will give it to you to deliver to them."

"Very well," he replied, "if you know how to write, proceed. I will wait five minutes."

He took up his position a few feet from me, watching every motion I made with horrible eagerness. I knelt down, with my back towards him, took from the medicine-case a bottle of chloroform (which I knew it contained), and saturated my handkerchief with the liquid. This I succeeded in doing without his knowledge. Then, rising to my feet, I scribbled some unintelligible words upon the back of an old envelope, and said:

"You will do me the honor to read what I have written here."

He came towards me, and while I held the envelope in my hand stood by my side and looked at the writing. I had the handkerchief in my right hand and the envelope in my left. As he bent forward to decipher the words, I suddenly clutched his hand, which held the dagger, and at the same instant clapped the handkerchief over his mouth and nose. He struggled fiercely for a moment or two, and then the fumes of the drug began to tell upon him. His efforts to release himself grew weaker, and he finally fell to the roof, insensible.

With all haste I made my way to the skylight, down the spiral staircase and into the halls below. There I recounted what had happened, and two of the assistants were sent to bring down the murderous maniac. He recovered in good time from the effects of the chloroform, but the last I heard of him he was still looking for a suitable subject to furnish him an extra brain.

Union, the county seat of Union county, is one of the most thriving and prosperous towns east of the Cascade mountains. Being situated in the southern portion of Grande Ronde valley, the nearest and most accessible portion of the county to the extensive placer and quartz mines in Union and Baker counties, it affords the best market of any business point in Union county. During the past year property has rapidly increased in value, and many improvements of a substantial nature have been made. Everything bears evidence of thrift, prosperity and a healthy substantial growth.—*Union Sentinel.*

THE WEST SHORE for May is upon our table. This monthly is becoming most deservedly popular, and should be incorporated into every household in the land. It should take precedence because of the character and variety of its subject matter, the tone and literary excellence of its pages, and last, though not least, because it is a home production.—*Harrisburg Nucleus.*

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