

THE LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

Without a doubt, the principal event of the year 1891 in California, will be the formal opening of the institution of learning which Leland Stanford has erected and given to the public of the Pacific coast as a fitting memorial of a deeply loved son.

In order to secure every advantage possible for this institution, Mr. Stanford has made a careful study of all the famous universities in the world; he has invited some of the ablest men of the time, including President Harrison, to assist him in the dedication of his work; he has engaged the most learned and brilliant men he could find to fill the chairs; he has secured the enactment of a law for the protection of all endowments that may, in the future, be made to educational institutions on the Pacific coast; he has deeded to the trustees of the new university 83,200 acres of productive land, the income from which is to be applied to the support of the work; and last but not least, he has made all his plans to meet the needs of the whole people, and not to cater to the demands of a select few.

The curriculum includes a department of agriculture; one of mechanical and industrial arts; one of the fine arts, embracing painting, sculpture and music; one in the usual English and classical branches, modern languages, normal training, the sciences, kindergartening; in fact as much and more than is taught in any other university in the world.

Among its trustees may be found such men as Judge Sawyer, James McM. Shafter, Charles Goodall, Alfred Tubbs, Judge Spencer, Henry Vrooman, Charles F. Crocker, Timothy Hopkins, H. L. Dodge, Irving M. Scott, and many others.

The architecture of the buildings, while extremely simple, is most artistic and beautiful. The university itself is built in the style of the old missions of California, around the four sides of a hollow square. The rough hewn, creamy stone, the dull-red, tiled roofs, the graceful, arched entrance and exits, the long, shaded corridors, the extensive, fragrant gardens, and the surrounding landscape with its palms in the foreground, and, in winter and spring, with its snow-clad mountains in the dim distance towards the south, where the great Lick observatory crowns even the snows—all this combines to produce a unique and never to be forgotten picture.

The dormitory is the largest building on the grounds, and some idea of the amount of work on it may be formed from the cut of it that accompanies this article. It shows the incompleteness of the building as it appeared on the first of September.

There many who are narrow enough to condemn the achievement of this grand plan, on the ground that it is a huge bribe to win the support of the masses in some political campaign. To those who are truly interested in the growth of this coast, this wise provision for the solid education and training of the coming generations, cannot seem other than the most sublime monument that one pair of hands and one active human brain can erect as an everlasting tribute to the dawning of a new era in our western civilization.

Oregon and Washington have already far outstripped us in the matter of fine public improvements. We are proud of our two northern neighbors, and watch with delight their growth; but we are very glad to feel that we shall soon be able to offer them the benefits to be derived from this great university, as a partial return for all the advantages we have been enjoying these last few years, from the generous bounty of the prosperity of both Washington and Oregon. There are a number of good colleges on the Pacific coast, but undoubtedly this will always remain the leading institution of learning.

E. T. Y. PARKHURST.

THE SACRED ALTARS OF THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

The man who tramps through the mountains of the Cœur d'Alenes, in Idaho, will find many points of interest of a traditional nature to reward him for the hardships of a journey in the sequestered spots of the gulch and mountain side. Perhaps one of the most interesting objects of a supposed prehistoric race is the Sacred Altars, about fifteen miles southeast of the little town of Mullan, in an unfrequented spot beyond the lofty peaks of the St. Joe range of mountains. It is a day's journey, of many hardships, to this place of interest and, as you wend your way over the old mining trail and through the labyrinth of foliage and down timber, you wonder how the aborigines or the clans of prehistoric man ever sought this place to build these monuments to the gods of their people. It is a wild, weird

spot; the sparkling waters of a tributary to the St. Joe river making nature's music at the base of the mountain and St. Stephen's peak, the highest point of the Cœur d'Alene mountains, lifts its snow-capped head high above the "round top" of past worship and sacrifice. The morning sun kisses the chapel of the past through a pass in the Bitter Root range and leaves its last beams dancing on these pyramids to unknown gods.

Of these sacred altars there are six in number, builded of basaltic rock taken from some place beyond a hundred miles from this point, as there is no rock of this character in the vicinity, and of a peculiar masonry unknown and unrecorded in the history of the craft. They are seven feet in



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height and a careful measurement of the entire six shows the remarkable fact that there is not a hair's difference in the structure of them all. They are of the same height, and width, of solid masonry, with the exception of a deflection, or sort of sink, on the square top of each. On the front of each, facing the rising sun, are crude hieroglyphics and a chiseled crescent. The hieroglyphics are of the picture language, instead of the written language of a race, and point to a moon worship rather than devotions to the sun. Within the distance of an arrow's flight of these altars is a square amphitheatre, which seems to have been hewn in the solid rock and worn almost as smooth as polished marble. Numerous narrow trails lead from this amphitheatre to the mountains, but outside of the immediate surroundings, there is no sign of man in the glens, canyons and mountains of this vicinity. The writer has spent hours at these strange marks of a past race, trying to

fathom the mystery and endeavoring to gain some key to the secrets of the sacred inscriptions, but has sought in vain for anything pertaining to them, outside of the simple marks of the past as seen on first reaching the ground of the sacred altars. What they are, or by what people erected, is mere speculation and will, perhaps, forever remain one of the mysteries unfathomed and unsolved. It is a certain fact that no white men ever placed the trowel of civilization to the rocks of which these structures were builded. They are not of the Indian race for the architecture of these monuments shows the master hand of the artisan and

leaves the beholder to believe that some time in the dim past a race of people existed here who communed with the gods of high art and enjoyed a civilization equal, if not superior, to our own.

WILLIAM HERDMAN FRAZER.

Considerable has been written recently about the eruption of Mount Bogaslov, Alaska, but the most recent news from that region is to the effect that the immense coal measures of the district have been changed by the forces of nature into a good quality of coke, and a company has been formed at Ounalaska to develop the find.