

large equestrian portrait—"Le Dragon"—is melodramatic; Borchardt, in his "Emperor William," who wears what I take to be a hunting costume, is simply comic. Mr. Sargent has nothing, neither has M. Gandara; it is long since Mr. Alexander and Mr. Humphreys-Johnstone have been represented. Other men for whom one always looks with interest are absent. M. Louis Legrand sends no pictures, nor does Mr. Maurer. Though there seems to have been a general exodus of painters to Spain, M. Zuloaga, who is mainly responsible for it, does not appear. M. Anglada is here, however, and has lost nothing of his skill in the rendering of strong, brilliant color. His "Fiancée de Benimamet," in an extraordinary flowered gown, standing by a mule that cannot be seen for the gorgeousness of its trappings, would, less skilfully treated, degenerate into vulgarity and garishness, but in his hands becomes a technical triumph, if little more. As for M. Garrido, in one canvas he repeats himself—this time painting a whole group of children's faces, almost all with the smile that made his reputation—and the State has bought the repetition; in two others, he tries to vie with the grotesques of M. Veber. But M. Veber does this sort of thing with more spirit, and he has a series of his little caricatures of life in paint as reminders of where M. Garrido found his model. When M. Veber uses the same method for an elaborate decoration, as he has done in "Les Contes de Fées" for M. Rostand, it can hardly bear the severity of the test. There is not much else to mention, except that M. Lobre and Mr. Gay are still the leaders for the small pictures of domestic architecture and interiors they brought in to vogue, though this year M. Lobre has been working also in the churches of Chartres, but with less success than in his drawing-rooms; that Mr. Vail has some new arrangements of Venice, where he has found so many motives; that M. Storm von Gravesande exhibits for the (to my knowledge) first time as painter, showing several clever little studies of still-life.

The sculpture is even less interesting than the painting. M. Rodin, as if holding himself in reserve for the society of which he is now the president, contributes only a small head, full of character, but catalogued vaguely as "Sculpture." I discovered nothing else of special note. There are signs of lassitude again in the section of prints and drawings, where, only a few years since, was so much life and vigor. Save for the pastels of Louis Legrand, Luigiini, and Steinlen, the etchings of Legrand and MacLaughlin—the same he exhibited at the International—the woodblocks of Schmied, there was not much to strike one particularly one way or the other. Indeed, the section of prints in the old Salon, where Sir Seymour Haden and Mr. Pennell show their etchings, Mr. Belleruche and M. Dillon their lithographs, Mr. Wolf his wood-engravings, is now altogether as noteworthy.

The pictures at the old Salon, however, have degenerated more hopelessly into convention or commonplace. M. Härpignies continues to command attention by the dignity of design and solemnity of sunshine in his landscapes; M. Pointelin to move you by the tragedy and serenity of his moorland, though, this year, he has a

wooded stretch of country in the morning light that, for him, is almost gay. Mr. Cooper's Philadelphia and New York "skyscrapers" make, I believe, their first appearance at the Salon. M. Bail paints still-life with his accustomed cleverness. M. Bonnat and the others provide the expected portrait. But the one painting—or series of paintings—I need now mention is the decoration for the Capitol at Toulouse by M. Henri Martin. It is shown with the care a large work of this kind is so apt to receive in Paris. A room apart has been reserved for it, so that some idea can be formed of its effect in the hall for which it is destined. On one side is the long panel representing mowers at work, already hung in a previous Salon and then described by me; on the other, a conventionalized Toulouse, its red brick, warm in the sunshine of the Midi, seen from the opposite river-bank, where people of the town—some of the figures are portraits—wander and linger in strained attitudes that suggest an unaccountable intensity of feeling. The town is well arranged, but to the people, though they gaze upward to heaven or down to earth with an emotion invented to meet the needs of the design, the painter has not succeeded in giving the pictorial interest of his peasants in more picturesque loose shirts and large, broad-brimmed hats, who move with the natural and rhythmic grace of the mower at work. I am not sure that the light and colors M. Martin gets from his broken brushwork and restless technique will prove exactly restful to the Toulousains, who enter the Capitol with eyes already dazzled by the sunshine and glare of their streets and squares.

In the Sculpture Court is the accustomed collection of statues and busts and huge florid monuments, mostly able in execution, but forced and theatrical, so fierce is the competition for applause where craftsmen share such a fair average of accomplishment. Most interesting to Americans is the equestrian statue of Gen. McClellan by Mr. MacMonnies, designed for Washington. It has not the inspired swagger of Mr. Saint-Gaudens's Sherman, but it is restrained and dignified. The General sits well upon the horse, and the horse makes no fantastic, melodramatic leap into space, but stands safely on its pedestal.

Much other good and scholar-like work there may be—and is. But the great evil of modern picture exhibitions is the large scale upon which they are planned, so that the good and scholar-like work cannot always hold its own against the flamboyant performance of the notoriety-seeker and the sensation-monger. N. N.

THE VALLEY OF THE SINALOA.

SINALOA, MEXICO, March, 1906.

A unique geographic feature of northern Sinaloa is a long range of mountains reaching out at right angles from the Sierra Madre in a westerly direction to within thirty-five miles of the Gulf of California, sharply dividing the lower portion of the Fuerte watershed from that of the Sinaloa River. The range is cut through by a low pass near Ocoroni, giving rise to the local distinction of the eastern part of the range as the Sierra de Tasajera, while the seaward extension is called the Sierra de San Blas. Although this divergence of an im-

portant mountain range from the axis of the orogenic movements of so great a system as the Sierra Madre, with which it is connected, is remarkable enough, still more so is the close correspondence of its geological structure to that of the mother range. Here are the same vast accumulations of andesites, andesitic breccias and tuffs, overlaid by caps, now deeply eroded, formed by successive flows of rhyolite, all shot through by later dikes of trap. It is a singular phenomenon, this narrow ridge, with so diversified a history of stupendous volcanic activity, rising clean-cut out of the broad plain to altitudes of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet, without foothills or lava steps. Journeying toward the south, one emerges from the pass suddenly into the broad, fertile valley of the Ocoroni. At the same time one is conscious of having reached a climate that is softer and sweeter than the Fuerte valley. The Tasajera-San Blas range is a climatic as well as geographic barrier.

There are no such cotton lands anywhere on the west coast as those along the Ocoroni River, nor is there any region of equal extent so ideally beautiful. The crystal river winds through well-drained bottom lands, reaching thirty miles from the town of Ocoroni to the eastward, where the vista ends in the blue domes and pinnacles of the great Sierra. On the north is the rugged outline of the Tasajera range, while the southern border consists of low wooded hills forming the front of the elevated mesa called the Tabla de Ocoroni. The latter is a broad expanse of gravelly plain, densely covered with a scrubby growth of multitudinous species of acacia and other trees, here and there broken by open grassy savannas, ranged over by herds of cattle. The stage road across this mesa is like a park drive, firm and level, winding through shrubbery resplendent with the yellow bloom of acacias and Brazilwood and the gorgeous pink crowns of *amapas*. But it is a still place, strikingly songless after the bursts of melody from the mocking-birds, larks, wrens, and sparrows of the river bottoms. Now and then a large hare, a *tochi* or a *conejo*, loped across the road, and once a tiger-cat stole into sight, took a hurried glance at the intruders upon his solitudes, and then flung himself precipitately into the hidden depths of the woods. No human abodes are here, for the soil is shallow and poor and the few water-holes are not permanent. From the edge of the Ocoroni valley to the very confines of the city of Sinaloa, broken only by the narrow valley of the Cabrera arroyo, is an uninhabited and most inhospitable wilderness.

At Sinaloa, however, nature is fruitful and generous again. Her bounty has called into being a well-built city on the banks of the Sinaloa River, in a broad valley with flashing canefields, where pillars of smoke are rising at this season from the sugar mills, interspersed with long *potreros* (the name given in Mexico to fields of corn-stubble), now full of cattle nibbling at the remaining stalks. On all sides are wooded hills and rugged mountains, most conspicuous being the Sierra de Mapiri in the east, crowned by the precipitous peaks of Casanate. The river is one of extreme fluctuations between the majesty of roaring floods and the insignificance of a dwindled stream half filtering through expansive gravel

bars. But the fertility of its valley is abundantly evidenced by the signs of agricultural prosperity, and this condition continues down to the coastal plain, where it is joined by the Ocoroni valley at Guasave, the most favored spot, by virtue of its climate and its rich loose loams, in the entire length of the Sinaloa coast.

Sinaloa is a city with a past, both in wealth and political importance, but it does not occupy a commanding position geographically, and so seems destined to play a minor rôle in the future development of the State. It is solidly built, and enjoys the distinction of having water works; but as the intake for the pumping station is so situated as to capture a goodly portion of the city's drainage, this does not constitute a particularly attractive improvement. It is a great stronghold of the Church, and was once an important mission station. The Romanesque tower of the old mission church has resisted the destructive effects of time and flood, and is still an imposing structure, simple but elegant in its perfection of outline and proportion.

To realize the full beauty of this valley one should view it at sunset from the heights of Buena Vista, ten miles east of Sinaloa, when the evening colors lie upon the winding waters in the fertile *vegas*, and the white city, nestling against its hills, is etherealized by the amethystine hue that envelops the distant landscape. From Buena Vista to Bacubirito is a succession of bosky hills, with an occasional glimpse of the red cliffs of Casanate, and one superb vista of the wild Picachos de los Cuates, like another and greater Kremlin with its infinite minarets and domes. At Huera is a lovely cañon, with deep green pools and jewelled cascades, and dripping walls of rock overgrown with such a varied wealth of rare and exquisite plants as make it a veritable botanist's paradise. The abundance of water and the many rich intramontane valleys have resulted in a chain of prosperous settlements all the way to Bacubirito, so that the traveller can obtain plentiful comforts. (The novice in Mexican travel may question the existence of anything in the country districts which may be termed "comforts," but of this more anon.)

Bacubirito enjoys a setting of exquisite beauty as first seen from the heights south of the great bend of the Sinaloa River on which the city stands. Its white buildings, and the tall, white, graceful spire of the mission church of San Pedro, in the midst of a spreading green valley, stand out in brilliant, cameo-like relief against the deep blue wall of the Sierra de Ocoroni, the first of the mighty ridges which mount ever higher and higher to the region of labyrinthine cañons and snowy summits in the Sierra Madre. It is a beautiful picture, and arouses expectations which are not realized on entering the town. The church, though simple and inexpensive, is a model of elegant form, far surpassing anything that would be found in communities of 3,000 people in the United States. The early Spanish missionaries carried with them, and taught in enduring monuments, a fifth gospel of architectural beauty. How far they may be credited with the cultivation of artistic appreciation in other directions it were not easy to answer. That they taught the rudiments of many arts we

know, but something must be allowed to the native tendency of the Mexican Indian to express himself in æsthetic form, else it would be difficult to account for the rare modelling and wood-carving that one so often finds among the rude dwellers of the hills who have not even had the opportunity of seeing the prototypes of their own artistic creations. So strong is this tendency that one of the difficulties which the American constantly encounters in directing labor in Mexico is to prevent his carpenters, masons, and machinists from expending undue time in the refinements of detail. The Mexican reaches out after beauty as the flower does after light. He ornaments his person, and bears his finery with grace. He turns his saddle and bridle into works of art; the common *arriero's* mule-brushes are things to delight the eye by their form and color; when he fences in his cornfield he weaves patterns of beauty with his wattles twisted from post to post; he sleeps on a *petate* woven with artistic designs. The spirit demanding that his works of utility shall combine a charm for the eye extends everywhere, even to the humblest laborers. The factory and the impatient utilitarian foreigner are fast crushing out the expression of this feeling for beauty, and in the name of progress the Mexican may lay aside the arts of his childhood, and, hanging up his guitar, become songless and money-getting; or he may grasp at the culture of civilization behind the first wave of financial development that is rolling in upon his country, and find better and larger means for revealing the soul and talent that lie in him.

Eastward from Bacubirito is a maze of mountains, carved out of the western edge of the elevated plateau known as the Sierra Madre, interspersed with pleasant valleys, so deeply cut by ages of erosion that the semi-tropical climate has been carried back in long lanes from the lowlands of the coast, giving rise to the oft-repeated phenomenon of canefields and gardens luxuriant with bananas and papayas (the *melonzapote* of Mexico) surrounded by towering mountain walls leading within rifle range to pine-clad summits that invite the winter snows. In this region are mining districts still celebrated, like that of San José de Gracia, and the multitude of copper-gold veins being developed promises a revival of mining on a large scale. Through Bacubirito once passed the commerce of the great mines of Trigo, and a considerable portion of that of the world-famous mining town of Guadalupe y Calvo, as well as that of the once noted Guadalupe and San Manuel gold mines at La Cunibre de San Manuel, a district again attracting capital from England and the United States. The copper mines of Mapiri, and the gold placers of the Descubridora arroyo at the very doors of Bacubirito, are also contributing to brighten the future of this decadent foothill city.

Coming now to the question of Mexican comforts, it must be confessed that these are relative. The soft luxuries of civilization have not yet invaded the country districts. A bed in the modern sense does not exist. The wayfarer is expected here, as in Asia Minor and in northern Africa, to carry his bedding. But the good-natured, kindly ranchers will give you a snug place on the *portal* to roll up in your blankets and sleep, and, if you are suf-

ficiently gracious, they may offer a braided rawhide *tarima* (bedstead) to keep you up from the hard ground. The great wide porch, or *portal*, is healthier and no doubt cleaner than a room, but, as a special mark of favor, a *pieza* will often be placed at the stranger's service. The instincts of the Mexican are all for courtesy and hospitality. If not forthcoming, it were well to consider what you may have said or done to forfeit his goodwill, or it may be that you are suffering for the sins of some of your less considerate predecessors. The forbearance of the Mexican in the face of the rude invasion of his premises and the wholesale appropriation of his household conveniences on the part of the average American, without ever a "thank you" or "by your leave," speaks volumes for his innate courtesy and fineness of feeling.

His wife, if encouraged by a proper show of politeness, will find much more to please the palate than *tortillas* and *chile con carne*. Her culinary repertory is by no means limited, and she usually has an embroidered or a drawn-work tablecloth, and some dainty dishes, with which to add grace to the feast for a favored guest. It will not do to judge by the first impressions of a rude and somewhat unkempt Mexican ranch house. These adobe and plastered wattle walls hide unsuspected mysteries of refinement and good taste, which are reserved for the elect. The staple foods are so different from those of other countries that they often seem coarser and less palatable to a newcomer than they really are.

Until one has attained complete indifference to the deprivation of butter and light bread, and looks forward with keen interest and appetite to his next meal of *tortillas*, he is in no proper frame of mind to appreciate either Mexican cookery or travel. The next step in adaptation to his environment is taken when he becomes critical of the finer points in the production of this national bread. When he can distinguish the difference between the mellow lowland corn and the harsher mountain corn, when he knows if the corn has lain too long in the lye, or has been hurried prematurely to the *metate* for grinding, and has learned the advantage of waiting patiently for the *comal* to become sufficiently hot to properly bake the cakes, his discrimination is refined for initiation into the subtler delights of *asadera* and *requesón*, those rare cheeses in which the Mexican housewife excels. The second curds, or *requesón*, obtained by gently heating the whey from the rennet-curds, is a viand of incomparable delicacy, to which a very gracious hostess will add the harmonious flavor of quince preserves. With growing experience the traveller will learn to look for honey, which abounds on every side; for tender cheese fritters with orange syrup; for *guay-abate* and other exquisite fruit pastes; and he will long marvel that a fried egg should remain such a greasy horror in the United States, when in Mexico it is as delicate as if it had been poached. There are good cooks and bad ones in Mexico as well as at home, and those who condemn the Mexican cuisine *in toto* are usually the same who aver that the Mexican speaks a jargon instead of the Spanish language. It raises a grave doubt as to his close acquaintance with either. The overbearing manner of the average

American in Mexico, with his indiscriminate contempt for the people of every station in life, which he makes no effort to disguise, is not only humiliating, but is bad policy on the economic side. It arrays the people against us, and is responsible for a large share of that extortion which embarrasses nearly every enterprise which we establish in that republic. It is notable that Americans who affiliate cordially with the Mexicans do not suffer in this manner. We are now about to witness an attempt at the commercial conquest of Sinaloa by our people, which can be achieved with mutual good-fellowship to the eminent advantage of both if we are careful to maintain a spirit of fairness and fraternity. But Sinaloa is not California, and the brutal overwhelming of the Mexican population, which our courts and public opinion permitted there, cannot occur under the Mexican flag. The spirit and manners of the Californian pioneer will not aid in our peaceful invasion of Sinaloa, and it must be confessed that these unworthy characteristics are too much in evidence among the forerunners of that invasion.

COURTÉNAY DE KALB.

Correspondence.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your notice of the *Geographical Journal* for May (see your issue of May 31, p. 450) you say that, "in the year immediately before the sailing of the Armada, Sir Humphrey Gilbert reported to the Queen that there were 600 Spanish fishing-boats on the coast," etc. Was it not Sir John Gilbert who made this report? Sir Humphrey was lost at sea a few years earlier (1583). HENRY F. WATERS.

MELROSE, MASS., June 1, 1906.

[In our abstract from the *Journal*, we inadvertently wrote "year" for the "years" of the text.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Among the autumn publications of the Macmillan Co. will be 'English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer,' by Prof. William Henry Schofield of Harvard; 'The German Workman: A Study in National Efficiency,' by William Harbutt Dawson; 'Thought and Things; or, Genetic Logic,' by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin; and 'The Romantic Composers,' by Daniel Gregory Mason.

'The Religion of Nature,' by E. K. Robinson, is in the press of McClure, Phillips & Co.

The third publication of the Club for Colonial Reprints (Box 1275, Providence, R. I.) will be 'The American Village,' a poem by Philip Freneau in facsimile of the original New York edition of 1772, which only came to light four years ago. Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman will provide an introduction, and Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits some biographical data, which will add to our knowledge of Freneau's first printers, Inslee & Carr. The volume will be em-

bellished, and but 100 copies will be printed.

Captain Mahan is directly antagonized, in a work, 'Heresies of Sea Power,' on the eve of being brought out by Longmans, Green & Co. The author is Fred. T. Jane.

The seventeenth volume of Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, edited by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, deals with the French régime in the territory of the upper Great Lakes (1727-1748), in strict continuation of volume sixteen, whose range was from 1634 to 1727. The documents here Englished are of the same character, and have mainly been derived from the several French archives in Paris. They graphically illustrate the efforts of the French to complete their control over the Indian tribes, endangered by the hostility of the Foxes, and to promote their great object of fur collecting and trading. It is a most valuable service to history to have rendered them accessible in our vernacular.

Dr. Thwaites's indefatigable hand reappears in the introduction and notes to the latest volume in the valuable "Early Western Travels" series of reprints (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.). Fur still leads him on, for the two Oregon narratives here united had a not remote reference to that trade. John B. Wyeth's 'Oregon' is the humorous and vivacious "short history" of the author's partial connection with his kinsman's transcontinental adventure. In John K. Townsend's sedate and humane 'Narrative of Journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River,' in company with the elder Wyeth, the naturalist prevails, and his observations of the Indians also occupy a large and interesting space. Townsend (1833-34) was already shocked by the wanton destruction of the buffalo. In a time of thirst, "I perceived that Richardson was masticating a leaden bullet to excite the salivary glands." A similar expedient was resorted to by Melville, of the ill-fated Arctic *Jeannette* expedition, as will be remembered by readers of his grewsome relation.

Mr. James Alexander Robertson's new translation of Pigafetta's relation of 'Magellan's Voyage around the World,' published by the Arthur H. Clark Co., in two volumes, with an additional index volume, is a work of laborious and admirable scholarship which should prove of interest both to professional students of history and ethnology and to the curious reader of travellers' tales. Not content with presenting for the first time in English a complete and unabridged version of Pigafetta's narrative of the first circumnavigation of the globe—Stanley's translation for the Hakluyt Society having omitted many passages of considerable ethnological significance—Mr. Robertson has been at the pains of making a literal transcript of the oldest Italian manuscript of Pigafetta, which is preserved in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana at Milan. This he has printed, with exceptional fidelity in the matter of abbreviations, shorthand symbols and spacing, on parallel pages with the English rendering. The tone of the translation is of a simplicity that, without imitating, suggests the naiveté of Hakluyt's men. The elucidative notes are abundant, and generally satisfactory. We

have noted but two defects in this commendable undertaking—an over-subtlety of arrangement in the order of sub-entries in a highly analytical index, and the absence of the marginal notes, and even of the descriptive running-titles, which are particularly serviceable in aiding the reader of old voyages to keep his bearings as he follows a garrulous narrator through uncharted and perilous seas.

To their excellent series of "English Men of Action" the Macmillan Co. have now added 'Captain John Smith,' edited by A. G. Bradley. Within little more than two hundred small pages is condensed the variegated career of this remarkable man, whose life—even when divested of the marvellous adventures with which, most likely, his editor tricked it out to win the favor of a wonder-loving public, as Othello courted Desdemona with tales of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders—deservedly places him among England's heroes. Mr. Bradley cheerfully accepts the three Turks' heads, the Lady Tragabigzanda, and the rescue by Pocahontas (which Smith ungratefully forgot until sixteen years after his first narrative, by which time the Princess had become a favorite at James's court); nor do we in the least find fault with him for this, for Smith without Pocahontas would be like King Arthur without the Round Table. The whole story is agreeably told, and the book in every way pleasant to read.

Mr. Morton Luce's 'Handbook to the Works of William Shakespeare' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Company) seems to be accurate in statement and sound in its literary judgments, generally speaking, yet in looking over it there are probably few to whom the thought will not occur: "How much better a book is the 'Shakespeare Primer' of Prof. Edward Dowden!"—to whom, by the way, Mr. Luce has dedicated the present work. To be sure, the 'Shakespeare Primer' needs a thorough recasting to be brought up to date—for the same author's 'Introduction to Shakespeare' does not take its place; yet, even with this drawback, which, as far as school and college use is concerned, a competent teacher can do much to remedy, Professor Dowden's book continues to hold the first place among works of its class. It combines condensation with charm of style to a degree that renders it, in a certain way, a classic. On the other hand, it cannot be said that either of these qualities is conspicuous in Mr. Luce's 'Handbook,' although the style is agreeable enough but for a slight want of logical precision in the more general discussions. About three-fourths of the 457 pages which the book contains is given up to introductions to the individual works—each introduction being divided into two sections, "Historical Particulars" and "Critical Remarks." The same division, practically, is adopted in the preliminary chapters. Apart from the appendices, the work concludes with a chapter on the Philosophy of Shakspeare and another on his Art. The author's plan leads to a good deal of repetition, which might have been avoided by a better arrangement.

Introductory matter and appendix constitute more than one-half of a very small volume, a translation from the French,