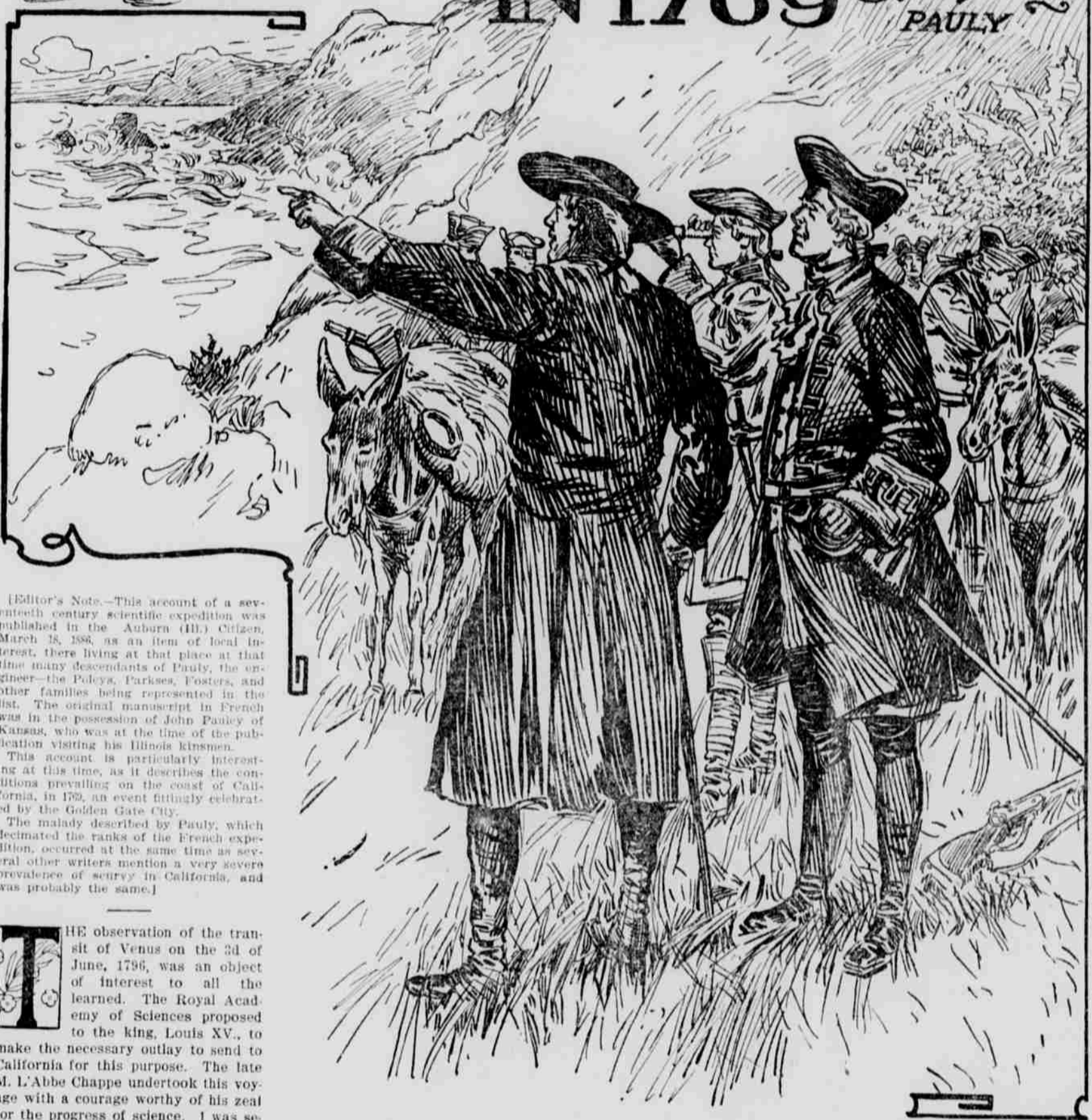


VOYAGE of L'ABBE CHAPPE to CALIFORNIA to OBSERVE the TRANSIT of VENUS IN 1769

By PAULY



Editor's Note.—This account of a seventeenth century scientific expedition was published in the Auburn (Ill.) Citizen, March 18, 1888, as an item of local interest, there living at that place at that time many descendants of Pauly, the engineer—the Palays, Parkses, Fosters, and other families being represented in the list. The original manuscript in French was in the possession of John Pauly of Kansas, who was at the time of the publication visiting his Illinois kinsmen.

This account is particularly interesting at this time, as it describes the conditions prevailing on the coast of California, in 1769, an event fittingly celebrated by the Golden Gate City.

The malady described by Pauly, which decimated the ranks of the French expedition, occurred at the same time as several other writers mention a very severe prevalence of scurvy in California, and was probably the same.

THE observation of the transit of Venus on the 3d of June, 1769, was an object of interest to all the learned. The Royal Academy of Sciences proposed to the king, Louis XV., to make the necessary outlay to send to California for this purpose. The late M. L'Abbe Chappe undertook this voyage with a courage worthy of his zeal for the progress of science. I was selected to accompany him and we set sail for Mexico in the month of September, 1768.

After a perilous voyage of about 3,000 leagues, we arrived in Mexico on Easter day, 1769. Time was passing; we stopped but eight days to refresh ourselves. The viceroy procured us mules and provisions, and we undertook to perform by land a part of the remainder of our travels, which was about 300 leagues. Amid lofty mountains, dreadful precipices and arid deserts, we encountered new dangers every day. We fell from fear a thousand times. We were also oppressed by the excessive heat, which left us hardly strength enough to drag ourselves. A thousand insects of every species gave us no rest by day or night, and we had constantly to be on our guard against the very ferocious beasts with which the country is covered. Moreover, we lacked the necessities of life, for the provisions that we got in Mexico had been spoiled by the heat. We were obliged to live on wild cattle and whatever fruits we could find here and there. We made our halts near some river or spring, that we might slake the burning thirst with which we were constantly consumed; to find one it was often necessary to march a whole day's journey.

Arrived in the evening in some valley, or on the side of some hill, we would endeavor to take upon the ground (et a la belle etoille), the repose which our cruel fatigue rendered so necessary. When scarcely asleep we were often aroused by a storm, and then by the impetuous torrents that came down upon us from the heights of the mountains. Many a dark night we had to save ourselves and our equipage, fearful at every step of tumbling down some of the precipices.

After running a thousand risks we arrived at last at the port of San Blas, on the Pacific ocean; thence we embarked for California on a brigantine which the viceroy of Mexico had had prepared. The Pacific ocean, although very tranquil, is not the less dangerous on account of the (vigies) with which it is filled.

The great calm which prevailed at that time caused us to despair of arriving in time to accomplish the object of our voyage. After six weeks' sailing, during which we made but 150 leagues, on the greatest breadth of the sea, the shortness of the time caused us to risk a hazardous exploit.

The part of California near which we found ourselves was the port of San Jose—so dangerous that no one had ever landed there. The access to it is guarded by the incessant waves that break impetuously against the rocks.

The Spanish astronomers who were of our company wished to wait for a favorable wind to land at Cape St. Lucas, which was distant but ten leagues. The landing there is indeed less dangerous, but we did not follow their advice because we were pressed to arrive at the place of our destination; we resolved to attempt to disembark at the first land we should discover.

While these gentlemen were yet deliberating, four Indian sailors and myself let down the long boat; we took with us half of the instruments. I

agreed with the Abbe Chappe that if we perished he might find other means to land elsewhere with the rest, which would be sufficient for making his observations. I embarked then in the long boat with my four sailors, steering directly for the coast; the nearer we approached it the more we were sensible of the difficulty of landing.

We were constantly thrown back by the accumulated waves, and our boat threatened all the while to ship water. When on the point of losing courage, one of the sailors discovered, at a distance, the mouth of an unknown river. This discovery animated us; we reached the coast by this mouth but with great difficulty. I sent back the long boat for the Abbe Chappe and the Spanish astronomers, who arrived safely enough.

Arrived on the peninsula the twenty-first of May, 1769, 13 days before the epoch of the transit of Venus. We found no (azile a pouvoir nous mettre a l'abri), the inclemency of the weather.

The savages that repaired to us said that a contagion was prevailing in this country which ravaged it completely. The interpreter who translated this added that they said that in order to withdraw ourselves from the influence of this terrible malady, it was necessary to remove some hundred or more leagues farther to the north.

The means of undertaking this new journey, broken down with fatigue as we were; we had neither horses nor carriers to transport our baggage; it was impossible to march on foot, and we shrank from a journey through a desert. All these reasons decided us to occupy ourselves with no business but that which had brought us.

We labored to construct an observatory, which was ready the twenty-eighth day of May, six days before the epoch when we would have need of it.

We made our observations on the third of June, with the greatest exactness.

The contagion made new progress every day; a general sorrow reigned in all this part of California; we were not long without participating in it in a distressing manner. This dreadful malady came upon us six or seven days after the observation. We were wholly without succor; we could not be useful to one another, because we were attacked almost all at once.

The little medicine that we had brought from France was useless, from want of knowing how to apply it.

Nevertheless, the abbe, all sick as he was, continued his observations all the time. After observing an eclipse of the moon, he at last yielded to his faintness, the delirium of his disease left him but little time to examine himself; he died the first of August, 1769. We were all dying (I and the companions of our voyage), when I had the sorrow to close his eyelids.

Our situation and our want of strength induced us in this case to bury him without much ceremony. I devoted some moments to regret for the loss I had suffered, and in the height of a disease from which I did not expect to recover, I took the precaution to collect all the papers relating to the

object of the voyage. I placed them in a casket with an address to the viceroy of Mexico. I earnestly begged some Indian chiefs who were about me to make this casket safe in case we should all die, and to transmit it to the vessel which ought to arrive in the month of September to take us. My intention in this was to secure to my country this valuable depot. I remained in my condition of sickness, pain and wretchedness until the twenty-ninth of September.

At last the captain of the vessel arrived; he had landed at the island of Ceravelo, which is situated some 30 leagues from San Jose. My joy was so much the greater in seeing him that he pressed me to quit the fearful place where M. L'Abbe Chappe and all the rest had died. We were carried to Ceravelo. I forgot to say that this cruel contagion had taken from us the chaplain and nearly all the persons that formed our little company.

Although sick and oppressed with grief, I was compelled to undertake the perilous route which I had followed in coming, sometimes upon mules, sometimes upon the backs of the Indians, when it was necessary to cross the streams. With all this trouble, I reached Mexico the twenty-third day of November, 1769.

There I was received by monsieur the marquis of Croix, the viceroy of that good country, with a compassion worthy of that good patriot. He had had the kindness to send to meet me a carriage and his physician. Arrived at the capital of Mexico, and having paid my respects to the viceroy I was lodged by his orders at the expense of the city.

When I left Mexico the marquis de Croix recommended me cordially to the commander of the Spanish fleet, in which I embarked. We landed at Cadix the twenty-first of July, 1770. The court was at the Escorial. I had myself taken thither, and presented myself to the marquis d'Osun, then French ambassador in Spain. He received me with marks of kindness and consideration, and gave orders to show me whatever they have to show strangers in this royal house.

He caused me to dispatch in advance of the party, the strictest orders through the minister of customs, that at no pass on my route must be searched either myself or the chests in which were the observations which I bore.

I did not arrive in Paris till the fifth of the following December. I sent to the Academy the observations that we made in California. This society expressed the greatest satisfaction with my zeal and my services. They presented me to the king, and to all his ministers. They solicited for me a recommendation of my labors. His majesty, Louis XV. granted me a small pension of 800*l*.

The government is too equitable to leave me in want in the flower of my age, afflicted with the evils which I have incurred for the service, and indispensably obliged to have a servant to lead me. I hope, then, from his justice and from his goodness, that he will grant me an increase of the pension sufficient to enable me to accomplish with decency the rest of my public career.

SPURNED

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

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The woman paused, breathless, at the entrance of the familiar office building. Three years? It seemed either yesterday—or an eternity! Poising herself determinedly, she passed on through the lobby and touched the elevator bell. Her face was very white now, in contrast to its accustomed warm pink, and the set expression about the lips imparted to it the look rather of 39 than 29.

In less than two minutes she found herself seated in the little box-like anteroom to wait her turn. Nothing was changed except, perhaps, a trifle or so in the furnishings—new things duplicating as far as possible the old. The clock, the book cases, the pictures were the same. Looking at them was like opening an old wound, and she kept her eyes resolutely on the hands crossed in her lap.

Finally the door at her left opened and a haggard-faced man emerged. He picked up his hat from the table in the center of the room and passed out.

The doctor glanced toward the woman and nodded; the next instant, their eyes locked. He pronounced her name in a formal tone, and she rose automatically and went into his private office.

Dr. Drury pulled up a chair and motioned her to be seated.

Without a word she sank down, pulling nervously at her glove-fingers.

"And what can I do for you to-day, Mrs. Pelham?" His inflection was courteous, professional, to a degree.

"It's the same old thing—Jack," she said, with a little incaught breath. Her eyes evaded his keen gaze.

The doctor's brows went up the barest trifle. He looked at her with a puzzled interrogation. "Pardon me, but with hundreds of patients coming and going continually—"

"You—have—forgotten!" The tone breathed subtle reproach.

Dr. Drury cleared his throat to hide his annoyance. He turned away

Very painfully, and without a word, Dr. Drury laid aside his tablet and pencil and—shrugged.

"Don't be a fool, Dolly." His tone was admirably modulated, but the barely perceptible twitching of his upper lip revealed a transient weakness—to his companion.

She laid a trembling row of fingertips on his arm. He remained immovable, and she caught his hand in her hot palms, crushing it convulsively. "Jack!" The word was half-whisper, half-caress.

He shook off her fingers brutally. "I thought we had settled all this, years ago. Didn't I say enough then? or are we to repeat the scene?" His eyes searched her shrinking face mercilessly.

Presently she began to speak again, in a low, broken voice.

"I, too, thought that it was over—then," she said, "but—it couldn't be, dear. I've found that out. I cannot forget. God alone will ever know what those three years were to me. Hell itself can hold no greater tortures—"

"Stop!" He turned blazing eyes upon the pleading woman; his face flamed with dull crimson. But even as she looked up, a softer light made its transient passage across his features and his eyes fell away from hers. Her hands dropped listlessly to her sides, and her slender body shook from head to foot.

The clock on the mantel ticked audibly. A minute passed, two—three. At last the woman lifted her eyes. The doctor stood with folded arms, his gaze on the floor. Without looking up he said: "Several patients are waiting for me. We do no good by prolonging this interview. Good afternoon." He started toward the door, but the woman interrupted him with a little low cry of pain.

"Jack—Jack!" the word broke hoarsely from her white lips, "you can not mean that this is—the end! that—that—O my God!" she crumpled down on the floor and flung her arms about his knees in the tragic abandon of despair.

An instant the man stood like stone; then suddenly his powerful frame shook under a torrent of emotion, and he lifted her in his arms, staining her to him in a passionate embrace. His lips swept her hair, her eyes, her mouth with burning kisses. At last he released her, white and trembling, and she staggered against the wall for support.

When their eyes met finally, all the old slavish devotion had come back to the man's. "We can't stay on here," he said huskily, "I—I'm married now, you know. In a week I can get my affairs into shape, and we can go away—anywhere you say."

The woman contemplated him a second in baffled silence. Then swiftly like a fork of lightning, rage and disappointment flashed athwart her quivering face.

"You fool!" she shrieked, "when I was so near it, to be defeated at last. I hate—hate—hate you, do you understand? Do you think after that day three years ago I could ever think of you again except to despise?"

"Shall I tell you why I came here to-day?" she hurried on, gaspingly, "it was because I heard that you had grown famous, grown to be a great man. That you had married a beautiful girl, and were happy—your name in everybody's mouth, your opinion valued above all others' . . . perhaps you have heard of Lynnette MacFarlane, famous on two continents as one of the leading woman sculptors! . . . I want to be world-famous! And had I succeeded in my quest to-day, I would have been . . . 'Spurned' has been offered a place in the great international contest . . . the figures are complete—just one little expression lacking in the man's face, eluding me persistently . . . I came a thousand miles to get it, and you have—failed me!" The woman paused, her breath all gone. Her face was lined and pallid, and she beat her hands together in the passion of her defeat.

The man stood watching her stupidly. His tongue moved, but made no sound. He put out his hand blindly; it fell limp at his side.

"Dolly!" His lips framed the word at length in a dull monotone; his eyes sought mutely to kindle some answering spark in hers.

But with an ejaculation of disgust, the woman wheeled and swept past him to the door.

Wiping Out Mosquitoes.

The war against mosquitoes in Greater New York and Jersey has proved an eye-opening, heart-felt, surprising success. There are places in Greater New York where three years ago a herd of cattle would stampede in terror from mosquitoes, where cows had to be milked in a cloud of damp, burning straw, where the pests would settle and form a gray film over the stomachs of poor old horses where these pests were so thick as to trouble a hunter seeing the sights along his gun barrel. To-day in some of those very same places there are not only few, but no mosquitoes, a blessing in comfort and real estate values that is simply unspeakable.—New York Press.



In the Tragic Abandon of Despair.

briefly, and drew down the dark green shade over the open window. "Neurasthenia?" he questioned meditatively.

The woman gave a little sigh and laid her hand over her heart with an expressive gesture.

"Too much coffee, eh?"

"I never touch it." She bit her lip hard, an incipient frown drawing her black brows closer together.

"Go west—away from this enervating climate."

"I've been west—east—north—everywhere, only to come back again and again. I—can't stay away—that is the thing." She dashed the mist from her eyes with a furtive forefinger.

Dr. Drury regarded his patient with quizzical gaze. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Pelham," he remarked presently, "that you have allowed yourself to become morbid. Have you tried—occupation?"

She laughed softly. "There's nothing I haven't tried, nothing. I—I'm starving!" she broke out in sudden passion, "can't you look at me and see that?" She covered her face with her hands and drew long, spasmodic breaths.

"Doubtless you need a tonic, my dear madam," and he began scribbling hastily across a prescription blank.

The woman watched him in silence, her face depicting a variety of strange, panoramic emotions. Her next words were calculated to precipitate a crisis.

"There's no use beating about the bush any longer, Jack. You already know what's the matter with me—don't you? And notwithstanding your simulated indifference, I can see you—remember. You—can you look into my eyes, John Drury and deny that you still love me?" She had risen, and was standing very close to him, her pink, pliant cheek just grazing the rough black of his coat-sleeve.