AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LETTERS

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CESAR LOMBARDI

to his

GRANDCHILDREN

L3-25, 148

Merry Christmas

& us

from ourselves

A. V. L.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LETTERS

of

CESAR LOMBARDI

to his

GRANDCHILDREN

FOREWORD.

The descendants of Cesar Lombardi should be grateful to his daughter Lucy (Mrs. Alvin Barber) for persuading him to write these letters. None of us, we are sure, can read them without experiencing pride and pleasure, as well as a deeper feeling which is hard to describe, but which has been referred to as "filial piety."

Enough copies have been printed to permit us to send one to each child and grandchild, and to hold in reserve a supply for the great grandchildren as they come of age, if they want them.

Merry Christmas!

Kansas City, Missouri, A. V. L.

December 25, 1948. C. E. L.

FIRST LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Oct. 19, 1913.

My dear Grandson:

Your Mother made me promise to write you a letter each week from now on and that each letter should constitute a chapter in my autobiography. Here is the first one.

I was born on the 6th of August, 1845, in a little hamlet called Valle, about two miles from the town of Airolo, Canton Tessin, Switzerland. My father, Joseph Lombardi, and my mother, Clementina Lombardi, though having the same family name, were not blood relations so far as I know. There are a good many Lombardis in that part of the country, residing there perhaps for centuries, and their relationship, in many cases, has faded in the course of time. The tradition is that the Lombardis came into the country with Desiderius, King of the Longobards (Long Beards), from whom the name is derived. They settled and remained in Val Leventina, the innermost and least accessible Valley of Canton Tessin, after Charlemane drove the Longobards out of the district in 770. When I was a boy, there still remained opposite the house I was born in, on a promontory on the other side of the valley, the ruin of a tower with very thick walls, about forty feet high. It was called the house of the pagans (la casa dei pagani) and was built by King Desiderius as a military outpost. It has since been destroyed so that only the foundation remains. There is another such tower, supposed to be of the same origin, on the other side of the San Gothard Mountain, at Hospenthal. It stands on a rock in the middle of the village and is in a good state of preservation. It is called the Lombard Tower.

The Lombardi is probably the oldest family in the Canton Tessin —the oldest in Val Leventina at any rate. There are, or were, records at Faido running back several centuries. The house I was born in was an old-fashioned wooden house, a typical Swiss dwelling, such as you see in pictures of Switzerland, and probably more than 100 years old. It is still in existence. My maternal grandfather's house, at the other end of the village, contains a stone stove bearing the date of 1756.

My parents were "honest but poor"—to reverse the usual phraseology. But, then, the whole community was poor; there were no rich men and no paupers in that country in those days. They were very industrious, however, and there was no want nor destitution. My parents owned their home and some farm property which they cultivated themselves and on which they raised most of the necessities of life. They raised their own rye to make bread, flax to make linen, potatoes, chickens and vegetables. From their domestic animals they got wool to make

cloth, milk to make cheese and butter and other products of the dairy unknown here in America, besides meat for the family and hides to make leather to keep the family well-shod. The wool and flax were made into linen and cloth right at home. Every family had spinning wheels and a weaving machine at which the women worked during the long winter season. They also made all the clothes for the family. The hides of animals were tanned at the village tannery and the village shoemaker was called in at long intervals to make shoes for the whole family. I remember watching him, how he made shoes and how I made a pair for my sister. I also remember wearing linen shirts and a whole suit of woolen clothes made at home. That was economic freedom if ever there was such a thing.

We did not care for the high cost of living in those days. We always had plenty to eat of good wholesome food, mostly of our own production—for we children helped our parents in all their labor—and were always warmly clothed. But we had no luxury—no coffee, no tea, and very little sugar—nothing outside of our own production except wine, which was served as coffee is in American families. No candy except when we went to the Fair.

Your loving Grandpa

C. Lombardi.

SECOND LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Oct. 27, 1913.

My Dear Grandson:

My earliest recollection was an episode of the War of the Sunderland in 1848, when I was three years old. This was the last civil war that occurred in Switzerland and was occasioned by the attempt of several of the Catholic Cantons to secede from the Swiss Confederation on account of religious and other differences. The majority of the Cantons constituting the Swiss Federation were Protestant and insisted on all the Cantons being compelled to adopt a common school system and to take the children's education away from the control of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Cantons, of which Tessin was one, objected to this and wanted to secede. The war lasted less than a month and the Catholics lost out. There was very little fighting, however, as the Protesants were overwhelmingly in the majority. It was a good thing that it turned out that way, for after that event Switzerland organized the best free school system in Europe and probably in the world.

But to return to my earliest recollection. Both Father and Mother were away from home at that time and I was left in the care of my paternal Grandmother and Aunt Ursula. One day there was a great commotion in the village. Everybody had turned out and all were looking up the mountain. I remember seeing files of soldiers coming down the zigzag trails along the side of the mountain. I remember the tumult all around our house and I remember old Uncle Dunda burying his old musket in our vegetable garden. The Commandant had sent word that the people would not be molested provided they gave up all arms and ammunition and old Dunda did not propose to give up his musket. The people must have been in a panic for my Grandmother and Aunt quickly packed up their belongings, locked up the house and proceeded to seek an asylum with a Catholic priest, who was a friend of the family and lived some five or six miles further down in the valley, at a village called Quinto. I remember distinctly that trip to Quinto as well as the soldiers descending the mountain and the burying of the gun.

The next thing I remember is the death of my brother who was two years younger. I am the oldest of the family and this brother came next. I have an indistinct recollection that my little brother got wet through and through in the snow, that he caught a bad cold and died. I remember that my Father and Mother, Grandmother and Aunt Ursula, who then all lived together, were inconsolable and that I carried away the impression that he was the favorite of the family, not I. The next remembrance was that of the death of my Grandmother (my Father's Mother) and I can visualize the coffin in the sitting-room. All this happened before I was five years old,—at the little village of Valle.

Then a change of environment occurred which, happening at that plastic age, perhaps had more influence on my habits and disposition than anything that happened since. My Father was appointed, by the Government, keeper of the Refuge House of San Guiseppe (Saint Joseph) on the mountain road to the San Gothard Pass. I must explain that in those days, which were before the advent of railroads across the Alps and the piercing of the famous San Gothard Tunnel, the Swiss Government maintained, winter and summer, a highway across the San Gothard Pass with houses of Refuge in winter and for relays of horses in summer at certain intervals at the more commanding positions of the mountain road. These houses were called Cantoneria. The first after leaving Airolo was called Al Punte, at the entrance of a dark and narrow canyon. The next was St. Joseph and after that came the San Gothard Pass with the Hospice, Hotel and Customhouse, about all of which you will hear further on.

Your devoted Grandpa,

C. Lombardi.

THIRD LETTER Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 3, 1913.

My Dear Grandson:

"We moved to St. Joseph in 1850 when I was five years old and left there in 1855 when I was ten. The house of San Joseph was situated on the steep slope of a steep and narrow valley, on the upper reach of the St. Gothard road. There was not a place within sight of the house flat enough to play any game. But it was delightfully picturesque in summer, though dreary enough in winter, only we had nine months of winter and only three months of summer. Nearby was a fine waterfall called the Fall of St. Anthony which made a great roaring noise when it was not covered with ice and snow. I can hear the noise of that waterfall yet.

One time, when an unusual cold spell had frozen all the waterpipes and left the household without any water, my father conceived the idea of tapping the Falls of St. Anthony. So he and I went up, through deep snow, to the upper edge of the Falls where the rushing water was curving over the edge of the rock to plunge into the abyss below. At that point the ice was thin and could be broken with an ax. My father wielded the ax and I leaned forward with the bucket to catch the water. It was a perilous situation but we got the water. I can recall more than one episode illustrating the extreme inclemency of the weather prevailing in winter at times in that part of the country. It was not uncommon to see the thermometer go down to 30 degrees and even 40 degrees below zero, the cold becoming more severe during the night. We were in the habit of carrying a bucket of water in our sleeping rooms for the morning ablutions and with it an ice-pick because frequently the ice would be so thick in the morning that we could get no water without breaking the thick crust of ice. There were times when all the water turned into a solid lump of ice, and then we had to wait till some of it could be melted over the fire in the kitchen before we could use it. One evening about 10 o'clock we were roused by someone knocking at the door. It was a very cold but clear moonlight night. The caller was a Swiss soldier returning from Italy. He said that he and his comrade were trying to cross the mountain pass by the light of the moon, but that his companion had become exhausted and was resting by the wayside waiting for help. I accompanied my father and the soldier to where the tired man was. He was sitting on a lump of frozen snow holding a walking-stick with both hands and his face leaning forward, apparently asleep. My father shook him by the shoulder *to* wake him up and he fell on the roadway stiff as a marble statute. He was, of course, frozen dead. He was carried into the house and next day the authorities at Airolo were notified to come and make an official autopsy. This tragedy made a vivid impression on my mind and I remember every incident to this day. I re-

member also that I fell heir to the dead man's pocket knife. On another occasion, a wayfaring man, a peddler, also undertook to cross the mountain by moonlight. But he mistook the telegraph poles for the road guides and was found next morning standing upright in six feet of snow near a telegraph pole, stiff as a rock. That was the latter part of our stay at St. Joseph, for there were no telegraph poles when we first moved there. The telegraph service was established while I was there and I remember with what curiosity I followed the worlcmen stringing the wires, asking all sorts of questions. I thought then that the way to send a message was to tie a letter on the wire with a string and that by some kind of magic it would go swiftly to its destination.

The sight of frozen men is not the only reminder of the severity of that climate. The avalanches were much more frequent, always dangerous, and sometimes disastrous. As mentioned before, our St. Joseph house was built upon sloping ground. The basement, which served in winter as a stable for a cow and its feed, had its entrance below the road, and the domestic part of the house opened on a level with the highway above. The walls were of masonry four or five feet thick, to withstand the shock of the avalanche, and for further security there was a semi-circular parapet of solid masonry in front of the house on the upward slope. An ordinary avalanche of fresh, fluffy snow would pass over the house without causing any excitement. But on one occasion, after a long spell of snow falling and bad weather generally, a very heavy avalanche came along during the night, jumped over the parapet, carried away the chimneys, blocked the entrance gate and buried the house so that there was no access to the outside world save through the upper windows near the roof and there only after considerable work spading away the snow. The stormy weather which had caused all this had played havoc all over the mountain-side, filling the road-beds with snow and leveling up things to such an extent that five days passed before anyone could venture to cross the mountain, so that we were in complete isolation during all that time. The sixth day the first train of sledges carrying the mail and a few passengers made its appearance, accompanied by a small army of snow workers with spades, whose business it was to cut a road through the snow where the road was blocked by snow drifts. These workmen proceeded to cut a way from the road to our front door. While they were doing this and the sledges with their contents were waiting, a terrific wind sprang up and carried one of the sledges, horse and all, off the road, dumping them in the deep snow below. In the sledges were two ladies wrapped up so thoroughly that one could not see their faces. These ladies collapsed with fright and my mother had to take care of them and nurse them before they could proceed on their journey.

Your devoted Grandfather,

C. Lombardi.

FOURTH LETTER , Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 10, 1913.

My Dear Grandson:

An avalanche is a snow slide rushing down a steep mountain slope or a gully. There are two kinds of avalanches, the dry fluffy kind, consisting of fresh-fallen snow, or cold spongy snow, which occur in winter. These are not the most dangerous, for the snow is porous and admits a certain amount of air, so that a person can live for hours under them and if not too deeply buried, can work himself out eventually. Members of my family have had that experience. In such cases the danger is in being carried over rocky precipices. The other kind is the Spring avalanches, composed of heavy melting snow with the interstices filled with water. If one is buried under one of these, the chances are that he will be asphyxiated unless promptly rescued. My father had a supply of long iron rods used to find the victims of avalanches, by sticking them in the snow where men or animals are supposed to be buried. I once witnessed a thrilling incident of this kind. One bright sunny day in the Spring we suddenly heard the low rumbling noise characteristic of a Spring avalanche. Looking out of the window we saw an avalanche still in motion in the narrow valley below, having already crossed the high road. One or two merchandise sledges were also visible at the farther edge of the avalanche, sticking out of the snow. It was very evident that a whole train of merchandise sledges with the animals and their drivers had been overcome. My father called all the men available and, with the iron rods and restoratives, rushed to the rescue of the imperilled party. I went with them. I saw one man after another respond to the rod and dug out still alive, though some of them were still black in the face with incipient asphyxia. Of the animals, as I remember, the oxen were nearly all taken out alive, but the horses were dead. It was argued from this that an ox possesses greater vitality than a horse.

These are some of the harsh and tragic features of mountain life in Winter. But there are also some pleasant features. Nothing, for example, is more beautiful and awe-inspiring than the aspect of the mountain landscape immediately after a heavy fall of snow, when bathed by a bright sunshine and free from wind. The pure white mantle covering the whole sublime landscape, except a few crags here and there to accentuate the scene, like the beauty spots on a fresh young face, contrasted with the limpid blue of the skies; the stillness of the air and the total absence of any kind of sound or noise,—these are experiences ever to be remembered with delight. And then the invigorating air, urging to activity and good appetite; that too is something that will never be forgotten.

So much for mountain life in Winter. Summer in the mountains is, of course, attractive everywhere to those who use it as a vacation-

ground. But Summer with us was the busy time of the year. Switzerland is essentially a pastoral country and the pasturage on the mountains is rich in milk and cheese and butter and must be taken advantage of during the short period of Summer. Our family, like the rest of our people, bought dairy cows in the Spring to pasture and milk in the Summer and sell or butcher in the Fall of the year. In the Spring I used to accompany my father across the mountain passes to Canton Grison to buy the white breed of dairy cows of that region. Those people in the deep valleys of Dissentis, at the source of the Rhine, still speak a Latin dialect called Romanch, and live, or did live in those days, the primitive life of the Middle Ages or of earlier Roman times. My father understood their language and could speak it some. Some of the houses hang like bird-cages—over the mountainside so steep that it was said of those people that when they wished to call the cows home they hallooed up the chimney. And as I was the eldest of the family I was the shepherd of the herd, besides helping to milk the cows and goats and doing other chores about the premises. There was no eight hour law in force in those days. Notwithstanding my numerous duties I remember that period and phase of my life with the greatest pleasure. The drawback was the isolation in Winter and the complete absence of other children of my age to play with, or, for companionship, other than my younger brothers and sisters. This has had an unfortunate effect on my disposition and character, producing a shyness and indisposition to mix with people, against which I have struggled all my life.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi.

FIFTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 17, 1913-

My Dear Grandson:

Another disadvantage of my isolated life in the mountains was the absence of systematic schooling till I was over 10 years of age. When living at St. Joseph my mother taught me my letters, but she was too busy to give me regular lessons. The local priest connected with the Hospice at the San Gothard Pass, about an hour and a half's ride in good weather, invited me to join a class of three which he was teaching—making four when I joined. The original three scholars were Genovefa Lombardi, now Mrs. Muller of Hospenthal in Canton Uri on the northern slope of the San Gothard, and Ursulina Ramelli and her brother who died afterwards at New Orleans. Genovefa was a distant cousin on my father's side and the Ramelli on my mother's side. The Ramelli were then keeping the Hotel at San Gothard and the Lombardis the Hospice.

Genovefa's father, Felix Lombardi, a second cousin of my father had a reputation as a philanthropist, having established the Hospice along the line of the celebrated Hospice of the Monks of St. Bernard, with money collected for that purpose. Afterwards, a certain subsidy was provided by the Government. I have been told that when Felix Lombardi died, Harper's "Weekly of New York published an account of his life and work together with his portrait. Two of my then schoolmates were still living when I visited Switzerland in 1910 with my son Cornelius.

One of the most pleasant episodes of our first visit to Switzerland in 1886, with my wife (your Grandmother) and our two children, Maurice and Lucy, was our calling on this same Genovefa at her home in Hospenthal, on the German side of the San Gothard and the cordial manner in which she entertained us. Her husband, then dead, was a man of some distinction in the political and scientific world of Switzerland and she had sixteen children, mostly living and some of whom occupied important positions in Switzerland; and one of them a distinguished portrait painter, patronized by the Pope of Rome and the German Kaiser, now living in New York. She told us much family history,—how her husband was once a pupil of Agassiz, and many other interesting things which I cannot now recall. Cornelius and I visited her again in 1910; she was then 76 years old and very stout, but had the same indomitable spirit that had carried her through so many vicissitudes in earlier life. She was even then managing a large landed estate like a veritable Captain of Industry.

Ursulina Ramelli also entertained us at Airolo, at the home of her brother with whom she resided, and the oldest and most cob-webbed bottle of wine in their cellar was brought forth in our honor, as is customary in that country when entertaining an honored guest.

But to return to the priest's school at San Gothard. It was a very intermittent affair as far as I was concerned. I was dependent on the driver of the postal sledge to take me up and down and often in stormy weather it came too late or not at all. One very cold afternoon the driver gave me a strong black cigar to smoke. I smoked it all right and felt no inconvenience as long as I was in the open air, but the moment I got home I was the sickest boy that ever lived. I never smoked a cigar since. I don't remember learning anything there beyond the most elementary lessons. The chief thing I recollect is that both the old priest and the widow Lombardi, the mistress of the house, were constantly fussing. They had nothing else to do. The isolation was too much for them. However, I ought to be very grateful to the memory of the old lady,—I called her Aunt—for on one occasion when I dislocated my elbow so that the bones assumed the form of a cross-bow, she promptly put the bone back in its place. She was a practical doctor and surgeon. The housewife was often her own family doctor and apothecary in those

days of slow transportation and difficult intercourse. I myself had to gather herbs, roots and simples for the family dispensary, such as mallow gentian, laurel leaves, etc.

One of the incidents of my life at St. Joseph, which I still remember and which nearly cost me my life, was this: I was pasturing the cattle on a steep rocky slope some distance from, but directly over, the house, just where that avalanche originated a winter or two before,—sitting on a rock eating my lunch of bread and cheese. Suddenly I heard a sound of falling rocks above and behind me. Turning around, a sharp rock, about the size of a man's fist, struck me in the forehead between the eyes, making a deep incision and stunning me into insensibility. When I came to, I found I had bled profusely and felt quite dizzy. I staunched the wound with my handkerchief and staggered home as best I could. The rocks had been let loose by a bunch of goats on the crags above. I bear the cicatrix yet.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi.

SIXTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 21, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

Speaking of goats, it frequently happened that I would get thirsty or hungry while traveling along the mountains, and then I would catch a goat and suck its milk. That was also the liquid accompaniment of our usual lunch of bread and cheese, whenever we could get a goat.

One of my occupations on those excursions was to hunt for minerals which abound in the upper crags and streams of the Alps. My father was an expert mineralogist and often took me along in his search for rare specimens which he sold to museums. I knew the common names of most of them and their relative value. Among the most-prized were quartz crystals containing blades of grass, or hair, and even drops of water. Some were prized for their large size, especially those of the brown or smoky variety. I saw some specimens in a museum at Geneva as large as a child three or four years old, which remind me very much of some of my father's finds. Rosa di ferro (or iron rose) was also very much prized. This is a sort of crystallized iron hematite of the exact shape of a rose. There are several varieties, one of them resembling a pressed rose and others with delicate and sharp petals that will cut your fingers if you are not careful. Another mineral that was much sought was called appetite. The specimens were small and struck on a flat rock and remind one of a combination pearl and diamond. If I had a text-book of

mineralogy in the Italian language at hand, I could spin out a much longer story of my early experience in this line. But I have not. Among them were gems much used by jewelers. I wondered then, and I wonder now, how crystals came to have their peculiar shapes,—always the same geometrical facets for the same kind—always so many sides and angles, no more and no less—how they grew, if they grow at all, and what mysterious genius presided at their birth. The mystery of crystallization set my imagination aglow, especially as I lacked the ordinary occupations and diversions of boyhood to absorb my attention in more prosaic things. I would observe the same phenomena in the tiny particles of fresh snow and the frost on a pane of window glass, and to this day the whole thing is a mystery to me, like the phenomenon of gravitation, of electricity and magnetism, the action of the human heart that never stops during a life-time, and the growth of a blade of grass. I have searched books and authorities, in after life, to find an explanation of crystallization. I have seen the process thrown upon a screen with a stereoptican, when certain chemicals were made to crystallize. But all that the scientists have been able to tell me is that the molecules constituting the crystal gather around certain magnetic lines of force in certain definite shapes like cannon balls piled in certain ways in an arsenal. But who, or what, controls the lines of force and the affinity of the molecules? Where are molecules and atoms and ions and what is behind them all?

Another class of experiences was when hunting with my father. He was a famous hunter and a crack shot. I seldom accompanied him when hunting the chamois because that took him in too dangerous places and required hard and sometimes prolonged journeys. But I frequently went with him when hunting ptarmigans in winter and marmots in summer. He knew the habits of the game animals and would tell me all about them. The ptarmigan is snow white in winter and granite grey in summer. This is nature protection. You can't see him in winter except when he rises to fly and you can only shoot him on the wing. The summer is the closed season and he breeds among the granite rocks from which it is hard to distinguish him except by his movements. The marmot hibernates from September until June. He burrows a hole deep into the ground and fills it with dry grass and goes to sleep all that time. He is fat when he goes to bed in the Fall and very lean when he comes out of his hole in the Spring. One time my father dug out two marmots in March, brought them home in a sack in a somnolent condition and deposited them in a dark corner of the cellar, covering them with hay. They slept till June and then woke up and wandered around the cellar in search of food. They live on roots and herbs.

I have never had much stomach for killing game or for cruelty of any kind. When mother caught a chicken to kill I used to run away to avoid witnessing the tragedy, and when it came to butchering cattle or hogs in the Fall I used to get nervous and miserable. This feeling has

been growing on me ever since, until now I would not hunt or kill a harmless animal on any consideration. I step aside to keep from hurting an earthworm or a bug or any living thing. But I will kill a mosquito if I can get at him—and sometimes a fly.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi.

SEVENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 24, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

In 1855, when I was ten years old, my Father was appointed custodian and sole officer of the Custom House on the San Gothard Pass, and the family moved to the old homestead at the village of Valle, where I was born. It was only long afterwards, when I had moved to America, that my father sold the old wooden house at Valle, and built a stone house at Airolo. I presume the family got tired of the isolated life on the mountain, so instead of moving higher up with father, father arranged to come down on a visit every week or two in Winter, and we spent the three months of the Summer in rooms over the Custom House. This enabled me to go to school regularly. The first year or two I attended a little school at Valle, taught by a crabbed martinet, a thin, lank severe fellow whose name I cannot now remember and who was also the drill sergeant of the military district. For there was then and may be yet a drilling day every week, compulsory for every man of military age, as also for every boy student of the high school as will be seen later—but on a different day. All I can remember of that school is that all of us boys hated the teacher and conspired to play all sorts of tricks on him which in turn brought us punishment in the shape of striking us with a ruler on the knuckles of our fingers. I must, however, have learned something at that school, for, in the second year, when only eleven years of age, I was appointed acting secretary for the town council, whatever the little village governing body was called.

I had then the reputation of writing a good hand for a boy of my age and of carrying a big head on my shoulders. A sort of reaction against my solitary life on the mountains set in then, and it was hard to keep me at home so fond I got of playing with the boys. I remember I got many a scolding from my mother for not coming home when told to and for her having to go out and hunt me up. The games we boys played were totally different from those familiar to American boys. In the

first place, as I remarked before, there was not flat surface enough to play such games as your football. One of the games I remember was called quadrel. It was a gambling game. Just imagine your Grandad playing a gambling game at eleven when he has never gambled five cents worth in any shape or form after coming to America at 15! A stone about a foot square was selected and put in the middle of the road. On it was placed a penny and on the penny a small rock to cover it. Then one of the boys would stand off at a given distance with a heavy rock in his hand which he would throw at the quadrel and knock it down. That would spill the coin and if it was found with a head up, it was his penny. Sometimes, when hard up for pennies, a coin was borrowed from the more fortunate boy as part of the machinery of the game and the winnings and losses were in beans.

Two years after our descent from St. Joseph, when I was 12, it was decided to send me to a better school than the village of Valle afforded. So I was sent to the Scuola Maggiore, a sort of high school, at the neighbouring town of Airolo, of which Valle was a sort of distant suburb. The distance was about two miles and in winter, after a heavy snowfall during the night, I and two or three other boys on the same errand, would often have to cut our way through the fresh snow up to our knees, and sometimes up to our waists. Occasionally, too, we would stop on the way snowballing each other, or other boys that we might meet, and then we would arrive late at school, and get a scolding. Ordinarily, I would take my lunch along, consisting of the usual bread and cheese, but later my Aunt, Mrs. Pervangher (my father's sister) insisted on my taking my midday meal at her house in Airolo. This caused quite an intimacy with her elder son, Giovanni Pervangher, a boy a little older than myself, who was considered the brightest scholar at Scuola Maggiore and also the most mischievous. He and I got into many a naughty prank, among others shooting the figure 2 out of the face of the clock on the tall church tower. We did this with a ballestra, or cross-bow, like that of William Tell, which Giovanni had manufactured himself with a steel spring. Your Aunt Lucy will remember Giovanni Pervangher. He is keeping hotel at Airolo and entertained her with a bottle of champagne when she passed through that town in 1908 (or 9?) I may explain here that while I was born at the little village of Valle, I give the name of my birthplace in "Who's Who in America" as Airolo. This is because Valle is part of the Municipality of Airolo. Airolo is the civil unit of that locality and the only well-known town. Besides, shortly after my departure for America my father sold the old Valle house and built a rock house at Airolo.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

EIGHTH LETTER Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 27, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

My going to school at Airolo marked one of the most significant events of my life, not on account of the school but on account of its teacher. It was not a graded school and there were not over 25 or 30 boys. Some of the boys came from distant sections of the Canton on account of the fame and reputation of the teacher. His name was Graziano Bazzi and he came from the little village of Anzonico stuck high up on the mountain slope of Val Leventina. He was a young man of good education, an idealist, imbued with the enthusiasm of his profession, and filled with the, then, new spirit of liberalism in philosophy, politics and religion. He had a wonderful personal magnetism and exerted great influence on those boys who were at all serious-minded and susceptible of intellectual and spiritual development. At least that is the influence he had on me. His was probably the most stimulating influence from any one person I have ever experienced in my life. He was a democrat in the broadest sense of that word, broad in his views and sympathetic to a degree. As I remember, the *text* books were only a negligible part of the teaching. What really counted was the personal talks Prof. Bazzi gave us—talking quite often at random on a variety of subjects, expressing his broad, sympathetic views on everything from bread-making to "what is true patriotism." On holidays he would ask those of us who cared to do so, to go with him on excursions along the river, or in the woods, and explain to us the profound truths of Nature and how things came to be what they are—from a grain of sand to the Stellar Universe. He also loved to talk about human relations, and how we are all bound up in one destiny and are all dependent on each other whether we will or no. He used to quote this noble stanza of Manzoni:

"Siam fratelli, siam stretti ad un patto;
Maledetto colui che lo infrange,
Che s'inalza sul fiacco che piange,
Che contrista uno spirto immortal."

"We are brothers, we are pledged to each other;
Cursed be he, who for a dole,
Takes advantage of his weaker brother;
Who distresses an immortal soul."

(The above is my "free," but very inadequate translation.)

The community was then, as probably it is now, divided into two political factions, the conservative or church party, and the liberal or progressive party. Needless to say, Bazzi belonged to the progressive element. He and the Doctor (there was only one Doctor in the town) were the leaders of it. Naturally the Catholic priest was the leader of

the church party. I forget his name, but this priest was a character, and a very strong one. He led his congregation with an iron will, if not an iron rod. And he looked it. He was tall, haughty, imperious and uncompromising. I am reminded of him when I see a picture of Cardinal Richelieu. Only, this priest led the simple life and had the strength of soul that comes of that life, which was not exactly the case with Richelieu. The priest was in the habit of coming an hour a week into Bazzi's school to teach the boys the Catholic catechism. His imperious nature caused him to strike a boy every once in a while. Bazzi protested. He did not believe in physical punishment. He used to say:

"L'asino col bastone,
L'uomo colla ragione."

(You may drive a donkey with a stick, but man must be led by reason.)

The priest paid no attention to Bazzi's protest, so one day there was a big row; almost a fight. The result was that Bazzi forbade the priest to enter his school thereafter, under penalty of being thrown out of the window. And that ended the priest's visits.

When I visited my native land in 1886, Bazzi was still living but had retired from active life and was domiciled in the town of Faido, some ten miles further down the valley. Your Grandmother and I made a pilgrimage to Faido to call on him and your Grandmother was greatly impressed with his transparent benignity and loftiness of character. When he died, the honors paid to his memory were participated in by the entire Canton Tessin. My cousin Giovanni Pervangher wrote a notable poem for the occasion and his marble bust stands today over the main entrance of the municipal building at Airolo. He was a great and good man.

Before leaving Bazzi and his wonderful influence for good on his country, his pupils and myself, I feel like anticipating my story somewhat to say that while Bazzi's influence on my character was probably the most potent because it happened at my most plastic age, yet there was another man who, later on, had a very great deal to do in the shaping of my destiny. This was Father Vaure, the Jesuit priest at New Orleans of whom I will tell you later. I will only remark here that there never were two men more dissimilar by looks, education and temperament than Bazzi and Father Vaure—they were alike in this however, that both were choice souls, and yet their influence was equally beneficient but in utterly different ways. Bazzi was a strong, robust man of the world and a thoroughgoing democrat. Vaure was a small, delicate man, very quiet and ladylike, his features finely chiselled—small hands, small feet and burning eyes—the most aristocratic soul of a man I have ever been intimately associated with. Tears come to my eyes when I think of Father Vaure! But, as I said, I anticipate.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

NINTH LETTER Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 1, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

We had no Saturday vacation as customary here, but on Thursday afternoon we had military drilling instead of school. Our drilling-master was the same martinet who taught school at Valle and whom we all detested. We were called the cadet corps and had regular uniforms and muskets adapted to our small size. We had non-commissioned officers—corporals, sergeants, etc., but I never attained to any of these dignities. My cousin Giovanni got to the top but I remained a private. I am satisfied that soldiering was not my strong point any more than hunting or killing chickens. On one occasion there was a general military reunion and review of all the school cadets of Canton Tessin at Locarno, at the head of Lake Maggiore. We marched all the way down by easy stages. The first day we stopped at Faido, the next at Biasco, then at Bellinzona and finally at Lugano. At each place we were allotted to principal families in squads of two, three or four for board and lodging. This is the way soldiers in Switzerland are imposed on the inhabitants when marching from one part of the country to the other. Arriving at Locarno I and two other boys were turned over to a rich bachelor who had apartments on the main piazza. He treated us with the greatest hospitality, *giving* us splendid repasts and various kinds of wine to drink. We must have been tired and hungry and thirsty or the wine must have been stronger than what we were used to, for it certainly went to my head. Going down to the banks of the lake, where cannon-shooting and general jollification were going on, I walked straight into the lake and did not notice it till the water was up to my knees. This was the first and last time in all my life that I was intoxicated. Our bachelor friend was evidently having some fun at our expense.

As I mentioned before, we lived in the village in Winter but on the San Gothard Pass in Summer where Father had his work. We had rooms in the big granite builting over the Custom House. The building still stands but is now merely a warehouse. There, as at St. Joseph, we pastured a lot of cows, which we sold in the Fall; but this gave me but little to do and I had a pretty easy time until the last year just before coming to America. That year I undertook to devote the forenoon only to school and to work in the afternoon on a little weekly newspaper that a blind man, named De Magistris, had launched in our village. It was called L'Ape (The Bee) and I was the blind man's secretary, reading to him, writing for him and doing odd jobs in the composing and printing room. I learned to set type and also to print the paper though we had a regular printer besides myself. We used a Washington Press like that used by Benjamin Franklin—on exhibition at the Independence Hall in Phila-

delphia. We also printed a little book for a Professor at the College of Bellinzona. It was entitled "The Elements of Civics." I did the entire typesetting of that book. One day the author came to see us, but he manifested unmistakable symptoms of unsound mind. After a few days he left us and we never heard from him again. Some months after, his dead body was found in a cavern on Lukmanier Pass to the East of Airolo going to Canton Grison.

When the time came to go to San Gothard Pass I resigned my position but I had not been gone two weeks when De Magistris wrote that he could not get along without me and offered me higher pay. So I spent that Summer in the village away from my family.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

—o—

TENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 4, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

Partly because of the narrowness of opportunities, the isolation of life in the mountains and the difficulty of supporting an increasing population there, and finally because of that "wanderlust" that overtakes young people at a certain age everywhere, I was seized at about this time of a violent desire to leave the country and seek my fortune in foreign parts. It so happened that a friend of the family, returning from Italy, spoke of a chance of my getting a situation at Novara, in Piedmont, Italy. Nothing would do for me but to go and my parents, unwisely, as I think now, permitted me to go. It was in the Winter of 1859, in December and I remember it was a very cold trip. I went all alone by stage coach to Magadino, on the Lake Maggiore, thence by steamboat to Arona, and from Arona to Novara by railroad, which was a new wonder to me. I did not stay long, for I did not like the place, did not like the people, and moreover I was seized by a violent fit of homesickness. I should scarcely mention this excursion into the outside world, but for a peculiar episode which has had not a little to do in the development of the mystical side of my nature. As I was loafing one Sunday afternoon in the Piazza Carlo Alberto, in Novara, I saw a crowd of people gathered around what appeared to be an ordinary fakir, such as are found at fairs and places of large gatherings of people. He proposed to tell one's fortune for a penny. I waited my turn with eager expectation as to the outcome. It was my first experience in that line and I considered it one of the wonders of the outside world. When my turn came he gave me, without asking any questions, a short written document to the effect that

within the next twelve months I would leave my country and travel to a far-off country across the ocean, and that I would settle in that far-off country, contract a very dangerous disease from which however I would recover, that I would finally make a fortune and live to the age of 76. I had at that time not the faintest notion of going to America. The decision to do so only came the following October, in I860, three days before my departure. It so happened that my Aunt Lucy had been spending a couple of years in Airolo to recover from a case of incipient tuberculosis contracted in New Orleans, where she resided. She was apparently cured and her husband (my Uncle Joseph) had come to take her back to New Orleans. It seems that she had become attached to me and I to her, so much so that on the eve of her departure she manifested a desire to take me along. I, of course, jumped at the proposition and although my parents were at first opposed, and treated the matter as a joke, I persisted so and cried so about it that we finally got their consent. Thus the first part of the prophecy was fulfilled. The second part, that about the dangerous disease had, no doubt, reference to the yellow fever which I contracted in 1867 and about which I will tell you later. As for making a fortune, that is rather dubious although at some periods of my life I made money freely. I hope the last part is equally dubious, for I want to live longer than 76 as I want to see you, and my other grandchildren, grow up. It has been my fate, and also my disposition, to meet with many wonderful experiences in the domain of the occult, of which I will tell you at the appropriate time, as the story of my life unrolls itself. Suffice it to say here, that I have arrived at the conviction that the world we see and experience every day is only one part of the cosmos—the visible and superficial part. There is an occult or spiritual world behind it all.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

ELEVENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 8, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

Before leaving the old country for my long stay in America, I want to tell you something of the mode of life, food, clothing, habits and standards when I was a boy in Switzerland. We certainly lived the simple life in those clays. Life was laborious, earnest and even hard in spots,—hard from the point of view of your easy-going American standard. There was no time nor opportunity, nor money, for trimmings of any kind. We had plenty of good substantial food to eat and plenty of warm clothing to wear, both for the bed and for the body, but no luxuries and

no ornaments. Being a pastoral country the chief food material was derived from the cows and goats. You would be surprised to know how much was gotten out of milk which Americans have not even a name for. Fresh milk was treated this way: First the cream was laid aside for butter-making, if the milk was rich enough to stand it and still make good cheese. Then it was heated to a certain temperature and the rennet dropped into it to make curd. Then a certain amount of solid curd was taken out to eat at our meals. The rest was triturated with a thick stick with a lot of pegs sticking out around. This precipitated the triturated curd to the bottom of the kettle and was gathered up with a cheese cloth to be put into the cheese box and pressed into shape preparatory to the subsequent process of curing the cheese. This left what you call whey, but which is not the real whey. We called it "lech chaso," that is, milk without the caseine, and it was a favorite home drink. Swiss people drink very little water, but always have a pitcher of "lech chaso" somewhere about the house. After taking out what "lech chaso" was necessary for household consumption the rest was again heated in the kettle and after a certain treatment which I have unfortunately forgotten, another white substance is precipitated to the bottom, much softer than cheese, and delicious to eat. This is called "zigra," only the "g" is pronounced in a peculiar way impossible to illustrate in writing. What of this substance is not used in the meal of the day is salted down in a tight barrel for Winter food. This left the last remnant of the milk, the real whey, a dark yellow-greenish liquid, almost transparent and which is highly recommended to invalids, especially consumptives. There are a number of "whey cures" in German Swit2erland. But we gave it to the pigs, though some of us liked it as a drink. The way they treated and preserved butter was this: After accumulating a certain quantity of fresh unsalted butter, it was melted in a large kettle over a slow fire until it boiled. Then it was poured into small, thick wooden kegs and tightly covered. It left a deposit at the bottom of the kettle the name of which I have forgotten, but which made delicious food, of which we children were very fond. We made no butter in Winter time because we had too few cows then and the milk from dry hay is not rich enough. But our cellar was always well-supplied with rich cheese, zigra, and butter preserved by that method.

For bread-making there was a village oven which each family used in turn without paying anything for the privilege. It was common property, only we had to register in turns. We raised our own rye, had it ground at the nearest water-mill, the miller paying himself in kind. When our time came we would bake enough rye bread to last three or four weeks. Rye bread, unlike wheat bread, keeps sweet and wholesome a long time. I wish I had some now. Wheat flour was not often used and had to be purchased as our altitude precluded the cultivation of wheat. It was used to make cakes out of cream and honey, the only kind of cakes I knew when a child, except when I went to the Fair with Father.

Then I tasted sugar confectionery cakes. I wish I had some of the cream cakes now—they were called "ring" and were delicious. All the above foods were homemade as also the cured meat slaughtered in the Fall and kept through the Winter hanging by rafters in the garret. Besides that we had yellow corn meal, rice and chestnuts, all of which we had to buy. With corn meal we made various kinds of Polenta. One kind, the Genoese (from Genoa), was simply cooked in water with a little salt, till it was thick enough to cut with a knife. This is better food than you would imagine, when eaten with cheese or fried in butter. But most of our Polenta was made with fresh milk, or in summer with cream. When made with cream, the butter oozes out of it and is very rich. Rice was also very much used and was invariably cooked in milk. Chestnuts were a regular staple food and were prepared in a variety of ways—roasted over the fire, boiled in water, fried, ground and prepared as meal, and used in soups. It has always been a wonder to me that Americans have no knowledge or appreciation of such nutritious, delicious and wholesome food as this and that the chestnut tree is so neglected here. It is equally astonishing that cheese is so little used in American families and then only as a dessert. It is safe to say that a Swiss family uses one hundred pounds of cheese for one pound in America.

Another thing we had to buy from Italy was wine. Every family of any standing had its barrel or two of wine in the cellar. It was usually served at table in pitchers, though I observed at my recent visit there that they now bottle it and allow it to age. Almost everybody drinks wine in that country and when they visit each other's houses it is etiquette to offer wine to visitors. In my day the wine used was a mild form of claret from the Northern part of Italy or lower Tessin. We never had any white wine nor any fancy wine. Wine was drunk for hygienic reasons, because it was regarded as healthy and when taken at meals a promoter of good digestion and tending to make rich blood. Of such things as jellies, jams or marmalade I had no knowledge. We had no fruit growing so high up in the mountains except berries and somehow these were not preserved. Hence I have little taste for such things to this day.

That was the kind of food I was raised up on to the age of 15. It must have agreed with me for I have never been sick from the time I was born till I came to America, except when I attempted to smoke that cigar. At any rate I am positive of this, for my Mother told me so—that I never had a doctor around me while I lived in Switzerland, except, perhaps, at my birth. As for clothes, they were mostly homemade, both as to material and manufacture, as I have already explained. But when I returned to Switzerland in 1886 and 1910 I found that all that was changed and they had tailors and clothing stores as in America.

You *might* say that that was something like plain living and high thinking. *It* was plain living, all right, but I don't know about the high thinking, except that there was little or none of that social inequality that breeds such a brood of hatred and jealousy and prejudice. Inasmuch as we were all relatively poor, there was none of that awful class feeling that obtains in America,—none of that bitter feeling of inferiority and degradation that saps the self-respect of poor people here when they contrast their lot with that of their very rich neighbours. I am fully persuaded that most of the misery and loss of self-respect that poverty brings about in this country is the result of comparisons and contrasts of conditions always before their eyes, between rich and poor. I shall have something to say on that subject later on when speaking of my experience in New Orleans during the war and when besieged by land and sea. Everybody then was desperately poor, but everybody was proud of his condition and comparatively happy in it. Very true was the remark that Col. Roosevelt made to me when I met him in Texas two years ago. He said that the tragedy of this country was the selfishness of the very rich and the lack of self-respect of the very poor.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

TWELFTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 11, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

I sometimes feel as if I had lived through several centuries. My early childhood represents a period of social isolation and self-sufficiency that is difficult to imagine in these our times. It also recalls custom, traditions and superstitions that were virtually the same as those of the Middle Ages. For when any community is cut off from vital connection with the outside world, as was our community, it remains stationary for long periods of time. We have that same phenomenon in this country in the mountaineers *oi* the lower Alleghanies, East Tennessee and Eastern Kentucky. Only, these last did not carry with them the traditions and instincts of the old Roman civilization as was the case with my people. A better example is that of the French "habitants" of Eastern Canada, whose character and modes of life, though unprogressive, are *yet* founded upon the old Latin civilization.

The only form of religion in my part of the country was the Catholic. Everybody was supposed to belong to the church, though some were free thinkers and seldom attended service. My Mother was of a deep religious nature and a devout Catholic. Under the influence of

her teachings I was a sincere believer in the doctrine of the Church and always attended mass on Sunday when at all possible. I also went to confession and communion at stated times, say three or four times a year. Lent was kept very strictly in our family, both in church attendance and in the abstinence from meat and also in the observance of the days of fast. My Father was a "liberal" in religion as well as in politics, but nevertheless he was always on good terms with priests and monks, probably on account of his intellectual bent of mind, as the clergy were then regarded as the scholarly class. He often obtained books from them as there were no public libraries in those days in such out-of-the-way places and books were scarce. When Father and I visited Faido on Fair days we never failed to call at the Monastery there. The monks received us with great cordiality and always opened an old bottle of wine, all covered with spider webs, a sure sign of age and an earnest of respect to the guests. The same thing happened at the Benedictine Abbey of Disentis, in Canton Grisons, the oldest monastery in Switzerland, founded in 614 by St. Sigisbert,—when my Father visited that country in the Spring to buy cattle. Another ecclesiastical friend of my Father's was Bertazzi, who officiated in the little village of Cavagnago, up on a steep mountain slope above the present loop of the St. Gothard Railway at Giornico. Just below Giornico is the little town of Pollegio, the seat of a seminary for the education of priests. Bertazzi wanted my Father to send me to that Seminary and make a Catholic priest out of me, probably without my consent, but my Father would not hear of it. I have always been grateful to my Father for that. But you must not imagine that Bertazzi was a priest of the fanatical sort. On the contrary, he was so liberal that ultimately he fell out with the Church and had to withdraw from the priesthood. He was a learned and cultured gentleman, though somewhat eccentric. He evidently had means of his own, as well as the fiery zeal of the consecrated man, for his house was a palace for those parts and his garden, spaciously terraced on the mountain side, was used as a sort of agricultural experiment station for the people' of the village and country side. His private library, which was large and varied, was also at thē disposal of the community. It was probably the first free library experiment inaugurated in those mountain villages. He was really and truly the prophet of his people, not only over their spiritual nature, but also in all their other activities, intellectual, moral and economic. This is my ideal now of the true function of the clergy, as I imagine it was with the prophets of Israel, but how few of them understand *it* that way! On one of our visits to Cavagnago, Bertazzi begged my Father to let me stay with him at least a week, which he did, and I never spent a happier week anywhere before or after. Every room in the house was full of books, including the one I slept in, and as I was literally famished for intellectual nourishment, you may imagine what that meant to me. Moreover, Bertazzi's mind and character were of a superior nature; it was what the

French call "une ame d'elite," and his companionship was an inspiration to me, young as I was. He was a man who, in an ideal state of society, should have been a prince of the Church. As it was, he was relegated to a small and obscure corner of the Lord's Vineyard, probably because of his independent temper and liberal views, which did not fit into the hierarchy of the Church of Rome.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

THIRTEENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 15, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

A peculiar feature of the religious life of that country in those days, as perhaps in other Catholic countries, was the number of sanctuaries to be met with on the roads and trails on the mountain sides—little chapels often not larger than 6 x 10, containing an altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin or some Saint and facing the road with a grilled window or door, and a small platform or step to kneel on. In some places it was merely a cross or a crucifix. There is one of those chapels on the road between Valle and Airolo before which I have often and often stopped to pray. On the altar was an image of the Virgin, sculptured in wood with some artistic skill, holding in her hands a variety of votive offerings put there by the faithful who claimed to have had their prayers answered. I remember one in the shape of a hand carved in wood where a knot of the pine stuck out between the thumb and the forefinger, indicating that a wound, or sore spot, in that place had been healed by prayer at that chapel.

There were old superstitions, too, still fastened upon the people in those days. One of them was a belief in witches (Streghe). There was a particular spot just this side of the famous gorge of Stalvedro in sight of the house where I was born, but on the opposite side of the river, where pine trees and brush were thick and where the witches were supposed to meet and dance every Thursday night. Strange and wierd stories were told of their doings, and we children, at least, believed them. When your Grandmother and I and our children visited Switzerland in 1886 my Mother took us to a hayfield she owned near there and showed us the witches' camp—minus the witches and the belief in them. During that visit there were many other things that my Mother and Father showed me to remind me of my boyhood days in the old country. Father took me over the San Gothard Pass, where every object was familiar to me still,—every path, every trail, and almost every boulder, even to the

holes in the ground made by the marmots that he was hunting when he and I were roaming over the mountains twenty-six years back. There is no more exquisite pleasure than reviving memories of childhood on the very spot where the events were enacted. Some things had greatly changed and some had not. Among things that one would scarcely expect any alteration in in a single generation, but which had really changed were the glaciers. As my Father pointed out, they had all withdrawn more or less from their former bed. This phenomenon is not peculiar to Switzerland. The same thing is happening in the Canadian Rockies and in Alaska and probably all over the Northern Hemisphere at least. The Muir Glacier in Alaska when I saw it in 1899 had withdrawn a mile or more since it was discovered by John Muir. It looks as if this globe of ours were on its return swing from the glacial age to a warm period such as that when those elephants were roaming in the Arctic Circle, whose carcasses are ocasionally found imbedded in icebergs. It is the phenomenon which astronomers call the "prosession of the equinoxes."

Speaking of glaciers I was then forcibly reminded of an excursion which I once made with our teacher Bazzi and his entire school to the top of Mount Fibia, some 10,000 feet high. I had good eyes in those days, and I recollect that from the top I could discern the dome of Milan, Italy, more than 100 miles to the Southeast. I also recollect that the boys found it a comparatively easy stunt to climb the glacier, but not so easy coming down. We finally concluded to slide down, to coast on the seat of our trousers, with the result that the seat was gone when reaching the bottom of the glacier.

Your loving grandfather,

C. Lombardi

FOURTEENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 18, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

I should perhaps tell you something of the political make-up of my native country, Switzerland, which though resembling the United States in having a republican form of government, differs in many respects from the government of your native country. But you can get that information from books in my library and besides it would make this story too long. There is, however, one feature of local self-government in some of the Cantons—the Forest Cantons chiefly—which make up the Swiss Confederation, among others my native Canton Ticino, which is quite peculiar and not generally known, and I feel that I must tell you about it. It is known historically as the Teutonic Township Community System, and

consists in a mixture of private property, and community, or public property in land distinctly segregated. The private property consists of the more fertile and cultivable land situated in the bottom valleys adjacent to the main streams and reaching up on both sides of the slopes to the vicinity of the woodland. Upon this portion of the land are raised the crops necessary for the sustenance of the people, such as potatoes, rye, flax, vegetables and hay. This land is enclosed in what is practically one fence, each proprietor taking care of the fence adjacent to his property. Inside of the common fence the private fields are segregated by meets and bounds. Outside of the common fence all the land—woods, forests, and all—up to the mountains, is community property. This again is divided for pasturage purposes into what we should call the Common, where every bona fide inhabitant of the township may pasture his cattle or goats, freely, and the upper mountain pasturage which is called "Alps". The Alps are set apart for a special purpose and common pasturage in them is forbidden. In the township of Airolo these mountain pastures are divided into eight or ten "Alps", separated from each other by well-marked meets and bounds, and each one is leased by the Township to a group of cattle-owners representing from 300 to 500 milch cows and as many goats, according to the feeding capacity of the territory leased. The lease money thus obtained constitutes a public fund which often renders unnecessary any other form of taxation for the support of the local government. It is as if the City of San Francisco owned a whole section of city lots whose ground-rent would be sufficient to meet all the local expense of city government, and perhaps leave enough over to pay the citizens' share of the State taxes. The object of leasing the "Alps" to groups of private citizens is to enable them to organize what may be called a co-operation dairy wherewith those large Swiss cheeses can be produced in the best merchantable form. That is not all. It is a fact that the further up the summer pasture extends, until it reaches the snow-line, the more nutritious and the more rich and fragrant is the grass, thereby producing a very superior quality of cheese. But in order to obtain this result it is necessary to combine the milk-yield of more cows than one family owns, hence this method of co-operation. The forests being also community property, the method of utilizing them is as follows: When a citizen needs lumber to build a house or a stable or for repair work, he must obtain a permit from the township authorities upon the payment of a royalty which also goes into the tax fund. Then a forester points ot« what trees to cut so that only ripe timber is taken. The void caused by the felled tree is soon refilled with a sapling or seedling so that the forest as a whole is theoretically saved from exhaustion, though practically the forests do suffer from diminution now and then by reason of the destructive effect of avalanches and landslides. The timber is then carried to a private sawmill which will turn it into lumber available for a given purpose on payment of toll either in money or in kind. This

system of land tenure will appear singular in this country and some may call it socialistic or communistic. Nevertheless, it is regarded quite the natural thing in that part of Switzerland where I was born and reared. Moreover, it works well in that country. Under it the poorest widow may pasture her cow or goats, and the poorest man may cut hay in the mountain gulches where cows cannot reach. One result is that while the country as a whole was comparatively poor, there were no paupers nor dependent classes in that country in my time. Neither were there any very rich men or rich families. Inequality of fortunes was probably less observable there at that time than anywhere I have been since then.

This system of partial community ownership of land is far from being new. It is, on the contrary, one of the oldest forms of land tenure in the history of mankind, both in Europe and in Asia. In fact, it may be regarded as a survival of ancient institutions. I have already mentioned the Teutonic Township system from which the modern Swiss practice is probably derived. But the system prevailed in some form or other among many of the primitive societies in Scotland and England, and is a feature of village life in India as shown by Sir Henry Maine in his work on Village Communities. It would be interesting to know if, in our search for the solution of our present land problems here in America, we may not find a partial solution in going back to the practice of our remote ancestors in Germany and Great Britain, as exemplified to this day by some obscure but successful communities in the little republic of Switzerland, or some other form of public ownership of land. It would only afford another argument for the spiral theory of history.—the theory that events proceed in a series of circles, each successive circle returning to cover the same ground, but a little higher, after the fashion of a released watch spring, the distance from one circle to the next above it representing the degree of progress. When you grow up and take pleasure in reading serious books of history and philosophy you will find these ideas in two celebrated authors that I read when I was a young man; the German Hedrer and the Italian Vico.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

—o—

FIFTEENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 23, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

I was about to close the record of my boy life in Switzerland when your Mother (or your Aunt Lucy) indicated a desire to know more about children's care, exercise and diet customary in those days and country. So I will linger a little longer and recall a few more reminiscences.

There was no thought taken, or attention given, in those days to hygiene, dietary or physical training as such matters are now considered in the raising of children. That is something that came later. People were too poor and too busy to even think about such things, and Nature had to do the work and assume the responsibility, and Nature usually acquitted herself well. Children after the age of two or three usually ate at the same table as the rest of the family and partook of the same food. The food was simple, but healthful and abundant. Soup (minestra) was a staple and we had it sometimes twice a day. It was made of various materials; all sorts of vegetables which every family cultivated in a garden attached to the dwelling. I remember rhubarb, carrots, turnips, onions, all triturated and mixed with a rich broth. Of all these vegetables I am still fond. Also of rice, vermicelli, bread, chestnuts and beans. Bean soup was regarded as superior to all others. Then we used yellow corn meal a great deal in all kinds of polenta, and also rice with milk. Then bread and cheese galore and cheese with polenta and everything else. Honey was also a regular article of food. When traveling or spending the day in the mountains, we took our lunch in the shape of bread and cheese, and when possible, wine. We had cured meat in winter, but seldom any meat in summer. There were no butcher shops for the sale of fresh meat. Each family did its own butchering and preserved the meat. There was a great variety of ways of preparing rice, among which was risitto, which you can have at Italian restaurants in San Francisco, and of which I am very fond. Also a variety of macaroni and paste dishes. They had a pudding called torta, a bread pudding with raisins, etc. of which I was very fond, and cakes made of cream and wheat flour and honey and flour. My Mother could cook to perfection, as most housewives could, and taught her daughters to cook. When we boys spent some time in the Alps or Techs adjacent to the common pasturage in the spring, we did our own cooking, which we had learned from our Mothers, and lived well. I remember spending a month or so with my maternal Grandfather at one of his "techs" near the Alps, where I did a good deal of the cooking. At night we would sleep in a blanket on top of the hay pile inside the tech. It was to me an attractive experience, something, I suppose, like rough camping in the Adirondacks. Nobody ever got sick and we returned fat and strong.

Most families had one or two techs on the mountain slopes where they spent a part of the spring and summer to pasture their cows on the community land or to make hay on land of their own, so there was little opportunity for sport or play for us youngsters, except the simple games like the "quadrel" which I have already described. Nevertheless, we lived out-of-doors most of the time. In winter we had some sport coasting, sleighing, and battling with snow balls—all out-of-door sports. We would pour out water over a long steep stretch of snow sloping from the rim of the woods down the fields, so it would freeze and make a hard

surface, then we would cut a limb from a pine tree and use it as a sled and down we would go. Or if we used sleds we would go at such speed and interfere with each other so as to make the sport dangerous. I knew a place where the slope was very steep and reached down to the river, which was always covered with thick ice in winter. After a thick snowfall we boys would start at the top of the slope and slide down on our trouser seats, thus starting an avalanche, and before we got to the bottom we would be all mixed and buried in a mass of flaky snow from which we would emerge one after the other. New-fallen snow is light and porous, so there was no real danger, as the way was short, and we had great fun. We had also regular pitched battles snowballing. Among boys of the same village the contest was conducted in a sportsmanlike manner, so many on each side and all according to rule. But when boys of one village met boys from another village, then it was real rivalry, and which side could do the most damage. While we boys were thus engaged, the girls and womenfolk were at home, spinning and weaving and sewing, so we could wear warm homespun and home made clothes. They also made thick woolen sox and thick gaiters and gloves so that the snow or dampness would not penetrate to the skin.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

SIXTEENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 26, 1913.

My Dear Grandsons:

In the evening after supper most of us were too tired to talk or read, but of course it was not always so. Then the talk would turn to gossip or the repeating of old stories and traditions or customs of bygone times. My Father was very fond of reading and was well up in history and loved to meddle in politics, so that his talk was different from that of most of our neighbors. Father was an idealist and was apt to be carried away by sentiment. He was a patriot and an extreme liberal in religion and politics., and strong in his denunciation of whomever he conceived to be the enemy of the country or his own. He was a man of courage, both physical and moral, and fearless in the expression of his views. But he lacked caution and patience and sometimes even wisdom. He was liberal with his money but was not shrewd in business. What Father lacked in these respects, Mother possessed in abundance. She was cautious, patient, thoughtful and careful in everything, and an excellent business woman, if rather inclined to be close in money-matters. She was of an extremely conservative temperament, both in religion and social matters and a

severe critic of morals. She cared nothing for books—none of her folks did—and indeed she had little time for intellectual matters, even if she had had an inclination that way. She was the wise administrator of the family, looking out for the moral purity and physical comfort of every member of her family. Wisdom rather than brilliancy was her characteristic. She was regarded in the community as a woman of superior character and one whose advice was sought and prized. No one stood higher in the esteem of her neighbors, nor was more beloved by her children. She was a devout Catholic and uncompromising in her religious convictions, though she never obtruded her religion unnecessarily. She was absolutely loyal to duty and unselfish to the last degree. Father was a much larger man than myself, had black hair and rather dark complexion. He was about the size and build of Uncle Ferdinand without Ferdinand's lack of self-confidence. Mother was of medium size, fair complexion and had red hair. Neither Father nor Mother were ever sick, as far as I can recollect, except of course Mother at childbirth. Father was famous for his sturdy physique, stength and endurance. Mother had eight children, six boys and two girls. One of the boys, the second child, died at Valle when he was three years old and I was five. I think he died of pneumonia after getting wet in the snow. I remember how it affected Father and Mother and how they mourned him a long time afterward. The other died an infant at San Joseph. Of the remaining six, Ferdinand is in business at San Francisco, member of the largest private firm in the exclusive vineyard and wholesale wine trade in California. The other is Uncle Pompeo of Loyalton, Sierra County, California, a successful and wealthy farmer, stockraiser, and merchant He is by far the ablest business man of the family. Another is living in Mendocino County, California, a happy-go-lucky, good-natured fellow who will never make any money and don't care if he don't. Of the Sisters, Samilla Forni resides at Airolo and has raised a family of five children, three boys and two girls, and she has raised them to be a credit to herself and the country. The other, Adelina Filippini, lives on a ranch with her children near Loyalton, California. Uncle Pompey sold a ranch of 1,000 acres *to* her boys some years ago on credit, just to start them and today they have paid for the ranch in full, bought more land and have a large herd of cattle. They are industrious and successful business men. Father was sixty-seven when I saw him last in 1886, but had scarcely a white hair on his head. He was born in 1819 and died at Airolo in 1898, at the age of 79. In later years, I heard that he suffered from inflammatory rheumatism due to reckless exposure to all sorts of weather and all sorts of hardship. Mother was accidentally killed by the explosion of a dynamite cartridge, used to break up stumps in the fields, shortly after I saw her in 1886. She was *66* years old when she died. She would probably be living yet, but for the accident, as she was enjoying perfect health when it happened.

Before closing this chapter I may say that I have never been beaten by my parents. Mother would box my ears, though very seldom, when I was very naughty, but Father never touched me. Father had a way of making companions of his boys. He called them "soci" (partners).

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombard!

SEVENTEENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Jan. 17, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

I had to suspend writing my story during the Christmas holidays and until now, for I was the happy recipient of a visit from both of my sons, your Uncles and Father, who were good enough to come all the way to Texas, one from the East and one from the West, to see their Father and Mother in their comfortable little home in Dallas.

I believe that my former letters about exhausted the story of my career as a boy in Switzerland. I was fifteen years of age when Fate decided that I should emigrate to America. I believe I have already told you how this decision came about. Briefly, my Aunt, Lucy Lombardi, whose husband, Joseph Lombardi, was my Mother's brother, had been staying for a year or so in Airolo, the guest of my cousins, my Mother's folks—the Ramelli—for the purpose of recovering her health that had been badly shattered at New Orleans, Louisiana, U.S.A., where she and her husband had settled. She now considered herself cured and her husband came to take her back to America. During her stay in Airolo, it seems that my Aunt Lucy became much attached to me; and on the eve of her departure she asked my parents to let me go with her to America. At first the matter was looked upon as a joke, but when I learned of the proposition, I became so frantic in my desire to go to America with my Aunt that my parents finally gave their consent. My Aunt was a lady of refinement and culture, born in Paris, France, of Italian-Swiss parents who emigrated to New Orleans when she was yet a child. She was extremely good to me—a second Mother in fact—and I became greatly attached and loyal to her up to the time of her death in 1867—and afterwards. She finally died of pulmonary consumption, the disease with which she was threatened when she came to Switzerland. Her influence on my life and character has been very marked and has had much to do with my ideals in life ever since I knew her. She was a noble woman, carrying a sympathetic and refining atmosphere wherever she went. I have frequently had loving spiritual intercourse with her through various mediums since her death, and I believe she is one of my chief guardian

angels even now and that I owe much of my good fortune in this life to her inspiration and guidance.

We left Airolo early in October, 1860, the tenth of October if my memory serves me right. My Father accompanied us as far as Altorf, in Canton Uri, at the southern end of the Lake of Lucern, known in Switzerland as the Lake of the Four Cantons (Luzern, Schwitz, Uri, and Unter-. walden). There was no railroad up to Altorf in those days, and so we traveled in diligence or stage-coach. At Altorf we took the steamboat to Lucern. Crossing the lake I was shown the spot where William Tell had landed and escaped from the tryant Gessler, and where a monument had been erected in commemoration, for which I had contributed half a franc (10c), when a schoolboy a couple of years before. This was the Grutli. At Lucern we took the railroad, one of two or three lines then existing in Switzerland, for Basel, the northwestern frontier of Switzerland, and thence to Paris, France. At Paris we put up at a family hotel on the Rue des Grands Augustins, on the left hand of the Seine. Your Uncle Cornelius and I passed through that same street several times in 1910 on our way to the Place de l'Odeon, where we had rooms, and I seemed to remember and recognize the place I stopped at 50 years before. We remained in Paris a few days, but the only recollection I have of those days is a visit I made to an Uncle of mine, Antonio Lombardi, who was a decorative painter and who had the reputation of being extremely finicky. The floors of his apartments were polished with wax, and little oval rugs were placed in front of every chair so as not to spoil the floor. I was awkward, enough to ignore the rugs and to slip on the waxed floor so that I fell headlong, much to my mortification and injury to my head and back.

From Paris we sailed at The Havre for New York on the Steamer Fulton, then considered one of the best of the trans-Atlantic steamers. It was the same vessel that was afterwards taken possession of by the United States Government during the Civil War and which turned up at New Orleans two years afterwards as the flagship of Commodore Farragut at the capture of New Orleans, which I witnessed from the wharfs of the Crescent City.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

EIGHTEENTH LETTER

Dallas, Texas,

Jan. 26, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

In those days the best and swiftest trans-Atlantic steamers were much smaller and slower than those with which we are now familiar.

The Fulton was supposed to be one of the best and yet we were nearly two weeks crossing the ocean. My recollection of that trip is not a pleasant one. I was sea-sick all the blessed time and so was the rest of our party as near as I can remember. We had a stormy passage, that I remember. I could speak neither French nor English, so no one except my sick relatives could do anything for me at first. But a little while later a young woman on board who was not sick and who could speak a little Italian, came to see me and tried to entertain me, playing cards and other distractions. Incidentally, she told my fortune, by way of amusing me I suppose, but whether with cards or palmistry, I do not remember. But I do remember that the substance of her fortune-telling coincided almost exactly with that told me at Novara, nearly a year before, at which I greatly marvelled.

Arriving in New York, much reduced in body through sea-sickness, we were entertained by some friends of my Uncle and Aunt, but all I can remember distinctly is that I had an enormous appetite, and that I felt like being deaf and dumb among people whose language I could not understand. I also began to feel some of that desolate lonesomeness that comes of being completely out of relation with our surrounding. Of that feeling, and the tragedy of human transplantation, I may have to write you later on. On our way from New York to New Orleans, by rail, a journey that occupied a week's time, we stopped at Baltimore for supper at the railroad station. I remember that everybody ate raw oysters, something that I had never tasted or seen before. I tried one, but it stuck in my throat. It was so unpalatable to me that I could not swallow it. From that day till ten or twelve years after I could not bear to eat oysters; but I like them now.

It seems that in those days railroad trains did not run on Sunday, for, the next day being Sunday, we stopped a whole day at a place called Belair in what is now West Virginia not far from Wheeling. It is a coal-mining country and to pass the time we visited some of the coal mines in the neighborhood. I thought the life and work of a coal-mining laborer was a horrible one—and I think so still. The Pullman sleeping-car that we are now familiar with was not yet invented, but when night came on the train, some kind of sleeping accomodation was provided, somewhat in the shape of a broad hammock, suspended from the ceiling of the car. I remember that when we arrived at Cairo, 111., and passed through the town going from one station to another we saw a great crowd of excited people, hurrahing very loudly, with many drunken men among them. I heard, "hurrah for Lincoln", and I asked what it all meant. I was told that a very important election was being held that day, and that if Lincoln was elected, it would be bad for the South. Sure enough that was virtually the beginning of the Civil War, that was to have such a vast influence on

the destiny of your country and incidentally some influence also on the career of your Grandfather. From Cairo we went to Vicksburg, Miss., and thence to New Orleans.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

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LETTER NINETEEN

Dallas, Texas,
Feb. 9, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

We arrived in New Orleans in November I860, when I was 15 years and 3 months old, a few days after the election of Lincoln, and a short time before the declaration of war between the states. Although I could not understand a word of English and only a few words of French I soon became conscious that I was living in a mental and social atmosphere utterly different from that which I came from. Not only the manners, customs, view points and personal intercourse were different from those I was accustomed to, but there was also a condition of general excitement and alarm which was a preliminary of the awful tragedy that awaited them—the civil war.

I hope you never will quit your country to go and live in a foreign land where the customs, language and manners and sentiments, the feelings of family and country, traditions and legends that have grown into your very bones through the centuries, will be absent or ignored. In other words, I hope you will never be transplanted, as I was, all of a sudden, from the temperate zone to the semi-tropical both physically and psychically. It is a tragedy—the tragedy of all migration, an adequate exposition of which has never yet been written. It is a difficult and delicate operation to transplant a human being already grown or partly grown. All the little rootlets of sentiment which must be cut off in the process bleed and suffer and a period of desolation as well as isolation must ensue in all such cases. Even now, my heart goes out to the emigrant and his family.

After the first few weeks of rest and partial adjustment to environment, my Uncle and Aunt began to look about for a school in which to place me that I might at least learn the languages of the country, French and English, and it was decided to send me to the Jesuits' College, the best institution of the kind in the.South at that time. Had the language been the same as where I came from I should have occupied quite a respectable position in my new school, for I was one of the most advanced at Bazzi's

School at Airolo. But as I knew but very little French and no English at all, I was put in the lowest of the preparatory classes, I, a big boy of 15 among a lot of little fellows of 10 to 13. These little boys made fun of my pronunciation and that was humiliating enough, but worse was to come. The preceptor, or teacher, of my class was a bullying, coarse Irishman, by the name of Butler.—Father Butler I was compelled to call him and he was a regular martinet. He would *get* mad and scold the boys for the least fault and often strike them on the knuckles of the hands with a ruler. Once he struck me that way quite unjustly, for I had done nothing wrong. It made my blood boil with indignation and humiliation and I complained to the head master, a tall, thin, solemn and silent Father, whose name I forget. He said very little, but that little had a soothing effect by the manner and spirit in which he said it, and very soon afterward I was transferred to another and a little higher class. By that time I could speak French understandably and my new teacher was a Frenchman, Father Blanc. Father Blanc was a mild, sympathetic teacher, a man of refined feelings and manners, a real gentleman, the very antithisis of Father Butler and I got along swimingly with him. As soon as I picked up more of the languages, both English and French, and could read and study my school books at home, I made pretty rapid progress so that I soon exhausted Father Blanc's class and was ready to go higher.

By this time, too, I had begun to get a little acquainted and to take part in such recreations as were possible in the restricted court-yard of the College. There was no talk of base-ball or foot-ball in those days and no opportunity to indulge in them, but the court-yard was equipped with gymnastic apparatus such as swings, trapezes, poles, ropes and rings, all of which I tried in turn. The only thing I remember being somewhat efficient in was in climbing the pole to the very top, but then I was a rather slender boy. I also began to make some friends, a few of whom stuck to me after the college days. But some of the boys disliked me because I was so different, I suppose, and teased me about my pronunciation and made life miserable for a time. Among these was a boy by the name of Rochereau, the son of a prominent wine importer. I was always a peaceful boy, slow to take offence and inclined to avoid trouble but this boy exasperated me so that there was no other way than to attack him in the presence of the whole school and we had the fight of our lives. The spectators all gathered around, boys and teachers, as at a cockfight but did not interfere. Both of us got pretty badly bruised up, but in the end I got the best of him and came out victorious. From that clay all teasing and worrying stopped, and strange to say, young Rochereau became one of my best friends. But he died within that year. That was the first and last and only fight I had at school.

Later on I also became acquainted with some of the boys in the more advanced classes, who were my contemporaries in age but much more advanced in their studies on account of my having been held back for lack

of knowledge of French and English. Among these were Ed White and Tom Rapier, both of whom subsequently became famous, one as the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the other as the publisher of the New Orleans Picayaune, the oldest and foremost newspaper in New Orleans. There was also a brilliant young man, perhaps the most promising of all, who got all the first prizes and who was a prodigy in the sciences, especially chemistry. His name was Savage or Sauvage. Great things were expected of him but nothing happened. He got buried in a drug store in the French part of town of which he became proprietor and we never heard anything more about him.

LETTER TWENTY

Dallas, Texas,

February 16, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

From Father Blanc's class I was promoted to a higher class presided over by Father Vaure. I have already said something of Father Vaure in my earlier letters, when speaking of the influence he and Bazzi have had on my character and career, and I shall have much more to say after my short career as a regular student at this college ceased. I gathered from other boys in the class that Father Vaure was also a martinet, though different from Father Butler—that he was severe and exacting. Few boys liked him. He did not mix with them in their play and was aloof and taciturn. So I did not go into his class with very pleasant anticipations. But somehow the moment Father Vaure and I came to know each other, we were attracted to each other as by some magnetic touch. The other boys complained that he was partial to me, and I believe that was true.

By this time the Civil War was in full swing and the excitement and feelings growing out of it dominated everything else and of course penetrated even the schoolroom, causing distraction and disturbance, which were not helpful to the process of education. War, its news and episodes were on everybody's lips and the sole subjects of conversation. Of course, there was but one side to the controversy, both in the school and in the city—the Southern side—and every one was strongly, even violently, partisan. It was admitted, tacitly and otherwise, that the Slavery question was at the bottom of the difficulty, and the institution of Slavery was defended with vehemence, even in the pulpit. Coming as I did only recently from Switzerland where the doctrine of human liberty, both from the political and religious standpoint, was held as a fundamental principle entirely beyond controversy, it was but natural that I should demur at the actual practice of human slavery before my own eyes, for my Uncle and Aunt owned three slaves employed in the household. I thought that Slavery had ceased to exist since the breaking up of the Roman Empire.

But there it was in full bloom and millions of people were ready to fight and hundreds of thousands were actually fighting for its defence and maintenance. Of course I had to yield at least an apparent acquiescence and hold my convictions to myself. I might as well have struck my head against a stone wall as *to* argue against Slavery in the then excited state of public opinion.

But while I never became reconciled to the institution of Slavery in the South, I did sympathise with the Southern idea of independence and the right of the States to secede from the Union. And I hold to this day that it should be the privilege of a State or group of States, or a section of the country, as the Pacific Coast for example, to set up a government of its own if the union with the other States is obnoxious to them for economic or other reasons. The worship of the Union for its own sake, as a political shibboleth, like the worship of mere bigness, whether or not it is conducive to the happiness and prosperity of its component people, is apt to become a superstition, and political superstitions are no better than religious superstitions. In both cases it easily amounts to a sacrifice of the substance for the form, of the meat for the shell. Two sets of people of different and antagonistic social and political ideals, and of uncongenial temperaments, like the North and South, have no more business to live and work together than two hostile partners in a mercantile establishment have. Both should be permiitted to dissolve partnership and each go and be happy in his own way. How much wiser was the action of Sweden and Norway when a few years ago, they amicably agreed to separate when they could no longer live together in peace and harmony. Moreover, it has been clearly demonstrated in Europe, at least, that the smaller States, like Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland have made greater progress in recent times in the matter of education, freedom and general prosperity and happiness of their people than their bigger and more powerful neighbors.

When a nation or a country becomes too large it becomes unwieldy and the multiplicity of antagonistic interests weakens the loyalty of the parts to the whole. The individual feels so insignificant as compared to the great bulk of the nation and his contribution so infinitesimal, that he loses interest as a factor in the upkeep of the Government. The imagination of the average citizen is not equal to the task of perceiving how his individual benefit is bound up with that of all the rest. Hence the vast majority of individuals want to *get* all they can out of the General Government and give nothing in return, unless compelled to—so everybody wants to milk the public cow and nobody wants to feed her. This is the cause of the awful pension scandal—nearly two hundred million dollars still paid out to war pensioners fifty years after the war—and also the pork barrel method of appropriations for river and harbor work and public buildings. I predict that the United States will eventually separate into two, three and possibly four sections along geographical and eco-

nomic lines and that this will be done peacefully and naturally just as the cells in the human body divide when full grown, and just as the human family divides and scatters when its members are fully developed and prepared to assume individual responsibilities.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-ONE

Dallas, Texas,

February 23, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

By the end of the first year the Civil War had proceeded far enough to develop its baneful effect in all directions. The ports were blockaded, commerce was destroyed, business of all kinds demoralized and reduced to the exchange of the merest necessities of life, such as food and clothing, families mourning for their brave husbands, sons and brothers, and the bitterest feelings engendered toward the foe and toward all nationalities that seemed to sympathise with the foe. In these circumstances, and just before another school term was about to open at the Jesuits' College, my Uncle and Aunt told me that they could no longer afford to send me to school, and that I would have to look out for some employment, but that their home would always be my home, with or without a price. When I reported that to Father Vaure, he was greatly disconcerted, but said nothing except to come and see him the next day or two. When I saw him again he told me that it would never do to cut off my opportunity for an education at this point and that the Father Director had decided that I could continue and complete my college course without any pay whatever. But my Uncle would not consent to this arrangement, he thought it was too much like accepting charity, and of course I could not communicate with my parents on account of the blockade. While these things were going on I saw an advertisement in the papers for a young man to act as cashier in a drygoods store. The "cashiership" turned out simply to be taking in the cash from the cash boys, making change and giving back a ticket with the amount of each purchase as a sort of voucher, which was stuck into a locked tin box and counted against me at the end of the business day. The aggregate amount of the tickets and the amount of the cash turned in had to correspond. I accepted the position at eight dollars a month ($8.00). The first thing I did was to go and tell my friend Father Vaure about it. Then it was that Father Vaure made me this extraordinary proposition. The rules of the Order of Jesuits required that he get up at four thirty every morning to say his prayers and perform other religious exercises which were obligatory. After that he had one

hour that he could control unembarrassed by any rule and which he usually devoted to reading. He offered to give me the benefit of that hour if I would get up early enough so as to be at his room not later than five thirty. He would then give me private lessons during one hour so as to complete the regular college course in that way. Inasmuch as I had to work during the day, I would have to prepare my lesson in the evening after business hours and recite in the early morning. I jumped at this proposition, though I knew that my work and studies combined would occupy a large proportion of the 24 hours and but a limited time for sleep. My Uncle and Aunt demurred on this account, fearing that I would impair my health, but I persisted and carried my point. From that time I got up every morning before five o'clock, stopped at the Poydras Market near which I resided, for a cup of coffee and a piece of custard pie, and then for the Jesuit College which was only two or three blocks distant, During that whole year, Father Vaure taught me one after the other all the branches that would have comprised my course had I continued in College. He taught me Latin, composition, rhetoric, prosody and philosophy. This during the weekdays. On Sunday he usually had an hour or two to himself after vespers, and we would agree to meet at the College yard and take a walk together either in the yard itself if not disturbed there, or else somewhere in the city, at Jackson Square, for example. We would then talk about books, about history, poetry and philosophy, especially philosophy, for he was fond of metaphysics. His chief authority in philosophy and metaphysics was Balmes, a Spanish author of high reputation among Catholics in those days. I have since, in continuing my studies in philosophy and other subjects, had occasion to give up or outgrow the strictly Catholic and partisan point of view about such matters and got more deeply interested in the eclectic French school of philosophy led by Victor Cousin, Geoffroy, and Damiron. I still have at Berkeley Damiron's Course in three volumes in French, marked and annotated in the margins. But this is a digression.

These were not all the activities that I shared with Father Vaure. He had had in mind for some time, so he told me, to organize a library association among the college students and collect books that would be at the service of the students alone and thus encourage them to read good books. He argued that it was illogical to awaken the appetite for knowledge in young minds and then neglect to select and provide the proper intellectual food for their sustenance and development. So he organized the society, of which I became a sort of honorary member and collcted 50 cents per month from each member for a library fund. It was also part of the program that each member would contribute from his possession or from his family's library such books as could be spared. When the money came in at the end of the month, Father Vaure would ask me, when I could spare the time, and it was usually out of lunch hour, to go down with him to exchange Alley and help him select books for the projected library.

That gave him the opportunity, not only at the moment, but when we *met* again on subsequent Sundays, to give me his ideas of authors and what they stand for, and also to discuss their literary style and merit. It is unnecessary to say that such experience as that at the plastic period of my mind was of immense advantage to me in creating a standard not only in literature, but in life as well.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-TWO

Dallas, Texas,

March 2, 1914

My Dear Grandsons:

That was the way I managed to *get* an education such as it was. Without Father Vaure I do not know what would have become of me, for my other environments were anything but stimulating to intellectual activities. True, my Aunt was a lady of education and refinement and a lover of good books, but she soon became an invalid again and ultimately died of tuberculosis. She had so endeared herself to me that I named your Mother (or your Aunt Lucy) after her. I consider Father Vaure my intellectual Savior and his memory is sacred to me to this day and always will be. His was what the French call "une ame d'elite"—a choice soul —the most pure and transparent soul I have known in a man up to that time. He was simple, direct and true. He had an unconscious dignity that repelled low thoughts. He was a serious man. He believed that the chief end of man is to do his duty at whatever cost and to tell the truth as he saw it. The keynote of his personality was impersonality. His point of view about things was strictly impersonal. I believe I have absorbed and carried away that influence to this day. He was loyal to his church, but outside of that he had a sort of cosmic outlook upon events that reminded one of Emerson. He never spoke about himself. As intimate as I became with him, I never knew anything about his origin or family or early history, except that he came from Burgundy and returned there to die. AH that I could discover was that he had the earmark of nobility and refinement. He never preached nor moralized. He simply lived the life of the spirit and thus his influence was greater than any amount of sermonizing. He was not popular among the boys and was regarded as too stern and severe. But that was because they did not know him nor understand him as I came to know and understand him.

At the end of that year, 1862, if my memory serves me, Father Vaure was recalled to France and shortly afterwards I heard that he had died. Up to that time my connection with the Catholic Church, though never

specially zealous, was regular and sincere. I used to go to mass of Sundays and partook of the sacraments at certain intervals. I even served at the altar once or twice on special emergencies. But gradually my faith in the supremacy of the Church of Rome and especially in the infallibility of the Pope, and other dogmas, became shaken and while I continued to go to Church and say my prayers, I became detached from most of the practices ordained by the Church. If one thing more than another contributed to detach me from the Church, it was the publication, at about that time, of Victor Hugo's masterpiece "Les Miserables". I read the book with great avidity and was greatly impressed by it. In fact, I believe to this day that "Les Miserables" is probably the greatest literary event of the Nineteenth Century, and I believe, moreover, that it was the "avant courtier"—the starter—of the agitation for social justice which has been growing ever since and which is so active at the present time. The book was promptly condemned by the Church, placed on the Index Expurgatorium, and I would persist in reading it and defending it anyhow, and so I broke definitely with the Church of Rome, as far as obedience to its rules and regulations were concerned.

But while it became impossible for me to remain a faithful follower of the Church and a believer in all its dogmas, I have nevertheless retained a great respect for many of the functions in which it has been and is still identified. Its moral and restraining influence on the youth of both sexes, for example, through the practice of Confession is such as no other agency, that I know of, can reach to anything like the same degree. The devotion of its Sisters of Charity to the sick and the forsaken, the primary schools where the children of the poor, who would have no other chance for education, are gathered and cared for; all this is admirable. And with few exceptions the same thing may be said of the devotion of the ordinary clergy, the lower clergy especially, what are known in Europe as the "cures de campagne", or parish priests, in relation to their flocks. They are for the most part the real guardians and friends of their people, keeping the spiritual sense alive, as far as they are permitted by their straight-laced regulations, under circumstances so sordid, harsh and hopeless as to make mere animals of human beings without that friendly and sympathetic supervision. Any one who wishes to realize the truth of what I say ought to read Balzac's "Le Cure de Campagne". Anyhow, a system that produces a Father Vaure cannot be altogether bad. And Father Vaure was not the only good priest I have known at the Jesuits' College. I have already mentioned Father Blanc, but not Father Cambiaso. Cambiaso was a jolly, rotund and good natured son of Gascony—the extreme South of France—short and fat, almost as broad as he was long. His name is Spanish. But he was a wonderfuly attractive personality and everybody loved him. Ed. White, the present Chief Justice, was his special favorite. He was regarded as a great scientist, deeply versed in chemistry, physics, and astronomy; and while I was not in his class and had no hope of

ever reaching that high in my course of studies, yet I was permitted to have glimpses of his lectures and demonstrations every now and then and that awakened an interest and a taste in scientific matters that caused me to read up and study along those lines later on my own independent initiative as will appear in my subsequent letters.

But my objections *to* the teachings and influence of the Catholic Church, as they gradually developed, were of a different nature. They were historical, political, sociological and intellectual. Historically, the Church has ever been the ally of kings and despots. Politically, it has combatted every effort to establish and maintain popular government. Sociologically, it has used little or none of its immense influence, when *k* had that influence, to ameliorate social conditions, to protect the humble workers against the tyranny of their masters, and to promote sanitary and other livable conditions. And intellectually the Church has been a stumbling block to almost every forward movement in every successive period of its history, including our own.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-THREE

Dallas, Texas,

March 9, 1914

My dear Grandsons:

I have already told you how I went to work in a retail dry goods store at eight dollars per month while at the same time I pursued my studies with Father Vaure. After a while my salary was advanced to $10.00 per month, then $12, and $15 and finally at the end of the first year I was getting as much as $25, which was considered a fair salary in those days for one in my position. I was also promoted to the position of assistant bookkeeper. The store was originally owned by Robert Turnbull, a Scotchman who was absent for his health at the time I took service. I never saw Turnbull, for he never came back, but died somewhere in Scotland, I believe, of tuberculosis. His manager Henry Whitaker, an Englishman from the Manchester district, took over the business having bought it from the heirs of Turnbull on time. Whittaker was not a bad fellow, but he was of a nervous and irritable nature, difficult to get along with. He never had enough capital to do the business properly and that made things worse. When I became assistant bookkeeper, a Mr. Baar, a native of New Orleans of Dutch descent, was head bookkeeper and I learned the business under him. Baar was a good man but of rather feeble nature and he and I became good friends. He was in poor health and died the second or third year. When he died I be-

came full bookkeeper and then my troubles began. For the business was not prosperous, never had been prosperous, for lack of sufficient capital, and creditors began to give trouble. I had to bear the brunt of both ends of the financial problems, the collection of accounts and the staving off of the creditors. The business finally went into bankruptcy and was taken over by a Scotchman from Canada named Tragnair, who soon converted it into a specialized millinery store, with hats and plumes, etc.

I knew Tragnair before he came into the business and he insisted that I stay in the business, at the same salary which was, I think, as much as $75 by that time. But it had taken a long time to get to that and I had to use every cent to pay up the arrear due for board and lodging from the time when I was getting so little, so that I never had any money to speak of. I took a great liking for Mr. Tragnair and he and I got along nicely together, but his capital was also very limited and his business was exceeding dull at times, being just at the conclusion of the war and so he soon failed, too. The business was then bought by a lawyer by the name of Joseph H. Wilson, who afterwards came to Galveston and may be there still. Wilson was somewhat affiliated with the Carpetbag government which came down immediately after the war and which left such a malodorous memory.

In addition to the political invasion there came also a commercial invasion; people from the north and west with some money seeking opportunities to do business. Of these were General Bussy from Washington, D. C, and a Mr. Emley from New Jersey who established a wholesale flour commission business, getting flour by the barge load from St. Louis and selling it to bakeries in the city. Then they admitted an Irish Carpet-bagger and office holder by the name of Mahan and the firm was Emley, Mahan and Co. Wilson knew these people and got me a position as bookkeeper with them at $100 per month. I kept this position till I came to Houston, January 1, 1871. General Bussy was a gentleman, though he was mostly absent in Washington, and so was Emley, but Mahan was not. He was more like the typical Irish boss of the Tammany type—ignorant and brutal. He and Emley soon got to quarrelling and finially got into litigation in the courts and into a big row generally and I quit. That was the last of my business career in New Orleans; and then I began to look for some new field of activity away from that blessed City.

But before taking up the new field of operations let us go back to New Orleans and my intellectual life there.

The very fact that business was disrupted and that everybody was poor during the war and the period of reconstruction, threw people more on their intellectual resources. That was the case at least with us young men who had known each other at the Jesuit College. About a dozen of us organized a species of intellectual freemasonry; we would meet at

each other's house, talk books, review what each had read and tell each other our experience in the quest of knowledge during the intervals between meetings. The leading spirits were the Livandais Brothers, Albert and Mortimer, Segliers and Gabriel Fernandez. We formed a sort of literary club which met at regular intervals at Fernandez's house where we had a room at our disposal free of charge. We spoke and wrote in French exclusively. Mortimer Livandais was the poet of the group and the others contributed poetry and prose compositions. I contributed my share of both and had preserved the manuscripts, but they were stolen along with other things from my trunk in Houston. There was a weekly literary periodical published in those days in New Orleans, La Renaissance Lousianaise, edited by a Mr. Lefranc and some of the literary productions found their way to that journal.

There were a number of French emigres, or exiles from France, repelled by the sentiment or otherwise from the regime of Napoleon the third. They were people of refinement and culture, generally poor and always pessimistic. Among them was an old nobleman, whose name I cannot now recall and who lived with his daughter in a little old fashioned cottage on Champs Elisee Avenue, the extreme end of the French quarter. They "received" company on Tuesday evenings and our little literary set had a good time there talking "Bourbon" politics and classic literature. They were lovely people who lived exclusively in the past and to whom present conditions were merely a temporary exhibition of madness.

I was also well acquainted with an old French lady, Mme. de San Sean, who was a relic of the old Napoleonic regime. She was in her youth a maid of honor to the Duchess of Abrantes, the wife of General Junot, who commanded the army of Napoleon the 1st in Spain. She had taken part in the court life of the Emperor and her gossip was very interesting.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-FOUR

Dallas, Texas,

March 23, 1914

My Dear Grandsons:

The reason you received no letter last week was that I was entertaining Mrs. Peabody at our house here.

When I went to work I did not forget the advice Father Vaure gave me, when we parted, to continue my education by myself. Thus at night before going to bed, I would read a chapter of the subject I

had taken up and sleep over it. In the morning I would get up early and read over the same chapter. I found that by repeating in the morning the lesson I had read the previous night, the subject stuck to my memory better than by any other process. That was the way I also adopted when memorizing poetry or any other literary composition, and I presume that is everybody's experience. When I had thus read and reread a chapter, I would came back to *it* two or three days later and in that way I fancied that I had about mastered the subject. In this way I read and studied J. B. Say's Treatise on Political Economy in French, which is quite a voluminous book and a deep subject. I have ever since felt that I was at home on Political Economy of the Classical School, that is, the School of Adam Smith, which was then orthodox. I have since found it necessary to dissent from the orthodox line of thought, in this particular especially, that men are not always guided by self-interest alone. They are sometimes guided by altruistic sentiments, but more often by passion and prejudice and revenge. And that tears down the fine-spun theories of the early economists and introduces elements that they did not stop to consider. Whether or not the world would be better if enlightened selfishness alone were the impulse behind economic movements I do not know, but it is quite certain that the affairs of this world are carried on more by emotions, good or bad, selfish or unselfish, than they are by the light of cool reason and calculated experience. Even Herbert Spencer came to admit, in his latter days, that emotions had far more to do than intellect in the conduct of life.

When I got through with Political Economy I attacked Chemistry and then Physics (Natural Philosophy) and Astronomy, all of which were subjects that were not touched upon in my intercourse with Father Vaure, and all by the same method as in the case of Political Economy. Of course, I could only study the *text* of these sciences, having then no access to a laboratory, no telescope, no microscope, and no means of providing such equipments. I would, indeed, improvise occasionally some cheap and homely way to make experiments, as when I used the barrel of an old gun to make gas, by filling the barrel with coal and putting the barrel over a red-hot fire, simulating a retort. Or when, by means of a carpenter's level and a brass triangle, thus measuring the shadow of the full moon at a given hour, I tried to compute the coming phases of the moon and then look at the almanac to see if I was correct. My text-book on Physics was Carnot in French, which I still have in my library at Berkeley. In Astronomy it was Dick, a Scotch author of repute in those days. In Chemistry I used several school text-books. Thus I continued my education till I thought I knew as much as those who had graduated at the Jesuits' College. Indeed my ambition soon overshot that mark, for I remembered Father Vaure saying that college education, however complete, was not knowledge but only the key to knowledge—the means for attaining knowledge and increasing the fund of ideas through the whole

of a man's life. And so I grew famished for knowledge of every kind and devoted every hour I could spare to its acquisition. I became a voracious reader, but always had taste for good books only, if obtainable. I acquired the habit of utilizing every scrap of time, like a miser who saves every copper, by keeping a small book or pamphlet or newspaper in my pocket to read when waiting for something, or when riding in a street-car or on a train, and I have that habit yet. I also formed the habit of reading in bed, which has stuck to me to this day so that I cannot sleep otherwise. It is amazing how much a person can read and digest that way in the course of a lifetime. But for these habits, considering how strenuous and laborious my life has been, even to this day, I doubt if I could have fitted myself for the position I now occupy as the President of one of the biggest newspaper corporations in this country. I doubt, too, whether my soul would be so well-prepared for the entrance into the spiritual life which, in the nature of things, must soon come. In other words, to be "well-born" in the spirit world, as my friend Finnigan, who is now there, used to say.

I forgot to say that among the subjects which I studied systematically, like Political Economy and the Sciences, was Vattel's The Law of Nations, a great authority in those days. This was suggested by the Franco-Prussian War which was then raging. It was then that I wrote a series of communications to The New Orleans Picayune, then the leading newspaper, expressing the idea that war would soon some to an end through its own destructiveness, for *it* was then that the quick-firing guns, like the Chassepot in France, and the needle-gun in Germany, and also the mitrailleuse, had but recently been invented and put in operation on a large scale. The same idea was more fully elaborated by Jean. Bloch in his book "The Future of War", published in 1900, and more recently by the Englishmen Angell in "The Great Illusion". My articles in The Picayune, with other contributions to the press, were stolen with other things from my trunk in a boarding-house in Houston before I was married.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-FIVE

Dallas, Texas,

March 30, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

The amount and variety of reading I managed to get through in those days is something that seems quite impossible in these days of countless distractions that tend to fritter away the time. I read history, philosophy, science and even novels—such as Balzac and Bulwer who

were then at the zenith of their fame. I read also poetry, Victor Hugo, Larnartine, Voltaire's "Henriade," most of the classical French poetry, and in English all of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of the solid books of history I read Thiers' "Histoire de la Revolution," and "Le Consulat et L'Empire," and Las Casas' "Napoleon a St. Helene." These were monumental works, both as history and as literature. The reading of these books, together with my conversation with Madame de SanSean, made me at that time quite an authority on Napoleonic lore. I was quite an admirer of Napoleon then, but I have since changed my mind in most particulars, except in the reality of his genius—a much misapplied and perverted genius. In 1866 I lost my health, as the family doctor predicted I would if I persisted in working ail day and studying half the night; and I was advised to go to the country to recuperate. Upon the invitation of a Swiss family by the name of Claire, living at New Iberia, La., I spent some time there till I fully recovered my health. They were very good people and as Mr. Claire was a stockman, I learned to ride on horseback, running after cattle in the boundless prairies of Southern Louisiana—"La Belle Louisianne a 1'immense Savanne," as Mortimer Livandais expressed it in one of his poems. There I took along Herbert Spencer's first volumes and also an edition of Emerson's Essays. Both authors were then more or less under the ban in polite literary circles and among orthodox religious people—Emerson on account of his antislavery sentiments and Spencer as an expounder of evolution. I recollect Dr. Palmer, who was then the fashionable preacher among the evangelical churches, and a good and eloquent man he was, preaching a powerful sermon against Emerson and warning people against reading his books on account of the dangerous innovations therein suggested. I remember also years afterwards attending a lecture, accompanied by your Grand-' mother Lombard!, at Houston, by the present Bishop Garrett of Dallas, denouncing evolution and ridiculing the arguments of Darwin and Spencer. But the fact that these authors were denounced by orthodox people only excited my curiosity and desire to read them. Out there in the peaceful solitude of the Teche country, the land of Evangeline and of the Arcadians, I read these books with avidity and at leisure, and they made a deep impression on my mind. Spencer supplied the realistic thought and Emerson the idealistic thought about man and the Cosmos, and between the two I absorbed a philosophy of life that did me good service till it was modified somewhat by my experience in the realms of the spirit and the phenomena of Spiritualism, about which I will tell you later.

I came back to New Orleans considerably improved in health, only to be attacked by yellow fever. It was in the summer of 1867, when the greatest yellow fever epidemic that ever raged in that city, was in full blast. One after another of my friends and neighbours fell a victim and died, and I thought I was immune. But one morning I got up with a feeling of nausea and a weakness in the legs, and then I knew

I had it. My Aunt and Uncle being then in New Iberia, where my Aunt had gone in the hope that she too might improve her health as I had done, I refused to go to the hospital, but went to my Aunt's Mother and Father who were living in the French district, to be taken care of by them as they had proposed that I should do, as it was my Aunt's injunction, in case I was taken sick. It was indeed fortunate that I did so for I found out afterwards that none of my friends who went to the hospital, at about that time, returned alive. The treatment of yellow fever in those days was primitive and cruel and totally different from the methods adopted later, and the wonder is that anybody recovered to tell the tale. I was put in an air-tight room, with never a window opened and no change of air permitted. Then I was covered with two or three heavy blankets, to induce perspiration, they said, with orders to keep under the blankets. And this was in the month of August and in a semi-tropical climate! I soon got so weak through heat and profuse perspiration that I became almost unconscious. At any rate I got to the point where I did not care whether I lived or died, or what would happen to me next. For the rest, I had the most assiduous attention from my Aunt's folks and from the Doctor, and no doubt that pulled me through. The Doctor was Doctor Lewis, brother of Lieutenant-Governor Lewis, member of an old Creole family and who was reputed to have Indian blood in his veins. He was also reputed to be one of the best yellow fever specialists in the country. If I had been his own son he could not have been more solicitous of my case. Pending the course of the disease, I was not allowed to take anything into the stomach except some warm herb tea—sorrel leaves tea or something of that kind. When the fever left me and the convalescence set in, I was so weak that I could hardly move. They then began to give me some carefully measured nourishment—a teaspoonful of chicken broth the first day, two spoonfuls the next, part of a wing of chicken the next, and so on. After a few days, a little English ale was prescribed and I drank a spoonful of Bass Ale every hour or so. It was regarded as a liquid food, easy to digest. The period of convalescence was then regarded as the most critical in yellow fever cases and indeed many died of relapse at that period. Patients at that period are possessed of an insatiable thirst which, if quenched, so the Doctors claimed, would lead to sure relapse and death. Some would bribe the nurse and slip out of the room in search of water, if not carefully guarded. The door of my room was always kept locked and my relatives were my nurses.

Since then I have seen the treatment of yellow fever completely changed; plenty of air allowed to circulate in the room, light bedclothes and a little water allowed at short intervals. And, finally, I have seen yellow fever prevented entirely by the scientific discovery that it is carried by a certain kind of mosquito. With sanitary precautions to prevent the breeding of these mosquitoes and a mosquito-bar to guard against

those that may still exist, yellow fever was banished from our country. Knowledge is power—also health.

Your loving Grandfather,

C Lombardi

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LETTER TWENTY-SIX

Dallas, Texas,

April 6, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

As the course of my life from my childhood in Switzerland to the present time seems to me to include centuries, since I began it under primitive customs and envirorments, and am ending it amid circumstances involving the most complicated civilization that the world has ever seen, so during my ten years' residence in New Orleans I seemed to have passed through and experienced changes, social, political, and economic, that would usually take a century to accomplish. For it was given to me to witness the most bloody and destructive Civil War of modern times, and, as a consequence of it, the transition of a highly organized society from a feudalistic to a democratic phase of development. Negro Slavery necessarily implied an oligarchic state of society, which, in turn, developed virtues and defects of character that were not easy to change. Indeed it usually takes generations to perfect any kind of adjustment from one condition to the other. Among the virtues was that of generous hospitality, intellectual culture and social polish. This was the consequence of the larger leisure which slavery afforded. Among the disadvantages was a strong feeling of intolerance of difference of opinion, especially political opinions, and a certain haughty contempt for social inferiors. Feelings were running strong during the War and after and the manifestation of hatred toward the enemy or those who sympathized with the enemy was something fearful to contemplate. And this feeling was further strengthened by the conduct of some of the Northern officers who occupied conquered territory, as in the case of General Butler at New Orleans, which was mean and despicable in the extreme, and by the abomination of the carpet-bag government in Louisiana and other Southern States after the War. Anyone who has once lived in that atmosphere of hatred and hostility toward our fellow-men, will never advocate war the rest of his life, if it can possibly be avoided. On the other hand, the self-sacrifice and heroism brought out by the Civil War was something the memory of which should be treasured through the generations to come. Especially admirable were the fortitude, endurance and resourcefulness of the women who were left widows and penniless after the War, with children to care for and their domestic servants often made hostile and dangerous by the preachments of the carpet-baggers.

It was at this time that I began to realize the injustice of denying political rights to women, including the right to 'vote. The negroes had been given the franchise without any preparation whatever, which was not only a most dangerous and uncalled for expedient on the part of the visitors at the time, but turned out to be a great blunder as subsequent events have proved. Now there were on the one hand a lot of erstwhile slaves, ignorant and irresponsible, and the easy prey of designing demagogues, permitted to vote away the property and the future fate of a superior class of women whose intelligence and culture, knowledge of affairs and ability to manage their property was equal if not superior to that of any white man in the community, to say nothing of the negroes. And yet these women were not permitted to vote, nor was there at that time any movement, or sentiment, as there is now, to demand equal suffrage. I have been in favor of equal suffrage ever since and now see the day when it is coming.

There was a great deal of poverty following the close of the War and the break-up of the old institutions, yet I doubt if there was any real destitution—none at any rate of the kind that can be found in any large city today, with all our boasted wealth and civilization. The reason is that as all were then more or less poverty-stricken, there was more fellow-feeling and sympathy between man and man than there is when a wide gulf separates the rich from the poor. The same social phenomenon was observed at San Francisco and vicinity just after the earthquake. It brought all classes on the same economic plane and everybody became anxious to help everybody. And we did not think much of comforts in those days. There were other things to think about, so that money or wealth did not count for so much as it did afterwards, and does now. I believe I have already recorded the fact that it was in those days of economic indifference and carelessness of money-matters that I pursued and enjoyed the intellectual life to a greater degree than at any period of my life, before or since.

I have never made many friends anywhere, because my life has always been laborious and my mind constantly occupied. My mind to me "a kingdom was," and is still and so I have never felt the necessity of companionship. I have lived the "inner life" so much that it has now become a habit. Besides, I have always been more or less shy, owing to some extent to a certain consciousness of being a stranger and not fitting in well with the customs and mental atmosphere of this country. But what friends I made in New Orleans are all dead now. A year ago, passing through New Orleans, I went to call on Albert Livandais, a lawyer and an early intimate friend of mine, the last of the old guard of school friends, but I found that he had been dead two months.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-SEVEN Dallas, Texas,

April 13, 1914.

My dear Grandsons:

The ten years I spent in New Orleans were certainly the most interesting as well as the most dramatic of my whole life. I had more experiences there in those ten years than most men have in a life time. I have been more impressed by the good and evil side, and my life has been more influenced thereby, than by anything I have experienced before or after. On the whole I can say that even in those dreadful times, when all the passions that war lets loose came to the surface, I have experienced more good than evil from my fellow men. Moreover the very convulsions of those times served to provoke thought and develop individuality. And the comparative lack of business, the uncertainty of employment, the little account made of success as at present understood, the scarcity of money and the absence of even the thought of comfort, all these conditions made for mental culture as a natural reaction from the absence of material objects upon which the mind could be absorbed. For lack of objective pasture the Soul fed upon the Subjective self. I am now convinced that to those ten year I am indebted for habits of rnind and twists of character that have prevented me from making a fortune and have enabled me, on the other hand, to build up what characteristics I may possess today on the intellectual and moral side. As Emerson says, there is compensation in everything.

Just as I was getting impatient and dissatisfied with business conditions in New Orleans and the apparent lack of a future for a young man there, I was introduced to a Swiss, a Mr. Conradi, who lived in Houston, Texas, and was visiting New Orleans on business. He spoke glowingly of Texas and recommended my going there. A little before that time I had read a book by Charles Dilke, an English traveler and statesman, entitled "Greater Brittain, a Record of Travels in English Speaking Countries." I became enthusiastic over the description of opportunities being opened up in Australia, especially in the city of Melbourne, and I resolved to go there. But upon inquiring about the route and expenses of the trip I found that I would have to go to England first and that I had not nearly enough money to carry me there even by the least expensive methods. So I had to give up, much to my chagrin, all thought of going to what I conceived to be the land of promise, and concluded to come to Texas. Thus our fate often hangs but by a slender thread. Had I possessed about two hundred dollars more than I had at that time I would not have the honor and happiness to be your Grandfather today.

I left New Orleans the day after Xmas in 1870 and arrived in Galveston the third day after. There was no railway connection between New Orleans and Houston, so I came by rail only as far as Morgan City, 90 miles southeast of New Orleans and took the steamer from

there to Galveston. I looked around for a situation in Galveston, but found none, or got too soon discouraged. I knew no one there and felt homesick. So on the first of January, 1871, I came up to Houston, where Mr. Conradi lived and where I had a couple of letters of introduction to local people. I put up at a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Daniels, at the corner of Rush and Travis Streets. There I met some acquaintances and began to look around for employment. A good many refugees from other southern states had, like myself, come to Texas, at about that time, in search of employment, so that there were more applicants than places to fill. A whole month passed before I could find a place and by that time my means had been reduced to $30 in money. I had, however, a lot in New Iberia which I afterwards sold for $300, and a library of about 500 volumes, which I left with a friend in New Orleans who kept a book store. These, however, I never saw again. They were sold by *the* sheriff along with his stock as he failed soon after. Early in February Mr. Conradi told me that a friend of his, a Mr. Cleveland, in the wholesale grocery business, was looking for a bookkeeper. I got introduced to him, made an engagement and went to work at $100 per month in gold. The reason I mention gold is because in those days there were three kinds of currency—silver, gold and greenbacks, and books had to be kept with three corresponding columns. That was before the resumption of Specie payment by the U. S. Government, which came only in 1873, and greenbacks were at a discount of as much as 40%, but fluctuating considerably from time to time. The discount on silver was never more than 10% at any time. For example if a farmer came into the store to buy a sack of coffee he was first asked what kind of money he wished to pay in. If he had gold it was one price, if silver another, and if greenbacks still another. It made business and the keeping of books quite complicated, as you may imagine. The reason greenbacks were at a discount was that the resources of the government were somewhat exhausted by the war, its credit impaired and its supply of gold coin not sufficient to risk offering to redeem any of its "promises to pay" (greenbacks) in actual gold money. Under the circumstances, people felt uncertain as to when, if ever, the government would be able to meet its obligation, and the amount of discount was the measure of the distrust of the people as to the solvency of their own government. I go thus far into the details because at the present time it is almost unthinkable that the American people should have distrusted their government to that extent, more than five years after the end of the war. Now, in your time, no government oa the face of the earth has better credit than the United States Government. Its notes (greenbacks) are preferred to gold for convenience's sake, and its Bonds yield the lowest rates of interest, which means that they have the greatest intrinsic value of any in the market.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Dallas, Texas,

April 20, 1914

My Dear Grandsons David and Oliver:

Owing to the excitement and suspense today incident to the tense situation between the United States and Mexico, as in a few hours it will probably be decided whether war will be declared, this letter may be shorter than usual.

When I came to Houston that city claimed about fifteen thousand inhabitants, but I am satisfied it did not contain that many people. It was in reality little more than an overgrown village, with unpaved streets and scanty sidewalks. It was a good business point, however, and quite a rival and competitor of Galveston. Galveston, however, was then regarded as the commercial metropolis of Texas and maintained its supremacy for a number of years. It has been a part of my destiny that I should contribute not a little to reverse that condition; but that is another story that will be told later on. At this writing, Houston has three times the population of Galveston and enjoys much greater advantages and prestige. At first I felt somewhat lonesome in Houston, but with the few letters of introduction which I carried with me I soon made some pleasant acquaintances and entered to some extent into the social life of the place. Some of the old families were very good to me and made me welcome at their homes. Among others, I remember with pleasure and gratitude Mrs. Bagby and Mrs. Kidd. Mrs. A. C. Allen, the widow of the former owner of the land on which Houston was built, an old lady of strong character and domineering disposition, was also very kind to me. I have never been inclined to join social organizations or secret societies, but it so happened that I had been induced to join the Masons at New Orleans soon after I had reached my majority and after I had quit the Catholic Church, and when I came to Houston I tried to continue my connection with that organization. But I soon found that I was not at home there as I was in New Orleans. At the latter place I was affiliated with a French lodge, the oldest French lodge I believe ever established in America, the "Parfaite Union," which was conducted with what is called the Scotch or philosophical ritual. The Houston lodge was, on the contrary, in the York or Biblical ritual with which I was neither familiar or in sympathy. I kept up my connection in a desultory way till I got married and then dropped it altogether, that is, ceased to visit the Lodge. My home and family was lodge enough for me. Since then, I have never felt the necessity nor inclination to join any society or organization of that kind, although I have no doubt that these societies serve a useful purpose and that very many people are benefitted by them. For one thing, they tend to bring about more fraternal feelings among men, and also to break down narrowness and prejudice. Anything

that brings about social contact and attrition will do that and will be a corrective to that self-assertive individualism that still characterizes many of our people. My habits of reading and study filled my leisure time so that I seldom craved any social activities of that sort. In time I grew so self-sufficient socially, intellectually and spiritually that I felt as if I should forfeit my independence in joining any church or political party and took a certain pride in remaining a simple man without labels of any kind.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER TWENTY-NINE

Dallas, Texas,

April 27, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

My work at W. D. Cleveland's soon became very absorbing and left me but little time for any other activity. The business consisted in selling groceries principally to cotton and sugar plantations on the Brazos and to receive and sell their products—sugar and cotton. It was located in a little two-story brick building where the First National Bank is now. We also did a little business with local retail grocery stores. There was a great deal of activity and we were only a few *to* do the work. Philip Carson, afterwards of Carson, Sewall & Co., a salesman, a porter, Mr. Cleveland and myself constituted the personnel of the firm and we all worked away into the night. At that time Mr. Cleveland was not the owner of the business but only the Agent for Alexander Sessums, his former employer. Sessums had moved to Galveston as the head of the firm of A. Sessums & Co. to do a cotton commission business on a large scale. David Sessums, now Bishop of Louisiana, was his son.

As I mentioned before, Galveston was then the commercial metropolis of Texas and handled nearly all the cotton produced in Texas. What Galveston did not handle, went to New Orleans. Houston handled very little, probably not over two thousand bales in all. Mr. Cleveland undertook to solicit cotton from others than the few planters on the Brazos and here it was that *my* work came in, and I persuaded Cleveland to adopt new and original methods of getting business. We had no stenography nor typewriting in those days and every letter had to be written with the pen and that was a tedius and laborious operation when writing soliciting letters to people. A man by the name of Knox, who was then a sewing machine agent, but afterwards became noted as the Editor of Texas Siftings, a humorous paper of national fame, showed me a method of duplicating written letters by the gelatine process. There

are many and more elaborate processes now for duplicating manuscripts, but Knox's method was then new and little known. With it I undertook to send out apparently autographic letters, soliciting cotton, by the hundreds. I managed to get the names of the principal farmers and cotton merchants in the counties contiguous to, or tributary to, Houston and bombarded them once a week with these circulars quoting the price of cotton and giving reasons why they should ship cotton to Houston rather than Galveston. One of the reasons was that we could handle cotton cheaper in Houston than in Galveston. Galveston merchants, feeling that they had a monopoly of the business, piled up charges in the shape of commission, storage and other items that were exhorbitant. They were killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. We cut the charges in two and began to *get* the cotton. Later I improved the method of copying circular letters by having them lithographed. Later still, we entered, at my suggestion, into an extensive scheme of advertising in the newspapers. We began with The Galveston News and The Houston Post, and gradually included most of the country newspapers in the territory whose transportation facilities led to Houston. I wrote all those advertisements. I made the advertisements unique and attractive by insisting on leaving a blank space above and below the printed matter, thus distinguishing them at sight from all other advertisements in the paper. Another point I tried to make was to advertise Houston as well as Cleveland. I would head the advertisement "Houston As A Cotton Market," in large black letters, then go on with the argument in ordinary type, and wind up at the bottom with "Wm. D. Cleveland & Co., Cotton Factors" also in large type, but not so large as in the heading. In this way I managed to impress the reader with the idea that Houston was Cleveland and Cleveland was Houston. Later, when I was admitted to the partnership it was changed, of course, to Wm. D. Cleveland & Co. This psychological device worked splendidly and our cotton receipts increased by leaps and bounds until, by the time I became a partner in 1886, our receipts of cotton amounted to 30,000 bales a year and over. Other people came into the field to handle cotton in competition with us and Houston's receipts became phenomenal. They ran into the hundred thousands. They finally outstripped Galveston. Had I not advertised Houston as well as Cleveland and Cleveland & Co.? This is* the simple story of my connection with the growth of the cotton business at Houston. Some of the hardest work of my life, some of my most earnest and persistent thought was put into this business at that time, and if I had my deserts the Houston Cotton Exchange should erect me a statue.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER THIRTY

Dallas, Texas,
May 4, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

My business life in Houston was laborious from the start and became more so as the business grew and my responsibilities increased.

Nevertheless I did not lose interest in intellectual matters. I read a good deal, especially at night, and I made some friends with intellectual tastes. One of them was a young lawyer by the name of Usher, who had married Miss Bagby, the eldest girl of the Bagby family that had been so hospitable to me from the time I had set foot at Houston. The poor fellow died not long after of pulmonary consumption. Another was George W. Kidd, Secretary of the Cotton Exchange, an elderly gentleman from New Orleans who had also befriended me from my first arrival in Houston. Then, I became acquainted with Mr. E. Theodore Dumble, now at the head of the geological department of the Southern Pacific Company, in whose office your Father and Uncle Maurice Lombardi first found employment after graduating as Mining Engineer at the University of California. I also knew a Mr. Herenwitz, a friend of Mr. Dumble and a professional geologist. Subsequently Mr. Dumble, Mr. Herenwitz, Mr. Kidd and myself conceived the idea of organizing a scientific society under the name of The Texas Geological Society, which, I have been told, became the nucleus of the present Texas Academy of Science. Through the courtesy of Mr. Kidd we had been given room at the Houston Cotton Exchange to exhibit in a show-case the few geological specimens which Messrs. Dumble and Herenwitz brought us from time *to* time from their field work. My own contribution consisted only of one troglodite which Dr. Sam O. Young, then Managing Editor of The Galveston News, had given me. The Doctor told me that it had been found at a depth of 700 feet when boring a well in search of artesian water on Galveston Island. That was decidedly the oldest inhabitant of this continent of which I have seen any trace. I may also regard as a contribution to that embryo institution a lecture I subsequently gave in the Hall of the Cotton Exchange on Artesian Wells, which was printed in the proceedings of the Society of which I still have a copy somewhere. We had had a series of dry years and I was trying to suggest a remedy. In this lecture, or talk, I pointed out how the topography of the State of Texas, spreading like an immense apron from the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Mexico, on a continuous slope with underlying strata of sand and clay, must necessarily afford the best conditions for subterranean deposits of water. The subsequent development of artesian wells in various parts of Texas proved my theory correct. Both Houston and Galveston are today supplied with artesian water.

Your loving Grandfather,
C. Lombardi

LETTER THIRTY-ONE

Dallas, Texas,

May 11, 1914.

My Dear Grandsons:

My bachelor life in Houston was uneventful though varied. At first when looking for a boarding-place, I was referred to a Mrs. Daniels, who kept the chief and best boarding-house in town, at the corner of Rusk and Travis streets. I was there two years, during which time I met a number of people who became important afterwards. But I missed the European dishes, and my claret wines, to which I had been accustomed, even in New Orleans, so I tried renting a room in town and taking my meals at a restaurant. There was an Italian named Pete who conducted a resturant on Main Street and who afforded me good satisfaction both in food and drink. For room accommodation I found a good furnished room at Mrs. E. W. Taylor's, corner of Fannin and Prairie, now part of the business center. But the restaurant arrangement did not last long, for Pete either failed or moved. I had heard of a French widow lady and her daughter keeping a "pension" in the French style, in a little frame cottage on Main Street, boarding only—no rooms —and with accommodations only for a limited number of guests, five or six in all, so that there was frequently a waiting list. The food was very good indeed, with claret wine thrown in, and the price was rather high for those times. Among her guests were men then prominent in the railroad, banking and cotton business. After a little time I succeeded in getting admission into that exclusive culinary set. Among the guests was Mr. B. F. Weems, then Cashier of the City Bank, who is still living at Houston and whose wife is an old friend of your Grandmother Lombardi. Another was Mr. Wm, R. Robertson—Billy Robertson as we used to call him—a cotton buyer, who died only recently in Houston. It was Billy Robertson who introduced me to your Grandmother, then Miss Carrie Ennis. It happened this way: We were walking down Main Street one evening when we came to a music store—Grunewald's I think —where a concert was going on. We stopped and went in. It was an amateur concert composed of local talent. Among the ladies who sang was one who attracted my attention both by her personality and her singing, but whom I did not know. I asked Robertson who the young lady was and he told me she was Miss Carrie Ennis, that he knew her very well and that he would be pleased to take me to her home and introduce me if I so desired. He also remarked that Miss Ennis was a young lady of culture and literary taste and that he felt sure that we would be congenial. In those days, and it is probably the case today for all I know, the social divisions were largely governed by church affiliations, even in small towns, and next to that by the points of the compass. And it so happened that from my first advent in Houston I was thrown into the Presbyterian crowd, so to speak, which inhabited the

northwestern part of town. That accounted for my not having met Miss Ennis before. She belonged to the social set south of Main Street, and connected with the Episcopal Church, her Mother, and your Great-Grandmother—Mrs. Ennis—being a prominent worker in that church. The following week I called on Miss Ennis, accompanied by Mr. Robertson. I continued to call at frequent intervals and soon found that Mr. Robertson was right about Miss Ennis and myself having congenial tastes in common. But that will be another story.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER THIRTY-TWO

Dallas, Texas,

May 18, 1914.

My dear Grandsons:

As your Grandmother and I are to leave Dallas in a few days to spend the summer in Europe this will be my last letter until our return next October. Then I expect to resume these letters, if I live, and finish the story of my life during next winter.

My last letter brought me to the occasion when I made the acquaintance of my Wife, your Grandmother, but I shall have to postpone the story of our marriage till I return from Europe. It must have been early in the spring of 1876 that I became acquainted with your Grandmother, for *it* was shortly after that event, and after I had made a number of quite interesting visits to her home, that I undertook to visit the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, the first great exposition held on this continent. I had never visited the Eastern cities since coming to this country and of course I was eager, not only to visit the Exposition, but also to see something of the Northeastern part of our continent. So I asked for a month's absence and proceeded to Philadelphia. I should not forget to say that before leaving Houston I asked permission of Miss Ennis to correspond with her during my absence, which permission was graciously granted, but no promise made to write to me in return. What I saw at the Philadelphia Exposition was a great marvel to me, for I was nothing but a country boy rather suddenly transplanted from the Old World to the New. It opened my eyes to the greatness of modern civilization and the potentiality of this world as nothing else had done before. It certainly proved a valuable educational experience. From Philadelphia I went to Niagara Falls, which was then, as it is still, one of Nature's great showplaces. Thence to Toronto, Canada, and from Toronto by steamboat down the St. Lawrence River to Montreal and Quebec. My companion, a Houston boy, who travelled with me throughout the whole trip, insisted that we were now

in England because he saw on some of the shop-signs—"Purveyor to His Highness the Prince of Wales"—meaning that those shops were branches of London establishments patronized by that chip of royalty. Nothing that I could say, no explanation that I could make, could persuade him that he was wrong. So I requested him not to mention the matter in the presence of company.

From Quebec, Canada, I came through the White Mountain country and stopped at North Conway, N. H., to ascend Mount Washington. It was the first real mountain I had seen since I left Switzerland, though only half as high as my Swiss snow peaks, and the mere sight of it thrilled me through and through. It was too early in the season for the cog-wheel railroad, so we hired a conveyance and started on the zigzag rough mountain road. We had traveled about half the way when we encountered a severe rain and sleet storm with the temperature falling rapidly. To stay in the conveyance we would have risked freezing, so we got out and walked the balance of the way. When we arrived at the top we were thoroughly exhausted with cold and exposure, also wet through and through and it took a big dose of brandy to revive us.

Our next stop was at Boston. There I saw the advertisement of a then celebrated medium, Charles Foster, whom I had met before and by whom I had been greatly mystified. I decided to go to see him with a view of finding out, in that occult way, whom I was destined to marry. Of course I was already in love with Miss Ennis and had her in my mind, but Foster did not know that. He handed me a number of bits of paper and asked me to write on each the name of a young lady I was acquainted with and roll them into a small ball and place them. I did so and Foster promptly picked out the one containing the name of Carrie Ennis.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER THIRTY-THREE

Dallas, Texas,

Oct. 11, 1914.

My Dear Grandchildren:

I left off last May on the eve of your Grandmother's and my departure for Europe to be gone four months. How that adventure turned out, how your Uncle Cornelius joined us in Rome after his graduation at the Harvard Law School, how the first two months—June and July—were delightfully spent in France, Italy and Austria, and how the pleasant part of the trip came to a sudden end by the breaking out of the most terrible war of all times will be related, I hope, with some details in a subsequent letter or letters.

My last letter related how I became acquainted with your Grandmother Lombardi, who was then Miss Ennis, how I wrote to her while on my trip to the Philadelphia Exposition in connection with a tour in the Eastern States and Canada. It is fitting that I should tell you today, which is your Grandmother's birthday, how I became engaged to her soon after my return *to* Texas from that trip. I intended to ask her to be my wife on my birthday, the sixth of August, 1876, but somehow circumstances were not favorable on that day, or perhaps I failed to summon the necessary courage, but the next day I asked and after considerable hesitation was accepted. You will ,at the proper period of your life, be able to imagine how perfectly happy I was. But there was a formality I had to go through before I could feel perfectly sure of my good fortune. It was necessary to obtain the consent of Miss Ennis' parents. Now Mr. Ennis, her father, was temporarily residing in New York, in the interest of the Houston & Texas Central Railroad, of which institution he was an officer after having been one of its originators and builders. I wrote Mr. Ennis in New York asking the hand of his daughter, but received no reply. Days and weeks passed without a Yes or No, much to my disappointment and embarrassment, until one day I met Mr. Ennis on the street in Houston. He stopped, shook hands and spoke to me cordially but said not a word about having received my letter or upon the subject of my relations with his daughter. From that time on I took it for granted that silence meant consent. As a matter of fact he never answered my letter nor spoke to me on the subject. In aftertime Mr. Ennis often referred to this episode in the course of familiar conversation and he would laugh at *it* as a good joke.

Shortly after our engagement Miss Ennis went to New York with her mother to join Mr. Ennis. They were to remain in New York the balance of that year and part of the next. We thus resumed our correspondence, but I sought to have the wedding day appointed as soon as possible and succeeded in having it fixed on January 16th, 1877. At the appointed time I was in New York and our wedding took place at the old Trinity Church on Broadway opposite Wall Street. It was a very quiet wedding witnessed by a few Texas friends who happened to be in New York. Curiously enough, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. H. Hitchings. It was a "hitching" that remained fast. It was a cold and dismal day, the streets full of snow and sleet as our carriage carried us to the Railroad Station on our way to Washington, D. G, where we were to spend a short honeymoon, which suggests that what seems an unpropitious beginning generally brings a good end.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER THIRTY-FOUR Dallas, Texas,

Oct. 18, 1914,

My Dear Grandchildren:

The first stop on our wedding journey was at Washington, D. C. We put up at the Arlington Hotel, then the chief caravansary of that city and the rendezvous of the leading politicians. It was at the time when the famous Hayes-Tilden controversy was on, which came near inaugurating a second civil war. Hayes was the Republican candidate for the Presidency and Tilden the Democratic candidate. The election which had taken place two months before, in November, resulted in a tie, as it were, with the State of Louisiana as the doubtful element. If Louisiana were counted in as a Democratic State Tilden should be declared elected; if counted as a Republican State then Hayes was elected. Of course the normal white vote in Louisiana was overwhelmingly Democratic, but the negroes had the vote too and they were led by an unscrupulous set of adventurers from the North known as carpet-baggers. The nickname Carpet-baggers was given to these people because during the Reconstruction period just following the Civil War, with no more capital or equipment than could be put in a hand valise made of carpet stuff, as the cheaper kind of baggage was then made of, they swarmed through the South exploiting the new found vote and the ignorance of the colored population for political benefit. Naturally under such conditions frauds were perpetrated at the polls. The Democrats accused the carpet baggers of stuffing the ballot boxes and of other crimes against the election laws and the Republicans replied: "You are another". So an investigation committee was sent down from Washington, but the majority being Republicans they reported that the State had gone Republican. When in Oregon I became acquainted with a member of that committee, Judge George H. Williams who was Attorney-General in President Grant's cabinet and who was a Republican. I asked him to tell me the truth about the Louisiana case and he told me that in the opinion of the Committee there had been fraud on both sides, and that they decided to give their own party, the Republican, the benefit of the doubt. The case was afterwards carried to the Supreme Court of the United States to decide whether Hayes or Tilden was legally elected, but the Supreme Court decided my the majority of one in favor of Hayes. It turned out that all the Republican Judges declared for Hayes and all the Democratic Judges for Tilden. It was strictly a party decision. The conduct of the committee of investigation sent to Louisiana and the conduct of the Judges of the Supreme Court in this celebrated case illustrated how strong and how unscrupulous party feeling and party loyalty were in those days. Justice, fair play and the good of the country counted for nothing when party advantage was in the scale. Conditions are much better now; party slavery is gradually breaking up, and I hope that when you are grown up and ready to vote*

the public good will be considered paramount to mere party advantage in every instance. There was much excitement in Washington then and all the talk was about the Hayes-Tilden contest. The hotel was crowded, and the leading politicians were pointed out to us. There was Roscoe Conkling, the Senator from New York, a handsome, proud and consequential man. There was General Mahon from Virginia, who had turned Republican and was making trouble all "round—a small, weazened, nervous man weighing not over 100 pounds, but a regluar human dynamo. There was also Belknap, a member of Grant's cabinet, who got mixed up corruptly with the Whiskey Ring and who subsequently had to resign in disgrace. Altogether it was an interesting experience for a couple of lovers at the beginning of their honeymoon. We certainly witnessed a pretty bit of history in the making. Every time we visited Washington since we made it a point to put up at the Arlington Hotel in memory of that occasion until the old Hotel was demolished last year to make place for a larger and more modern structure.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER THIRTY-FIVE

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 1, 1914.

My dear Grandchildren:

I skipped last Sunday's letter because our niece, Carrie Cargill McClellan, was with us as our guest and we desired to devote our spare time to her. There are persons who bring cheerfulness and comfort wherever they go and Carrie is one of these. It was a pleasure to have her with us and we are sorry she could not stay longer than a week. This is the same Carrie who was a little girl three years old at the time I was courting your Grandmother and who used to come to me when visiting her Mother and say:—"Mr. Lombardi, why don't you go to New York and bring Aunt Carrie?"

From Washington we traveled to Texas, stopping at Dallas a couple of days to visit my Wife's relatives, the Merriwethers. On the way from St. Louis to Dallas our train stopped at Sedalia, Mo., for supper. There were no dining cars in those days and my Wife did not care to come out into the station dining-room, but accepted the offer to bring her a cup of tea, our train for Texas was switched off to the rear and a train for San Francisco put in its place. I, not being aware of the change, boarded the San Francisco train just as it was started, and had barely time to jump off the moving train when I discovered my error. Was that a premonition that I was eventually to make the San Francisco country my home?

Returning to Houston we resided for a few months with my Wife's parents at their home on Congress Street. After that we rented a one-story cottage at the corner of Franklin and Chenevert Streets, one block distant from the Ennis residence, and undertook housekeeping. We were very happy in the little cottage, although my work was then very strenuous. I worked so late at night that my wife became alarmed lest I should break down, and I actually did break down later on, and by the way of compromise I came home at 9 P.M. one evening and 11 o'clock the next, in place of 11 o'clock every evening. But then everybody worked hard and kept long hours in those days. No time was taken for rest or relaxation. It was so all over the country, even in New York. I remember when I visited New York on business during the years following, we used to meet our business correspondents in their offices downtown in the evening up to 9 or 10 o'clock, and there was no Saturday half-holiday then. It is quite different now when most offices close at five o'clock. Your fathers are very fortunate in being able to come home at that time. And this is but one instance of the way things have improved in the habits of business life and every other kind of life. Another was the dinginess, insalubrity and discomfort of business offices then as compared to what they are today. In everything that ministers to comfort, health and proper proportion of leisure and personal independence in business life, progress during the last thirty years has been immense. People in business employment have not only less work to do now than formerly, but also better pay. True, the purchasing power of a dollar was then perhaps greater, but not much greater for the necessities of life, and as for the luxuries, we had to cut them out for the most part. A good many things that were considered luxuries then have become necessities. This is largely the explanation of the present-day complaint about the high price of living. My salary up to the time of my marriage was $150 per month. After marriage it was raised to $250—a large salary for those days. I was the general manager of the business. Today the same position would be worth $500 per month—just double.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

—o—

LETTER THIRTY-SIX

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 8, 1914.

My Dear Grandchildren:

Arriving in Houston we were invited to stay a few months with Mr. and Mrs. Ennis at their home on Congress Street before beginning housekeeping on our own account. After that we found a house for rent at the corner of Franklin Street just one block from the Ennis residence.

It was an old fashioned one-story wooden cottage with three good-sized rooms and a kitchen and a hall running through and an adequate yard in the rear. It was a simple affair in the way of a habitation, but we were very happy there. It was there that our first child, Maurice, was born, there where he frightened us by climbing the grape arbor in the yard before he was two years old, there where we called in the Doctor because some soap suds had gotten into his eyes and he cried desperately. "We thought he had convulsions.

In the meantime my work in the Cleveland business became more and more absorbing. The business was growing and was prospering. From a merely local business and the supplying of a few plantations on the Brazos River, it was spreading over a good portion of the State. Indeed, through my method of advertising it was becoming a State-wide business. The small quarters at the corner of Main and Franklin Streets, 25 x 100, where the First National Bank is now, became too small for our use and a larger building, 100 x 100, was constructed at the corner of Main and Commerce.

By that time I had become acquainted, through my Wife, with her Brother-in-law, Col. A. H. Belo, publisher and owner of The Galveston News. In time we became quite intimate and he confided to me many things connected with his business and the management of The News. His paper was then and afterwards the most popular newspaper in Texas, the one newspaper which, indeed, adequately represented the whole State in scope and breadth of views. We often talked about it and he fretted considerably at being so circumscribed on Galveston Island as to be unable, in a large way, to cover the Northern half of Texas, which was then beginning to develop more rapidly then the Southern part. His idea was to make The News the representative newspaper of the entire State of Texas. With this object in view, he had his eyes on Dallas and was watching an opportunity to enter the field there and establish a duplicate of The Galveston News to cover that territory. When he thought the opportunity had come and had decided to establish The Dallas News, he offered me a position on the newspaper with a view of making me his personal agent as well as Editor at Dallas, if I developed the requisite qualifications. It was an attractive offer and one that promised broader and more congenial activities than those in the wholesale grocery and cotton business in which I was then engaged, and had I consulted my taste I should have accepted the proposition. But I had a good position in a business that I understood and I had helped to build up, a business too that opened wide possibilities for money-making on a large scale, while I felt that I knew little or nothing of Journalism. I felt that to accept Col. Belo's offer was to leave a certain position with what I then regarded a certain future, for an enterprise that, as far as I was concerned, was more or less of an experiment, and that having now a wife and child to support I had no business

to engage in any experiment. So, after considering the matter from all sides and under conflicting emotions, I decided to decline Col. Belo's offer and to "stick to my last".

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

—o—

LETTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 15, 1914.

My dear Grandchildren:

The next and most important event of our married life was the birth of our first child, Maurice, which occurred in the cottage on Franklin Street. It made us very happy, but also it gave us much anxiety. The little fellow was very active, got in all sorts of childish troubles which we greatly exaggerated and caused us often to send for the doctor without adequate cause. One time we thought he had swallowed a chicken bone and went for the doctor. When he arrived, the child was playing in the yard. Another time we thought he had convulsions while bathing him. The doctor came and pronounced the disease simply soap suds in the child's eyes. Incidentally, I may say here that with our usual disregard of conventions in matters of serious import, we had decided to have a homeopathic doctor for our family physician. We employed Dr. James H. Blake, perhaps the only practitioner then of the Homeopathic School. Homeopathy was little known and rather unpopular in those days. There was a great deal of prejudice against it then, much worse than now. I remember a remark by a prominent lady friend of my wife on hearing that we had adopted homeopathy. "Who ever heard of anyone having an homeopathist for a family physician?" She said. I shall always remember Dr. Blake with pleasure and gratitude. He may not have been a genius in his profession; indeed he was not. But he was the ideal family doctor in his attitude toward his patients; in his devotion, cheerfulness and sympathy. His mere presence had a healing influence. My wife used to say that somehow the bad symptoms of the children that caused us to call in the doctor had somehow disappeared when the doctor was present, thus making us appear foolish. Dr. Blake was the true friend of the family as every family physician should be. That friendship,, sympathy and personal devotion is often worth more than great learning and professional skill. It was noticeable that when we went away from home where Dr. Blake could not be reached the same homeopathic medicines did not have the same effect that they did at home.

It was at that time that I put more work into the business, both physical and mental than probably at any other time, which led to my physical breakdown a little later. It was a period of great: expansion both

for the city of Houston as a commercial center and for the Cleveland business in particular. At about that time I asked and obtained a small interest in the business instead of a mere salary, without, however, becoming a partner. That came later. The business had been moved from the small building on Franklin and Main St. and installed in a large new building on the corner of Main and Commerce built by Mr. Cleveland. The business had grown greatly, especially the cotton part of it for it was a combined cotton and wholesale grocery business. Instead of receiving 3000 bales of cotton a season as we did when we first began to develop the cotton business, we were now receiving an average of 40,000 bales per season.

Mr. Cleveland, who was never strong physically, had an attack of pneumonia which came near carrying him off. As soon as spring and summer came he was advised to move to another climate for his health. He went with his family to Lake George, New York state and spent the summer there.

LETTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 22, 1914.

My Dear Grandchildren:

One year after another passed with assiduous labor the closest attention to business, with little or no relaxations except an occasional vacation in Summer for a couple of weeks at such poor resorts as Texas offered then, such as Sour Lake, Wooten Wells and Lampasas. The result was that by 1883-4, my health broke down completely, so much so that I could work no longer, suffering from nervous exhaustion or neurasthenia. This compelled me to drop business at frequent intervals and seek rest and a cure first one way and then another. I made a trip or two with Col. Belo to Philadelphia and New York, spending a couple of weeks at each place, loafing and eating juicy steaks at the best hotels, he being an invalid, too. I also made a trip to Monterey, Mexico, all by myself as my daughter Lucy was just born then and my wife had to stay home to take care of that interesting and important infant. The Mexican trip did me more harm than good. I overdid myself in taking too long walks in, and about Monterey, had a relapse, a chill and then a fever that came near putting an end to my earthly career. Fortunately I met an English Army surgeon there, Dr. Metcalfe, who brought me through and treated me like a brother. He became so friendly that at first he would not accept a fee for his services, but finally, on my insistence, he accepted ten dollars. Any coldblooded doctor with a stranger for a patient would have charged me no less than one hundred dollars. I have never heard of Dr. Metcalfe since and don't know if he is still living,

but I shall always remember him with deepest gratitude. The June following my trip to Mexico, not having obtained any improvement I was induced by Col. Belo to try Dr. Jackson's Sanatorium at Danville in Western New York. Col. Belo expected to go there himself but was detained on business, so I went ahead, taking along with me this time for company my son Maurice. Col. and Mrs. Belo arrived at the Sanatorium a couple of weeks later, but by that time I had become tired of the treatment at that institution. The fact is, I became discouraged. Dr. Albert Leffingwell of the medical faculty examined me thoroughly and declared that I was so worn out that he could not answer for my life unless I made up my mind to stay at least six months at the Sanatorium and undergo the rigid dietary discipline prescribed there. This consisted in the elimination from the bill of fare of all kinds of meat, coffee, tea, wine, beer, and in confining the patient's diet to a few vegetables and a variety of farinacious and cereal foods—mush—mostly prepared by themselves. They also prescribed vapor and electric baths, massage, rubbing with cocoa-nut oil, and hours of absolute rest at intervals during the day. Under this regime I became weak and weaker until I was almost desperate. Maurice was fast getting in the same frame of mind, but from another cause. The prohibition of things to eat and to drink had its counterpart in the prohibitions stuck up all over the grounds: "Don't disturb the birds' nests; don't cut switches from the shrubs, don't climb the trees, don't step on the grass," etc., *etc.*, all of which greatly disgusted the boy. One day he came to me and said: "Father, let's go away from here. It's don't, don't, don't, everywhere and about everything." That was the last straw. The next day, Sunday, going to the postoffice, we saw an advertisement over the postoffice door on a white cotton sheet reading as follows:

"What is so rare as a day in June—at Maple Beach?" Coming back we asked Mr. Patterson, the steward, what that meant. "Why," said he, "that's my place on Lake Conisus, about 12 miles from here, kept by my wife, the finest place for strawberries and cream and fishing." Mr. Patterson was evidently running a competitive resort with his own employers. We asked if he could get us a conveyance that afternoon. "Sure," said he. So I packed my trunk, sneaked down to the office to pay my bill, said goodbye to Col. and Mrs. Belo but nobody else, and off we skipped in high glee for Lake Conisus.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER THIRTY-NINE

Dallas, Texas,

Nov. 2% 1914,

My Dear Grandchildren:

We found Conisus Lake and Mr. Patterson's farm the ideal place. The farm house was situated in a valley at the end of a small lake about three miles long and one mile wide. There was a wharf at this end of the lake, with rowboats. There were fishing poles in the house for Maurice to fish. There was a strawberry patch on the slope of the valley belonging to the farm, to which we had free access. We had plenty of milk and cream and eggs, a good wholesome country fare with no doctor's restrictions attached. It was a perfect paradise for Maurice and both of us were happy. We divided our time picking strawberries and boating and fishing for Maurice, while I lay down on the soft green grass, under a big maple tree to rest. We remained there two weeks and I gained ten pounds in weight. At the end of that time I felt called to return home and resume my work in the business. Passing through New York, I was induced through the advice of Col. Belo to call on Dr. Dowling, a famous diagnostician, and have myself examined. He took me to a private cabinet, undressed me till I was stark naked, and, with the aid of an assistant, who took down his dictation, examined me from head to foot and made me tell the whole history of my life. The ordeal lasted fully an hour, at the end of which he told me that I had no organic disease, but was suffering from nervous exhaustion through overwork. He said I was like a merchant who had overdrawn his bank account and had nothing to pay back. I had committed nervous bankruptcy. I had used up more vital energy by overwork than I had put back in the shape of food and rest. He insisted that I reverse the process hereafter, spend less and store up more energy so as to restore the equilibrium and become solvent again. To this end he recommended that under no circumstance should I work at night again, and that I should take at least one half hour rest in the middle of the day, just after lunch in a quiet room, lying down on a bed or sofa, and stop thinking the while. I was to go to sleep if possible, but rest anyhow. He told me that this habit of daily rest, —the "siesta" of the Spanish-American countries—would alone prolong my life ten years. I have followed these directions almost constantly ever since and I am following them now and I believe it has prolonged my life more than ten years. He also recommended a trip to Europe, a visit to my native Switzerland preferably, for he thought that one's native air had almost mystical restoring properties. But it was already the middle of summer and too late to go then. I did, however, make that trip as soon as I could a year or two afterwards, and it did restore my health and strength completely, as I shall tell you presently. He prescribed no medicine. As for diet he bid me continue my regular habits, to eat moderately of anything that my appetite suggested, very light breakfast, no

heavy lunch and a substantial dinner. He had no objection to wine at dinner, rather recommended it, but it must be light wine and pure, preferably mixed with a little water.

I go into these details purposely, because the trouble I have just described, along with the remedy, seems to be inherent to American life and is the result of its all but universal strenuousness. Few people of active temperament and business or professional activity are able to escape it, and many succumb, or are disabled for life, for the lack of timely advice or determination to follow it. I observe more than one example among the people working in the business I am now engaged in.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY

Dallas, Texas,

Dec. 6, 1914.

My Dear Grandchildren:

The next year in June I decided to put in practice the advice Dr. Dowling gave me of making a trip to Europe to rest and to restore my health. During the interval from my visit to Dr. Dowling and the departure for Europe my health had improved somewhat by following directions about rest and diet and hours of work, but I was still far from feeling at my best. I weighed not over 125 pounds when I sailed from New **York.**

Your Grandmother and I and the two children we had then, Maurice and Lucy (your present respective Father and Mother) sailed early in June, 1886, on one of the White Star Line steamers from New York to Liverpool. Maurice was 8 years old and Lucy 4. We also took a maid along—Selma—but she left us at Paris to return to her own Poland. Of course we were all in high spirits and full of anticipation at the prospect of a trip to Europe. Travel always has a peculiar fascination for people, especially young people, for it opens the way for new exeriences, novel sights and fresh ideas for which the normal soul is always hungry. It was my first trip towards my native land since I had left it in 1860. It was also my wife's first trip since she had been to school in Paris during the Civil War. On the steamer we made the acquaintance of a pleasant couple from Chicago, named Bouton, entirely genuine people, people of character and culture, without any frills or presumption. That kind of people are the salt of the earth, and fortunately for the world there are many of them scattered about, more of them than we are apt to suppose, for they are modest and inconspicuous and do not attract the attention of the vulgar. After regretfully saying good-

bye to the Boutons at Liverpool, by a strange coincidence we met them again in London and again in Paris. I have but a hazy recollection of Liverpool and we remained there but a few days. The only things I remember are the Cotton Exchange and the Park. I have not been there since, for on my two subsequent visits to Europe I landed in France. From Liverpool we visited Chester. We had read of Chester's Cathedral, one of the most ancient in England and also of the quaint town with its Gld English houses projecting over the street from the second story up. So we were anxious to visit it and were not disappointed. The church dates from 1075. A singular thing about it was that the blocks of stone constituting the walls of the cathedral, which appeared to be of sandstone, had been replaced by new blocks as fast as the old ones had decayed and crumbled into sand, io that there were stones of all ages up to those which appeared to be freshly quarried. We also visited the estate of the Duke of Westminister nearby and were admitted into the library and other apartments. This was regarded as one of the greatest country estates in England. Not far from Chester is also Gladstone's country house, Howarden, but we did not have time to visit it. Our next stop on the way to London was on Derbyshire at a station near Haddon Hall on one side and Chateworth Hall on the other. Haddon Hall is a relic and the type of a mediaeval feudalistic castle, now uninhabited and with a legend attached. Its walls, its towers, and its banquet hall still bear physical testimony of the rough, violent and uncouth kind of life lived among the great in those times. If such among the great, what must life have been among the subjugated masses! Chateworth Hall is the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire, built in the 16th Century, but quite modern in appearance. With its park and garden it forms, *k* is said, one of the most attractive country estates in all England. We were certainly impressed with it.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

—o—

LETTER FORTY-ONE

Dallas, Texas,

October 24, 1915.

My Dear Grandchildren:

Nearly a year has passed since I wrote you my last letter. The effect of the great European War which began in August, 1914, and is still being fought brought about many disturbances and distractions, which are by no means ended and which, I hope, I may describe somewhat in detail when I reach this period of my story.

I left off, I believe, on November 30, 1914, after telling about a break down of my health and my visit to Western New York to recuperate. I have also told you how I called on a well known diagnostician in New York, Dr. Dowling, to be examined and how he prescribed, not a course of medicine, but a set of hygienic rules, the chief of which was less work and more rest and a trip to Europe as soon as practicable. I returned home in better spirits and soon began to improve in health. I am not sure whether it was that year or the following that I interested Wm, M. Rice in a philanthropic project which resulted in his devoting the bulk of his fortune to the foundation of the Wm. M. Rice Institute, which is now in active operation in Houston.

While resting at Lake Conisus I noticed that the children of the farming population in that neighborhod were in the habit of getting books at a library established for that benefit at the little village of Genesee just over the hills. I went over one day to inquire about it, and found that the Library had been founded by General Wadsworth in his lifetime and was being supported by his family after his death. The Wadsworth family was a family of wealth and distinction in the Genesee Valley and the institution thus founded was doing a great deal of good. I was impressed with the amount of service that a rich man could thus confer on his community in this and other educational ways.

Now Wm. M. Rice was a man who had accumulated a large fortune in early times in Texas and was then living in New York, where he had largely increased his fortune by shrewd investments and speculations. Periodically, and generally in winter, he would visit Houston, where he had large investments, among others the present Rice Hotel property. He had no children. He was well known to the Ennis family, the two families having been quite intimate in the past. He had loaned money to your great grandfather, Cornelius Ennis. When in Houston Mr. Ennis was in the habit of making frequent visits to my office at Wm. D. Cleveland's establishment, to pass the time and talk over his reminiscences about men and things in Texas. I was at that time a member and perhaps president of the Houston School Board and was very anxious to have an appropriate building for our Houston high school, which was badly needed. The School Board had petitioned the City Council for means to erect the building but the City Council had refused with the remark by one of its leading politicians that "a High School was highfalluting nonsense anyhow." I was in despair and so I decided to ask Mr. Rice to build us an adequate structure to be called the Rice High School.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY-TWO

Dallas, Texas,

October 31, 1915.

My dear grandchildren:

I asked Mr. Rice in my private office and locked the door so we would not be disturbed. I told him of observations at Genesee and how they suggested to me that he, Mr. Rice, might emulate old General Wadsworth and go him one better by erecting a large and well equipped High School building in Houston, where it was so badly needed. I reminded him that he had made his fortune in Houston and that it was poetic justice that Houston should become the beneficiary of his surplus wealth. 1 pointed out what a monument that would be to his memory, a monument that would not crumble with time, but that would persist indefinitely in the hearts and minds of successive generations, and more to the same effect.

We talked about an hour. He thanked me for calling his attention to the matter, said that he would think it over and let me know before he would leave for New York. Several weeks passed until one day I met him in the street. He was just on the eve of leaving for New York, as I had learned, and I wondered that he had not come to see me in accordance to his promise. So Tasked what decision he had come to. He said he had not arrived at any decision—that he had met some losses recently which rather discouraged him from indulging in any philanthropic impulse. So I renewed my solicitations and he finally asked me to get up plans and specifications of what I wanted and send them to New York. I did so. A few months later I visited New York and called on him at his apartments on 50th Street, I believe. There I found him more willing, much more willing to fall into my plans and his wife almost enthusiastic. This was in the spring of the year. Nothing further was done or heard from Mr. Rice till the end of that year or the beginning of the next.

Then one evening Capt. James A. Baker, who was Mr. Rice's attorney, came to see me and told me that Mr. Rice had just arrived from New York and wished to see me next day at his room at the Hotel, intimating at the same time that Mr. Rice had told him what he wanted to see me about. When, next day, I called upon him he told me that what I had told him the year before about devoting a part of his fortune to educational purposes had made an impression upon him; that he had given the subject much thought, but that he had come to the conclusion not to erect and equip a High School building because the City as a community was under obligation to do that, that the City was able to do it, and should be made to do it. Instead, he had planned to endow an institution of learning separate and distinct from the public school system, a sort of auxiliary to *it,* planned largely upon the Cooper's Institute in New York and to be known as the Wm. M. Rice Institute of Literature, Science and

Art; that he had frequently visited the Cooper's Institute and that the idea had grown and expanded in his mind much beyond the original conception of a mere school building, but that while he would begin right now to make provision for financing the Institution he did not wish to put his plans into effect during his life time, but only after his death. His present scheme was to make a note signed by himself and wife for $200,000, payable at his death and bearing interest at the rate of *2Vi* per cent per annum. He intimated that this would be only a beginning, that other contributions would be made by him from time to time, which he did. And inasmuch as I had suggested the idea originally and took much interest in that sort of thing, he asked me to be one of the original trustees and help him carry out his plans.

And that is the origin of the present Wm. M. Rice Institute at Houston, Texas.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY-THREE

Dallas, Texas,

November 7, 1915.

My Very Dear Grandchild:

In my last letter I told you about the origin of the Wm. M. Rice Institute, which is now in full activity at Houston, Texas, and of which I am still a trustee, though I seldom attend meetings, owing to the distance between Dallas and Houston. You will remember that Mr. Rice made notes payable to the Institute at his death only so that it could not be put in operation till the occurrence of that event. Mr. Rice died in New York about the end of the last century or the beginning of this, and I was living in Portland at the time. His death constituted a tragedy which attracted much attention at the time. He was really murdered for the purpose of obtaining his money. He had made a will giving the Institute the bulk of his estate in addition to the gifts he had already made to it. This led to a long litigation which was only settled some six or seven years ago in favor of the Institute. At the time of this decision the estate decreed to the Institute was valued at about six million dollars, but by lucky investments and the rapid increase in values of all kinds, especially real estate values, during recent years, the estate is now appraised at about ten million dollars.

As your attention has just been directed to institutions of learning, this is a good place to tell you about a learned and good man who spent the last six years of his life in our family and became a part of it. He was Professor Jacob Ennis, an own uncle of your grandmother Carrie Ermis

Lombardi. Prof. Ennis had spent a long life first as a missionary in Java and Sumatra and then as the proprietor of a school in Philadelphia, and all the time as an earnest student of the physical sciences, specializing in astronomy. He was a member of many scientific societies both in this country and in Europe. He was the author of many memoirs, pamphlets and monographs on astronomy and mathematics. He was the author of a very interesting book entitled "The Origin of the Stars" published by D. Appleton & Co., which created quite an interest in scientific circles. You will find the book in my library at Berkeley, Calif. As Prof. Ennis was getting old and infirm your grandmother and I invited him to come and stay with us, and we have been more than repaid by the high-minded intellectual atmosphere which he added to the family circle. The most interesting aspects of nature and the profoundest mysteries of the Universe were familiar topics to him. He was equally at home in the world of plants, the insect worlds, the wonders of chemistry and astronomy and the history of human kind. You may well imagine what an education it was to have a man like that in the family circle. It was more than an education—it was an inspiration. Professor Ennis died at our home in Houston in 1892, at the age of 82.

Speaking of astronomy, I have always been peculiarly interested in that science, though in my very busy life I have had but little time to give *it*. However, when I built my new house in Houston, which was just after Prof. Ennis' death, I provided a tower attached to one of the front corners of the house, higher than the roof, upon which I could install my telescope and survey the whole expanse of the heavens. I had, some time before, bought a 4-inch apperture telescope from Dr. Sam Young—a telescope made by the celebated Alvan Clark of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, and remarkable for its clear definition. Many a time I have taken little boys and little girls of the neighborhood up in that tower to show them the sun spots, the mountains in the moon, the ring of Saturn, the moons of Jupiter, and many other wonders of the sky.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY-FOUR

Dallas, Texas,

November 14th, 1915.

My Dear Grandchildren:

In my last letter I mentioned owning a telescope and how much pleasure and instruction I derived from it. The telescope was not the only scientific instrument that interested me in those days. I possessed also a microscope, a very fine and complete one, that cost me two hun-

dred dollars. I still have it locked up in a box in my room in Berkeley, California. Thus I was enabled to take an occasional look at the two extremes of the Cosmos, the infinitely great and the infinitely little. Many an evening have I spent, surrounded by my family, and sometimes by neighbors and friends, inspecting minute specimens from the vegetable world and the world of insects and other forms of life. The pollen of flowers and the animalcules and algae resident in stagnant water were especially interesting. Later on, I met a German student by the name of Hensen who sold me some microscopical slides of rocks, such as granite and porphiry, and these were a revelation to me. The beauty of design and color thus revealed cannot be imagined by those who have not seen them. Your Father and Uncle Maurice knows how to prepare mineral slides for the microscope and may some day initiate you into the wonders not only of the constitution of the rocks but also into other domains of nature. Maurice is a Scientist and so is Capt. Barber, your other Father and Uncle, and it is no mean advantage to have two scientists in the family. The insight into nature's secret recesses afforded by the microscope and the more intimate view of the grand panorma of the heavens that the telescope shows are experiences that are not vouchsafed to everybody, but when they are they should mark a period in a person's life. They did in mine. Life and the world were not the same to me after those experiences. Since then, and especially of late years, the tendency has been to eliminate astronomy and other scientific subjects from the general scheme of education and so leave these subjects to specialists only. The tendency is towards a narrow utilitarian ideal in education. I hope that, by the time you are ready to read and study intelligently, a reaction may have taken place and greater attention bestowed upon those branches of knowledge which, while not strictly necessary to the earning of a livelihood, are calculated to kindle the imagination and to make us feel at home in the universe. But if a reaction does not come, then I recommend to you that you devote a part of the educational period of your life to some branch of scientific research any how. You feel amply repaid by the keen pleasure that you will enjoy in acquiring new knowledge. There is no higher enjoyment than that which comes with the acquisition of new ideas and the insight into the mysteries of nature. And when the acquisition of knowledge becomes a habit, then there is no end to the things that will appeal to you, and no limit to the field that will open up to you for further exploration, not only in the domain of the physical world but also in the world of mind, in the structure and working of human society and, above all, in the nature, purpose, growth and destiny of your own soul.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY-FIVE

Dallas, Texas,

November 21, 1915.

My Dear Grandchildren:

Having told you of my interest in the Wm. M. Rice Institute and also in scientific studies, this may be a good place to tell you of my connection with the Houston Public Schools in the capacity of School Trustee. The school administration in Houston consisted of a school board composed of five members appointed by the Mayor and confirmed by the City Council. The Chairman, or President of the Board was then elected from among its own members. Subsequently, through political intrigues, the rule was changed and the Mayor was made, ex-officio, to serve as Chairman of the School Board. I was appointed in the year 1886 and served 12 years; or up to 1898. The second or third year I was made President of the Board and served in that capacity till the change of the rule as explained above. During all that time Professor W. T. Sutton was School Superintendent and we acted together in harmony for what we thought was the best interest of the schools.

I took a lively interest in the schools from the start and with the cooperation of Prof. Sutton much was done for the improvement of school conditions in Houston. In this we were also helped by some of the Trustees, notably Mr. John Finnigan, Mr. Rufus Cage and Mr. Charles Shearn. One of the first reforms we inaugurated was to abolish corporal punishment. We were told that discipline could not be maintained without it, especially in the tough ward where unruly boys made trouble. But we proved that it could. Instead of permitting the boys to be whipped we made it a rule to dismiss them and send them home to remain there until such time as the boys and their parents came to apologize and promise to reform. We gave them two chances to redeem themselves. The third offence automatically expelled them from school for good and all. The result was that the toughs behaved themselves as soon as they realized that we were in earnest. We introduced some innovations and made some enemies. What caused more criticism than anything else was the building of a high school for colored people. We thought that the better education of the negroes would inure to the benefit of their white employers. It would produce cleaner, more reliable and more intelligent servants. Moreover, *k* would enable the colored folks to raise their own professional men, doctors, preachers, lawyers, and thus raise the race to a higher standard of efficiency without in the least encouraging social equality, which was then so much dreaded. That the people finally came around to our way of thinking and stopped finding fault is attested by the fact that the Colored High School is still in operation and doing good work. When I returned from the Pacific Coast in 1906 and visited Houston after 8 years absence, I was gratified by the

warm reception given me by my friends and the people of Houston generally and the high appreciation expressed then for what I had done for the School System of Houston.

Many new school houses were erected during those twelve years—larger, better lighted, better ventilated school houses, with more ample ground surrounding them. I made it my business to visit at least one school house each week, to get acquainted with the teachers and to give a little talk to the school children. As a result of this practice, I learned how to speak extemporaneously to a crowd—to think and speak in my boots, as *k* were—which became useful to me in after time. When I returned from the Pacific Coast some of the school boys and girls had become men and women, and they reminded me of the little speeches I used to make to them when they were children.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lornbardi

LETTER FORTY-SIX

Dallas, Texas,

November 28, 1915.

My dear Grandchildren:

Another educational enterprise I was called upon to promote at about that time was a public library for Houston, to be supported by the Municipality. There had existed for some time a nucleus of a library called the Lyceum Library, poorly supported by private subscription. It consisted of a collection of old and ill assorted books, mostly gifts from well intentioned people who gave books they had no use for and which they wanted to get rid of. The subscription from members of the Lyceum Society, 50 cents per month, was often insufficient to pay the Librarian, leaving nothing with which to buy new books. As a result the Library had run down, was poor and unattractive, and few people visited it. I was made President of the Lyceum Society and Library and was expected to do something to put the institution on its feet. I found the library in a dusty and deserted upper room of the City Hall, for the most part without an attendant, unless someone volunteered to act as librarian from time to time. I arranged for a better and more accessible location in the Mason building and stirred up enough interest and collection to secure the services of an intelligent librarian. But I saw no possibility of accomplishing anything on the old voluntary subscription plan, so I thought of another plan. I had observed in traveling through the country that most cities in the North and West of the size of Houston and even smaller had their municipal or city library, supported, in part or wholly by appropriation from tax money. I knew by experience that no

appeal to the City Council on the simple merits of the proposition would be listened to, but hoping that an appeal to local pride and patriotism might bring results, I proceeded to gather information, at my own expense of time and money, about what other cities in the United States were doing in that line. I sent out several hundred circular letters *to* cities of 10,000 inhabitants and over, asking if they had a public library and how supported. Replies came from nearly all my inquiries and they were more encouraging than I had anticipated. I tabulated the result of these replies in such a way as to show how many cities had public libraries supported in part or entirely by taxation. The number was very large and the amounts appropriated extremely liberal—enough so to make our City Government feel ashamed of itself for maintaining no library at all in the face of such a record in other places. With these figures before me, I wrote a strong petition, or appeal, to the City Council for an appropriation to accumulate and maintain a public library. I had all this printed at my own expense in the best style of the printing art. But before presenting my statistics and petition to the City Council, I circulated these documents among some friends of mine who took some interest in these things and asked them to see the members of the City Council they knew best and prepare their mind for what was coming. Then I sprung the petition, statistics and all, on the City Council. This happened about the time I was preparing to move from Houston, to Portland, Ore., and I did not hear the results of my petition before I left Houston. But the month following my settling at Portland I was informed that the City Council had passed an ordinance appropriating $2400 per year for the maintenance of a public library, and that this was done in response to my petition. It was not much of a subsidy, but with *it* the library grew and when Andrew Carnegie donated a handsome library building the books and the organization were there to utilize *it.*

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY-SEVEN

Dallas, Texas,

December 12, 1915.

My dear Grandchildren:

I did not write you a letter last Sunday because we had company just at the time set aside for this business.

I have told you about my activities in connection with schools, libraries and other matters in the educational lines, and now this may be a good place to stop and tell you about my experience in spiritualism,

or what is now called Psychical Research. When I began to take an interest in these matters, away back in the seventies, the subject was under the ban socially and intellectually a great deal more than it is now. At that time the Society of Psychical Research was not in existence, and few men of character and learning dared to acknowledge a belief in the possibility of the return of the spirits of the dead. It required a good deal of courage to attend a spiritual seance. There is considerable prejudice even now, but more among the ignorant than among the intelligent and widely read. An increasing number of scientists, literary men and philosophers now accept the reality of spiritualistic phenomena, though not all attribute their origin to the spirits of human beings who "have passed on to the spirit world." There is a large amount of literature on the subject in every language. I observe that the degree of conviction that the phenomena are really produced by the souls of the departed is in proportion to the amount of personal experience of each individual. Those who have had no experience are incredulous. Those who have little experience are doubtful, but those who have had repeated experience, a variety of experience and experiences running over a number of years are convinced of the reality of the life after death and of the possibility of communicating with the spirits of the departed occasionally and under certain conditions. They know that the dead are alive as surely as they know anything, and they know that they can communicate with them in a variety of ways. My experience has been long and varied and I belong to this latter class. My attention was first attracted to the subject in New Orleans when about twenty years of age. I was induced to attend a series of seances among some friends at a house on Canal Street. Mortimer Livandais, a former school mate at the Jesuit's College introduced me to the family where the seances were taking place. The medium was a member of the family. The phenomenon consisted in what was called table tipping—the chief and almost only phenomenon in those days. The company would sit around a heavy dining table holding each other's hands. They called that the magnetic chain. After a while the table would move. It would tip on one side and then on the other, lifting itself a few inches from the floor. An alphabetic signal was then introduced and questions and answers would then proceed as in ordinary conversation. One stroke of the table's leg would mean "no"—two strokes indicated doubt or "don't know" and three would mean "yes." If the question was asked "What is the spirit's name?" and it happened to be Luke, some one would call out the alphabet beginning with A and when L was reached the table would thump the floor, when U was reached it would do the same thing, and so on till the name was spelled out. Other ways and other phases of mediumship have since been developed, such as the Ouida board, slate writing with and without pencil, trance speaking, speaking through a trumpet and even

the direct voice. I have experienced all these phases, some repeatedly, and under conditions that preclude fraud or halucination. I shall tell you some of them in my next letters.

Your loving Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY-EIGHT

Dallas, Texas,

December 19, 1915.

My very dear Grandchildren:

One of the most famous mediums whom I have seen was Charles Foster. The visitor would write the name of a friend or relative in the spirit world on a small piece of paper then roll the paper up in a ball and deposit the ball on the table where the medium sat. In my case I wrote several names on separate pieces of paper in my office, rolled them into little balls, and put them in my pocket all mixed up. This to preclude the idea of telepathy, for I would not know one ball from another. Arrived in the presence of the medium I pulled the little balls from my pocked and scattered them on the table. The medium picked them up one by one and put them against his forehead. Then he announced the names, without opening the balls, of course, and told whether the spirit was present or not. If present he would describe it. I remember how accurately he described my Aunt Lucy. Then I was at liberty to ask questions by writing such question away from the medium and roll them up in balls the same as with names. I asked questions in French and Italian and the appropriate answers came back promptly. Another phase of Foster's mediumship was this, that spirits would announce their presence by raising their initials or their names on the back of the hand, or the wrist, of the medium, as if blood was condensed under the skin along the lines of the letters. Foster was the only medium who could do this so far as I know or read about. He would also go into a trance and talk in the name of a spirit. I had this experience in Houston in 1875. The following year I went to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, the first real exposition organized in this country and a very interesting and successful one. Incidentally, I visited the chief Eastern cities and also those of Canada. It was my first excursion in that part of the country. When in Boston I saw by the papers that the Medium Foster was holding forth at a place right opposite the Parker House, the hotel I was stopping at. I was then in love with Miss Carrie Ennis, who afterwards became my wife and your grandmother, but was not engaged to her as yet. So I decided to visit Foster and try him as a prophet. I wanted to know if he could predict whom I was going to marry and told him so. He suggested that I should write the names of a number of young

ladies I knew on separate pieces of paper, roll the papers up into balls, mix up the balls so I would not know which is which, and throw them on the table. I did so and he put one after the other on his forehead. Then he threw one of the little balls at me, saying: "This is the one." I opened the ball and the name was Miss Carrie Ennis.

Another medium who had quite a reputation in those days was Lottie Fowler. I called on her at Washington, D. C. She was clairvoyant, that is, could hear the spirits and talk to them. She was apparently on familiar terms with the other world. She gave me some advice about land transactions which, if I had minded it, would have turned out to my advantage. But aside from that I do not remember anything remarkable. She had made quite a reputation in Europe and showed me letters from some of the crowned heads, also precious jewels which they had presented to her. Speaking of clairvoyants, a Mrs. Slosson of Chicago had been recommended to me. When, on one occasion I was returning from a summer excursion in Canada where I had left my family at Lake Massowipi, near North Hatly, I stopped at Chicago to visit her. We had never seen each other before, but she correctly described each one of my children and the scene of their then residence on the shore of the above mentioned lake. She also described quite correctly my home at Houston, Texas, with its surroundings.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FORTY-NINE

Dallas, Texas,

January 2, 1916.

My dear Grandchildren:

One of my most prolonged and impressive experiences in Spiritualism occurred with an old lady medium residing in Galveston, Mrs. Sue Fink. She was not a traveling or advertised medium, but an old time resident of Galveston who had raised a family there. Two of her sons were printers on the Galveston News at one time and they subsequently established a printing business of their own which still exists. Mrs. Fink's phase of mediumship was what is called Slate Writing—a phase much discredited on account of numerous imitations and frauds. I have met with such frauds among perambulating mediums, but in the case of Mrs. Fink as in the case of a few others of whom I have had experience and knowledge there was no fraud. They were genuine enough. Imitation implies something genuine that is imitated. A counterfeit coin implies a good coin. Mrs. Fink's method was as follows: Mrs. Fink and myself would sit one on each side of a small deal table in broad

daylight, preferably in the forenoon. A pile of slates lay on the table together with a cup of water, a sponge and a towel to wipe and dry the slates before using them. Mrs. Fink would take hold of a slate on the palm of her hand, put her hand and slate under the table. I would then place one of my hands under hers, thus holding the underside of the slate with her and controlling her movements. Nothing was placed on the upper side of the slate where the writing was expected to appear, not even a piece of slate pencil. After from three to five minutes a scratching of something on slate would be heard and then three sharp knocks on the slate, indicating that *it* was done. Withdrawing the slate a drop or two of water would be observed on the slate and also some writing reversed, so that it could only be deciphered with a mirror. The first writing invariably proved to be the name of some friendly spirit who wished to communicate. It was sending in his cards. Wiping the name off, or using a fresh slate, writing was resumed, but more rapidly, and going on till the bottom of the slate was reached, when three taps would announce that the writer wanted another slate to continue the communication with. I have seen as many as a dozen slates covered with one communication, always in inversed writing necessitating a mirror to read it.

The first communication I received through Mrs. Fink was from my mother. It was my first visit to Mrs. Fink and I was a complete stranger to her. My mother used some Italian words and mentioned my brother Ferdinand as being in San Francisco, California, which was a fact that the medium did not know. After that I have had many seances with Mrs. Fink, running over two years, or until I left Texas to go to Portland. My wife and I would go to Galveston quite frequently on a Sunday morning for the sole purpose of having a seance with Mrs. Fink. Then I would sometimes go with friends who were interested in the subject or whom I wished to interest. The most frequent communicator was the spirit of my Aunt Lucy, the lady who brought me from Switzerland to this country and to whom I was much attached. Your mother and Aunt Lucy was named after her. On one occasion she wrote a communication to your grandmother and me saying that we must be on our guard, that there would be sickness in our family and that we must disinfect the house thoroughly with incense. This was in the month of February. Nothing happened till in April, when we made a visit to the Belo family in Dallas, taking Lucy and Cornelius with us. On our return home, both Lucy and Cornelius were taken sick with scarlet fever, evidently contracted in the sleeping cars. They had a hard case each, but survived it, as you know. It was then that we remembered the injunction to fumigate the house. Another frequent communicator was a spirit who signed himself "Alphonse." He usually wrote in French and would occasionally introduce a Latin quotation. He would give advice on social and economic subjects—subjects of reform. I never could induce

him to give me his other name, until one evening at home in Houston one of Cleveland & Co.'s employes, who practiced what is called automatic writing—another phase of mediumship—wrote out a communication signed "Alphonse." I asked him his other name and he wrote "Alphonse Esquirol." Then I remembered that during my student days in New Orleans I had read and admired books by this author, who was then considered a rather radical and advanced thinker on political, social and economic reform. I asked him why he chose me to communicate with and he answered that *it* was because I was in sympathy with the ideas he tried to express when on earth.

I forgot to say that while there were no pencils on the slate when put under the table, there was a bit of paste on it when taken out, also small cavities on the surface of the slate indicating where the powder to make the paste came from. I already mentioned the drop of water found on the slate after the first experiment.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FIFTY

Dallas, Texas,

January 9, 1916.

My dear Grandchildren:

On one occasion a friend of ours from Mexico City—Mrs. John R. Davis—was visiting us at Houston and we invited her to accompany us on a visit to Mrs. Fink. The very first manifestation was a message from the spirit of an aunt of Mrs. Davis saying that she was taking care of her twin child and that he was growing up nicely in the spirit world. The fact is that Mrs. Davis, some years before, had given birth to twins, but one of them died at birth. The other is still living. Mrs. Fink knew nothing of this. On another occasion some one wrote on her slate expressing a desire that "Billy" would come to one of these seances. We did not know who "Billy" was. My wife, suspecting William Cleveland was the person meant, asked *mentally* that if "Billy" is the person she thinks he was let the table move over to her—and the table immediately moved over to her. I consider this remarkable because nobody present knew what was in my wife's mind. Evidently the spirits can read people's thoughts. Another instance of thought reading on the part of the spirits occurred at a table tipping seance at a private house in Houston. The medium was a Mrs. Smith, the wife of a man employed in the Auditor's department of the Houston East & West Texas R. R. of which I was a director. She was not a public medium, of course. Dick Ennis, my wife's brother, who had died in Mexico was manifesting. I asked him,

mentally, to spell out the name of the place, in Mexico, where he died. He did so correctly, though it was a long Mexican name, difficult to spell. Another episode that sticks to my memory in connection with Mrs. Fink's seances was that of Mr. Culpepper. Culpepper was a friend of mine, a roommate when both of us were still unmarried, and a member of the firm of Wm. D. Cleveland & Co. He had married a lady friend of my wife, Miss Mamie Clark, and had several children. He was a high-minded, noble fellow, but was addicted to periodical sprees. He tried hard to break himself of the drinking habit, but feeling that he could not, in a moment of despair he committed suicide, shooting himself through the heart. Shortly after his death he manifested at the Fink seances in a manner indicating that he was still in a desperate mood, complaining that he was in the dark, that the suicide's fate is a sad one and asking for our prayers and sympathy.

At about that time a peripatetic medium by the name of Wallace came to Houston and I went, incognito, to see him the second day of his arrival. The moment I entered the room he got into a trance, his face and manner assumed a different expression, he clasped me by the hands and addressed me by nafne, said he was Culpepper, thanked me for what I had done for Mamie (I had helped her to get the insurance money) and spoke and acted exactly as if he was Culpepper. He was still in the dark, he said, but was begging *to* see a little light. Subsequent manifestations at Mrs. Fink's seances indicated that he was getting gradually out of that sad and desperate condition and was beginning to enjoy some of the comforts of the spirit world.

Another slate writing medium whom I remember was Fred Truex. He came to Houston and stayed about a month. I still think he was genuine. He rented two rooms in my friend's, Mr. Haskins', house—two rooms, one on each side of the hall. He would introduce his callers in one room and ask them to write a note to a spirit friend, seal it, and then come over to the other room across the hall, where he sat. He would then take two slates, let you wash them with sponge and water and dry them with a towel, put them together, first inserting a small bit of paper, then put a strong rubber band around them. He would then ask you to hold the two slates between the palms of your hand, placing your sealed letter between the outside of the slate and your palm. Then he would place his palms on the back of your hands and wait results. In a minute or two you would hear scratching inside of the slates, after which three knocks, also inside of the slates. You then return your unopened letter to your pocket—remember that you have never allowed your note in the sealed envelope to leave your hands. Opening the slates you find the answer to your note. For example, my note was

somewhat as follows: "My dear Mortimer Livaudais (an old school friend in New Orleans) How do you like your new country? etc.

Your friend Lombardi."

And the answer:

"My dear Lombardi: I like it first rate. I am glad to communicate with you, etc., etc.

Mortimer Livaudais."

Several friends of mine went to see this medium and had similar experiences. On one occasion I prepared a note at home, put it in a dark envelope and sealed it with wax and a private seal. Dr. Hodgson had advised this test. But the result was the same.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FIFTY-ONE

Dallas, Texas,

Jan.. 16, 1916.

My very dear Grandchildren:

I could give you many more examples of wonderful experiences I have had through the mediumship of Mrs. Fink during the two years I experimented with her, but I have written enough to suffice. I made a report of my experiments to Dr. Richard Hodgson, then Secretary for the American branch of the Society of Psychical Research, a copy of which is now in one of my tin boxes in my room including Dr. Hodgson's inquiries and suggestions of tests. All his suggested tests were applied to Mrs. Fink and every test was met.

Speaking of Dr. Hodgson, I met him in Chicago at a Convention of Psychical Research there during the Exposition of 1893. Since then I have been in more or less constant correspondence with him and met him and lunched with him every time I visited Boston. From a hard-headed skeptic that he was when he first interested himself in these researches years ago, he became thoroughly convinced of the reality of spiritualism and spirit communications. He told me so. He told me of things that were too intimate for publication, but were more than convincing—they were conclusive. The last time I met Dr. Hodgson was in June 1904 when Maurice and I went East to witness Lucy's (your mother and your aunt) graduation at Bryn Mawr. After witnessing that function Maurice and I went to Cambridge (Mass.) to visit our relatives, and I was with Dr. Hodgson then part of two days. While at lunch at the Hotel——with Maurice and me, he told us that to him

death had not only no terror, but that he was so certain of the future life that he was ready to meet it cheerfully at any time, like passing from one apartment into another in our own home. He died suddenly the following December. His was a great loss to Psychical Research. He had devoted almost his entire life to it—had made a specialty of finding out the truth about the life after death. He was a scholarly gentleman and his name will go down to posterity as one of the great pioneers of the spiritual movement, with Alfred Russell Wallace, Sir William Crooks, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir W. F. Barrett and Dr. Richet.

I will now tell you of some experiences with private persons while I lived in Houston, some who were friends of mine who were mediums without knowing how it came about. The first to come to my recollection was the case of Mr. L. A. L. Lamkin. Mr. Lamkin was one of the drummers, or traveling salesmen for Wm. D. Cleveland & Co., of which firm I was then the "Company". He was a quiet, modest and thoroughly reliable gentleman. After working for the firm some fifteen years, he retired to his home in Luling, Texas, and engaged in the merchandise brokerage business, if my memory serves me right. It was then that I learned from mutual friends that Mr. Lamkin had suddenly developed that phase of mediumship called "automatic writing". An impulse comes to the subject to write something, even against his will and the thing written is not in his mind; his arm and hand are used by an external power. That is automatic writing. I wrote Mr. Lamkin questioning him about it, and his answer, a copy of which is here attached, will explain itself. Subsequently I met him at Houston on one of his rare visits, and witnessed an exhibition of his mediumship, one peculiarity of which was the exact reproduction of the signature of the spirit friends who were using his hand. I recollect one with which I was quite familiar, that of Wm. R. Baker, a former prominent citizen of Houston that your grandmother Lombardi knew very well.

Another instance of mediumship through automatic writing suddenly developed was the case of Miss Frazier. Miss Frazier was the organist of Christ Church in Houston, the Episcopal church which your grandmother and great grandmother attended, and was a friend of your grandmother. It seems that her grandfather or some other relative controlled her from the spirit world to tell her of some great injustice that was being done her in Canada, where she came from, in regard to some inherited property. From that beginning a great mass of communication came to her in that way from relatives and friends in the spirit world. She afterwards developed what is called "clair-audience", that is the faculty of hearing what the spirits say. She talked to her spirit friends the same as if they were alive and present. On one occasion when she had called at our house, just prior to our

moving to Portland, I suggested that she ask her spirit friends what they thought of the venture. She turned aside, whispered something, put her hand behind her ear, listened, and delivered to me the answer.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FIFTY-TWO

Dallas, Texas,

Jan. 23, 1916.

My dear Grandchildren:

In my last letter I told you about the mediumship of Mr. Lamkin who, through automatic writing, would reproduce the signature of the departed. I have seen one other example of that phase of mediumship. Mr. John Finnigan of Houston, whom I have already mentioned, was one of the few friends of mine who believed in spiritualism. He was an enterprising and successful business man, a dealer in hides, who had had experiences and was not ashamed to tell about them. He used to say that his chief concern now was to be well born in the next world. He died a few years ago—a wealthy man, leaving an estate worth about one million. At one time he offered me a partnership in his business. Mr. Finningan was in the habit of spending part of the time in New York where he had a permanent office and where he sold hides to people in the leather trade. On one occasion he came to see me immediately upon his return from New York. He showed me a slate upon which was written a letter, alleged to have been written in New York through a medium by the name of Rogers, by a departed niece of Mr. Finnigan, named Emma Edmunds. Then he showed me an album and letters containing the handwriting and signature of Emma Edmunds when in life. The writing and signature on the slate was identical with those in the letters. The purport of the letter on the slate was to the effect that the writer, Miss Edmunds, requested Mr. Finnigan to stop at New Orleans, when on his way to Texas, and visit her mother, who was wearing her heart out lamenting her death and tell her that she was alive and happy in the spirit world. Mr. Finnigan did stop at New Orleans on his way to Texas, did find Emma's mother in the condition described, and obtained from her the writings used to identify the chirography on the slate.

It was in connection with Mr. Finnigan again that I had a peculiar experience in New York. I had called at his office in the Healey building in Gold Street, in what was known as the leather district, when he

proposed that we should call and be introduced to his friend, Mr. A. A. Healey, the owner of the building. Mr. Healey was very busy when we entered his office and asked to be excused a few moments. While waiting my attention was attracted by a set of pictures on the wall evidently belonging to the French school of impressionist painters. When we met I mentioned my observations. "Yes," said he, "those are by some of the masters of that school, Rousseau and Troyon, but they are posthumous pictures." "What do you mean by that?" "I mean that they were produced by the spirits of those artists through the mediumship of a certain medium, a man in humble circumstances, who lives in Brooklyn. This man goes into a dark cabinet, with brush and colors and a canvass, and comes out with one of those pictures. He also showed us a number of slates with messages from the spirit world, done under test conditions through various mediums. Mr. Healey (Aaron Augustus) is an amateur art collector, and still living in Brooklyn. See "Who's Who in America".

Those and many other experiences happened when I was still living in Houston. After I moved to Portland, Oregon, I gradually became acquainted with people who were interested in these things, of whom I found a large number among the higher walks of life than I had, found in Texas. Among these were Judge George H. Williams, former U. S. Attorney General in the Grant administration and member of the High Joint Commission to setttle the "Alabama" claim, the Reverend Alexander Morrison, Episcopal Minister, Mr. Davlin, the City Comptroller, Mr. Emmet Williams, a prominent lawyer, Col. McCracken, an old pioneer, and others. We had organized a sort of private club, including the above names, for the purpose of experimenting, and when a noted medium came to the city would arrange for a series of seances in a private room and divide the expenses among the members of the club. In addition we would thus have the opportunity of telling each other our past experiences. Every one of them could tell of personal experiences as interesting and surprising, in their way, as what I have told you in these letters. At one of those meetings, while experimenting with a medium from San Francisco, F. Earle, the medium suddenly snatched a piece of paper and wrote a short message to me in Italian, signed by my Aunt "Lucia" (Lucy). Then, after an interval he took another piece of paper and wrote a message to your grandmother Lombardi (who was not present) signed with the full name of her mother, Jeannette Kimball Ennis. Nobody present knew either of these spirits nor their names.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FIFTY-THREE Dallas, Texas,

Jan. 31, 1916.

My dear Grandchildren:

On one occasion we had a meeting at the home of Mr. Devlin to experiment with a medium by the name of Allen whom somebody discovered among the small farmers on the Washington shore of the Columbia River not far from the military post of Vancouver. Allen had been a noted medium in the East in his younger days, but had fallen into habits of dissipation and had moved west trying to retrieve his fortune and his character. He was what is called a musical medium. A zither was placed upon a chair in a corner of the dining room, the room being locked and sealed from the inside. Then all present, including the medium, sat around the table in the dark, holding each other's hands so as to form a chain. The medium sat between Judge Williams and myself, each of us holding one of his hands. Almost instantly the zither began to play and kept on playing various tunes—tunes suggested by members of the club—the rest of the seance.

One of the notable experiences I have had while residing in Portland was with Public Medium John Slater. Slater visited Portland from California, for the first time during my residence in Portland, in June 1906—just after I had been to Texas after the death of Alfred Belo. He gave an advertised public seance announcing that he would answer questions in sealed letters. There were several hundred of these on his platform when the seance began and as many or more people in attendance awaiting the result. He did precisely what he promised to do: read the sealed letters by pressing them on his forehead and pointed out the writers from among the audience, addressing them with the answer; after which he would open the letter and read it aloud. In the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Brereton, whom we knew, and to their question where was their son Robert, the answer came that he was in Alaska in some kind of a boat, describing the boat. This was in accordance with the facts.

The next day I went to Slater for a private seance. After looking at me steadily for a moment he told me that a young man was present who had passed but recently to the spirit world, that his name was Alfred, and that I was to take his place in a business at a distance from Portland. Also, that he could see his mother, whose name was Nettie, but who was still in this life. She appeared, he said, oppressed by grief and in tears. This was striking enough, considering that I had just returned from Texas where I had promised Aunt Nettie Belo to go there in October and become the Vice President of the News (she being the President) yet it might be accounted for by stretching the telepathic

theory. But what followed will not be susceptible of any such explanation. He told me, suddenly, that the spirit of an old man was present whose name was Ennis—James Ennis. I suggested that it must be Jacob Ennis, since James was still alive. "I don't care," said he, "this is James Ennis and not Jacob, who is here too. James is no longer living on earth." The fact was that James Ennis was supposed to be alive at Santander, Spain, as I had but recently received a letter from him. I was his agent for some property of his in Texas. Carrie and Lucy went to see Slater the next day, without identifying themselves and had practically the same experience. My seance took place on June 12th, 1906. On June 18th following I received a letter from a friend of James Ennis, who was my wife's uncle, to the effect that Mr. Ennis had died on June 4th, eight days before my seance with Slater and fourteen days before I had any natural or normal knowledge of his death.

Referring to Mr. and Mrs. Brereton, mentioned above, whom we knew very well in Portland, it may be of interest to mention an incident that, while outside of my personal observation, unlike most of the above narratives, yet will throw light on the subject, as I regarded these people as perfectly honest and reliable. Mr. Brereton was an Englishman of the old school, an engineer by profession, a man of culture, and a gentleman. He had lived in India some 20 years, had built the first Indian railroad—from Bombay to Calcutta—and it was there that he imbibed an interest in the occult sciences to whose literature he was a frequent contributor. He was 73 years old at the time, but vigorous in mind and body. His wife was a medium, a clairaudient medium, who could converse with spirits as we converse with each other. She had a familiar spirit, or spirit guide, whom she trusted to keep her informed of the doings of two absent sons, one in Alaska and one in Mexico. At the time I am writing about there were critical times in the State of Sonora, Northern Mexico. The Yaqui Indians were in revolt and had driven American miners out of the country. One of the Brereton boys was with Col. Green's party, of copper mining fame, and was in a perilous situation. Quite alarmed by the newspaper news, Mrs. Brereton sought advice from her spiritual guide and asked him to go and report on her son's surroundings and circumstances. He did and assured her that her son and his family had escaped from the territory terrorized by the Yaquis, had crossed the line into the United States and that a letter from him was then on the way. The letter came a few days later, confirming this statement.

Affectionately, your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FIFTY-FOUR

Dallas, Texas,

Feb. 6, 1916.

My dear Grandchildren:

My last letter concludes the principal phases of my experiences in spiritualism up to the time of my departure from Portland in 1906. I might have told of one or two seances in materialization with a Mrs. Reynold who had quite a reputation in that line, but I am not sufficiently sure of myself to trust my observations in that phase of mediumship where so much fraud is being perpetrated in this country. I will only say that I saw a girl, or the phantasm of one, come out of the cabinet, circulate around the attendants like a sprite, and then climb to the ceiling along the walls of the room. I have had no opportunity for thorough observation, but I am inclined to believe that it is a genuine phenomenon in some cases. Friends of mine in Portland like Judge Williams, Emmett Williams, and Col. McCracken, who have had extensive experiences with Mrs. Reynolds, some of whom had her as guest at their homes for a week at a time, assured me of the genuineness of the phenomena. In England it is not doubted among members of the Society of Psychical Research. They point to the experiments with Katy King in Wm. Crooke's "Researches on the Phenomena of Spiritualism," and to Madame D'Esperance, an English lady of high standing and unsullied reputation whose mediumship has been thoroughly and critically investigated by men of learning and prominence, among others the late Russian Imperial Councillor, Asakoff. You will find Crooke's book in my library in Berkeley and also a book by and about Madame D'Esperance. You will also find in my library in Berkeley a considerable amount of literature on Spiritualism and Psychical Research, more extensive perhaps than you will find in any private collection of books that is likely to fall under your observation unless the subject becomes in your days much more popular than it is in mine. Among the most interesting books, I recommend Frederick W. H. Myers' "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death."

Since coming to Texas nearly ten years ago no opportunity for spiritualistic experiences or investigations has been afforded me. When in Galveston I thought of old Mrs. Fink, but I learned that she had mowed to San Antonio to live with a daughter. Shortly afterwards I heard of her death. There is now a law in Texas against the practice of mediumship, which shows what an unenlightened state Texas is, and it is not likely that reputable mediums will undertake to break the law, however pernicious and intolerant such a law may be.

But last summer, while sojourning in Berkeley, California, I had the opportunity of experiencing a comparatively new phase of mediumship called' "the independent voice." This is usually accompanied by

the trumpet phenomena, but is not always effected through a trumpet. You hear spirit voices through the air in a clear, understandable whisper. At least such was my experience last summer. I had learned of such phenomena as having attracted a good deal of attention in England the last two or three years, and have read a recent book by Vice-Admiral Osborn Moore, entitled "The Voices", telling of his experiences with Mrs. Wried, an American Medium, at Rothesay, Scotland. But I knew of no such medium within my reach. However, Mrs. Emma L. Hume, Secretary of the California Society for Psychical Research, 3968 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, put me in communication with a medium for the independent voice, Mrs. Mollie Smith of 1278 26th Ave., San Francisco, and arranged for a seance the next day. Mrs. Smith objected to holding a seance with one lone man, but your mother and Aunt Ethel kindly offered to accompany me. It was a dark seance, of course, but the doors of the rooms were locked and we had the keys, The medium was at one end of the room and I at the other. Ethel stood beside the medium. After a long and silent waiting, a voice from the empty air spoke, or rather whispered into my ear, every word clearly enunciated. It greeted me as Lombardi (not *Mr.* Lombardi) and introducted himself as "my friend Hodgson"—Dr. Richard Hodgson of the American Branch of the Society of Psychical Research, who died in Boston in 1906. We conversed as we would if I had met him when still in the flesh. His language and manner were thoroughly characteristic of the man as I knew him in life. His remarks were jerky, short and to the point, just as in life. There was no doubt in my mind as to his identity. Our talk was, much of it, on the conditions of life in the spirit world, a topic which often engaged our conversation on the frequent occasions when I met him in Boston, only this time he was better able to speak by the card, as it were. The intellectual quality and range of thought seemed to me much above that of the medium. Indeed, to quote the words of Dr. G. F. Oldharn, an Englishman who had much experience in this phase of mediumship with Mrs. Wried, "It was all so astounding and convincing; yet half an hour later, when I was mixing with the London democracy in the underground, I could hardly believe it true." The last time I met Dr. Hodgson was in June 1904, when Maurice and I went East to attend Lucy's graduation at Bryn Mawr. Maurice and I had Dr. Hodgson to lunch at our hotel and we both enjoyed hearing him tell of his absolute certainty of the reality of the future life. He said that to him death would be like passing from one room into the other of the same house. But this by the way. When Hodgson thought we had talked enough, he said he wanted to introduce me to a friend of his who was present and whose name was quite familiar to me. It was the spirit of W. T. Stead. Stead then began to talk. But the voice, manner and language were quite different from Hodgson's. In fact, they formed a contrast. Stead's talk was slow, deliberate and precise, like one who is in the habit of

talking in public. He reminded me of the tragedy of the Titanic, where he was drowned, and how his fate was predicted before he left England but he insisted on sailing anyhow. He said his object in coming ¶1 to America was to establish a "Julia Bureau" there. That is, a sort of meeting place between this world and the world of spirits for those who can communicate, as he had done in England.

Affectionately, your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTERS FIFTY-FIVE

Dallas, Texas,

Feb. 13, 1616.

My dear Grandchildren:

I have now told you in brief some of the experiences I have had in the line of the abnormal, of the occult, or in other words, of what some call Psychical Research and others spiritualism. The frauds and credulity which characterized some of the demonstrations of the early spiritualistic propaganda had created such a prejudice that the more sober-minded searchers adopted a new name, that of Psychical Research, but the meaning is the same. Now I will tell you, briefly, what these experiences and the study of the subject have suggested to me and the conclusions I have reached so far as I have gone. This does not mean that I may not reach different conclusions some other time with new or additional evidence. For I have long ago learned to keep the windows of my soul open to the light of new facts and to the wind of new doctrine. I will bear no label of any kind, in religion, politics or anything else. I am only a plain man seeking the truth. If new facts or new evidence comes tomorrow I want to be at liberty to change my mind without incurring any reproach.

All religions presuppose a belief in another life after death. They are based upon the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Destroy this belief and we may as well demolish all the churches in Christendom and the temples of the other religions. But although in early times the idea of immortality may have originated in psychical experiences such as we have just related, and there is much evidence that such is the case, yet to the vast multitude of people today that doctrine is taken on trust—it is an article of faith only. When facing the terrible problem of death, when a member of the family passes away and the survivors contemplating the inanimate body have no tangible proof that the soul of their dear one is still alive, mere doctrines, metaphysical or philosophic theories, have little power to assuage the grief of the sur-

vivors or to convince them of the reality of the future life. It all seems vague, dreamy and sentimental. The scheme of life with its miseries and unfulfilled promises seems inexplicable. But now comes spiritualism, confirmed of late by the systematic investigations of earnest, sincere and fearless researchers in the domain of psychic phenomena, and the whole problem is changed; the scheme of life is cleared up; a flood of light is thrown upon the enigma of human existence. The link between the seen and the unseen is at last established. The line of communication is opened.

. If a spiritual world exists, then such a world ought to be discoverable and capable of entering into relationship with men now. People ought to be able to find out more and more about it and to accumulate knowledge and experiences. It ought to be a legitimate and praiseworthy object of research, like any other branch of knowledge. It ought to be right and proper to experiment about it. And this is the view I have taken and acted upon, often in the face of a discouraging amount of ignorant prejudice. The result is that I am entirely convinced that our soul lives after death, that death is the portal to a new and better life, a life very much like this in so far as the activities of the intellect and the emotions are concerned, but unburdened with the desires and necessities of the flesh which are the chief obstacles to our spiritual development here. And to that extent the future life is at once better than this, to say nothing of the better chance for spiritual growth over there. The demonstration of these facts ought to change our attitude towards life here. It ought to affect our happiness and our conduct towards each other. It ought to afford us a longer range of consequences in every act of your life. It ought, and does, alter the perspective of things. Things assume different values when viewed from the standpoint of an endless and progressive spiritual existence. Material things do not then loom up so large as the intellectual and spiritual even in this life. We come to realize that this life is nothing if not a preparation for the next and more important life and this suggests the supreme importance of being well born in the next world, as my friend Finnigan used to say. When a young man wants to be a doctor, or an engineer, here, knowing that such a profession is for him attainable, he studies for it and prepares himself with the knowledge and practice necessary to become proficient in his profession. He looks forward to a lifetime of honorable activity in *it,* and so adjusts his mind and efforts chiefly to the success of his profession, without, however, losing sight of his duties to his family and the State. Indeed these duties and activities are usually the more promoted by reason of his success in his chosen profession.

Similarly, if a man knows for certain that another phase of existence awaits him at the end of the present life; a phase or condition of existence in which what we call the material counts for nothing and what

we know here as the moral and spiritual nature of man counts for everything, where love is the ruling motive and the baser emotions are evanescent because connected only with the material side of life here; when such is the outlook for the human personality hereafter, it is obvious that a certain amount of preparation, an adjustment of means to end, as in the case of the student for his profession, will be in order. This is what I call the longer range of consequences. For what we are here when we pass over we will surely be in the other life. This must evolve a line of conduct wherein, if only through an enlightened selfishness, man will naturally cultivate those faculties which survive after death, the qualities of the heart and mind, more than those which are not apt to survive—the physical appetites. And this should be the foundation for a new and loftier system of morality.

All this has, in my case, brought a serenity of mind and confidence in the outcome of life that assuredly I would not have had but for the experiences I have related. As it is I feel at home in the universe and have no misgivings as to my ultimate fate or the fate of any human being. This is a great world, built upon a large and magnificent plan which our limited intellect is yet unable to comprehend. There is ample room for every individual soul in it; room for expansion and gradual development which may go on forever. It all means a broader and more comprehensive outlook upon the world, a greater insight into the ways of the Creator and a greater sympathy with all created things. Life is still a mystery, and its short passage across the earth is still full of apparent difficulties, but the end is no longer a blind alley. The coordination of the works of nature can now be seen to have a far off object—a far-reaching conclusion. Life as such becomes more sacred since its function and destiny is at last revealed. Sympahty and love are seen to be the chief means to spiritual development and hence a broader tolerance and benevolence towards all classes of human beings is naturally induced and should become habitual. A sympathy for all manifestations of life, from a worm to a fellow human should also be one of the fruits of this new revelation. I would not inflict unnecessary pain to the least of God's living creatures, and much less on human beings, hence my abhorrence of war makers, like the present German Kaiser, and my repugance to hunting and fishing.

As for religious faith, spiritualism should confirm and not deny it. It is only adding to faith certitude. Who should not welcome such a consummation? More knowledge concerning the mysteries of life and death only confirms, and does not destroy the fundamentals of the religious faith that has come down through the ages. A larger knowledge clarifies the mind and strengthens the soul and prepares us for still wider reaches of knowledges that are sure to obtain in the generations to come. The world is still young and mankind yet largely

in the infantile stage. But the future is endless, and those human souls who have little or no chance for development here below will have endless time in the realm of the spirit.

Affectionately, your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FIFTY-SIX

Dallas, Texas,

Feb. 20, 1916.

My dear Grandchildren:

By the time you reach the age when you can appreciate these letters it may be that the door through whose keyhole only we can now peer into the next world will be flung wide open and that the facts of spirit life and spirit return will be more widely accepted, like the facts of any other science, such as astronomy or geology, for example. But whether this happens or not, I feel sure that a broader conception of the world, both physical and spiritual and a deeper insight into the meaning of the Universe will prevail among educated men. A more intimate knowledge of the realities of what is now known as matter, force and spirit may lead to conclusions that no man now dreams of. There may be discovered a unity of these fundamental entities that is only now guessed at by a few of the boldest thinkers. See what has come already of our inquiries into the secrets of nature within the last fifty years—the Roentgen Rays, Radium, the wireless telegraph, the harnessing of electricity. While the mystery of the electric force may never be solved, its application to the service of man is so far perfected as to suggest that perhaps some day a similar application may be possible in the domain of spiritual forces. A dynamo by friction gathers electric force from unseen sources and sends it as a current through wires to be converted into power, motion, light and heat, give life or death according to our direction. Is it not conceivable that the Universe is immanent, filled through and through with spiritual power and intelligence combined, which can be tapped and directed to use and service as it is done with electricity? Prayer and certain attitudes of mind, certain direction of the will and the emotion may be the means of establishing connection with and utilizing this unseen power for the benefit of man. Certainly the experiences of the mystics of all religions in all ages point in that direction—to a vast reservoir of spirituality which is the substance that lies behind all phenomena of life and mind and spiritual activities—that keep the Universe agoing. We may call this substance God or give in any other name, but the fact is that it exists and that it will become more and more mainfest to us as we become capable of comprehending *it.*

I wish I could impress upon you, my grandchildren, and upon those of the family who may read these letters, my confidence in the future of this world, and in the things that are in store for you and your children and your grandchildren in the generations to come. What the mind of man may compass has been already exemplified in the wonderful progress of science, and the application of science to man's use and comfort, during the past fifty years. An equal application of the scientific spirit to social and economic improvements which is just now becoming manifest will accomplish prodigies in the betterment of mankind in its social and intellectual domain. And when the same method of research is finally brought to bear on man's active spiritual principle, call it the soul or the psychic self, or any other name, then new marvels will be disclosed and religion will become a positive and experimental science, the greatest of all the forces for the service of mankind and a guarantor of the great destiny to which we are called.

To reach these goals it is only necessary that the mind of man be liberated from the thraldom of tradition, the limitation of authority and the habit of looking backward instead of forward. Man must learn to think boldly and to act upon the impulse of present circumstances and not upon the thoughts and circumstances of other days. Man must plunge into the untrodden forest of possibilities as our pioneers plunged into the forests of the American continent and establish a home there. There are many who are doing that already. The truth is that we are infants yet compared with what is ahead of us. The universe is to us now what life is to a four year old child. Try to explain your business or the business of the world, financial, political or social, to a child of that age and you will realize his utter incapacity to comprehend you. Later he will understand. He will then be a factor in the activities you are trying to explain. So will we—at a more advanced stage of the world's progress.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER FIFTY-SEVEN

Dallas, Texas,

February 27, 1916.

My dear grandchildren:

After our long digression telling you of my experiences in the realm of the occult and the philosophy I gathered from that and other experiences, observation and reflection, all matters of great importance

to my scheme of life, we will now return to a period in my life when important changes were impending.

(The remainder of this letter deals with business matters and the writer's decision to leave Houston and make his home in Portland, Oregon.)

LETTER FIFTY-EIGHT Dallas, Texas,

March 5, 1916.

My very dear Children:

When I decided to move to Portland, Ore., I was actuated by a great desire to abandon the hot, oppressive and uncongenial climate of Texas. My business required that I should be on hand in August and September, the two hottest and most oppressive months in South Texas, on account of the cotton part of the business, which began moving the latter part of July,—so that I never had a full vacation in a cool part of the country. As soon as I could afford it I used to take the family to Wisconsin, or Canada, or Maine, but I could only remain two or three weeks with them for the above reasons. Being warm blooded and raised in a cold climate, life in the summer time in Southern Texas was nothing short of martyrdom to me. I made no mistake in that regard in settling in Portland as the climate there was mild in winter and cool in summer, which enabled me to enjoy life the year round as I did when a boy in Switzerland. It required some courage to "burn my ships behind me," as it were, and venture into a new country amid new surroundings where I was a perfect stranger at my time of life and with the responsibility of a wife and three children and only limited means. But while I had some slight difficulty in establishing myself in business as will appear in the sequel, I must say that on the whole, the eight years I spent in Oregon were the happiest of my life in America. For one thing, the rebound from the many years of anxiety and forebodings in Houston and the oppressive climate there brought me such happiness as I had not experienced for years.

We arrived in Portland on the 20th of January, 1899 in the midst of a blinding snow-storm with the thermometer as low as 10°. This seemed to verify my father-in-law Ennis's warning that Oregon had a cold and dreary climate. But it proved not to be so. This storm was exceptional and the snow soon melted and the temperature soon rose. In the eight years spent there the winters proved uniformly mild and the summers cool. We found the climate extremely healthful and comfortable and a great improvement on that of Texas.

We had left Mr. Ennis in Houston in apparent good health, but the following February we learned of his death from La Grippe. Mrs.

Ennis had died the previous year in April. My relations with both Mr. and Mrs. Ennis had been the most cordial and sympathetic and while they had passed over full of years and honor, still it created a void in the family. They were people of the old and high standards of honor and integrity, broad-minded and benevolent—noble characters whom you, my Grandchildren, will be proud to have had for great grandparents.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lornbardi

LETTER FIFTY-NINE

Dallas, Texas,

March 12, 1916.

My dear grandchildren:

I did not engage in business for several months after settling in Portland. In the first place I desired to rest a while and collect my thoughts after my strenuous and unhappy experience in Houston. Then I wanted time to look around and become acquainted. I did not find it easy at first to get acquainted in a new place. I was then 55 years of age; a period in a man's life when personal relations are usually crystalized. Nevertheless, I was gradually received with favor in certain commercial and social circles of the best people intellectually. I was invited to become a member of the best clubs, and was not only invited, but welcomed, as a guest at the dinners given by the Unitarian Club, and solicited to speak on such occasions. I gradually met and became acquainted with the men worth while in Portland—the same class of men with whom I had associated in Texas, only I imagined and still think that the former were a grade above the latter in the matter of intellectual culture. Many of the early settlers of Portland were from New England and had brought with them and still retained somewhat of the cultural tradition of that part of the country. My experience there is confirmatory of the teachings of spiritualism, that just as your personality, taste, aspirations, and ideals are developed on earth so they will be in the spirit world. So those qualities of intellect and character which fitted me for a certain position and standing in Texas soon fitted me for the same relative position in Oregon.

Months passed and the middle of summer came and still I had found no suitable chance to embark in business. I had negotiated to purchase an interest in a cereal mill, but just as I thought I had clinched the trade the party went back on his agreement. It was just as well, as the concern afterwards failed. Early in August an opportunity presented itself to take a pleasure trip to Alaska. A Presbyterian organization—a Synod, I believe they called it—chartered a steamer from Seattle for a

two weeks' excursion during which time they were to transact the business of the organization, and as they were not numerous enough to occupy all the cabins, they offered the surplus to the outside public at excursion rates. I secured places for all my family, my wife and three children, and while the accommodations and fare were not of the best, the trip, on the whole, was extremely enjoyable and one to be remembered the rest of our lives. We went no farther than Skagway and the White Pass but visited all the intermediate points: Victoria, Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau, Haines, the Muir Glacier, Sitka and Metlakatla. We were specially fortunate in visiting Glacier Bay and seeing the front of Muir Glacier at close range before the earthquake which occurred the following year broke up the Glacier and scattered its fragments all over the Bay so that steamers were unable to navigate. We found much to interest us all through the trip. The scenery, the geology, the flora of the place absorbed our attention and stimulated the imagination *to* a high degree. Specially notable was the little town of Sitka, the capital of Alaska under Russian rule—notable for its historic remains, its Greek Church, its magnificent Bay and luxurious vegetation. Another spot that greatly interested us was the settlement of Metlakatla where Father Duncan organized and civilized a community of Alaskan Indians, made the Indians cooperate with him to build a church, a school house, a salmon cannery, a sawmill, establish a general store, organize the town government and made in fact civilized men out of savages in one generation. Dr. Duncan was very hospitable and showed us everything during the half-day we stopped. We afterward met Dr. Duncan socially in Portland and had him to dinner, when he told us the history of his life and endeavors in Alaska—a most interesting story, for Dr. Duncan was the real apostle of that part of Alaska. The United States have since established a Government School there. Dr. Duncan is still living at this writing and is still the ruling spirit of the place, but he must be very old.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

—o—

LETTER SIXTY

Dallas, Texas,

March 19, 1916.

My dear grandchildren:

Shortly after my return from Alaska, in September 1899, I was introduced to Mr. Walter F. Burrell, a Portland Capitalist, who made me a proposition to start a grain warehouse and dock business combined with a commission business. His mother in law owned the largest dock in the city on the east side of the Willamette River in that portion of the city called Albina. We were to solicit shipments of grain, principally

•wheat for storage, and also to sell on commission. This business seemed to me something like our cotton business in Texas and it appealed to me on that account. I was to contribute $5000 and was to have a fixed salary as Manager. Mr. Burrell furnished the rest, more or less according to the needs of the business. I worked hard at this business. I put in my best efforts under circumstances that were frequently discouraging circumstances. It was not at all like the cotton business in Texas. In Texas I was well acquainted with and personally known to most of the business men of the State. I knew their idiosyncracies and how to get along with them. In Oregon I was a stranger to the people and their ways. Nevertheless, we were fairly successful at first. We got considerable wheat, not only in Oregon but also from the adjoining states of Washington and Idaho. But the method of handling wheat in those countries was changing rapidly. Large warehouses were being built in the interior contiguous to the wheat fields and from those warehouses the railroads would take the wheat on a through Bill of Lading and discharge it direct into the shipholds. This gradually undermined our business, and at the end of the second year we decided to discontinue. My part of the capital and a larger part still contributed by Mr. Burrell was invested in Machinery and equipments on the Montgomery Dock and as these equipments were no longer in use I stood a good chance to lose my investments. But Mr. Burrell would not have it so. He told me that inasmuch as he had induced me to join him in that business he would not permit me to lose any money. And he did not. He gave me a check for $5000.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER SIXTY-ONE

Dallas, Texas,

March 26, 1916.

My dear grandchildren:

In the same building where I had my office, a building belonging to Mr. Burrell, was the office of Mr. W. A. Gordon next to my own, a young man who was carrying on a business in wheat, buying and selling. He was a customer of mine while I was conducting a warehouse business on Montgomery Dock and we had frequent conversations about the wheat business. He was a Canadian by birth, son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister. He had been a bank clerk in Canada, and more recently an employe of Allen & Lewis, a large wholesale firm of Portland. When Mr. Allen, who was a Californian, withdrew from that firm, he offered to loan Mr. Gordon $25,000 to go in business for himself. To make a long story short, I proposed to Mr. Gordon to

finance the business in the place of Mr. Allen and to form a partnership. My proposition was accepted and the business was started under the form of a corporation under the name of the W. A. Gordon Co., I being the president and Mr. Gordon, vice president and secretary. I preferred to use the Gordon name instead of my own because Mr. Gordon was well known in the trade and our firm was virtually a continuation of his former business. This business was continued four years or until I was called to Dallas on the death of Alfred Belo, to represent the Belo family on The News. We got along nicely together. Some years we made money but one year we lost. On an average we made a fair living. The firm was well regarded and had good credit at the bank. I owned most of the capital stock, which I was soon able to increase by the sale of our homestead at Houston for $25,000.

Our domestic and social life at Portland became increasingly pleasant and agreeable. We become acquainted with some of the best people there whom we found intelligent and cultivated—surprisingly so, considering that we looked upon Oregon as a far, out-of-the-way state of the wild and wooley sort. In this we were greatly mistaken. We found as good schools there as could be found anywhere. The Portland Academy was an endowed private institution of high rank and to it we sent Lucy and Cornelius. Maurice had graduated at Yale in 1900, and was then studying for his profession at the School of Mines of the University of California. In due time Lucy got ready to enter Bryn Mawr College and underwent her entrance examination at Portland. She did so well that she won the Bryn Mawr Western Scholarship. In 1904 Cornelius got ready for the Hill School, but as that was also the year when Maurice graduated at the School of Mines in California, the two boys planned a prolonged vacation in the wilderness by way of vacation or rest, one preparatory to his real life work, and the other to his college preparatory work at the Hill School. About the adventures and enjoyment of that trip you must ask the Father of half of you children and the uncle of all of you. It was an epochal experience in the lives of your father and uncle, the memory of which they still hold precious.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER SIXTY-TWO

Dallas, Texas,

April 3, 1916.

My very dear grandchildren:

The boys' trip in the mountains and forests of Oregon and Washington, which lasted ten weeks, emphasizes one of the greatest attractions of our lives in the Northwest, the wonderful scenery and climate

of that region and the facilities offered for attractive excursions within a short distance from the city. The Columbia River Gorge which begins only twenty miles east of Portland, affords one of the most superb stretches of scenery to be found anywhere on this continent. This it was our good fortune to contemplate at our leisure every time we planned for a picnic at the Multnomah falls, or the Oneonta Gorge or a stay of a few days at Marr's Lodge just opposite, or again whenever we visited Hood River for a few days or weeks vacation. In fact we were fairly surrounded by beautiful scenery and almost saturated with the sense of the beautiful in nature. From our residence near the City Park, when we dwelt in that vicinity a whole year, we could, on a clear day, see five snow-capped mountains,—Mount Hood to the right, Mount St. Helens to the left, and Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters in the distance. Opposite Hood River to the North loomed up Mount Adams, over 12,000 feet high. Consequently whenever the spirit moved us for an outing, or the time came for a vacation, there was a wealth of choice natural attractions that invited us. One time we would go to Trout Lake at the foot of Mount Adams, where the Ice Caves attracted our attention and whence one time all three of the children climbed Mount Adams to its very top. At other times we would visit the Hood River valley and penetrate as far as Lost Lake and camp there for a week at a time. One time we went as far as Cloud Cap Inn just below the top of Mount Hood and at the very touch of the Glaciers. Or we would spend a few days at the seashore at Seaside or Greatart Park, just below Astoria. One of our excursions, lasting a whole week, was to skirt the seashore all the way from Elk Creek to Tillamook and thence through the forests to the ridge of the Coast mountains and down to the West Williamette Valley and to Portland, making a complete circuit of wondrous beauty and interest. All these excursions were restful, healthful and inspiring. Life acquires a new zest amidst such surroundings. The very knowledge that one has such attractions and opportunities near at hand and at his disposal, as it were, is a stimulus to the ordinary activities of life. It is an asset in one's life inventory. This matter of climate and scenery as inspiration and a stimulus and, indeed, as an asset in one's scheme of life, is woefully underestimated by most of us, absorbed as we are in the intense activities of business or social life. It was my misfortune in early life to be drifted about by hard and unusual circumstances, and not by choice, otherwise I should not have chosen the hot and unhealthy city of New Orleans for my first habitation on arriving in this country, nor climatically depressing flats of Southern Texas for my subsequent business career. I believe that one of the first things a young man should consider, who is sufficiently independent to choose his own place of residence, is climate and environment. My own long period of servitude to uncongenial circumstances in this regard filled me with the determination to move to a more congenial and

stimulating part of the country as soon as I could afford it and be free from entangling obligations and I predicted that my children would call me blessed for doing so.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER SIXTY-THREE

Dallas, Texas,

April 9, 1916.

My dear grandchildren:

The saying is that "a rolling stone gathers no moss", meaning that a man should settle in one place and one business and stay there. But that is an old world proverb where things are so settled and defined that it is dangerous to change the conditions of life in which one is born. This sense of stability is well illustrated in the prayer book of the English Church, which admonishes us to do our duty in the station in which the Lord has placed us. But it will not apply to America where conditions are different and where the field of opportunities is still open,—at least not yet. In America the proverb should be altered to read: "a rolling stone acquires more polish". Anyhow, I do not believe that an occasional change, even a radical change, has been detrimental in my case. The new experiences, new friends, new ideas, new impulses, new scenery and new enviroment, all these afford advantages that far outweigh those other advantages that accrue by staying in one place. True, that the building of an ancestral home and living in it permanently vouchsafes us deep and lasting friendships and intimate human and neighborhood relations that are very true and lasting. True, also, that in residing in one place a whole lifetime one and one's family will exert an increasing influence which is very valuable. But on the other hand the stay-in-one place individual, especially if the place is small, is apt to become narrow in mind and sympathy, while the mover becomes broader in both ways. Of course, extremes are bad in both cases; but I hold that one gets more out of life especially in America by changing his habitation occasionally than by staying in one place.

I feel strongly that *my* eight years' stay in Oregon has been a distinct advantage to me outside of any business consideration. Both I and my family are more intellectual people than if we had remained in Texas. We met people exhibiting a greater variety of views and of different angles of vision than we were accustomed to. We also met people of distinction that it would have been impossible to meet in a Texas town. But above all, we found in Portland a wider toleration of both political and religious opinions. There was not that prompt exhibi-

tion of sweet cordiality in social intercourse that we were accustomed to in the South, but the intellectual horizon was, as a rule, broader and more inclusive.

Our first refuge was a family hotel called the Hobart-Curtis. It was the leading place of the kind in the city and we remained there three years. We had a suite of apartments and there we made ourselves comfortable. We met some interesting people there and made some pleasant friends. Among the people we met was David P. Thompson, former Ambassador to Turkey, one of the leading capitalists in Oregon, and quite an original character. He claimed to be a great friend of the Sultan Abdul-Hamid asd on the anniversary of the Sultan he used to come down to the dining room in Ambassadorial costume and regalia. We also met Capt. E. D. Taussig of the Navy, who is now rear admiral, and Dr. Blue of the Army, who is now Chief Surgeon, U. S. A.

We next moved to a house at the top of King's hill adjoining the City Park. This was an elaborate stone house. It cost $125,000 and was probably the finest house built in Portland. It was then held by a bank for sale or rent at a very moderate rate. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ames, friends whom we met at the Hobart-Curtis, proposed that we should keep house jointly in this palace for one year at least and we agreed to do so. The Ames had one child only, Mortimer, and we had only Cornelius with us, Maurice and Lucy being away in College, one in California and the other at Bryn Mawr. Besides affording the best view of mountains (we could see three to five snow peaks) this house had the advantage of being on the edge of the City Park. Cornelius and I used to get up early in the morning to take a walk in the Park before breakfast and have an interesting talk together on various and sundry subjects. This was an extremely interesting experience to me as it brought about an intellectual intimacy with my youngest son that will remain one of the most precious gems of my memory.

Affectionately your Grandfather,

C. Lombardi.

LETTER SIXTY-FOUR

Dallas, Texas,

April 23, 1916-.

My dear grandchildren:

I did not write you last week because the time I usually devote to this purpose was devoted to something else. I was invited to make a short address in French before the Causeries du Lundi—a club devoted to the practice of the French language and the diffusion of French ideas and I spent Sunday afternoon reading a French book in order to

brush up my French a little. It is now forty-five to fifty years since I learned French at New Orleans and spoke and wrote French habitually there, and while that language is still familiar I have, naturally, some difficulty at times in recalling the right word, the fitting word, in conversation or in public speaking. However, notwithstanding the little practical use I may find for the French language in my daily life, I deem myself fortunate in having acquired the language in early life and become acquainted with its literature, for it introduced me to the spirit of French life and French civilization—the most forward civilization on earth today.

Our next habitation in Portland was a house at 735 Irving street, in which we set up real private housekeeping unhampered by any other personalities. It was just being constructed when we were looking for a house to rent and we had to wait some weeks before we could *get* in. It proved a very convenient and comfortable house and we were very happy in it. It was then that we got back all our furniture and books from Houston. The furniture arrived in good shape, but the books did not. Many were in bad condition, many valuable ones were missing, and sets were broken up.

We remained at Irving street till 1906. On February 27th of that year young Alfred Belo died in Dallas of spinal menengitis. His father, Col. Belo had passed away some four years before, and upon Alfred had developed the full responsibility of the publishing business of A. H. Belo & Co., comprising the Dallas News, the Galveston News and the Semi-Weekly News. With Alfred passed away the hopes, aspirations and ideals of his mother as the natural head of the News Corporation and the pillar of the Belo family and you may imagine the bitter sorrow that such a loss brought to the mother and family. His mother, Nettie Belo, was as you know, your grandmother Lombardi's sister. In her desperation she sent for me. On arriving in Dallas in March she told me that she found a letter left by her husband, Col. Belo, to the effect that if ever she found herself in trouble after his death, to send for me. A letter from Col. R. G. Lowe, the Vice President of A. H. Belo & Co. was also found with this "Post Script"—"If in trouble consult G Lombardi. He is a fine character." It is not certain that these suggestions alone decided Mrs. Belo to send for me, but they may have helped. Another circumstance may have had something to do with it. Within five weeks from the latter part of January to the end of February, the three leading officials of the News died—Alfred, the President, Col. Lowe, the first *Vice* President, and T. W. Dealey, the Secretary and Treasurer. All that remained of the "Old Guard" was Mr. Geo. B. Dealey, who was then the second Vice President and is now the Vice President and General Manager. Anyhow, I agreed then and there to sell out my business at

Portland and become Vice President of the News and representative of the Belo interests in that institution. Mrs. Belo had succeeded her son as President.

Affectionately your grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER SIXTY-FIVE

Dallas, Texas,

April 30, 1916

My dear grandchildren:

One of the agreements with Mrs. Belo was that I would not remain in Texas the months of June, July, August and September. I had left Texas eight years ago chiefly on account of its torrid summer climate and on no consideration would I spend the summer in that State again. Neither did Mrs. Belo desire or expect me to do so, as she told me frankly. So, after spending a month in Dallas, during which time I was made Vice President of A. H. Belo & Co., I returned to Portland to spend the summer there and to dispose of my business. The business—The W. A. Gordon Co.—was in the shape of a corporation and I succeeded in selling my stock to friends and associates of Mr. Gordon, some for cash and some on credit, taking the stock of the Company as collateral.

After disposing of my business in Portland, I thought I would have a month's vacation amidst the superb mountain scenery of the great Northwest. So we closed up our house in Irving Street and all four of us, Mother, Lucy, Cornelius and myself (Maurice being then absent in California engaged as geologist for the Southern Pacific Co.) —planned and carried out a glorious trip through the Canadian Rockies, along the line of the Canadian-Pacific. We went to Banff and stayed a few days there, then retracing our steps we stopped a few days at Lake Louise, probably the most beautiful spot along the entire range of the Rocky Mountains. No one, having the means to travel and interested in natural scenery should miss visiting Lake Louise at least once. From Lake Louise we crossed over Stephens Pass to Field's Station and thence seven miles inland to Emerald Lake, a spot second only to Lake Louise in loveliness. There we met two ladies from the East, Mrs. and Miss Emerson, relations of the philosopher of that name. Adjacent to Emerald Lake and divided only by a high ridge, lay the celebrated Yoho Valley, discovered only a few years previously, and but recently exploited by the Canadian Pacific Railroad as an attraction for tourists. That company, with its characteristic enterprise, had cut trails into the Valley and established camps at intervals of an easy day's journey, fully provisioned, with tents, beds, clean linen, and an attendant at each place. At the point

of departure, which is Emerald Lake, the Company supplies riding ponies and a guide for the trip which lasts three days. We made up a party of four besides the guide, Lucy, Miss Emerson, Cornelius and myself. Mother and Mrs. Emerson remained at the Hotel at Emerald Lake. The Valley is very deep, with steep declivities at each side. It is crowned with a continuous series of glaciers in the form of an immense horseshoe. At the farther end of the Valley the glacier reaches down toward the level of the Valley and consequently it is easily accessible. On the western side of the Valley, near the farther end, are the twin falls which are falling near each other, separated only by a rock. When we saw them in the morning on our way to the Glacier there was only one fall. When we returned in the afternoon there were two. The explanation of this phenomenon is that the river about the Falls is low in the morning because during the night the glacier, which supplies the water, is cold and not melting, and there is, therefore, only water enough to fill one channel and supply one fall. In the afternoon the melting ice increases the supply of water so that both channels get full and both falls are in commission. On the western slope near the mouth of the Valley is the Kakaata Fall, probably the most wonderful I have ever seen. The river of water from the glaciers after gliding over a smooth slope of granite several hundred feet, strikes a fault of the rock and rebounds so as to form an enormous arch, and then falls with tremendous power twelve hundred feet to the bottom of the Valley. We spent our last camping night just below this remarkable fall and I have a very distinct recollection of the terrific roar that assailed our ears all our waking hours. Excepting the camps and tourists in summer, no human beings inhabit the valley. It is as fresh' and primitive as nature made it centuries ago.

I have elaborated this episode of our experience a little more than others, not only because of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery and the delight it gave us, but also to illustrate the fact that one needs not necessarily go to Europe or to any other counry to enjoy he noblest scenery that this globe affords.

Affectionately your grandfather,

C. Lombardi

LETTER SIXTY-SIX

Dallas, Texas,

May 14, 1916.

My dear grandchildren:

I skipped last week because I felt unwell. Had a little fever. But I soon recovered and was well the next day.

Your grandmother Lombardi thinks that I made a mistake in the date of our trip to the Canadian Rockies described in my last letter and that it occurred the year before. Be that as it may, it remains in memory as a bright spot in our experience in the way of coming in contact with Nature in its primitive and most imposing garb.

Late in September of 1906 I moved to Dallas to assume my new duties with the A. H. Belo & Co. publications. Your grandmother and Lucy remained in Portland to pack up the furniture and get ready to move to Berkeley, California, for we had decided to make our permanent home in Berkeley—make it the headquarters of the family while my work eight months out of twelve was to be in Dallas. Cornelius was at the Hill School, but Maurice was well settled in California in the service of the Southern Pacific Co. in connection with their oil fields in California. Technically Maurice was in the service of the Kern Trading & Oil Co., a subsidiary of the Southern Pacific Co. He is at the present writing Superintendent of Construction of that Company. Our selection of Berkeley as our summer home was due largely to the attractive climate of that locality—*it* being cool practically all summer, but also to the fact that Maurice was apparently permanently settled in that part of California. At first the family rented a house on Cedar Street, Berkeley, but the following year (1907) I purchased a house a 2331 LeConte Ave., which has remained our homstead ever since.

Your grandmother remained with the family till Christmas of 1906, when I returned to Berkeley to spend the holidays, after which your grandmother returned with me to Dallas. That was the beginning of our life in Dallas and our separation from our children. Lucy went to Europe to join Miss Bettie Ballinger and stayed seven months. Cornelius, after graduating at the Hill School and spending the summer of 1907 at Berkeley, went to Yale in September of that year.

All this change of business from Portland to Dallas involved many vicissitudes both for myself and my family. It was another case of dislocation of domestic and social ties to which I and my family seemed destined which entailed painful experiences as well as experiences of the other kind. The painful part is being separated from our children, and, later, from you, our grandchildren, so much of the time and our leaving behind some very precious friends in Portland, Ore.

As the time approaches when we are to leave Dallas this season to visit first Lucy's family at Washington and Cornelius in New York, and afterwards, and for the summer, Maurice's family at Berkeley, I may not write any more letters till I feel settled down again.

Affectionately your grandfather,

C. Lombardi

APPENDIX

EDWARD M. HOUSE
Austin, Texas

CONFIDENTIAL.

C. Lombardi, Esq.,
Dallas, Texas.

My dear Mr. Lombardi:

I am sorry that you remove yourself from among those whom the President has under consideration for appointment on the Federal Reserve Board.

I suggested your name to him among others and with the understanding that I would look into the matter more fully when I came to Texas.

I spoke to Captain Hutcheson and my brother while in Houston and to President Mezes here and they all confirmed my belief of your fitness for a position upon this Board.

In the opinion of the President, and, for that matter, of the country at large, a place upon this Board is considered of as much honor and importance as an -appointment to the Supreme Bench of the United States; therefore the President is much concerned in the selection of its members. He would not want, however, to make any direct tender to anyone without knowing in advance whether the offer would be acceptable for the reason that it would not be desirable to have a refusal.

You have had a very wide acquaintance in the Southwest and an extensive business experience and I am wondering if you would be able to suggest a name that would be of value.

I hope that'I may have the pleasure of seeing you in person before I leave Texas, for I appreciate the great influence which your papers are wielding in the cause of good government.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) E. M. HOUSE.

February 14th, 1914.

COPY

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Dallas 1, Texas

George Waverley Briggs
Vice-President and Trust Officer

May 15, 1948

Dear Colonel Barber:

Under the peremptory challenge of an over-burdened desk, this is the first moment I have had to redeem my promise to write out for Mrs. Barber the characterization of one aspect of her father's diversified genius which so indelibly impressed me with his usefulness to his generation, as I recalled it to you during our recent conversation in Washington.

For two years I was in daily conference or contact with Mr. Lombardi in his capacity as supervisory head of the editorial departments of the Galveston-Dallas News, as my office was but three doors from his on the second floor of the old building here. For five years thereafter, during my regime as editor at Galveston, my association with him, although confined to the channels of the leased wire connecting the two offices, correspondence, and quarterly meetings of the Board, was, in a very definite sense, that of an official relationship even more intimate and of a friendship ripening in understanding and regard as time went on.

It was Mr. Lombardi's courtliness of manner toward everyone and his kindly consideration of, and ingenuous interest in, young men of his staff, that attracted me to him first. In diffusing the spirit of these rare virtues, I never knew him to fail or to tire, regardless of provocation or disappointment. He met every situation, however difficult, with the equanimity of a philosopher, displayed so vividly in his familiar little phrase, "Well, gentlemen, life is just one blessed thing after another!"

With an early acquired and repeatedly confirmed knowledge of this concern for his fellow men, I was not surprised to find, as our association advanced and my admiration for him deepened, that these fine attributes were but the reflection or effusion of even a rarer spiritual, quality, ceaselessly generating a dynamic force which, in my opinion,, dominated and enriched his personal and professional career, perhaps more than any other power of his great mind or heart. This was a

passionate love for truth, which made itself vividly manifest in persistent and constantly widening quests for its image wherever it could be conceivably found.

From this, on countless occasions when I, alone, or with others, comprised his informal audience, came striking revelations of the singularly expanding catholicity of his interests in life, in mankind, and in human aspiration, effort and well-being.

Nothing was too simple, nothing too abstruse, nothing too confusing; or difficult,—to occupy his serious and protracted thought in any sphere of investigation, if he suspected that it concealed a hitherto unexplained or undiscovered truth. His mind was truly his kingdom, over which he exercised a firm, purposeful and benevolent sovereignty, addressed to the enduring good which ceaseless cultivation, under the guidance and discipline of a strong and capable will, might enable it to produce for society. So long as I knew him, he moved steadily through his intellectual kingdom, toward ever-receding frontiers of conquest, never wearying, never halting; ever fleet and ever vigorous and always happy,—in the pursuit of this richest prize of life!

This is the conception of Mr. Lombardi which I formed in my association with him, and in which I envelope his cherished memory. Years after his death, when I returned to Dallas and was admitted to the Critic Club, of which he and Mr. Dealey were founding members, I soon learned that this impression was, and yet is, shared by his colleagues of that little group, organized just forty years ago this spring, in the endeavor to follow the same course in the company of like-minded comrades and gather along the way some of the flowers of friendship and wholesome enjoyment.

It was a very great pleasure to see you again, and Mr. Adams and I greatly appreciate the compliment of your presence at our little reception. He joins Mrs. Briggs and me in best wishes for Mrs. Barber and yourself.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

(Signed) Geo. Waverley Briggs

Colonel A. B. Barber
In care of the Chamber of Commerce
of the United States
Washington, D. C.

CORNELIUS ENNIS —A SKETCH

By Cesar Lombardi

The very foundation stones in the development of a new country the merchants. Without their energy and determination to attain ess amid difficulties apparently insurmountable, there would be but s progress in wresting from Nature the waste places of the earth for benefit of mankind. In the days when railroads were thought to be racticable, and the telegraph a superstition to be regulated to the ms of the lotus eaters, a brave and hardy set of men were traveling .* our state from end to end, on horseback, or in wagons, the compass ig their only guide, or, if haply preceded by comrad, blazed trees the r indication. The roads were almost impassable in rainy weather, and here were no bridges, many an anxious hour was spent at the fords, ols, bowie knives and a gun across the knees, were necessary alike nst men and beast.

Prominent amongst these was the subject of this sketch, Cornelius is, born in 1813 in Essex County (now Passaic County) New Jersey. Ennis' Great Grandfather was William Ennis, who came from the th of Ireland in the latter part of the 17th century, and settled in jen County, New Jersey. He married Hannah Brower, a granddaugh- af Janaker Janks, who was a grandniece of William III, King of Eng- l. Mr. Ennis' mother was a Doremus, of Knickerbocker stock, from of the original Holland families that settled in this country.

After receiving as liberal an education as that state then afforded, Ennis went to New York in 1834 and obtained a position in a drug s. On January 31st, 1837, he began a trip down the Ohio and Miss- ipi Rivers in search of a desirable location in which to win Dame :une's fickle smile. Traveling on the Mississippi he met a great num- of people from Texas, going to Canada to join the patriots around anto. All were enthusiastic concerning the agricultural and mercan- advantages of Texas, which together with the stories of the gallantry courage of the victors of the War of Independence, fired the imagina- of the young merchant, who returned to New York in May, there to :inue in business until January 1839, when he purchased a stock of >s and medicines and embarked on the schooner Lion, Capt. Eish, manding, Galveston, Texas.

He found Galveston very sparsely settled, without a hotel or wharf, proceeded to Houston, then two years old and the capitol of the Re- lic. Here he immediately established his business, purchasing a lot on n Street, where he built a storehouse. In November of the same year ormed a partnership with Mr. Geo. W. Kimball, extending his busi- to general merchandise. The business was prosperous until 1842,

when Geo. W. Kimball and family took passage to New York on the Brig Cuba, Capt. Latham, and were lost at sea in a gale off the Florida coast. Mr. Kimball had with him cotton and funds to be invested in the business at Houston; but this loss served only to further develop the energy and courage of the surviving partner, and the business continued to prosper.

The first cotton received at Houston was in January, 1840, and came from Fort Bend County. Previous to this the merchants of Columbus and Brazoria controlled the crop. The cotton was hauled to market in wagons, and very much delayed by rains, there being but poor roads and no bridges. That received at Houston was ferried across the Bayou at the foot of Main street, and later at the foot of Commerce and Milam streets, where the iron bridge now stands. The firm of Ennis & Kimball made the first shipment of cotton from the port of Galveston to that of Boston in 1841, on the schooner Brazos, a new departure in business noted with much interest and promising many benefits.

Mr. Ennis was long and prominently connected with the building of the railroads of the state. He was one of the incorporators of the Houston & Texas Central, and also of the Great Northern, until that road was merged with the International. The city of Ennis, in Ellis County, was located and named for him while he was in control of the railroad which passed through it. While he was Mayor of Houston the city built the Houston Tap Railroad, connecting the Harrisburg & San Antonio R. R., to the construction of which he gave his personal attention, Mr. Stump being the civil engineer. He was for some time general superintendent and comptroller of the Houston & Texas Central, and later, its financial agent, with offices in New York, where he resided for several years, negotiating bonds and purchasing supplies and materials for the road. In 1856-7 he was elected Mayor of Houston, and gave his services to the city, contributing very materially to its advancement, and to the safety and welfare of its people, by ferreting out a band of outlaws who for many years had caused the traders much anxiety and loss, waylaying their negro drivers and appropriating their goods. A young German was murdered and his money stolen. The crime was supposed to have been committed by the leader of this gang, named Keykendall, and his negro, named Napoleon. Mr. Ennis contributed more than anyone else in time and money to the pursuit of these and other desperadoes, and succeeded in having five of them arrested, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary. They escaped in 1861 and joined the Confederate Army. During the Reign of Terror one of the gang met Mr. Ennis in the street and introduced himself, thereby giving Mr. Ennis a decided thrill in those sensational days.

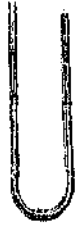
During the Civil War Mr. Ennis remained in Texas, importing supplies and exporting cotton. In 1864 he went to Havana by way of Mata-

moras, and there met Capt. Jack Moore, a Bar Pilot of Galveston, whom he sent to New York to purchase an Iron Clyde steamer, the "Jeannette" at the expenditure of $40,000.00 in gold. He brought her to Havana, where he loaded her with munitions of war, consisting of twelve hundred English Enfield rifles, ten tons of gunpowder, three million percussion caps, a lot of shoes and blankets and other army supplies for the Confederate army, all of which he turned over to the Confederate authorities.

Mr. Ennis was married in 1842 to Miss Jeannette Ingals Kimball, a sister of his partner. Miss Kimball had come to this country with her brother from Vermont in October 1839- She came of the English stock, long settled in New England, and is related to the Emersons and Ripleys- of literary fame. She was always deeply interested in the development of her adopted state, and contributed much to the comfort and happiness of those associated with her in this pioneer work by her gentle and efficient ministrations in time of sickness and the epidemics which too frequently attend the opening up of a new country. Her devotion was especially marked during the fearful epidemics of yellow fever. She was noted for her cheerful, generous and unfailing hospitality, and also for her efficient co-operation with her husband in the establishment of churches and schools. Mr. and Mrs. Ennis have four children living, three daughters and one son. The eldest daughter married Col. A. H. Belo, of the Galveston and Dallas News. The next is Mrs. Frank Cargill, of Houston, Texas, and the youngest is Mrs. C. Lombardi also of Houston. The son, Richard, is living in Mexico.

Written by Cesar Lombardi, prior to 1890.

FROM THE DESK
OF
A. H. FULBRIGHT



February 9, 19^9

Block 77, SSBB, Sam Houston High School tract, bounded by Capitol, Austin, Rusk and Caroline.

Mr. Andrews:

Block 77 is part of the Holman Survey patented by the State of Texas to Morsely Baker, assignee. Mosely Baker conveyed to Jeannette J. Kimball by deed dated August 31, 184-1.

Jeannette J. Kimball, subsequent to her purchase of the property, was married to Cornelius Ennis and Cornelius Ennis and wife, Jeannette J. Ennis, conveyed to Houston Educational Society by deed dated June 6, 1853.

By deed dated March 9, 1857, Houston Educational Society conveyed to Houston Academy and in this deed occurs the restriction that the block should not be sold or used for any other purpose than the building of an academy.

The title of Houston Academy passed into the City of Houston and thence into the Houston Independent School District. I am unable to find any reservation or possibility of Interest In Jeannette J. Ennis or her husband, Cornelius Ennis.

A. H. P.

1818