

trol substantially all economic phenomena, and determine costs, which in turn determine the demand, and the demand now always meets the supply at a price which gives fair business returns on capital.

R. H. THURSTON.

IN MEMORIAM: JOHN GREGORY BOURKE.

IN 1892 the country was startled by the announcement in the papers that Captain John Gregory Bourke, of the Third Cavalry, United States Army, had been assassinated in broad day and in a thronged court-room in Texas, by some friends of the bandit Garza, against whom the Captain was testifying and whose forces he had defeated on the Rio Grande frontier. The grief and indignation in the army were intense, and many tears were shed by eyes unused to weeping, for there was no man in the military service who had friends more numerous and sincere than those of Captain Bourke. But after some days of mourning, our joy returned on learning that the item in the papers was false, that no coward shot had been fired as reported, and that Captain Bourke still remained a terror to the marauders of the Rio Grande.

Four years passed, and again we were shocked with the sudden and unexpected tidings of his death. But on this occasion the tidings were, alas! true. Now they came from a hospital in his native city of Philadelphia, where, on June 8th, he had succumbed to the sequelæ of a surgical operation performed with a hope of saving his life. At the time it was not generally known that he was ill or stood in need of an operation. Such was the ending of a hero who had a hundred times faced death on the field of battle before the bullet of the civilized foe, and, literally, like the Baron Rudiger, 'Before the Paynim spear.'

Captain Bourke was a soldier by nature and knew no other profession than that of arms. At the early age of 19, while our

Civil War was in progress, he volunteered as a private soldier (August, 1862), and served in that capacity until the close of the war. He so distinguished himself in this part of his career that he was appointed to the National Military Academy, upon the recommendation of his illustrious commander, General George H. Thomas, at the close of the war. After the usual course of four years at West Point, he was graduated in June, 1869, and received a commission in the Third Cavalry, with which regiment he remained until the time of his death.

During the seventeen years following his graduation he was doing duty on our Western frontiers, in lonely and isolated garrisons, where so many of our soldiers, in days past, have worn out years of miserable existence, and in active campaigns against hostile Indians.

After five years of work in Washington City, where he was ordered on special duty, connected with his ethnographic researches, he returned again to service with his regiment—not to a dull garrison life, but to the active, warlike service which seemed to be his usual lot. This time he fought, not the the civilized foe or the savage enemy, but the elusive outlaw of the Mexican border. How well he succeeded is a matter fresh in the minds of all.

In 1893 he had another brief respite from his military duties, when we all met him in charge of the rare collection in the mimic convent of La Rabida, at the World's Columbian Exposition. When his work there closed he returned to his regiment and assumed command of his troop at Fort Riley, Kansas. But he had not rested long until he was called again to Chicago, but by a sterner duty than that which called him there before. He came to quell the rioters of 1894 and to protect the United States mails. He discharged his difficult duties on this occasion, as usual, with credit to himself and profit to his country.

At length, after its long and arduous service in the far West, the valiant regiment to which he belonged was given the merited reward of a pleasant and peaceful station in the East. It came to the newly constructed post of Fort Ethan Allen, on the shores of Lake Champlain. Here we hoped our friend might long remain to enjoy his well-earned repose before he went on another campaign, but here it was destined that his earthly campaigns should end forever.

"A courageous man," says Webster, "is ready for battle, a brave man courts it, a gallant man dashes into the midst of the conflict." To the class of gallant men, Captain Bourke distinctly belonged, and he represented the highest type of the American soldier. In his boyhood he won a medal of honor—that decoration of the Republic which none but the bravest may wear—for gallantry in the memorable battle of Stone River, in Tennessee. For gallantry during Indian campaigns he was tendered two brevet commissions, that of captain and that of major, but both of these he modestly declined.

Some idea of the fierce battles which he fought on the frontier may be gleaned from his writings; but in these, while fullest justice is done to the bravery of his comrades, his own heroic part is modestly suppressed. It is enough to say that, for years, he served on the staff of that distinguished warrior, General George Crook, for none who had not 'A frame of adamant, a soul of fire' found favor in his eyes or could long follow the severe labors which he demanded of his soldiers.

So much for the military career of our subject, over which we would gladly linger, but which we must dismiss with brief words, and proceed to consider his claims on our attention as an ethnologist—the claims which most interest the members of this meeting.

Like a true soldier, he honored a brave foe. If the Indian found him a deadly enemy in time of war, he found also a true friend and advocate in time of peace. At an early time in his career he became interested in the customs and languages of the Indians and began to note these. He gained the confidence and respect of Indian allies and was afforded rare opportunities for investigation. The notes made from his original observations form the basis of most of his works; but he found means also for enriching his fund of knowledge by means of comparative studies.

In 1886 he was ordered to Washington to compile his ethnographic notes. He remained at the Capital about five years, and during this period spent most of his time in the great libraries reading the works of early explorers and ethnographers and making copious notes. How well he collated and how wisely he compared is evinced by his excellent works on the 'Medicine-men of the Apaches' and the 'Scatalogic Rites of all Nations.' Had he lived longer we have no doubt he would have drawn further from his ample store of notes.

Of his published contributions to ethnography, which were numerous, perhaps the most noteworthy was his 'Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona.' In this he set an early example to students in the too long neglected study of ceremony and showed how minute and careful the observations of ceremonials might be made. The existence of this wonderful rite was known to few when he first witnessed it, but his work spread the fame of the Mokis and their ophiolatry over the world. To-day the biennial rite attracts visitors from every quarter, and the high pueblo walls that overhang the sacred rock are thronged with hundreds of white faces, mingled with the dusky ones that look down upon the awful rite below. His work stimulated the

efforts of other investigators. Many scholars have, since his book was written, made the long pilgrimage to the desert mesa to witness the ceremony, and some have spent years in studying the rite without yet learning all that there is to be known.

In 1895 Captain Bourke received two well earned tokens of the recognition of his work. He was elected Secretary of the Section of Anthropology of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and President of the American Folk-Lore Society.

As a writer, Captain Bourke displayed great power. In his scientific treatises he was clear and concise; in his popular works, entertaining, witty, and, to a high degree, graphic. His pictures of early days in Arizona and of wild life on the Western frontier have, in their way, not been excelled; while some of his descriptions of Indian campaigns and battles stand unrivalled in the literature of modern warfare.

Captain Bourke was only 53 years of age when he died—an age when men are often in the fullest exercise of their intellectual powers. Only a few months before his death he told the writer, in a letter, that he hoped soon to get retired from active duty, on account of length of service; to make Washington his home and to devote the remainder of his life to the study of American Ethnology. What a hope was here held out for Science! What a pleasant anticipation to the writer, who looked forward to frequent association, in congenial pursuits, with his valued friend! "Oh Death! Where is thy sting?" It is here. In our hearts we feel it. It will abide with us forever.

Our loss is irreparable. Some say that the loss of no man is irreparable and that where one falls, another as good takes his place; but with our subject such is not the case. The life he experienced, the scenes he witnessed, many of the customs which

he had studied and had not described to the world are part of an irrevocable past. The 'sea of change' sweeps as a tidal wave over all that belongs to our aborigines. Many reminiscences stored in his memory are buried with him.

But while the world of science may mourn in its formal way, it is to the intimate friends of Captain Bourke that his loss is deeply painful. He was a man of the most charming personality. In his serious moods his conversation was wise and instructive, while, for his gayer moments, his wide experience and close observation had given him an inexhaustible fund of narrative. He was an excellent mimic and always told his story to the best advantage. He was not only a humorist, but a decided wit, and he had the rare faculty, when uttering his wittiest sayings, of assuming a sad expression of face which might put to shame 'The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.'

A gallant soldier, a chivalrous gentleman, a scholar of rare acumen, a faithful friend, a dutiful son, a loving husband, a devoted father; such was the comrade over whose grave the bugle has sounded 'taps' on the Heights of Arlington.

WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.

THE BOTANICAL SEMINAR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

THE Botanical Seminar of the University of Nebraska celebrated its decennial on October 10th. The Seminar was founded on October 11, 1886, as a quasi-fraternal organization of seven students in the botanical department. It soon grew into a serious botanical society, and since 1888 has been maintained as such by graduate students in botany in the University. It is a unique example of a society without constitution, by-laws, or written rules of any sort. No election has ever been held, no motion has ever been made and no formal vote has