

**LILLIAN MORRIS, AND
OTHER
STORIES. TRANSLATED
BY JEREMIAH CURTIN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649159864

Lillian Morris, and other stories. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin by Henryk Sienkiewicz

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

**LILLIAN MORRIS, AND
OTHER
STORIES. TRANSLATED
BY JEREMIAH CURTIN**

LILLIAN MORRIS
AND OTHER
STORIES

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ
AUTHOR OF "WITH
FIRE AND SWORD" ETC.
TRANSLATED BY
JEREMIAH CURTIN WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDMUND H. GARRETT



BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
M.D. CCC. XCIV

Copyright, 1894,
By LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.



PG
7158
S4A232

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.



	PAGE
LILLIAN MORRIS	1
SACHEM	155
YAMYOL	177
THE BULL-FIGHT	199



LILLIAN MORRIS.

DURING my stay in California I went with my worthy and gallant friend, Captain R., to visit Y., a compatriot of ours who was living in the secluded mountains of Santa Lucia. Not finding him at home, we passed five days in a lonely ravine, in company with an old Indian servant, who during his master's absence took care of the Angora goats and the bees.

Conforming to the ways of the country, I spent the hot summer days mainly in sleep, but when night came I sat down near a fire of dry "chamisal," and listened to stories from the captain, concerning his wonderful adventures, and events which could happen only in the wilds of America.

Those hours passed for me very bewitchingly. The nights were real Californian : calm, warm, starry ; the fire burned cheerily, and in its gleam I saw the gigantic, but shapely and noble form of the old pioneer warrior. Raising his eyes to the stars, he sought to recall past events, cherished names, and dear faces, the very remembrance of which brought a mild sadness to his features. Of these narratives I give one just as I heard it, thinking that the reader will listen to it with as much interest as I did.



I CAME to America in September, 1849, said the captain, and found myself in New Orleans, which was half French at that time. From New Orleans I went up the Mississippi to a great sugar plantation, where I found work and good wages. But since I was young in those days, and full of daring, sitting in one spot and writing annoyed me ; so I left that place soon and began life in the forest. My comrades and I passed some time among the lakes of Louisiana, in the midst of crocodiles, snakes,