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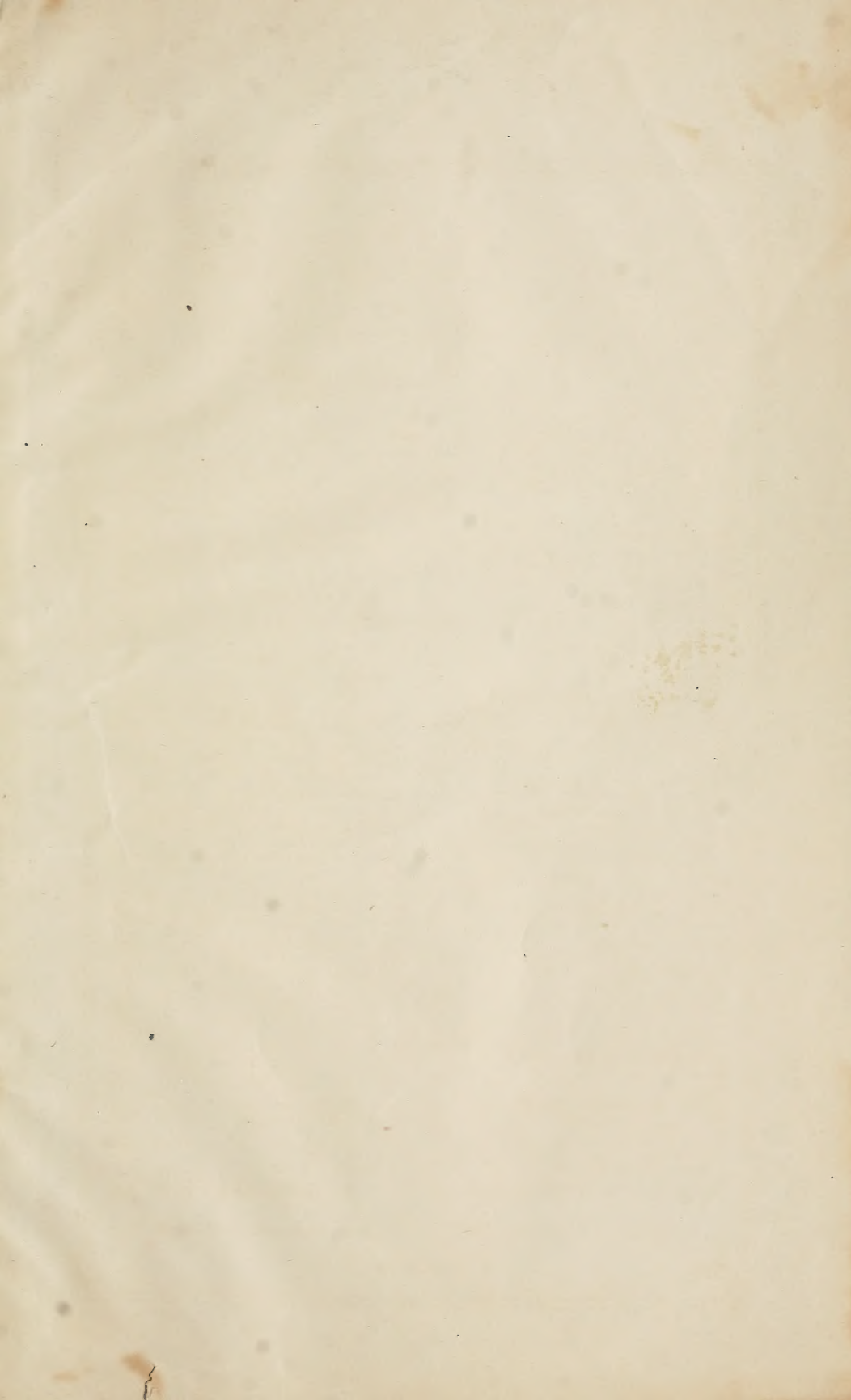
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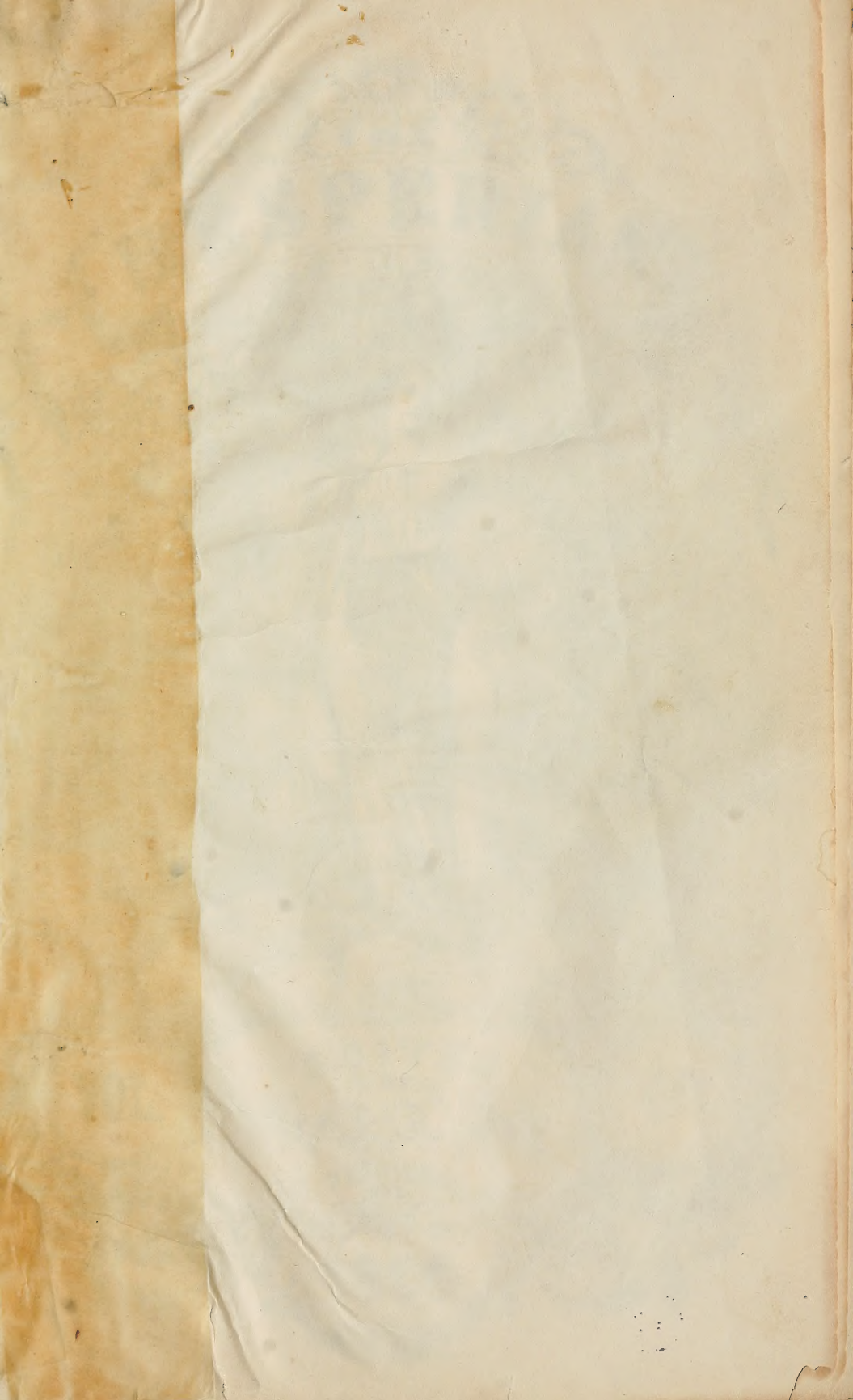
*From an Act prescribing Rules for the Government of the State Library, passed March 8th, 1861.*

SECTION 11. The Librarian shall cause to be kept a register of all books issued and returned; and all books taken by the members of the Legislature, or its officers, shall be returned at the close of the session. If any person injure or fail to return any book taken from the Library, he shall forfeit and pay to the Librarian, for the benefit of the Library, three times the value thereof; and before the Controller shall issue his warrant in favor of any member or officer of the Legislature, or of this State, for his per diem, allowance, or salary, he shall be satisfied that such member or officer has returned all books taken out of the Library by him, and has settled all accounts for injuring such books or otherwise.

Sec. 15. Books may be taken from the Library by the members of the Legislature and its officers during the session of the same, and at any time by the Governor and the officers of the Executive Department of this State who are required to keep their offices at the seat of government, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General and the Trustees of the Library.









CAL.

1860

# THE HESPERIAN



**VOL.**

**IV.**

EDITED


BY

*Mrs J. H. Day*

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1860





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# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1860.

No. 1.

## THE TREE PRIMROSE, OR FALSE FUSCHIA,

So well executed in the present number, will be seen to be a shrub of most remarkable beauty and interest. It was recently discovered and introduced from Cerros Island by Dr. J. A. VEATCH. In its native state it is found growing in open, sterile, rocky and clayey soils, at an elevation of from 600 to 2000 feet above the level of the sea.

Many members of this species of plants—the *Enotheras* (or wine seekers)—only expand their flowers in the evening, at which time they are the favorite resort of moths and owl butterflies: on this account they have been styled Evening Primroses.

*Technical Description.*—Stem woody, erect, 6 to 8 feet in height, seldom more than 2 or 3 inches in diameter, branches short, erect or ascending, twigs scarlet or madder purple, bark of the body whitish, or leaden hue, wrinkled and roughened, wood yellowish, very brittle. Floral portion of the branchlets minutely short villous, with glandular hairs, often puberulant below. Leaves small, linear lanceolate, entire, (?) undulate, sessile, villous, apex glandular, tipped with scarlet, alternate, solitary, or in fascicles. Flowers in dense spikes elongating as the fruit matures, floral branchlets purple, tube of the calyx long, tubular-funnel-form, the lower third attenuated or somewhat suddenly contracted into a slender tube ventricose above, about 1 inch in length, (the acute reflexed segments about  $\frac{1}{4}$  the length of the tube) minutely hoary villous externally, the lower third hirsute within. Flowers on stems (pedicles)  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch in length, deep scarlet, segments purple, unchanged in drying. Petals obovate, roundish, shorter than the stamens and pistil or calyx segments, buds and flowers erect, style exsert beyond the stamens, capitate stigma often with a white frosty exudation or flocculose tomentum attached, purple lilac color. Stamens exsert, the 4 opposite the petals shortest, the flattened filaments inserted a little lower down, anthers yellow, striped with a scarlet line along the back, tipped with a crimson mucro, oblong, linear fixed near the middle versatile. Flowers diurnal. Capsules erect, somewhat curved or ascending, from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 inch in length on stout pedicles from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch in length, persistent (for years,) linear subquadrangular, 4-celled, 4-valved, opening at the apex, and the

valves recurve-expanding, separating from the persistent central placenta, seeds compressed with a thin membranous testa, linear oblong appendiculate, ascending in a single row in each cell.

The seeds have been sent to Europe and to the East, and we hope soon to see this charming shrub in cultivation.

We regret that the admirable chromo-lithograph of this lovely plant has been marred in some degree by wrong lettering. *Anothera* is given as the name, instead of *Ænothera*.

—••—

CEDAR ISLAND JUNIPER.



*Juniperus Cedrosiana*—KELLOGG.

THE above figure is an outline of a new and very valuable species of Juniper. About two years since we received specimens from Dr. J.

A. VEATCH, found upon the mainland in the vicinity of New Idria; from these we made an incomplete drawing, and invited the attention of the California Academy of Natural Sciences to the subject; but the fruit being immature, and desiring more ample materials, we had not deemed it proper to take further public notice of it until the recent reception of full and complete specimens from Cedros Island, Dec. 2d, 1859. This tree is of slow growth, requiring 150 to 200 years to attain to the height of 10 or 15 feet, with the diameter of a foot. The branches spread horizontally in an irregular manner, with very dense foliaceous branchlets, often literally loaded with fruit. These blue cone-like berries abound in a terebinthine aromatic gum, probably as valuable for medicinal and economic purposes as any of its kindred. Found in forests it would doubtless rise to a tall columnar form, with a straight grain. The wood is remarkably close and fine-grained; in color and texture it resembles the apple-tree, although we think the quality much superior. In the recent state it is quite heavy.

The timber is apparently the most suitable for engraving purposes of any native timber known to us. To the turner, the artist, the carver, and the cabinet-maker, the wood is invaluable—suitable for the finest work. It takes a beautiful polish, and is probably equal, if not superior in durability to many others of this almost indestructible family of forest trees. Its live-oak manner of growth forming natural knees, ought to recommend it to the attention of ship-carpenters and boat-builders, especially upon this side of the continent, where such timber will soon be needed. If the bark were removed and the tree left standing to partially season before cutting, and perhaps macerating it well to remove the sap and subjecting it to slow seasoning, it would probably be found to work without warping. We hope those living in its vicinity will furnish us with the result of their experience.

*Technical Description.*—Leaves minute ovate, acute, appressed, imbricate in six rows, an oblong gland on the back, leaves on the younger branches of recent growth oblong subulate, on the older intermediate branches diamond-shaped, apex short, subulate incurved. Berries (on the female branch No. 1) somewhat oblong-ovoid of 6 to 8 oblong sub-peltate mucronate scales, cohering into a three-seeded berry (see No. 3,) the flattish mucro eccentric on the back



of the upper third, erect or somewhat recurved. The older more matured, fruit sub-3-angled, more or less tuberculate, with oblong ridges or longitudinal ribs; densely clothed with a blue bloom. Fruit large (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch long and a little less in diameter.) Male aments or cones (No. 2) very small ovate, light cinnamon color.

It is worthy of observation, that on every specimen of this species of Juniper—although collected by other parties and from other localities—should all present remarkable strobiliferous cones as seen in the marginal figure. They are evidently produced by the poisonous sting of some insect causing this peculiar metamorphosis of the leaves. Probably a *cynips*.

NOTE BY DR. J. A. VEATCH.

This Juniper grows rather abundantly in some localities on Cerros Island. It is found most abundant about the middle of the island, on the eastern side, in deep ravines, usually at an elevation of 600 or 700 feet above the sea.

I have observed it in great profusion on the mountains bordering the western side of the great Tulare Valley, on the head of Panoche Creek, and in the neighborhood of the quicksilver mines of New Idria. It is remarkable for the great horizontal extension of its branches, generally within a foot or less of the ground, and not unfrequently touching it their whole length, branching off from the main stem at a height of a few inches. When in full fruit, the twigs are literally bending with the weight of the minute cones. Its spreading boughs afford an appropriate and favorite shelter for quails, rabbits, and other small animals.

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### THE PAST.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

O, sad-voic'd winds of Spring,  
To-night your mournful music suits me well,  
For from the unforgetten Past ye bring  
Thoughts which I may not tell!

The Past, Oh mighty word!  
Mighty in human good, and human ill;  
How are the secret founts of nature stirr'd,  
Obedient to thy will!

The millions past away,  
Are sleeping calmly in thy bosom now,

And millions basking in the Present's ray,  
To thy decree must bow!

Sad thoughts come welling up,  
And chase my individual grief away,  
I see the myriads that have drain'd life's cup,  
And spent their short lived day!

Ambition's eager men,  
The glorious and degraded ones of earth,  
They who have nobly wielded plough and pen,  
And votaries of mirth!

Fair women, in whose hearts  
Rested the holy image of our God,  
And those lost beings whose destroying arts  
Curs'd the bright earth they trod!

And children, fair and sweet,  
As the blush rose that opens to the sun,  
Who needed but a *guide* to teach their feet  
Guilt's thorny paths to shun!

The thoughts, the hopes, the fears,  
That sway'd in hearts as sensitive as ours,  
All have pass'd down the stream that swelled with tears  
Or that was deck'd with flowers!

How little can we guess  
The living feelings of the countless dead;  
The voiceless misery, or happiness,  
Through which their earth-life sped.

Yet some had glorious souls,  
And some left records of a mighty mind;  
And such, till time's last fading cycle rolls,  
Are landmarks for their kind!

And such, tho' dead, live still;  
The good man's memory is forever green;  
'T was ever glorious, and it ever will  
Reflect in quenchless sheen!

The whole of life is *this*,  
Or short or long, past, present, gives no more,  
A stainless past, expectant future bliss,  
When present scenes are o'er.

Then let each fleeting hour  
That adds its number to the checker'd past,

Add also to eternity's rich dower  
More treasure than the last!

So, when with time and change  
All that we ever have to do is done,  
Our souls shall find a wider, nobler range,  
In worlds of glory won!

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PAPERS ON THE EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY J. F. BOWMAN.

No. II. *The Latin Writers—Continued.*

AMONG the Latin writers, whose names are connected with the early period of Anglo Saxon Literature, Adhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, and afterwards Bishop of Sherborne, is one worthy of at least a passing notice. His writings belong to the latter part of the seventh century, and he died a few years after the commencement of the eighth. Adhelm is said to have been educated by a learned Irishman named Meldun, by whom he was thoroughly indoctrinated in Greek and Latin letters. He himself takes pains to inform us of the extent and variety of the studies with which he occupied himself, among which were astronomy, astrology, and the Roman law. He seems to have been of a highly speculative turn of mind, and among the subjects to the investigation of which he devoted himself, were, the solution of the famous scientific problem, which at the time occupied so large a share of the attention of the learned—the proper mode of computing the Easter festival—and the mysterious and sacred virtue of perpetual virginity. The latter, indeed, seems to have been the good bishop's favorite subject, and he treated it at large, both in prose and verse, making it the theme of an elaborate religious and philosophical work, and also, of an extended poem—both in Latin. In addition to his other talents and acquirements, he is said to have been an excellent musician.

The Anglo Saxons, we are told, delighted greatly in rhythm and harmony, and King Alfred in his "Hand-Book," has preserved an anecdote of the Saxon Bishop, which, whatever credit it may reflect upon his musical powers, would be regarded now-a-days as scarcely

consistent with the episcopal dignity. He tells us that Adhelm, when he could find no other mode of commanding the attention of his uncultivated parishioners and townsmen, did not scruple to mount upon the bridge at Sherborne, and entertain his audience by *singing a ballad of his own composition*,—a performance which, as the royal chronicler intimates, seldom failed to interest and charm even the rudest spirits.

Tradition further ascribes to Adhelm, a character of saintly purity, together with the power of working miracles, some instances of which are mentioned by subsequent writers. Of the numerous works attributed to him, but a few have been preserved, among which are the treatise and poem in praise of virginity, already alluded to; and these two, we believe, are the only productions of his which have been printed.

Adhelm, however, is chiefly worthy of note and remembrance, in connection with English literary history, as having been one of the first, if not actually the first, who translated portions of the Scriptures into the Anglo Saxon tongue.

Bede, usually styled the Venerable, is the next of the Anglo Saxon writers, in the order of time, worthy of special mention, with the exception of the poet Caedmon, who, as he composed in his native tongue, and not in Latin, does not belong to the class of authors treated of in the present paper. The other names which occur between the period of Adhelm and that of Bede,—Ceolfrid, Abbot of Wearmouth, and Felix of Croyland,—are not of sufficient importance to call for more than mere passing mention. In his Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo Saxons, Bede has left us a work, which is valuable even in the present age, and one which is cited by all subsequent English historians, as the main authority and source of information upon the events of the period which it covers. Of all the writers in the Latin tongue, who figure in the list of Anglo Saxon authors, he is the only one whose name is familiar to the general reader,—and of him, no well-informed person should be entirely ignorant. He was born about the year A. D. 675, at Jarrow, a village near the mouth of the Tyne. His life was the quiet and uneventful one of a modest but enthusiastic scholar and churchman, devoted to study and reflection. The greater part of it was spent within the walls of

the Monastery of Wearmouth, where he died, in the year 735. At the age of nineteen he took deacon's orders, and in his thirtieth year he was ordained a priest. From this period to that of his death, he remained almost constantly shut up in his monastery, giving his whole time to study and writing, in which alone, according to his own account, he could find happiness. "It was all my life sweet to me," he says, with an unaffected simplicity, "to learn, to teach, and to write." His love of retirement, and his devotion to quiet and studious pursuits were so great, that when Pope Sergius, induced by his fame for learning, solicited him to leave his monastery and take up his residence at Rome, he declined the flattering invitation. Among the learned of his own countrymen, he was held in the highest estimation, and Egbert, Bishop of York, seems to have been one of his warmest friends and admirers. An epistle which Bede wrote to this prelate, is still preserved, and is highly valuable and interesting for the curious information which it contains in reference to the ecclesiastical affairs of the period. Both at home and abroad, his writings called forth the highest praise of his contemporaries, and some of them were even deemed so valuable and edifying, that they were recommended by an ecclesiastical council to be publicly read in the churches. But while thus honored, and almost canonized in his own generation, he has been less fortunate in undergoing the ordeal of later criticism, and his literary merits have been severely canvassed, and, (judged by any absolute standard,) successfully impeached, by modern writers. If we look upon his productions without a just consideration of the age in which he lived, and apply to him the canons of modern taste, we cannot well quarrel with the strictures of Du Pin, who says that "he wrote with surprising facility, but without elegance, art, purity, or reflection; and though his style is clear, he appears to be a greater master of learning, than of judgment or true critical taste." Had Bede's reviewer pointed out to us a single contemporary writer to whom these remarks would not be equally applicable, there would have been greater justice and good sense in his criticism. These remarks upon the "style" of a British author of the eighth century, writing in the Latin tongue, and who had never been beyond the limits of his native island, seem to us somewhat overstrained. Equally unreasonable are the censures which have been launched against



Bede for his "puerile credulity," because he has chronicled in a spirit of simple faith, some of those legendary miracles, universally believed in, by the pious of his age. If Herodotus, and most of the other "classical" historians, were to be criticised in the same spirit, it would not be difficult to convict them of a credulity at least as puerile as that of the British churchman. But the prodigies and wonders, chronicled by Greek or Roman writers, seem for some reason, to have been viewed in quite a different light, from those narrated in equal good faith by some devout and simple monk, or zealous, perhaps fanatical, churchman. Judged by any fair and reasonable standard, Bede must be admitted to have been a man of superior intellect, and one of the brightest luminaries that shone out amidst the darkness of the rude age in which he lived.

His Ecclesiastical History, the most celebrated, as it is the most valuable, of his works, embraces the period from the invasion of Cæsar to his own time, covering a space of more than six hundred years. The materials for his History were collected from old chronicles and traditions, and the annals of the convents, and there is no reason to doubt that it is in the main quite as reliable as the great majority of the early histories of nations. It bears every trace of having been conscientiously written, and its faults are those which, in an equal degree, characterize every composition of the kind, produced in a similar age, and under analagous circumstances. Many different editions of this work have been printed, the first of which was produced at Esling, in Germany, in 1474.

When the voluminous character of his writings is remembered, the fact that there have been three continental editions of his entire works, (the last of which was published at Cologne in 1688,) will show the high estimation in which he has been held by the learned, even in comparatively modern times. Some notion of Bede's indefatigable industry, as well as of the range and variety of his studies, may be gathered from the mere names of his principal writings, among which were commentaries on nearly every book in the Old and New Testaments; a History of Martyrs; a chronological treatise, entitled "the Six Ages"; a treatise on the metrical art; another on orthography; a volume of hymns; another of epigrams, together with a number of biographies, and theological essays or treatises. In addition to these productions, which were all in Latin,

there is reason to believe that he was something of a poet, and the author of several metrical compositions in the Saxon tongue.

St. Cuthbert, his pupil, tells us in an interesting account which he has left us of Bede's last hours, that at the time of his death, he was engaged in translating St. John's Gospel into his native tongue. Cuthbert also declares that his master was "very learned" in English (that is Anglo Saxon) songs, and that "putting his thoughts into *English verse*, he spoke it with compunction."

Though upwards of sixty at the time of his death, it is said that his life was shortened by excessive study and confinement. To the very last, though suffering under a distressing complication of asthma and consumption, he persisted in his literary labors, and also in devoting a portion of his time to the instruction of the monks of his convent. He finished his "History" only a few years before his death, and at a time when he was already a prey to the complicated disease to which he finally succumbed. Even with his last breath, St. Cuthbert tells us, he addressed to his affectionate disciples, who were watching around his bed, some "recitations" in the Anglo Saxon,—probably hymns, or devotional songs of his own composition, in that "English verse," which we are assured he could speak with so much "compunction."

It is not at all remarkable, though much to be regretted, that while Bede's Latin works have been so carefully preserved, we have not a single remnant of his composition in his native tongue. Latin was then the language of the learned, and even afterwards in the time of Alfred, the attempts of that monarch, to make translations from the Latin into the vernacular, for the benefit of the common people, were discountenanced by the scholars, on the ground that such attempts were in disparagement of learning, inasmuch as all who desired access to the fields of knowledge ought to acquire the Latin tongue.

The new-born languages then in process of formation, were regarded by the learned, as crude *patois*, and were designated as "the rustic tongue." The employment of such barbarous jargon for literary purposes, would have been considered absurd and monstrous; and as to rendering any portion of the sacred writings into these vulgar and plebeian idioms, bearing, as in the eyes of the educated classes they did, the stamp of coarseness and ignorance,—the very

contemplation of such an undertaking, would have seemed little short of profanity and sacrilege. This feeling seems to have been general, and indeed almost universal, among the clergy of France, Spain and Italy, even after the languages of those countries had acquired sufficient consistence, and regularity for literary uses.

Thus, a knowledge of Latin was absolutely necessary, in order to make any advances in learning: and when we remember the utter lack of modern facilities for its acquisition,—the absence of lexicons and well arranged grammars, (Priscian being the only grammatical author whom the learner could consult) we shall be able in some degree to appreciate the formidable difficulties which at this period beset the road to the temple of knowledge, and the resolution, industry and perseverance, of the few courageous and determined spirits who succeeded in conquering those difficulties. Books were very few in number, and commanded enormous prices. Printing being unknown, they could only be multiplied by the tedious and laborious process of transcription. That was an extensive library, which could boast its two score volumes, and for the acquisition of the language in which were locked up nearly all the treasure of learning, there existed but a meagre vocabulary, of which sometimes but half a dozen copies existed in a whole Kingdom, and each copy of which was worth a fortune. Under these circumstances, the only mode by which the majority of students could acquire a knowledge of the Latin, was by oral instruction—a process involving the most appalling difficulties; and it may safely be affirmed that the youthful student who in the days of Bede mastered that single tongue, put forth in the effort, an amount of intellectual energy, equal to what would be now required with the aids and appliances in use, to become familiar with all the languages of modern Europe. It is only by bearing in mind, and giving due weight, to facts and considerations of this nature, that we can justly estimate the scholars and writers of this remote period, and avoid the unfair and shallow criticisms of those who apply the standard of the nineteenth century to men who played their part on the stage of existence under widely different circumstances from ours, a thousand years ago.

A brief mention of a few other names, of secondary importance, will close our notices of this division of British literary history.

Virgilius (an assumed name, his real one being "Feargal") a

learned Irishman, and bishop of Saltzburgh, is principally memorable for having asserted and maintained the existence of antipodes, a dogma for promulgating which he was denounced as a heretic.

Alcuin, another celebrated Irish scholar of this period, was invited by Charlemagne to the Court of France, of which he was long one of the most distinguished ornaments. He was appointed by his imperial patron to preside over a seminary, out of which the University of Paris is said to have grown. As a writer, he distinguished himself chiefly in religious controversy, having written *seven volumes* of divinity, designed to confute the heretical opinions of Felix Bishop of Ugel. There are also some productions of Alcuin's still extant, which are of a lighter and more readable character, among which are a number of Latin poems, said to be remarkable for their vivacity and elegance of style.

But by far the most memorable name,—next to that of Bede—that adorns this portion of British literary annals, is that of a very remarkable genius, sometimes designated as Erigena, but more generally known by the name of Joannes Scotus. He is spoken of as “the glory of Irish scholarship,” and from the number, scope, and variety of the works which he has left, abounding as they do in the evidences of an almost universal learning, and treating of nearly every branch of knowledge and science then known, he must have been a man of profound and subtle intellect, as well as of immense erudition. Among his writings are treatises on metaphysics, theology, astronomy, and physiology. His works abound in quotations, not only from all the principal classical writers of antiquity—both Latin and Greek—but also from Chrysostom, Origen, Jerome, and other patristic authors. The bent of his genius seemed to incline him toward philosophical investigations of a metaphysical character, and his subtle speculations have not been considered unworthy of engaging the serious attention of modern thinkers who have written on kindred subjects. Indeed, Guizot and Cousin, as well as other eminent continental authors, ascribe to the writings of Erigena a very considerable influence upon the philosophy of succeeding times, and more particularly in introducing into the theology of Europe those Neo-Platonic elements which characterize, even to this day, the religious and metaphysical speculations of a certain school of German philosophers. He is certainly entitled to be considered the

boldest and most original thinker of his age. The independence and philosophical audacity which he manifests in his writings, fully justify what he declares concerning himself—"that he feared *neither authority, nor the fury of unintelligent minds, enough to make him hesitate to declare loudly what his reason revealed to him.*" The characteristic freedom and boldness of some of his religious speculations, called down upon him the censures of the Church, and a treatise against predestination, with another maintaining the eucharist to be *merely a commemoration* of the sacrifice upon the cross, were condemned by an ecclesiastical council. Like Pelagius, he asserted the freedom of the will, insisted upon the intrinsic and saving merit of good actions, and denied the exclusive efficacy of grace. His most important work, *De Divisione Naturae*, has been preserved. It exhibits his whole system of philosophy in the form of a dialogue between a professor or teacher and his pupil, concerning nature, the universe, and universal being. The philosophical views developed in the book are unmistakably pantheistic, but it is evident that among the pious churchmen of the age, there were none who possessed sufficient acumen to discover and understand the real nature of the system thus taught by Scotus; for had they been capable of discerning the pantheistic bearing of the book, it could scarcely have escaped the ecclesiastical censure which was visited upon his religious opinions expressed in other treatises. As it was, the *De Divisione* passed unquestioned, because not understood, by his contemporaries, and long afterwards met with a tardy condemnation at the hands of the Council of Paris, in the thirteenth century, when for the first time the zealous guardians of orthodoxy seemed to have become aware of the pantheism which it embodied. This illustrious doctor was probably educated in Ireland, where there is reason to believe that the traditions of the Alexandrian school of philosophy had been preserved among the learned. The statement found in some of the encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, that Scotus "quitted his native country, *where only ignorance and superstition prevailed,*" and went to Athens to pursue his studies, evinces the utter ignorance of the writer concerning the real condition of learning in Britain, and particularly in Ireland, at the time referred to. In like manner, the assertion contained in so respectable a work as Appleton's New Encyclopedia, to the effect that the two appellations, "Scotus," and

“Erigena,” refer, the former to the supposed Scotch, and the latter to the supposed Irish, origin of the individual so designated, springs from ignorance of the fact, that at the period when these names were bestowed upon him, the term “Scotus” meant, not a Scotchman, but an Irishman. Ireland was unquestionably the *Scotia*, or Scotland, of the early writers, down to the ninth century, and Vossius, in his dissertation upon Pelagianism, quotes the words “*Scotium pultibus praegravatus*,” applied by Jerome to Celestius, the pupil of Pelagius, in such a manner as to show clearly that he understood *Scotum* to refer not to the Scotch, but the Irish.

Respecting the facilities for education, which existed in Ireland during the fifth and sixth centuries, we had occasion to make some observations in the preceding paper. Bede informs us in his Ecclesiastical History, that it was customary for the English of all ranks to go to Ireland to pursue their studies, and that they were all received there, with such hospitality, that they were supplied gratuitously, not only with books and instruction, but also with food. And in fact nearly all the distinguished scholars of this period, throughout Europe, appear either to have been Irishmen, or to have been educated at Irish schools. Nor did the state of learning decline in that country at all, during the age succeeding that of Bede. Mosheim, as quoted by Moore in his History of Ireland, tells us that “the Hibernians, who were called Scots in the eighth century, were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves in these times of ignorance, by the culture of the sciences beyond all other European nations;” and also that learned men of that nation, “were to be found discharging with the highest reputation and applause, the function of doctor, in France, Germany and Italy, both during this (the eighth) and the following century.”

With Erigena, who brings us down to the latter part of the ninth century, we conclude our notices of British Latin authors. At this period, the vernacular had already begun to be used for literary purposes, and in the next paper we shall take up the earliest writers in the Anglo Saxon tongue, of whom we have any remains, including King Alfred, and the poet Caedmon.

SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.  
OLD LADY SPOONALL AND DAUGHTER POLLY.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

YONDER, a few rods distant from the Parsonage, in the one-story, reddish-looking building with shelving, moss-covered roof and falling chimney, resided these important personages of the village.

"Old lady Spoonall," as she was courteously termed by the NEIGHBORS, had lived in the house in which she was born until her head had grown white with the snows of eighty winters. In the early part of her married life she became a widow, and her daughter Polly had been her constant and only companion for many long, dreary years—from time immemorial, it appeared to the younger portion of the community—until her brow, too, had grown white, and her step tremulous with age.

Attend a moment and you shall have an introduction to this ancient maiden. Picture to yourself a tall, angular figure composed principally of bone and muscle, with a large-sized head, broad forehead, face narrowing suddenly downward to a pointed chin, thin lips, sharply turned nose of the nondescript order, narrow, penetrating gray eyes, and sandy hair and complexion. The term *sandy*, softens the color of the hair a little; it was called *red* in Polly's day; in our own, it has been converted, by a figure of speech, into *auburn*; *red*, being too plebeian for the patrician ear of the nineteenth century. The hair, which you can name as you fancy, was combed smoothly backward from the temples, drawing the eyes a little downward and outward, which gave them the appearance of enjoying a wider range of vision than ordinary eyes, and knotted behind with a silver bodkin. Attire this figure in a short, Kersey skirt, closely fitting bodice, high-heeled shoes, and you have before you a full-length portrait of Polly in the bloom and pride of her youth!

Polly was regarded by the "NEIGHBORS" as a pattern of neatness and propriety in dress and manners; had she been taught from childhood, by the most approved exemplar of deportment, how to conduct herself under all social and polite exigencies, and to repeat "pickles, prunes and prisms," in a peculiar way for displaying, at once, precision of articulation, and the dimpling graces of the mouth,

she could not have attained to greater perfection in the art, and she was not at all lenient toward those of her own sex who did not approach her standard of excellence.

Polly had, in truth, but few feminine weaknesses ; she felt herself to be superior to them, and yet, she was exceedingly tender in one *crowning*, womanly point — she admired an elegant and becoming bonnet — and it was the *height* of her ambition in dress to display on Sundays the most expensive article of the kind worn in the village.

On one occasion, in her early years, she crossed the bay to W—, selected a costly beaver with long, curling plumes, and returned to E— with the beautiful hat nicely bestowed in a bandbox. The distance from the ferry to “old lady Spoonall’s” residence could be greatly diminished by leaving the public road and crossing an intervening wood. Availing herself of this route Polly walked slowly and stately along beneath the tall trees, quite secluded from observation. Pausing suddenly in her walk she drew the costly hat from the box, adjusted it to one of the projecting branches of an oak, and stood at a little distance, turning her head alternately to the right and to the left, to judge of its effect and comfort herself with its beauty, and to calculate, may be, upon the sensation it would create among the NEIGHBORS on the following Sunday. But, alas for woman’s vanity ! While gazing with profound admiration upon its waving plumes and ribbons she heard the report of a fowling-piece, and saw, at the same moment, her darling beaver flying from the tree. A sportsman had mistaken it in the distance for a partridge, and it lay shattered before her. She heard the crackling of his footsteps in the underbrush as he pressed forward for the expected game, and quickly replacing the fragments of her costly hat in the bandbox, she returned home crestfallen and disappointed. The story took wing, among the NEIGHBORS, and the annoyance she experienced at the incident, was the least of all the mortification which it occasioned her.

Polly Spoonall had the reputation of being vastly intelligent in her day ! And, certainly, she knew every thing that was said, done, or worn in the village ; and was sparing or liberal, in her commendation or censure of others, as, in her “*humble opinion*,” the circumstances of the case required. Polly was one of those “strong-



minded" persons, if you please to so designate them, who would like to hold the reins of government in their own hands and administer the spur and the check, at pleasure. Poor Polly! there was none of the spirit of toleration in her nature; she did not live in tolerant times, and inherited none of the quality from her Puritan ancestors. The opinions and peculiarities of others annoyed her beyond measure, and she felt it to be her imperative duty to regulate the consciences, as well as the actions and general affairs of her acquaintance. And she consequently intermeddled without scruple in all the sayings and doings of the NEIGHBORS, striving all the while to persuade both herself and them that she was a *very humble* individual. "Uriah Heap" was not more boastful of this amiable virtue than she. Polly appeared to feel, indeed, that she held an indisputable claim to humility by right of church-membership, and that she was in like manner enriched with all the Christian graces. She was a rigid Presbyterian of the "old school," and set her face as a flint against all other religious sects, and against all innovations in her peculiar form of faith. Had Polly lived in the present day she would never have been convicted of any of the heresies that have crept into the church. She was an uncompromising believer in the doctrines of *election* and foreordination—of which she was a living example; and in total depravity—to which she was, of course, an exception; and in a place of literal "fire and brimstone" for all out of the church.

Polly believed, in truth, that "the soul must be saved by faith and sound doctrine." She repudiated the idea of *works* having anything to do with man's salvation; said that she regarded it as a "grand device of Satan for ruining sinners and dragging them down to perdition." Whenever she felt it to be her duty to visit the sick and the afflicted of her church, the first inquiry was: "*Do you feel yourself to be firmly established in the doctrines?*" And if she discovered any wavering, or doubt, in the mind of any poor sufferer, on an "essential point of doctrine," she did not fail to impart her conviction that the affliction was a just retribution of Heaven, and also to express the hope that it might prove the means of inducing a proper state of feeling on a subject of such vital importance.

Polly could not conceive of any salvation out of her particular

church and creed. She would have been cruelly shocked at the idea of some modern philosophers, that there is a higher Christianity in the world outside of the church, and which has been adopted by many of the noblest types of mind, than that embraced within them. While they who advocate this idea believe that they have the true key to the "Church Universal," to "the little stone that was hewn out of the rock without hands and grew until it became a great mountain and filled the earth." They teach and practice the *two great commandments* which the Savior himself said embraced *all* of moral obligation—"love to God, and love to man." Their Christianity is broad enough for all people and for all time, because it admits of any form of faith and conduct that does not conflict with the holy law of love. Hence they have no acrimonious disputations about forms of faith, and definitions of terms, such as have always marked the history of the churches: and their motto is—"Peace on earth, and good will toward men," which admits of no fearful wars to deluge the earth with blood, and wring tears of agony from the heart of suffering humanity. Like the Christ they go about doing good, scattering along their path the beautiful "fruits of the spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and charity"; and striving everywhere to remove evil and discord from the world, and to introduce the divine harmony which follows obedience to the law of love.

But to return to Polly; who was not only the religious, but the social terror of the NEIGHBORS. Wherever she appeared in society, she possessed the unfortunate faculty of exciting a feeling of discomfort and annoyance. Whenever she was observed approaching a neighbor's dwelling, the lady of the mansion would cast an apprehensive glance about her apartment, re-arrange and dust the furniture, and receive her with a courteous, timid manner, "as if praying one offended." And so completely, indeed, did the strong-minded, self-reliant Polly hold the NEIGHBORS in check, that they dared not give expression to the indignation with which she often inspired them. Occasionally, some one more courageous than the rest, would declare that she was rightly named *Spoonall*, because she was always dipping into other people's mess.

As Polly advanced in years she became particularly watchful over the young of both sexes, often remarking that such and such a

young lady had been very indiscreet in manifesting too decided a preference for so and so; never failing to add how *differently she conducted herself* when she was in *her teens*, and how shockingly society was degenerating. Many a timid maiden shrunk abashed from her scrutinizing gaze as she cast upon her swain "a sidelong look of love," fearing that she had almost committed a crime in allowing her heart to take a natural peep out of her eyes; and many a bashful Jonathan wished her to antipodes as he stole a hurried glance at the object of his affection.

But I must crave your clemency and sympathy, too, dear reader, for the ancient Polly, as undeserving as she may appear at a superficial view of her character and surroundings. Polly was many years in becoming the hard, censorious person she was—years of bitter disappointment—of unsatisfied heart-yearnings—of chagrin and mortification. In her youth she became attached to one who forsook her for a fairer maiden, and the love that would have softened her nature and expanded her affections, rendering her genial and sympathetic, was thrown coldly back upon her heart to chill its kindly charities. No second lover came to kneel before her—the ancient manner of showing devotion to the ladies—tremulously praying for the honor of her hand; and so she lived and died—that reproach of society—"an old maid!" And it is doubtful if Polly would have trusted and accepted a second lover; for she was one of those who venture *all* upon a single cast of the die.

Polly was sensitive; she did not like the epithet—"old maid." It was as odious at that period as it is in our own day, and equally as unpleasant to be endured. Young ladies were taught then, as now, that to secure husbands is the chief ambition, the *alpha* and the *omega* of their existence. And they had fewer resources than the present generation, to divert their minds from painful or unprofitable subjects of thought, and to afford, at the same time, attractive and healthful occupation. The fine arts were not taught in the best schools for young ladies of those days, the nearest approach that was made to art being to embroider upon canvas or satin a few grotesque, unmeaning figures. Books were generally "banned and barred"; for the descendants of the Puritans thought it deleterious to the interests of society for woman to read any other than the Bible, Hymn Book, and Assembly's Catechism; they feared that

the cultivation of her intellect would unfit her for the practical duties of life. And so universally did this opinion obtain, that even woman herself believed it, religiously, and limited her knowledge to the kitchen, nursery, and drawing-room.

It is, in truth, one of the saddest features in the history of human progress, that mankind has not recognized the fact that the faculties of mind which both man and woman possess are endowments of Heaven—were bestowed by the Father in infinite love and wisdom, and were intended to be cultivated to their utmost capacity for development in order that our human nature may become harmonized and elevated to partake more largely of the divine. In man's weakness, darkness, and limited knowledge, he has claimed the province of judging *which* of the faculties of mind God *has bestowed* it were *wisest* and *safest* to cultivate. But, thank Heaven, a new era is dawning upon the earth. The problem of woman's capability and destiny, which has remained a secret since the foundation of the world, is being solved in the nineteenth century. The wise have already discovered that if an enlightened knowledge of the laws of nature is important to the proper development and self-government of man, it is equally so to woman, and that society has far more to apprehend from ignorance than from knowledge.

Polly Spoonall possessed an active, vigorous intellect, which rendered employment a constant necessity of her nature; and, having but few kitchen, and no nursery duties to perform, she occupied herself, perforce, with the affairs of others. Had she lived in our time she might have *wedded* herself with divine art, or *espoused* the noble cause of education; and, thus *consorted*, aided in elevating others to a knowledge of the beautiful and true, and slaked her own thirst for love at the deep fountain of inspiration, instead of becoming a busy-body and detractor, hateful to herself and obnoxious to others, and all the while restless with a consuming fever of the heart.

The time is not far distant when woman will receive as thorough an education as man—her ability will keep pace with her knowledge—and her ambition will equal her strength to rise. Then will she become a companion with him in the various branches of literature and the fine arts—then will she win unfading laurels from the canvas she will have animated with life, and tune her harp for immortality upon the loftiest heights of Parnassus.

## HUMBOLDT RIVER.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

Humboldt river! Oh, most horrible of rivers, let us rename it. Let us call it the "River of Death." For three hundred miles its banks are one continuous burying-ground. Like the monster serpent, which once impeded the march and thinned the ranks of the Roman army, by filling the atmosphere with his pestiferous and death-dealing breath, so doth this monster stretch itself along the route, and lying in wait for the great annual army of emigration, fill the air with death-producing miasma. It literally fattened its lean sides with the flesh of the emigrant husband, wife and babe. If, as some think, departed spirits remain in the vicinity where lie in corruption the fleshy tenements once inhabited by them, then indeed must the banks of this stream, at midnight, when spirits are supposed to commence their nightly roaming upon the earth, present to the spirit eye a sadder sight than ever caused human eye to fill with tears of sorrow. Naught but the ghost of worn out and starved fathers, mothers and babes! Oh, horrible, most horrible of rivers! Let us call thee the River of Death.—*Shasta Courier.*

The River of Death, as it rolls  
With a sound like the wailing of souls!  
And, nursing their dust, may be seen  
The ghosts of the dead by the green  
Billowy heaps on the shore—  
Dim shapes, as they crouch by the graves,  
And wail with the rush of the waves  
On-seeking the desert before!  
Nursing their dust against the morn  
Which shall see us, new-born  
Arise from the womb of the Earth—  
That, through rain or through dearth,  
Through calm or through storm,  
Through seasons and times, no part may be lost,  
By the ruthless winds tost,  
Of the mortals which shall be immortal of form.

No leaf that may bud  
By that dark, sullen flood;  
No flowers that bloom,  
With their tomb-like perfume,

In that region infectious of gloom ;  
 No subtilized breath  
 That may ripple that River of Death,  
 Or, vapory, float in the desolate air,  
 But it is watched, with a vigilant, miserly care,  
 Lest it steal from the dust of the dead that are there.  
 For the elements aye are in league,  
 With a patience unknowing fatigue,  
 To scater mortality's mould,  
 And sweep from the graves what they hold !

I would not, I ween, be the wight  
 To roam by that river at night,  
 When the souls are abroad in the glooms ;  
 Enough that the day-time is weird  
 With such mystical sights as are feared  
 Mid the silence of moonlighted tombs.  
 Weird shores, with their alkaline white,  
 That loom in the glare of the light ;  
 Weird bones as they bleach in the sun,  
 Where the beast from his labors is done ;  
 Weird frost-work of poisonous dews  
 On shrub and on herb, which effuse  
 The death they have drank to their core ;  
 Weird columns up-borne from the floor  
 Of the white-crusted deserts which boil  
 With the whirlwinds' hot, blasting turmoil !  
 As ghost-like he glides on his way,  
 Each ghostly, worn pilgrim looks gray  
 With the dust the envenomed winds flail ;  
 And the beast he bestrides is as pale  
 As the steed of the Vision of John,  
 With *him*, the DESTROYER, thereon.

Dark river, foul river, 'tis well  
 That into the jaws of thy Hell—  
 The open-mouthed Desert\*—should fall  
 Thy waves that so haunt and appal.  
 'Tis fit that thou seek the profound  
 Of the all-hiding Night underground ;  
 Like the river which nine times around  
 The realm of grim Erebus wound,  
 To roll in that region of dread—  
 A Stygian Stream of Death !

\* The "Sink of the Humboldt."

## EXPERIENCE OF AN ATHENIAN CHRISTIAN IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

BY JOHN S. HITTÉLL.

*Aristocles.* Noble Metellus ! Welcome to Athens !

*Metellus.* Alas, Aristocles, I can give you no kindly greeting in return. Since landing day before yesterday, I have heard that you have corrupted my sons, and I had prepared to speak you in harsh terms ; but the sight of your venerable face and the remembrance of past friendship turns my anger to sorrow.

*A.* I am not conscious of deserving any reproach, and if deserved, it would be doubly bitter if it came from my pupil, friend, and benefactor.

*M.* I left Rome full of joy, and have borne the trials of a long voyage with a light heart, anticipating the pleasure of finding my son learned in all the philosophy of Athens, and of again embracing my ancient tutor. But scarcely had I landed, when I was told that my son had deserted the gods of his fathers and become a declared follower of the detestable new Jewish superstition. And you, my teacher, my friend, whom I have assisted and protected, you have misled him.

*A.* Noble Metellus, your son Marcus has arrived at the full estate of manhood, and is familiar with rhetoric and logic, and besides, is eloquent ; and if he has been convinced that any of my opinions are correct, his reason, not my arguments, must bear the responsibility. And indeed, I wrote to you several years ago that I had become a convert to the doctrines of Paul, the new Jewish teacher.

*M.* At Rome we know little as yet about the new superstition, and I, having never heard the name of Paul, supposed that his doctrine was merely a new theory in philosophy, of which theories, as all the world knows, Athens is full, as its schools are of strangers from all parts of the world. Far then was I from imagining, when I sent my son to finish his education under your charge, that I was preparing for myself such a terrible blow as his desertion of the gods of his country. I should have thought little of it if his conviction had fallen upon any divinity save that of Jesus, but there is some singular infection about that barbarian faith, which induces all its followers to treat our temples, sacrifices, priests and divinities

with contempt. Such conduct was never heard of before. We have adopted the gods of all our conquered provinces, and all save Egypt and Judea have adopted our gods ; but the misanthropic, miserable Jews and Egyptians and their new sect alone, refuse to recognize our deities, and, when brought before them, commit the grossest sacrilege, even when they know that death will be the certain penalty. And here am I, a priest of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the commander of a legion, who had hoped that my son Marcus, whose bravery, sagacity, gravity and honesty have been proved in several public trusts, would be my successor in the temple and in arms, now declares that on no account will he be a soldier or bow before a divinity of stone, as he insolently styles the gods of the State. Alas ! life is full of terrible and unexpected blows.

*A.* Noble Metellus, your grief affects me sorely ; but if you should consider this new faith attentively, perhaps you would find it less hateful to you than it now appears.

*M.* Never ! It is as detestable as the people among whom it had its origin. Did you not yourself write to me, that in all your travels made in the service of the Emperor after I had induced him to favor you, for the purpose of enabling you to study the manners and customs of the different people of the world,—did not you write to me that of all the races which you had seen, the Jews were the most hateful, not only to you, but to all Romans and Greeks ?

*A.* Indeed I did, and I then thought so ; but since then I have learned something.

*M.* Yes, you have learned to submit your will to the influence of some base sorcery, to the dominion of a barbarous superstition. And you, the proud Greek, who, after having visited all the provinces of the Empire, from Gaul to Asia, and from Dacia to Numidia, wrote me that in Athens alone men knew how to be men, and to enjoy freedom and appreciate art and philosophy.

*A.* I then thought so.

*M.* And you must seduce my son from this beautiful Grecian mythology to follow a sombre doctrine as barbarous as its Jewish teacher.

*A.* That Jewish people, gross as I thought them when I traveled through Judea, and when I was ignorant of their tenets, have a sublime faith, and they alone know what it is to have a religion. I



thought once that as Rome is master of the world in arms, that Athens was master in all branches of thought, but have perceived my error and frankly confessed it.

*M.* Dear Aristocles, I cannot forget our ancient friendship, but I cannot feel charitable to this singular infatuation. When recounting to me the results of all your observations in the barbarian provinces, you told me that there was no eloquence, no grammar, no history, no poetry, no sculpture, no architecture, no painting, no music, no theatre, no philosophy, no logic, no free citizens, no respect for humanity, no magnanimity, no true patriotism, no pure sense of duty towards fellow-men, except among those who have directly or indirectly been taught by the teachers of Greece: and yet you abandon the divinities under whose care Athens has grown to this immortal greatness, and follow a sorcerer of the most despicable tribe of Barbrunius. If there be no magnanimity, no philosophy, no logic, no freedom, no proper estimate of humanity, and no art in Jerusalem, how can there be any true religion?

*A.* It would be a matter of much difficulty, noble Metellus, for me to explain all this to you, with a hope of representing the truth to you fairly; and one great reason of this difficulty is that your state of mind is inclined to assail me, rather than to listen patiently to my doctrines. The expounder of new doctrines, as you will remember I always told you when you were my pupil, should be listened to with patience, and even when he speaks wide of the mark, he must not be interrupted long, but must be allowed to finish his exposition, and then he must be led back by modest and brief questions to the errors of his argument. If he is unable to explain his errors, then his doctrines may be set down as absurd. I merely repeat here the Socratic rule in this matter, and since it is universally accepted among our philosophers, you will not take offence at my calling your attention to it.

*M.* Measure a barbarian superstition by Socratic rules? I fear me much, good Aristocles, that you are in want of many large doses of hellebore.

*A.* Not so many, Noble Metellus, as you may suppose. My faith had not its birth in Greece, it is true, but it is nevertheless beautiful and sublime. I believe in but one God, and he infinite, perfect, immaterial, free from all base taint of earth, the father of all races

of men, and equally kind to all. You may call that superstition, but indeed I call it religion, and everything else appears to me base superstition. The Christian bows to no idols or statues; he performs no sacrifices; he has but one God; the divine nature has none of the grossness or immorality of the divinities of Olympus; he loves all good and hates all evil; whereas the gods whom I have deserted, are supposed to look with favor on all wickedness; and are themselves so base that the people are better than they.

*M.* And you seriously dare to look me in the face and justify yourself for seducing my son to desert the religion of his country and to worship a barbarian rebel as a God.

*A.* I dare to look any man in the face and tell him that I have outgrown the narrow superstition of numerous national, partial, gross, immoral divinities, and that my mind has expanded to the conception of the only true God, who looks upon all men as his equally favored children, and governs the whole universe with an impartial dominion.

*M.* Alas, the glory of Athens has indeed departed when her ablest sophist turns traitor to the teachings of her philosophers.

*A.* To become a Christian requires no abandonment of Grecian philosophy; on the contrary, my faith is merely another step forward. True religion must be based on true philosophy, and both upon reason and evidence. The sublime and universal principles of the Socratic philosophy were hostile to our ancient mythology, but they offer the true foundation for the new doctrines of Jesus and Paul. And, indeed, I think that those doctrines are destined to attain their highest success and receive their highest development among the persons familiar with the learning of Greece. Religion and morality must be dependent for their progress on intellectual cultivation; and as all education henceforward till the end of time must be built upon the knowledge first discovered in Athens, so I by no means discard my country from the domain of my faith, but put Greece along side of Judea. Indeed it is said that now the followers of the apostles of Jesus in Jerusalem, unable to widen their minds to the conception of a universal religion, are bitterly hostile to the doctrines of Paul, and declare that their religion was never meant to be preached to the Gentiles. If this be true, we must look for the perpetuity and purity of our faith to the Greeks and Ro-

mans, and bid farewell to the aid of Judea, which would have been so welcome to us. I look upon Alexander as a necessary precursor of Jesus, as having prepared the world, by bringing many nations under one sceptre and thus exposing the absurdity of their petty religions, to receive one universal faith and one benevolent God; and Athens paved the way for Alexander. So you see that I by no means desert my country or abjure my philosophy.

*M.* You have at least violated the oaths which you took as a priest of Eleusis, and which you imposed upon me when you initiated me in the mysteries.

*A.* By no means; if you had remained another year in Athens as I wished, you would have taken the third degree in the mysteries, and would have learned the insignificance of all the sacrifices and ceremonies, and the all-importance of a pure morality and a belief in one Divine Ruler of the Universe. Christianity is only a higher development of the doctrines of Eleusis and of the wisdom of Athens—a higher degree unexpected but legitimate.

*M.* And do these vain, dogmatic assertions satisfy you for the disgrace which you have brought upon yourself among all the respectable people of the city, and the dismissal of your son from the public employments wherein he was so rapidly advancing on a brilliant career?

*A.* My son, when he had become fully converted to the faith of Jesus, resigned his position as centurion with my approval, and he does not regret his action. He is content to be an humble teacher of his religion, and having been baptised by Barnabas, he is now a missionary in Egypt, where he has made hundreds of converts among the people of Alexandria and vicinity. He sent me word that he is far happier than when with his legion during their most successful campaign in Dacia, and his happiness is pure and virtuous, far different from that excited by murder and pillage. For myself I do not regret my disgrace. True, many of my old companions avoid me and do not speak to me, but their conduct gives me little pain. Athens is a wide-hearted city, and she has many magnanimous people that can esteem every person who respects himself, attends to his own business, speaks only when spoken to, and strictly performs his duties to his neighbors. Fortunately I have a moderate patrimony where I can live comfortably; and the most learned and elo-

quent men of Athens, and the most illustrious Romans visiting our city, frequently come to my house. Thus I can live the few years that remain to a man eighty years of age. I am misunderstood and misrepresented, and that even by learned and good men, who have long known me. It is only of late that I have learned to appreciate the full meaning of that saying of Socrates, that when a man in the course of his philosophic and religious development rises above the multitude, he must keep his thoughts to himself or expect to be denounced as an enemy to every good thing.

*M.* Do you care nothing for the indifference in religion and the looseness of morals which you are encouraging by preaching new doctrines and breaking down the ancient faith?

*A.* I am not responsible for any such evils. I do not preach any indifference in matters of religion; on the contrary, one of my great complaints against your mythology is that it leaves the heart cold, and the mind listless, whereas the followers of the Messiah are full of piety and enthusiasm, as may be proved by the great trials and sufferings which many undergo rather than be false. The greatest support of popular indifference in religion is the predominance of a creed which bases itself upon tradition and superstition, forbids inquiry and discussion, and avoids reason and evidence. The loose morals may be traced to the same source with the lukewarm faith; the sacred ideals of the past are no longer suited to the enlightenment of the present; and the hearts of the people, brutalized by a barren scepticism, and lacking the necessary excitement and assistance of religious light, have become almost as indifferent to their duties as to their doctrines. You seem to think that the morals of the common people might be preserved, if all the learned men would be hypocrites, but really I do not agree with you. I shall continue to act the part of a man, and speak freely my earnest convictions on all proper occasions. If our civilization cannot be saved without general hypocrisy, it is doomed to overthrow. When a love for religion must be shown by systematic and persistent falsehood regarding our opinions in the highest sphere of our intellectual existence, then indeed human nature will have become depraved far below its present condition. You, considering the decay of your mythology, and imagining it to be sacred and identical with religion, may look only with painful forebodings to the coming time; I, contemplating

my young and vigorous faith, foresee a glorious future for humanity, to advance through an endless career of intellectual, moral and religious progress, to new conditions and higher spheres of being. The energies and powers of humanity are not exhausted; the final overthrow of your superannuated mythology will no more destroy the moral perceptions and sacred ideals of our souls, than does the weaning of the child lead to the injury of its body. The transition, though accompanied by pain and fretfulness, is necessary to the full development of the man. Throw off the shackles imposed upon you by the ignorance and superstition of the past, give free rein to your soul, and fear not the result.

*M.* Give me your hand, good Aristocles, and farewell. To-morrow I shall sail with my son to Rome, when I hope to free him from the influence of your teachings, and yet make him an honor to his family and the Empire. Farewell; health and prosperity be yours.

• FLOWERS.—BY ANTHRAX.

“ No marvel woman should love flowers ; they bear  
So much of fanciful similitude  
To her own history ; like herself repaying,  
With such sweet interest, all the cherishing  
That calls their beauty and their sweetness forth ;  
And like her, too, dying beneath neglect—”

Women of California! Mothers, wives, sisters! Hear me; for my cause is yours. Would you make your dwelling place a Home, cultivate flowers. When your heart is sad and weary, go among your flowers, and through these nurselings of your care the voice of guardian angels, soft and still, will whisper comfort to your aching hearts. You may be far from early friends and home: but the flowers will whisper “ God is here: see his bounty! be you content; and as He cares for us, will He not care for you!”

There is no such thing as home, without the little undergrowth of small pleasures, which, after all, make up the spice and living essence of domestic enjoyment. We are a discontented people. Amid the balmy air of this soft climate, with herbage ever green and flowers blooming always, how is it that the wail of sorrow ascends to heaven, bearing token of ingratitude?

Whatever the earth yields for man's comfort elsewhere, is given

here more profusely. But it is our own thoughtless minds and thankless hearts that are at fault. Here we have no homes—no social centers. But is not this our own fault? Providence supplies every element to make homes attractive, and to win men to enjoyment. Now, shall we not put our heads and hearts together; that we may, by unity of counsel, devise a course that will enable us to make the most of the rich blessings of Providence for our common good? Let us no more say that California is unlike other countries; and therefore we cannot make homes.

Everything differs here: we even find raising grain and fruit different. So, in the moral elements, everything may be different. But these simply suggest that we must study these variations of aspect, and adopt a course in harmony with them. Man is everywhere essentially the same; the same passions and the same yearning for social attachments exist everywhere: and these can be brought out if we address them winningly. The woman now lives in our State whose discerning mind will, under Providence, successfully undertake this work of social regeneration. Perhaps the words we utter may be the happy precursor in the good work. Until this work is done, in vain are pulpits and theology. All preaching is of none effect that falls on homeless ears and knocks at unsocial hearts.

The jesuit missionaries are wiser than their protestant comrades; they first instruct the heathen in the art of making a home center: then they preach the gospel. In our present condition, loaded with gifts of heaven, and returning therefor the murmur of ingratitude, how far are we from being heathen?

It may seem a very small beginning in a mighty work; but we are assured that the day every woman resolves in the spirit, that she will plant flowers and shrubbery, and bedecks her home with these sweet adornments—that day the good work is not only begun, but its most difficult half is accomplished! The spirit that resolves this will not die. It will gain in growth and in power as it goes forward. A woman on a waste, is not the same person as a woman among flowers. The one is not far from the animals that wildly roam around her: the other is not far from the angels who guard the flowers and give them their beauty.

Then let us to the flowers: they will give us homes, and open the path to Heaven!

## THE POETRY OF MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.

The following is an extract from a lecture by Dr. John A. Veatch, before the Mechanics' Institute, of this city, on the "Poetry of Mechanical Inventions:"—

"The days of romance are gone, it is said, and true it is we have no knights errant on prancing war steeds, with fluttering gonfalon and glittering spear; no troubadour chanting his roundelay beneath his lady's window, and ready to transfix any one who has the hardihood to suggest that some cross-eyed beauty is not the most lovely being on earth. We have no crusades, and no Crusaders, save the modern Filibuster. We have no minstrels who are princes in disguise—wandering over the country in search of the enchanted castle in which resides his lady love. We have no men ready to perform dangerous and foolhardy feats at the command of a headless and heartless woman; no one who would brave a lion to pick up a woman's glove; no slayers of giants, rendered doubly strong by magic powers, who had carried off captive ladies. All this we have not; and yet we have more romance in these days of reality, more poetry in the facts of every day life, than was concentrated in all the heroic ages.

It has been often said that truth is stranger than fiction; yet few persons seem to realize the fact. This failure to see the romance of every-day realities is probably owing to minds becoming habituated, as it were, to events as they glide along before us. It is like looking at a picture, presented to us only in detail, each part separately and distinctly, by itself. We might view the hand of a portrait, and then an arm, and afterwards a foot, or a fold in the drapery, and so on; each might be admirable, and yet if we viewed not the whole together, taking in at a glance the harmonious blending of all the parts, we should carry away no pleasing recollections, and soon discharge it from the memory. An artist's mind might form the combination, and re-construct from disjointed fragments a beautiful entirety. And this we all might do by educating the mind to artistic combinations. It is so with the every-day romance of life. If we cultivated the poetic element of our natures, poetic forms would surround us, and facts would furnish us with never-ending materials for a life-extended romance.

I will give an instance of romance in real life, clothing the story in the language of fiction, although Poetry requires no fable-garment to set off her graceful proportions.

There was once a wicked and cruel sorcerer who delighted in nothing so much as in creating wretchedness amongst the weak and defenceless. He chose women, the more young and beautiful the better for his fiendish purposes, on whom to exercise his terrible power. He imprisoned them in cold, damp and dark cells, torturing them daily for many hours together—to as great a degree as their strength would permit, not totally to extinguish life. He fed them only with coarse and scanty food. Many were sent to early graves, but their places were promptly supplied by other victims, and the monster's prison houses were always full.

This state of things had gone on for many years. No one dared, or seemingly no one cared, to lift hand against the tyrant. Deliverance at last came in the persons of two knights. They were brave as lions and feared not personal danger, and their mental powers, improved by study of the occult sciences, were quite a match for the hellish arts of the sorcerer. They came armed with neither sword nor lance, for those weapons were useless in such a contest, but they carried an engine of their own construction, more dreaded by their enemy than all the swords and lances in Christendom.

Battle was waged strong and fearful. It seemed truly a demon contest, for flames and sparks of fire were freely used in the most approved wizard style. The knights, however, were victorious, and the ladies were released.

This would be a pretty romance for a thousand years ago. And we should admire it the more could we believe in its literal truth. Now I can assure you that though it did not occur a thousand years since, but even as it were yesterday, it is really and substantially a true tale. I know personally some of the ladies. I know the names of the young knights. I call them young, for such men never grow old. I know the old sorcerer, too. I have seen the identical engine that foiled him. The knights are mechanics. They are by name Wheeler & Wilson. The ladies relieved are toil-worn, care-stricken seamstresses. The engine is a sewing-machine, and the sorcerer is poverty.

Here is poetry and romance in the realities of to-day; and yet some will doubtless fail to see it. But to my mind there is more poetry in the click of the sewing machine than in the armor-clang of a thousand mailed knights engaged in a brutal conflict for a brutal triumph."



## ORIENTAL INCIDENTS AND EPISODES.

BY NAUTICUS.

### *\*Our Passengers.*

A VOYAGE from England to India twenty-three years ago was an awfully tedious affair. Despite of a splendid table, amateur theatricals, dancing, reading, card-playing, chess, and flirtation, not five of the forty passengers of the good ship Perampore, but was sick of the sight of blue water, sick of themselves, and tired, not to say disgusted, with everybody and everything on board, weeks before the welcome cry of land caused a general rush to the poop.

The land, which had been in sight from the masthead for some time, was now visible from the deck. The sun had just disappeared behind St. Thomas' Mount. The handsome white houses with the lighthouse and fort, on the lower shore of Madras, contrasted beautifully with the luxurious foliage of the tropical trees, and was indeed refreshing after the weary waste of waters on which the eye so long had rested.

Colonel Hautiman, of the light cavalry, and Lieutenant Labratash, of the same regiment, the only two Madras officers on board, pointed out the various points to the ladies, expatiated on the danger of passing through the surf, the manner it was done by the natives in those queer-looking boats, the certainty of the sharks getting you if capsised, and of the salt water wetting you through if not. But even the horrors of landing described by the Colonel could not depress the spirits of people, who were almost inclined to favor the idea of being digested by sharks, to that of longer confinement in their floating prison.

It was night when we anchored, for in those latitudes the twilight is very brief, but, notwithstanding, several gentlemen came off from the shore to meet relations or friends.

Captain Botley came first to claim his two sisters whom he had not seen for ten years. Captain Botley was not a reflective man, indeed he had not much brains to reflect with;—forgetful of the lapse of years, he had brought with him a dissecting map, two dolls and a small wheelbarrow, wherewith to propitiate the favor of his

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\* The whole of the incidents here related, are actual facts.

sisters;—even when introduced to their presence, it was some time before his obtuse understanding could realise the effects of time in the two very lovely girls before him.

In coming on board, Captain Botley had not reflected on the effects of aquatic motion; so taking hold of the manropes too low, and stepping from the boat to the ship's side at the wrong instant, he had plumped into the water up to his waist, nearly. "Man overboard!"—"all safe," was the cry, and Captain Botley reached the deck to hear a hysterical voice crying, "Bring him to me! oh, bring him to me!"

Miss Rawson, on the poop, had heard the alarm and bent forward,—she saw him reach the deck,—the moon shone on his silver-laced cavalry cap;—of course it was her affianced husband whose praises she had trumpeted to the other girls the whole of the voyage;—she gasped "oh, bring him to me," and fainted.

Captain Leechline called for water, and dipping his finger into the tumbler let drop after drop fall on the tip of her nose with mathematical accuracy. It was a very small mark, and a very pretty nose, but he took his aim scientifically.

Bless your heart, it was no use; she drew long sighs, clucked a little in her throat, and remained gracefully reclining on his arm in a state of syncope. "Call the doctor; why don't you call the doctor?" quoth the skipper, losing faith in his dropping operation.

"Allow me, sir," said Laurence, a youngster famed on board for his excessive impudence; "raise her upright; incline her a little forward; give me the glass," and before any one could interfere, he had inserted his finger in the back of her dress, distended it as much as possible, as also the corset, and poured the water slowly down the centre of her back,—(talk of burnt feathers, salts and sal volatile, mere esculapian humbugs I assure you, perfect humbugs to this play,)—when the water trickled down her spine the effect was instantaneous; (it always is.) Miss Rawson was herself again!

MEM.—*Laurence's recipe never fails; iced water is to be preferred.*

Very shortly afterwards, however, the real simon pure did arrive. The meeting was very affecting,—I believe I shed tears,—I know *he* did. How she sobbed, and laughed, and grasped his hand and arm, *so tight, oh, so tight!*

*Poor girl! Poor Mary Rawson! In three days they were*

married ; in three more she discovered that he had taken to drinking, and gambled — three weeks more and he beat her. Within three years she died, truly and bitterly of a broken heart.—Who says women's hearts do not break ? Go seek the drunkard's home,—the ruined girl's garret,—the deserted wife's lodging,—the convict's mother's fireside, and say not that hearts are not broken. True, they may not die, they may live by the strength of a powerful will, or better, far better, by the strength afforded to the true Christian from on high, but their hearts are broken nevertheless. True, that hearts seldom break even at the removal of those dearest to them from a world of care, but that is the will of the Almighty who "*tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*" But they do break, I say, daily, hourly, at our very doors, and from what cause?—from the acts of man, acts traceable to him who ought to be their natural protector, their guide, their best earthly friend. Oh, man, whom God hath made in his own image, be but more true to yourselves, to honor, to your God, and such things would not be.

When we assembled in the cuddy that evening, (for it was too late for all but a very few to leave the ship,) it would have been hard indeed to recognise in the merry party, the discontented faces which had scowled at each other for the last month of the passage.

Let us look at a few of them, and at some of their after fortunes. One always feels an interest in those whose good and evil qualities have been fully exposed in the close association of a five month's voyage.

We were, I have said, very merry ; even Captain Botley, if not bright, was lively, his sisters less so,—I could see that his intellectual shortcomings were not without their effect on them,—they were sharp, clever, well read and accomplished girls, and were evidently disappointed in their brother. If they thought him silly and ignorant they did him *some* injustice, however, for he was considered one of the very best judges in the Madras Presidency—*of the horse*. Let us conclude their tale. They got, I suppose, tired of the one subject which he *could* discuss, so they each found some one who could talk something else than horse : one married an officer, who rose to great distinction, and fell in the late Indian mutiny ; the other, the elder of the two, we were confidentially told could not live six months, so far was she gone in consumption. Well, she married

a civil servant of the East India Company, who by his talent rose to high position and great wealth, and the last I heard of her she had nine children and weighed 180 lbs. avoirdupois.

My American friends, India is a certain cure for consumption, as infallible as Laurence's before mentioned remedy for hysterics. Don't send your consumptives to Cuba, or to Madeira, (*Madeira is a perfect humbug*) or to the Sandwich Islands, but if you send them to India, (and if they escape cholera or dysentery, which very seldom trouble delicate persons,) it will be sheer waste of money to insure their lives.

If, on the other hand, your friends are stout, ruddy, and fair, it is a good speculation to insure their lives for, say three years. Bye the bye, there is Major Goldface of the Pungledown Fencibles, sitting all this time talking to Mrs. Cutts, whose husband looks at her so sulkily. The Major is not now in the army; he engaged in trade, was found out, and dismissed from the service, but he had made a very pretty pile, and did not care about it. How did he make it, do you suppose? Simply by insuring the lives of fourteen or fifteen cadets who were stout and ruddy faced; six died within two years; the Major pocketed the amount of their policies, and was independent for life.

"No use to insure them more than three years" says the Major; "if they live so long they are safe. But it is not easy to prove a direct interest in their *lives* and to render the policies available as the law now stands; the game is spoilt, sir." The Major has come out again, to collect statistics for an Insurance Company.

Mercy on us, there is Mrs. Cutts having another bottle of Allsop's pale ale opened: that is the ninth bottle she has had to day, (*seven is her regular allowance*), and she always talking of the too free use of wine amongst the ladies in India. She excuses herself, on the ground that her joints are stiff, and that beer renders them supple.

If they were so, it would be a great convenience to her; for twice a week her husband gets drunk; under the influence of "mania a potu" fancies himself the pope, and keeps her for hours alternately kneeling down to kiss his toe, and getting up to bathe his temples; he looks suspicious to-night, so perhaps she is trying to get supple for the proper performance of his orders.

Beer has done its duty; Mrs. Cutts died in six months, and Dr.

Cutts cut his throat in a fit of delerium tremens. Some wag pasted the following on her tombstone. It was in bad taste, certainly, but I may as well give it to you.

“By drinking ale died Mrs Cutts,  
Perhaps you'll think it queer!  
She lived to drink some forty butts,  
Of Allsop's bitter beer.”

Let us get back to the cuddy table and our friends. On my right hand sits the Rev'd Mr. Tombs, and next to him his wife. A curate on fifty pounds per annum, for thirty years in England, he had by a wonderful chance been appointed a chaplain in India, at some fourteen times the amount of his former stipend. His two daughters are to follow when he has saved sufficient for their outfit and passage. He was a beautiful example of the humble christian pastor, fervid though not eloquent, sincere if not able; kind to our faults and yet not slow to chide, he was the impersonation of Goldsmith's village Parson.

When he first arrived on board the ship, his manner not being polished, his appearance plain, and his wife plainer, he was the object of many a ribald joke, and a contemptuous sneer, but before the passage was half over, from oldest to youngest all loved, respected, and wished to serve him. Poor Tombs, he has met his reward in another and better world,—yet, why should I say poor?—rich in faith and simple in his reliance on his saviour, he had the wealth of a pure conscience, and died as he had lived, peacefully and happily, resting his hope on him he had so long and so faithfully served. Peace be to his ashes!

I may here say that his daughters came out some three years afterwards. One married an officer of high family and of not less high principle, who lost his life at the battle of Inkerman, in the Crimean war, four years ago. It is years and years since I heard of her sister, then living with her after the death of their parents: she deemed me unworthy of her love, and she was right; but had it not been so, I had perhaps been a better man; for her sweet example could not but have corrected my many faults, at least I sometimes think so;—if she lives, may every blessing be hers;—if she be dead, I cannot wish her more than I know *is* hers.

One more sketch and I come to that of one with whom the happiest epoch of my life is associated.

The tea equipage has been removed and wine is placed on the table. Observe that tall, delicate-featured man with the handsome whiskers, and that fragile but very lovely girl at his side ; he is proposing the health of Captain Leechline and his officers in a neat and appropriate speech. There is no awkward hesitation, no humming and hawing, so common on such occasions ; he speaks fluently, easily, and all that he says is in good taste : he does everything else equally well ;— well-bred, kind and agreeable, he is a universal favorite.

That is Mr. Nathan King, and that is his sister ; they are from New York. They came together but they won't go back together. Mr. Nathan came to England with his mother, sisters and brother, they, to make a European tour, and he to proceed to Calcutta on commercial business connected with his firm in America. He proposed coming out in an English vessel, partly because of the superior comforts and living of a first class Indiaman, and partly for the pleasure of society. But how came his sister there ? Well, thus it happened. They were the guests of Mr. Hadley, an extensive merchant in London. His son, Capt. Hadley, of the Bengal artillery, was at home on leave of absence. Of course Miss Lizzie wished to know all about Calcutta, where her brother was going. Now Captain Hadley was a very polite man, and he afforded her every information on the subject, until the subject got threadbare — then, he found her voice so sweet, (an excellent thing in woman,) that he must needs inquire a great deal about New York, not that he cared so much about that, having been there himself, as the manner it was told ; and so it came about, that he at last persuaded her that Calcutta was better with him, than New York without him ; besides she would be able to see her brother whilst he stayed there, and who she thought was delicate. This last settled the matter, and so they got married, and she postponed her European tour till Hadley next got leave. That's him huzzaing so lustily to his brother-in-law's toast. Look at the merry sparkle of his clear blue eye, the frank expression of his face, and how tender his glance when he turns towards her.

I had little fear of their future, and so it proved. I dined with them at their pretty place in Devonshire in England, twelve years ago, and found, that indeed, "They twain were one."

(To be continued.)

WE transfer to the columns of the *HESPERIAN* from those of the *Daily Times* of this City, the following exquisite translation from the German of Freiligrath's *Revenge of the Flowers*, by Theodore H. Hittell.

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THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

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[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH,]  
BY THEODORE H. HITTELL.

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On the couch's downy pillow  
Rests a maiden softly sleeping,  
Deeply sunk her brown eyelashes,  
Purple o'er her hot cheeks creeping.

Near her on the rush-made table  
Stands a goblet sparkling, shining,  
And in goblet flowers fragrant,  
Freshly grthered, intertwining.

But a sultry heat o'erpowers,  
Through the narrow chamber brooding:  
Lattices in casement bowers  
Closed against the night's intruding.

Stillness 'round and deepest silence!  
But now harken! hear the whisp'ring  
In the flowers, in the foliage  
Rustling, murmuring, longing, lisp'ing.

See, from flowret-vases springing  
Forms ethereal, fragrance bearing,  
Vapors thin their tender garments,  
Coats of arms and crownlets wearing.

From the rose's crimson bosom  
Steps a queen-like lady slender;  
In her tresses loosely flowing  
Sparkle pearls with dew-drop splendor.

From the monkshood, iron flower,  
From the dark green foliage branching,  
Springs a knight encased in armor,  
Helm and crest and sword bright glancing.

On his helmet nod the feathers  
 From the silver heron taken ;  
 From the lily white there rises,  
 Veiled in gossamer, a maiden.

From the Turkish lily's calyx  
 Struts a form of negro seeming ;  
 Bright upon his dark green turban  
 Golden bow and crescent gleaming.

Robed, from out the crown imperial,  
 Strides a monarch, scepter bearing ;  
 From the iris blue there follow  
 Sworded huntsmen, livery wearing.

From the bosom of Narcissus  
 Comes a youth, with sorrow laden,  
 Softly stepping, offering kisses,  
 Bends he o'er the sleeping maiden.

But around her sway and hover  
 Angry spirit circles, sweeping ;  
 Sway and hover, and thus sing they  
 To the fair one softly sleeping :

“ Maiden, maiden, thou hast torn us  
 From the earth, our tears denying,  
 Now in goblet here we languish—  
 Languish, wilting, withering, dying.

“ Oh, how peaceful had we rested  
 In the earth, our mother blessing ;  
 Where, through leafy branches breaking,  
 Sun rays sought us, warm, caressing ;

“ Where in spring time Zephyr cooled us,  
 Soft our slender stalklets bending ;  
 Where we played with elves and fairies,  
 From our festal homes descending.

“ Dew-drops there and showers balmy,  
 Golden sunsets, mornings sunny ;  
 Here we languish ; but ere dying  
 Maiden, our revenge upon thee.”

Still is now the song ; but bending  
 Bow they o'er the fair one sleeping ;  
 And returns the sultry silence  
 And the whisp'ring, cadence keeping.



What a rustling, what a murmuring,  
 How the maiden's cheeks are glowing!  
 See the spirits hotly breathing,  
 And the odors waving, flowing.

See!—but there the sunlight's sparkles  
 Greet us through the casement porches,  
 On the couch's pillow slumbers,  
 Cold, the loveliest of corpses.

She herself so weak and tender,  
 Still her cheek its bloom discloses  
 There she sleeps beside her sisters,  
 Dead, a rose beside the roses.

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H O M E .

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“The fire burns brightest on one's own hearth.”

“A tree often transplanted neither grows nor thrives.”

“He who is far from home is near to harm.”

“He who is everywhere is no where.”

WIND and water wander round the world, and grow fresher for the journey. The lost diamond knows no difference between the dust where it lies and the bosom from which it fell; but every thing that has vitality requires a home. Every thing that lives seeks to establish permanent relations with that upon which it must depend for supplies. Every plant and every animal has its country, and in that country a favorite location, where it finds that which will give it the healthiest development, and the most luxurious life. Maize will not grow in England, and oranges are not gathered in Lapland. The white bear pines, and dies under the equator, and the lion refuses to live in polar latitudes. The elm of a century may not be transplanted with safety, unless a large portion of its home be taken with it. In jungles and dens, in root-beds and parasitic footholds, in rivers, and brooks, and bays, in lakes and seas, in cabins, and tents, and palaces, every thing that lives, from the lowest animal and plant to the lordliest man, has a home—a place, or a region, with whose resources its vitality has established relations. I have no doubt, with analogy only for the basis of my belief, that God, the fountain of life, has a home, and that there is somewhere in space a place which we call heaven.—*Gold Foil.*



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### P A T M O S .

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WHEN St. John, exiled by the crowned tyrant, had landed on Patmos, he threw himself down on a rock, and sorrowed through many hours of the night.

Suddenly the darkness was dispelled, and, surrounded by a halo of rosy light, the two guardian angels of the beloved disciple, Raphael and Salem, appeared before the mourner; and the gray rock gleamed like a cloud in the evening sky.

“Why mournest thou, John?” asked the heavenly spirits.

He answered and said: “The events of the day press heavily upon my soul. The tyrant murders thousands of those who tell the truth. The friends of our risen Lord are scattered, and I must be far from them.”

Salem smiled, and said: “Didst thou not stand on Golgotha when the Holy One gave up the ghost, and after three days by the empty sepulchre?”

“I know,” answered the Apostle, “that the truth will come off victorious from the strife,—the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. But this separation from the friends and witnesses of the truth, whom I love,—alas! I see nothing but the miseries of the present time.”

“Courage!” said Raphael; “when the present oppresses thy

spirit so grievously. Though I cannot give thee the wings of the seraph so long as thou dwellest on earth; yet, thou shalt not have need of them."

Thus said Raphael, and touched the forehead of the exile. Then his eyes were opened. He gazed athwart the dark clouds and saw the sanctuary of heaven; he heard the music of the spheres, and beheld truth triumphant in the glory of heaven. Salem gave him the harp, and bestowed upon him the beauteous gifts of prophecy.

The inspired Apostle felt no more the trammels of the narrow sea-girt Patmos.—*Parables of Krummacher.*

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## THE CEDERS OF LEBANON.

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HIRAM, king of Tyre, and Solomon, king of Israel, were walking together in the cedar-forests on Lebanon. Hand in hand the two kings walked under the fragrant shade of the lofty wood, and Hiram rejoiced in the wise sayings of the king of Israel.

Beneath their feet lay spread out the land, blooming in peace and happiness; for Hiram and Solomon had made a covenant, and were friends; thus also their subjects were friends with one another. And the kings stood still, and looked into the distance.

Then Hiram, the sovereign of Tyre, opened his mouth and said: "Blessed are we that are friends. Are we not like cedars on the heights, with our people round about?"

And Solomon answered and said: "The cedar is rightly called the royal tree. It is the highest of all trees, and its form is full of majesty. It grows on the summit of the mountain, drinking from the clouds, and needs not the brook that murmurs at its foot. Its roots grasp the rocks in the bowels of the earth, and its top is bathed in the blue sky. The storm has been raging for centuries about these trees, and the thunders have rolled over the brow of this dark forest;—yet it stands unshaken, firm, and free, like a god, without the wants of the low valley. Therefore the cedar is called the tree of God, planted by Jehovah, and an image of the anointed of the Most High."

“One thing is wanting,” said Hiram; “the fragrant flower, and the refreshing, strengthening fruit.”

Then Solomon smiled, and said: “Speakest thou in jest, Hiram, or as the monarch of a trading nation? Is not the whole cedar fragrant? And why should the towering queen of the forest bear a refreshing fruit? Doth she not carry the daring sailor over the surging billows? Doth she not furnish the palaces of kings? And soon, Hiram, she will stand on Sion, a temple to Jehovah. My friend, there are nobler fruits than those which are sweet to the taste.”

As they were conversing thus, a tempest arose over Lebanon, and the thunder rolled terribly. The kings stood in a thicket of the forest, silent and full of awe. Suddenly a flash of lightning descended from the clouds, rending a cedar from the crown even to the roots. With a loud crash the tree fell down the precipice of the rock. Then the hurricane passed on.

The kings drew near to the fallen cedar, and said: “What is earthly greatness in the eyes of the Almighty? He rolleth up the heavens like a garment, and the earth is before him as a drop of water in a vessel. Who may stand before the King of Kings?”

When they had stood awhile in deep and silent thought by the shattered cedars, Hiram said: “After having seen Nature in her terrible greatness, it seemeth almost foolish to build a Temple to the Lord of Creation. What need hath he of a temple made by men’s hands?”

“Not he,” answered Solomon—“but man needs it. The stupendous work of creation bows him down, and makes him like unto dust, whereof his body was fashioned. His own work—which, as it were, contains and surrounds the Invisible Omnipresent—elevates him. The flesh and bones of the body are not the spirit of man. Hiram, we also are of a divine nature.”

The kings were silent for a long time. Then the monarch of Tyre said: “Alas! the life of kings is like the cedar before the tempest.”

“Be it so,” replied Solomon: “may it be also like unto the cedar after the tempest! Dost thou perceive the fragrance, Hiram, which the cedar sheds now in death through the forest?”—*Parables of Krummacher.*

## Editor's Table.

WE present our patrons in this, the commencement of our fourth volume, the additional attractions promised in our last. The superb plate of Spring Fashions will be welcomed, doubtless, by our lady readers,—indeed, by all who have an eye for the beautiful, and a taste for the artistic and elegant. This feature of the *Hesperian* will be continued hereafter, arrangements having been made to that effect; and we can promise the latest innovations and changes in style, from the highest and most reliable sources.

Our Fashion Plate will blend and harmonize with our superb floral illustrations and nature and art, side by side, afford food congenial for feminine purity of thought and taste.

The non-arrival of the description of the Fashion Plate in time for this number, left a vacuum which was promptly filled by a lady of this city, whose talent and refined taste render her abundantly competent; and to her kindness we are indebted for the following:—

“**SPRING FASHIONS.—DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.—1st Figure**—Pattern, brocaded silk dress, of delicate salmon color. Plain waist, without seams except under the arms. Tunic slashed on the hips, with side pockets—trimmed with variegated velvet ribbon or braid. Small loose sleeve, with gauntlet cuff.

“**2d Figure**—Dress of olive poplin; basque reaching to the knee, from which the skirt is gored and trimmed with from 9 to 11 ruffles. Tight sleeve, seam to the elbow; narrow, full cap. Bows from the top of the corsage to the top ruffle—also from the hand to the elbow on the sleeve.

“**3d Figure**—Walking dress of dark blue brocaded silk—bodice, back and front—ruches forming a *vest-front*. Loose sleeves, with points folded back, trimmed similar to the waist.”

**THE LITTLE PIONEER.**—This child's periodical is one of the legitimate offsprings of Progress. It is born of that principle within us developed and life-awakened by Christ, that recognizes children as worthy of being classed with angelic beings. The Little Pioneer is edited by two gentlemen, one a poet, and the other a man of science. On what common ground could the two characters so appropriately meet and mingle?

“**ANTHRAX**” sends us the following “Poser” and selected album-verse:—

**A POSER.**—Children, in their simple way, often put questions that mock the cunning of philosophers, and puzzle the logic of professors—for instance:

A learned Doctor of Divinity told a case in point. His little son, having returned from hearing him preach, was observed to walk back and forth, absorbed in thought. His reverend father aroused him from his revery, and said: “My son, a penny for your thoughts.” Then occurred this dialogue:—

*Boy.* “Pa, didn't you say the Devil made people naughty?”

*Father.* “Yes, my child—and our own wicked hearts.”

(The boy pauses, for a moment, in thought.)

*Boy.* "Well; you said God can do everything."

*Father.* "Yes; certainly."

*Boy.* "Then, Pa, why don't God kill the Devil, and make good hearts for us instead of wicked ones?"

*Father*—(taken back.) "My dear son, I can't explain that, so you can understand it."

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.—[*Selected.*]

"Lady, I fain would see your album sheets  
 Become a splendid paradise of sweets.  
 There may the tree of knowledge gain a root,  
 But not to prosper a forbidden fruit.  
 Like Eden, fragrant; and like Eden, fair:  
 But, unlike Eden, have no serpent there."

THE dollar and cent tendency of the day is given in evidence against the age, as proof of the charge of growing selfishness. I admit the fact, but deny the inference. The disposition to exact the true value of every service we render is but a manifestation of the growing appreciation of justice—justice to ourselves as well as others. The right of this demand is universally acknowledged, even by those who are inclined to denounce the strict exercise of it by calling individuals "hard fisted," "small minded," &c. It grows out of the true principles of fraternity, where man concedes habitually all that is justly due his brother. Selfishness may show itself in undue demands, but is likely to be counteracted by a corresponding selfishness not yielding too much, while both recognize the principle. As life becomes of higher value, from a just estimate of its importance, time, as an element of life, becomes likewise of growing interest. Time never, however, became an element of social and commercial economy until the invention of machinery led us to compare the labor done by hand with that performed by the untiring, non-eating, never-sleeping combinations of levers, pulleys, and inclined planes.

*Time* was thenceforth a *value*, computable by and commutable into dollars and cents. The brain power became for the first time a paying institution, as the head might now enable the hands to apply a force unknown to nerve and muscle. A contest soon arose betwixt labor and capital. Like all contests, it served to call forth the worst feelings of the man; but like all commotions, truth was elicited, and a better understanding of mutual interests arrived at. It caused mechanics to associate and fraternize more closely; and now, feeling and realizing the blessings of union, that union is becoming a cemented brotherhood.

In connection with the charge of selfishness against the age, is that of growing immorality. It is said that men do not keep pace in morality with the wonderful progress of inventions and scientific discovery. I admit the fact, but again deny the inference. It is like blaming the light for not reaching us before the sun rises. From the savage state up to that of the highest condition of refinement, the mechanic arts have been the pioneers of moral progress. Those arts necessary to comfortable animal existence must be learned and practiced

before men can emerge from the savage state. The arts necessary to the formation of *home* must be learned and practiced before man, emerging from the savage condition, can be inducted into the simple practical truths of Christianity. A higher degree of art must be learned and practiced before the Christian man can be endowed with those exalted qualities of mind requisite for great moral development. If the world is at present behind in moral development, it is only in accordance with the laws of progress. The inventions and discoveries of the day are of a most striking and dazzling character. Moral progress does not bound and leap like that of science, but advances slowly and genially, like the coming of spring. I appeal to history for the justice of my position. The mechanic arts have been the forerunners, and the instruments in the hands of God, of elevating humanity above the brute existence of his undeveloped nature. They pave the way for the truths of revelation.

The characters of the Hero and the Poet are as completely united in the modern mechanical inventor, as they were in the Poet-kings of classic Greece. That the inventor has ever embodied the true heroic character, is to be gathered from the history of every struggle made in the glorious field of discovery. Could the lives of the inventors be written and all their sacrifices, and toils, and bitter cares; their disappointments; alternations of hope and despair; the slow and certain approach of poverty; the desertion of friends and the heartless derision of the world, be fairly noted down, what a tale of patient human endurance it would unfold! What heroic suffering! wedded to a great truth that others cannot see; following a mercurial principle that is ever palpably before him, and yet eluding his grasp. Dwelling and associating with that which is invisible to other men, until he loses human sympathy, and his fellows desert and shun him, and he stands alone in that gloomiest of all deserts, a human crowd where no one loves him. He may sink under it as some, perhaps many do; to be soon forgotten, or remembered only as toiling madmen. But a fraction of the labor, patience and firmness of purpose, expended in slaying human beings, and elevating himself to power would have made him renowned in history,—a pet of fame,—in short a great hero. Had he fought, not to grasp power for himself, but for the elevation of some imbecile prince to a tottering throne, then had he been lauded as a great patriot. Had he been a politician in our own glorious country—the leader of a party, who had elevated himself or a member of his own political creed into power, the world would have been enraptured with the great statesman. But he was an humble mechanic, and though he labored for mankind at large and had unmasked principles that will live forever—he is ignored and forgotten.

Let us not, however, accuse the world of injustice and cruelty. Men are disposed to yield to justice when its claims are made apparent. But men at large are not far-seeing. That which touches the immediate interest of to-day will meet attention; but that which affects the interests of to-morrow, or next year, to say nothing of the next generation, can scarcely be expected to awaken recognition. Men fail to adopt truth, more from a lack of power to see its immediate applicability to their wants, than from a disposition to reject it on its

own account. As education advances, mental vision becomes clearer, and a wider and nobler range is given to ideas; the circle expands daily; and already the first ripples are touching the far-off shores of human perfection.

OUR BOTANICAL DEPARTMENT.—The interesting plants we illustrate are totally new to science, having never been figured or described before, except the Rose Bay of the last number. We only publish such plants as serve to illustrate the peculiar botanical features of the Pacific slope, and such, at the same time, as may be useful either for ornamental or economical purposes. In the April number will be a splendid colored engraving of the "Elephant Tree." The highly ornamental Arboreal *Oenothera*, the figure of which embellishes the present number, is one of the most elegant and attractive of our native flowers, and may be truly ranked as Queen of the Primrose tribe. The plate is admirable in its truthfulness. It is to be regretted that the name was wrong spelled, viz: "Anothera," instead of *Oenothera*, its true name.

The remarkable Juniper described in the present number is another of our peculiar forest productions, worthy the attention of amateurs as well as practical arborists.

We hope to make the fourth volume of the *Hesperian* worthy of presentation as a record of the progress and development of some, at least, of the many resources of our beloved, golden California. We hope, too, to make our future numbers each more attractive than its predecessor. We also hope that our friends will not forget to renew their subscriptions for the incoming volume.

CORRECTION.—The likeness of Mr. W. D. M. Howard, in the December number, was erroneously entered as having been photographed by R. H. Vance. It should have read, "photographed by Silas Selleck." We make the above correction in justice to the parties concerned.

MRS. F. H. DAY.—Our readers will doubtless be happy to hear from the editress of the *Hesperian*. She writes us from Galveston, Texas, under date of January 25th. Her health had suffered considerably by the climate of Havana, where she was detained several days before a conveyance could be had to New Orleans. She had a through ticket, by the Vanderbilt line, from San Francisco to New Orleans, but it seems no provisions had been made to communicate direct with the latter city, as the public was given to understand. The consequence was a painful delay in an unhealthy climate, until a chance might offer to convey the unlucky southern passengers to their place of destination. This outrage was only in keeping with the accommodations and general discomfort that all were subjected to who were unfortunate enough to trust themselves to that miserable, slow-paced concern.

Mrs. Day's health was improving, and she would leave Galveston on the 26th of January, for a short excursion into the interior of Texas. She would then proceed immediately to New York, and then home, to California,—which she seems to love the better, the farther she gets from it.





VEATCHS ELEPHANT TREE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
HERBARIUM, BERKELEY, CALIF.





In consequence of the non-arrival from New York of the Plate intended for this issue of the Hesperian, we are reluctantly compelled to go to press without it.

# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1860.

No. 2.

*Rhus Veatchiana—Kellogg.*

## VEATCH'S SUMACH, OR ELEPHANT TREE.

BY DR. JOHN A. VEATCH.

THE Elephant Tree is one of the curiosities of Cerros Island. It derives its name from the elephantine proportions of its sturdy, heavy looking trunk and branches. The main trunk of a full-grown tree will probably average two feet in diameter, the height being but little more, and often less, than the diameter. In some favorable situations I observed a few that reached an elevation of six feet; this was however an unusual occurrence. The trunk divides into several ponderous branches that shoot off horizontally, and are bent and contracted into grotesque resemblances of the flexed limbs of a corpulent human being. These huge branches often terminate suddenly in a few short twigs, covered with a profusion of red flowers, reminding one of the proboscis of an elephant holding a nosegay. The resemblance is heightened by the peculiar brown, skin-like epidermis that forms the outer bark, which splits and peels off annually, accommodating the increase of growth. This epidermis, when removed, exposes the smooth, greenish colored surface of the spongy inner bark, which is from one to two inches in thickness. When this bark is cut through, a milky juice exudes, that soon hardens into a compact mass of gum and resin. The quantity furnished from a single cut is considerable. Whether the exuded matter be of any value I have had no means of testing as yet; but as the tree





belongs to a natural order that furnishes our most valuable and expensive gum-resinous products, it is not improbable that it may prove worthy of attention in that regard. The wood is light and porous and soon decays, and is not likely to be of any economical utility. In this respect it is exceedingly unlike its congener, Lent's Sumach, which grows with it, and presents the most heavy and compact wood I remember ever to have seen. The elephant tree, however, claims our attention on the score of its beauty and the exceeding singularity of its general appearance, independent of any other valuable quality.

The branches of the larger trees often shoot out to a horizontal distance of twenty feet from the trunk, thus covering an area of forty feet in diameter. Smaller subordinate limbs spring upwards from the upper side of the large boughs, and in this way give a neat oval appearance to the outline of the tree. When loaded with its bright red flowers, the effect is strikingly beautiful, particularly where hundreds of the trees stand near each other, intertwining their huge boughs, and forbidding ingress to the mysterious space they cover and protect. The leaves are minute, and fall off before the blooms are fairly developed. The young tree looks a good deal like a huge radish protruding from the ground, with but a slight root and a few twig-like branches expanding from the top.

On the mountain sides, from a little above the sea-shore to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, these trees grow scatteringly, singly and in small clumps; but in the narrow vales of the ravines, they sometimes form groves of several acres in extent, presenting the impenetrable and compact form above described. From June till August seems to be their blooming season. It is to be regretted that none of the ripe seeds could be procured during my visit to Cerros. Good specimens of the leaves and flowers were obtained for the California Academy of Natural Sciences, from which Dr. Kellogg has made the description below appended.

The colored lithograph plate offers an exceedingly correct appearance of one of the trees growing in a favorable position.

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REMARKS AND TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION BY DR. KELLOGG.

The specific name we give in honor of Dr. J. A. Veatch's son, Mr.



Andrew A. Veatch, a worthy gentlemen, to whose ardent zeal and enterprise in the cause of natural science we have been frequently indebted.

*Specific Description.* — Leaves, alternate, oddly pinnate; if from the older branch buds, in condensed fascicles of 3 to 6; leaflets opposite in about 6 pairs, small ( $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch in length); these lateral leaflets sessile, ovate sub-acute, obsolete serrate towards the apex (with relatively large rounded teeth), terminal odd leaflet obovate, cuneate, 3 or more clefted, or tridentate; velvety, hoary villous, with appressed hairs above, somewhat silvery hoary beneath, (leaves about an inch long, the common petiole occupying about  $\frac{1}{4}$  its length.)

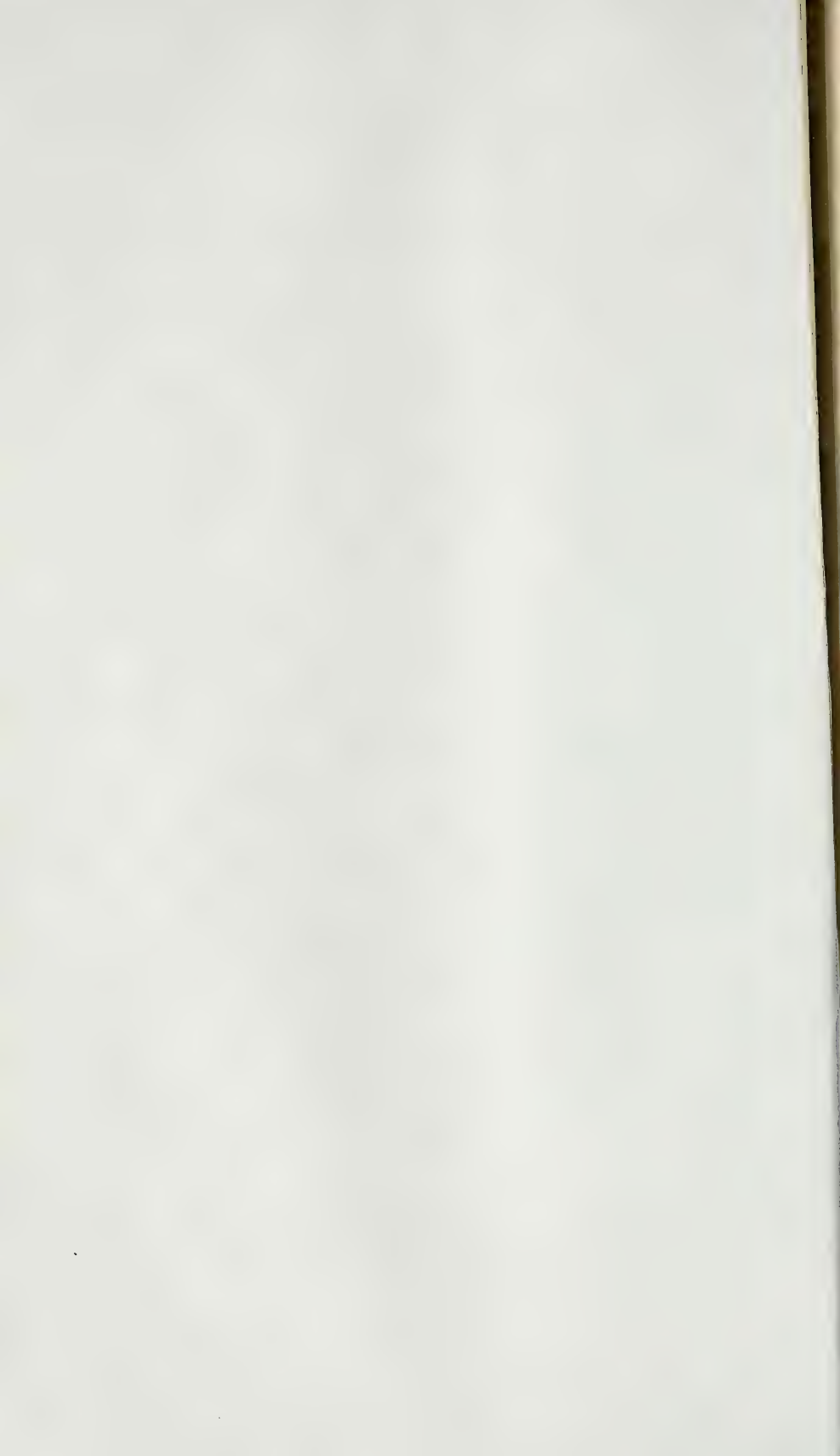
Flowers very numerous, in closely-clustered, oblong, fasciculoid panicles occupying the terminal portion of the rigid branchlets; pedicels filiform, attenuate below, enlarging upwards to the continuous calyx; very villous, minute subulate bracts at the base of the pedicels (pedicels  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch long.) Panicles bright red. Calyx 5-parted, membranous, bright scarlet, hirsute with white hairs, a few red glandular hairs intermixed; segments ovate acute (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  the length of the petals); petals 5, imbricate, membranous, paler red, a brighter scarlet line along the midrib, oblong-ovate acute, somewhat carinate, apex slightly incurved (texture translucent reticulate) hirsute mostly along the prominent midrib on the back.

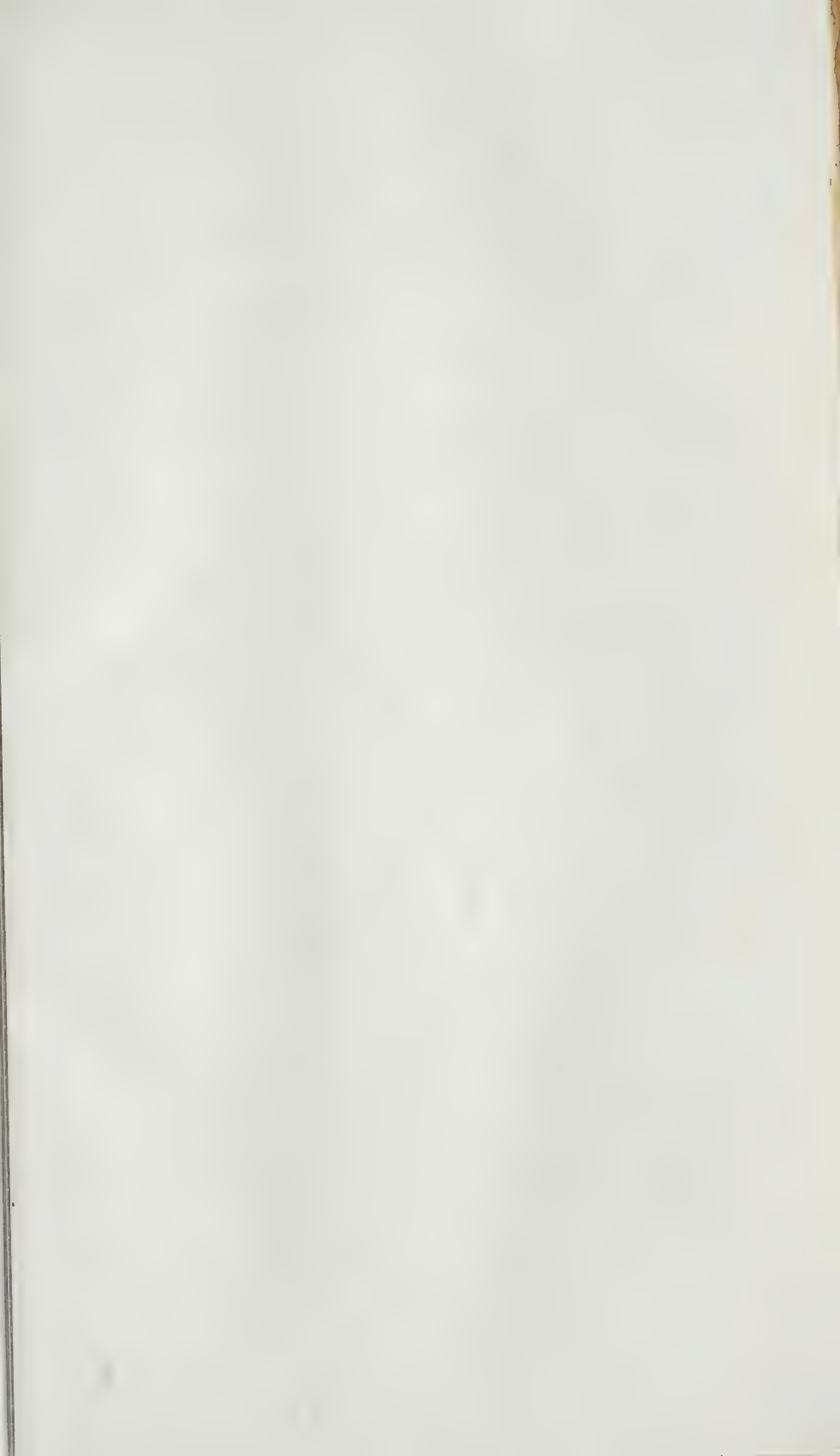
Stamens 10 (seldom 8) inserted upon the scarlet cupped disk under the ovary; introrse anthers 2-celled, opening together; stamens very short, white; anther glabrous, filaments colored, villous at the base, shorter than the anther. Disk deeply 5-lobed, the 5 stamens opposite the lobes longest.

Pistils 3 to 5; 3 fertile capitate, (occasionally 4 fertile,) hirsute, ovary very very villous.

This singular brilliant scarlet species of *Rhus* of Tor. & Gray, belongs to the division of SUMACHS D. C., all of which are generally considered perfectly harmless. We have however known one well-authenticated case of poisoning by a species of this subdivision, to wit: the *Smooth Sumac* (*R. glabrum*.) The instance alluded to, happened at the Female College, Macon, Ga. Two young ladies of the botanical class under Prof. Darby, it appears, were poisoned while examining a recent branch; but in general, we believe all of this division to be innocuous.

The fruit is unknown to us; and likewise the bark, timber and gum-resin in an economical point of view.





BLUE STAR TULIP. *Cyclobothra cerulea*—Kellogg.



THE outline here given of the *Blue Star Tulip* will enable any one not familiar with technical descriptions to recognize the plant referred to; but we need scarcely say it is barely a faint representative of the real beauty of this interesting liliaceous flower.

*Specific Description*—Stem 4 to 6 inches, infolded by the single radicle leaf nearly the whole length; umbel 5 or 6-flowered: peduncles  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long: bracts variable, from minute setaceous to long lance-linear, often colored with pale pinkish bloom.—Flowers small, pale blue, decked with innumerable specks and striae of darker blue; petals obovate, rarely sub-acute, serrate fimbriate, somewhat ventricose; base cuneate glabrous, bearded to the

apex: petaloid sepals lanceolate acute or convolute-acuminate, also bluish spotted and streaked, carinated  $\frac{2}{3}$  the length of petals, filaments flattened, attenuated upwards, about half the length of anthers: anthers large, erect, looking inwards, whitish, with a pale bluish tinge: recurved stigmas 3, beaked at the point; capsule oblong-ovate, sub-3-winged, at length pendulous by the recurved necks of the peduncles. The solitary radicle leaf long, linear twisted, erect; ascending archwise bulb about the size of an hazel nut.

This specimen was found above Forest City, not far from the region of perpetual snow. We have seen but 3 or 4 specimens; probably a rare plant.

In our specimen from Placerville presented to the Cal. Acad. Nat. Sciences, and figured Dec. 4th, A. D. 1854, there was a manifest effort to form a second umbel. In this specimen the stem is apparently a scape; the flowers are paler blue, smaller, more globose, and bracts colored.

A beautiful species, worthy of the attention of florists.

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## NOTES ON NAPA VALLEY.

BY JOHN S. HITTÉLL.

NORTH of San Pablo Bay and opening upon it, are three valleys side by side parallel with each other and with the coast, their general direction being N. N. W. and S. S. E. Each is drained by a creek bearing its own name, and bounded by a steep range of mountains on both sides; and each is rich in wealth different from that of the others. Petaluma has the dairies, Sonoma has the wine, and Napa has wheat. The latter, of which I propose now more particularly to speak, makes a better appearance than either of the other two. It is thirty miles long, half a mile wide at the upper end, and five where it opens on the bay. Nearly all the land is fenced, and most of it under cultivation. The soil is a black loam in the centre, inclining to be red and sandy at the sides, all of it rich and deep. Much of the black soil is "adobe land;" that is, if broken up when wet, it forms hard clods which are very hard to pulverize. The land, as compared with that of most valleys in California, is moist, and in times of heavy rain, the main county road running up the valley is almost a continuous swamp. In the summer, however, it becomes extremely dry, and the dust is almost as great an inconvenience to the traveler as the mud of winter.

The scenery in the valley is beautiful. Picturesque mountains, brown when near and blue when distant, majestic oaks, brilliant laurel and madroña, emerald fields of new wheat, well-ploughed fields, good fences, elegant farm-houses, numerous gardens and orchards go to make up the landscape. The valley should be seen from the adjoining hills, whence it appears spread out, apparently level as a floor. The fields, some dark brown, nearly black with the

fresh ploughed land, some turning green with grain a few weeks old, others brilliant with wheat two months old, others tinged red by peach trees—all lie like a great checker-board, over which are scattered numerous farm-houses, and irregular streaks of oak trees, marking the course of Napa River and its tributary streams. The main elements of the beauty of the valley, for me, consisted in the large amount of land cultivated, the excellence of the tillage, the neatness and look of comfort about the dwellings, and the knowledge that a very large proportion of the residents, for California, own the lands on which they live. A few glances satisfy the traveler that the people have permanent titles. There are no signs of squatter sovereignty. The farm-houses are well built, many of them elegantly designed, well finished, painted, and surrounded by orchards; the fences are fixtures, substantial, and made for service and durability; the trees have not been hacked away; everything indicates permanence—provision for the future. No better evidence of the blessings of permanent titles can be presented to an intelligent man, than a comparison between Napa Valley and some other places in the State where all the titles are in dispute. Indeed, it is not necessary to go beyond this valley; a comparison may be drawn between what was formerly Salvador's ranch, now divided into a multitude of farms, and that portion of Yount's ranch held by the squatters. In the latter place all is uncertain, temporary and troubled; in the former all is secure, permanent, peaceful and prosperous. This pernicious system of spoliating persons owning lands under grants from Mexico by bringing the Federal Government to contest all the land titles in the Courts, through a period of fifteen years, has done irreparable injury to the country, and done little good to honest men as a class. Fortunately for Napa, most of her early residents bought their lands, and made homes for life; and now, Napa Valley is the prettiest part of the State, with more land fenced, more land cultivated, more permanent improvements, and better tillage than any other district of equal extent.

The oak trees of Napa Valley are smaller and less patriarchal than those of Sonoma Valley, but still they are large and beautiful. When first seen from a distance by a person familiar with the oak trees of the Mississippi Valley, the white oak of California makes the impression of an elm. It is wide in proportion to its height,

low, thick in the trunk, heavy in the main branches, many of which have a horizontal or downward course. The top of the tree often has the arched shape, and the smaller boughs have a pendant grace seen in the East only in the elm, though the pendant character of the latter is so far outdone as often to rival the vine. The main branches of the California white oak usually have at their extremity some twigs that hang perpendicularly down. These are frequently five or six feet, and sometimes twenty feet long, and not more than an inch thick at their base, so that they look like vines, and many of the trees, for this reason, in the summer look as though they were covered with vines. Add to these peculiarities, the abundant, gray Spanish moss, hanging like venerable beards from all the boughs, and the dark, druidical mistletoe, and we have one of the important features of the Napa landscape.

The climate of Napa is two or three degrees colder in winter than San Francisco, and four or five degrees warmer in summer. Fogs are comparatively rare. The 28th of January was the coldest day last winter, and then ice half an inch thick was formed in tubs of water standing out of doors. On the 27th January last, fifty-five roses were blooming on one rose bush in the open air, at Mr. Yount's farm, the bush having been fastened against the wine house, but having no other protection, and no warmth from any other artificial heat.

Napa is a word of Indian origin and unknown meaning. It was the name of a tribe of Indians, now extinct, who formerly dwelt near the site of the present town of Napa. The word has been applied to Napa county, Napa town, Napa valley, Napa river, which runs through the whole length of the valley, and Napa creek, which runs from the west and empties into Napa river at the town. Napa river is not larger than many of the "creeks" of the State, but it must be called a river to distinguish it from *the* Napa creek, which goes dry in the late summer.

Twenty-five years ago there was not a white resident in the valley. The only inhabitants were Indians, of whom there were six tribes. The Mayacomans, (pronounced Mi-a-cò-mas) dwelt in the vicinity of the hot springs, in the upper end of the valley; the Calajomanas, (Cal-ya-ho-mà-nas) had their home on the land now known as the Bale ranche; the Caymus (Ki-moos) tribe occupied

the tract now owned by G. C. Yount; the Napa Indians inhabited the Salvador Vallejo ranch of Entre-Napa—that is, the place between Napa river and Napa creek; the Ulucas (Oo-loo-cas) lived on the east of the river, in the vicinity of the present town site; and the former domain of the Suscol Indians, afterwards known as the Suscol ranch, became the property of M. G. Vallejo. These tribes spoke different dialects, and were almost constantly at war with each other. Their rancherias were numerous throughout the length of the valley, being built on the banks of streams or near springs. Their food consisted chiefly of acorns, horse-chestnuts, grasshoppers, fish, clover, and amole or soap-root. It is not known how many of these Indians there were, no census having been taken nor any careful estimate having been made, at the time, by anybody. Mr. Yount thinks their number was not less than three thousand, and possibly twice as many. It would have been an easy matter to collect a thousand warriors in those times. Not more than a hundred or two, including women and children, remain. All the rest have been swept away.

In 1836 George C. Yount, the first white resident of Napa Valley, made his home at the place which he still occupies and now owns. He is an American by birth, and had been a mountaineer and trapper. He was a true representative and a legitimate successor of the pioneers of the Mississippi Valley in the last century. When a youth of eighteen he had served under the command of two sons of Daniel Boone, against the Indians, in the war of 1815, and he had seen and conversed with the great Daniel, their father. Inspired with the same fondness for adventure which drove Boone from the Yadkin to the Missouri, Yount took up the trail on the border of the Missouri and followed westward through the valleys of the Platte, the Arkansas, Green River, the Colorado, the Mojave, and the Sacramento, until he arrived at the shores of the great western ocean, and there he chose him a home in a dale, which promises to rival the glories of paradise. Here he obtained a grant of 11,800 acres of land, where he made his permanent home. This grant has been confirmed to him by the United States Courts, but the squatters occupy much of his land, dispute his title, and, as he says, trouble him more than did ever the Indians against whom he had so often fought in the earlier portion of his life. He is now about



sixty-five years of age, not very active physically, but his mind is clear, and he is a very pleasant companion. Soon after he had taken possession of his ranch, the Indian tribes to the northward, numbering five or six thousand braves, made war upon him. With a band of about fifty friendly Indians, he invaded the territory of his enemies, gave them battle and defeated them, recovered the cattle stolen from him, started back, was attacked in the night, but kept the assailants at bay until daylight, then drove them off with severe loss, and got home safe with his cattle and men to his block-house, where he was soon after besieged for a short time. He also had a battle at Suscol, he and Salvador Vallejo sustaining an attack from a large number of savages.

The next white residents of Napa Valley, after Yount, were Salvador Mundo Vallejo, Cayetano Juarez and José Higuera, all born citizens of Mexico, who came in about 1838 and obtained each his grant of land: the Vallejo grant being north of the site of Napa town, the Juarez grant east, and the Higuera grant south-west. About a year later, Dr. Bale, an Englishman, married to a Mexican wife, obtained a grant north of Yount's place, and settled there. These five with the Suscol, made six ranches, all of which have been confirmed. The Berreyesas claim part of the land at the head of Napa Valley, but it is generally said that the claim is not a valid one. Dr. Bale and José Higuera are dead; Vallejo, Yount, and Juarez still live, and have their homes on their ranches. Nearly all of the Vallejo and Higuera ranches have passed into the hands of Americans. Juarez and the widow Bale have sold probably one half of their lands; while Yount has disposed of very little of his land, except a thousand acres to each of two sons-in-law—Sullivan and Vines.

About 1842 the Fowlers, father and son, and Mr. Kilburn, settled in Napa, and in 1844 Mr. Bartlett Vines. In the fall of 1846 a number of Americans arrived in California from Missouri by way of the plains. Of these, James Harbin, Arch Jesse, the Stilts brothers, and the Long brothers, the last now residing in Solano County, took their families to Mr. Lorent's house, and themselves went off to join Fremont in fighting for the country. In 1847 Nathan Coombs and Captain John Griggsby, who had been in California some time, settled in Napa Valley.

The town of Napa is of American origin. It was laid off in 1848 by Nathan Coombs, at the ford of Napa river, on the road from Benicia to Sonoma. In those days there were no bridges or ferries, and the position of the ford determined the location of the town. Now the ford is never used, but the investment of capital has made the town permanent. If mere natural advantages were to be taken into consideration, the chief town of the valley should be at Suscol, for at low tide Napa is not accessible by steamboat, while Suscol always is. Napa has the start, and appears as certain of her supremacy against Suscol, as is San Francisco against Vallejo. The houses of Napa are mostly of wood, with a few of brick, and none of adobe. There are enough new buildings to show a constant and regular growth. The houses are built in better style than is customary in California towns, and many of them are, evidently, the homes of prosperous families. At the last general election 826 votes were cast in the town, which is the voting place for a large precinct, extending perhaps four or five miles in every direction. The population of the town proper is about eight hundred, or a thousand.

Napa city is a lively, pleasant town, and a most agreeable place for a country residence, but it has no great future before it. There is no probability that it will ever grow to be a city in fact, though it is already one in name. It can command no trade save that of its own valley, and possibly that of Clear Lake Valley. It lies too far north to be on the course of a railway from Vallejo to Petaluma, and besides it is above the head of low-tide navigation on the Napa river. The town of Petaluma, commanding the trade of its own valley and of Santa Rosa, Bodega and Russian river, has superior advantages, and has therefore more frequent connection with San Francisco—at least one steamboat going each way every day, whereas the Napa steamer goes up one day and comes down the next.

A considerable proportion of the people of the valley are natives of the Eastern States—a greater proportion than are to be found in any other large agricultural county. Most of our immigrants from the west were farmers, and many went to tilling the soil here. Of the men from the far East, there were more merchants and mechanics, and these have usually followed their previous occupations here, or become miners. The consequence is that among the farmers of

Santa Clara, Sonoma, Yolo and Solano, the Western men have a decided majority, but in Napa Valley the Yankees are almost, if not quite, as numerous. The States in the northeast of the Union are opposed to the policy of the present Administration, and so is Napa—the only county which gave a majority against Latham at the late election.

The most noteworthy people are G. C. Yount, L. W. Boggs, Salvador Vallejo, and J. W. Osborn, the last, the leading farmer of the valley. Lilburn W. Boggs was Governor of Missouri, about twenty-five years ago, at the time of the Mormon troubles, when he was shot by one of the Latter-Day Saints, who attempted to assassinate the Gentile ruler. Gov. Boggs came to California overland, in 1846, with his family and children, and made his home in Sonoma until 1852, when he removed to his present home, seven miles northward from Napa, on the western side of the valley. He is an aged man now, and has been so ill of late that it is feared he will not long survive. Mrs. Boggs is a grand-daughter of Daniel Boone. The Governor has five or six children living in Napa and Sonoma counties. Salvador Vallejo is a brother of M. G. Vallejo, and is one of the historical characters of the State. His home is in Napa Valley, but he spends most of his time away.

Napa Valley contains a number of large farmers—men who farm many acres. The following list gives the names of some of them, with the number of acres which they own and have under cultivation :—

Farmers.	No. Acres Owned.	No. Acres Cultivated.	Farmers.	No. Acres Owned.	No. Acres Cultivated
G. C. Yount .....	13,000	3000	L. W. Boggs .....	800	300
Thomas Knight....	5000	500	George Reeves*....	600	500
C. Juarez.....	3000	500	— Gillespie*....	600	450
Salvador Vallejo,..	2300	2200	Seagrist Brothers..	600	250
Edward Stanly....	1800	600	— Peale*.....	600	300
J. W. Osborn.....	1600	900	R. Cottrell.....	600	400
James Hill.....	1500	250	Charles Hopper....	650	550
Henry Fowler....	1500	200	W. A. Fisher .....	400	400
— Glassford*....	1200	500	Jeremiah Mansfield.	400	350
— Shehy*.....	1200	800	Nathan Coombs....	400	350
Eugene Sullivan..	1000	750	Terrel Griggsby....	400	200
John Tormy*.....	1000	500	George Griggsby...	400	200
Peter Fagan*.....	1000	800	John Griggsby....	300	200
— Lancarshorm*.	1000	800	— Davis*.....	320	300
J. Chiles.....	1000	300	S. Thompson.....	320	300
Thomas Thompson.	800	650	D. Gibb*.....	29	250
Samuel Brannan..	800	100	Jesse Griggsby....	240	200

Those names marked with an asterisk belong to the Suscol dis-

trict, which is sometimes spoken of as distinct from Napa Valley. The above list is not offered as complete or exact, but simply as the best which I could obtain during a three days' visit to the valley, by inquiries of persons who had given no thought to the subject until I began to question them.

The largest farmers are not those who have the most land under cultivation. Thus, although 3000 acres of Mr. Yount's land are under cultivation, yet a large portion of it is tilled by squatters, who dispute his title and pay him no rent. Twelve hundred acres are tilled by his tenants, but he himself does, it may be said, little or no farming. The largest field in the valley is on Salvador Vallejo's place, and contains 2200 acres, all in grain, chiefly wheat. It is tilled by Mr. Basciano, an Italian, who has the reputation of being an excellent farmer. Mr. Osborn really farms more than any land-owner in the valley.

General repute gives to Mr. W. A. Fisher the credit of being the most careful farmer in the valley, and of raising the cleanest grain. Mr. Coombs' "Willow Farm," (so named from its willow hedges,) two miles from Napa town, is beautifully situated, and has a fine barn—a rare "institution" in California. Mr. Coombs also has a fine race track on his farm, and half-a-dozen racers well known to the fast-horse men of the State.

The following is a list of the orchards in the valley:—

Acres.		Acres.	
J. W. Osborn.....	140	C, Hartson.....	10
Daniel Gibb.....	120	—York.....	10
S. Thompson.....	100	—Barker.....	8
W. Kilburn.....	35	S. Broadhurst.....	8
G. C. Yount.....	22	—Fisher.....	6
T. Knight.....	29	S. Loveland.....	6
B. F. Kellogg.....	15	E. Sullivan.....	5
W. H. Nash.....	15	L. G. Lilly.....	6
T. Griggsby.....	12	—Hudson.....	4
—Hudson.....	10	J. Amsbury.....	4
R. Cottrell.....	10	Seagrist Brothers.....	4
W. Hornback.....	10	J. Mansfield.....	4
Total.....			564

To these may be added many smaller orchards, of two or three acres, and adding all these to the 564 on the above list, we may estimate the total acres in orchards in the valley at 700 acres, containing 150,000 trees; of which about two-thirds are apples, and one fifth peaches. About two-thirds of the total number of trees

will bear, or are old enough to bear, this year, and the remainder are too young. Apple trees bear at four years, and peaches at three.

These "orchards" include some vines, and more vineyards have been planted since my visit to the valley.

Of imported stock, the most notable are the horses of Nathan Coombs, one of which cost \$5000, and another \$2000; the Durham cattle of J. Chiles; the Ayrshire cattle of Osborn, and the fine merino sheep of Samuel Brannan.

Napa Valley is, in proportion to its size, the richest and most productive grain district in the State. The number of bushels of wheat, barley and oats raised yearly in this valley, is about 1,300,000, and the wholesale rate price is put down at \$1,600,000 or \$1,800,000. The average crop of wheat per acre may be put down at 25 bushels; of barley, 30. To speak in general terms, four times as much land is sown in barley as in oats, and nearly three times as much in wheat as in barley. Little attention is paid to the cultivation of other grains or garden vegetables. The soil of the valley is not suitable for potatoes, and the climate is not suitable for cabbage or corn. There is, however, some maize planted in tributary cañons and ravines near the head of the valley, in many places inaccessible for wagons; and after the crop is ripe it is not harvested, but hogs are driven into the fields and left until all the grain is eaten.

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### THE SLEEPER ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!	Thy mother looketh out
Above thy ashes cold,	Across the misty sea,
The holy stars look mildly down,	Crying, O! come to thy childhood's home!
The mountain mists are rolled,	Wand'rer, return to me!
And the night winds sing thy dirge,	
In wailings, sad and deep,	Alone! thou sleep'st alone!
Or, swelling to a thunder tone,	No winds that round thee sweep,
Through the solemn forests sweep!	Nor rattling thunder's loudest tone,
	Can break thy long tranced sleep!
Alone—thou sleep'st alone!	But, when the trump shall sound,
Wo! wo to them who wait	And heaven and earth shall flee,
And watch at eventide for thee,	Arouse, thou sleeper, from thy grave!
At the lonely cottage gate.	Thy loved ones wait for thee!

## THE DYING SCHOOLMASTER.

BY J. W. WHALLEY.

“It is growing dark—school may be dismissed now,’ were the last words of a dying old man who had spent a long life as village schoolmaster.”

The sun’s last rays the clouds had tinged  
A rosy hue,  
And through the bending trees that fringed  
The lake so blue,  
The flower-scented gale was breathing sweet and low,  
A symphony unto the song of waves below.

By distance mellowed came the village hum—  
A peaceful sound;  
The busy voices of the day were dumb;  
A calm profound  
Pervaded Nature, bidding Passion wild be still,  
And causing Pleasure’s harp ’neath Memory’s touch to thrill.

Yet there were those to whom that hour  
Brought no relief,  
And eyes were glist’ning ’neath the shower  
Of heartfelt grief;  
For in a room, within yon vine-clad cottage fair,  
The poor old village schoolmaster lay dying there.

With faithful zeal from year to year  
He’d taught their school—  
The children all through love, not fear,  
Obeyed his rule;  
And as they passed the house where sick the master lay,—  
“Do n’t make a noise—perhaps he sleeps,” they’d fondly say.

And when upon the leaves were seen  
The dew-drops bright,  
When daisies smiled o’er all the green  
In morning’s light,  
They’d cull bouquets of wild flowers from the verdant mead,  
And with their off’rings to the old man’s bedside speed.

Well pleased I ween was each, as he  
Looked up and smiled,  
And weakly said: “Are these for me,  
My dearest child?  
Sweet is thy gift—come, lay them on my pillow, dear,  
And kiss me, for I soon shall journey far from here!”

Thus were the sick man's moments cheered  
 From day to day ;  
 Resigned and calm, he e'er appeared  
 To pass away :  
 And now, whilst dying, as he watched the shadows creep,  
 A smile o'erspread his face, of holy trust most deep.

“ Why weep ye, friends ? 't is sweet to die,”  
 He gently said ;  
 “ Soon, soon my soul shall mount on high,  
 By Mercy led ;  
 Far, far beyond all scenes of earthly pain and woe,  
 To that blest land where founts of love do flow.”

There was a pause — deep silence now  
 O'er all was cast,  
 For Death's cold dews upon that brow  
 Were gath'ring fast.  
 But soft — he starts : “ 'Tis growing dark,” he slowly said ;  
 “ The school is now dismissed,” he gasped, and fell back, *dead*.”

Within the churchyard, 'neath the trees  
 The low winds wave,  
 The musing trav'ler haply sees  
 The master's grave ;  
 No sculptured marble tells his virtues or his worth —  
 His tombstone is the hearts of those he knew on earth.

NATHAN.—Nathan, a prophet and wise teacher at Salem, sat among his disciples, and the words of wisdom flowed like honey from his lips.

Then said one of his disciples, named Gamaliel : “ Master, how is it that we love so well to receive thy instructions, and to listen to the words of thy mouth ?”

The modest teacher smiled, and said : “ Is not my name interpreted ‘ to give ?’ Man receives with pleasure, if you know how to give.”

“ What dost thou give ?” asked Hillel, another of those who sat at his feet.

And Nathan answered : “ I offer you a golden apple in a silver rind. You receive the rind, but you find the apple.”

## PAPERS ON THE EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY J. F. BOWMAN.

### No. III. *The Anglo Saxon Writers.*

IN a former paper of this series, the first introduction of civilization and letters into Britain was attributed to the Romans. Nevertheless, it has been claimed that there existed among the Celtic tribes which Cæsar found in possession of the island, a body of native literary productions, preserved by oral tradition, and handed down by one generation of bards to another, which indicate a high degree of refinement, and romantic elevation of character in the people who could originate them, and whose manners and sentiments these poetic fragments may be supposed, more or less, faithfully to reflect. "If," says Gibbon, in treating of the Caledonian war which followed the invasion of Britain by the Emperor Severus, and in which Fingal is said to have commanded the native forces,—“If we could with safety indulge the pleasing supposition that Fingal lived, and that Ossian sung, the striking contrast of the situation and manners of the contending nations might amuse a philosophic mind. The parallel would be little to the advantage of the more civilized people, if we compared the unrelenting revenge of Severus, with the generous clemency of Fingal; the timid and brutal cruelty of Caracalla, with the bravery, the tenderness, the elegant genius of Ossian; the mercenary chiefs, who from motives of fear or interest, served under the imperial standard, with the free-born warriors who started to arms at the voice of the king of Morven; if, in a word, we contemplated the untutored Caledonians glowing with the warm virtues of nature, and the degenerate Romans polluted with the mean vices of wealth and slavery.”

In a future paper, we propose to refer more particularly to these literary remains in the verse language,—productions which cannot fail to possess a certain interest, from the fact that a portion of them have been the subject of the most remarkable, protracted and virulent controversies that ever agitated the world of letters,—a controversy in which the greatest names, and the most respectable authorities may be found arrayed against each other,—in which Blair, Hume, Johnson, Robertson and Gray, actively participated, and in which the first Napoleon did not disdain to take a lively interest.



The remains of the Anglo Saxon literature which have been preserved, are chiefly valuable as specimens of the language upon which our own is founded. But their actual merit as literary productions, has been over-rated, from the importance which they undoubtedly possess in an antiquarian and philological point of view, and the light which they throw upon the origin and progress of our language. Intrinsically, it must be confessed, they are of but little value, and when the jealous Saxonist seriously undertakes to institute comparisons between the poems of Cædmon, and the author of "Beowulf," on the one hand, and "Paradise Lost," and the "Illiad" on the other, he simply furnishes us with a striking example of the extent to which the pursuit of a favorite study may prejudice the judgment and demoralize the taste, converting even the elegant and accomplished scholar into the mole-eyed bibliomaniac:—

" Who on black letter pores,  
And what he does not understand, adores ;  
Buys at vast sums the trash of ancient days,  
And draws on prodigality of praise.  
These, when some lucky hit or lucky price,  
Has blessed them with '*the Boke of Gode Advice,*'  
For '*ekes*' and '*algates*' only deign to seek  
And live upon a '*while home*' for a week."

The Anglo-Saxon tongue was not, as is sometimes supposed, a language brought into Britain by its Teutonic invaders. The Angles, the Jutes, and the Saxons, who constituted the bulk of the foreign bands that poured into the island after the Romans had withdrawn, each had their separate language, and it was from the fusion of these into one tongue, that the Anglo-Saxon of the age of Alfred was formed. This fusion seems to have been completely accomplished before the time of Bede. But the Angles, and not the Saxons, gave their name to the new language, which, by those who spoke it, was ordinarily called English.

Soon after the Norman Invasion, the amalgamating process commenced, which in the thirteenth century resulted in the disappearance both of the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman-French, out of which, by gradations which we have no means of tracing with accuracy, had grown, what may be called the Old English.

All the accounts which have come down to us of Cædmon, the

earliest Anglo-Saxon writer of note, of whom any remains have been preserved, are of such a character as tend to invest him with the attributes of a mythical or legendary personage. From an awkward and unlettered hind, unable even to read, and so ignorant of numbers that he was wont to retire in confusion, when the harp came towards him at supper, where, by Saxon usage, each guest was expected to sing in turn, he was, according to the monkish legend, developed in a single night, by the influence of a dream, into a full-fledged poet. The Saxon antiquarians delight to style him "the Father of English Song," and "the Saxon Milton," and profess to discover in his poems exalted merits, which, if they exist at all, are imperceptible to the majority of those who have been led by their enthusiastic praises, to search for them in the English translations.

The story of the marvellous awakening of Cædmon's poetic genius, runs in this wise. Having retired overwhelmed with chagrin, from a feast where he had found himself unable to take his part in "the circling song," he repaired to the stable where it was his turn to keep guard during the night. He does not appear, however, to have been a much better sentinel, than he had proved a minstrel, for while indulging in bitter reflections upon his lyrical incapacity, he fell asleep at his post. The thoughts which had occupied his waking mind, gave direction to his dreams. A stranger appeared to him, gave him a harp, and bade him sing. Cædmon sadly urged his inability. With a benignant smile, the vision insisted. "How shall I sing," remonstrated the as yet unconscious minstrel, "who have never been able to sing?" But the stranger would take no denial; he encouraged the reluctant peasant by his look and gesture, and assigned him a theme. "Sing," he said "the origin of things!" Thus urged, Cædmon seized the harp; the impulse and the inspiration came, and the cow-herd, astonished at his own voice, found himself all at once transformed into a Poet. In the morning every detail of his marvellous vision remained imprinted upon his mind. He even remembered syllable for syllable, the lyric rhapsody which had flowed from his unfettered lips, at the bidding of his strange visitant. He flew to the town-reeve, or bailiff of Whitby, and told his story. The latter personage hurried him to the neighboring Convent, where in the presence of the abbess Hilda, and the assembled monks, he recited his verses,—verses which Venerable Bede has pronounced to be the

offspring of pure inspiration. The poem has been handed down to us. It consists of eighteen lines, the burden of which is, "Let us praise God, the maker of Heaven and earth!" Some of the zealous admirers of Saxon literature claim to have discovered "three distinct ideas" in it. We give a tolerably faithful translation, that the reader may judge of its merits for himself:—

"Now we shall praise  
 The guardian of Heaven,  
 The might of the Creator  
 And his counsel—  
 The glory—father of men!  
 How he, of all wonders  
 The eternal Lord,  
 Made the Beginning.  
 He first created  
 For the children of men  
 Heaven as a roof—  
 The holy Creator!  
 Then the world,  
 The guardian of mankind  
 The eternal Lord  
 Provided afterwards,—  
 The earth for men  
 The Almighty Master."

The pious monks rejoiced greatly over the newly discovered poet. They thought such wonderful gifts were worthy of exclusive consecration to sacred purposes. As the peasant-bard was unable to read himself, they read to him the Scripture histories of the Old Testament, to furnish him with fitting themes for the exercise of the power which seemed to be a direct gift from Heaven. The narratives which he drank in from their lips, he turned into song, amplifying, and clothing them in poetical forms. His teachers listened with delight to these effusions, and reverently "wrote them down from his mouth." The elder D'Israeli, alluding in his "Amenities of Literature," to this account, derived from Bede, remarks: "these teachers could not have learned more than they themselves had taught. We can only draw out of a cistern the waters which we have poured into it;"—a singularly flippant and shallow criticism, from so distinguished a source. As the tree first assimilates, and then transmutes the elements which it derives from the earth, and bears them in leaves and

blossoms to the skies, so genius, by its subtle alchemy may reproduce in nobler and more perfect forms, the crude materials which it has absorbed. So from old, rude tales, and half forgotten romances, Shakespeare wrought his immortal master-pieces. Things which the monks could not see or feel, in the histories they recited, might be apparent to the vision of the poet, and be made apparant to their own duller perceptions, when amplified and informed by an active fancy, and clothed in the warm hues of a vivid imagination.

Cædmon died in the year A. D. 680, and his great poem, "The Creation," is generally attributed to the latter part of the seventh century, although the oldest manuscript of it which has been preserved, belongs to the tenth. Several writers have advanced the opinion that Milton has drawn largely from the Saxon poet; and it is certain that a number of passages from "The Creation," may be collated with others from "Paradise Lost," so as to exhibit a strong resemblance,—a resemblance which also extends to some portions of the general plan of the two poems. In both, as D'Israeli remarks, there is a bold departure from the scripture narrative, or rather the adoption of a narrative not supported by any thing contained in the sacred writings, particularly where the respective poets treat of the rebellion of Satan, and his expulsion from Heaven, with his apostate legions. Both agree in representing these events as occurring prior to the creation of man; and Cædmon, in the harangue which he makes Satan address to his angels, reminds us strongly of the similar scene in the early part of "Paradise Lost." So in regard to the departure from the common notion of representing the archfiend as a hideous and frightful being. The Saxon poet describes him as "the brightest, fairest in Heaven; beloved of his master, beauteous in form, and *like to the light of stars,*" while Milton compares his countenance to —

"The morning star that guides the starry flock;"

and elsewhere presents him thus:—

"His form had not yet lost  
All her *original brightness*, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined."

But notwithstanding these, and similar coincidences, there is scarcely sufficient ground for charging Milton with plagiarism, or imitation of his Saxon predecessor. The parallel passages, which are to be found in the two poets, may easily be accounted for, as in-

stances of the fortuitous resemblance of ideas, and assuredly no accusation of literary theft should be entertained, except upon the clearest and most conclusive grounds. "Among the innumerable practices," says Dr. Johnson, "by which interest or envy have taught those who lived upon literary fame to disturb each other at their airy banquets, one of the most common is the charge of plagiarism. When the excellence of a composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be revered; and the excellence which we cannot obscure, may be set at such a distance, as not to overpower our fainter lustre. *This accusation is especially dangerous, because even when it is false, it may often be urged with every appearance of probability.*"

But so far as the present case is concerned, it is more than probable that Milton never heard or read a line of Cædmon.

It would scarcely be consistent with the scope of these papers, to go into the consideration of the reasons for this conclusion, which would involve the history of the Cædmon MS. and the discussion of several subordinate questions. Some of these reasons, (though not in our judgment the most conclusive of all) are stated by D'Israeli, in his interesting paper on "Cædmon and Milton," and they are abundantly sufficient to entitle the defendant to a verdict of acquittal, without even invoking in his behalf the doctrine of that "reasonable doubt," the benefit of which the law gives to the accused.

We shall conclude our notice of the Anglo-Saxon poet, with a brief extract from Satan's speech in the "Creation."

"Boiled within him  
 His thoughts around his heart;  
 Hot, was without him  
 His dire punishment.  
 Then spake he words:—  
*This narrow place is most unlike  
 That other which we formerly knew,  
 High in Heaven's Kingdom,  
 Which my master gave me;  
 Though we it for the All-powerful  
 May not possess  
 Yet hath he not done rightly,  
 That he hath struck us down*

To the fiery abyss  
 Of the hot Hell,  
 Bereft us of Heaven's Kingdom  
 And decreed  
 To people it with mankind!"

Even in such material as this, some of those microscopic critics, who seem to find a peculiar happiness in mousing after instances of plagiarism, have fancied that they discovered the original suggestion of one of Satan's speeches in *Paradise Lost* :—

"Is this the region,—this the soil and clime',  
 Said then the lost archangel — 'this the seat,  
 That we must change for Heaven? — this mournful gloom,  
 For that celestial light?"

—————"Farewell happy fields,  
 Where joy forever dwells! — Hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,  
 Receive thy new possessor!"

"The exploits of Beowulf," is the only considerable poetical work, besides those of Caedmon, of which the Anglo-Saxon literature can boast. All its remaining wealth,—at least all that has come down to us, consists of short pieces, such as the "Ode on King Athelstan's victory over the Danes," and the "Traveller's Song." About the genuineness and antiquity of "Beowulf," there seems to be no dispute. The poet has been called "the Saxon Homer," and there is, at least, something of Homeric simplicity in the poem. Beowulf, a hero of the old Teutonic type, such as we find in the *Nebelungen Lied* and the *Edda*, is the Achilles of the Saxon *Illiad*. He possesses all the valor of the Greek, without his sullenness, and is far too amiable a character to quarrel with his comrades, or sulk in his tent while they are contending with the enemy. An enthusiastic German writer somewhat loftily styles him "a God-descended hero, who fought with, and vanquished, monsters of all kinds, but lived in harmony with all heroic natures." The poem abounds in the usual materials and incidents of the Scandinavian Epic:—warlike exploits, terrific combats; filibustering expeditions,—with, of course, a due admixture of love-making. There are mailed Knights, in "terrible armor," and bards to sing their exploits at the banquet; likewise a mysterious being, something between a fiend and a ghou, with an insatiable thirst for blood, (not a poetical, but a lit-

eral thirst) to destroy which the Gothic hero goes upon an adventurous voyage. Of course the hero vanquishes the monster, in accordance with all epic precedent, a result for which the poet fully prepares the reader by mentioning among the other accomplishments and qualifications of Beowulf, that "he had the strength of thirty men in his gripe." Next to the suppression of the Vampire-monster, perhaps the hero's most noticeable feat, is a terrific marine engagement with Walruses which lasts seven days and seven nights, during all which time he is swimming in a "raging wintry sea," without so much as a life-preserver, or even a hen-coop to support him. The genius of the poet is of that robust and daring character, that spurns all trammels, and does not allow the imagination to be restrained by nice or timid scruples as to probabilities; yet he gives us many picturesque glimpses of a rude and primitive kind of hero-life, of an entirely different description from that revealed in the Ossianic poems. "Beowulf," upon the whole, bears the unmistakable stamp of a genuine production of the age to which it is attributed, but a claim has been advanced by a number of scholars and antiquarians of Copenhagen, that it is a Danish poem, and that the Saxon version is a translation from a lost original.

In its form, the Anglo-Saxon poetry is only distinguishable from prose, by a certain system of alliteration, requiring two or more words in each couplet, to commence with the same letter. It has neither metre, like the Greek and Latin poetry, nor rhyme like the English, and depends for its effect, mainly upon that species of elevation of style and expression, aimed at by McPherson in his Ossianic pieces. Whatever rhythmical principle it contains, is regulated by the ear and taste of the poet, rather than the by any fixed rules of prosody.

During the long contest which commenced with the invasion of the Saxons, the arts, the learning, and the language which had been introduced by the Romans, were gradually extirpated, so that when the struggle was over, and the invaders had established themselves in the firm possession of the southern portion of the island, scarcely a trace remained of that Roman civilization, which it had been the cherished policy of Agricola to foster. The churches and monasteries were destroyed, the bishops, who, as Gibbon maliciously phrases it "had declined the crown of martyrdom," fled the Kingdom, and every vestige of Christianity so completely disappeared, that when,

near the end of the sixth century, the missionaries of Rome, with Augustine at their head, arrived in Britain, they found there a heathen people, who retained not even the remembrance of the doctrines or rites of the Church. Soon after the mission of Augustine and his coadjutors, a revival of learning appears to have been inaugurated, which continued and increased, until, at the time of Bede, in the early part of the eighth century, both learning and religion had fully regained their former sway. At this period, as we have seen, instances of extensive acquirements were not uncommon among the Anglo-Saxon clergy. But this state of things was destined to no long continuance. Scarcely were the Saxons firmly fixed in their new seats, with leisure to cultivate the arts of peace, when they became in their turn the victims of foreign assailants. The Danish fleets freighted with fierce and rapacious hordes of northern pirates, commenced those descents upon the English coast, which continued until a Danish Prince occupied the throne of Alfred. These incursions, and the incessant wars which resulted from them, soon produced among the Saxons the same effects which the attacks of the Saxons had formerly wrought, and to this cause is generally attributed the rapid decline of cultivation, which took place from the age of Bede, to that of Alfred. The new invaders seem to have been animated by the same spirit which had manifested itself in their Saxon predecessors. The churches and religious establishments were the especial objects against which they directed their fury. Many of these were burned or razed to the ground, and with them were destroyed the only libraries and schools of the period. Through the operation of these causes chiefly, the clergy themselves had relapsed into an ignorance so deplorable, that King Alfred, when desirous of acquiring the Latin tongue, found it difficult to procure a teacher capable of instructing him. "South of the Humber," he himself tells us, "there were but few priests when I began my reign, who could understand the meaning of the common prayers, or who could render a line of Latin into English." Nor was this the worst. Even reading and writing were accomplishments possessed almost exclusively by the clergy; and 'Clericus' or 'Clerk,' signifying originally an ecclesiastic or one in holy orders (in England it is still the legal appellation of a clergyman) became at length synonymous with 'penman,' the sense in which it is now most frequently employed. The



mere fact that a man could write, was considered presumptive evidence that he was in holy orders. Laymen, who had occasion to subscribe any instrument, scratched the sign of the cross at the foot of it, and the clerk then wrote the name opposite the mark, and from this custom is derived the phrase *to sign*, as now used in speaking of the execution of a deed, etc.

Such was the condition of things in England, when Alfred began to revolve those plans for the diffusion of knowledge among the great body of his subjects, the mere conception of which, in that age, stamps him as a great and extraordinary character, and entitles him to be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance by the English people, and by all who derive from them their language, their literature, and their civilization.

If talents and virtues, rare even in subjects, and an enlightened patriotism almost unexampled in Kings, can give a passport to immortality, the halo which invests the name of Alfred, will only become more vivid in the lapse of ages. "In him," says Gibbon, "were united the virtue of Antonine, the learning and valor of Cæsar, and the legislative genius of Lycurgus." But in reality he possessed more of the elements of a Washington, than of a Cæsar or a Napoleon; for he was one of those instances, so rare in the history of the world, of a man wielding the supreme powers of government, who seems to have been uniformly actuated by a sincere and unselfish passion to promote the public welfare, independent of the incitements of personal ambition. Cæsar and Napoleon were unquestionably patriotic, in a certain sense, but the love of glory and the thirst for domination, seem to have animated the former in his efforts to advance the power and grandeur of Rome; and if the latter manifested a wise and unaffected solicitude for the interests of France, it was for *his* France, the source of his greatness, the instrument of his conquests, the bulwark of his pride,—the shield which protected him against his foes, the sword with which he humbled and destroyed them. When he devised wise laws for her government, and vast schemes to promote her material prosperity, when he built roads, and bridges, and aqueducts, founded hospitals, and endowed institutions of learning, it may be urged with the appearance at least, of plausibility, that he acted in much the same spirit in which a private gentleman plans and labors for the improvement of his estate. But

in the Saxon King, there seems to have been a noble simplicity of purpose, a singular absence of mere personal ambition, and a genuine devotion to the welfare of his people. His labors in the promotion of learning, the general diffusion of knowledge, and the improvement of the internal administration of justice, appear to have been inspired by a truly paternal solicitude for the best interests of his subjects. His campaigns, if they can be so called, against the Danish invaders, indicate more of the solid judgment, the unshaken perseverance, and the patient fortitude of Washington, than the military genius of Cæsar. Nor can we more successfully claim for him the literary talents, or the elegant acquirements of the author of "the Commentaries." His writings evince more earnestness of purpose and solidity of judgment, than taste or scholarship; and he was remarkable rather for his studious disposition, and his thirst for knowledge, than his actual learning. His title to be ranked as a Lycurgus, rests upon no better foundation. He adopted and enforced the laws devised by his predecessors, rather than originated new ones. Even the statement so often made, and so generally received, that he is the author of the division of the kingdom into counties, shires, and hundreds, must be rejected, inasmuch as there is good reason to believe that these divisions existed from the first settlement of the Germanic race in Britain, though in Alfred's time their limits were more distinctly fixed than before. Upon the whole, it would seem that Gibbon, in the comparison which he instituted with reference to the Saxon ruler, as a scholar, a soldier, and a law-giver, has strained a factitious resemblance, in order to round an imposing sentence, with the great names of Antonine, Cæsar and Lycurgus.

Yet Alfred can lose nothing by such comparisons. His greatness was of another, a rarer, and a loftier type than that of conquerors or legislators. It is impossible to read his history, without being impressed by his beneficent wisdom, and the genuine goodness of his whole character. When we find him opposing, though almost alone, the narrow policy of the clergy, the tendency of which was to confine the benefits of education to a particular caste; when we see him contending manfully for the propriety of "translating useful books into the language which we all understand," as being "for the benefit of the Youth of England," who, he goes on to argue, "cannot profit in any pursuit, until they are well able to read En-

glish;" when we contemplate his own assiduous and persevering efforts, by translations of useful works, by founding schools, and by inviting scholars from abroad into his Kingdom, to secure to the masses of the people a right in the common inheritance of knowledge; when we recognize in his whole conduct the masculine good sense, which rejected the prejudices of the learned, and rose superior to the best wisdom of the age, we find it easy to sympathize with the reverent affection of his countrymen, witnessed by the traditional epithets handed down to us in connection with his name—"The wisest man of England,"—the darling of the English—the Shepherd of his People."

But the present paper seems already to have extended itself to such unexpected length, that any further consideration of the literary aspects of the age of Alfred, must be reserved for a future number.

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## THE SPECTER CARAVAN.

[*Translated from the German of Freiligrath.*]

BY THEODORE H. HITTELL.

Midway in the desert was it, where at night, exposed, we rested;  
By the tired, unbridled horses slept my Bedouins tried and trusted.  
In the distance lay the moonlight, on the Nile's far hills reclining;  
Scattered in the sand around us, bones of dromedaries shining.

Sleepless lay I; for a pillow only did my saddle serve me,  
Bolstered underneath with satchel, filled with dry fruit of the date tree,  
And my outspread kaftan drew I upward o'er my feet and bosom;  
Near me lay my naked sabre—all my weapons and provision.

All is silence;—only sometimes crackles low the dying embers;  
Only sometimes shrieks the vulture that from nest, belated, wanders;  
Only sometimes stamps in slumber 'mid the horses here and there one;  
Only sometimes grasps a horseman, dreaming battle, for his weapon.

There! at once the hot earth trembles; o'er the moonlit places chasing,  
Shadows follow gloaming shadows; o'er the desert beasts are racing.  
Snorting prance the frightened horses; and our standard-bearer whispers,  
Pale, his banner dropping: "Master, 'tis the caravan of specters!"

Yes, it comes! before the camels stride along the ghostly drivers;  
 In their saddles high, luxurious, loll unveiled the women riders;  
 Near them too are maidens slender, pitchers bearing, like Rebbecca  
 At the well once; horsemen follow—sweeping haste they all to Mecca.

More still!—has the train no ending?—ever more!—now who can count them?  
 See! the very bones are starting, and again to camels mounting;  
 And the yellow sand, which whirling up in dark brown masses, rises  
 Turns itself to dark brown pilgrims, and each one a camel seizes.

For this is the night when all they, whom the sand seas have devoured;  
 Those, whose elemental ashes e'en to-day our tongues have soured;  
 Those, whose crumbling skulls our horses' hoofs have trodden into layer,  
 Rise and hurry troopwise forward to the holy place of prayer.

Ever more!—and still the distance with the coming trains is blackened,  
 But the vanguards, see! returning, hurrying back with bridles slackened,  
 From the dark green promontory to the Babelmandeb water  
 Haste they—ere my horse can loose him, struggling 'gainst his tightened halter.

Up! my comrades, and stand each one steadfast by his frightened courser;  
 Tremble not; these are but shadows vainly dancing in the night air;  
 Let them even touch you with their floating robes and loose talares;  
 Cry but: "Allah!"—and they hasten onward with their dromedaries.

Stand ye, till the winds of morning in your turban feathers flutter;  
 Morning wind and morning dawning will these ghostly specters scatter.  
 With the day again to ashes turn will all these wanderers straying;—  
 See, it dawns already; bravely greets it now my courser's neighing.

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**FRIENDSHIP.**—Friendship is a tacit contract between two sensible and virtuous persons. I say sensible, for a monk or hermit may not be wicked, yet live a stranger to friendship. I add virtuous, for the wicked have only accomplices. The voluptuous have companions, the designing have associates, the men of business have partners, the politicians form a factious band; the bulk of idle men have connections, princes have courtiers, but virtuous men alone have friends. Cethégus was Cataline's accomplice, and Mecænus was Octavius' courtier; but Cicero was Aticus' friend.—*Voltaire.*

**FEAR.**—Ignorance is the mother of fear, as well as of admiration. A man intimately acquainted with the nature of things, has seldom occasion to be astonished.—*Lord Kaimés.*

## RENEWING ACQUAINTANCE.

BY SISKIYOU.

*It is probably true, that, in no other part of the world, can be found equal tendencies for the diversion of the mind from a pursuance of its natural avocation, as in the experience of a life in California. Here, above all other localities, the adventurer sets foot within an arena of turbulent excitement, and of constantly changing, and diversified interests. Fortune seems pleased to play "bo peep" with individuals, and individuals, not to be outdone, play "bo peep" with fortune. That which, to-day, becomes a matured plan, invested with the panoply of reasonable deductions, on the morrow, chameleon-like, changes its coloring, and discarding the wisdom of yesterday, puts on a new robe, adapting itself to the necessities of the moment. Thus, in the ever varying tide of evils, one learns to do as he *can*, not as he *would*. Notwithstanding the mutability of these immutable laws by which we are governed, the mind, though turned from the channel of its natural current, is ever ready to renew the pastimes and exercises of its real inclinations—only remove the barrier which at the fountain-head clogs up and dams the primitive path, and mark how joyfully its waters will resume their flow and ripple along their nature-formed causeways.*

The question is often asked: "Why is it, that in a land whose citizenship is made up of talent; whose scenery is inspiration; whose atmosphere is the *soul* of inspiration, and whose alchemy is the very essence of science?"—"why," it is repeated, "are there not more to be found in our own number whose ambition is literary and scientific excellence?" The problem has an easy solution—to use a rustic yet popular expression, neither the one nor the other "pays." Both are obtained at the price of application and untiring assiduity. Wealth, in most cases, is the *ultima thule* of the California adventurer, and it lies not at the shrine of literary excellence; if it does, it still requires wealth for its attainment and duplication. He who has been successful in the accumulation of riches, in most instances, is not one whose inclinations predominate in favor of refined mental culture; and, he who has not been the recipient of fortune's gracious smiles, remains the sport of adverse minds, and of hope's fitful promises. When Israel was led captive to Babylon, her chil-

dren were required to sing, but with "harps upon the willows," they answered: "How can I sing?" Upon these were the chains of a servile and insurmountable bondage; and it is much the case with those in the golden State who desire literary excellence. The demands of the wardrobe and the larder call for that which will *pay*; and even the editor is limited to "news," the staple article, and the wants of which, are distressingly predominant. Immersed in difficulties like these, is it strange that talent and genius not unfrequently sink in the dark and murky slough of a mental despond? Nature, it is true, breathes upon us its balmy and invigorating breath, and beneath cerulean skies, opens out the modest beauty, the sublime glory of scenes which the artist may well admire and worship, but which his pencil can never emulate. And yet, genius feels the one and beholds the other—not unmoved—not without the kindlings of a living flame! but rather in the spirit of a patriot who realizes the disgrace of his country's bondage, and vainly sighs for her deliverance. Such *has* been the experience of California life in times past, is so now, and, in a lessening degree, must continue for several years to come. But it is a subject for rejoicing and congratulation, that the reddening dawn of a new era is unmistakably, *necessarily* opening upon us. Stability and wealth, in community, is the auxiliary and precursor of refined mental culture; and, as cloth tents gave place to rustic cabins, and these, in turn, are substituted by more comfortable and permanent dwellings, we will soon be able to look upon the cosy "homestead" as the fruitful nursery of tranquil, refined and matured thought—the reflective mirror to all that is beautiful, useful and good. The *past* will then be regarded as the "chaos of matter" from whose wonderful elements originated greatness of soul and of mind; and, progressing from strength to beauty, and from beauty to glory, who shall anticipate her crowning achievements?

Though without possession of the heaven-born gift of genius, the author of this little sketch still claims to write from *experience*. The burthen of bright visions and of fading hopes has been his; and his the ambition which, when wounded, it would have proudly flashed its wings in the sunlight of a higher destiny, has as often been pinioned to earth, and by the freaks of a fickle fortune! and, until like the crippled eagle, though born to soar, seeks a grovelling

covert refuge from inward mortification. A more brilliant intelligence might have triumphed, but his is the experience with which the majority of readers can but sympathize. Victimized to that lethargy which reviles at even the suggestion of effort, I deem myself fortunate in the possession of a friend who promises to take from my shoulders the responsibility of the "quill," and who, by especial request, proposes to furnish the *Hesperian* with a series of letters, familiarly, though unpoetically, to be entitled: "Uncle John's Private Desk." A few words introductory to Uncle John, and my literary acquaintance with the *Hesperian* ends with its "renewal,"—not, however, without an indulgence in the hope that the *experience* briefly related above will be recognized as containing many truths pertaining to a life in California.

"Uncle John" was born and educated in "Boswell,"—a beautiful little village in one of the western Atlantic States, and which Goldsmith describes as the

"Loveliest village of the lawn."

Coming to this coast of adventure and of gold early in the summer of 1849, and, while yet a youth, he passed nine years of bachelor life in pursuit of that treasure which is as essential in making provision for a comfortable home—and was *at last* successful!—nine long years of "ups" and "downs"! nine long years of experience in a country which, for excitement, and extremes in life's various phases, has no parallel!—nine long years of separation from the scenes of his childhood, and the dearest object of his heart's first, purest affection!—nine long years of "single blessedness,"—but, he is no longer alone! With him the "night" has passed; and in the mellowing light of glorious morning is revealed an enchantingly beautiful cottage, o'er whose trellis windows, vines are luxuriantly entwining, and around whose doorway flowers are blooming, unfolding their delicate petals in an atmosphere and country, of which Bayard Taylor says: "there is *no equal*." Hail, California! beautiful queen of the West, and paradise of earth! Italy, thy prestige is gone! and thou dear "Boswell," green in the hearts of all possessed of soul; canonised by every association of early years; *yet*, here, *here*, in some lovely valley of the bright Pacific, shall be my trysting ground! here shall cluster around me the endearments of

the domestic circle, and here, where the earth is most beautiful, and the skies most serene, will I build my home, and erect the sacred altar of my life's daily worship! But I am digressing. "Uncle John" is the subject of my theme, and I said that his home is with us, and *he is not alone!* Traversing oceans he, nearly two years since, redeemed the pledges of his early love, and, returning to California, has become a permanent fixture of the New World. One of the first settlers of the State, his experience in the different phases of early and later life in the great El Dorado of the West is perfect. Possessing keen perceptive faculties, but little has escaped his observation; and having a soul alive to all the finer feelings of our nature, and commanding an easy and interesting "pen," I have selected him as an admirable substitute for that honored position in the pages of the HESPERIAN which was designed for myself. Let it, however, be borne in mind, that my friend's experience in writing is less than his proportionate knowledge of the world, and that his sketches are more especially designed for those who seek for that which may be entertaining and instructive, than for the scrutinizing investigation of the critique. But we now leave "Uncle John" and his "Private Desk" to speak for themselves, with the simple request that, as he is no aspirant for fame, he may be judged of by the public as he is—a plain, unpretentious and domestic man, who, having an occasional leisure hour, is pleased to devote it, if happily successful, in an humble contribution to the pleasure, and, it may be, to the edification of his fellows.

At this moment it occurs to me that my own sketch in life experience is too incomplete. "Why," it may be asked, "will one who may have tasted, though in ever so small a draught, of the pearly spring of Hope's bright promises,—why will or can he at last despair?" True, it is said that

"In the bright lexicon of youth,  
Which fate has ordained,  
There's no such word as fail!"

But will these beautiful and hopeful lines apply to "old bachelors?" and if they can be thus applied, which, to say the most, is very doubtful, may not one over-estimate his ability?—may not a vessel be provided with steam capacity sufficient to drive it smoothly



against a common current, and yet incapable of progress against a torrent? Better, it must be admitted, had the hope never been born! And still, in the melancholy quiet of despair there remains a sorrowing pleasure in recalling the bright images of dreams that *once* were real, just as the full-grown man lives over again, in retrospection, the loved incidents and scenes of childhood. Indeed, but few realize the bitter experience which destroys all pleasure. Ah, no!—

“Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy—  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
That come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled:  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.”

Even death cannot bury all that affords consolation. Let disappointment follow disappointment as wave follows wave, and, let despair follow dejection until it is engulfed in the grave, there will yet be found a *Lethe*, the current of which, passing through sleep's delicious and unconscious bowers, that will finally open out into glorious immortality. Then will the shadows of death have disappeared before the brightness of that great and eventful morning,—aye!—

“See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,  
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,  
While beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

Let *me*, for a while, calmly sleep in the chrysalis web of a revivifying hope, and it may be that the resurrection of a renewed and strengthened intellect will yet prove that your correspondent “still lives.” But, in the meantime, be kind to my friend “Uncle John,” and not too critical on the contents of his “Private Desk.”

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CRITICISM. — Some people take delight in criticising the trifling faults of a book so closely that the habit vitiates their taste and renders them incapable of relishing its beauties.—*Palmer's Col.*

## HUMBOLDT RIVER.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

[We republish this poem in justice to Mr. Ridge, as well as to our readers. It appeared in the *Hesperian* for March, but so mangled by typographical errors that its beauty was greatly marred. We hope the annoyance felt by the talented author may be removed by its present appearance, corresponding strictly with the manuscript. It would not mend the matter on our part to make excuses for the former mistake; it should not have happened under any consideration; and we promise no such blemish shall again mar the pages of the *Hesperian*.—ED. *HESPERIAN*.]

Humboldt River! O, most horrible of rivers, let us rename it. Let us call it the "River of Death." For three hundred miles its banks are one continuous burying-ground. Like the monster-serpent, which once impeded the march and thinned the ranks of the Roman army, by filling the atmosphere with his pestiferous and death-dealing breath, so doth this monster stretch itself along the route, and lying in wait for the great annual army of emigration, fill the air with death-producing miasma. It literally fattened its lean sides with the flesh of the emigrant husband, wife and babe. If, as some think, departed spirits remain in the vicinity where lie in corruption the fleshy tenelements once inhabited by them, then indeed must the banks of this stream, at midnight, when spirits are supposed to commence their nightly roaming upon the earth, present to the spirit eye a sadder sight than ever caused human eye to fill with tears of sorrow. Naught but the ghost of worn-out and starved fathers, mothers and babes! O, horrible, most horrible of rivers! Let us call thee the River of Death.—*Shasta Courier*.

The River of Death, as it rolls  
With a sound like the wailing of souls!  
And, nursing their dust, may be seen  
The ghosts of the dead by the green  
Billowy heaps on the shore—  
Dim shapes, as they crouch by the graves,  
And wail with the rush of the waves  
On-seeking the Desert before!  
Nursing their dust 'gainst the morn  
Which shall see us, new-born,  
Arise from the womb of the Earth—  
That, through rain or through dearth,  
Through calm or through storm,  
Through seasons and times, no part may be lost,

By the ruthless winds tost,  
Of the mortal which shall be immortal of form.

No leaf that may bud  
By that dark, sullen flood ;  
No flower that may bloom,  
With its tomb-like perfume,  
In that region infectious of gloom ;  
No subtilized breath  
That may ripple that River of Death,  
Or, vapory, float in the desolate air,  
But is watched, with a vigilant, miserly care,  
Lest it steal from the dust of the dead that are there.  
For the Elements aye are in league,  
With a patience unknowing fatigue,  
To scatter mortality's mould,  
And sweep from the graves what they hold !

I would not, I ween, be the wight  
To roam by that river at night,  
When the souls are abroad in the glooms ;  
Enough that the day-time is weird  
With such mystical sights as are feared  
Mid the silence of moonlighted tombs.  
Weird shores, with their alkaline white,  
That loom in the glare of the light ;  
Weird bones, as they bleach in the sun,  
Where the beast from his labors is done ;  
Weird frost-work of poisonous dews  
On shrub and on herb, which effuse  
The death they have drank to their core ;  
Weird columns up-borne from the floor  
Of the white-crustr'd deserts which boil  
With the whirlwinds' hot, blasting turmoil !  
As ghost-like he glides on his way,  
Each ghastly, worn pilgrim looks gray  
With the dust the envenomed winds flail ;  
And the beast he bestrides is as pale  
As the steed of the Vision of John,  
With *him*, the DESTROYER, thereon.

Dark river, foul river, 'tis well  
That into the jaws of thy Hell —  
The open-mouthed Desert\* — should fall  
Thy waves that so haunt and appall.  
'Tis fit that thou seek the profound  
Of the all-hiding Night underground ;  
Like the river which nine times around  
The realm of grim Erebus wound,  
To roll in that region of dread —  
A Stygian Stream of the Dead !

\* The " Sink of the Humboldt."

ANNA LEE, OR. SOMETHING WON.

[*Sequel to Something Attempted.*]

BY S. C. H.

FIVE years have gone by, with their joys and sorrows, since last we looked on Anna Lee. The mellow light of an October sun, as it sheds its departing beams, streams into the sitting-room, where she is seated, lighting it up with a soft, rosy hue. Her children are gathered round a table, looking over a choice collection of engravings, a late present from an uncle, a brother of their father. Mr. Lee is momentarily expected from the post-office, at the little town of Hopeville. The mother and children now await his return, ere they partake of the evening meal, neatly spread in the adjoining room.

“Mother,” exclaimed Harry, now a boy of some nine years, closely followed by Eva, “look here,” at the same moment placing an engraving in her hand; “isn’t it like our little angel sister May?”

The mother eagerly grasped the picture, and, with tearful eyes, gazed long and fixedly. Then heaving a sigh, she replied, “Yes, darlings, very like. It could not be more so if intended for her. We must keep it as her picture hereafter.”

As thus they were engaged, Mr. Lee entered with pleasant greeting, crossed the room, and took his station behind his wife’s chair. Involuntarily, as his eye caught sight of the picture, his hand was reached forth with a sad yet joyous burst—“Our darling May!”

“Yes, Edward, could we ask for a better resemblance than Providence has placed in our hands?” inquired the mother.

Absorbed in the picture, Mr. Lee replied not, but continued—“The same laughing, joyous face, with its rose-bud mouth; the little, dancing curls around the broad, open brow; those loving, trusting eyes; even the tiny, tapering hand is there.”

Silence reigned for some moments after Mr. Lee passed the engraving back to his wife, and they all continued an earnest gaze on it. Quiet tears found their way down the mother’s face, as she viewed the image of her lost child.

"I would not have her back, Edward, but, oh! if it had been His will to have spared her to us."

"His will is always best done wife, and He did not spare her," rejoined Mr. Lee.

"Mother," said Harry, slipping his hand into his mother's with a quiet pressure, "Aunt Mary told Eva and me, as we looked at May in her little coffin, that little children were the Saviour's lambs; and that Jesus had taken sister home to His fold, so that nothing should ever harm her. That she would be one of the angels, singing like the birds of God, and that we must always remember her as our angel sister."

"Yes, mother," whispered Eva; "and she said her curls would always be bright and shining; that they would never grow white, like her hair, with age. So we kissed her, mother, and bade her good bye till God takes us to live with her."

"Now, mother," continued Harry, "we always call her angel May, and we don't think of her as dead, but only as living in a beautiful golden home, with beautiful children, flowers and birds, where she is very, very happy, and it makes us happy too, when Eva and I talk it all over sometimes."

The mother was beguiled of her sorrow as she heard the simple words of her children, and the pleasant thoughts of their sister's death, that the dear aunt had impressed on their minds, soothed and comforted her own heart as she listened. Four weeks had elapsed since she laid her darling of three summers in the grave. She was the joy and plaything of the house. It was impossible not to love her, for she always welcomed with a pleasant smile, as if an index of the happy spirit that reigned within. From her earliest moments of notice a coo of love greeted those that were around her. The helplessness of a babe makes a path of love to every heart, but, when associated with winning ways, and loving, joyous caresses from the little one, idolatry almost takes its place. Deeply entwined were the tendrils of love for her May around the heart of the mother. The startling call for her precious jewel had almost bereft her of reason for the time, and left a settled feeling of sadness in her calmer moments; knowing it was best that she was taken, yet failing to realize it. She had prayed that God would help her to say—"Thy will, not mine, be done." At a moment when she least

expected it, God had answered her prayer through her little children. She sat for some minutes after Harry and Eva had spoken, then stooping over them kissed them, saying in a subdued manner, "Aunt Mary was very good to tell you such dear things."

"Shall we go to tea now, Anna?" inquired Mr. Lee, giving his wife his hand, as she testified assent, followed by the children. When gathered round the table, Mr. Lee made inquiries for Aunt Mary, who now was a permanent resident of their home, and one of their dearest lights.

"Gone to spend a few days with our friends, the Stones, as they insisted on a visit," was the wife's reply.

"What a forgetful man I am, Anna," said Mr. Lee, as he drew forth a package of papers and letters for perusal, as they were seated for the evening; "here is a letter for Jane that I entirely forgot."

"Give it to me, Edward; I will carry it to her, as I will have to read it to her. It is probably from her sister's oldest girl."

"Have a letter for you, Jane," remarked Mrs. Lee, as she entered the kitchen and took a seat by the table at which Jane was engaged with her knitting; "I think it is from your niece, Lucy"—breaking the seal and glancing at the signature, as Jane expressed a wish to have it read—"Yes, it is from her."

"Glad to hear it, Mrs. Lee, as I have been rather anxious about them lately," replied Jane. Her needles flew with excited activity, the bright steel glistening in the candle-light, as she settled herself in her chair with a listening ear.

*"Dear Aunt Jane,*

"It is some time since I wrote you. We are all well at present. Mother had a bad attack of fever, but is getting quite strong. We tell her she is as pert as ever. Father has had a steady job of work the whole season, on a farm close by, and expects to as long as his boss and him agree. The boys are getting on well at school. They have taken care of the garden this summer, and kept us well supplied with sass. We will have quite a store of cabbage, pumpkins, tomatoes, and other vegetables, for winter use, so you see they have done the family some service. They hope to be able to hire out this coming summer. Your namesake, Jane, lives with neighbor Barnes, and has a very good home. Mary is at home, and we keep

house, sew, knit, and are busy with something all the time. Now, Aunt Jane, I have a favor to ask, and I want you to grant it. It is that you will come and spend Christmas week with us. It is so long since you paid us a visit that mother pines to see you. We will all be at home Christmas day, and we want you with us. Can't you come? Send us word soon, for we will want to know. All of the family send love.

"Your niece,

"LUCY."

Jane heaved a heavy sigh as Mrs. Lee ended, who turned to her with smiling face, asking her where that long sigh came from.

"Ah, marm, I would like well to go, but I know it is impossible; Christmas-times, too."

"Don't heed that, Jane, for I intend you shall go. I can do very well without you for a short time. You forget what a competent housekeeper I have grown to be."

"No, marm, I know you can take hold amazingly now-a-days, but I don't like to leave at such a busy time as the holidays are."

"We can easily arrange work so that you can go with perfect comfort to yourself. Our pies and cakes can be baked a few days before leaving, as they will keep well in the cold season. All the other matters I can easily manage, with Aunt Mary and the children to assist. You see I have quite a respectable force for the service."

"Indeed, marm, I take it very kind of you."

"I don't forget, Jane," replied Mrs. Lee, "that you have been a great source of comfort to me since a house-keeper, and have proved yourself a friend in our dark days. Though I can hardly call them dark days now, for I esteem myself a happier woman than, when rolling in wealth, I led a life of idleness."

"I believe that, Mrs. Lee, for you bear it in your face."

"I am glad if I do. But, Jane, when would you like your letter answered? To-morrow?"

"Just when you please, marm, though I wish I could do it myself, and save you the trouble."

"No trouble, Jane. You might easily learn to write if you desired, as you read well."

"Ah, marm, my fingers are so stiffened with hard work that I would make out clumsily with a pen."

"If you would like to learn, I will give you a half hour every evening. Think of it. I know you would succeed so as to read your letters, any how."

"Thank you, marm; I'll think it over," said Jane, with pleased face, as Mrs. Lee left her.

Mr. Lee glanced up as his wife returned to the place at his side, pleasantly greeting her with—"Your mission of mercy accomplished?"

A cheerful nod was the reply, followed by a recital of the expected visit of Jane.

"Rather too much for you, I fear, but we must contrive a plain Christmas dinner for once."

"I think we ought, dear Edward, when we remember all her Christmas days have been devoted to us. It is a poor return, if we cannot grant her one holiday to herself. I know the reunion of that humble family will be the remembrance of a life-time, for it is a joy they are not often permitted to possess. It is so common with us that we forget what the poor suffer in being forced to deny themselves this gratification, as they are generally compelled at such seasons to devote themselves to their employers."

"My dear, thoughtful wife."

"Don't, Edward, that seems almost a reproach to me, for my heart tells me such a different tale. Look to the years spent in luxury, and devoted to self alone—only have I begun to live in the few past years."

"That only proves me correct, dear Anna. If the past was a failure, and you are now redeeming it by a life of active usefulness for husband, children, and neighbors, I can very well afford to call my wife thoughtful."

"Yet, Edward, I feel more comfortable without commendation, for I simply accomplish present duties; the past is lost to me forever."

"Rejoice that you have a willing heart for duties in the present, Anna."

"I do, Edward, yet with a chastened heart for past omissions."

"Have it your own way, wife; we shan't quarrel over terms, as I see you are determined to maintain your own position. One thing I will say—Mr. Lee would not exchange his dear, faithful helpmate



for the riches of Cræsus. The wise king rightly said, 'Her price is far above rubies.'"

"I am willing to accept the model presented, hoping I may attain unto it."

"There, there, Anna, no more."

The same evening let us glance in on the family of Stones, where Aunt Mary is visiting. They are gathered in the sitting-room, presenting a large family of girls and boys, with father, mother, and Aunt Mary. Few changes have taken place in her appearance, for her face looks as fresh and cheerful as ever; her eye shines with the same bright glancing lustre. The hair alone marks a change, for it is whiter than of yore.

"Aunt Mary," remarked Mrs. Stone, "I was just thinking over the past, and the injustice we once did your niece, Mrs. Lee. We formed a very wrong estimate of her when she first came among us."

"How so?" inquired Aunt Mary.

"I am rather ashamed to confess it, but we thought her a purse-proud lady, who measured her friends by the length of their purse. I made up my mind that plain farmers' wives need expect no friendship from that quarter, as I judged she did not desire it. Now I know her rightly, I would count her leaving our neighborhood the greatest loss we could experience."

"You were not wholly wrong, Mrs. Stone, in your first impressions, though you mistook the cause. Mrs. Lee had mingled with a class where wealth and fashion were the stand-point of excellence. She did not understand that she could derive pleasure from the society of those who were plainer in their surroundings, yet possessed an equal degree of common sense, and, in many cases, more heart. Her tastes and pleasures were wholly different from yours, and there was little congeniality between you. When you first visited her you saw a repining, discontented woman, wholly wrapt up in self. With the loss of the pleasures wealth had conferred, she thought there was no more happiness for her in life. She was unaccustomed to an active, useful life, and looked upon labor as derogatory; the least responsibility as drudgery. With a mind thus occupied with regrets for her lost treasures, and an aversion to the position to which she was reduced, she was wholly unprepared to reciprocate the kindly feelings her neighbors testified. I do not

think she despised them for want of wealth, but was unable to understand the character of those among whom she was placed, and, with a mind preoccupied with selfish regrets, she was blind to the construction that might be placed on her conduct by strangers, when received with evident indifference. She has grown to understand the true pleasures and happiness in life, and is a changed woman."

"You may well say that," said plain-spoken farmer Stone, "for I used to call her Lee's doll."

"Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone in an expostulatory manner.

"No offence intended, wife, as I consider no one need ask for a more worthy woman than I know Anna Lee now to be. I think she is deserving of credit for the great improvement made. It shows she was good stuff, only wanted a little training. There's one thing I wish, that all our acquaintances would wear as well as I find Mrs. Lee does."

"Yes, father, I can fully echo that wish. It don't matter to me what Mrs. Lee was when I first met her; I know she is our right-hand woman now, and the boys and girls will say the same," accompanied with an expressive nod from the speaker, Mrs. Stone.

"Indeed we will," exclaimed an elder girl, "for she is our help and adviser on all occasions. We love her next to our mother — at least she is our elder sister."

"I am glad to hear you so truly understand my dear Anna, and may she have strength imparted to her to ever merit your approbation," replied Aunt Mary, with considerable show of feeling, after listening to the conversation prolonged some time in commendations on Mrs. Lee.

One more glance at the Lee family, with Aunt Mary within the circle.

"Edward," remarked Mrs. Lee, "can you aid me this morning in securing my plants against the nips of winter?"

"Can't you wait till next week?" replied he.

"Yes, if the frost will promise to do the same," she suggested, with some mischief.

"Father," said Harry, laughingly, "Jack Frost is a rogue. You must not trust him. I am sure I would not, after reading about the tricks he performed 'one still, clear night.'"

“Ha!” exclaimed the father, with pleased attention, “who introduced you to Miss Gould’s Jack Frost?”

“Mother and Aunt Mary.”

“Well, Harry, if ‘he did one thing that was hardly fair,’ you remember he did some very pretty things to make up for it.”

“Yes, he did,” interrupted Eva, “for it tells of his dressing the boughs of the trees ‘in diamond beads,’ and painting beautiful pictures on the window-panes as the people slept.”

“So he wasn’t all rogue, was he, darling?” said the father, drawing her to his side. “But I guess we won’t trust him too far, mother, as he might play us a trick if we were not prepared for him.”

“It would be rather hard to bear, Edward, if he did, after Anna has brought the garden to such a state of perfection. Nothing like taking time by the forelock,” remarked Aunt Mary from her easy-chair.

“What does that mean, father?” interrogated Eva.

“It is only that Aunt Mary intends to treat an old gentleman of her acquaintance with considerable cruelty. You must go to her for further explanation, as I must attend to your mother now.”

“Yes, children,” replied the old lady, jocosely, “come here, but I will give you a very different version of my meaning.”

“Now, Anna, for your commands. The pinks, candy-tufts, sweet-billies, and up-jump Johnnies, are to be carefully protected with straw, as they are very tender.”

“Stop your roguery, Edward; you know as well as I do what plants need protection, so prepare yourself with the necessary, and I will meet you in the garden presently.”

Let us now bid adieu to Anna Lee, trusting she has fully shown that she won what she attempted.

*Sierra County, 1860.*

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POLITENESS.—True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. Its appearance is not striking; because a truly polite person, while acting courteously, would conceal it. It engages a man to esteem his neighbor, because he thinks it manlier to descend a little himself, than degrade another.

# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE RINGTAILED MAJOR,  
OR  
CALIFORNIA FLOWERS ILLUSTRATED.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

## CHAPTER I.

*In which is described the Monkey Flower and the Monkey himself—and the little Mexican Pony—Tells the first steps the Monkey took towards a Military Title.—Chap. I., like the Pony, comes to a stop.*



YELLOW MONKEY FLOWER.

Do you see those parallel lines along the leaves all running down to the stem? These lines are called "nerves," and such leaves are said to be "*nerved*." These flowers swell or pout out their lips, very much like proud spoiled children, and silly monkeys. If the flower is pretty, it need not be proud of its beauty, and scornful towards others; for it so soon fades away that people shun it when they wish to make up a choice *bouquet*. This old acquaintance of ours is a very useful plant for *salad*, and it is actually cultivated in the gardens of Peru for this very purpose. While living in the mines in 1849, we esteemed this wild lettuce a rare luxury.

Perhaps you will remember the Monkey *Flower* better, if we tell you a true story about our monkey.

Once upon a time, our partner in business had a monkey—so

*\*Mimulus luteus.*

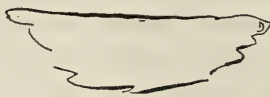
people would persist in calling it *our* monkey. Now, although we never had any objection to people saying "your dog," or "your cat," or your any thing else that was in the least degree useful, yet we must confess, when they talked of our *monkey* we always felt a little mortified—but we had to bear it.

The little ringtailed rascal was a disgrace to us, and every body knew it. But after all, we must own he was sometimes very amusing, and he did contrive now and then to while away some tedious hours of camp and fort life. (We were then stationed at Ft. Jessup: take your map and see if you can find it.) No one could help laughing at his funny tricks, as we often did ourselves.

Monkeys, you know, are great mimics: whatever they see you do, they are very apt to try and do it too; that is, after their foolish fashion. So it was with the Ringtailed Major. By the way, let me tell you how it was that he obtained such a grand military title. You must know it was not exactly "in the regular line," as we say in the army, or step by step from one post of honor to another, or as a little boy once said to us when gloriously romancing upon military matters. Said he: "I would be a corporal first, and then I'd get to be a captain, and then a major, and then a big general, and then clear up to *Post Master General!*" Our monkey major took no such course—not he; but he took a shorter cut to renown—as most monkey majors usually do—what in our day has been politely styled *brevet promotion*, or a kind of short, impudent leap into high station. Now if the game were not too small, we regulars would unmask our grape in the cause. But we conclude it is best to reserve our fire—tom-fool-titles don't cover quite all the land yet. It's a glorious thing, Jack, to preserve one's temper under the greatest of provocations!

As we were about saying, the major of our regiment had a beautiful little Mexican mustang pony, which he used to ride on ordinary camp duty—a tolerably well broke nag, but very spirited withal, having, as it appears, a little spark of the wild fire left in him yet. The major, as we were saying, rode up to his tent, one bright morning, after review—dismounted mustang in a hurry—not that any thing serious was the matter, only perhaps a little thirsty. On a stump near by sat master Ringtail. Quick as thought, or a bit quicker—without any thought at all—master monkey mounted mus-

tang's back; o'erleaping in his eagerness the pommel of the saddle, he alighted on mustang's neck, and seized him by the mane. Startled by the phantom of a black imp! pony dashed along the lines, snorting and kicking as though the Old Boy had him sure enough. The monkey was not so easily thrown off as you might suppose, although in truth he was not much accustomed to that sort of exercise. With native skill he whipped his tail tight around the pommel of the saddle, and seizing pony faster with all fours, he gripped for dear life. Meanwhile mustang plunged and snorted after the most approved wild way, amid the continued shouts and roars of the regiment. This only added consternation to poor pony's fright. There sat the self-possessed ringtailed monkey, who had too little sense to be concerned about *anything*—he really seemed to enjoy the fun hugely, judging from the curt cock of his neck, and downward,



sidelong look with the corners of his mouth drawn up so comically. The more the pony tried to throw him off, the more he wouldn't—running was no use—kicking ditto—and as for "bucking" stiff-legged, or pitching, why, it was simply ridiculous! What do you SUPPOSE he did next? Just what we would always advise you to do under similar circumstances. \* \* \*

After he had done all he COULD, he did no more.

A PEARL of lustrous, rosy tint, is sometimes found in the old pearl fisheries at the head of the Persian Gulf; but these rose-pearls are so rare and beautiful, that they are sedulously gathered and retained among the jewels of the richest Asiatic princes, and are seldom encountered in Europe. So few and inferior are the rose-tinted pearls that find their way to European gem-dealers, that the famous pearl called the "Blush of the Morning," by Persian poets, was almost deemed a creation of fancy.

## Editor's Table.

WE regret the necessity of commencing our Editor's Table with an exculpatory paragraph. The HESPERIAN has been forced to go to press without its usual number of illustrations, on account of the non-arrival of the engravings from New York. Our Floral Department is, however, we believe, of more than usual interest, and the brilliancy of the plate of the "Elephant Tree" will, in some degree, compensate for the absence of other illustrations.

THE article in this issue of the HESPERIAN, entitled "Notes on Napa Valley," was prepared at our request by the author from a number of scattered articles previously published by him in the Daily *Alta*. It appeared to us that the information was such as deserved to be collected into an article and put in a form more convenient for preservation than a daily newspaper, which is thrown away on the day of its publication and never thought of more. L. W. Boggs, whose name is mentioned in the article above named, died on the 14th instant, after the article was in type.

WE received the following communication from Dr. Carpenter, of Sierra County. It speaks for itself:—

*Editor Hesperian*:—If there is any one trait in the human character that is more contemptible than another, literary larceny is *that trait*. The person who steals money may possibly be excused on the ground of *necessity*; but where, or what is to be the excuse for the *thing* who will so far degrade himself as to steal the hard earned product of another's brains? The vile act is too horribly mean for a moment's serious contemplation! I have been induced to make the foregoing remarks from observing in a January number of the Waverley Magazine, a paper published in Boston, a wholesale theft of an eloquent editorial from the November number of the HESPERIAN, entitled "The Bible in Common Schools." It appears as an editorial, and from a scissored copy which I enclose, it will be observed that it is *verbatim et literatim*, with the exception of "our Magazine" being substituted for "The HESPERIAN." I would say shame on Moses A. Dow, were it not the act in question is incontrovertible proof that he is beyond the pale of its influence. I have the honor to subscribe myself an admirer of the HESPERIAN.

W. W. CARPENTER.

THE world is not sufficiently advanced for the Love principle to shed more than a transient, occasional gleam. The mist of error still englooms us, and the distant but steady approaching Millenium gives but the faint auroral blush of its coming glory. An age of progress requires every man to make his own fight, to struggle for his own individual labor. Selfishness to a certain extent is essential to that intense individuality that constitutes the progressive man.

"HUMBOLDT RIVER."—It will be observed that we republish Ridge's beautiful poem, as an act of justice for the typographical torture it was subjected to in our last. Such *mistakes shall not occur again*.

*The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, edited by Charles McCormick, M. D., and David Wooster, M. D. The February number of this periodical has been placed on our table. We are happy to see the name of our old friend, Dr. McCormick, of the U. S. A., as senior editor. From an intimate personal acquaintance of twenty-five years we are enabled to place a high estimate on the attainments, literary and professional, of that gentleman. We know of no one on the Pacific slope better calculated for the responsible position of editor of a scientific periodical. A good journal, devoted to medicine and its kindred sciences, is one of the wants of our professional and scientific men. The present number of the Journal shows ability in its conductors, and its pages are filled with appropriate and interesting matter. We observed one little paragraph, however, from the pen of the junior editor, that gave us pain. A scientific journal should certainly not be the medium, if possible to avoid it, of proclaiming to the world the private quarrels of medical men.

OUR CORRESPONDENT "NAUTICUS."—We received a letter from Nauticus, expressing his annoyance at the appearance of his "Oriental Incidents and Episodes" in the *Hesperian*, at the same time that the same story, or one exceedingly like it, appeared in *Hutchings' Magazine*. It seems the manuscript had been sent to the *Hesperian* in the first place, and from its non-appearance after a considerable time, the author supposed it was deemed unsuitable: he therefore sent it to our neighbor. We found the manuscript after Mrs. DAY's departure, amongst the *Hesperian's* correspondence, and liking it, sent it to press, and were quite as much surprised as "Nauticus" was annoyed by seeing it in *Hutchings'*.

MRS. F. H. DAY.—Letters from the Editress of the *Hesperian* announce her safe arrival at New York. Her Southern tour, through the wilds of Texas and the swamps of Louisiana, seems not to have had any bad effect on her health, notwithstanding the unpleasant concomitants of rain-storms, bad roads, slow coaches, and the millions of questions to be answered touching California.

We pity the unlucky Californian, condemned by a hard fate to traverse a country where people do not *take the papers*. The land where the gold grows seems to have been heard of, but whether the inhabitants thereof are savage or civilized, seems to be a matter of considerable debate. It is to be hoped the question will be ultimately cleared up to the satisfaction of our enlightened brethren of the eastern portion of the earth.

WASHOE.—The rush to Washoe still continues. The rage for speculating in "claims" has not yet reached its culminating point. The sums that daily change hands is astonishing, and the stories of suddenly acquired fortunes call up the recollections of the early days of gold. The *silver-land* is now the El Dorado of the hopes of broken miners, ruined speculators, and merchants of tottering credit. Even politicians are on the move. A new Territory will be organized. Visions of Governors' thrones, seats in the U. S. Senate, &c., &c., stir them to mighty effort, and great is the rush to Washoe.





COLUMNAR IDRIA.

*Idria columnaria* - Kolloid



# THE HESPERIAN.

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No. 3.

## GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

IN presenting to the readers of the *Hesperian* a brief biography of this distinguished soldier and hero, I feel that I am presenting no stranger, but one whom California delights to honor, and whose name and memory she will ever gratefully cherish.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on the 13th of June, 1786. At the age of seventeen he was left an orphan, and, fortunately for him, those who had him in charge appreciated the value of education, and determined to give him one. He was accordingly placed in a high-school in Richmond. Thence he went to William & Mary's College, and attended law lectures for a year or more. He finished his legal studies under Mr. Robertson, and in 1806 was admitted to the bar. Not succeeding as well as he desired around his native place, he removed to Charleston, hoping to establish himself there. But the law of the State did not allow any one to practice within its limits, who had not been a resident for at least one year; he therefore abandoned his project and returned to Virginia.

About this time the troubles with England began to assume a serious character, and the expectation that war must ensue became general. Scott shared in the expectation, and, like many other gallant young men of the South, turned from the profession of law to the army. In the spring of 1808 he was appointed captain of light artillery, the same year the purchase of Louisiana from France was effected, and Gen. Wilkinson, to whose division Scott belonged, was stationed there to protect New Orleans from any hostile demonstrations on the part of Great Britain.

"The next year," says J. T. Headley, to whose interesting work we are indebted for much information, "Hampton assumed the com-

mand, though Wilkinson remained on the field of operations. Scott, coinciding with those who believed that Wilkinson was in Burr's confidence, and hence involved in the conspiracy of the latter, indulged rather freely in remarks on his superior officer. He was arrested and tried by court-martial. The first charge, intended as a mere rider to the second, that he had intentionally withheld money from his troops, was declared groundless. The second, of unofficer-like conduct in using disrespectful language towards his superior officer, was sustained, for Scott acknowledged it, and attempted to justify it. Failing in this, he was suspended from the army for one year. To a sensitive, ambitious young officer, panting for distinction, this arrest of his footsteps on the threshold of his career, was painful in the extreme; yet he lived to be thankful for it. Returning to Virginia, he cast about to see how he should spend the interval of idleness. His fortunate star guided him to B. Watkins Leigh, who advised him to devote himself to the study of his profession,—especially military tactics. He offered him his library and his house, and Scott spent the year in mastering his profession."

The knowledge of military art he gained during this period of his disgrace, the caution and skill it taught him to mingle with his chivalric feelings and boiling courage, laid the foundation of his after brilliant career.

The next year war was declared, and a month after, in July, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the 2d artillery, then under the command of Isard, and was ordered to the Niagara frontier, to assist the army of invasion.

We have not time to follow him through the desperate and bloody battle of Queenstown, where, overcome by the force of numbers, he surrendered to Gen. Sheaffe his whole force; not, however, until Gen. Van Renselaer had from the opposite shore sent word to Wadsworth to retreat at once, and he would send every boat he could lay hands on to receive the fugitives. He however left every thing to his own judgment.

Col. Scott, mounting a log in front of his troops, harangued them in a strain worthy the days of chivalry. He told them that their condition was desperate, but that Hull's surrender must be redeemed. "Let us then die!" he exclaimed, arms in hand; "our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of

the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall, and our country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?" A loud "ALL!" rang sternly along the line.\*

Gladly would we follow this noble hero through all the way of his adventurous life—through the attack and capture of Fort George—through the battle of Chippewa—the battle of Niagara, where Scott, charging like fire at the head of his exhausted battalion, received a severe wound which prostrated him; but his last words to Leavenworth, as he was borne to the rear, were: "Charge again! *charge again!* Leavenworth;" where every regimental officer in Scott's brigade was killed or wounded, of which it is recorded that "*only one out of every four stood up unhurt.*"

Nor have we time to bend with him over the sick and dying at Rock Island, where his kindness and humanity to those suffering with that fearful disease, the cholera, stamped him not alone a hero on the battle-field, under the excitement of blood and smoke and carnage, but a hero in his calm serenity and devotedness to those who were suffering from a disease, frightful enough from its rapid and fatal effects, but rendered still more appalling by the belief, at that time, that it was contagious. "To those who can remember the terror which at that time paralyzed every heart, this conduct of Scott, while he himself was suffering under the symptoms of the disease, will stamp him not only the hero of the battle-field, but the hero of humanity."

We can not follow him in his career through South Carolina, nor yet in his efforts to preserve peace on the Maine boundary.

From the time of his taking command of the army in Mexico, his landing at Vera Cruz, the siege and capture of the city, his march to Cerro Gordo and the battle there, the three battles of Churubusco, the assault on Chapultepec and victory there, as Californians you are all familiar with; and should you wish to refresh your memory, we would refer you to J. T. Headley's admirable work, "Scott and Jackson," to which we have been much indebted.

As a soldier, Gen. Scott is brave and heroic; as a man, kind and humane. Lofty attributes of soul go together; and in Scott's character they are blended most harmoniously. How he is cher-

\* Mansfield's Life of Scott.

ished in the hearts of the people, was evinced during the past year, when on a visit to California. We heard he was coming, and for three days and nights his arrival was anxiously looked for. From the heights of Telegraph Hill men looked forth anxiously to the Golden Gate, and the waters beyond. Banners floated in every direction, the streets of San Francisco were canopied with garlands and banners, and every ear was turned listening for the *steamer gun*. The Sabbath morn dawned bright and glorious, and now the steamer gun is heard, and the guns on the adjoining islands take up the signal, and answer, boom—boom—boom. "Gen. Scott has come," echoes from every lip; and not even the holy sanctity of the day will prevent or suppress the general outburst of joy from the hearts of the people. The general's expressed desire to avoid a public reception on that holy day could not stay the enthusiasm of the people; and seated in an open carriage, his white hair exposed to the gently fanning breeze, he was borne through the crowded streets of San Francisco. Strains of most eloquent music floated on his ear, while from every housetop, window and balcony waved the white favors and banners of the fair, and at every step fell about his path beautiful flowers, the natural offering of the country to one whom she delights to honor.

We present to you this month a fine *steel plate* engraving of Gen. Scott, believing that it will be acceptable to our readers, and at the same time hoping that it will be acceptable as an earnest of our intentions to improve the embellishments of the *Hesperian* until they shall be second to none in the Union.

Our biography of the Early Settlers of California we are obliged to discontinue for the present; but we hope to resume them at no distant day, in a manner which shall render them even more interesting than heretofore.

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You should not account every one churlish and unfriendly, who is selfish and covetous. For many men will be very ready to advise you, speak in your favor, and do you many acts of kindness; when they had rather part with their blood than their money.

## IDRIA COLUMNARIS.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

THE *Columnar Idria* is a new member of the natural family *Fouquieriaceae*, all of which are highly ornamental trees or shrubs; *Fouquiera* and *Bronnia* are still little known, and not very satisfactorily arranged. Our specimens will agree with neither; we are therefore compelled to institute a third genus until some better revision can be made. Any information tending to illustrate this interesting family, or more mature and perfect specimens, would be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

This singular columnar tree grows to the height of twelve to fifteen feet, and is about ten inches to a foot in diameter. Its appearance is quite unique, being almost entirely destitute of branches, save the terminal erect arms, sometimes present, which abruptly crown the top of the trunk and support the long panicles of flowers; these floral branches or panicles—as seen in the drawing—are usually from a foot to eighteen inches in length, without leaves, which doubtless are early deciduous, leaving large scars and strong decurrent ridges descending along the common flower stem.

These floral branches being annual, dry up, and persistently remain from year to year, stuck or embedded in the body as if placed in artificial pits; from erect these branches become horizontal, and at length refracted. The tree is spineless and rather smooth, of a soft and spongy texture, like a cabbage tree, so that an ordinary blow with a hatchet or an axe, sinks the blade to the eye. The flowers are not so brilliant as the scarlet *Bronnia Spinosa*; but its bright golden crown renders it an attractive object when seen in its glory.

*Technical Description.*—IDRIA, (Kellogg.)—Sepals five, colored, two exterior roundish, entire or emarginate; corolla cylindrical, tube straight, limb erect, five parted, style included, very short, thick or slightly clavate, sub-three-angled, undivided.

I. *Columnaria*—(Kellogg.)—Calyx colored (light straw yellow) consisting of five sepals, in two series—the two exterior orbicular emarginate—the three interior rounded—divisions obovate, rigid concave, closely imbricated about half the length of the tube.

Corolla half an inch long, erect, segments of the limb rounded, sub-oricled at the base. Stamens ten, (rarely more;) filaments thickened and somewhat flattened, free (or rarely slightly adherent in parcels,) geniculate; papillose

pubescent below; naked and attenuated above; somewhat unequal. Anthlers, oblong-cordate; mucronate, fixed below the middle; introrse, mostly erect; versatile, opening laterally. Embryo triangular acute three-valved, three-celled, loculicidal, a portion of the placenta parting and adhering to the center of each valve. Ovules ascending in a double row in each cell, about three in a row, or six in a cell—eighteen in all. Ovules neither winged nor margined, sub-angular (?) with two slightly compressed or flattish sides, somewhat rounded on the back, oblong-cuneate, warped, scarcely sub-acute at the apex. Mature fruit unknown—also the leaves.

NOTE BY DR. VEATCH.—I found the *Idria Columnaria* growing rather abundantly on the margin of the Bay of Sebastian Viscano, at a point East of Cerros Island, on the coast of Lower California. It was observed mostly on the sandy and graveley flats formed by the expansion of hill ravines in their approach to the shore. Near the same locality, was also found the kindred genus *Fouquiera*, whose bright scarlet blossoms contrasted strongly and pleasantly with the pale, yellowish inflorescence of the *Idria*.

### THE HOLLY-LEAF BUCKTHORN.

(*Rhamnus ilicifolius*.—KELLOGG.)



THE above outline sketch we have prepared from an accurate drawing which was made from a specimen brought from Clear Lake by Mr. Andrew A. Veatch. They were presented before the California Academy of Natural Sciences nearly two years since; but the description deferred until Dec. 19th, A. D., 1859, in hopes of ob-



taining the flowers. The long time that has elapsed is our apology for the present incomplete public notice of it.

If this should come under the eye of any one familiar with it, will they please remember us.

*Technical description.*—Leaves, oval cordate and sub-cordate at base, sub-acute, sometimes emarginate; short, spinosely-dentate; pinnate-veined, smooth and shining above and below; dark green above, (when dry, a yellowish shade lighter below) evergreen, thick, very rigid and coriaceous, lamina recurved undulate, finely reticulate, on short villious petioles (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch long,) alternate, stipules subulate, caducous.

Stem, 1 to 2 feet in diameter, 10 feet in height; branches often a foot in diameter, spreading, subdivisions much branched, unarmed, smaller branchlets, short villous madder-purple; wood dark, almost as black as rosewood, compact and heavy.

NOTE BY DR. VEATCH.—This tree is found sparingly about Clear Lake, but more abundantly in the neighborhood of Red Bluffs, on the Sacramento River. Near the Tuscan Springs, ten miles east of the place above mentioned, they are met with on the sterile and stony hills, rather frequently. The wood is of remarkable beauty, and from its qualities is worthy of a place amongst the most valued products of the forest. Should localities furnishing any considerable quantity of this wood be found, they could doubtless be made available, and add another feature to our growing resources.

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## THE RAINY SEASON IN CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

[Written in a lonely cabin in the "Bald Hills," Shasta County, at the approach of and during a storm.]

The rains have come, the winds are shrill,  
 Dark clouds are trailing on the ground;  
 The mists have clothed each naked hill,  
 And all is sad and drear around.

The swollen torrents rapid rush,  
 Far down the mountain-gorges deep;  
 Now, falling o'er the jagged rocks,  
 Their thunder shakes the hollows steep;

Now, in a basin boiling round,  
 They dance in maddest music high,  
 Or, with a sudden leap and bound,  
 Dash on like bolts of destiny!

Far off the loftier mountains stand,  
 Calm, saint-like in their robes of white,  
 Like heaven-descended spirits grand,  
 Who fill the darkness with their light.

Black clouds are rolling round their feet,  
And ever strive to higher climb,  
But still their wings dissolve in rain,  
And fall below that flight sublime.  
Gone are the birds with sunny days,  
But flowers shall enter in their room,  
And shrubs, which pined in summer rays,  
Shall top their leafy boughs with bloom ;  
The grass grows green upon the hills,  
(Now wrapt in thickly falling clouds)  
Which tall and beautiful shall rise,  
When they have cast their wintry shrouds !  
But Fancy paints the scene too fast,  
For thus she always loves to leave  
The bitter present or the past,  
And rainbows from the future weave.  
Lo ! Night upon my musings here  
With rapid, stealthy foot hath crept, —  
Unheard amid the sullen sounds  
Which o'er my head have lately swept.  
The pouring rain upon the roof,  
The winds in wild, careering bands,  
Seem bent to see if tempest-proof  
The building on its basis stands.  
The fiend of this dark night and storm  
Stands howling at my very door —  
I dread to see his haggard form  
Break in, and pass the threshold o'er.  
But, hold thine own, my trusty door,  
Yield not thou aught to 's utmost might,  
Nor let the hellish, wild uproar  
Which reigns without come in to-night !  
It stands — my lonely candle burns,  
The single light for miles around,  
Reminding me of some last hope  
That still will light life's gloom profound.  
Howl on, ye elemental sprites,  
And mutter forth your curses deep !  
The anarchy, e'en you affrights,  
Shall rock me soundly into sleep ;  
For, oh ! I love to slumber 'neath  
The tempest's wrathful melody,  
And dream all night that on its wings  
My soul enchanted soareth free !

## PAPERS ON THE EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY J. F. BOWMAN.

### *No. IV.—The Age of Alfred.*

“THERE are few topics,” says Prescott, himself the most elegant of all modern civil historians, “of greater attraction, or when properly treated, of higher importance, than Literary History. For what is it but a faithful register of the successive steps by which a nation has advanced in the career of civilization? Civil history records the crimes and the follies, the enterprises, discoveries, and triumphs it may be, of humanity. But to what do all these tend, or of what moment are they in the eye of the philosopher, except as they accelerate or retard the march of civilization? The history of literature, is the history of the human mind. It is, as compared with other histories, the intellectual, as distinguished from the material—the informing spirit as compared with the outward and visible.”

But this can only be predicated of Literary History, where it embraces something more than mere disquisition and criticism, and encroaches so far upon the province of the biographer and the civil historian as to exhibit fully the public events, the national vicissitudes, and even the individual characters which have strongly influenced the general progress. Hence, it would be impossible to take an intelligent view of the beginning and development of the literature of any particular race of people, which did not include a history more or less complete, of contemporaneous civil affairs, and of the great actors in them. Regarded in this light, the somewhat extended notice which we have thought it proper to give, of the period of Alfred, and of that great monarch himself, whose influence upon his age was so powerful, will not seem disproportioned, or out of place. It is a circumstance sufficiently singular to be worthy of mention, that the most complete and satisfactory biography of Alfred, which we have, if not in all respects the best, is the work of a German author—Dr. Pauli. “The plan of the work,” he says, “was conceived at Oxford, in the November of the eventful year 1848;—at a time when German hearts trembled as they had seldom done before, for the preservation of their fatherland; that was a fearful winter! A daily visit to the venerable Bodleian library, with its wealth of literature, and especially its collection of valuable man-

uscripts, could alone for a few hours dissipate my gloomy thoughts." Under these circumstances, he tells us, he began, almost imperceptibly to himself, to take a lively and growing interest in the labors, the struggles, and the victories of Alfred, until he at length conceived the idea of faithfully portraying the character and career of the great Saxon monarch and patriot, as one of the most valuable tributes which he could render to the cause of freedom and of popular rights throughout the world. The biographer justly ascribes to his hero a vast influence in the development of English liberty, and the formation of those institutions, and that national character, which are the most durable monuments of English glory.

Like most of the other historians of this period, from the gravest of the antiquarian chroniclers, down to Mr. Charles Dickens in his "Child's History of England," Dr. Pauli attributes, in a great degree, to the influence of the excellent Osburga, the mother of Alfred, the virtues and the greatness of her son.

"His mind," says Dr. Pauli, with a certain picturesque and almost poetic grace, "was early quickened by the songs and poems of the fatherland;"—(the Dr., like a true Teuton, is evidently disposed to insinuate a claim on behalf of "the fatherland," to the credit of being in some way the source and inspiration of Alfred's genius;) "the mother or the nurse first narrated to the little one, tales and legends of the heroes of past days, and of their battles with men and monsters. If any mother could do this, Osburga was eminently qualified for the task, for she was well acquainted with the whole poetical treasures of her people, which still lived entire on all lips, and in all hearts. Of these things her little Alfred could never hear enough; and his young heart rejoiced day and night in those powerful ballads, which sang the exploits of his ancestors and his people." Though this style of writing may seem somewhat too imaginative to comport with the exactitude and sobriety which ordinarily become the historic nurse, we find in it something quite refreshing, and have little doubt that in this manner, truths may be conveyed, which a mere prosaic and matter of fact chronicler could not give us even a hint of.

It was not, as we are told, until he was twelve years old, that Alfred learned to read. His mother, Osburga, as the story goes, exhibited to him and his brothers an illuminated and gilded volume

of Saxon poetry, and promised the book to whichever of her boys should first be able to read it. Alfred, though the youngest, soon carried off the prize. At even an earlier age he had manifested a love of poetry, by the eagerness with which he listened to the verses recited by the minstrels and gleemen in his father's hall. The taste thus early formed, never forsook him. "During the whole of his life," says one of his recent biographers, "poetry continued to be his solace and amusement in trouble and care."

It was not until the middle stage of life had passed, and he had reached the age of forty years, that the settled state of his kingdom and the relaxation of public cares permitted him to turn his attention to those studies which, from his youth, he had longed for an opportunity to prosecute. Up to this period, the pertinacious and incessant incursions of the Danish fillibusters, had rendered it necessary to devote all his energies to the defence of his crown, and the protection of his people, leaving him but little leisure to look to the interests of education or literature. But a quarter of a century of active life, amid the cares of government and the turmoil of camps, could not eradicate his early tastes or dampen his enthusiasm for the acquisition of knowledge; and no sooner was he released from the pressure of graver duties, than he turned with joyful alacrity to the delights of study. His first step was to make himself acquainted with the Latin language and literature. To promote his long cherished schemes for the diffusion of knowledge among his people, no less than to aid him in the prosecution of his own studies, he invited learned men from abroad, to settle in England. Among those who accepted his overtures, were the famous Asser, (from the western extremity of Wales,) afterwards his intimate friend and faithful biographer, together with the learned Grimbaldi, and the acute and philosophic Erigena, or Joannes Scotus, the last of whom was the subject of an extended notice, in a previous paper.

With the exception of such fragmentary productions as we have above alluded to, we have no Saxon prose works of an earlier date than Alfred, who may be called the father of Anglo Saxon Literature. His first attempt at authorship appears to have been of an exceedingly unambitious and humble character, scarcely aspiring to the dignity of original composition. He commenced by writing out, or "common-placing," as we should now phrase it, such passages

from the fathers, the Bible, or from other works, as impressed or pleased him, whether he encountered them in his own reading, or heard them quoted or alluded to, by Asser, or any other of the learned men with whom it was his delight to converse. Thus originated his "Hand-boc," or manual, which was in fact no more than a common-place book, though it contained, scattered here and there, some observations and reflections of his own.

He next conceived a greater and more arduous literary enterprise—nothing less, in fact, than an attempt at a complete Anglo Saxon version of the Scriptures. How far he had advanced in this vast undertaking at the time of his death, is uncertain. Some writers have been of the opinion that he completed the greater portion of the work,—others that he only made a beginning. But however this may be, he had set an example in conceiving and attempting such a task, (if he accomplished no more) which did not prove barren of good results. It is quite certain that translating from the Scriptures into the "rustic tongue," soon became fashionable among scholars. Mr. Palgrave tells us, that copious extracts from the sacred writings began at this time to be introduced into the homilies or sermons, and quotes from Bishop Alfric's "Treatise concerning the Old and New Testaments" in support of the statement. It seems, too, from this production of Alfric, that the study of the Scriptures was encouraged by the British Church. "The subject," says the writer last quoted, "cannot be properly investigated until the monuments and muniments of the biblical studies of our ancestors shall be brought to light. From the Anglo Saxon age down to Wickliffe, we in England can show such a succession of biblical versions, in metre and in prose, as are not to be equalled amongst any other nation of Europe. But we have not yet produced our stores; nay, though the greater part of the manuscripts of these versions are in the libraries of the University of Oxford, I regret to say that they remain to this hour utterly neglected, and mouldering on their shelves." Since this lamentation was penned, Wickliffe's Bible, the only portion of these "stores," which possesses any value, except for the Saxonist or the antiquarian, has been given to the public.

The reason assigned for the numerous versions of the Scriptures which were undoubtedly made at this period, cannot fail to surprise

the reader, affording as it does, a most striking illustration of the rarity and value of such "books" as then existed. "In a remote part of the country," says Palgrave, "*it might sometimes be easier for a prelate to make a new translation, than to borrow a manuscript for the purpose of transcription.*"

From the time of his acquisition of the Latin tongue, Alfred's literary activity knew no respite. He translated Bede's Ecclesiastical History; the "Pastorale," or Pastoral Instructions of Pope Gregory; the "Chronicle," or General History of the World down to the 5th century of Orosius; "Boethius De Consolatione Philosophiæ," and a number of miscellaneous works. In his preface to the "Pastorale," he alludes feelingly to the decay of learning in England, and speaks of "the happy times," when "wise men, both laymen and ecclesiastics," abounded in the kingdom. "The sacred profession," he says, "was then diligent both to teach and to learn; men from abroad sought wisdom and learning in this country, though we must now go out of it, if we would wish to have it." Speaking of the policy of translating into the vulgar tongue, for the benefit of the people, he writes thus:—"I wondered greatly, that of those good, wise men, who were formerly in our nation, and who had all learned fully these books," (in the Latin) "none would translate any part into their own language; but I soon answered myself and said, they never thought that men would be so reckless, and that learning would be so fallen. *They intentionally omitted it, and wished that there should be more wisdom in the land, by many languages being known.*" He then expresses his own conviction, in opposition to that of the "good, wise men," aforesaid, and his desire that "all the youth that are now in England, who are freemen, and possess sufficient wealth, *may for a time apply to no other task, till they first well know to read English.* Let those learn Latin afterwards," he adds, "who will know more, and advance to a higher condition."

In these literary labors, the royal translator did not seem to feel under any obligations to confine himself faithfully to his text. On the contrary, his idea appears to have been, to furnish his subjects with a "Library of useful knowledge," without any regard to the sources from which the materials were derived, and without any punctilious respect for the rights, or the etiquette of authorship.

Accordingly, he interpolated and added with a liberal hand, in most of his translations. He enlarged the text of Orosius, by numerous additions, derived from original sources. The narratives contained in Bœthius, are in like manner so much amplified by Alfred, that his version is entitled to be considered an original work, rather than a translation. Bede, alone, seems to have been regarded by him as too sacred to render any liberties with the text admissible; and the translation is scrupulously exact. In addition to the works above enumerated, Alfred rendered into the Anglo Saxon, portions of the "Confessions of St. Augustine," and either translated or imitated some Latin collection of fables and apologues. These apologues, however, said to have been "of wonderful sweetness," have not been preserved.

But Alfred's literary productions, taken even at the most flattering estimate, are the least of his labors in the cause of knowledge. He established schools in various parts of his kingdom, and revived the monastic and episcopal seminaries which had formerly existed. The notion, so zealously maintained by the antiquaries, that he was the actual founder of the University of Oxford, seems indeed to be without sufficient evidence to support it. Yet we have Asser's authority for the statement that he established a seminary for the sons of the nobility, upon a scale so extensive, that an eighth of his whole revenue was required for its maintenance. He also exerted his whole influence to render education *compulsory* upon the higher classes, and even went so far as to require every person of rank, *who from age or incapacity, could not learn to read himself, to send a son or relative to school as a substitute, or in default of these, a servant.* The king also made it an indispensable requisite on the part of all persons in his immediate employment, that they should either possess, or set diligently about the acquisition of, the rudiments of knowledge. Deprivation of office was the penalty of a lack of sympathy with his zeal in the cause of education. "Aldermen, Mayors, and Governors," we are told, were compelled to submit to the "grievous penance" of going to school, upon pain of yielding up their authority and emoluments. Actuated by the same spirit, he sought to gather at his Court as many as possible of those active and enterprising spirits of that age, who had by their own travels and researches, added to the current stock of knowledge, concern-



ing foreign countries. Among these was the adventurous Audher, who, in his frail vessel, had coasted along the shore of Lapland in the attempt to ascertain how far Europe approached the North Pole. Another of Alfred's "explorers," was Wulstan, from whose lips the king derived those particulars concerning the Baltic Sea, and the country and people along its shores, which he has narrated in his *Orosius*. In some instances, it is supposed, he specially commissioned individuals to travel into foreign countries, and bring back information concerning them.

The most singular, however, of all the enterprises undertaken or countenanced by Alfred, is his famous mission to the Jacobite Church, existing in Hindostan, and on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, where it is supposed to have been planted by the Syrian believers, at an early period in the history of Christianity. The precise object of this mission is not known; but it is by no means improbable that the king, having heard of the existence of a Christian Church in India, from some of the travelers who resorted to his Court, was induced to send out an expedition for the mere purpose of acquiring such information as might be attainable, in regard to its condition and history. Palgrave and other writers, who have felt bound to imagine some special distress or danger, threatening this distant community of Christians, which Alfred desired to relieve or avert, in explanation of so extraordinary a mission, seem to have lost sight of the insatiable thirst for knowledge of every description, which so strongly characterized the Saxon Monarch, and which of itself may be regarded as furnishing a sufficient explanation.

According to the Saxon Chronicle, Swithelm, Bishop of Sherborne, was the leader of this mission or embassy. The zealous prelate safely accomplished his long and perilous pilgrimage; visited the shrine of St. Thomas, (near Madras, as Gibbon surmises) who, according to the ancient tradition, first preached the Gospel in India, and who is claimed by the Jacobites as the founder of their church. The ambassadors delivered to the Eastern prelates, the gifts and greetings with which they had been charged. "Their return," says Gibbon, "with a cargo of pearls and spices, rewarded

the zeal of the English Monarch, who entertained the largest projects of trade and discovery." \*

Notwithstanding Dr. Pauli's enthusiastic admiration of his hero, he is far too honest and conscientious as a historian, to conceal or withhold any of those facts which tend to show that in Alfred's time the royal prerogative and power were in some respects enlarged, and upon the strength of which, several writers have so far deviated from the common judgment of posterity, as to attribute to him an arbitrary, overbearing, and despotic disposition. Yet the German biographer, while giving a just prominence to everything calculated to shade the brightness of his picture, as if too jealous of the fame of his great original, and too confident of its inherent excellence and nobility, to incur even the appearance of concealment or disingenuousness in his defence, invariably furnishes such explanations of all facts of the tendency hinted at, as either altogether to deprive them of their significance, or to shift the *onus* of responsibility from the shoulders of Alfred, to those of the monks and the clergy. But in some respects it is certain that Alfred has enjoyed with posterity a credit to which he had no just claim.

Worthington, who, although a legal writer, seems to have been more willing than Pauli, to repeat statements at second hand without due examination, says, in his "Inquiry into the power of Juries," that "the admirable institutions devised or adopted by Alfred, were the foundation of the Saxon jurisprudence. His division and subdivision of England into counties, hundreds and tithings, was wisely adapted to the circumstances of the people, being well calculated to

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\*The rites and ecclesiastical constitution of this body of Christians, which has existed in the East, from a very early period, without any communication with the rest of the Christian world, have been the subject of much investigation from their bearing upon the questions at issue between Protestant and Roman Catholic controversialists. They rejected the Supremacy of the Pope, and adhered to the communion of the Nestorian Patriarch. When the Portuguese opened navigation to India, they are said to have numbered two hundred thousand souls, and fourteen hundred churches. Gibbon intimates the opinion, that so far as their creed, and mode of church-government, bore upon the discussion between the Protestants, and the adherents of the Bishop of Rome, neither party had much the advantage. "Their separation," he says, "from the Western World, had left them in ignorance of the improvements or corruptions of a thousand years; and their conformity with the faith and practice of the fifth century, would equally disappoint the prejudices of a Papist or a Protestant."

secure the proper and efficient administration of justice." But the fact is, as already intimated, that Alfred's code of laws differed in no essential respect from those systems of jurisprudence which had been in existence under his predecessors. "On this point," says Palgrave, in his *History of the Anglo Saxons*, "we can speak positively, for the greater part of the laws from which it was composed are yet extant; and all the variations arising from insertion, alteration, or omission, do not, when taken together, afford any peculiar characteristic. Nor can we, upon mere perusal of the text, discover those excellencies which so endeared Alfred to the English that in after times all their more important legal institutions were ascribed to his wisdom."

This statement is unquestionably correct; and indeed there seems to be no better ground for the common opinion, attributing to Alfred the division of the kingdom into shires and hundreds, above referred to, the trial by jury, etc., than this,—that the love and reverence in which his memory was held, and his general reputation for wisdom, created a disposition in the popular mind to look to him as the source of all that was best in their laws and institutions, of which the origin was unknown. As a legislator we can claim for him only the credit of a judicious compiler. All the antiquarian and historical writers are unanimous, as Blackstone declares, in representing that "in the time of Alfred the local customs of the several provinces of the kingdom were grown so various that he found it expedient to *compile* his 'Dome-Book,' for the general use of the whole kingdom." According to Palgrave, Ethelbert had reduced the traditionary legal customs of the Kentish Jutes into writing, and other Saxon Monarchs, before the age of Alfred, had promulgated their "Dooms" or Judgments, establishing definite rules, in the place of uncertain usages. From these materials, Alfred selected such portions as he approved. In fact, one of the characteristic features of his mind was a cautious conservatism, which amounted almost to a morbid dread of innovation. He shrunk from the responsibility of introducing "novelties" in the spirit of a man, wise enough to distrust his own wisdom, where it pointed to radical changes in long established institutions. He tells us himself, that he was checked in the impulse to enact new laws, by the fear that posterity might reject them, and that it seemed better

to him to permit the continuance of a defective law, than to sap the foundation of all law — respect for established authority — by sudden changes. This is undoubtedly a temper of mind which is prone to run into an extreme, as it did in Alfred's case, when he refrained from following his own judgment, in making murder, (which by the law was punishable by a pecuniary fine,) a capital offence. The crude and barbarous criminal code then in force, punished a wound on the head with a forfeiture of one shilling; if on the face, the fine was two shillings; the loss of an ear, was estimated at thirty shillings; and a price was even set upon human life, by the payment of which, the murderer could escape further punishment.

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THE CLOUD.

BY M. L. V.

The veil which hides the beaming sun,  
 Bringing the pleasant shadow down,  
 Showing the golden, beauteous beams  
 By contrast, on the hills and streams—  
 It waters all the earth with tears  
 And quick, the greener herb appears.

And so, of human life; the cloud  
 Makes brighter sunshine on the road,  
 And shapes the soul for purpose strong  
 To do the right, and shun the wrong;  
 And, sometimes with its burning tears,  
 Prepares the soil for fertile years.

The mystic cloud, which hangs its folds  
 Around our infant heads and souls,  
 Retreats, as we advance in view,  
 Forever veiling what is new;—  
 Thus, step by step it glides away,  
 Marking the progress of the day—  
 The light would dazzle, but for thee,  
 Sublime and glorious mystery!

All clouds are for good mission sent—  
 All, with a silver lining blent.

## MARY STRONG AND HER BEAUX.

BY JOHN S. HITÉLL.

*Mr. Strong.* Mary, has Mr. Barton ceased to visit you?

*Mary, his daughter.* It is two months since he was here; he used to come three or four times a month.

*Mr. S.* I heard to-day that you rejected him.

*Mary.* It is true.

*Mr. S.* Why, Mary, I am astonished at you. You know that I invited him to the house, and took every opportunity to bring him into your company, as you must have observed. Under those circumstances you should at least have asked my advice before rejecting him.

*Mary.* I did not love him. Advice could not have changed my mind on that point; and I would not marry without love.

*Mr. S.* He is a man that deserves respect, and when a woman gets to be the wife of such a man, she soon loves him. He is young, rich, regular in his habits, a member of Dr. Pict's church, and one of the best business men in Front-street. He has \$40,000 out at interest, and does a large business besides. He stands a fair chance to be a millionaire. I knew that he admired you, and I hoped to have him for a son-in-law, but I never dreamed you would be so foolish as to reject him. I think you did not treat me with due respect in rejecting him without asking my advice, or even telling me of it.

*Mary.* I thought it due to Mr. Barton to keep perfect silence about the rejection, and I have never spoken a word about it to any one. As to the advice, what was the use of asking it, when my mind was fully made up beforehand? Besides, I knew, without asking, what your advice would be. No argument could have changed my mind in the least. As to your theory of love after marriage succeeding indifference before, that implies, first, goodness in the man, a quality which I think is wanting in Mr. Barton; and, secondly, either ignorance or stupidity in the woman, both of which I imagine to be lacking in me. I cannot risk my happiness on such a very remote contingency as the possibility of loving Mr. Barton.

*Mr. S.* Mary, you are a stubborn girl.

*Mary.* Yes, father, I am stubborn, when any attempt is made to trespass upon my rights and privileges; but when those are re-

spected, I try to be as amiable and obliging as any body ought to be.

*Mr. S.* Did you send Mr. Barton away harshly ?

*Mary.* I gave him a simple rejection. In the course of conversation South Park was mentioned, and he said he had a fine house there, and then he asked : " Miss Strong, will you not honor me by becoming its mistress ? " I replied : " I thank you, Mr. Barton ; it is impossible. " He turned the conversation upon something else, spoke a few minutes, went away, and has not been back since.

*Mr. S.* I think you might bring him back, and get him yet. You will meet him at Mr. Blank's party to-morrow night.

*Mary.* I do not wish to go there, and I do not wish to have Mr. Barton back, and doubt whether I could get him back if I should try. I never liked him, always treated him coldly, and did everything I could, short of gross impoliteness, to drive him away.

*Mr. S.* Well, but, Mary, consider my position. If Mr. Barton were my son-in-law, his influence would throw a great deal of business into my hands, and you know that business is everything here. Besides, his marriage with my eldest daughter would get husbands for all the younger ones, and would help establish all the boys. If you reject such offers as that of Mr. Barton, you will probably die an old maid, and be a burden to me and an obstruction to all your sisters. My present property would not amount to more than a couple of thousand dollars for each of the children, and the expenses of educating them and keeping them and my house in fashionable style, at the present rate of business would eat up all my profits. Do go to Mr. Blank's party and be gracious to Mr. Barton. Smile on him, press his hand when you meet him, invite him to call again, and I know you can get him. You are handsome and intellectual, and I know he admires you very much ; I overheard him speaking of you.

*Mary.* Father, it would make me miserable to marry that man. I could not love him ; I do not respect him. He does not love me, and he never would. He can not love any thing but money. He wants me as an ornament to his house, and an assistance in his business. He would like to give splendid parties, and have me go about managing the wives of the men from whom he expects to make money. I understand him precisely on that point. When he be-

gan to come to see me, I suspected him, and got mother to draw him out by conversing about Mrs. Black, and Mrs. White, who are required to serve their husbands in just that way. Mother praised them and so did he. I took a dislike to him then, and it has been increasing ever since. Although I have discouraged his attentions, I have watched his conduct. He is sycophantic to the rich, and insolent to the poor. His life is grossly material. He smokes and chews tobacco, and drinks brandy. He was tipsy when he came to our house on New Year's Day. I detest such filthiness. His soul is as coarse as his habits. He has no refined feeling, no delicacy of perception. His politeness is a matter of restraint and whims. He would be a tyrant in his own house, insolent and rude to everybody about him. He has little mind beyond so much as is necessary to overreach his neighbors in trade, and take abundant security for money loaned. He and I do not live in the same world at all. We have no tastes or sympathies in common. He does not know anything of polite literature. He does not like poetry, and he boasts that he never read a novel. His religion is a mere matter of rote and fashion. I could not live with such a man. A woman of considerable education and noble character can not be happy unless she has a husband morally and intellectually her equal, tender, and devoted to her. Her whole happiness is dependent upon him. His character should be everything to her; as compared with that, all pecuniary considerations must sink into nothing in her eyes. My husband, if ever I get one, must be a man who will love me for myself and for love, and who will give me his soul to exchange for my own. He must devote himself to me as I to him. He must find his chief delight in pleasing me. He must be as tender as a woman. His intellectual and moral development must be up with our time. He must believe in Jane Eyre, John Halifax, Aurora Leigh, and Mary Scudder. Of such a man I am worthy; I could do as much for his happiness as he for mine; but if I cannot get such a one, so help me Heaven, I will die a maid. Marriage is not a necessity for me, and to all women it brings numerous serious trials and dangers, such as I am not willing to encounter without a strong confidence of getting abundant compensation in the love of a good man. I have spent many a day and night in cultivating my mind by hard study, while other girls were gadding about and attending balls, and

I will not now throw myself away on a man who cannot appreciate me or sympathise with me.

*Mr. S.* Well, Mary, I see you are bent on having your own way, and I suppose I must just let you go; but there is no need of your dying an old maid. I know that if you were not so uncivil to most of the gentlemen who visit our house, you would have offers from nearly all of them. There is Mr. Morse, a man of literary tastes, and fine property.

*Mary.* I do not like him, and he is old enough to be my father.

*Mr. S.* Then there's George Maxwell; he's rich and well educated.

*Mary.* George Maxwell is a boy, just out of college, hardly as old as I am in years, and not half so old in character. I want a ripe man, not a hobbledehoy. The husband should be superior to the wife in experience which can only come with years. Besides, a wife can have no confidence in the morals or business capacity of a raw youth; and if he be defective in either respect, marriage may prove a curse. Every man candidate for matrimony should be subjected to a probation in business for several years, to prove that he is competent to provide for a household. If he lack the industry, common sense, understanding of the ordinary relations of trade, or willingness to undergo those trials and toils which may beset a poor man when entering upon life, he must not expect to get, nor will he deserve, a discreet woman. He may be a good man, but that sort of goodness is not enough in matrimony. No inherited wealth has any security in California, save in the prudence and business talent of its owner. A fortune may vanish in a month, if in the hands of a rash speculator, or an unwise manager.

*Mr. S.* Well, there is Mr. Franklin, a good lawyer, a sharp business man, rich, with a large practice, and fine literary tastes, and well read.

*Mary.* He is too fond of hearing himself lecture. When he gets into company he invariably tries to monopolize attention by lecturing with an endless flow of words and a loud voice. I dined at Mrs. Blank's several weeks ago, and he spoke all the time, and when any body, even at the other end the table, tried to get up a little side conversation, he tried to talk or bawl them down; I have no patience with such men. Conversation is a very important means in



increasing the happiness of those about us, and a violation of its equalities and rights is a certain sign of some serious lack of proper feeling, or delicate perception, or attentive consideration for the happiness of others. The big talker shows an inability to be gentle towards men generally; and gentleness towards a wife is not to be expected unless accompanied by a tender regard for humanity at large. The man who disregards the comforts of his neighbors can not make the perfect lover of his wife. If he treats others with mean selfishness, he will soon cease to make an exception of her. Whenever Mr. Franklin comes into a room, I wish myself out of it.

*Mr. S.* What does all this sermonizing mean? Have you made up your mind never to marry? You talk as though this world were full of perfect men and you had your choice among them all. You are nearly twenty-two years old, and at that age an unmarried woman becomes an old maid—they say. It is high time that you were established in life.

*Mary.* So I should like to be, with a husband to my notion, but unless I can get such a one, I will live single. I do not ask perfection, neither will I accept gross imperfection.

*Mr. S.* Well, Mary, gratify me in at least one respect; discourage the visits of Mr. Norton. I dislike to see him coming to our house. His relations are all mechanics, and Black Republicans, and bitter enemies of my brother William, whom they are now trying to eject from his office. As for Mr. Norton himself, he is out of place in the society of the people who visit us, and many of whom do not want to be intimate with teachers in the public schools and their associates.

*Mary.* Father, Mr. Norton is a good man, who can talk well about those things that interest me, and I do not wish to dismiss him.

*Mr. S.* You will at least allow me to determine who may visit my own house.

*Mary.* Certainly, and as I am of age, you will allow me to go where I please. If I cannot receive my friends here, I will live where I can receive them.

*Mr. S.* You would not leave my house?

*Mary.* Indeed I will, rather submit to your dictation in regard to the reception of visitors. To please you I have sent off several gentlemen for whom I had a high regard, and I shall never do the like

again. I have sense enough to know who are fit companions for me, and spirit enough to assert my rights. I have been an obedient and kindly child to you, but my duty of obeying you ceases when you could forbid me to receive the visits of Mr. Norton, or several others of my acquaintance whom I know you dislike.

*Mr. S.* What do you mean to do? You would not live in any other house without money? You are not in the possession of a large property, that you can live from your own income.

*Mary.* When you ordered me to send away Mr. Galbraith, three years ago, I did so without saying a word; but I was indignant, and determined to become independent, so I have been studying and working ever since, and now I am able to support myself well by my work.

*Mr. S.* Fudge! that's a mere notion. You'll be a seamstress, I suppose?

*Mary.* (*taking a piece of box-wood from a drawer and handing it to her father*) Look at that. I am cutting that engraving for Mr. Westman. It will be printed in the next number of the Illustrated Magazine. It will cost me about fifteen hours work, and I shall receive \$20 for it. I have made \$300 that way in the last six months. Here's the money, [*taking out a paper roll of double eagles from her drawer and opening it;*] I have not spent a cent of it. To earn that money, I worked only when I was alone, so that nobody supposed I was engaged in any serious labors. Mr. Westman is the only person who knows that I do anything of the kind. He offers me as much work as I can do, and says that after his partner, Mr. Roomis, I have the most rapid hand with the graver, in California. You know that I often visit Mrs. Danishstar; well, I have spent many days assisting in teaching in her boarding school, and, she says, considering my ability to teach music, drawing, French and Spanish, as well as all the higher English branches, there is not a teacher in the city that can command a higher salary or be more certain of a position than I. I asked her, as if in joke, what she would give me, and she offered me \$200 a month, for teaching three hours a day, and when I replied jestingly, she said that she was serious, and if that offer did not suit me, she would make me a partner with her. So you see that I know what I am about when I speak of being independent.

*Mr. S.* Well, Mary, I always knew that you were brave, but I never gave you credit for such spirit. I hope your brothers will be equal to you. If you were a man you would make your fortune, but as you are only a woman, I am afraid you will only get me into trouble. Come, we will make a compromise. You drop Mr. Westman and Mrs. Danishstar; for if the people about us were to know that you work for money, they would say that we were out of place on Rincon Hill; and if you will please me in that respect, I will make no objection to the visits of any of your friends.

*Marg.* Thank you, father; I consent to that, at least for the present. I do not need any more money than you give me, and I will abandon my plans for engraving and teaching until they are forced on me by necessity.

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VICES OF THE IMAGINATION.—To the young, especially, is the exposition necessary—to those whose imaginations are active, whose passions are fresh and strong, and whose inexperience leaves them ignorant of consequences. There is no field of danger less talked of than this. Through many years of attendance upon the public ministrations of Christianity, I have never but twice heard this subject pointedly and faithfully alluded to. Books are mainly silent upon it. Fathers and mothers, faithful in all things else, shrink from the administration of counsels upon matters which they would fain believe are all unknown to the precious ones they have nurtured. Thus it is in schools, and thus it is everywhere, where counsel is needed, and where it is demanded. An impure word, a doubtful jest, a tale of sin, drunk in by these fresh souls, excites the imagination, and straightway they discover the field of contemplation, so full of danger and of death, and learn all its paths before they know anything of the perils to which they subject themselves. Let me say to these, what they so seldom hear from other lips and pens, that whenever they find themselves attracted to it, they can never abide in it, or enter upon it, without taint and without sin. Sooner or later in their life will they find that from all willing dalliance with temptation, and unresisted entertainment of unworthy and impure imaginations, their character has suffered an injury which untold ages will fail to remedy.—*Extract from Gold Foil.*

## THE MESSENGER.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Once I met him in the garden ;  
 'Twas the noontide of the day ; —  
 Sleeping in the quiet of the arbor,  
 One, my treasured idol, lay.  
 He, that stranger, whispered to her,  
 Entering softly by the door ;  
 Quickly she rose and followed,  
 And I never saw her more.

Next, within my cottage parlor ;  
 'Twas the twilight, soft and still ;  
 And the breeze scarce stirred the jasmine,  
 Whispering at my window sill.  
 Suddenly that stranger entered —  
 How my heart within me died !  
 As he beckoned her to follow —  
 Her, the loved one, at my side.

Next, within my quiet chamber,  
 In the cradle, near me, lay  
 One, with fringed lids just then opening —  
 Rosebuds in the softening day.  
 He, that pale-browed stranger, entered —  
 Not one word he spake, but still  
 Crept so softly towards the cradle,  
 Touched those lids, and all was chill !

Then, O ! then I knew him — learned him !  
 Looked into his eyes, to see  
 All their deep and mystic meaning —  
 All their words of love to me.  
 Messenger from God in heaven,  
 Pale-browed, silent, robed in white —  
 Now I bless thee, my deliverer  
 From earth's darkness into light.

FANATICISM.—Fanaticism, whether religious or philosophic, is the child of Pride, a violent and terrible power ! Reason, on the contrary, even when she deceives us, is a mild and tranquil influence, free from passion, and never inducing men to quarrel with each other.—*La Harpe.*

## DUFF; OR THE FRENCH COOK.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1850.

BY OLD BLOCK.

THE term "culinary," I suppose was derived from cullender, an essential article in a cooking paraphernalia. Had the word been for instance, "in the cullender department," its full and proper signification would have been at once understood, even by the uninitiated, for they would naturally conclude that it had reference to stewing, boiling, frying, or straining. But ever since the celebrated doctor Kitchener changed the term "cook-room," to kitchen, many things have been twisted unmercifully to suit the fastidious notions of some polite professor of gastronomic art.

There have been, however, it must be confessed, some improvements in the use of terms, as for instance, small chunks of bread just from the oven, formerly called warm bread, are now called hot rolls, implying their connection with the *rolling* pin; while old-fashioned slap jacks are surnamed griddle cakes, after their respected parent the griddle; and instead of *spitting* a piece of beef for a roast, thereby conveying the idea that to have it properly cooked, a certain amount of expectorating over its red and white surface was necessary,—we now *bake* our *roast* beef in the stove instead of spitting it in a Dutch oven. Spit! Cræsus, what a term to use in cooking. Faugh!

The "cullender art," however, is considerable of an art; and it is not every one who is qualified to practice it. Study, and experience, are both necessary to be accomplished in it, and its importance has been not only eulogised by kings, but sung by poets. Byron says in canto X, of Harown Alkarchid, where the chief cook of the sultan sings the glories of his august master,—

"Blest is the man who lives in peace,  
He slips thro' the world as slick as grease."

And Tom Moore, the celebrated Irish Lion, after a long fast, sings so sweetly,—

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd,  
From the chimney below that a cook-shop is near,  
And I thought if a steak could be found in the world,  
The man that is hungry might look for it here."

Ancient California was celebrated for its cooks. Cooking was

one of the grand orders of the day. Everybody cooked in 1849 and '50, but women. They were not entrusted with so sublime a secret in those days. Our greatest men did not think it beneath them to fry their own bacon. Merchants, ministers and miners, lawyers, bankers and loafers, all had an ambition, not only to get enough to cook, but to cook it themselves. Things have changed now, and the sublime science of Soyer has fallen into the hands of women, or men who can do nothing else. Verily, the glory of slap-jacks hath departed. But the day of the heroes of the "cullender," of what I call the Golden Era of California, shall not be lost entirely, so long as my fingers can wield a pen, or the types can speak words of burning, fire, and blasting, sizzling gravy.

"I have a friend, a glorious friend,  
As e'er cook'd a gudgeon or roasted a clam."

He is now the editor of the most popular newspaper in California, has already won fame and dimes for himself, and deservedly stands high among the list of editors in our grizzly State. Well, he—but I'll let him tell his own story. I don't want to steal any man's thunder, so Jerry shall be his own mouthpiece. We were sitting one day, not long since, in his sanctum, discussing reminiscences of the ancient days of California. "There is one phase of California life," said he, "that I think I never told you. In the summer of 1850, I found myself at Rose's Bar, on the Yuba, and, what you know was a little surprising in those days, (over the left,) I was by some accident completely strapped—not a dime to buy a biscuit. I was standing in the bar-room of one of those magnificent cloth hotels so common in those days, cogitating on the subject of ways and means, when the landlord came into the room in a kind of despair. He had a house full of boarders and his cook had suddenly left him. 'What to do I don't know,' said Boniface, waxing warm; 'I've enquired everywhere—can't hire a cook this side of——.' He didn't say where, but every one was left to draw their own inference. Here was a chance, then—fame and fortune before me; why should I hesitate? I didn't, but stepped forward at once, conscious of my own merits, which I felt only needed development to be understood and appreciated.

"You want a cook?" I asked with proper gravy-ty. "I am one."

“You?” and the landlord looked pleased; “do you understand cooking in all its various branches?”

“I am a French cook,” said I—my blushes were all saved within my empty pockets. “If you want a cook I have no engagement, and if we can make a bargain I will go into your kitchen.”

“A cook I must have, but he must be a first rate one, or none at all. My boarders are very particular, and I keep a first-class hotel.” Think of that—a first-class hotel!—O! International.

“I understand my business; I am a French cook, I tell you. If you want a cook, No. 1, he is before you,” I said, with commendable modesty.

“Well, how much do you ask a month?”

“Two hundred and fifty dollars,” I replied, feeling that men of true science should lose nothing in my endeavor to promote respect for true greatness.

“Why, that is an enormous price,” said the landlord; “I have never paid any such price. I can’t stand that.”

“Well,” said I, with perfect truth, “I never cooked for less than that in my life, during the whole practice of my profession.” It was true, by hokey, for I never had cooked at all, professionally.

Well, after considerable bantering, we made a bargain, and I consented to cook the first month at one hundred and seventy-five dollars, to be paid every Saturday night, and the second month, *if I staid*, I was to have two hundred dollars. The bargain concluded, I was shown into the kitchen—pulled off my coat, rolled up my shirt sleeves, put on an apron, and commenced making pie in a cook shop, as I had previously made *pi* in a printing office. I can’t pretend to say how I got along, but during three weeks, in which I presided over the Rose’s Bar cullender department, I am sensible that I originated many new dishes, which the palates of our boarders could not appreciate; and when they found fault, I just told them to go to — that they could not appreciate French cooking.

Among the boarders were several sailors, and every Sunday they were clamorous for Duff. “Cook, give us some duff—can’t live without duff once a week. No decent boarding house lives without duff; a man might as well live on chips as without duff; cook, give us duff.” To pacify them, I told them that the next Sunday they should have duff for dinner, and they were satisfied to wait. Now,

what duff was I didn't know, any more than the man in the moon. Whether it was baked, boiled, stewed, or fried; whether it was potatoes, cabbage, apples, onions, peaches, or what, I could not tell. Yet the duff they were to have, and it would never do for a French cook to show his ignorance.

Well, Saturday night came. I settled with the landlord for my three weeks' services, and, to tell the truth, he paid me very honorably. Sunday morning came, and with it breakfast. The sailors were in high glee. "Now, cook, don't forget that duff to-day for dinner—duff, boy, duff." "Aye, aye; you shall have it sure," said I, wondering if some good god-mother of a witch would come in and help me out with the duff. Well, she did, and admirably too. Now here is my receipt for duff—such as I made—and I make it free to the whole world, for I wish to be a public benefactor, and will not hide my light under a bushel basket: Take a six quart tin basin, roll out some dough and cover the bottom; take, each, a handful of onions, garlic, dried apples, peaches, baked beans, potatoes, turnips, fat pork or beef, and lard; season with a large dash of mustard, a good sprinkle of pepper sauce, with half a pint of claret; sweeten well with brown sugar or molasses, then roll out a thin piece of dough and cover the whole, and crinkle the dough cover into fantastic shapes, to please the eye—the taste will be reserved for the inside. Set it in the stove and *bake* till you think it is done.

In these latter days I learn that sailors call a *boiled* pudding duff, but at Rose's Bar, in the old days of 1850, French duff was a (to speak scientifically and geologically) conglomerated mass, baked in a pan. Dinner was ready—the acme of my glory was approaching. The meats were discussed, but a place was still left by the expectant boarders; directly was heard:

"Come cook, come cook, bring on your duff,  
And *crammed* be he who cries out hold, enough!"

That cry, coming from Shakspeare, or the sailors, I forget which, roused me from my reveries, when I told the waiter to take in the duff. "Where is it?" he innocently asked. "There, in that basin," I replied. "This?" said he, with a grin, as he looked deliberately at the baked dish; "I'm afraid they wont like this very well." "No matter what you think; take it along—they are impatient—set it at the head of the table." Not knowing how much of a relish



they might have for French duff, I hastily threw off my apron, slipped on my coat and hat, and took a place behind the door, where I could see what was going on in the dining room. As the waiter set the pan before a stout, brawny sailor, who held his knife and fork ready to dissect the coveted dish, I heard the latter ask :

“ Waiter, what’s this ?”

“ Why, it’s the duff, sir.”

“ The duff—this duff ?” and he slashed his knife through it, when an odor of garlic and onions came out, followed by a red, oozy, lava-like matter ; he exclaimed, in a rage, “ duff — duff — hang that cook, let me get hold of him,” and as he arose from the table, in his wrath, I sprung to the back door, ran out and over the hills, and didn’t go back till three years afterwards, when I was soliciting subscribers for our paper. Honest merit, however, is highly appreciated at Rose’s Bar, for we have a large circulation there.

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## IN THE MORNING.

BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

Through the purple hush and gloom,  
Wildly fell the midnight showers—  
Weighing down the acacia’s bloom,  
Rustling grass and silken flowers.

Now beneath the golden tide,  
From morn’s crystal chalice flowing,  
All the raindrops, far and wide,  
Are like rarest jewels glowing.

When, like night, this life is fled;  
And the holier life is dawning,  
Earthly tears, in anguish shed,  
May seem pearls in that fair morning.

*San Francisco, March, 1860.*

## DEAD CHINAMEN.

BY THEODORE H. HITTELL.

'Tis in San Francisco harbor; 'tis a clipper trim and tall;  
With flapping sails and anchor poised, she waits the boatswain's call;  
The flooding tide will soon run ebb; she soon will sail away;  
And she's bound across the ocean for the land of rice and tea.

There is ballast in her lower hold, but boxes on her deck,  
With Chinese markings covered, and for Hongkong all direct:—  
“What freightage may be in them? for what profit thither sent?  
I thought that silver only in that market could be spent?”

Quoth the shipper: “Not all commerce is a matter but of gain,  
Nor all freight a source of profit, that is shipped across the main;  
These are nothing but dead Chinamen, mere cold and lifeless clay;  
Without usefulness or value, not a copper worth are they.”

“But, Anglo Saxon trader, this indeed is wondrous strange—  
While the most enlightened nations think of nothing but exchange,  
That heathens and idolaters should tender so their dead,  
As to forget their cent per cent!”—Then thus the shipper said:

“'Tis a custom of their countrymen—if dead men countries own—  
To gather up the foreign dead and ship them all back home;  
That in the land which bore them, as on a mother's breast,  
They at last may find a welcome, and their bodies be at rest.”

“It is well,”—a third time spoke I—“to carry home the great;  
For their funerals to many may a source of profit make;  
But the Coolie and the pauper, whose coffins here I see;  
To ship back all this worthless trash, what reason can there be?”

Quoth the shipper: “In the sexton's lists, so low and mean is none;  
But his native land still bears a place that he may call his own;  
And, thanks to strangest custom, though oceans wide may roll,  
He still at last shall rest there, within his native soil.

“'Tis with hundreds every year thus, in their coffins such as these,  
That our clipper ships are laden, ere they plough the Chinese seas;  
For the living all may toil oppressed, and languish to the grave,  
But death breaks every fetter, and ennobles e'en the slave.”

“Well spoken, Anglo Saxon,”—'t was thus well pleased I cried,  
As the noble clipper moved away upon the turning tide,—  
“Well spoken, thou hast taught me, what the world will scarce believe,  
That there's virtue still in Chinamen, e'en after they are dead.”

'Tis again the same wise lesson that was taught in days of old,  
But the world is unbelieving, and the rede must be retold ;  
That naught is wholly low or mean, or evil on the earth ;  
There's virtue still in squalid rags ; there's good in Nazareth.

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## WINTER AMONG THE SIERRAS.

BY S. C. H.

How many of the readers of the *HESPERIAN* ever wintered among the Sierras ?—the region, we had nearly said, of eternal snow ; and with some degree of truth, as last year's snow rested on many mountain sides till August, and was renewed in the early days of November.

The thought of winter and snow pictures to most minds silvery bells and prancing steeds gliding swiftly over a smooth expanse, while a merry ring of voices play a sweet accompaniment to the jingling melody of bells ; a time for merry-making and enjoying the sports of winter.

A glance at the steep mountain sides, that at wide intervals show a few cabins claiming inmates, tells us the picture of sleigh-rides cannot here find an abiding place.

Travel and communication during the period of winter in most mountain places, depend principally upon man's ability to exercise his pedestrian powers ; often the ease with which he can manage snow-shoes. This of course applies to the high mountain towns and villages.

The first few snows of November generally cut off all mule travel, as the narrow trails are immediately blocked with snow ; and the perpendicular waste then presented does not offer a very secure footing to animals, alone to promise hope of an envied sleigh-ride. You will readily discover, then, if you have allowed your fancy to picture mountaineers as following out the winters East, that you are sadly mistaken.

Nothing could allure man to call these lonely mountain sides, where the eye roams over an unbroken surface of snow, with naught of vegetable life to be seen except the towering pine and fir, sometimes a stunted growth of oak, home, if it was not for the golden

treasure found deep within their hidden recesses. Let us inform Mr. Hittell, no necessity for the "sale of mineral lands to secure permanent residence," if you can prove gold to abound, for residence is generally permanent as long as the treasure is found — of course some restless spirits are found in every locality, and would not be content under any circumstances — and when worked out, few regret to leave these high mountain regions, that offer few spots for cultivation, and for such a short time, that it does not repay one, however much inclined; to plant, or if there was ever so much land to cultivate. A truce to this digression, however, for it is "Winter among the Sierras," of which we must discourse.

The depth of snow this season, up to the time of writing, has been much less than any previous winter experienced since 1856 — as long as the writer's knowledge extends. At this time last year there was at least ten or twelve feet on a level, now not more than one third of that depth. The snow-blockade we endure every winter, compels our residents to provide themselves with a bountiful store of provisions, where beans and dried apples hold a conspicuous place as reigning dainties, that is, in the majority of cases; also, an abundant supply of wood. Some of you may smile when it is asserted that the largest part of most mountain establishments is the wood-house, yet it is nevertheless so, and with good reason, when it is remembered that the ground is generally covered with snow from early November till late in May.

It strikes those curiously who are accustomed to winters East, when they see one in the mountains of California. There we look for skeleton trees and frozen streams, while here, though every object is half buried, or hidden altogether in deep snow-drifts, the fir, pine and cedars that grace the mountain sides in such number, relieve the scene of the desolateness of Eastern winters, where the trees, excepting occasional evergreens, are stripped and leafless. The bushes and low chapparel are hidden for the most under the deep snow, and winter's withering influence on them is lost to sight. The frozen streams we have not. Flumes that are much exposed during the prevalence of severe north or east winds are sometimes frozen. Seldom would any thing freeze in our homes, if we possessed the warm, tight houses that you have in your cities. Dwellings are built mostly of shakes, which afford little protection from

cold or wind; most settlements though can boast a log-cabin or so, which are always pioneers. If the cold of the East prevailed here, we would suffer much in our thin, shake houses, with canvas lining. We require little more clothing than the inhabitants of the "Bay City" do, though we clothe our feet more warmly. Paper-soled shoes are not tolerated by our mountain ladies; long boots, heavy soled and well nailed, are their only resource in climbing over these beds of snow.

As a general rule, rain seldom falls here in any month. This winter is an exception; as we have had almost as much rain as snow.

Secluded as we are from the reach of most sources of improvement, the bent of individuality necessarily developes itself. Those of a reflective and literary turn, surround themselves, when possible, with works that will improve, amuse and elevate, and thus employ the many solitary hours they are compelled to pass with profit. Others, that have no resource within themselves, and care little for the higher enjoyments of life, too often spend their time in endless rounds of cards, and, still worse, seek excitement in drink. They certainly cannot plead the Russian's excuse for excessive indulgence in the former excitement. Says Atkinson in his book on Liberia, when making reference to this habit among the Russians:—"Conversing with the most intelligent men on this subject their reply was—"In England you have the daily papers, the monthly periodical, a literature unequalled, and the liberty of discussing every subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds, we should not care for cards." "

Few sermons can be spoken to us, as we are so difficult of access, and the trails so often impassable. Some are favored with copies of the *Pacific* and *Independent*, and are not at a loss for well-springs of good.

Few are permitted the joys of home, yet there is much friendly intercourse, and more than in many of our cities. The fact of isolation places many on their good behavior; compels many in seeking sympathy to lay aside their selfishness and empty distinctions of society. There is much living out of self in these mountain localities. The air breathed infuses some of its purity into character.

Shut in, as these little communities are, to themselves, we have shown they want not companionship or the means of progress.

Neither lack they the refining influences of the fine arts. Grand panoramic views greet the eye from these eyrie nests called mountain homes. Fairer pictures of gorgeous sunlight; soft moonlight scenes; the sleep of nature in her winter robes; the snow storm; are given to us, than ever sprang from the hand of a Claude Lorraine, a Titian, or a Salvator Rosa.

No need of Californians journeying to the Alps to discourse of heavily nailed shoes to scale the mountain heights, and the feats accomplished among those regions of snow, for they can have that experience within their own State for six months in the year. Here you can see those snowy peaks sparkling and glancing in the morning sunlight like silver sheeted mirrors in every conceivable shape. Little monotony here. You'll discover battlements and towers, whose heights have never yet been scaled, keeping frowning watch over all the scene; ridges covered with dense forests of pine, looking like armed hosts with bristling spears, the outposts for the imaginary fortress; perfect cones in others; bold promontories capped with rocky defences jutting into the river two or three miles below.

In this particular locality is one gentle slope forming a quadrangle, presenting one unbroken plain of white, except the lone tree in the centre; the mountains around hold the same relation to it as the celebrated fortresses of Mantua, Pescheira, Verona and Legnano do to the noted European Quadrangle. Our quadrangle has been the witness of more peaceful missions, though fought with no less spirit, than its European neighbor. The foot of many a weary traveler has pressed its soil, in their long journey to Eldorado, in hope of gaining some of its treasures. Many weary feet have regained elasticity, and hearts their lightness, as they passed over its surface, knowing their journey was well nigh ended.

Ever changing shadows, as the King of Day pursues his march, give various pictures of the scene. The mountains in their garments of sheen, are not those at noon or sunset; for the varying shadows bring out in bold relief points that hitherto were in shadow and unnoticed. Don't journey to Italy to behold her skies; she cannot claim brighter or more serene than often smile o'er all our winter scenes.

Why attempt to describe all the beautiful scenery our Sierra

winters portray? The mountains are grand and beautiful at any season, but chiefly so in winter. Then —

“This earth to fairy land is changed,  
 With glittering silver sheeted o'er.  
 A shower of gems is strew'd around,  
 The flowers of winter rich and rare;  
 Rubies and sapphires deck the ground,  
 The topaz, emerald, all are there.”

Sierra Co., Feb., 1860.

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## S H E E P .

### THE SPECIES BEST ADAPTED FOR CALIFORNIA.

BY THOMAS ROLANSON.

#### No. I.

As may be inferred from the heading of this article, it is not intended to enter into the specific qualities of all the known breeds of sheep, or even its numerous and most esteemed varieties. Many kinds, such as the huge Lincoln and Treswater sheep, entire flocks of which are not unfrequently known to weigh 240 lbs. the carcass when dressed for market, and to clip 18 to 20 lbs. of wool, are quite unsuited to the general soil and climate of California; more especially under its existing imperfect state of agriculture. The huge breed now under consideration, might be reared on the rich tules when drained and covered with a rich sward, occupied only by the richest grasses and clovers, and due provision made to maintain them in good condition during winter; until such is the case, it would be ridiculous to attempt raising the *very* large breeds of sheep.

In entertaining the question as to what kind of sheep will be most likely to repay the husbandman for his time, trouble and capital, it is requisite to bear in mind, that, according to circumstances, carcass or the wool may be of inferior or equal value to each other. In Australia, until the gold discoveries caused a large and sudden demand for animal food, limestone was not unfrequently burned with the bodies of the ovine race; and thousands have been slaughtered simply for their tallow. Even at present, in the sheep districts, the carcasses have little or any value. At present a reversed state of things exist in California. The carcass is more valuable than the

fleece, and it is the adjustment of these two properties in the proportion best adapted to the soil and climate of California on which will depend the most profitable returns. In Australia, two circumstances combined to indicate the proper course to pursue. The climate was dry and warm, consequently only calculated to raise with advantage an animal with a moderately sized body, for it must always be remembered that large sized animals can only be successfully reared amidst plentiful and succulent herbage, or other food, as rape, turnips, &c., to replace in winter the ordinary grasses. At the same time, the market for meat was limited, whilst that for wool was distant, and the freight consequently heavy in proportion to the value; which proportion would have been even more considerable on coarse, low-priced wool. All things contributed, therefore, towards the state of things as they now exist, namely: the growth of an animal not so much valuable for the carcase as for the fleece. These circumstances are in some degree modified as regards California. In the first place, we are likely soon to manufacture no inconsiderable portion of our coarse and medium qualities of wool into blankets, flannels, pilot and other rough clothing, so that the native breed of sheep, possessing a present market value with the butcher when fattened, nearly equal to the more improved varieties, approaches in consequence more nearly to an equal value with finer fleeced sheep than was the case with the Australian farmer, and to that extent, will not so much necessitate the importance of instant and decided improvements in the breed, especially when to do so would be an expensive operation.

It should always be kept in view, that a dry, warm climate, is the natural habitat of sheep. Although the climate of California may be generally described as a dry one, yet occasionally, the rainy season is not only heavy, but also continuous. The health of sheep is more injured by damp and wet, than cold; the former occasioning the foot rot, and the latter effecting the staple of the wool, and occasioning a great variety of diseases, which in Scotland has the common name of Braxy. Cold—if the weather is dry—does not affect sheep very much, as is evidenced by the manner in which the merino flocks of Old Castile sustain themselves during the severe winters of that inclement upland. It must, however, be always understood that very fine wool cannot be obtained from animals ex-



posed at any time to great or continuous cold. Thus the finest Saxon and other German wools, which, although of Spanish origin, have by cultivation and care, displaced the Spanish merino for the manufacture of the finest description of broadcloth. This superiority, however, is only obtained by great care, the animals being housed, and fed on forage during the inclement season.

These remarks are introduced with the object of drawing attention to the fact that the kind of fleece best adapted to protect the animals from cold, if dry, is a fine, close fleece—in fact a fine felting wool, adapted for the manufacture of the finest broadcloth, whilst one of a more open character serves better to secure the sheep from the injurious effects of cold, caused by rain—the more open fleece causing the water to run off more rapidly, whilst the close one absorbs it like a sponge. This fact will be noticed again in a paper on “Wool and its Uses,” which will follow this series.

The great difficulty which the California sheep farmer has to contend with, (and the remark applies in a greater or less degree to all kinds of stock,) is the obtaining an adequate supply of winter provisions. Clovers and other leguminosæ, if judiciously cultivated, might, in a great degree, supply the present void, and perhaps, on the whole, will afford the readiest and most convenient means of doing so. Without having some such aid it will be vain to attempt, or to expect that fine-bred stock will retain their original superior qualities.

A brief resume may now be entered upon as to the chief points of interest, both as regards fleece and carcase of the breeds which are most likely to attract the attention of the California sheep-grower.

*The New Leicester*, has attracted the attention of a few breeders. This breed is remarkable for its extraordinary property of arriving at early maturity for the shambles — some have been sold in Washington market weighing 100 lbs., not twelve months old. It has an extraordinary property of putting on a great amount of fat, quite out of proportion to the lean or muscular part; the latter has not the sapid quality of less rapid growing animals, and as a whole, would have an unfavorable opinion passed upon them by epicures. In a market, however, where one kind appears not to be preferred over another, provided the externals are in any degree alike. There can be no doubt that in a suitable climate this breed will make the largest return to the farmer, in the shortest time, if intended for

the butcher. The wool is of a useful quality and the fleece heavy. The southern counties are best calculated for this breed, the open, but heavy fleeces readily casting off the rain, unless the showers endure for an unusually long period.

*The improved Southdown.* This breed is one that during the last twenty years has perhaps had a more extended range amongst farmers, than any other species. Its superiority over the Leicester, consists in the superior quality of the meat, but it does not come to maturity so early as the latter. The fleece is of a finer quality, but can scarcely be said to have a greater value. There are many kinds of improved southdown; but the one which is probably best adapted for California is the Shropshire Down—a district in which the climate is much more moist than in the south of England, and consequently would the more easily acclimate themselves to California winters. Allied to this head, it will not, therefore, be out of place to notice one which, centuries ago, held a prominent place in British sheep culture, and from which tradition relates that even the celebrated merino are descended. We allude to the Ryelands, a breed smaller than, but possessing a striking resemblance to the merinos. They are remarkably hardy, and can endure hardship and hunger, probably beyond any other; certainly beyond the greater number of breeds. It would, perhaps, now be impossible to obtain any of the pure breed, as twenty years ago there was only one pure flock in existence in Herefordshire. The meat of the Reyelands is excellent. As best adapted to the climate and pasturage of California in general, a judicious cross between the Australian Merinos, Shropshire Down and Reyeland, (if the last could be obtained,) would contain to the highest degree the most valuable properties of tolerably early maturity, weight of carcase and good quality of meat—along with hardiness of constitution and endurance—without material injury when put to straits for food; and possessing a fleece of fair weight and of high value for the finest descriptions of combing purposes, such as shawls, challis, and mixed stuffs, a kind in more constant demand than the highest priced felting wools.

Where a larger animal is needed for rich bottom land, the celebrated Currah\* sheep would, perhaps, be found as suitable, if not more so, than any other species.

\* County Kildare, Ireland.



THE RINGTAILED MAJOR,

OR

CALIFORNIA FLOWERS ILLUSTRATED.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

CHAPTER II.

*The Major resigns his false position—the False Monkey Flower—removal of the CAUSE does not always destroy the EFFECT—Major mounts the stump, and, like most politicians, does'nt come off quite whole.*

AFTER the adventure mentioned in our last chapter, the Ringtailed Major resigned; and although he shouldered a stick and entered the ranks as a common soldier, he still retained his ringtail title. He could shoulder arms! present arms! and order arms! and charge bayonets pretty well, considering he was only a brevet soldier. To be sure, he was rather behind time, but *Apes*, we know, always are—he seemed to be poking fun at other people's folly with that long stick of his. However, we must not be too critical; his present modest position in the ranks, became his genius much better than the false monkey manners of commander of the regiment.

Here is the *False Monkey Shrub*; some people call it the *Sticky Monkey Shrub*.\* The plant is gummy or glutinous, as its name implies, and it will stick closer to your fingers and clothes than the monkey did to the pony's back if you handle it carelessly. The light orange flowers in pairs are very pretty indeed, but the upright



FALSE MONKEY SHRUB.

\* *Mimulus glutinosus*.

shrub itself is not very beautiful. It has lips and a mouth like a monkey. Do you think you would know this flower if you were to see it? Examine it carefully and try.

We could tell you of a little girl three years old, and her two brothers a few years older, who remembered a flower five years afterwards. We traveled many years in a foreign country and then came back, and called on them—as soon as they saw the flower they knew it, and told us the name.

But to return to our narrative: we left the Major drilling away might and main in the ranks, while we stepped aside a moment to examine the *False Monkey Flower*. There are many means by which a monkey, or a man, may obtain a name; and full many a false and foolish way too. Now Major Ringtail naturally took to this latter silly sort of ambition, just as we have seen some apish people do before him. Monkeys were doubtless made for the very purpose of showing up the ridiculous and silly side of our lowest nature! Certainly, in all that is *manly*! Monkeys are the most remotely human—the mere skin of creation! In short, we always abhorred the brute. You have already seen how easy it is for an ape to get a name; but it is not so easy to get rid of it. Some people say “cut off the cause, and the effect will cease,” but that is not always so, as we intend to show.

You remember the stump from which the monkey jumped on to the pony's back, don't you? Well, the Ringtailed Major was one of your cunning, saynothing sort of politicians, for although he often mounted the stump, seldom made a speech.

Perhaps we forgot to tell you that this particular stump was used for a meat-block—but so it was; and on it lay the little camp-hatchet.

The Ringtailed Major was tired of parading around. Like useless people in general, he always did pretty much as he pleased; that is to say, loiter about and do nothing at all. So in order to have a little fun and frolic on his own account, he mounted the stump; at first he ordered arms, and then sat himself down to rest. But neither head, hand nor tail would ever stay still long at a time. Sitting a little minute or so, and thinking about nothing, as usual, he espied the shining hatchet—“a very fine thing to chop with,” thought he; and the Ringtailed Major was all in raptures—tickled

to the very life with the new trinket—he began to express his emotions, as all animals do, by the tail. All at once he discovered the motion himself, he did. You must know, he was down with his *hatchet on any thing* just then, so completely carried away was he with *one idea*.



He had chopped his own tail clean off, and left in a hurry, long before we got there.

It is not every one, you see, who mounts a stump, that comes off whole.

For many long days we lost sight of the retired politician. But they are a singular kind of animal; like a cat, you may throw them up which way you will, they are sure to light on their feet. So did the Ring-tailed Major put the best foot foremost, as we shall see in the next chapter.

If this world be not a place for education of some sort, it has little meaning. The idea that a man should be placed in the circumstances that surround us, and subjected to this great experiment without reference to another existence—that he should die as soon as he has learned to live—is simply absurd. Admitting, then, that we are the subjects of education, how does it become us to see that the end of its period do not steal upon us unawares and unprovided. How does it become us, as rational men and woman, to make the most of our life, and see that in our case, at least, the experiment be successful. The man who receives life as a blessing, to be cherished and loved, and enjoyed and preserved, is a coward if he be afraid to consider its intention and its end, and a guilty spendthrift if he let it pass by, month after month, and year after year, without securing the education it was meant to convey.—*Gold Foil.*

## Editor's Table.

The following editorial we have received from Mrs. F. H. Day :—  
THERE are times when the full heart refuses to give utterance—when the unexpressed words die away in a feeble wail, like the night wind in the desert, and sobs and tears choke the utterance of the soul. So has it been with us of late, kind Friends and Patrons. Our feet have been treading the paths of earlier years—but, alas! we tread upon the dead. The crisp, sere leaves rustle in our pathway, and the winds shriek through the leafless trees—“Gone! all gone!”—the requiem of our heart.

Here last we listened to a father's voice ;—'tis a long way down in the shadowy past, for he was called ere we had left the shady paths of childhood ;—and here, in after years, we heaped the earth upon our mother's breast. A soft, white mantle of snow now rests upon the earthy mound—but we know that her spirit is clothed in a robe that is whiter and purer than that.

Old memories are busy at our heart, strangely blending the joyous and the sad together. Here is the very tree, beneath whose shade we sat, book in hand, weaving strange, bright fancies of the “days to come.” The birds were singing in its branches, but they have flown ; and the brook that babbled at our feet, is bound in icy chains. All along are little hillocks, covered with the cold frosts of disappointment—mounds of buried hopes ; and so it is through life,—we weave bright dreams, and build airy castles. The dreams must fade, and the airy fabrics fall to the ground. Happy are we, when surveying the wreck, if we find the fragments forming the foundation for a more elevated and enduring structure, and lofty temple of moral worth—the chief architect of which, is earthly discipline—and the dreams fading to give place to the realities of an earnest, sincere life—a life which all must, sooner or later, come to regard as a school where the elements of our being are first brought into action ;—where they must be enlarged, and cultivated, and strengthened, until we are prepared to graduate from the earthy school-house and take our place in the higher courts above.

We are sitting by the side of a sister, whose heart, like Rachel's of old, is mourning and will not be comforted, “Because her children are not.” Twice the shadow of the white-winged angel has darkened her home, and each time has borne away with him a little child. We know that there are many more sitting under the same dark shadow,—some, even in our much loved home on the shores of the Pacific. But, we would say to all,—beloved sisters, lift your hearts to where your treasures are,

And let your troubled souls find peace and rest,  
Your babes are folded to your Father's breast.

We are seated in the “Old Arm-Chair,” which was once our mother's ; by the side of which, we listened to her counsel, and, unconsciously gathered the instruction which was to guide us on our way in after years, from whence her blessings descended upon our head, and her prayers for our welfare ascended to heaven. We are dipping ink from the very inkstand from which our father dipped ere he was called to take up the “Golden Harp ;” and are writing upon

a table of solid mahogany, which was made for General Irving, of Revolutionary memory, and from which Dr. Franklin has often partaken of the good things needful for the outer man. Smiling upon us from the wall, is the benevolent face of General La Fayette, taken from life in 1824. The rich gilt frame is tarnished, and gives signs of decay, but it is still preserved and cherished with more care than the more fashionable and elaborate workmanship of modern time would be, for it hung in our father's library, and is associated with the earliest memory of our childhood's home. Oh, blessed, halcyon days of peace and joy! when a father's counsel guided, and a mother's smile cheered on. They are gone, forever gone!—but their influence is upon us still, and their memories are the guiding stars in our sky, which will never set till our earthly pilgrimage be done.

We have been overhauling the contents of an old walnut secretary, which is of itself a valuable relic of the past. We find strange parchments, old volumes, faded and discolored by age, and old, musty papers bearing the handwriting of such men as John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Commodore O. H. Perry, and many others. Oh! Time, Time! could not the consecration by such hands preserve even a bit of paper from thy relentless and destructive grasp? Close to these we find others of later date, bearing the handwriting of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Wm. Henry Harrison and others, all long since fallen asleep.

Among a file of old papers, we find one bearing date, Érie, Nov. 29th, 1832, containing the following obituary notice of THE LAST SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE:—"The last of the Signers is no more. Charles Carroll of Carrolton is numbered with the dead. He died at Baltimore on the 14th inst., in the 96th year of his age."

And in the same file we find one from which we make the following extract, to show the regard which was then paid to the subject of

"FEMALE EDUCATION.—The Bellows Falls paper gives a pleasant description of the marriage of an honest farmer with a young lady just graduated from a Female Academy, after a residence therein for about six months. The husband, boasting of her learning, says:—"She can tell the year and the day of the month when our forefathers landed at Plymouth; knows the name of every capitol town in the Union; can tell to an inch how far it is from here to the *Antipodes*, I think she calls them. If you should bore a hole through the globe, and chuck a mill-stone into it, she can tell to a shaving what will become of the mill-stone. She is likewise a monstrous pretty painter, and can paint a puppy so well that you'd take it for a lion, and a sheep that looks as big and grand as an elephant. She knows all about chemistry, and says that water is composed of two kinds of gin, that is to say, ox gin and hydrer gin; and air is made of ox gin and nitre gin, or (what is the same thing in English) salt-petre-gin. She says that burning a stick of wood in the fire is nothing but a play of *comical (chemical) infinity*; and that not a particle of the matter which belonged to the stick is lost, but only scattered about like chaff in a hurricane."

Among other things we found an old history of the Revolutionary war, written in the style of ancient history, and published in 1793, and make the following

extract from the fifteenth chapter, beginning at the thirteenth verse, simply to show the graphic style of the author, whose name is to us unknown:—

“13. And the war raged with great violence in the land of Columbia; and many houses in the borders thereof were left desolate, great and fair, without an inhabitant; the fields were unoccupied, and the flocks and the herds were cut off from their pasture!

“14. The widows and the fatherless were multiplied! and the sword devoured the young men! it was a day of deep distress! fear and dismay covered the faces of the husbandmen! and the joy of harvest was turned into mourning!

“15. Young children asked for bread and no man brake it unto them—they said to their mothers, when will our father return—when shall we see the face of our father?—They looked through the lattice—they saw not him whom their souls desired!

“16. Alas! he will never return!—the eye that hath seen him, shall see him no more!—he is gone down to the stones of the pit—he fell by the hand of the enemy—the sword of the warrior pierced him through—the sorrows of death encompassed him round about!”

And we find also an old book on Chronology, in the old style of Latin, which much resembles the German. It was printed in 1485, and although it has seen many years, the paper is still strong, firm and good, only a little discolored by time.

The next volume that attracts our attention is an original copy of “*SPEED’S GREAT BRITAIN*,” printed in 1623, and richly embellished with engravings of the Kings and Queens, from Julius Cæsar to King James the First, to whom it is dedicated in the following curious manner:—

TO  
THE MOST HIGH  
AND MOST POTENT  
MONARCH  
I A M E S

OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND IRELAND, KING;

THE MOST CONSTANT AND MOST LEARNED DEFENDER OF THE FAITH; ENLARGER AND UNITER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE; RESTORER OF THE BRITISH NAME; ESTABLISHER OF PERPETVAL PEACE, IN CHURCH AND COMMONWEALTH; PRESIDENT OF ALL PRINCELY VIRTUES AND

NOBLE ARTS.

JOHN SPEED

HIS MAIESTIES MOST

lowly and most loyal Subiect

and Serwant, consecrateth these his labors, though

vnworthy the aspect of so high an

IMPERIAL MAIESTY.

From an old volume of unpublished poems, written by our father, we extract the following. How little did he think, when penning these lines, that the ex-



perience of his then infant daughter would teach her so fully to realize and appreciate the truth of the sentiments so beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

\* TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! 'tis not when the fairy breeze fans the green ocean,  
That the safety and strength of the barque can be shown;  
And 'tis not in prosperity's hour,—the devotion—  
The fervor and truth of a friend can be known.

No! the barque must be prov'd, when the tempest is howling,  
When dangers and mountain waves close round her press;  
The friend!—when the sky of adversity's scowling,  
For the touchstone of friendship's the hour of distress.

When prosperity's Day Star beams pure and unclouded,  
Ten thousand will mingle their shouts round the throne—  
But, oh! let its light for one moment be shrouded,  
And the smiles of the faithless, like shadows, are gone.

Then comes the true friend, who to guile is a stranger,  
The heart of the lone one to soothe and caress—  
Whose smile, like the Beacon Light blazing in danger,  
Sheds a beam o'er the gloom of the hour of distress.

Oh! 'tis sweet mid the horrors of black desolation,  
When pleasure and hope seem eternally flown—  
When the heart is first lit by the sweet consolation,  
That a haven of happiness yet may be won.

Grief fades like the night cloud—bliss mingles with sorrow—  
When the first sunny rays through the darkness appear,  
And the Rainbow of Hope beameth bright, as it borrows  
All its splendor and light from a smile and a tear.

'Tis those whose life's path have been clouded and cheerless,  
Can feel that full burst of pure transport and bliss,  
When the trusted and tried friend comes boldly and fearless  
To share or relieve the dark hour of distress.

Past griefs may yet cease to be thought of, but never—  
Can time make the feeling of gratitude less.  
May the blessing of heaven rest for ever and ever  
On HIM who forsook not in the hour of distress.

In an ingeniously constructed private drawer, we find parchment rolls, which have evidently been highly valued, as they seem to have been handed down from father to son. Some seem to have belonged to our father, and others, again, to his

\*We once repeated from memory, to Mr. J. M. Hutchings, the first two verses of the above article, and believe he published them in his magazine; but the article entire has never before been published.

father, and his father's father before him. There are beautiful but strange devices upon them, and great seals attached; some with one colored ribbon, and some with another. Cold chills crept over us as we touched the time-stained memorials, and a voice seemed to whisper, "Beware! for Silence, Union and Peace, reign here;" and they to whom these presents once belonged, have been indeed "Exalted to the CANOPY OF HEAVEN." So we shut the drawer reverently, and turned away, wondering what these things could mean.

The time allotted for our stay here, has passed; and to-morrow we again resume our journey, in furtherance of the improvement and extended circulation of the *Hesperian*. Everywhere we meet with encouragement, and the *Hesperian* bids fair to become as great a favorite at the East, as it has hitherto been at its own bright home on the shores of the Pacific. It seems long since we parted from those bright shores, and our heart is yearning to again resume our place among ye. Stern duty here yet says, "*Press on,*" and we obey hopefully and cheerfully, for we have work to do and feel equal to its accomplishment; and moreover, we believe your hearts will not grow cold, nor your confidence be dimmed by our absence: and that you will cherish with jealous care the little offering which we have so long sent to you from month to month—and by your aid and support, enable us to carry out our intentions of improvement, and enlargement, concerning it.

MRS. DAY, *March*, 1860.

**SHEEP AND WOOL.**—The rapidly growing interest attached to these subjects, has induced us to arrange for a series of papers thereon. Should they meet with the favorable attention and approval of the readers of the *Hesperian*, we may probably extend the papers to other branches of agricultural industry, such as cheese and butter making, horned cattle &c.

We present our readers with a splendid engraving of General Scott, which will doubtless meet a welcome greeting from the admirers of that noble and truly great man. The accompanying brief sketch, written by Mrs. F. H. Day, concentrates in a small space the leading points of the illustrious warrior's life. We can not imagine a more attractive feature for our California readers, in particular, as probably no State in the Union can present a greater proportion of warm-hearted friends of General Scott, than does our own golden land.

**CERROS OR CEDROS ISLAND.**—The *Alta* takes us to task for using the name *Cerros*, for the aforementioned island, and quotes Prescott to prove the name to be a corruption of the word Cedros. We do not know Prescott's authority for the statement, but we believe him to be mistaken, and that the probabilities are strongly in favor of Cedros being the *corrupt* and Cerros the true name. Any one approaching the island from any side will be impressed with the appropriateness of its name, *Cerros*; presenting as it does a clustered mass of mountains, rising from the water's edge. The *Cedar trees*, from which its name "*Cedros*" is supposed to be derived, grow but sparingly; commencing at an elevation of 600 or 700 feet above the water, occupying mostly the deep ravines, and to be seen must be sought for with no small labor. I would add, that *Cerros* is the name given by all the voyagers and map-makers; Cedros being sometimes added, but more frequently omitted entirely.





POMPOUS PEA.

(*Phaca fastidia* - Kellogg.)

Drawn from Nature Expressly for the HESPERIAN.

# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1860.

No. 4.

## POMPOUS PEA.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

*Phaca fastidia*.—KELLOGG.

PLANTS allied to the Pompous Pea or Bastard Vetch, are known to be staple articles of culture by the continental farmer. The roots of *P. Aboriginum* of the Rocky Mountains, are eaten by the Indians; the leaves of some species are also esteemed medicinal. Perhaps no plants are useless when fully known; every step, therefore, towards a better acquaintance with the vegetable kingdom is prophetic of much good to posterity, whatever may be the estimate we place upon the few fragmentary facts elicited in our day. A few plants of this natural tribe have been cultivated for ornamenting rocky sites in the old country; they are, however, chiefly interesting to the scientific inquirer.

*Technical Description*.—Stem, perennial; woody at the base, ascending, much branched; 1 to 2 feet high; all parts densely white soft villous-tomentose striate. Leaflets, oblong, obovate, cuneate at the base; mucronate, emarginate (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch long,) articulated on very short petiolules, hoary, the younger leaves white hoary, as is the stem and rachis, 10 to 12 pairs; rachis grooved above, 3 to 4 inches long; stipules, triangular, acuminate, united below.

Flowers erect, in a somewhat loose, long raceme, ochroleucous on a slender, white villous tomentose peduncle, much longer than the leaves. Calyx tubular-campanulate colored, slender subulate teeth; subequal, about half the length of the tube, which is slightly 5-nerved, hoary-villous on a stipe about half the length of the tube.

Pods inflated, translucently membranaceous, obliquely elliptical, keeled, apex acuminate; short villous; upper suture slightly introflexed, pod erect on a stipe  $\frac{1}{3}$  of an inch long; bracts subulate.

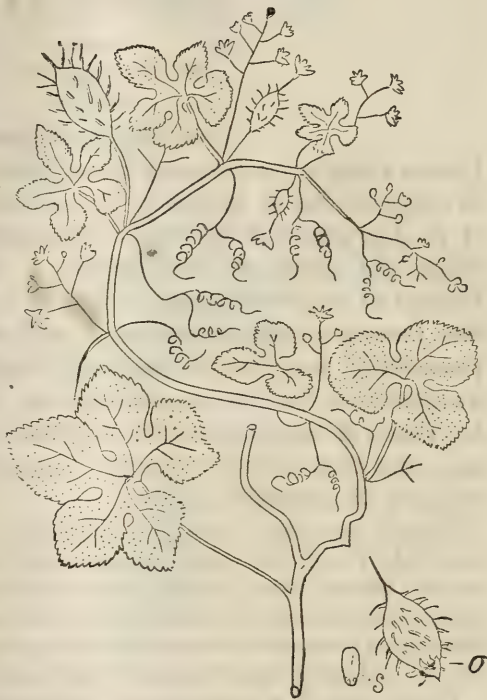
## PIGMY BALSAM APPLE.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

*Marah minima*.—KELLOGG.

THE outline figure here given, is a characteristic condensed form of the natural size of the respective parts of the plant, except as to length.

This is a new and interesting cucurbit, found by Dr. J. A. Veatch on Cerros Island. The plant tends clearly to confirm the genus *Marah*, instituted by us in March, A. D. 1855. The description of the original species (*Marah muricata*—Kellogg) was, however, read before the California Academy of Natural Sciences about two years previous to this date. These cucumber-like vines have the habit of an *Echinocystis*, and are closely allied to *Megarrhiza*—the monster mammoth root of this coast, also known as “Giant of the Earth” and “Giant Root,” from the fantastic human forms these tubero-fusiform roots often assume. Some of the turnip-shaped sort we have seen ten feet in circumference.



The generic name we have chosen is intended to commemorate its most eminent quality, viz.: that of the most unmitigated of all earthly bitters. For further significance, see Exodus, XV., 22—26.

*Technical Description*.—An herbaceous vine, two feet or more in length, scabrous along the angles; tendrils 2-parted; leaves palmate-cordate-sinuate, three to five-lobed, (seldom cordate-angled), one to two inches area; petioles

about the length of the lamina, both surfaces scabrous in the recent state—when dry, studded with minute silicious bullæ or shagreen-scabrous, minutely toothed. Sterile flowers in compound racemes, two to three inches in length, from the same axils as the fertile, greenish white, companulate-rotate, border five-parted, calyx teeth minute or obsolete. Fertile flower on a long stipitate tube, calyx segments minute, acute or subulate, stigma with globular lobes obliterated. Fruit small, quarter to half an inch in length, echinate (prickles stout with a broad base) oblong-elliptic or somewhat obliquely inflated and tapering to either extremity, two-celled, longitudinal dissepiment complete and persistent, bursting at the apex, forming a double orifice, which form remains by the strong marcescent rigid parieties, as seen in the figure; "O" represents the double orifice of the pepo. The seeds ("S" in the fig.) are oblong, flattened, somewhat truncate above, narrowed at the hilum, black, minutely warted or rough; imbricately ascending, two or more in each cell.

We have a drawing and specimens of quite another form, if not a distinct species, from the interior. These were brought before the Academy about five years since. Did our space allow, it would afford us much pleasure to speak of their medical properties.

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## THE SPOILATION OF MEXICAN GRANT HOLDERS IN CALIFORNIA BY THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN S. HITTÉLL.

UPPER California, when conquered by the Americans in 1846, contained about 5000 Mexican inhabitants, who with their fathers and grandfathers had lived here sixty or seventy years. Their chief occupation and the main source of their wealth were furnished by their herds of kine, horses and sheep. Most of them dwelt in the country upon ranches which had been granted to them for purposes of pasturage by the Mexican Government. They held their lands under written titles, supposed to be, in most cases, legally perfect under the laws of Mexico. The government of that country never questioned or denied the validity of such grants as those held by the Californians. The grants were made to suit the habits and wants of the people. The Californians owned large herds, which were never fed on cultivated food, never kept in fields, nor placed under shelter. In a country where an almost unbroken drought reigns

from May to November, and where cattle get no food, save wild and indigenous grasses, much more land is required to sustain a cow, than in those lands where careful cultivation and frequent rains provide a regular and certain abundance of food through the year. A fertile soil, like that of a large portion of the Mississippi valley, will sustain five or six head of cattle to the acre, but here three acres of uncultivated fertile land are necessary for the support of one cow. Herds of thousands of kine were not uncommon in California under the Mexican dominion. To accommodate these cattle great tracts of land were necessary. The public land was granted not by the acre, as in the American States, but by the square league, (containing 4438 acres) which was "the unit of measurement" in granting public lands outside of the towns. The government granted away its lands willingly, and without compensation; no pay was required; the only condition of the grant was that the grantee should occupy the land, build a house on it, and put several hundred head of cattle on it. Whenever he promised to comply with those conditions, he could get a grant of any piece of public land of eleven square leagues or less, for which he might petition. It was a grand Mexican homestead law; and the chief complaint made about it, was by the government, that the number of applicants for grants was not greater. The grants were not made according to the American land system, which would have been entirely unsuited to the wants and habits of the Mexican people. The public lands in California were never surveyed. I do not know whether a Mexican surveyor was ever seen in California; I feel confident that no ranch was ever surveyed and its boundaries described with bearings and distances previous to 1846. The descriptions of the land granted were very vague. In most cases a certain number of leagues were given within well known natural land-marks, which might include a district of fifty or a hundred miles square. In such case, the grantee could locate his ranch at any place within the limits. Sometimes a grant of so many leagues was made at a place to which a name had been affixed by the Indians or Californians, and then the ranch included that spot; sometimes a ranch was described as bounded on one side by a range of mountains, on another by a river, and on other sides by ranches of older date. The Californians did not quarrel about their boundaries. If A's



cattle crossed to B's ranch for better pasture in the summer, B's would probably go to A's at another season. The herds were not closely kept. The cattle roamed about almost in a wild state, often unseen of man for months. So wild were they, that though they knew very well that a man on horseback was a superior animal and their master, yet they considered a man on foot as a base and ferocious beast, and attacked him as they would attack a wolf. Their owner knew his property only by the brand placed on them when they were calves. From the time when the red hot iron burned into their flesh, they roamed untouched by the hands of man, until fate decreed that they should be slaughtered to furnish fresh meat for their master's household, or hide and tallow for foreign commerce. Evidently this people, with such habits and such occupations, did not need to have their lands precisely described. Most of the titles were legally valid under the Mexican law. There was no motive to commit fraud because land was of little value, and great tracts of rich soil were, up to the time of the American conquest, open to every petitioner. In most cases the actual occupation took place previous to 1840, and had never been interrupted. This occupation, the most conclusive proof of good faith, and an equitable title in itself, was notorious, and susceptible of proof by hundreds of witnesses. The paper titles were mostly of indubitable genuineness, written by the hands of well known officials, bearing regular numbers, referred to in public lists of land titles, and mentioned in government documents of various kinds. The proof of the genuineness of the title papers, the good faith of the claimants, and the equitable validity of the claims in nine cases out of ten was abundant, and, to any man at all acquainted with the subject, indubitable. It was then evidently the duty of the Government of the United States to provide for the summary examination of the documents, and in every case, where genuine title papers were found with ancient occupation, to order a survey for the establishment of boundaries, giving to the claimant, at least a *prima facie* recognition of title, subject, perhaps, to investigation in the courts, if any person should see fit to assail the validity of the grant. But the Federal Government pursued a policy very different from this plain duty. It delayed action through '48, '49 and '50; and first in '51 passed an act nominally to "settle" private land claims in California, but

really to unsettle them and the whole country, and keep them unsettled. That act provided for the organization of a court or land commission to try these claims; declared every grant of land in California to be legally void, though it might be equitably good, and provided that every equitably good claim should be lost to the owner unless he should sue the United States in that court, and gain the suit there or on appeal; and that there should be an appeal to the U. S. District Court and thence to the U. S. Supreme Court. In all these courts the claimant was to be opposed—that is persecuted—by a law agent appointed by the United States, with instructions to contest every claim to the utmost. The land commission organized in San Francisco on the 1st of January, 1852, and continued its sessions until the 3d of March, 1855, when it expired by limitation. It had received 813 petitions. The owner of land, under grant from Mexico, was compelled to petition the Government of the United States for the privilege of keeping it. Of these 813 petitions, some were for lands which had never been occupied; in some cases there were two or three petitions from different persons claiming the same piece of land under the same original grant. In some cases the original grantee had sold out a large ranch to a number of Americans, each of whom presented a petition for his piece; and in perhaps 25 or 30 cases, the title papers were forged; leaving about 600 original ranches which had been held under indubitably genuine written title and notorious occupation.

Thus there were 813 important law suits involving the titles to 10,000,000 acres, nearly all the private lands in the state, to be tried in one court. This tribunal had three judges, good lawyers, and industrious, honest men. No serious complaint has ever been made against any of them. They did what they could. When, at the end of three years, the time came for them to close their court, they had dispatched all the cases. The trials had been fair, the hearings deliberate and public, the opposition on the part of the U. S. law agents stubborn. All the law agents were competent men, and no one can justly complain that the interests of the United States were neglected by any one of them. The claimants had been kept in litigation three years; they had been compelled to bring numerous witnesses from remote parts of the State, to pay for interpreters, to fee lawyers at rates unheard of before in the world, to dance

attendance upon the court, and to leave their homes and their business for months at a time; but this was not enough. In every case where the land commission confirmed a claim, the United States Government ordered an appeal to be taken to the U. S. District Court. This was nominally an appeal, but really an order for a new trial. Every question of fact and law was opened anew. Witnesses were again examined; the whole case was tried as in the original proceeding. There are two U. S. District Courts; one for the Northern and another for the Southern part of the State; each being the appellate court for all the lands within its own jurisdiction. Each of these two courts had other business besides land suits; and in the Northern District where the most important cases lay, the court had almost as much admiralty business alone as the judges of Federal Districts in the Atlantic States have to manage. Both these Californian District judges were good men. There has been no complaint against Ogier in the Southern District, so far as I know; and of Judge Hoffmam, in the Northern District, I can say from a long personal acquaintance with him, that I believe him to be an honest man, and as a lawyer, more competent for the position (with his present experience,) than any other man in the United States. In these courts, too, the "interests of the United States" were protected by able and industrious lawyers instructed to oppose the Mexican land claims to the utmost. Seven years have elapsed since the first case was appealed from the land commission, and there are now a number of cases still undecided in the District Courts: but in most of the cases decided the claims of the Mexican grant holders were confirmed a second time. The Federal Government still not satisfied to let the claimants cater their lands, ordered appeals to the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington. This order was not accompanied by any proper provision to pay the clerks for making out the transcripts, and as the appeal could never be decided and the claimant never get a perfect title until the transcript should be sent up, and as the transcript never could go up until the clerk had received his fees, so, the claimant was often compelled to pay the expenses of the transcript, amounting in some cases to several hundred dollars. This was an expense which custom and law impose upon the appellant, but in these cases, the United States made no provision for repaying the respondent, although he was compelled

to advance the money. After the appeals had been taken to the court of the last resort, the U. S. Attorney General ordered the appeals to be dismissed in about 400 cases, and in about 40 cases the U. S. Supreme Court have given judgment in favor of the claimants, making 440 claims finally confirmed. About 140 claims have been abandoned by the claimants or finally rejected by the courts, and this estimate would leave 230 cases still before the courts for adjudication upon their merits.

I have said that 440 cases have been finally confirmed, but final confirmation is not equivalent to final settlement. Up to 1859 it was supposed that when judgment on appeal had been rendered in private land claim by the U. S. Supreme Court, in favor of the claimant, that the litigation between him and the federal government, so far as that title was concerned, was at an end. But last year a new law was passed by the U. S. Supreme Court, requiring the surveys of the Californian ranches to be subject to review by the U. S. District Courts. The exact boundaries of the claim could only be determined by a survey, and in large ranches, where the boundaries were not clearly defined, the location of the ranch became a matter of very great importance, often involving values of tens and even hundreds of thousands of dollars. This power of locating the ranches and fixing their boundaries, was placed by the U. S. statutes in the U. S. Surveyor General. The Act of 1851 expressly provides that the U. S. Surveyor General of California should have the same power in regard to the location of the ranches as was conferred on the Register and Receiver of Louisiana by the Act of March 31, 1851; and that Act said:—"In relation to all such confirmed claims as may conflict or in any way interfere with each other, the Register of the Land Office and Receiver of Public Moneys for the proper district are hereby authorized to decide between the parties. \* \* \* And it shall be the duty of the Surveyor General of the said State to have those claims surveyed and platted in accordance with the decisions of the Register and Receiver." It will be remembered that the conflicting claims in Louisiana, were private land grants, similar to those of California. With the surveys of the private land claims in Louisiana and Florida, the courts never had any thing to do; and those claims were numerous, important, long contested, were often made the subject of congress-

sional action, and were frequently under consideration before the U. S. Supreme Court. An Act of Congress of July 4th 1836, expressly styles the surveying of public lands and private claims "an executive duty," and prescribes that it should be "subject to the supervision and control of the General Land Office." In the case of *Cousin vs. Blanc's Executors et al.*, (19th Howard, 209) the U. S. Supreme Court said "the confirmation is an incipient United States title, which our Government, in its political capacity, reserved to itself the power to locate by survey and to grant by the acts of executive officers, with which the courts of justice have no jurisdiction to interfere." This represents the unquestioned law and the invariable practice until 1859, when the U. S. Supreme Court, by a decision unparalleled in the jurisprudence of the country, insolently set aside the plain language of the statutes, and overthrew the ancient customs, and violated its own previous judgment, and all without so much as a word of justification or even a reference to the adverse statutes or decisions. Judge Campbell, who delivered the opinion, spoke as though, in establishing the new practice, he was merely "relaxing" the rigidity of an old "rule," and without the slightest hint that he was violating the express language of a congressional enactment of unquestioned constitutionality. The consequence of his new rule was, that 420 out of the 440 finally confirmed claims, are thrown into the courts again; their settlement is postponed for an indefinite time, the owners are burdened with new litigation, with indefinite deferment of their hopes, with increased costs, and the country is again cheated out of quiet titles, permanent settlers, permanent improvements, and all those blessings of inestimable value which come only with numerous fixed and happy homes, and the best regulated social order.

While the government has thus, during twelve years, not simply refused to confirm the land titles granted by Mexico, but make bitter and unceasing war upon them, and compelled the claimants to bear the expense of the warfare, these claimants have had to suffer from the assaults of other and still more dangerous and vexatious enemies—the squatters; who, while ostensibly left without countenance by the law, were really often engaged in an offensive and defensive alliance with the officers of the government. The squatters took the land, occupied it, drove away the owner's cattle, cut down

his trees, fenced in his springs, paid him no rent, paid no taxes, by their influence forced him to pay the taxes on the land they were occupying, and assessed the taxes at most exorbitant rates. This system was not rare but frequent—it was practiced on not one but a hundred ranches. And then, with the money derived from the land thus obtained, they paid lawyers to appear in the name of the United States and contest the owner's title and delay a decision, and then after decision to get up a contest about the survey and delay a settlement of the boundaries. I do not mean to say that every Mexican claim is good or every squatter wrong; my purpose in this article is only to complain of the vast injustice done to the owners of honest and legally valid claims which are the great majority of all presented to the courts.

It is twelve years since Americans became the rulers of California, and land titles are no nearer a settlement than they should have been ten years ago, if a proper system had been adopted. The great question about the boundaries, which should have been the main subject of action, is now just where it was then. The claimants have sold two-fifths of their land to pay the expenses of litigation—that is said to be a modest estimate by those familiar with the subject—and they are not yet done. They have been despoiled of two-fifths of their land, deprived of the possession of a large portion of the remainder, and prevented from selling it while they saw its value, in many cases, decreasing steadily with the decay of business consequent on the exhaustion of the richest placer mines. Judge Hoffman has been using his influence to have a bill passed by Congress to make an end of the litigation in regard to these claims, where there is abundant evidence of the genuineness of the title papers, and also ancient occupation. I have not seen this bill, but I doubt not that it is such a measure as is needed to prevent further injustice.

The injury done to the country by the delay in the settlement of the land titles is, to a considerable extent, irreparable. That delay has caused us to lose, or has prevented our gaining, a population of a million citizens, of the most valuable class. Two hundred thousand men have left our State forever—half of them because they could not get permanent homes here—and they prevented as many more from coming, who would have come if they could have had

certain land titles. Not less than fifty thousand men have left us because of the unsteadiness of business and the lack of employment, caused by want of unquestioned ownership of the soil. Thus I estimate that the delay in settling our land titles has cost us 250,000 men, representing a total population of 1,000,000 persons. The golden flood, the grand rush of business, the unexampled prosperity which passed over the State from 1849 to 1853, has passed away for ever; it is too late to repair the damage; fifty years of peace and justice can not place California where she now would have been had justice and sound policy been adopted twelve years ago.

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AN EVENING SOLILOQUY.

BY LILLY NORWOOD.

'Tis twilight's holy hour—  
 The distant evening rays but faintly streak  
 The western sky. The discord of the day  
 Is hushed in holy silence. Now is heard  
 The lonely whippowil, in yonder grove,  
 To chant its melancholy requiem  
 To the departed day. The moon, pale queen  
 Of mysteries, now casts her beams athwart  
 The gentle lake, and throws a charm of soft  
 Enchantment o'er the scene around. She waves  
 Her wand o'er nature's mantled charms, and quick  
 Unfolds the mystic beauties veiled in night.

There is a calm low music 'mid  
 These moonlit scenes, that wins my very soul.  
 Ah, yes! I consecrate this holy hour  
 To memory and tears. My soul goes back  
 To years enshrined within the misty past;  
 To childhood's fairy dreams—to loved ones, loved  
 And lost—the sunshine of my better years.

A dream comes o'er my wandering spirit, when  
 I think of childhood's early season; yes,  
 I kneel beside my gentle mother's knee  
 To say my evening prayer; and then a soft,  
 Sweet voice, in tones of love, is heard as she,  
 In her maternal bliss, doth push aside  
 The clustering locks about my brow, and breathes  
 Into mine ear a sweet "*good night.*"

Sweet, delusive dream—  
 But ah! too quick my spirit must awake  
 To cold reality. Alas! how dark and drear  
 The gloom in which I wake. In a strange land,  
 Far, far away from childhood's cottage home,  
 Mysterious fate hath marked my dreary way.  
 Along my path are strewn the withered flowers,  
 The buds and verdant leaves of hope and joy,  
 Once nourished and made sweet, by genial dews,  
 Within the holy atmosphere of love.

The friendly ray, that lights my pilgrim thoughts  
 To sunnier days, reflects upon the dark  
 And desolate ruins of my life  
 In later years, only to cast a gloom  
 More deep—"to render darkness visible."

Oh! where are those whose love  
 So blessed my early years? Oh! where are all  
 The joyous ones that shared my bliss, in hours  
 Of merriment, at our old village school?  
 Tell me, ye softly sighing zephyrs, have  
 Ye seen, in distant climes, aught of the ones  
 I love? Have ye not fanned the burning brow  
 Of some lone stranger at the very hour  
 When he was dreaming too, perchance, of home  
 And friends? Tell me, ye madly rolling river—  
 Just emblem of the swift, impetuous stream  
 Of Time—have ye seen aught of those I love?  
 Tell me ye bright and glorious stars above,  
 Within the far empyrean depths of heaven,  
 Have ye, in thy majestic paths, looked down  
 Upon our little sphere and traced the paths  
 Of those I love? Tell me, ye fleeting years,  
 Beneath whose giant reign empires are crushed  
 And sceptres shaken from the tyrant hand,  
 Oh, tell me, if amid thy spoil is found  
 Those who have made the sunlight of my life  
 In childhood's happy years? A voice, from out  
 The hidden depths of old eternity,  
 Thrills through my soul, and bids me look above  
 This transient life to a brighter land, where all  
 The blessed shall live and reign forever, 'mid  
 The heavenly choristers that sing the songs  
 Of praise forever to their God.



## MAY-DAY MEMORIES.

BY S. C. H.

“Dreaming this delicious night,  
'Neath the May-moon's eyes of light,  
While the stars look tremblingly through  
Evening's cloister gates of blue.”—M. S. CHITWOOD.

It was on a fair May morning, years ago, as the soft pale light of early dawn fell over earth, that two girlish forms emerged from the low, latticed door of an old farm-house, and passing through a little flower garden, among wet lilacs and balsams, lilies and moss roses, heavily laden with the gems of night, they stopped beside an old, rude summer-hóuse, which looked like a relic of some by-gone age, and fell busily to work planting a small rose tree at either side of the door; this done, they passed slowly back to the shadow of the vine-wreathed porch. All was silent in the wide forest aisles; no bird had broke the solemn stillness with his morning hymn; the very world seemed steeped in peace and rest. What were they planting at that weird hour, when all else was wrapped in the drowsy wings of sleep? Ah! they had not left the fairy land of youth, arched with rainbows and illuminated with romance; and so, in the gray dawn of the May-day, each had planted a *fortune tree*, henceforth to be looked to as a Prophet of Destiny, with all the unquestioning faith of life's bright May. A year stole by, with muffled footsteps, and both had gone out from the old home. One dwelt by the shore where Michigan's surge sings its loud anthem; the other stood by the turbid waters of the dark Missouri. Another year lapsed into the tomb of time: one lived in a wild mart of trade, surrounded by the ceaseless hum of toiling labor; the other one had wandered still farther, even to the green hills of the sunset land, and sat idly tossing bright showers of buds and blossoms into a singing stream, that dashed them onward, over tiny cataracts, through mimic whirlpools, down the rapids and out of sight. Even as we carelessly drop many a flower and treasure on the hurrying waves of life, we see them floating, eddying on, and on, but they are forever beyond our grasp; naught but their pale spectres will come back to us from the depths of that boundless gulf—the buried Past. Other May-days have come and gone, yet the barques that were launched together, and sailed away from *Sweet Home*, still drift on distant seas, widely sev-

ered, and the tide sweeps them onward regardless of the fervent wish, so often breathed, that some returning wave might bear them back to that enchanted land that only their youthful feet have trod—the Eden we may enter never more. Even if we could repossess the folded gates, how profitless would be the poor reward; what infinite pain and sorrow would be ours. For the glorious temples of our hearts' morning worship lie in ruins, the altars are broken, dust and ashes cover the dearest shrines, blight and mildew have destroyed the fair buds of promise—only fragments of white tombs mark the places where we buried our treasures in the “long ago.”

As we travel back in thought on the dusty pathway, marked by these May-day mile stones, there rise pleasant pictures of the genial friends, the hospitable homes, the new joys and aspirations, that were found in the strange land. But *all* our love could not be transplanted from the old home to the new ones; nor the hurry of life's earnest labor dim the glory of the memories that cluster around it. And sometimes, as the seal of a letter is broken, there glides out the pale phantom of a once bright rose. The petals are crisped and withered, the glossy leaves of green turned to a dingy brown, and only the faintest breath of its perfume lingers, but that tells us, with a voice more “eloquent than words,” that the Fortune Trees still live and blossom, tended by fond hearts, that wait and watch for the return of those who still walk in spirit with them. Though the tears may dim our eyes, and a throb of pain stir the pulses of our hearts, we hear a sweet voice singing of other Mays, of reunited households, and lost hopes arisen unto fairer life—

“A lovely rhyme of the far-off lands  
Where the meadows are ever in bloom,  
Where never can come the folded hands,  
The silence, nor the tomb.”

AFFECTATION labors with a diligence which fatigues every spectator, but with infallible success, to defeat its own purpose; for instead of creating love or admiration, it provokes our aversion and contempt. The most amiable people are always the least affected. Let us make the best of what nature has done for us; she may be improved, but all attempts to alter her from her original shape will only expose us to ridicule.—*Dr. Armstrong.*

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE;

OR,

AN OLD HEAD AND A YOUNG HEART.

BY URBANO.

“OLD Fellet,” as he was called in the village, was as shrewd in the world’s affairs as many a better educated man, and would congratulate himself as he complacently clapped his pocket which contained his well filled wallet, that, despite the want of school advantages in youth, he had profited by the rougher lessons of the world—and made himself what he truly was, the richest man in B——. None could get ahead of him in a bargain, oh! no; a “trade” was his amusement, and as he would say—“morely his profit, too.” He learned all the *modus operandi*,—[not that such a name ever entered his head, he called them “tricks”] when he used to swap jack knives with the boys at school, nor did they find, until they endeavored to use them, that the blades were of his own fashioning from sundry bits of hoop iron. As he grew up he naturally extended his operations, and I’ve often heard him say, “Men are greater fools than boys in a trade, for the boys never get bit the second time, no matter if the *cheat* is under a new name—while on the contrary, men would get pinched over and over again as often as the *speculation* took a new form.”

Of course he had married, and even in that speculation he had managed to get the best of the bargain—not that he was by any means a bad man—only a little hard—but when a man whose feelings and affections are measured, ruled and squared by the “almighty dollar” gets for a wife one in whose soul flows the mighty tide of pure affection, and whose heart is the well-spring of truth and charity—may well be said to get the best of the bargain. He by no means hoarded his gains, nor yet expended them with a lavish hand; but surrounded himself with the necessities of life; every thing, even in his substantial way, was of the best. He was shrewd even in that, and a bit of a philosopher as well. “Cheap things cost more than the better,” he said. Though money *was* his idol he never plumed himself upon its possession, but was “hand in glove” with every one in the village. He had an idea—a sort of compound one—that money ruled the world—partly right in that

as the world's history shows—and that “every man had his price.” It was to him the Archimedean lever which could raise the world. “Gold,” he would argue, “would buy the affections, bribe honesty, and outweigh even virtue itself in the scale.”

He had but one child, a daughter, on whom he bestowed all the affection he could feel for anything but dollars. He said he sometimes felt the want of “school learning,” and so gave her, not what we would call now-a-days a finished education, but one of the good solid kind, a matter-of-fact, plain, downright education of sense and reason. She could superintend the dairy or place upon the table a dinner, far better than she could execute Mozart or Bethoven upon the piano—though I would not infer that she was without ladylike accomplishments. She was a smart girl, with more common sense—not that I would be ungallant to the sex, but truth is truth—than is possessed, or at at least shown, by the young ladies of the present day. She possessed a great deal of her father's opinion of the world without his idiosyncrasy; for, like all girls whose minds first bend beneath the holy influence of a true mother's guidance, she felt there was goodness in life not actuated by hard gold, shine it never so brightly. Tall and finely formed, possessed of a free and open disposition, and a natural kindness of heart quite refreshing to witness; honest, soul-speaking eyes, and in fact a face of fresh country beauty sufficiently attractive to affect any heart—not that I bowed to her shrine, I only admired, while my heart was given to quite a different person, and who—but I am not telling you my own experience. I was not a native of the town, but was there studying. As is the case in most New England towns, girls were admitted to the seminary; nor is it a bad plan, let prudes say what they will. A discreet association of youths of the opposite sexes must exercise a beneficial influence over the disposition. I am no believer in the doctrine of total depravity, but really think that in every heart, however bad, there is one bright spot, one sweet, revered memory, which, traced back, will be found to have had its origin in that innocent association with girls, in youth. Nothing could incite us boys to effort so quickly as the approval of those dear girls, and where we felt no interest in the prizes themselves, we would outdo ourselves to win them to gain their sweet approving smiles. I look back with so much pleasure to the innocent enjoy-

ment of those days, so bright with sweetest memories. And who shall say that the remembrance of those hours has not given me strength to fight the hard battle of life? Years have passed since then, and we have become widely separated over the earth. They are mostly married—the girls—while some sleep the sleep that knows no waking; and where our light, happy feet were wont to tread, as we wandered unthinkingly among the homes of the dead, they now rest; and in time to come, if God spares my life, I shall weep my tears of fond regret over their graves. They are nothing to me now, save in the memories of the past, but their sweet association has left a mark of respect for their sex, and a love for their innocence. Mothers now, they extend to their offspring that love and protection their mothers felt for them; while in the quiet churchyard some weep over the lost pledges of their earthly love—bright messengers gone before to herald their approach to Heaven, who stand with open arms to welcome to bliss those who, in their desolate hearts, weep their loss.

Of my schoolmates amongst the boys, was one Herold Thornbury, my particular chummy. Possessed of a gallant heart, fine person, and manly disposition; endowed with a good mind and qualities of a true gentleman, he, to use our schoolboy phrase, walked right into the hearts of every one, and more particularly into that of Anne Fellet. He was always her escort home from singing-school or our little reunions. Her father never entertained the thought that love could spring up between a boy and girl, which should last and burn only the brighter as years added to its warmth. Her companions knew it though, and she was ever called by us, after the wont of schoolmates, Mrs. Thornbury, which by no means displeased her.

By and by, the time came for us to leave school. Herold went to the neighboring city to study law, while I quietly settled myself down to study medicine with the old doctor in the town. My only ambition then was to marry the girl of my heart, and succeed to the old doctor's business. I used to help make up the mails once in a while. I was of an inquiring mind, and liked to have my hand in whatever was going forward, and I used to see, very often, letters directed to "Herold Thornbury, —," in a hand-writing I well knew, but as my bump of secretiveness was well developed, and the post-master was less a gossip than most of his tribe, it was not gen-

erally known that they corresponded. Once in a while he would come to the town, but never seemed to show her much attention publicly, though my inquiring mind, before referred to, led me, from no spirit of mischief however, to meet them in unfrequented places at most unusual hours. While he was away she did not seem to fret, mope, and pine, but went singing around the house as if no such important secret held possession of her heart. I wondered he did not speak to her father about his love, for I thought he might ask a King for his daughter and not fear a refusal, and as for old Fellet, I felt sure he would jump at the chance. Herold knew better, however; he was far better acquainted with the old man than I. He knew the father would laugh at him, as he had no money. But he did not let that make him despair, nor lose a pound of flesh; in fact, I thought he looked better every time he came to town. In a shorter time than common he entered at the bar, and she wrote "Esq." after his name. He looked so flushed and happy when he told me he was going to open an office in the town; and quite startled the squire, and the hum-drum bit of parchment over the way, when he put up his modest sign, bearing the words:

HEROLD THORNBURY,

*Attorney at Law.*

The old lawyer was a thin, spare man, exceedingly tall, with a disagreeable stoop in his narrow shoulders. His hair was very thin, of a cold watery hue, and plastered down over his mildewy forehead, as I have since seen on the skulls of the dead. He was always saying in a sort of apology for his goggles, that "full, prominent eyes were typical of language." His thin, pressed lips, which looked as though he was always addressing crab-apple sentences to a dyspeptic jury on an especially astringent subject, were overhung by his long, pinched nose, the end of which organ was plentifully adorned with long, white hairs, which earned him the appellation of "Feather Nose," and by which he was usually called by the boys and young men of the town, and, if I must add — by persons whose age at least should teach them better. Herold got his first case. A meek, humble man, just outside the village, had been imposed upon time out of mind by an opulent neighbor, whose cattle would break down his fences. Of course he could get no redress, and, when one day they

broke into his field and destroyed his corn, he told the owner of the refractory cattle that he must pay or he'd sue. Opulence smiled; told him to pitch in, adding, as insult to injury, that he had a few dollars that he would like to spend for such amusement. The poor fellow called on Feather Nose; but Feather Nose was lawyer to Opulence, and couldn't help him, but sarcastically referred him to the "up-start across the way, who had come into the town to steal bread out of honest persons' mouths, and would doubtless be glad to help such a scheme."

As his only chance, he applied to Herold, and as a consequent a process was the next day served upon Opulence. A case to be tried — Poverty *vs.* Opulence — that *was* good; but before the day came round, old Feather Nose said so much about it that we all lost sight of the true merits of the case in the consideration that it was to be a trial of skill between the lawyers; and Herold's old schoolmates crowded the court-room to help him with their smiles. Opulence had such an array of witnesses that it quite crushed Poverty. Feather Nose was bitter, very bitter; his lips looked more crab-apply than ever — while his goggle eyes became painfully prominent as he struggled to eject his ponderous words, looking once in a while at Herold as if he expected him to sink beneath their weight. Then, Herold, who had hitherto been easy with Feather Nose, opened his battery; astonished the squire, took the jury by storm, and so completely crushed Feather Nose that he made never another effort; so won his case amid our congratulations. This was a starting point, and his business grew rapidly. One morning he saw old Fellet in the field, and he walked out to meet him. Fellet had noticed Herold's partiality for Anne, but was not quite prepared for such an interview as was about to take place. He liked Herold for "wiping out old Feather Nose"; but — to marry his daughter — humph! that was another thing.

"Good morning, Mr. Fellet," said Herold; "good growing weather, this." "Yes, yes, fairish," returned the farmer, casting his eyes up to the sky (as I notice all farmers do; I don't know why, when speaking of crops.) \* \* \* \* \*

I was standing in the laboratory making a mixture for Mrs. Jenkins, who was forever sending for the doctor in the dead hour of the night to come and save her life. At one time it was a snake

she had swallowed, and at another she felt assured she was going mad from a bite she had received from a dog about half a century before—and I saw Herold and Fellet talking. It's coming now, sure enough, thought I. Fellet was evidently uneasy; I could see that from the way he kicked up the turf; and Herold's self-possession seemed "over the river."

"Looks like rain?" observed Herold. "Can't say it does," answered Fellet, after a pause of a few minutes. Herold broke the silence by saying: "I don't think it will rain for a month." "Think it will rain as soon as the moon changes, day arter to-morrow," resumed Fellet.

"Pshaw! I'm a fool!" said Herold to himself; and then springing off the fence walked quite close up to the old man, saying aloud, but with evident embarrassment: "I've—I've—I've—in fact, Mr. Fellet, I want to speak with you on a very important affair."

"Now my advice is," said he—seeing what was coming and wishing to "stave it off"—"don't enlarge your business faster than it wants to come. Keep on jist as yer are for the present; yer'll do better in the end—better in the end. Here, you, Jake! drive out them cows"; and off he started down the field hallooming to one of his men. Herold was not to be "shaken off" in that way, and quietly followed, collecting himself as he went. When he came to where the farmer was standing—who, seeing he could not well avoid the conversation, determined to stand it like a man—he pitched right into the subject. "It is not about my office business," he said, "that I came to speak—that's as well as I can expect—but about something of more importance."

"More important than money, young man!" ejaculated Fellet, forcibly emphasizing money. "Nothing can be more important than money."

"Yes there is, sir," rejoined Herold. "There's no use beating round the bush—I love your daughter, sir; have loved her long and truly, and am happy to say she returns that affection, and we only await your sanction to our union to make us perfectly happy—nay, hear me, sir," he continued, observing Fellet about to interrupt him—"my business is ample to support us in an humble way. A bright future—"

"Faugh! on the future; what have you now?" broke in the farmer.



“Not much, but—”

“That’s jest it, Mr. Thornbury; that’s jest it; the present is what we want; *buts* don’t count ‘till they’re turned to dollars.’”

“Dollars,” said Herold, impatiently; “are there no other considerations but dollars!”

“There may be,” rejoined Fellet, imperturbably; “but they all hinge on them.” And he looked over his broad farm unconsciously, as it were, slapped his pockets and listened, with a pleasant look in his eyes, to the merry jingle of the coin within.

“But you don’t mean, sir, to sell your daughter for dollars, do you?” rather exclaimed than asked Herold.

“*Sell?*” He returned as if he questioned the possibility of such an interrogatory, for she was perhaps the only thing possessed by him he would not have sold for a bargain,—“*Sell!*” he repeated, “no; I have something to *give* when she leaves me.”

“Keep your money and let me have her,” added Herold.

“Now there’s no use talking this e’re way,” rejoined Fellet, by way of answer; “my time’s money, and I’m wasting too much of it. Just take my advice and don’t think anything more about it. ‘What can’t be cured must be endured,’ yer know,” he added sentimentally, smiling in the most consoling manner, as if by a wise saw and a pitying grin he could brush away all wish, all hope.

“Then you refuse,” said Herold, quite calmly.

“Sorry, young man, but I must.”

“Can’t I hope you’ll change your mind?” he asked.

The farmer kicked the dirt a moment or two, looked up at the sky and contemplated it as if it was divided off into respectable looking farms—as if the clouds which lay so calmly were the boundaries of fields and pastures; then over his broad acres; and pulled out his pocket-book, put it back again, and finally said, with an air which told that he had made up his mind to say something quite uncomfortable, “I tell you what it is, I like you well enough, Thornbury, but—but—but—” and his resolution quite broke down.

“I’ve no money!” ejaculated Herold, finishing the sentence.

“That’s jest it—that’s jest it,” jerked out the farmer, breathing more freely, after getting bravely over the sticking point.

“And so, for a few paltry dollars, you would destroy the happiness of your daughter?”

“Oh! faugh; she’ll get over it, so there’s no use talking; good morning,” and turning on his heel he abruptly walked away. But he was not easy about it; it bothered him worse than though he had made a bad trade. In fact, he liked Herold, but his love for dollars was greater. He wanted to see Anne happy, but thought to himself that she would be happier with a rich man than a poor one. He was far from a romantic man—there’s no romance in hard coin—but he had indulged the hope of seeing her the wife of some rich merchant, or other man of wealth, riding in her carriage and surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of money. His estimation of happiness is entertained by the majority of the world. As he approached the house, he pushed his hat off his forehead and dabbed that part of his “face divine” with his handkerchief. He was perplexed. “So,” he soliloquized, “I must lose my pleasant evenings talking with Thornbury, just because he must fall in love—pshaw, I hate that word—with Anne. I do wish—but there’s no use wishing, he’s got no money.” Anne noticed that something was the matter, as he entered the door and threw himself discontentedly upon the settle. She felt kind of faint around the heart, as she thought of Herold, and asked: “What’s the matter, father? anything wrong on the farm?”

“Yes, all wrong,” he returned gruffly; “I’ve had a visitor this morning—I suppose you couldn’t guess who it was, could you?” he asked, turning quickly towards her.

She felt her blushes betraying her, but answered as calmly as possible: “Her—Mr. Thornbury, perhaps.”

“No perhaps about it—it’s a fact. Couldn’t guess what he came for, could yer?” That was too much for her, and, womanlike, the tears started. “Bah!” he continued, “there’s no use crying, Anne. He has no money and is no match for you, and so I sent him about his business. Now we’re on the subject, I might as well say I don’t want you to have anything to do with him—no letter writing or such nonsense; he is too poor.” Off she went to her chamber, to have her cry out. With a significant “humph,” the farmer went to the field again.

Herold was no Corydon to stand piping for his Phillis, but walked briskly up the field to the bar, over which he lightly vaulted, and came towards the office. “Rather light that,” thought I, “for dis-

appointed love," for I knew what the result was when I saw the old man walk away so hurriedly; "made up his mind to commit suicide and is coming here for the stuff." So I took down the bottle containing brandy, but labeled POISON, with death's head and cross bones, and placed it on the counter just as he entered.

"Pshaw!" said he, as he noticed the bottle, "no jokes, my boy; I want you should help me." Being in love myself, of course I was perfectly willing.

"So the old 'un has refused you?" I queried.

"Yes," he returned, loosening his cravat and wiping his forehead. "It's my first case of the kind, but I'll be even with him; we shall see which is the smartest, an old head or a young heart." So we conferred.

When the old gentleman returned home to supper, he was surprised to see Anne composedly officiating, as easy as though nothing important had happened. "'Taint nat'ral," he thought to himself, "I allers suspect a trade where they're so confounded cool about it." When the regular hour for retiring came, Anne, as usual, took up her candle to go to her chamber, but did not kiss her father as was her wont. "Humph!" he muttered, "Anne, girl, hav'nt you forgotten something?" She put the candle on the table and walked up quite close to him, as if to ask what she had forgotten. He raised his face towards hers, and as she bent down to kiss him, he felt a tear fall on his cheek. If ever he felt human affection, as it is implanted in other breasts, it was then; but he crowded it back again, and, as it were, put his foot on it. His eyes followed her as she quietly left the room. "I must get this young spark out of the way," he thought; "he'll be tormenting the life out of Anne. Every man has his price," he continued, referring to his favorite theme. "I must keep a close eye on her, or he'll be persuading her to 'lope, because she'd know I'd have to forgive her when she asked it. I must buy him off, for Anne shall ride in her carriage yet." With such thoughts he betook himself to bed, revolving in his mind what means to adopt to rid himself of Herold.

"Eloperment," of course I suggested.

"Can't do it, even if she would consent," said Herold. "I've no female relation who would go with us. She would not go alone even with me, nor would I have her; I respect her too much."

That was novel to me — respect the girl he loved, too much to be alone with her. But I was unsophisticated. He feared the talk of “Mrs. Grundy.” “Besides,” he continued, “I’ve not money enough to take us on to New York and defray all expenses.” In those days couples had to be cried in church — Down East — and New York was the Gretna Green of M——.

“I must write to her, though, and want you to get Alice (my sweetheart,) to carry the letter for me.”

The next morning, early, Herold was somewhat surprised to see Fellet enter his office, but not so much so but that he politely offered his visitor a chair. The old gentleman was uncomfortable. He was very awkward, but he had come on rather embarrassing business, and did not know how to begin.

“Any news?” asked Herold, rather embarrassed by the silence.

“Yes,” returned the farmer — looking at Herold and evidently weighing his words — “I’ve a suit for you” — Herold looked surprised — “which, if you are wise,” he continued, “will bring you in some dollars.” Herold was at the bottom of the well in a moment, obscure as the opening was, and naked truth stood shivering before him. He however curbed his surprise, not to say indignation, for a thought struck him — not that he had a paucity of ideas, but this was a peculiarly happy one.

“Ah!” said he, drawing up to his desk, nibbling his pen and assuming a listening attitude; “What is the nature of the case?” This rather disconcerted the old farmer. He wanted to see him indignant; then he could act, for the ice would be broken. “But,” he said, “I don’t know as you can leave your business, for if you take charge of the case it will call you away some — distance.” Herold raised his eyes to the farmer’s face — Fellet was used to returning the scrutinizing gaze of traders, and he looked upon this as only a bargain — to get as much as he could for the smallest possible amount — and eyed Herold as sharply back again.

“How far?” Herold quietly asked.

“The farther the better,” returned the farmer, now sure of his position. Their eyes again met. Fellet saw that he was understood. Herold, with an effort, controlled his feelings so the farmer should not see the indignation he felt — he had his object.

“How long will I need to be gone?” This was a poser. After

a moment, he answered carefully: "Sometime; as the case will engage you for quite a period. In fact," he continued, quite composedly, "you had better remove your business altogether, I think." Their eyes continued to say more than their words. Herold's breath came two or three times heavily — he turned his pen over slowly a few times. Fellet hurried on, endeavoring to stir up his cupidity — "I'll pay well for all loss you may sustain."

"How much?" asked Herold, quite calmly. Fellet was perfectly electrified by this practical illustration of his idea, and was so carried away by the confirmation of his peculiar views of man, that he failed to notice the discrepancy between Herold's general character and the ready acceptance of the bribe — not that anything had been said, but it was nevertheless understood.

"Set the fee," he said, smilingly; "set the fee yourself."

"No," rejoined Herold, recoiling at the idea of naming any sum, "I leave it to yourself."

"What!" asked Fellet, considering it quite a joke — "a lawyer, and not set your own fee for a case?"

"No, no," said Herold, quietly; "not a fee for a case, but I sell my business here for a certain amount."

"Well, well," returned the farmer, "it's all the same," seeing Herold was not to be caught or intrapped with so open an expression. "Say I buy your office for—for—for—say for five hundred dollars; half when you leave, half when you settle elsewhere."

"No," said Herold. Fellet thought he had not bid high enough; "no," he continued; "all down or no trade." After a little pause he consented; and when the preliminaries of payment, etc. had been settled, wishing Herold a good morning, he went his way. Just at that moment I was coming up the road from old Mrs. Jinkins, (her snake had been unusually long the night before,) and I saw him as he left the office. When I entered, I found Herold with his coat off, most scientifically punching some imaginary party, and giving me a blow which nearly bent me double, he exclaimed: "If you'd been old Fellet, my boy, I'd have struck harder."

"Quite hard enough, thank you," I answered, with difficulty getting my breath. "What did the old 'un want here?"

"Oh! we've been trading," answered Herold, looking wise.

"Trading!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, trading; he's bought out my business. I'm going to leave."

"Bought out your business! Going to leave!"

"Yes," answered Herold, with a nod for each exclamation.

"Bought out, be hanged!" I exclaimed. "He's hired you to leave Anne!"

"Just so," coolly answered Herold.

"I am a peaceable individual, I believe I always was; but I am forced to the confession that I felt desperately like punching the man who could say such a heartless thing without even the least show of feeling.

"And you accepted?" Herold nodded an assent. "Good morning," and I turned on my heel—"you are a villain—I can't help it—but you are"; and I made a grand rush for the door. Herold grasped me. "Now don't be a fool!" he exclaimed—his face scarlet. "Sit down." And he pushed me into a chair. In about half an hour I left the office fully satisfied. "Old Fellet," thought I, "will be feeling his ears by and by to see if they haven't grown longer by an inch or two."

The town's people were astonished the next day to see Herold's sign go down, and himself go off in the stage. All were sorry except Feather Nose and Opulence; the latter because Herold had been instrumental in bringing him to a sense of his duty in other cases than the one mentioned, and the former because his business had very materially decreased since he had failed to annihilate Herold. Anne looked pale when she took her seat in church the next Sunday. The girls pitied her, and the boys, despite the jealousy of some of them, of Herold, felt like pitching into the old man. But it would not have been safe; for old though he was, he could have dusted more than any one of them, so they wisely forbore. Fellet felt a little bad to see his daughter look so pale; and he found her crying several times, but he consoled himself by saying, "She'll git over it in time." She always kissed him with more than wonted affection, which made him think she was glad she had found out that Herold had "his price" before she married him. He thought, she sewed so constantly, to occupy her mind, and could not find it in his heart to refuse her money to get what she wanted, though he did not see her wear any of the new things, and he laughed to himself as he said: "What trifles will occupy a woman's mind."

By and by, Alice, my sweetheart, was going to visit an aunt, some twenty miles away, and asked Mr. Fellet if Anne might accompany her.

“Oh! here was the secret of all this sewing; wanted to make quite an appearance;”—and he chuckled at his shrewdness. “To be sure it would be lonesome without her ’round the house,”—A tear glistened in Anne’s eye,—and Alice was very nervous about something,—“but he guessed Bessy, the maid, would do very well. Yes, she might go for a couple of weeks.” The next morning I helped the girls into the stage. “Why, gal,” said the farmer, “yer trunk’s monstrous heavy.” He embraced Anne. She was very affectionate. Well, so she might be, for she had never been from home before. The stage wheeled off and she continued to wave her handkerchief as long as she could be seen. I stopped to take a glass of cider with the farmer. “It’s mighty lonesome here,” said he, “without her smiling face, light foot and ready hand; but I must get used to it, for I s’pose she’ll be getting married one of these days.” I thought most likely, and hurried away—as Mrs. Jenkins’ girl was waiting at the office for the “pholey mixter” of water, and a few samples, which, as the doctor said, served two purposes: “it kept off the hydrophobia and drowned the snake.”

A few days after, I received a letter from Alice. The intelligence was particularly agreeable. Fellet got one also, from Anne; and that evening when I called upon him, he said he could not exactly understand her letter, asking him to forgive her if she had disobeyed him. “Tear stains,” he said “all over the letter. It kind o’ bothers me, yer see, boy. I’m affeared she arn’t well. Something worries her; don’t yer think, boy?” I told him I was sure I didn’t know. Alice wrote very cheerfully, and said Anne was well.

“If it arn’t a love letter, would yer object to my seeing it?”

I had my reasons for not wishing him to see it, so I answered, blushing: “It is a kind of a love letter.”

“Well, well,” he said, “if her next arn’t more cheerful, I shall go and fetch her home.”

Shortly afterwards I received a letter from New York, which I did not open until I got home. There was something like a slip of pasteboard inside; that something, after contemplating it, I put into my trunk.

"Did yer get a letter from Alice, last night?" asked Fellet, when I met him in the road the next morning. He appeared just a little excited.

"No, sir," I answered.

"You got a letter!" he said sharply.

"Yes," I returned; "but not from Alice. I opened the mail myself; there were no letters from A."

"No, I didn't get one. Strange she didn't write. Too much occupied, I s'pose."

"Rather the mails did not connect," said I.

"Possibly," he returned; and he went his way.

A day or two passed, and still no letter came. The old man began to look worried. The girls had been gone over a week—near two. I began to get nervous, and ran out every time the carriage passed, and if one stopped at the door, I was in a fever until I got out. The old doctor saw it, and asked me what was the matter. Things were going wrong, and I felt bothered, and answered: "I've been down to Mrs. Jinkins' until I believe I have swallowed her snake." The doctor smiled—it was one of his standing jokes—Mrs. Jinkins' snake. I went down to see Fellet that evening.

"Got any letters?" he asked, as I entered.

"None," I answered.

"It's mighty queer the gals don't write. I'm affeared Anne's sick. If I don't get a letter to-morrow night, I shall go for her sure."

He had hardly ceased speaking when a carriage drove rapidly up to the door. Fellet sprang to his feet quite as quickly as I did, and hurried to the door, when it opened, and Anne was in his arms.

"Why, gal, I'm glad to see yer!" he exclaimed—a tear actually glistening in his eye—the first of affection, I believe, that ever dwelt there. "I've been mighty worried because yer didn't write." I saw two or three shadowy forms in the hall, and the next moment one was in my arms doing the very unmaidenly act of kissing me. My hand was pressed in a warm, manly grasp, which I heartily returned.

"But, who's there?" asked Fellet. "All your friends are welcome, now yer come." Herold Thornbury stepped into the room.

"Say you forgive me, father?" pleaded Anne.



“Let me be her apologist,” said a lady who bore a strong resemblance to Herold, and who had been their companion.

Old Fellet looked first at the weeping, blushing Anne, in his arms, then at Herold’s handsome, honest face, then back to Anne again. A moisture gathered in his eyes as he pressed his daughter to his breast.

“No need, marm, no need. I forgive yer, gal, on one condition; you must live with me. I can’t stay alone in the old house, yer know.” Of course a ready assent was given. Then turning to Herold, said: “I’ll forgive yer, too, sir, if yer won’t tell that yer got the best of me on a trade.”

“What can’t be cured, must be endured,” quoted Herold, as they shook hands. He called me a rogue, slapped me on the back, and punished Alice by kissing her; saying that his old theory still held true, but he was bound to say Herold’s price was rather large. After we had discussed the various subjects around the fire, Herold asked, “What news?”

“Only one funeral,” I returned.

“Whose dead?” he asked.

“Old Feather Nose. The old bit of parchment could not stand your leaving, he felt so nice about it that it dried him up.”

That night I got the promise which made me the happiest of mortals — that when I should write M. D. after my name, I should be “Benedict,” the married man. I took out that something, like paste-board, which proved to be a handsomely engraved wedding card, and put it in my glass frame.

The old man gave the young couple a glorious party, which was long spoken of as the event of B——. He never had cause to deplore Anne’s marriage; for she now rides in her own carriage, the loved and honored wife of the distinguished Senator of——. When he gets her children on his knee, he declares he is as happy as can be, though he affirms, with a sly wink, that EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

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To see the imperfections of others, especially our friends, without endeavoring to correct them, is a implicit sanction of them, and we are thereby rendered responsible for their consequences.

## T O G E T H E R .

BY THEOPHILUS POTSHERD.

I cannot save thee,—we must die,—but when  
The stifling waves shall coldly close above  
Our sinking forms, my steadfast eyes even then,  
Shall turn to thine with love.

Thus,—folded in the last,—*the last* embrace,  
The cruel flood shall drink our failing breath,  
Thus,—gazing fondly in the well-loved face,  
We shall be one in death.

'Twill soon be over, sweet! 'Tis not so hard  
As our fears paint it. Gladly would I bear  
All thou wilt suffer in that final pang  
We must together share.

See these distracted ones, who weep and rave,  
In ghastly terror, whose despairing cries,  
Outshriek the storm, and wildly against Fate,  
In frantic protest rise.

They trebly die; theirs is an agony  
That souls upborne by love can never share,  
No such ignoble pangs for thee and me!  
Calm, even in despair.

And while the giant demon, pallid Fear,  
With icy spell each palsied heart controls,  
Lo! we can smile in the fixed face of Death—  
The tyrant of weak souls.

Though the lip quivers and the cheek grows pale,  
Still in thy steadfast and confiding eye  
Is promise of a heart that will not fail,  
Till breathes the latest sigh.

For we can look beyond this hour of dread,  
With a faith born of love that cannot die,  
And feel in our own hearts, the perfect pledge  
Of Immortality.

See, the bow settles for the downward plunge!  
Close, closer to my heart!—that fearful cry!  
“We sink, we sink!” One kiss, on earth the last!  
Now farewell, earth and sky!

## S H E E P .

### THE SPECIES BEST ADAPTED FOR CALIFORNIA.

BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

#### No. II.

AMONG the breeds that may be eventually found well adapted to certain districts of California, may be enumerated the *Cheviot*. This breed, when some attention has been paid to its improvement, is composed of handsome, compact animals, is an active race, famous foragers, and withstands the vicissitudes of climate beyond any other breed, in proportion to their value, both as regards carcase and wool; the latter being an useful combing variety, whilst the former is large and the mutton excellent. This variety is adapted to the foot-hills and northern grazing counties.

It may perhaps not be amiss to here notice a breed very little known, which, if not adapted to the existing state of agriculture in California, may at some future period, and under certain circumstances, be found worthy of attention. The very curious breed about to be noticed, the *Púrik Sheep of Thibet*, was discovered by Moorcroft in the course of his adventurous explorations in Thibet about forty years ago, and more recently the attention of European agriculturists was drawn to them, owing to a few being sent as a present to Queen Victoria by the celebrated Runjeet Singh. Mr. Moorcroft observed in his letter to the Royal Asiatic Society, in which the attention of Europeans was first called to this kind of sheep, that "the varieties which have already met my view in natural history are so great as might swell a letter to a volume, and divert me from its practical objects—a breed of sheep of *Ledakh*, (which ought perhaps to have precedence in mention,) when at full growth has scarcely acquired the size of a Southdown lamb of five or six months, yet in the fineness and weight of its fleece, and in the flavor of its mutton, added to its peculiarities of feeding and constitution, yields not in merit to any race hitherto discovered. Perhaps the dog of the British cottager is not so completely domesticated as is the *Púrik* sheep of this country. In the night it finds shelter either in a walled yard or under the roof of its master; and frequently in the day picks up its food on a surface of granite rock,

where the eye of the cursory inquirer can scarcely discover a speck of vegetation, though a closer investigation shows stunted tufts of wormwood, hyssop, buglos, and here and there a few blades of a dwarfed grass. But the indefatigable industry of the animal detects and appropriates substances so minute and uninviting as would be unseen or be neglected by ordinary sheep, or those of larger breed even in this country. Almost all the land round this capital is under tillage for wheat and barley, and in lucerne; but the harvest will not have been two months off the ground, and a single blade of vegetable substance shall not be discovered — not a stem of stubble, nor a crown of lucerne. The stubble is bitten off by the common cow, the *Tho*, (a hybrid between the *Yak* male and the cow,) and the shawl goats; whilst the ass not only devours the stock of the lucerne, but by pawing lays bare the tap-root of the upper part, of which he generally gets about three or four inches.

“The Púrik sheep, if permitted, thrusts its head into the cooking-pot, picks up crumbs, is eager to drink the remains of salted and buttered tea or broth, and examines the hands of its masters for *lattro*, (barley flour,) or for a cleanly picked bone, which it disdains not to nibble. A leaf of lettuce, a peeling of turnip, the skin of an apricot, are its luxuries. The coarse black tea of China forms the basis of the nourishment of the inhabitants of this ill-governed country, and its use is conducted with the utmost frugality. Rubbed to a powder and tied in a cloth, it undergoes frequent boilings; and when it has given out the whole of its coloring matter — a process rather tedious — the residue falls to the share of the sheep. The Púrik sheep gives two lambs within twelve months, and is twice shorn within that period. The clip may afford three pounds in the annual aggregate, and the first yield is fine enough for tolerably good shawls.”

The sheep sent to Queen Victoria were turned upon the farm at Osborne, and by Mr. Toward, her majesty's bailiff, were described as being fat at thirty-two to forty pounds, and two or three could be kept for the cost of one common sheep; that the texture of the wool was of good quality, and, according to their size, yielded a fair quantity; as being remarkably thick and close, so that cold could scarcely penetrate to the skin. There was a shed for them, which, however, they seldom entered. On the Welsh mountains,

however, they were found to deteriorate, chiefly on account of the excessive quantity of rain which falls on those uplands. This points out the district on the north Pacific coast where the Púrik sheep would probably be best adapted, namely, the arid uplands on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada, for the remarkable valley, which is the native habitat of the Púrik sheep, is as elevated as the summit of Mont Blanc — where it rarely rains, though it occasionally snows. The discoveries at Washoe having drawn attention to the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, it is not improbable that the Púrik sheep would be well adapted for the country lying between Washoe and the great desert.

As many sheep owners are at present running much on the Merino breed, I perhaps cannot do better than introduce some remarks made by J. Stanley Carr, Esq., of Faschenbach, Duchy of Luxembourg, who, together with a knowledge of English agriculture, has had considerable experience in Australian sheep-farming also. He observes that the Saxon Merino sheep is the animal which best remunerates the Mecklenburger, and forms the especial object of his care and attention. They were brought to those countries from Saxony about the year 1811, and are now the sole breed of the district. The Merino, he remarks, is a long-legged, narrow-bodied, ugly animal, with a fleece varying in weight, in proportion to its coarseness, (although fine wool is specifically heavier than coarse,) from two to three pounds. The staple is very close and thick growing, greasy or oily to the feel, elastic and soft, very tenacious, and formed differently from any other wool, with a number of regular, minute bends or curls in each hair. There are always different sorts of wool upon the same sheep, and the animal is most esteemed which produces the highest qualities in the greatest proportion. Breeding successfully with this view is a most difficult science, requiring years of pains-taking intelligence to attain. At an exhibition at the Cattle Show of Güstrow, in Mecklenburg, in May, 1837, of twenty-two rams, the specimens, to an inexperienced eye, appeared much alike; they were carefully washed and shorn, the fleeces numbered and sent to the most eminent wool-staplers at Leipsic, where they were submitted to accurate assortment and valuation. The highest fleece was valued at 3 dollars, 5 groschen, 7 pence; weight of fleece  $67\frac{1}{2}$  half ounces; whilst the lowest, weighing  $98\frac{3}{8}$  ozs., was only

valued at 1 dollar, 19 groschen, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  pence. The heaviest fleece weighed 162 lbs, but was only valued at 2 dollars, 1 groschen, 1 $\frac{5}{8}$  pence.

It will thus be seen that to obtain the highest money return for wool, great nicety and attention are required. Moreover, it should always be borne in mind that, as a general rule, heavy fleeced sheep eat more and require a wider range of more succulent food than fine wooled sheep, or, in other words, more fine wooled sheep can be maintained on an equal space of land than heavy fleeced varieties. More will be said on this subject when we treat on "*Wool and its Uses.*"

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## JOSEPHINE .

BY CAXTON.

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"Dead, on the hem of May."—*Alex. Smith.*

Gone! in the morning of her day,  
Gone! in life's opening Spring;  
Snatched from alluring Hope away,  
Whilst mounting on her wing.

Gone! ere the clouds were black above,  
Whilst calmly smiled the deep;  
Before Delusion mocked her Love,  
Or Friendship fell asleep!

Gone! ere the cheek had lost its flush,  
Ere azure left the eye;  
Before Temptation caused a blush,  
Or Penitence a sigh!

Oh! tell me thou, whose tott'ring form  
Bends with the weight of years,  
On whom hath beat Time's battle-storm  
Of care, disease, and tears;

Whose lip, Life's foaming cup hath drained  
Of every boasted sweet;—  
Oh! tell me has she lost or gained,  
Thus early to retreat!

And should a lover's broken heart,  
Throb on in ceaseless pain,  
Till Death who tore their souls apart  
Unite the broken chain?

LINES TO A SISTER.

BY M. S.

I've wandered far away, sister,  
Far from that happy home,—  
With all its scenes so gay, sister,  
A stranger doom'd to roam,  
A pilgrim on the earth, sister,  
A truant child of care,—  
I left my childhood hearth, sister,  
With all its pleasures there.

I'm sitting all alone, sister,  
And musing o'er the past,  
The blissful days agone, sister,  
Too happy days to last ;  
Fond mem'ries cluster o'er, sister,  
Those laughing, sunny hours,  
But never as of yore, sister,  
We'll pluck the dewy flowers.

The cherry grove, so green, sister,  
Is going to decay,  
Where you were crowned May Queen, sister,  
Once on a holiday !  
The rustic grape-vine swing, sister,  
Is rotted down, and gone !  
Where bubbled up the spring, sister,  
From 'neath the granite stone.

The vines that were bestrewn, sister,  
O'er the old cottage side—  
Some ruthless hand has torn, sister,  
The rose tree, too, has died ;  
And desolation reigns, sister,  
Where mem'ry loves to cling,  
My soul smarts with the pain, sister,  
These fondest mem'ries bring !

I never will enjoy, sister,  
Those happy days again,  
I am a truant boy, sister,  
Cast on the world's domain.  
I have wandered far away, sister,  
To lands accursed with gold !  
And like a lost lamb stray, sister,  
That's wandered from its fold.

HOUSEKEEPING,  
A DRUDGERY OR AN ACCOMPLISHMENT?

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

“Ah! well,” sighed Mrs. Roberts, as she reclined upon the sofa in the elegant parlor of her friend Mrs. Welford, “this housekeeping is stupid business, truly! I am completely disgusted with it! I have tried everything I can think of, to persuade Mr. Roberts to break up housekeeping, and board, but it is of no use! He has such queer, old-fashioned notions about a ‘home of his own,’ and is so dreadfully set in his way, that I may as well give up hoping to be anything but a ‘domestic’ all the days of my life. Mr. Roberts has no sympathy for me in my cares and vexations, and I often wish that I had no ambition beyond preparing a pudding for dinner, no desire to step outside my kitchen world.”

“But why, my dear Mrs. Roberts,” languidly replied Mrs. Welford, “need you be troubled with the cares of a household? There is nothing easier than to evade it altogether, even if your husband does insist upon seeing you at the head of an establishment.

“When I married Mr. Welford, he, man like, expected me to take sole charge of his house and family,—you know he was a widower—but I very soon assured him that I had not the remotest idea of soiling my hands, or planting wrinkles in my forehead by becoming a household drudge. He talked awhile about how little I should have to do myself, with two good servants, but he was glad enough to get a housekeeper, and plenty of servants, for the sake of seeing the old cheerful look back on my face, for I had vowed never to smile again until I had carried my point.

“With our large family we could not think of boarding, and I am better contented as we are. I never go down into the kitchen. Mr. Welford always gives orders to the cook for dinner, and if the housekeeper complains of the servants, Mr. Welford discharges them, and procures others. He often complains of ‘useless expenses,’ ‘mismanagement,’ and so on, but with our large income, he cannot expect his wife to trouble herself about economy. I have no cares, simply because *I will not take them!*” And the lady gently settled herself in her luxurious arm-chair, folding her soft, white hands before her, the very picture of indolent ease.



“I cannot do as you recommend,” said Mrs. Roberts; “my husband is not as easily managed as yours. Mr. Roberts is determined to cling to his old-fashioned notions, and if I do not conform to them, he is so disagreeable!

“I have had no less than four new servants within the last month! and the two I have now are almost good for nothing, and I am vexed from one month’s end to another! with so much care, it is not wonderful that my health should suffer — and, what do you think? the other day Mr. Roberts actually proposed that *I*, his wife, should perform part of the *labor* in the house, for exercise! I could scarcely believe my ears, but he persisted that I should have better health, and spirits! I think the man must be insane, to wish to make a kitchen-maid of his wife!”

“Insane, indeed!” exclaimed Mrs. Welford. “Of course, Mrs. Roberts, you will submit to no such barbarous proposition as that! I really thought Mr. Roberts had better taste.

“By the way, have you called on Mrs. Arnold, lately? Such magnificent rooms as she has at her hotel! Her husband seems to deny her nothing. I never saw more elegant dresses, than he has lately had imported from Paris for her. I called on her one evening last week — the evening of the great ball — and found her all dressed to go, though she had before told me that she could not attend, on account of her husband’s absence from town, but her friend Mr. Elliot accompanied her. And another rare trait in Mr. Arnold’s character, is that he is not a bit jealous. Indeed, he seems to like to have his wife admired by the gentlemen, and she is a woman to be admired, too! You should have seen her in her ball dress of amber satin, covered with such elegant lace flounces! And then her diamonds! they can not be equaled in San Francisco! I declare I never saw her look so beautiful; and Mr. Elliot seemed to think so, too. Poor fellow! I have heard he was a rejected suitor of Mrs. Arnold before her marriage.”

“Ah! my dear Mrs. Welford,” sighed Mrs. Roberts, “you make me quite miserable by contrasting Mrs. Arnold’s happiness with my own treadmill existence, but I suppose I must always be a martyr to *housekeeping*! But, I declare! here comes my brother. I promised him I would go with him to call on some of his miserable patients. He is constantly preaching ‘charity,’ ‘sympathy with

the poor,' and the like, and sometimes, as to-day, I accompany him, just to please him, though I do hate to come in contact with the wretched beings."

"Good afternoon, Dr. Worthington," said Mrs. Welford, rising to meet that gentleman as he entered the apartment; "I really must scold you a little for taking my visitor so soon; and then she tells me you are going to inflict some tiresome charity-calls upon her. You had better leave her here until you return, doctor, for it must be dreadful to visit such places as Mrs. Roberts has been telling me of."

Dr. Worthington answered pleasantly, but gravely, that he "hoped his sister had enough of woman's benevolence in her disposition, to make it a pleasure, rather than a disagreeable duty to relieve the suffering and distressed, but he would not ask her to accompany him on any charitable mission, when it was against her inclination to go."

"Of course, brother, I *do* want to go with you," eagerly said Mrs. Roberts, casting a reproving glance at Mrs. Welford, for she dearly loved her brother, and delighted to gratify him, despite the many faults which her character had received from evil influences.

Mrs. Roberts rose to go, but was detained at the parlor door by Mrs. Welford asking her if she would not call soon on a new neighbor, who had recently come to reside in the same street.

"Immensely wealthy," said the lady, "but the most singular people you ever saw. So very plain in appearance and manners, that did not we know to the contrary, they would be called really parsimonious. I know they give away thousands of dollars in the course of the year, yet they actually keep but one girl! And Mr. Grant nearly always drives his own carriage, too. Such strange inconsistencies I cannot understand.

"The daughter, Miss Grant, is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw; but with all her unusual accomplishments, she lacks 'style,' sadly. I know her education is very superior, but she seems to know very little of society, and cares for it as little as she knows about it. I cannot persuade her to join our circle for the season. Just one winter in real 'society' would give her that polish which she so much needs—but I am detaining you, doctor. Good bye

Mrs. Roberts ; do not fail to call on the Grants, soon." And the ladies separated.

But little explanation is necessary in regard to the characters introduced to the reader. All the parties resided in the City of San Francisco ; Mrs. Welford being the leader of what is styled the exclusive "upper circle"—and what "upper circle" is there in this city of equalities, save that which *gold* creates?—and Mrs. Roberts, a lady of less wealth and position, but an ardent admirer and follower of Mrs. Welford, whose influence over her rather weak mind can be imagined from the above conversation. Dr. Worthington was a bachelor, thirty-five years of age, ranking among the first in his profession, and rapidly rising to rank and popularity. Possessed of a noble nature, warm, sympathizing heart, generous almost to a fault, he was just the man for a true physician ; one to win the confidence and esteem of all classes.

People "wondered" why Dr. Worthington did not marry. The reason was very simple, and very sensible. He had never loved, and he was not the man to marry for any other motive. Without being visionary or over fastidious, he had his ideal woman, and her, he had never met in the flesh, yet that "fair to be" he confidently expected some day to meet, and call by the sacred name of *wife*.

Dr. Worthington longed to find one real, natural *woman*—earnest, loving, truthful,—one whose refinement and modesty was not affectation,—whose pure, loving heart had not been tainted with false pride, or love of admiration ; and who could really and truly love him for himself alone.

Sometime after the conversation to which we have alluded, Dr. Worthington was called to the house of Mr. Grant, to attend a lady visiting there, in a sudden and serious illness. As the case demanded his closest attention, he scarcely observed on his first visit, the attendant on the sick lady, but on the second visit, he was attracted by a low, sweet voice—"that excellent thing in woman"—replying to some question put by Mrs. Grant—"Oh ! no, mother, let me do it ! poor Ann has enough to attend to now,"—and a pair of noiseless feet glided past him through the dim twilight of the sick room, and out the door, which was closed with the gentlest hand imaginable.

There was something very pleasant in the tone of that voice ;

something very soothing in that soft step, and gentle hand, but it took many more professional visits to deepen and perfect the impression that Dr. Worthington received that morning. On one occasion, after the patient had become better, Dr. Worthington noticed the absence of the fair attendant of the sick room—he had begun to look for her presence now—and with a feeling of disappointment was preparing to take his leave, when Miss Grant entered the room. She gave a slight start of surprise on seeing the doctor, which deepened the flush somewhat upon her cheek, but she made no useless apologies, though she came in with a plain calico dress on, with the sleeves rolled above her elbows, revealing a pair of white, beautifully rounded arms, and a long, working apron of some coarse material reaching quite to the bottom of the dress, which was not long enough, however, to hide the neatly slipped foot and snowy stocking.

Bidding Dr. Worthington good morning, she laughingly replied to the invalid's question, why she had left her so long, that she had been down in the kitchen washing dishes, to let Ann go and see her sister, who was about starting for the country. No squeamish pride prevented a frank acknowledgement of how she had been employed, even in the presence of one in whom she was almost unconsciously becoming deeply interested. Though the only, almost idolized child of wealthy parents, she did not think it degrading to assist with her own hands a lowly servant. Indeed, it was Miss Grant's daily practice to perform a certain part of the labor about the house, and she was perfectly skilled in all the arts and mysteries of housekeeping; for Mrs. Grant—oh! most rare mother!—had given her daughter this accomplishment, as well as almost every other, which wealth or fondness could procure. Mrs. Grant, like a true mother, believed that her daughter's health actually demanded exercise—not merely the exercise of the walk or the drive—but steady, active employment for body as well as mind; and she also believed that no young lady's education is complete without a thorough knowledge of the art of housekeeping—and so thinks the writer of this.

Long after the recovery of the patient-guest, Dr. Worthington found it necessary to continue his calls at Mr. Grant's. It is not wonderful that in Mary Grant he found his long-looked-for ideal. Pure, refined, lofty in intellect and principle, lovely and loving,

what wonder that she became beloved, revered, almost worshiped by Dr. Worthington !

As his wife she now stands by his side, quietly adorning their home, shedding a pure, holy influence over all who come near their fireside ; though gifted with talents which might well win "fame, and a name," among earth's great ones, she is contented and happy in woman's true sphere — *home*. As Mrs. Worthington, she is still ignorant of "society," the upper-ten-dom of San Francisco, but it is purely from choice. Go with me among the humble, the poor, sorrowing ones of this great city — those upon whom "aristocratic society" looks down in calm contempt, disdaining to pollute its silken robes by contact, and listen to the blessings daily pronounced upon *her* name ; to the prayers nightly ascending for her, from grateful hearts, and tell me, if the *woman's* reward is not far greater than all the hollow praises sounded before the "belle" by brazen-throated "society."

Some months since the fashionable world of San Francisco was startled, one morning, by two very extraordinary paragraphs which appeared in the same paper. One was the announcement of the complete failure of Mr. James Welford, importer and merchant, and the other a "bit of scandal in high life," stating that "a lady heretofore highly respected, beautiful, accomplished, moving in the very highest circles, etc., etc., had eloped from her husband with a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, said by some to have been a lover of the lady before marriage. The guilty pair are supposed to have left on the steamer of yesterday. For the sake of the deserted husband, who is nearly frantic at the loss of his wife, and the disgrace brought upon himself and two interesting children, we withhold the names of the parties."

It need scarcely be told that the enviable Mrs. Arnold, and her friend Mr. Elliot, were the persons referred to in the above paragraph.

Mrs. Welford's star set with her husband's failure. Unable to remain near her summer friends, or endure her altered fortunes, she left her husband to battle with his reverses as best he might, and returned to the east, where she is now living in obscurity, and constant repining, at the loss of that wealth which she took no care to preserve.

## LOVE OF HOME AND COUNTRY.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

It comes to us in every voice  
That faithful Memory brings—  
A brother's love, a sister's smile,  
The song our mother sings ;

The laugh of playmates ringing out  
Among the meadows free ;  
The orchard where the robins sung,  
The buzzing of the bee ;

The cows at sunset coming home ;  
Their lowing in the lane ;  
The old church, where the swallows built  
Their nests beneath the fane ;

The old house by the river's side,  
With its low jutting eaves ;  
The woodbine creeping o'er the door ;  
The whispering of its leaves ;

The stone seat where we lovers sat  
Beneath the willow tree ;  
Our children's voices filling all  
Our happy home with glee ;

The chiming of the Sabbath bell ;  
The groups that might be seen,  
Gathered within the house of prayer ;  
The graveyard on the green.

The voices of our gray-haired sires ;  
The tales so often told  
Of valiant men, who poured their blood  
On battle-fields of old.

How they, with long enduring faith,  
For truth and freedom bled ;  
There was no spot on all the hills  
Not covered with the dead.

Then through the valleys and the plains  
There swept a noble flood ;  
The very grass on which we tread  
Is nurtured with their blood.

Oh ! from the *living* and the *dead*,  
A thousand voices come ;  
Forever to our hearts they speak  
Of country and of home.



THE RINGTAILED MAJOR,  
OR  
CALIFORNIA FLOWERS ILLUSTRATED.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

CHAPTER III.

*The Major returns with the best foot foremost—Emulates the speculator—Looks into the causes of things—Suspected of a soft spot in his head, which proves sound as a drum—Major in a melancholy mood.*

FINALLY, one bright morning our missing Major walked forth, with his tail behind him — and a part of it a great ways behind too — but the monkey looked as good as new *in the face*; only, perhaps, a little mite more demure. It was evident enough he was on his propriety, putting the best foot foremost.

We had really pitied the poor fellow in his distress, and many of us were now right glad to see him again.

Not so, the regimental major, for he hated the very sight of him; the reason was, because he had been so grossly scandalized by the sly jokes he had overheard, comparing his merits with those of Major Ringtail — which was very *wrong*. Now, secretly, in his heart, the military major wished the monkey dead; but his high sense of honor would not allow him to lower his dignity so far as to say so — he only *looked* daggers at his evil genius, and went his way.

Perhaps we ought to stop here a moment, and explain to you the monkey's natural habits. This ringtail sort of monkeys, when they want to go to sleep, hang themselves up by the tail; they climb up into a high tree and coil their tail tight around a limb and

let their head hang down, and there they sleep all night, hanging by their tails.

This day — strange to say! — the sun had well nigh gone down over the Major's head without any mischief or mishap. Rather a dull day, thought he; so the Ringtailed Major resolved to retire early, and repose himself to sleep from his old accustomed bough. For this purpose he climbed away high up into the top of the tree, and walked far out on the limb where he used to hang down and go to sleep. After going through with the usual motions, he let go — when down he came, tumbling headlong to the ground. This was spreading one's self rather too much for comfort, so as soon as he was able, he gathered himself up. Dumb with surprise and astonishment, he looked up into the *tree* to discover the cause of his disaster! There the foolish monkey stood gazing, like a disappointed speculator after his failure! never for once suspecting *himself* — no, it never entered his head to look *behind him*. How else could he grow wiser in future? But apes, and foolish people, seldom profit much by their experience; this was eminently true of our hero, for as soon as he got a little the better of his bruises, up he climbed again, and forgetting his former mishaps, whisked his tail, (it always felt just as though he had one,) and then letting go “all fours,” with nothing to swing by, down he came again and again, bumping his head most terribly. We expected every day to see him knock his brains out — if indeed he had any! But fortune seemed to favor the fellow in some sense, for manifold were the hair-breadth escapes of Major Ringtail.

Some people, and most monkeys, are said to have a soft spot in their heads; but we can assure our young friends this was not literally true, at least with the Major, for he must have had a pretty thick skull all around, judging from the rubs and breakers he encountered.

Instead of those long leaps of yore, Major Ringtail could now barely limp about. The infirmities of age, from a youth of folly, began to lower in his sky, and the gloomy clouds gathered thick around his devoted head! In fact, his head had always been rather the weakest spot about him. Age and experience, it is true, might have brought him some little wisdom; but still it came so late in life that it was hardly of any use to him. Says the monkey, musing,



as he sat one evening looking wistfully up in the tree, "Of what use now is a title without a tail to swing by. Ah, me! those edged tools have been my sad undoing! Yea, *verily!*" said he, as he looked where his tail ought to be. "And now when the dreary and *dismal* night comes down, and no star twinkles in the sky, sad and lonely I lay me upon the cold, cold, ground! Perchance, some famished wolf may yet seize what there is left of poor me! Perhaps my doom e'en now drags its slow length along in the vile form of some cold-blooded serpent, ready to strike poison to my very heart."

From the Major's melancholy mood it was evident he was descending down the shady hillside of life, with no staff of useful deeds to support his declining years, or buoy up the spirits while the body bows beneath the heavy hand of Time. A useless life of folly brings an old age of misery; however, all such kind of people, and useless monkeys, seldom survive to any very great age. And even the little happiness they do enjoy is so exceedingly shallow that the merest "shiner" could scarce swim in it, without being grounded high and dry some day or other.

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### M O T H E R .

BY \* \* \* \* \*

"Be ye angry — but sin not"

Mother! hold! drop not thy hand  
 In violence on me;  
 Thy voice is loud, and angry—stand—  
 And let me plead with thee.

I know that I have disobey'd  
 Thy just and kind behest,  
 But listen to me, mother—  
 And take me to thy breast.

Bless thee mine own—my mother dear;  
 Now, nestling near thy heart,  
 Thy gentled voice has cast out fear,  
 How terrible thou wert!

And in thine own soft tones of love,  
 Tell what thy naughty boy has done,  
 Murmur thine own sweet prayer above,  
 For help and aid to thy penitent son.

## Editor's Table.

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A CALIFORNIAN IN NEW ORLEANS.—We take the liberty of making the following extract from a letter recently received from Mrs. DAY, believing that it will be interesting to many of her friends:—

New Orleans is a large and populous city, but the clouds hang dark and murky overhead, giving it an appearance of chilliness and gloom. It is not a Californian sky; and as the state of the atmosphere affects the spirits, I have found myself affected with a disorder almost akin to home-sickness.

Almost the first thing that strikes the attention of a stranger in this place is the dearth of newspapers at the tables of hotels, saloons, &c. I have been so long accustomed in California to having the morning papers, with full summary of the news and most interesting topics of the day, together with gems, original and selected, furnished at the same time with my coffee, that one has become as much a *necessity* as the other. Judge, then, if you can, of my feelings, when shown into the breakfast-room of one of the principal hotels in this city, the steward handed me a bill of fare but no newspaper; nor was there one in sight, although many gentlemen and ladies sat discussing their morning meal with much apparent satisfaction. After ordering my coffee, I said to the steward, "Bring me a morning paper."

"What?" said he.

I repeated, "Bring me a morning paper."

"I haven't got any; we don't keep them," he replied.

"Could you not send and get one for me?" I asked, eagerly.

"I don't know if I can get one short of the printing office, but if you don't mind paying for it, I'll try."

Rejoiced at even this distant prospect of once more seeing a newspaper, I drew my purse from my pocket, and was upon the point of laying it in the fellow's hands, when it occurred to me that by so doing I might lose not alone my purse, but my only chance of obtaining a newspaper. So handing him a quarter, I charged him to make all haste, and bring the paper. As the servant vanished from my side I looked up, and, to my utter dismay, found that I had unintentionally attracted the attention of the other guests at the table—so strangely are they looked upon who prefer mental to physical food. However, my independence soon came to my aid, and after a half-hour's patient waiting, the steward reappeared, bearing the precious journal with him. It proved to be the "True Delta," with which Californians have long been familiar, and which I grasped hastily, as I would the hand of an old and long absent friend.

Shall I give you some of the thoughts that passed through my mind as I waited that long half hour for my paper? Well, I was contrasting what I saw before me with our hotel tables in California; and even the saloons and restaurants, every one of which is well supplied with daily papers; and, Oh! how I long for a sight at even those street boot-blackening establishments, the poorest one of which can supply his customer with the latest news, that while his boots

are undergoing the cleansing and polishing process, from his mind also may be removed the dust and mould of ignorance, and the lustre of light and intelligence be imparted to his soul.

My paper warns me to a close, and I must say farewell. Should you discover in this a vein of sadness, excuse it. 'Tis the yearning of my heart for my own loved State, and its free and glorious institutions. My heart echoes the words of the poet—"There is no place like home."

Expect no elaborate treatises or polished compositions, for I am on the wing, and must write in my careless, off-hand manner, or not at all.

**WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISTICUFF.**—Has not the fisticuff between Heenan and Sayers caused the greatest excitement of the current year? They were looked upon as the representatives of the two greatest commercial and industrial nations of the world. Their fight was by common consent styled "international." On their fists depended the credit of their respective countries, in the minds of many vulgar men. The newspapers of all the Anglo Saxon cities in three continents, discussed the question in grave leaders. Illustrated journals throughout the world published their portraits. Everybody that reads had to read their biographies, learn their modes of life, become familiar with their systems of training, and study their points as boxers. No woman could avoid knowing something of these modern gladiators. Lady-like delicacy of feeling, and refinement of nature, could not protect us from the topic which excited everybody about us, and was the common topic of conversation. The fate of freedom in Italy, and democracy in America, interesting topics as they might be at other times, were overwhelmed by the contagious enthusiasm of the "roughs" about two human bull-dogs who were to beat and bruise each other according to the rules of a certain code honored among boxers. No gladiatorial show in ancient Rome, no bull-fight in Spain, no cock-fight in Mexico ever attained such a notoriety, or was made intelligible in all its details to so many people, or interested so many partizans. Indeed, we doubt whether all the fights of gladiators, bulls and cocks in the world, put together, could claim to have had so many spectators as this fisticuff; the minutest details of which have been laid before more readers than there were people in ancient Italy, added to those of modern Spain, and it is to be remarked that the bull fights and gladiatorial shows were seen only by those who went expressly to see them; but this boxing match is brought, by engraving and type, before every enlightened reader, from one end of the world to the other, with such particularity of description, that the reading probably conveys a better idea of the fight, than the seeing would to most persons. When we consider these facts, it must be confessed that our civilization and Christianity are only superficial, and that a large portion of our people are barbarous at heart. Their refinement is only skin deep. You show them blood and they become brutes. Women are necessary in this world. They are needed to prevent civilized men from going back to barbarism; to protect them from the coarser parts of their own natures. The poet says, we are "half dust and half Deity," and it is the duty and sphere of woman to assist the divine influence to conquer the earthly in human nature

and social life. It is not to be doubted that one great cause of the superiority of modern society, and the greater part of modern morals, and the greater elevation of modern character as compared with ancient times, is owing to the greater influence of woman. As we have done mighty works in the past, so we may hope to do mighty works in the future,—works not the less beneficent or great because wrought in comparative silence, and almost as if unintentionally and even unconsciously.

**SINGULAR WEATHER FOR MAY.**—The old Californians have been astonished by the May weather this year. In ordinary years the month passes with a hot sun and almost cloudless skies; but 1860 has brought two weeks of rainy skies, and three inches and more of perpendicular fall of water—more than twice as much as has been witnessed during the same season in any year since 1846. Never before did such heavy and long rains come so late in the season. They have done much good and much harm, but we presume that the good rather predominates, if a just estimate be made of all the circumstances. Water is always in demand in the mines; for the majority of the miners there can never be too much; they always know rich spots where the dirt can be washed only during the rains, when water is supplied on the spot by some gully, which dries up as soon as the rain ceases. There never can be too much moisture for the grass of the open plains, nor for most of the gardens which commonly suffer under the hot sun of May and June. On the other hand, the grain fields have generally been injured, some of them very seriously, by the beating rains; many of the miners have been bothered by high water, and many hundred tons of hay cut during the first days of the month have been rendered worthless. The month will pass into a proverb, and in future years many a wish will be expressed for such another wet May as that of 1860.

**A HINT TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Contributions for the *Hesperian*, especially if long and important, should be sent in at least a month before the publication of the number in which it is expected they will appear. The work on a magazine goes slowly; the matter should be arranged by the editor three or four weeks in advance, and should be early placed in the hands of the compositor. Sometimes contributions sent in late find a place, but this is only when the composition has been delayed or the work neglected. The same system prevails in all magazines: all the main articles of the *Atlantic* and *Harpers* are in hand a month before they are to appear.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**—We regret that we are compelled to put this number of the *Hesperian* to press with only one engraving. It was our purpose to give at least two engravings in every number, but the best laid plans of humanity often fail, and so it happened in this instance. We expect that Mrs. DAY will soon return to her home from her business visit to the Eastern States, and hope that then all such irregularities will cease.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—"Prophecies by Caxton," came too late for this number, but will appear in the next. The "Franklin Relics" and "Slander" are reserved for further consideration. "Aegra Somnia," "To the Chosen," "Whispers," and "Nameless Heroes," are accepted.







DRESS—NEW STYLE.





# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1860.

No. 5.

## VEATCH'S SACULARIA.

(*Saccularia Veatchii*.—KELLOGG.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE remarkably beautiful shrub,<sup>s</sup> of which a colored engraving graces the present number of the *Hesperian*, was introduced from Cerros Island by our enterprising and public-spirited citizen, Dr. J. A. Veatch—hence the specific name it bears. The stout stump of a stem, as seen in the small right-hand plan of the plant, is wonderfully prolific in a sociable brotherhood of branches—thousands of straight, apparently leafless twigs, of almost uniform size, spring up from a common base to the height of four or five feet, usually banded together into exceedingly dense impenetrable groups from two to four feet in diameter. The trim green twigs are at all times ornamental and attractive by their singularity; but when in full bloom, the innumerable long, outward curving branches laden with long scarlet blossoms, with thick, proudly pouting lips and little saccoid spurs, must render it an object of rare beauty. When fully known, and properly appreciated, we shall expect to see this shrub zealously sought after by the ornamental gardener and florist. The foliage is often so very minute that in general appearance it resembles our *Ephedra* or *Joint-fir*, which is also known as *Tea-twigs*.

The *Saccularia* belongs to the natural family of Fig-worts, and appears to be closely allied to *Galvezia* of Dombey. It, however, differs in the style not being thickened at the top, nor emarginate; neither is the stigma two-lobed. Other points of difference readily suggest the reasons for distinguishing it from that Peruvian genus.

*Technical description.*—*Saccularia* (Kellogg.) calyx five-parted, sepals ovate oblong, acute, estivation quincuncial, corolla tubular, bilabiate; tube, elongated sub-cylindrical, saccate below at the base; upper lip erect; lower lip spreading; stamens, four fertile, didynamous, without any rudiment of a fifth; throat, mostly naked; style filiform; stigma undivided or lobed; capsule globose, slightly depressed and compressed, obliquely ventricose; each cell opening by an irregular eight-toothed orifice near the apex. Seeds small, numerous, oblong truncate, testa ribbed lengthwise, deeply chinked; surface of the elevations irregular or toothed, dark brown.

Seeds attached to a roundish rugose-pitted placenta, which is involved, and fixed by the complete and permanent dissepiment.

*S. Veatchii*, (Kellogg.) Stem suffruticose, with myriads of slender twiggy rods of nearly uniform size, very straight, bright green or glaucous, glandularly villous, and somewhat canescent above; branches ternate and opposite; erect, terminal twigs, often constricted at the bifurcation. Leaves, verticillate by threes or opposite, lanceolate, mucronulate, acute; a mucronate gland at the apex; short petioled or sub-sessile, entire, hirsute above at the base, glandularly villous on the lamina above, densely glandularly hirsute below, small, (one-sixteenth to half an inch long) very remote. Flowers in elongated, terminal dichotomous narrow panicles (six inches to one foot in length,) or whorled in threes, a bract (or leaf) at the base of each pedicel; pedicels, filiform, erect, ascending recurved outwards, one flowered; lower pedicels longer than the flower; upper, about half as long. Tubular flowers, about one to one and a quarter inches in length, minutely glandular villous externally; upper lip erect, notched, reflexed at the sides, glandular villous within; lowerlip, recurve-spreading somewhat trifid, lateral lobes shorter or sub-equal; middle lobe rounded obtuse, apex folded under, bearded above with glandular hairs; a broad line of short stipitate or papillose glands extends back from the middle lobe to the base of the tube — throat otherwise naked. Style filiform, glabrous, persistent; stigma simple, acute, (minutely stigmatose at the point,) included or sub-exsert; filaments, filiform, glabrous, slightly thickened above, flattened, glandularly villous along the base; anthers, very small, glabrous, lobes divaricate.

RAIN IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Thomas Tennent, who has been keeping an account of all the rain that has fallen in this city since the middle of 1853, makes the following report of the depth of rain, in inches, for each year, counting from the 1st of June to the 31st of May as a year:—

1859-60.....	22.18	1855-56.....	21.63
1858-59.....	22.22	1854-55.....	23.67
1857-58.....	21.70	1853-54.....	23.48
1856-57.....	19.77		

WAITING.

*After the German.*

BY J. F. BOWMAN.

The full moon appeareth  
The headland above ;  
'Tis the hour of meeting,  
Where lingers my love ?

The summer night sheddeth  
Its magical spell,  
O'er forest and ocean,  
O'er mountain and dell :

The waters lie hushed,  
In the smile of the night,  
And the earth rests entranced  
In a dream of delight ;

The little leaves murmur  
Their loves in low trills,  
And the drooping boughs shiver  
With passionate thrills ;

The wind faintly sighs  
In voluptuous strain,  
And my heart is dissolved  
In sweet longing and pain.

In air, earth, and ocean,  
Around and above,  
Throb the pulses of passion,  
Breathes the music of love.

But hark ! 'tis his footstep ;  
And soon in his eyes  
I shall read the sweet lesson  
Of the waves and the skies.

## CALIFORNIA TRILLIUM, OR PACIFIC WAKE-ROBIN.

*Trillium Californicum*.—KELLOGG.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

It is very remarkable that a conspicuous plant like this *Trillium*, in a genus so well known, and found in the vicinity of San Francisco, should not be enumerated in any of the very numerous catalogues of botanical collections from the Pacific Coast. We are indebted to Mr. Gibbs, of Stockton, for the plant here figured. We were also shown a specimen from the Redwoods, recently, by Mrs. Hutchings.

The *Trilliums* are exceedingly interesting plants, simple and uniform in habit, and very similar in structure. The *genus* is easily determined, but we find many species and varieties which verge so closely together that it is difficult to distinguish them. This species, however, is readily recognized by the long flower stem; whereas, the most common one here, (*T. sessile*), has no flower stem at all, but, as its specific name implies, the flower is set down close between the leaves.

The "Wake-Robin," "Three-Leafed Nightshade," "Birth-Root," &c., &c., as these plants have been variously named, are all esteemed useful medicines by both Anglo-Americans and Indians. They belong to the far famed sarsaparilla family and kindred.

*Technical Description*.—The stout straight stem is smooth, slightly decurrent angled, 6 to 8 inches in height. Peduncle erect, angular,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches long, (bright crimson.)

Flowers erect, spreading, petals greenish white, purple checked above, oval-lanceolate, acute, flat, distinctly 5-nerved, (or obscurely 9-nerved,) reticulate veined, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  longer than the calyx, ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 inches long, by 1 inch broad,) stamens nearly half as long, stigmas recurved. Sepals broad-lanceolate, ( $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch wide,) acuminate, 3-nerved, (the two other outer nerves\*obscure,) purplish spotted towards the apex. Fruit (not purple) 6-winged, (in the half grown state.)

Leaves rhombic-obovate, broadly cuneate at the base, abruptly short acuminate, 5-nerved, margin waved, reticulate sessile, (?) purple checked towards the upper third. Leaves about three inches long, and nearly the same in breadth.

This plant differs from *T. erectum*, in the flowers not "nodding," (?) nor at all "inclined" or reclining, (petals not "acuminate" nor "equalling the sepals," neither are the leaves "3-nerved," &c.

It is near *T. grandiflorum*, but the petals are not "connivent" nor "obovate," or "spatulate-lanceolate," nor is the flower "inclined" in the specimens examined, neither is the leaf "acute" nor "rhombic-ovate."

With such observations and means of reference as we can command, this species appears to be new. As the root is now in culture, it will be easy, hereafter, to observe its growth and peculiarities.



PACIFIC WAKE-ROBIN.

## SOME REMARKS ABOUT NOVELS.

BY JOHN S. HITTÉLL.

WHAT is a novel? Webster says it is "a fictitious tale or narrative in prose, intended to exhibit the operation of the passions, particularly of love." Worcester defines it as "a species of fictitious composition in prose," and he adds that it is "a term applied to a work longer and more elaborate than a fable or a tale. A novel treats of occurrences and manners of recent times, [?] and brings into notice a great variety of characters; a romance treats of wild adventures of a more remote period, particularly of the age of chivalry." I would define a novel to be "a fictitious story of human life in prose, not less than seventy-five thousand ems in length by printers' measure." A shorter story is called tale, novelette, or fable. The average length of novels is about four hundred thousand ems. I think the matter of length an indispensable part of the definition; but if not, then it is sufficient to say that a novel is a fictitious story of human life in prose. Human life can not be depicted without a representation of the passions, which form its main element. Each of them is a proper subject for the novelist; but he is not dependent upon any one especially. Love is usually the main passion of his story, because it offers the most interesting topic, and a wide scope of incident, but it is not necessary. I imagine that *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Gil Blas*, *Don Quijote*, (a burlesque) *Telemaque*, *Salathiel*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, are all novels, though love plays a very subordinate part in them, and scarcely appears in one or two of them. In all the novels of the first class, however, love-making is the main subject of the story.

The novel was unknown in ancient literature, and although it appeared in an incomplete form in Spain and Italy as early as the sixteenth century, it first took its present prevailing shape and purpose in Richardson's compositions, about one hundred and twenty years ago. Ancient society did not furnish the material for the love story; women were not educated and free; courtship, as we understand it in America, was not known; a wife was obtained by a bargain with the father or guardian; the would-be husband exercised his judgment in regard to her appearance, her family, and her dowry, but did not expect that she would have any education beyond cer-

tain arts of housewifery, nor did he aspire to a knowledge of her peculiar mental constitution. When women were educated, honored, and set free from many of the trammels of ancient society, courtship became a possibility; a new field of hope, emotion and excitement was opened to the human soul; and Richardson arose in the country where the most social freedom prevailed, to describe the new phase of life which appeared about him to more advantage than elsewhere. He was succeeded by a multitude of imitators (some of them very able writers) at home and abroad, but there was no new epoch in the world of fiction until the appearance of *Waverley*.

Scott was the first novelist who produced a great number of works, and whose books created great sensations immediately on their appearance, and were in universal demand at once among all persons able to appreciate and procure them. Richardson made the first epoch in the English novel; Scott the second and the greater one. He wrote a story for the sake of a story, with some estimable moral qualities in the good characters, a "heavy villain" or two, some romantic scenery, some historical incidents, glittering armor, magnificent drapery, pageantry suitable to the plot, and some treason, blood and thunder. For a long time his works were undoubtedly the best of the kind. They are written in fine English; the plots are natural and probable; the story is composed of effective incidents, interesting from the first and skilfully developed to the final climax; the descriptions of scenery and pageantry are magnificent; the characters, of which he produced an immense variety, are well conceived, and clearly distinguished from each other; there is no lack of true feeling, no display of false sentiment; and in no respect did he fail to produce the purposed effect. A multitude of novelists followed Scott, and the main resource for success was the introduction of some time, place or phase of life not previously shown in a novel. One went among the savages of North America; another wrote military novels; a third, marine novels; a fourth, humorous novels; a fifth, novels of low life, and so on. These authors considered human nature as exhausted by previous writers; it might be shown in new circumstances, but not more fully. Charlotte Brontë took a different view, and she made the third, last and greatest epoch of the English novel. It 1847 she published *Jane Eyre*, which shook the whole literary world, dethroned Scott, set up a new standard of

excellence, and opened a new field of labor. The main feature of her books is their intensity, particularly in the moral endowments of the leading characters. The heroine is a woman fit to rule a world, a true counterpart of the authoress wonderfully rich in energy, courage, perseverance, fortitude, taciturnity and grand conscientiousness,—a woman to be worshiped. Miss Bronte died, and her place is worthily filled by Miss Muloch, whose best book is *John Halifax*. Mrs. Stowe, George Sand, and the author of *Adam Bede*, said to be Miss Marian Evans, (previously known in the literary world as the able translator of several anti-christian German books) may be placed with Charlotte Brontë and Miss Muloch, as belonging to the new and greatest school of novelists. Mrs. Stowe's ablest book, as a work of art, is the *Minister's Wooing*, which is unsurpassed as a novel in many important respects. Her *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had greater success than ever fell to the fortune of any similar work. It created unparalleled excitement, and was republished in almost every country and language in Europe. George Sand has written a large number of novels, most of them in a hasty and careless manner, but there is only one among them that entitles her to rank among the first,—*Consuelo*, which, with all its faults, is perhaps the greatest novel ever written. In unity of interest, naturalness of plot, even adjustment of the parts, and regularity of polish, a number of other novels are superior to it; but in the width of scope, the powerful handling of many effective scenes, and the fine delineation of a great sample of a woman, it has no equal. All these women — for be it noticed that all our best novelists are women — are great masters of language; writing in styles pure, concise, perspicuous, mighty, clear in description, rich in philosophic suggestion, tender in the expression of delicate sympathies. I think the superiority of women in novel writing is easily to be traced to the social shackles which limit the sphere of their activity, turn their thoughts back upon their own emotions, and compel them to observe closely those delicate points of affection and social intercourse, wherein great and refined souls show their superiority, especially when love is brought into play, and wherein the novelist finds the chief materials for his labors.

It has often been asserted that the habit of reading novels is pernicious, and does much harm in modern society: but the habit appears to me to be highly beneficial. It is a powerful agent in culti-



vating the intellectual, and developing the moral qualities of our nature. Our novelists are among the greatest of our authors. The novel belongs to high, pure art. Prose fiction is poetry without rhyme or rhythm. As written in our times, it contains the revelation of those powers, which in ancient times appeared only in verse. The novel is the modern epic. It is an adaptation of the epic to one age. Poetry, by the common consent of our greatest thinkers, has been declared entitled to the first place among the fine arts. Its study is among the most ennobling and refining of all studies. Whatever praise of this kind is justly given to poetry, must also go, in almost an equal degree, to the credit of prose fiction, which has a similar sphere with poetry,—to paint life in the realms of high art, unobstructed by the trammels of history and biography,—to show us the workings of our passions; to hold the mirror up to our nature. *Jane Eyre* is a modern Iliad that may well be compared to the great Grecian epic. It sings a modern hero, and her toils and trials, in a language not less pure and forcible, in a form not less impressive than those which record the wrath of Achilles and its dire results. The grim governess is a nobler hero than the grim warrior. Whatever there may be of great or good in human life, comes within the novelist's domain. He may be poet, moralist, priest, philosopher and historian, all in one. He unites in himself all their functions and powers, and is yet free from most of the shackles which bind each of them. The great novel is a picture, fictitious, but faithful to the possibilities of our nature; showing the conduct of imaginary heroes in supposable circumstances. A hero is essential to the novel; the great novel has a great hero; a high moral character, whose conduct is the attainable ideal, placed before us for our imitation. The contemplation of that ideal ennobles and inspires us. Every man has a strong moral element in his mental constitution. It is strong even in the worst men; for most of their wickedness is attributable to unfortunate circumstances rather than to their own natures. The present system of society is grossly unjust, and it drives many to desperation, wickedness, and habitual injustice and crime; but their moral element, though dormant, is still alive, and whenever it hears a forcible appeal, it rises and gives a worthy response. So it is that in every band of thieves, murderers or pirates, there are men who do generous actions, and whose souls are easily touched by hu-

mane and noble emotions. While nobody is too low to be benefited by the contemplation of noble deeds, neither is anybody too high. Even the purest and best, those who dwell continually in the highest sphere of our present morality, need the sympathy and comfort to be derived from communion with other souls like their own. Miss Muloch is the stronger, better, and happier than ever, after having read *Jane Eyre*. Mrs. Stowe derives, or might derive a new comfort and consolation in life, and new strength for severe moral tasks, from reading the trials of Porporina. There is in the good novel, a noble emotional inspiration which communicates itself to the mind of every man who reads it, and if he fully appreciates it, exalts him for the time to the moral level of the author; who was himself in a state of exaltation when he wrote it.

The novel is peculiarly adapted to refine the feelings, give delicacy of perception, and impress upon us the importance of treating all men with careful consideration and gentleness. Our society has much to learn; the men, especially, are rough, coarse, grossly deficient in that delicacy of conduct which is observed by refined women in their intercourse with each other. This deficiency is owing chiefly to a bad education. There is no reason why men should not be as refined as women. Their superior strength of character does not preclude the possibility of equal delicacy; on the contrary, I imagine that wherever the strongest judgment and the greatest courage and resolution are found, there, as a general rule, will also be found the feelings which can be educated to the greatest delicacy and refinement. The development of those organs which give power does not prevent the development of fine moral perceptions; but rather the growth of one faculty will ordinarily go to strengthen all the others. Indeed, according to the most authoritative views of the present age upon psychology, reason, courage and passion — the qualities wherein men are supposed to excel — are essential to enthusiasm, generosity, and all heroic action, to which high tenderness and delicacy of thought and conduct surely must belong. Miss Muloch, a very careful and accurate observer, in *John Halifax*, says that the tenderest persons whom she has ever known, are men. But the men, as a class, are wofully lacking in the education best suited to develop the capabilities of their nature in this respect: they

grow up, many of them, almost as rough and brutal as savages, and this is especially the case with the British and Americans.

Now, novels are specially qualified to appeal to the better sympathies of our nature, to stimulate every noble emotion, to strengthen and refine every moral perception, and to repress every base impulse. They cultivate all the higher intellectual faculties, but address themselves more particularly to the passion of love, and, through that, they purify and elevate all the other passions. Gross as it may have been in the aboriginal savages of mankind, love is now recognised as the comprehensive term to express the most generous of all our emotions. It is the synonym of all that we worship. It expresses the ideal before which every full-grown, well-proportioned soul bows in adoration. It is the attraction which draws us to whatever is good. It teaches us the highest devotion to the highest interests of humanity. It has taught us to transfer, to all our brethren, the consideration which it first suggested towards one of the opposite sex. And this passion of love, so mighty for good influences in the past, will not be less powerful in the future; and it is a great means in the hands of the novelist, whose first influence is to sublimate, cultivate, develop and strengthen it; to widen its domain, to graft the philosophic magnanimity of Plato upon the base stock of narrow, sexual desire, and to bring us nearer to that unattainable ideal state, sighed for by Confucius, wherein we might love intellectual goodness as ardently as we do physical beauty.

The novel excites the mind, awakes the sympathies, arouses the passions, improves the manners, enlarges the knowledge, cultivates the taste, beguiles many an hour that would otherwise be weary, if not miserable, and gives a refuge from tiresome and evil companions. It familiarizes the reader with the habits and thoughts of strong and fine thinkers, accustoms him to reading, and gives him a fondness for books. He who likes *Ivanhoe* will try to read *Marmion*, and from *Marmion* he will range to Byron and all the rich poetry and general literature of the language. The lowest class of novels are good for those who can take pleasure in nothing higher; the intellectual activity excited by reading them, is better than utter want of thought, and gradually the perception becomes more acute, and the comprehension widens for better works. The distance is great from the "sensation" trash of Sylvanus Cobb, and his like,

up to the queens of fiction; but the ascent is gradual, natural and easy to the mind which once has the way open before it. The novel is attractive. It pleases, delights, fascinates. It charms those who take no interest in any other kind of books. It lays the foundation for a taste for reading, in many who would never acquire such a taste from other books. It is the beginning in such matters that presents the great obstacle, to overcome which, when all other means fail, novels have an especial power.

It has been asserted that novel-reading does harm by inculcating anti-christian ideas; filling the heads of inexperienced persons with false views of society; unfitting them for the grave duties and practical labors of life; destroying the taste for solid studies, and withdrawing the attention from more valuable books. These objections are so evidently unsound and superficial that they would not deserve notice if it was not for the influence that frequent repetition gives to even gross misstatements, and baseless assertions. It is not true that the influence of novels is unfavorable to Christianity, or at least not more than that of all our polite literature. The topics of the preacher, the Mosaic cosmogony, the plan of salvation, the incarnation, the mysteries of the atonement, the hope of heaven and the fear of hell, are not suited to the wants of the novelist, and he passes them in silence as do the geologist and physiologist; but it does not follow, therefore, that he disbelieves or desires to lead others to doubt. On the contrary, many of the best novels, especially by late authors, are full of a zealous though perhaps not a strictly orthodox Christianity, and I venture to assert that no twenty men in the pulpit have done so much to give a favorable impression of Evangelical Protestantism to the unconverted masses, as have been done by Miss Bronte, Miss Muloch, Mrs. Stowe, the Misses Warner, and Charles Kingsley.

The next objection, that novels fill the heads of inexperienced persons with false views of society, and unfit them for the grave duties and practical labors of life, is absurd. Undoubtedly there are novel-readers who lack sound judgment, and have very incorrect ideas about business and society, but it does not follow that their ideas were derived from novels. Rather, the novels, by exciting their thinking powers, would aid to correct the erroneous notions into which their want of sense and experience originally led them.

Here and there, a weak-minded reader may make one of Bulwer's dandies his model for imitation and adoration, but the cases will be rare, and the harm but slight.

And lastly, it is objected that novel-reading destroys the taste for solid studies, and withdraws the attention from more valuable books. Undoubtedly, novel-reading occupies many hours that might be devoted to other books on more serious subjects, but I deny that any balance of harm will be found to remain after a just estimate of both sides of the question. The novel is often compared with books of history and travels, and declared worthless in comparison, but with very little reason. Our histories, as a class, are inferior to our novels; less able, less suggestive, and less correct pictures of society. Most of our historical books tell us little or nothing of the true history of humanity, but are filled with the records of military campaigns and political intrigues,—matters as foreign to what should be the main topic of the historian, as the long toils and final triumphs of imaginary lovers. And what are the general features of our books of travels? Mostly trash; made up of accounts of what the traveler ate at such a meal, how he slept on such a night, with an occasional puff of this innkeeper, a grumble at that servant, and so on. Novels are everyway as instructive and beneficial as such notes of travel.

The influence of novel-reading is not only very good, but it is very great. There is no other similar agent at all equal in power. Its force resides in the abundance of novels and their attractiveness. Everybody reads them; more time and study are spent, and more thought and emotion excited by them than by any other class, perhaps by all other classes of books exclusive of school manuals. Look at the statistics of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco. During the year 1859, 21,903 books were taken from the library, and of these, 12,673 were novels—57 per cent. of the whole number. These novels were all, or nearly all, read through with attentive interest, while probably not half of the other books were read through, but were merely looked into. We may safely assume that those figures probably indicate fairly the general proportions of novels in the reading of the most civilized nations, and their influence may be measured by the extent to which they are read. In the last century a poet said, he would not care who should make the laws of

a people if he might be permitted to write its songs. There was a time when the songs current among a people might have more influence upon their national character than the decrees of the law-makers, but to accommodate the saying to this age, we should insert "novels" in the place of "songs." The novel has succeeded the song as the agent of power. It is part of the religion of our time. It indicates the aspirations, foreshadows the philosophic tendencies, and depicts the heroes, of our enthusiasm. Such as we are, it has helped to make us. It has furnished a large part of the food upon which our generation has grown to spiritual majority. It has done so much for us, that to condemn it were to condemn ourselves. We protest, then, against any denunciation or abuse of it.

In this article I have briefly considered the nature, the history, and the general influence of novels as a class. In a subsequent article I shall make some remarks upon the novels which best deserve reading.

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## THE WHOLE STORY.

BY THEOPHILUS POTSHERD.

When Jones was sixteen, he was bent  
On one day being President.

At twenty-five, Jones thought that he  
Content, as District Judge would be.

At thirty, he was much elated,  
When Mayor of Frogtown nominated.

But bootless all the nomination;  
His rival Tompkins graced the station.

At forty-five, his dreams had fled;  
Hope and Ambition, both were dead.

When from his toils he found release,  
He died -- a Justice of the Peace.

O youthful heart, so high and bold,  
Thus is *thy* brief, sad story told!

## WHISPERS.

BY J. W. WHALLEY.

'Tis sweet to let the wayward fancy wing  
Its flight untrammel'd o'er the realms of mind,  
Where flowers of poesy in beauty spring,  
To deck the wreath by Genius' hand entwined ;  
The realms that Art and Science claim,  
The realms presid'd o'er by Fame,  
The realms where Music, breathing soft and clear  
Like seraph's song falls on the list'ning ear.

Oh! I have listened, when the glorious night  
Was reigning o'er a still and slumb'ring world,  
When Orion's gleaming sword was flashing bright,  
Amid the stars which heaven's dome empearled,  
Enwrap'd by fancy's golden chain,  
To poesy's delightful strain,  
While forms of beauty charmed the spirit's eye,  
As to the tones they slowly flitted by.

Upon the storm-tossed warring clouds I've gazed  
In rapture, from a "heaven kissing hill,"  
While rending lightnings far beneath me blazed,  
And answering thunder seem'd the air to fill ;  
When swell'd the frowning Storm-King's song,  
In accents, terrible and strong,  
As o'er the pine he drove his rushing car,  
In haste to join the elemental war.

I've stood entranced, as autumn's breeze swept o'er  
The acres broad, of waving golden grain,  
And, list'ning there, imagination bore  
Unto my ears the corn-field's sweet refrain,  
The voice of Plenty—Peace was there  
To bless the toiling farmer's care.  
And Beauty's crown was placed upon the sod,  
That glowed with riches 'neath the smiles of God.

I've stood upon the beach when evening's gale  
Was bearing foam-crowned billows to the shore,  
And thought I heard the deep and mournful wail  
Of ocean spirits blending with the roar ;  
In music rose the wind-like dirge  
Upon the breeze, which swept the surge—  
A fitting requiem for the good and brave,  
Who calmly slept beneath the heaving wave.

Upon the dew-bow'd flower I've looked,  
 And found a beauty, greater than its cup outspread,  
 For there, a poem, written on the ground  
 By God's own hand, my soul delighted read ;  
 A poem glowing with the light  
 Of Love and Beauty, Power and Might,  
 Transcribed on Nature's page throughout the land,  
 With Spring's bright pencil dip'd in colors grand.

'Mid scenes and sights like these, the soul e'er holds  
 Communion with the mystic and sublime,  
 And reaching thought, a rapturous bliss, unfolds  
 To gazers on the fair ideal clime :  
 If this is dreaming—let me dream  
 Whilst floating down Life's troubled stream,  
 For Beauty, Love and Hope shall cheer the hours,  
 With whispers of a land of fadeless flowers.

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## PROPHECIES .

BY CAXTON.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—*Campbell.*

THERE is a faculty of the human mind which enables it to predict the future, sometimes with mathematical certainty, always with moral probability.

This gift, denied only by the unreflecting, is what peculiarly distinguishes the human from the brute creation. The last arrive at coming events, by the force of natural instinct; the former by the strength of the mental faculties. Hence it follows, as a general rule in human affairs, that the most gifted with cool reflective reasoning powers, are the most successful in the race of life; whilst the half-idiotic and impulsive, thinking only of the present moment, neglect to provide for the future, because incapable of foreseeing it, and become, finally, a burthen to the State.

There is some reason to suppose that every faculty of the mind is infinite—but owing to the circumstances in which it finds itself, it is unable fully to display its powers. Certain it is, that peculiar gifts in individuals, rise so high in the scale of the finite, as to baf-



the comprehension, and approach most intimately the line separating finiteness from infinity. There are certain states of the mind and body, which are denominated ecstasy, inspiration, &c., that whenever attained, seem to transform the mortal to immortal, and the human to the divine. In some men this faculty is the memory; in some the imagination; in some the relation of numbers; in others the relation of sounds.

The memory of Mithridates, the Pontic king, who knew personally and by name every individual in his vast army, has always been regarded as one of the standing wonders of the world. Nor was the memory of the late Cardinal Mezzofanti — “that walking polyglot,” as he was termed by Lord Byron — who understood more than sixty different languages, any less wonderful. As incomprehensible as either, is the memory of Paul Morphy, who carries in his mind’s eye the eventful battles of nine chess-boards with their almost infinite complications, at one and the same time.

In the walks of the imagination, it is only necessary to refer to “The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle;” to Milton, conversing freely with demons, gods and angels; to Shakspeare, making every era of the world his own, and peopling the dead, old empires of the past, with real authentic characters.

In mathematics, view old Euler, computing cycles so vast, that the ordinary mind shrinks back appalled from the fearful abysses it is forced to tread. See Kepler, undergoing his patient labor of eighteen years, but eliminating step by step, the three great laws of the universe. Behold Leverrier eclipsing the fame of the brightest, by unburying a world, by the force of his powers of computation; and finally, cast your eyes upon that pale boy, Zerah Colburn, who at the age of nine years, astonished the *savans* of the world by readily and instantaneously solving, mentally, the most difficult arithmetical problem that could be stated.

Nor is that faculty which enables the mind to comprehend at a single glance, the most obtruse and varied laws of harmony, any less wonderful to the uninitiated.

To the mind in its ordinary normal condition, the feats performed by such inspired men as Paganini, Mozart and Beethoven, appear almost miraculous. They are incomprehensible unless we admit the infinite power of the mind when divested of extraneous impediments.

The same general law, therefore, which produces a prodigy, in one department of mind, may operate equally in all others. Thus, what in ordinary cases passes for common foresight, occasionally is sublimated into prophecy — and the same faculty which enables one man “to discern the face of the sky,” when elevated by ecstasy, may enable another to predict the fall of empires. The finite mind of an ordinary mortal, readily traces effects back to their immediate and sometimes to their remote causes, and as readily deduces future effects from causes already in operation. The sublimated mind possesses the same faculty in an infinite degree, and very often astounds us by giving utterance to predictions, which develop themselves into realities, as the slow years revolve away.

It must be distinctly borne in mind in reading this essay, that no reference or allusion is made to the *gift of prophecy*, spoken of in Holy Writ; nor is there any, not even the slightest analogy between a remote fact eliminated by reason, and a future event disclosed by miracle. The first is a legitimate result of the laws of mind; the last, a violation of them by God himself, in order to accomplish more important purposes than could be produced by their regular operation.

“Prophecy,” says Bishop Hoadley, “was not given to enable curious men to pry into futurity, but to enable the serious and considerate to discern in *past events* the hand of Providence.” Hence all inspired prophetic periods are so extremely remote as to defy the possibility of fathoming the abyss by the lead line of mere reason.

The present purpose is to deal only with the legitimate results of the reasoning faculties, and these can only be exercised by contact with the *known* and the *actual*. But within this range the human mind has often put forth the most solemn prophecies, and vindicated its powers by the subsequent events of history. Some of the bold-est of these utterances it is now proposed to consider.

One of the earliest, and best known, occurs in Seneca’s Poem of *Medea*—

“*Venient annis*  
*Sacula seris, quinbus oceanus*  
*Vincula rerum laxat et engeris*  
*Pateat tellus, Tiphys que novos*  
*Detegat orbes : nec sit terris*  
*Ultima thule.*”

Which has thus been rendered into English by *Anthony Collins*—

“Distant years  
 Shall bring the fated season when ocean,  
 Nature's prime barrier, shall no more obstruct  
 The daring search of enterprising man.  
 The earth so wide, shall all be open,  
 The mariner explore new worlds  
 Nor Shetland be the utmost shore.”

This prophecy was written about the year 65, of our era; and remained unfulfilled until the discovery of America by Columbus, in 1492. It was a cold utterance, but one entirely within the scope of reason; for nothing could be more probable than that worlds still undiscovered lay buried in that untraversed ocean, which stretched westward to an illimitable extent, beyond the Pillar of Hercules. The poet knew that ship-building was then a mere rudimental art, and must improve in the course of ages. He also knew of the existence of England, and Ireland, and Shetland, and the Orkneys; and had heard the vague traditions of the Greeks so beautifully embodied by Plato, in his *Atlantis*. Besides all this, there had been recently drifted on the coast of Norway, a canoe, strangely dug out from an entire tree, with three human bodies partly devoured by the elements, but still showing a strange color, and accompanied by novel and singular implements of war. Driftwood, too, of species unknown in Europe, had frequently been picked up on the shores of Albion and Iberia, and thus directly pointed to another world, or island beyond the sea. The prophecy then of Seneca, was nothing more than a deduction of pure reason.

Prophecy among the Romans was of ordinary occurrence. It has even been recorded by the wisest of Roman historians, that the Sybilline fable was an actual fact; and that her mysterious “leaves” faithfully portrayed the course of events for near a thousand years.

We are told by Cicero, in one of his familiar epistles, that there was an old prophecy current at his era, which predicted that at some distant day, and amongst a mighty people inhabiting lands far across that ocean which washed the western shores of Europe, there should arise a great and good man, whose arm should free his country from oppression, and whose fame should eclipse that of Cato and Brutus. This prophecy was more than fulfilled in the person of George Washington. There is, however, a vagueness about these so called

prophecies which deprive them of all value or even interest, and commend them rather to our curiosity than to our serious attention. Not so with those I now propose to consider—and as being the most remarkable, and at the same time the best authenticated. I shall commence with *Les Prévisions d'Orval*.

Before introducing the prophecy, or at least that portion of it still extant in print, some account of its origin, and the proofs of its authenticity, may not be deemed inappropriate. As a preface, it must be remembered that only the concluding portions are given. The paragraphs relating to the fate of Louis XVI., and total overthrow of the French monarchy having been entirely fulfilled, have unfortunately been left out of all the printed copies recently published—though we are informed by a writer in Blackwood, who published an article on this subject in 1848, that he was personally acquainted with an aged lady who had seen, and copied from MS., the entire prophecy in the year 1802.

Below will be found an extract from a letter written upon this prophecy by a scholar of Lorraine, who seems to have devoted much time to its investigation:—

“The abbey of Orval, of the order of Citeaux, is situated in the diocess of Treves, on the Luxembourg frontier, where the French army in the time of the revolution blockaded the City of Luxembourg, where Maréchal Bender commanded, and where a great number of emigrants from Lorraine had taken refuge. The abbot of Orval and his monks arrived at the place with their archives and other precious effects after some days. The abbot, in arranging the papers which he had saved, found “*Les Prévisions d'un Solitaire*,” printed in the year 1544, and attributed to a monk named Philip Olivarius. Having shown the document to Maréchal Bender, this officer was amazed at it. But the distinguished Frenchmen who were present, took copies of the prophecy, which were circulated through the city, and beyond it. The death of Louis XVI., which is so clearly announced in these previsions, won for them an extraordinary attention. The Countess Adèle de Ficquelmont, Canoness of Porchius, who had emigrated with her father, heard them read at the house of her uncle, Count de la Tour, afterwards Minister of War, at Vienna. On her return to France she married Count Monthereux Ficquelmont. Baron M——, ex-colonel in the service of

Austria, who was then in the garrison at Luxembourg, heard the prophecy spoken of at the same period, about the year 1792. The Countess Alexandrina de Raigecourt, Canoness of St. Louis, at Metz, affirms that she heard it read in chapter, at the time of the emigration. Mr. ——, Knight of St. Louis, has a copy of it, taken from the one which was in his mother's possession at Luxembourg at the same period. At Trouard, near Nancy, there is an aged nun, who also professes to have a copy of this prophecy. In fine, the Abbe Mansing, Vicar General of Verdun, in a letter to a gentleman of Nancy, dated Nov. 24th, 1831, says: 'The previsions of Orval were made known to me by a very respectable clergyman, who, while yet a layman, had seen it at Orval at the period of the revolution. All the above mentioned persons are worthy of credit.'"

A work has been published concerning the authenticity of the prophecy, by James Burns, which appeared in 1848. From it many other facts in addition to the foregoing may be gleaned by the curious reader. I will only add in conclusion, that the prophecy as it now stands was republished on the 20th of June, and again on the 18th July, 1839, in the "*Journal des Villes, et des Campagnes*," a Parisian newspaper.

The small type gives the text of the prophecy; and the interspersed paragraphs in larger type are my calculations, explanations and remarks. I have also taken the liberty to divide the prophecy into verses and to number them.

1. At that time, a young man come from beyond the sea, into the country of Celtic Gaul, shows himself strong in counsel.

Napoleon I. is here most accurately described.

2. But the mighty to whom he gives umbrage, will send him to combat in the land of captivity. Victory will bring him back.

Alluding to the jealousy of the French Directors who planned the expedition to Egypt to get rid of him.

3. The sons of Brutus will be confounded at his approach, for he will overpower them and take the name of emperor.

His victory of the sections, is here predicted, where he put down the Republicans, characterized throughout the prévisions as the *sons of Brutus*.

4. Many great and powerful kings will be seized with fear, and his eagle will carry off many sceptres and crowns.

5. Men on foot and horse, carrying blood-stained eagles, and as numerous as gnats in the air, will run with him throughout Europe, which will be filled with

consternation, and carnage. For he will be so powerful that God will be thought to combat on his side.

6. The church of God, in great desolation, will be somewhat comforted, for she shall see her temples opened again to her lost sheep, and God praised. But all is over; the moons are past.

The first act of Bonaparte, after he attained supreme power, was to reinstate divine worship in public.

7. The old man of Zion cries to God from his afflicted heart, and behold the mighty one is blinded for his crimes.

### Pope Pius VII.

8. He leaves the great city with an army so mighty that none ever was seen to be compared to it.

### Expedition to Russia, and its consequences.

9. But never will the warrior bear up against the state of the weather, and behold the third part, and again the third part of his army has perished by the cold of the almighty.

10. Two lustrums have passed since the age of desolation; the widows and the orphans have cried aloud to the Lords, and behold God is no longer deaf. The mighty that have been humbled take courage, and combine to overthrow the man of power.

Bonaparte was crowned on the 2d December, 1804. Two lustrums, or ten years, was the length of his reign. The grand coalition was formed in 1814.

11. Behold the ancient blood of centuries is with them, and resumes its place and its abode in the great city. The man of power returns humbled to the country beyond the sea from which he came. God alone is great!

Louis XVIII. entered Paris with the allies on the 3d May, 1814. Napoleon started for Elba on the 20th April, 1814.

12. The eleventh moon has not yet shone, and the bloody scourge of the Lord returns to the great city; the ancient blood quits it.

Bonaparte reached Fontainbleau March 19, and Paris March 20, 1815; just eleven months from the time he left it.

13. God alone is great! He loves his people and hates blood; the fifth moon has shone upon many warriors from the East. Gaul is covered with men, and with machines of war. All is finished with the man of the sea.

In less than five months from the 26th February, 1815, when Napoleon left Elba, no less than one million one hundred thousand men were on the borders of France.

14. Behold again returned the ancient blood of the Cap! God ordains peace, that his holy name be blessed.

Louis XVIII. re-ascended the throne on the 8th July, 1815. Cap is contracted for Capet. Hugh Capet formed the French dynasty in 987.

15. Therefore shall great peace reign throughout Celtic Gaul. The white flower is greatly in honor, and the temples of the Lord resound with holy canticles.

The Fleur de Lis, or Lily, is the coat of arms of the Bourbons.

16. But the sons of Brutus, hating the white flower, succeed in obtaining great influence, which is displeasing to God, on account of the elect, and because the holy day is much profaned.

The rise of the Republicans here alluded to — or the influence of the masses through the freedom of the press.

17. Notwithstanding this, God will try the restoration during eighteen times ten moons.

$18 \times 10 = 180$  moons; allowing twelve moons to the year we have just fifteen years for the duration of the Bourbon dynasty. Charles X. was dethroned in July, 1830.

18. God alone is great! He purifies his people by many tribulations, but the wicked will always have an end. At this time a great conspiracy will be secretly carried on against the white flower by reprobate societies, and the poor ancient blood will leave the great city, and the sons of Brutus increase mightily.

19. Hark! How the servants of the Lord cry aloud to him. But God will be deaf in that day, because he will retemper his arrows, to plunge them soon into the breasts of the wicked. Woe to Celtic Gaul!

20. The cock will efface the white flower; and a powerful one will call himself king of the people. A great commotion will ensue, because the crown will be conferred by the hands of workmen, who will have fought in the great city.

Louis Philip is here most distinctly pointed out. His coat of arms was the cock, and instead of being crowned "King of France," he called himself "King of the French."

21. God alone is great! The reign of the wicked will wax more powerful, but let them hasten, for behold! the opinions of men of Celtic Gaul are in collision, and confusion is in all minds.

22. The King of the people will appear at first to have little power; nevertheless he will prevail against a host of wicked men. But he was not well seated on the throne, and God cast him down.

The Revolution of 1848 is here distinctly announced. Louis Philip owed his overthrow to his insane attempt to break up a banquet of Republicans.

23. How! ye sons of Brutus! Call for the wild beasts that are to devour you. Great God! what din of arms! There is not yet a full number of moons, and behold many warriors are coming.

The Republican régime is also here denounced. The many warriors here alluded to was probably the march of the National Guard upon Paris in June, 1849, being less than one year, or a full number of moons, from the Revolution in February, 1848.

24. It is done! The mountain of God, in its affliction, has cried unto him. The sons of Juda have cried unto him from a foreign land, and God no longer turns a deaf ear.

The sons of Juda certainly refer to the royal family of France, as the tribe of Juda was the royal tribe of Israel.

25. What fire accompanies his arrows! Ten times six moons and less than ten times another six moons have nourished his anger.

$10 \times 6 = 60$  moons, and less than  $10 \times 6$  may mean 59 moons; a period just short of ten years. The time from which to reckon is probably the date of the ascent of Louis Napoleon to the throne as Napoleon III. This would date his fall in November, 1862.

26. Woe to the great city! Here are ten Kings armed by the Lord, but already has fire leveled three to the earth; yet the faithful shall not perish. God hath heard their prayer.

Ten Kings are to unite for this purpose. But before they reach Paris it is to be burnt to the ground. The Seine is to roll red with blood; France dismembered, and only to be reunited under a prince of the House of Bourbon.

27. Fire hath purged the place of crime. The waters of the great river have rolled on towards the sea, all crimsoned with blood. Gaul, which was seen in a dismembered condition, is now to bind together again its disjointed parts.

28. God loves peace. Come, young prince; quit the island of captivity; join the lion to the white flower, come!

The young prince here alluded to may be Henry V. It is distinctly intimated that there may be an alliance between England, represented by the lion and a Bourbon. But the time seems to be left uncertain; most probably in 1862, on the fall of Napoleon.

29. God wills that which was foreseen. The ancient blood of ages will yet put an end to long dissensions. A sole pastor will be seen in Celtic Gaul.

30. The man made powerful by God will be firmly seated. Peace will be established by many wise laws. So sage and prudent will be the offspring of the Cap that God will be thought to be with him.

A daughter of Victoria may yet be Queen of France. The exile of the Bourbons to England will have taught them the wisdom of popular laws. Cap seems to be used in contradistinction to the cock. Louis Philip's heirs are not to reign in France any more.

31. Thanks to the Father of Mercies, the temples of Holy Zion resound with the praises of the only God, who is great!

32. Many stray sheep will return to drink from the living stream. Three princes and kings will throw aside the mantle of heresy, and open their eyes to the faith of the Lord.

Probably referring to a return to Catholicity by England, Prussia, and Belgium; or possibly Sweden.

33. At that time two third parts of a great people of the sea will return to the true faith.



Here the return of England and Scotland to the bosom of the Church of Rome is predicted.

34. God is still glorified during fourteen times six moons, and six times thirteen moons.

Or 162 moons; this would give the period of revolution thirteen years and six months. Counting, therefore, from the fall of Napoleon III., we should have the 2d May, 1875, as the era of another great event.

35. But God is wearied of bestowing his mercies; and yet for the faithful's sake, he will prolong peace during ten times twelve moons.

36. God alone is great! The good is past away. The saints are now to suffer.

If war should not break out at that time there will be a universal war ten years afterwards, or in 1885. This will result in the overthrow of every thing good, and the rise of the man of sin. This phrase is most obscure.

37. The man of sin shall be born of two races. The white flower becomes obscured during ten times six moons, and six times twenty moons. Then it shall disappear, to be seen no more forever.

The Bourbon dynasty will last from the 2d November, 1862, to the 2d May, 1900, when it will go down forever.

38. Much evil and little good will there be in those days. Many cities shall perish by fire. Israel then returns entirely to Christ the Lord.

This may mean either the restoration of the Jews to the holy land, or the return of all Protestants to the mother church.

39. The accursed and the faithful shall be separated into two distinct classes, clearly distinguished.

40. But all is over. God alone will be believed. The third part of Gaul, and again the third part and a half, will be without faith.

Five sixths of France, and of the whole world, are to be infidel in the year 1900.

41. The same will be among other nations.

42. And behold! six times three moons, and four times five moons, and there is a general falling off, and the end of time has begun.

43. After a number, not complete, of moons, God will combat in the persons of his two servants. The man of sin shall carry off the victory.

44. But it is done! The Almighty raises up a wall of fire that obscures my vision, and I can see nothing more. May he be blest forevermore. Amen!

Three years and two months from the 2d May, 1900, or on the 2d July, 1903, the beginning of the end of all things shall be ushered in; and in less than one year from that time, universal wickedness is to prevail. Faith is to die out, and nothing but the conflagration of the world shall be able to redeem and purify it.

Thus ends this singular and most terrific prophecy. In copying it, I have not followed any one translation; but have taken some verses entire from the Catholic version, and others from the version in Blackwood. This course was regarded proper because some of the predictions refer to Catholicism, and others to the Protestant world. The translations, however, are almost *verbatim* the same. I find but one important departure from the text of the original, and that consists in the total suppression of what I have designated as verse 35, from the Catholic version. It may have been omitted by accident, but its entire absence looks suspicious.

I may also be mistaken in the method of computation. By allowing twelve moons to the year, the time for the fulfilment of the prophecies, has been somewhat postponed. If instead of twelve, we allow thirteen moons to the year, it would make a difference of nearly ten years, as to the period of the universal deluge of fire; and fix the year 1990 as the era for that ominous event. Still, by counting the way adopted, it coincides better with the transpiring of events already past.

This prophecy was published extensively in Paris, in 1848, after the expulsion of Louis Philip; but as it equally predicted the downfall of the Republic, it was prohibited from circulation by the leaders of that great movement. It was then chiefly regarded as a manœuvre of the legitimists, and those who aided its circulation were regarded as public enemies. It created a great sensation, and was republished in most of the European journals in that eventful year. Another of its cycles having nearly revolved, it is quite probable that we shall hear more of it than ever during the next three years.

Napoleon III. is too well acquainted with the springs of human action to permit it to be republished in France; for when prophecies are known, nothing tends more surely to their fulfilment, than the mere expectancy of the events foretold. Nor can it be denied by the close observer of events now transpiring, that Europe is on the eve of another *bouleversement*. The annexation of Savoy to France, in open violation of the settlement of 1815, of the bounds of that empire; the dissatisfaction of the Pope at the disruption of his territories; the rage of Austria at the dismemberment of her Italian possessions; the growing ambition of Victor Immanuel, and

the crumbling dynasty of the tyrants of Naples; the secret coalition between Russia and Austria for the spoliation of Turkey, and the seizure of the Italian Duchies; the uneasiness of England at the developing plans of the French Emperor, who still remembers Waterloo and St. Helena, and the utter impossibility of a renewal of the *entente cordiale* between those countries, all warn us of the speedy approach of another political tornado whose hoarse breath is destined to wreck dynasties and overturn thrones. Should the prophecy of Orval again prove true, Napoleon III. will soon be known as the last of the Bonapartes.

Besides the above prophecy, there are several others handed round in France, relating chiefly to the condition of that empire. One of the best known is called the Poitiers Prediction. But on examination it seems to be a mere imitation of the Orval Previsions, containing "the writings of the Sybil, without her inspiration." In them all, however, one fact of great prominence and constant recurrence is the destruction of Paris by fire. Most of them date this event somewhere between 1855 and 1865, and so complete is to be the annihilation of that proud Capital, that, "fathers shall walk with their children, and the children shall ask, why is that desolate spot? They will answer: my children, here once stood a great city which God destroyed for its crimes." So sayeth the Prophet of Poitiers.

There is one very curious prediction connected with Lamartine, that attracted considerable attention in 1848, whilst he was at the head of the French Republic. During his travels in the "Orient," he fell in with an eccentric and half demented English lady who made a deal of noise her day,—the Lady Hester Stanhope,—a connection by marriage of the great Earl of Chesterfield. She believed herself inspired, and professed to have the divine *afflatus* in a vast degree. She was also a proficient in the cabalistic art, and knew, intimately, all the abstruse learning of the astrologers. At the request of Lamartine, she cast his horoscope, and astonished the religious, poetical pilgrim, by gravely informing him that he was destined, at no distant day, to become an eminent statesman and orator, and to control the destinies of his country. As a lucky hit, this prediction has only been excelled in modern times by the fortune-teller of Martinique, who took Mademoiselle Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, by the hand, and after carefully scrutinizing the fine lines

indenting the flesh, announced boldly to the astounded creole, that heaven had predestined her for the throne of France. When Napoleon placed the crown on the head of Josephine, beneath the dome of Nôtre Dame, the prophecy was fulfilled

But these wonderful Sybilic utterances are not all confined to France. England has come in for a full share of them, and we now propose to consider one or two relating to her history.

One of these mystic sayings still rings in our ears from boyhood. It was then published and made to apply to Queen Victoria. 'Tis said that it was long current in England before the happening of the event foretold. It ran thus :

“ A. D. eighteen hundred and thirty-seven,  
As ordained by the will of heaven,  
Shall the year pass away without any spring,  
And on England's throne shall not sit a *king*.”

During the year, it is notorious, that .

“ Winter lingering chilled the lap of May ;”

and that *Queen Victoria* mounted the English throne.

The next prophecy to which attention is directed, professes to have been indited by one of the noblest poets of our era, whilst in the ecstatic or cataleptic state. We are assured by a gentleman who took it from his lips as he recited it, that it was pronounced solemnly but without hesitation ;— that Thos. L. Harris, who is its author, was perfectly unconscious of every thing around him, and spoke in that fearfully distinct, yet hollow tone, which sometimes startles the sleeper in his dreams.

In addition to its prophetic character, it possesses poetic merit of a high order ; and were its author disconnected from that unpopular reproach of the nineteenth century — as well as its glory — spiritualism, he might yet aspire to be the *spokesman of the age* his genius seems destined to adorn.

Here is the prophecy ; which I have ventured to denominate “ ENGLAND'S DOOM.”

“ When English armies fly like beaten dogs,  
Or, held in death-gripe by the Russian bear  
Like faithful mastiff, do their best and die ;—  
When, as the anaconda ope's its jaws  
To swallow its doomed prey, whose sinews fail,

While every nerve is paralyzed with fear,  
 The huge, fierce serpent, Bankruptcy, devours  
 The nation's wealth; when commerce flies the Thames  
 And the huge steamers crowd the docks no more,  
 And Parliament breaks up, while anarchy  
 Bursts like a conflagration from the deep  
 Fire-damps of squalid want; when harvests fail  
*And three cold summers rot the standing corn;*  
 When Manchester and Birmingham consume  
 First wealth, then credit, and then close their doors,  
 While, like an inundation, pour the streams  
 Of hungry operatives through the streets;—  
 Let *those* fly to the mountains, where on high  
 Throned Independence waves her flag of stars,  
 Who prize home-quiet, peace and blessed love;  
 For surely as the living God endures,  
 The day of England's ruin, draweth nigh.  
*These signs, her desolution go before!*"

Comment upon a prophecy so specific, yet so terrible, is unnecessary. It would be unjust to the seer, however, not to give another extract, preceding that first quoted, in which he seems to give the main cause of the disturbances; and ruin he predicts. Like the first, it is overflowing with true poetic beauty.

“ Better far go poor  
 And honest, than to wear the Austrian crown,  
 And share one millionth of the Hapsburg's crimes.  
 Better with Garibaldi toil for bread,  
 Than wear Venetian honors, bought with price  
 Of crime against thy soul, oh! Liberty.  
 Kossuth is nobler far than Palmerston!  
 The last rules England, and is Satan's thrall,  
 The minion of oppression, whose rank heart  
 Breeds infamy, as putrid flesh breeds worms.  
 The first dwells in that purple modern Tyre,  
 Britannia, as the prophet dwelt of old  
 In Ninevah, *and sees with prescient eyes*  
 The ruin that awaits it. He discerns  
 The future through the haze of present things—  
 He hears the tramp of armies in his sleep—  
 He sees the great Republic, *yet to be,*  
 Whose boundaries shall be the world, whose states  
 All tribes, all peoples;—*I, too, see with him*  
*The battle of the race against its foes.*  
 The carnival of sin is almost o'er,

The world's great Passion Week is near at hand :  
 Freedom derided, crucified and slain,  
 Shall roll the rock from its dark sepulchre,  
 And throne itself in majesty thereon,  
 With face like lightning, and with robes like snow !”

The concluding portions of the above magnificent utterance, apply to the whole anti-republican world. For America, there seem to be no predictions extant. As it would be unfair to dismiss this subject without some allusion to her future destiny, I boldly fling out to the criticism of her scholars, and the study of her statesmen, these monitory tones :

Heaven lifts its veil from my prophetic eyes ;  
 Thus Time shall mark his offspring as they rise.  
 Year after year, our lustrum leaves behind,  
 Eighteen sixty, as the *year of wind*.  
 And ere the goal of Christmas shall be won,  
*The year of storms*, called eighteen sixty-one ;  
 The next is sixty-two, and rising higher,  
 I read its name, it is the *year of fire*.  
*Flood* shall be christened eighteen sixty-three,  
*And sixty-four shall bury all we see*.

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ÆGRA SOMNIA.

BY M.

I am weary, weary !  
 Though there's nothing of sorrow in aught that I see,  
 And everything seems to rejoice but me ;  
 Though the barking squirrel, and singing bird,  
 And the humming bee, and the lowing herd,  
 Are filling the air with a voice of glee,  
 The chorus of nature's harmony ;  
 Though all around me is fresh and bright,  
 With the joy of health, and life, and light—  
 Yet, lying here under the summer's sky,  
 I am weary and sad, though I know not why.

I am weary, weary !  
 For evermore to my inner ear  
 There comes a voice I needs must hear,  
 Saying, “ the things of earth but seem —  
 For living is only dreaming a dream !”  
 Though I hear it not in the throng of men,  
 Yet in solitude ever it comes again,—  
 And ever, my inmost soul is stirred  
 With a thrill of fear at the whispered word.  
 I am tired of doubt, and I long to go  
 Where the voice shall cease, and the soul may know.

## NIGHT AND SLEEP.

BY W. F. B. JACKSON.

### I.

O, moon-crowned Night, pallid and sad!  
Is there no healing balm,  
No soft, delicious calm  
To make the mourner glad?  
O, sovereign Sleep!  
Press thy mild kisses now  
Upon my fevered brow;  
Close with thine hand these eyes,  
Drown in thy joy these sighs;  
Must I thus watch and weep?

### II.

I list thy voice, bright spirit of my dream:—  
Within its garden bed the dew-drunk flower  
Has pined for thee thro' the long midnight hour.  
Come from thy covert by the dancing stream,—  
The fairies are abroad, and scorn thy power;  
On every leaf their tiny lamps are seen:—  
The moon has flung her jeweled treasure free  
Into the white-tipped, ever-murmuring sea,  
And treads a path of light in silver sheen;  
Waiting until the ocean-dweller, Morn,  
Has from his briny halls her jewels borne:—  
Must I still wait for thee?

### III.

Twin sisters, Night and Sleep,  
Enfold me in your arms!  
There, safe from all that harms,  
My tired soul would Joy's full harvest reap:—  
*Must I forever watch, forever weep?*

## GRASS.

BY T. ROWLANDSON.

“He who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country.”—GOLDSMITH.

It is, perhaps, not asserting too much to say that even amongst those who from their occupations as farmers ought to be the best acquainted with grasses and their nutritive qualities, opinions the most crude and incorrect prevail on this subject.

When bounteous nature spreads out her verdant carpet, grateful to the sight of man as it is to the appetites of his most valuable domestic animals, how very little does the occupier of the soil trouble himself about its improvement! He is commonly content to go on from season to season, and from year to year, without ever inquiring whether it is not possible, by judgment and exertion, in selection and admixture, to make the fruitful earth yield a two-fold increase. A vulgar notion obtains that the aggregate produce of grain lands is more valuable, in a money point of view, than that of the fields of pasture and hay. A more mistaken opinion certainly does not exist; the money value of the cereal products obtained by the aid of the plough and spade in all nations, over the entire earth, falls far inferior to those produced from pastures and meadows.

The gramina, or family of grasses, include plants of the greatest value to mankind, including wheat, oats, barley, millet, rice, maize, the sugar cane, &c. The bulk of these are termed cereal grasses, as contra-distinguished from those inferior in size and individual importance that, separately or combined, form pasture and meadow lands. In every temperate region grasses form the general covering of the soil; they are the most luxuriant, and also found most abundant, in temperate latitudes. No country on the surface of the globe possesses such fine grazing lands as the British Isles, favored as they are naturally both as regards soil and climate. Notwithstanding the increased attention that has been paid to this matter, especially during the last fifty years, still a great amount of ignorance exists on the subject. The time was, and that not long ago, when the providing a sufficient amount of forage for live stock in winter was a matter of the greatest difficulty, and severe losses were sustained, and many advantages given up on account of the want



of a sufficiency of winter fodder. At that time it was considered by the most experienced that OLD TURE, suitable either for grazing or for the scythe, required a growth of centuries; and that a farmer who wished to lay down a meadow in his youth, must see the end of his "three score years and ten" before he could possibly possess a piece of pasture capable of keeping a score of sheep or a couple of cows. So much then was the want of grass-land felt among farmers, that the occupancy of it was eagerly sought, and heavy fines were imposed for breaking it up. The banks of rivers were usually made "commonable," in order that the surrounding farmers might each have a share.

These privations, so long and so severely felt by British farmers, did not escape the notice of scientific men, but more especially botanists. The latter considered whether there was not some nutritious summer-growing plant that could be *hayed* and ricked for winter consumption. Several were suggested and approved, after which the clover, lucerne, saintfoin, and vetches appeared in every agricultural district in the kingdom. A considerable addition of live stock soon followed the introduction of these excellent forage plants on every farm; and the stock of both sheep and horned cattle has been subsequently still more augmented by the introduction of turnips, beets, &c., into field cultivation.

Investigations were made as to the different species of grasses found in varied pastures and meadows. It was discovered that some grass lands had superior fattening qualities to others. Thereupon the interesting question arose whether the superior quality of the herbage was derived from the land alone, or was due to the species of grass which was most prevalent in the turf. Botanists inclined to the latter opinion, as might be supposed; on the other hand, farmers who were accustomed to class a hundred different varieties under the general term "grass," inclined to the former view. Both were right; yet both were wrong in attributing the qualities as due to one cause alone. There can be no doubt that any grass will yield a larger amount of food for stock if grown on a rich soil in place of a poor one. On the other hand, it must be conceded to the botanist that there are important differences in the amount of fodder and nutritive quality between different grasses; and of course that which produces the greater quantity and the best quality should

be preferred. It may, however, be received as an agricultural axiom, that the *best grasses* will only flourish on the *best soils*, unless made artificially rich by high manuring, so that to all practical purposes the opinion of farmers that good pasturage is due to the soil is economically correct, whilst the conclusion is also substantially correct, that if the best kinds of grasses were ascertained, collected, cultivated, and seed saved from them in sufficient quantities, that productive pastures or meadows may be created in a few years without risk or disappointment. Whilst the principles just stated were being slowly gleaned by the patient industry of attentive and skilled observers, a striking fact now and again was made apparent, and was taken advantage of by farmers, who became slowly sensible of the bad results arising from trusting to the sweepings of hay-lofts for their grass seeds. Rye grass was one of the first in the market, next came timothy (herds-grass), afterwards cocks-foot and others. These were progressive steps towards a better knowledge of the grasses, and a specific knowledge of a few of them. But of the comparative value of all those not in cultivation, and they were very numerous, ignorance the most perfect existed.

At this period—the commencement of the present century—Francis, Duke of Bedford, determined to try whether it was not practicable to ascertain by chemical analysis the nutritive properties of the various grasses. With this object the Noble Duke—noble in the fullest and truest sense of the word\*—engaged the services of the celebrated chemist, Sir Humphry Davy. It will be no disparagement to the memory of that illustrious man to state that, owing to the imperfect knowledge then existing of organic analysis, his labors are defective as compared with more recent chemical investigations; relatively, however, they are not far wrong, and may be taken as guides at the present time without fear of sustaining pecuniary loss.

The most distinguished agriculturists agree, even in the second half of the nineteenth century, that the knowledge of the comparative merits and values of the different species and varieties of grasses, and the best mode of cultivating them, is very much behind

\* In proof of which we may state that the entire expenses of the grass garden at Woburn, the chemical researches, their publication, &c., cost the Duke more than \$100,000—the most disinterested, munificent and princely gift ever made to agriculture.

that of other branches of practical agriculture. "Grass," says Professor Martyn, "vulgarly forms one idea; and a husbandman, when he is looking over his enclosure, is rarely aware that there are nearly four hundred varieties of grass, [increased since to nearly 2,000 varieties], thirty or forty of which may at the moment be under his eye. When this opinion was expressed, it was at the same time stated that, out of nearly two hundred and fifty varieties of grass, that it was found could be cultivated in England, which differed from each other greatly in value, only two up to that period had been cultivated separately to any extent." We shall not at present dwell upon the mode by which these experiments were carried out; on a future occasion we may possibly have space to do so.

If the difficulties attendant on procuring winter pasture and forage were so great in places so favorably situated, especially as regards climate, as the British Isles, it may be imagined how much more so they are in a dry district like California. There is no reason, however, to suppose that any obstacle exists so insuperable in either the soil or climate of California that may not, by patient industry and skill, be overcome. We have dry soils and wet soils, rocky, gravelly, and clay or adobe soils. Now, of the two thousand varieties of grasses, four hundred of which the habits are well known, it is only requisite to select those suitable to the soil and other accompaniments of any particular locality. That the climate of California, owing to the long period of dry weather which occurs every year, is inimical to the growth of grasses, is shown by the widespread occupancy of the wild oat, the almost total absence of perennial grasses, and the large breadths of land occupied with flowering annuals, which, however gorgeous a landscape they may present to the artist at this season, makes but a sorry scene for the farmer and the hungry stock. The "flowery mead" sounds very pretty in poetry, and makes a delightful painting; but the husbandman, like the homely farmer, having an eye to utility only, on crossing the flat Lincolnshire salt marshes,\* teeming with fat oxen and immense sheep, delightedly exclaimed, "What a picturesque country!" The bulk of the grasses and other plants growing on these celebrated

\* One very large fat ox and three heavy sheep, per acre, have frequently been fattened in three months; the sheep averaging fifty to sixty pounds per quarter, dead weight; the clip of wool of an entire flock have been known to equal eighteen lbs. per fleece.

pastures, consist principally of perennial, not annual plants, and those chiefly the grasses proper; in fact, scarcely a plant is to be found in these pastures that is not eaten and relished by domestic cattle of all kinds. How different are the chief California pastures! On the sandy or other light soils, we see comparatively large intervals either vacant between the roots of grasses or occupied by annual flowers of no utility to stock, the true grasses themselves being almost wholly annuals. Since commencing to write this paper, we have been at some pains to ascertain the number and character of meadow and pasture grasses, that are indigenous or acclimated in this State. In the present early state of the enquiry it would be premature to offer any judgment of what may be the result, but from oral information, personal search and gleanings from works that have treated on the subject, we think it far from improbable that when a thorough search has been made, at least fifty or sixty native grasses will be discovered. When this accumulated evidence is obtained, better data will be had for forming an opinion as to the foreign congeners which ought to be procured as will most probably enable our pastures to assume something like perennial verdancy. Information respecting the native grasses of California is exceedingly meagre at present. We have examined Bartlett's Narrative, Fremont's Expedition, and the botanical part of the report of "Explorations for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific," with not very prolific results, for with botanists as with farmers, the most useful plants in nature, "the gramina," have ever been passed over in the most cursory manner. The two first named works give no information whatever on the subject, and the last contains only the following meagre list:

*Alopecurus Geniculatus*, variety *Aristulatus*; Klamath marshes—August.

*Beckmannia Cruciformis*; Hort. McCumber's.

*Festuca Scrabella*. This grass is abundant over all the Des Chutes and Klamath basins, and on the Cascade mountains; is the famous "bunch grass" of emigrants.

*Polypogon*. (*Sp. Nov*) McCumber and Pit River, and many other parts of California. This is not a very rare grass in California; it has the habit of *P. Monspeliense*, but differs from that genus in the glumes being scarcely awned, and in the rudimentary upper palea.

*Elymnus Arenaria*, (Linn.) Banks of Pitt River, and many other parts of California. Sometimes eight feet in height. It is described as reaching the tops of heads of persons on horseback, when riding through it, and as growing in all parts of California where there are deserted Indian lodges, and is therefore called "rancheria grass." The seed is threshed out and eaten by the Indians.—*Hordeum J.*

Respecting the first named of the above grasses, it may be remarked that, by itself, it is a most inferior grass, the productive and nutritive powers being very inconsiderable; on very dry soil it might, however, probably prove a valuable adjunct, particularly as it is a perennial plant, and therefore not likely to be totally destroyed by depasturing. It is valuable as a fact tending to induce the belief that on more favorable soils some of the higher class of *alopecuri* might be safely and profitably introduced, such as the *Alopecurus Pratensis*, Meadow Foxtail, and its variety *Tauntonensis*, one of the most nutritive and productive grasses in the world. Of the second named grass we must confess our non-acquaintance with it, at least under that title. Regarding the third, although having no knowledge of it, under the name given, it may probably become highly valuable as a cultivated grass. The *fescues* generally are excellent grasses, and no good permanent pasture can be formed without them. The *Polypogon* is to be found in many parts of the State; it is not a very desirable grass, but under the limited variety at present known in California, as indigenous, may assist in forming a thick turf. The *Elymnus Arenarius* is esteemed on the coast of England and Ireland for its valuable property of staying the encroachments of the sea. It is remarkable for the large quantity of saccharine matter which it contains, amounting to more than one-third of its weight, and if cut into chaff along with other hay, would be found nutritious and palatable to cattle. It would doubtless succeed well if sown on the barren flowing sands lying along the coast of California. The sand hills on the shores near Skegness, Lincolnshire, and surrounding the celebrated pastures already noticed, are occupied with the *elymnus arenarius* and *arundo arenaria*. The latter, with its lofty habit of growth, forms the summits of the hills, whilst the broad-spreading roots and leaves of the *elymus arenarius* secure the base and sides. These two grasses, when combined, are

admirably adapted by nature for forming a barrier to the encroachments of the sea. What sand the *arundo arenaria* arrests and collects about itself, the *elymus arenarius* secures and holds fast.

*Hordeum J.*, of the last named grass, in the list alluded to, in limited quantities, might compose a part of all permanent pastures, as it is perennial, and much liked by sheep. It only forms an indifferent hay grass, because the long, sharp awns, with which the spikelets are armed, render it disagreeable, sometimes hurtful, to cattle. It is very hardy, strictly perennial and nutritious, and flourishes well on land under irrigation.

To the above list we may add two more; specimens of which are in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences in San Francisco. The first we shall notice is marked as having come from Placerville, and resembles Yellow Oat Grass, the characteristics of which are that it never thrives well when cultivated alone, requiring to be combined with other grasses, in order to continue it permanently in the pasture and obtain its produce in perfection. It flourishes best when combined with meadow barley, sweet scented vernal, and crested dog's tail grass—the two first are indigenous. The second specimen has no notification as to where it was obtained, but its appearance indicates a general alliance to the *Glyceria aquatica*, Reedy Sweet Grass, or *Poa aquatica*, Water meadow Grass. If this opinion is correct, it will be found most valuable for cultivation on tules, lands occasionally overflowed, and deep marshes, that are always moist.

We have examined the pastures around San Francisco and found the following grasses:—

*Anthoxanthum odoratum*. Sweet scented vernal grass.

*A. Polypogon*. Similar to that described in the Railway Survey.

*Poa Annu*. This is found everywhere—in fact is the most universal plant in nature—a very small grass.

*Poa Pratensis*. Meadow grass.

*Bromus Arvensis*. Common brown grass; will yield much food, whether as a pasture or hay plant.

*Avena Pretensis*. Meadow oat grass, not a very nutritious grass, but assists in making up a pasture and probably a stipala.

## NAMELESS HEROES.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

But show me on thy flower breast,  
Earth, where thy *nameless* martyrs rest ;  
The thousands, who uncheered by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

They sleep 'neath many a grassy mound ;  
In every land their graves are found ;  
Nestling among the hills of snow,  
And where the southern breezes blow ;  
In the deep forest's lonely shade,  
And by the sounding streams they are laid ;  
Far among ruins old and gray,  
And on the vine-clad hills they lay ;  
And far beneath the billow's crest—  
There do the nameless heroes rest.

Earth knew them not ; she bears no name  
Like theirs, on all her rolls of fame ;  
Nor columned dome, nor marble bust,  
Rises above the sleeper's dust.  
All, all unseen, they spent their days,  
And suffering hearts record their praise.  
Oh ! *there* they live, all deeply set,  
Like gems in some proud coronet.  
Ah ! who can tell their patient faith,  
Their courage even unto death,  
Their love, like God's great heart of love,  
Embracing all below, above ;  
Their alms, unseen by mortal eyes,  
And all their soul's deep sacrifice !  
Ah ! who can tell, but He alone  
To whom their every thought was known ?  
Earth knew them not ; but heaven hath rolled  
Their names on all its walls of gold ;  
The jasper domes their records bear,  
And men and angels read it there.

# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE RINGTAILED MAJOR,  
OR  
CALIFORNIA FLOWERS ILLUSTRATED..

BY DR. KELLOGG.

## CHAPTER IV.

*In which the disappointed politician, speculator and veteran soldier becomes pensioner on the Government Agency—Puts on airs, and apes the doctor—Finally, with a broken down constitution, takes to physic—The woful end of all such silly apes.*

THE regimental Major and the monkey, as we have had occasion to remark before, could never agree very well together. And if we are to believe all the officer said, the monkey major was forever in mischief, and made him a deal of trouble—more worry than the worse half of his regiment. His indignation at last broke loose, and it arose to such a pitch that he could stand it no longer. "Jack," said he, "take that rascal unceremoniously over to the Government Agency's quarters."

It was whispered about in the ranks, that the Major, like most officers in power, could not brook a rival, and that was the reason for this excuse to put the monkey out of the way. But Major Ringtail really didn't care a straw about it—he was, indeed, always naturally careless of consequences. His ambition had been curtailed long ago, you know, and now, that the disappointed politician, soldier and speculator, had become maimed and infirm—in the cause of his country—"in the cause of what?"—well, any way, he began to take the world pretty easy. And he resolved to make the most of it, if ever he had a chance.

The Ringtailed Major, although he had changed his quarters, and gone over from the ranks into the Government department, was an ape still, true to his nature—as we shall see presently.

The Government Agent was sick—dangerously sick, and Dr. B. had been sent for. The doctor was liberal in his views, and always took good care to leave a plenty of physic—physic enough for several sick people; it is so apt to be wasted.

The monkey saw the doctor writing down the directions how to take the medicine. As soon as he was gone—and he thought nobody saw him—the Ringtailed Major mounted the stool and took a



seat at the table. If you had seen him take the pencil in his fingers so like the doctor, you would have said—"there, that monkey has taken to the medical profession! Look at him; he is putting on dignified, airs!"

We can assure you it is only such weak-headed chaps as Major Ringtail, that ever do put on consequential airs; all such apeish dignity is simply ridiculous, and we have a perfect right to laugh at it wherever we find it. The reason is, because it is not true; it is only a false, make-believe-sort. Real true dignity springs from wise and useful qualities, and then it is true to nature; and what is true to such a nature always pleases and wins respect from the wise and good. Suppose a little boy were to put on grand and self-important airs with a sober face, without any corresponding usefulness of character, wouldn't you make sport of him? I think *I* should. But suppose he had good inward solid sense, and it was natural to such a quality, wouldn't you respect him? I certainly would. We must strive, then, to be *really* what we would wish to *appear* to be.

We saw a very little girl, the other day, put on the appropriate airs of a queen when she felt impressed with the *divine dignity* of useful employment! She was helping her dear mother, so charmingly! May Heaven bless her, and make her a very "dood dir!"

No one would show any deference to snobish, monkey manners, any more than the beast did to the braying of the old jackass when he put on the lion's skin and tried to roar!—but he couldn't—they knew the brute by his voice.

But, to go on with the story. The Major of our regiment rode up to inquire after the health of the agent; just at the very time that Major Ringtail sat upon the stool. "Well, Col. how's your health, to-day?" Major Ringtail was startled by such an abrupt "*How d' do*"—and catching the sinister eye of his regimental rival, whom he never liked—he dropped his pencil and himself also, upon all fours—turning tail-to, as politely as was consistent with monkey notions—he was just on the eve of taking French leave. "I hope you don't employ that bob-tailed doctor!" said he, pointing with his sword at his ringtail highness.

The agent had no time to rub his dim eyes, and so couldn't help seeing things in rather a ridiculous light, just then—he burst into a violent fit of laughter which came near strangling him. Both

majors were alarmed. Major Ringtail, from sad experience, expecting an attack from his enemy in the rear—ran helter skelter among the bottles, turning over the tickler and mixing up physic at a dreadful rate—suddenly vanished. Once more free; and all the world before him—he chattered and challenged away in grand style; that is, as soon as he got entirely out of danger, and quite out of sight withal.

In the meantime the sympathetic Major had assisted the agent; who by timely laughter had brought the quinsy to a crisis, and was greatly relieved thereby. Now the colonel was a true philosopher, and in the gratitude of his heart he blessed the monkey doctor.

Meanwhile the Major went on with his usual tirade against monkeys in general, and ringtail monkeys in particular. Finally, when the subject, or rather his wind was pretty well exhausted, and he had rather awkwardly set things back into some sort of order again, he thought he would like to see the imp *once more before he died!* So he walked solemnly out; fully impressed with the importance of the occasion! At a respectable distance, on a stump, sat his ringtail rival, very demurely indeed; his back and head all covered over with flour; his black eyes blinking at the major a little bit faster than usual—doubtless expressive of quizzical defiance—at least so the gallant major understood it. Says the Major, “O, you ringtail rascal! it’s well you are so far away or I would chop your head off close up to your ears, you imp of destruction, you!” The monkey turned his tail towards the Major, and looked back comically over his shoulder; whether he thought from the major’s threatening manner he was coming, or only intended to make fun of him, remains a little uncertain. The monkey, however, very well knew he could out-run, or out-climb the major, any day, for he had tried that often enough before. You don’t suppose the regimental Major was such a dunce as to follow a monkey, do you?—no, indeed—so he turned and went in again; after his last solemn look at ringtail.

“Col.,” said he, “isn’t this monkey troublesome?” “Well, at times, somewhat so; but I contrive to put up with it on your account.” “On *my* account! Why, sir, I would have killed the rascal long ago. In fact, sir, I have more than a hundred times resolved to murder him.”

As soon as Major Ringtail’s mortal enemy was gone fairly out of

sight on his way back to camp, the monkey sallied forth, free from all fear, and further trouble. In the meantime, the surgeon had arrived, expecting to perform a serious operation; but to his surprise, the Colonel was sitting up in bed, greatly relieved by the *quack doctor!* as the Colonel facetiously styled the monkey Major.

Ringtail was around, as usual, prying into other people's business. He peeped in at the tent door, behind the surgeon's back, and saw him giving the Colonel something to drink out of a wine-glass.

The solemn gravity of the doctor — who looked as though he would be *death on monkeys* — rather awed Major Ringtail, for once in his life — ominous event! But perhaps he had not fairly recovered from his former fright; be that as it may, he dared not walk in; but preferred to walk out where he was. Doctors never stay with their patients always, so after making a reasonable visit, he bade the Colonel good night. He hoped he would rest well and be refreshed; so saying, he departed.

Major Ringtail hastened in, for really he had been kept a long time out of mischief, and began to feel uneasy.

The Bobtailed quack, no sooner in, than he leaped upon the doctor's seat with the ease and grace of a French dancing-master; quietly he sat himself down at the table; seizing the wine-glass he drank as the colonel did, only more so—for he drank the whole of it up at once. Apes and foolish people are very apt to overdo whatever they undertake.

Now this soothing medicine was so well sweetened, that the Ringtailed Major wished there had been more of it; so he turned up the glass the second time, but only a drop or two trickled to his liquorish lips. He then set it down and put his paw in, to see why it did n't run out. At first, it made him feel very fine and funny, like a little kitty-baby monkey; and he remembered the many happy days and nights when he swung to and fro in the tops of the tallest trees; he heard again the whispering lullaby of the leaves softly soothing his senses to repose—anon, the gentle breeze rocked his dreamy spirit far away into the fairy land of sleep. \* \* \* \* Alas! it was but the sleep of death.

Poor monkey! But, *however*, perhaps if he had gone to the Mexican war he might not have died so natural a death. (We must try to be resigned.)

## Editor's Table.

THE HESPERIAN FOR JULY.—We trust that our readers will be satisfied with this number of the HESPERIAN. We take not a little pride in it. In its engravings, as well as in its written articles, we claim that it is a credit to the State. Our enterprise in illustrating the botany of California has not found the appreciation which it deserves, but we shall not be discouraged. The general reader likes to see a fine picture, and is entirely indifferent to the nature, nativity, or habits of a plant. What does he care about botany? What does he care about the toil of the artist, or the originality of the design? What does he care whether the botany of the State advances or not? Such questions sometimes force themselves upon our mind when we hear remarks that it is a pity that such engraving and coloring should be thrown away on insignificant little wild flowers, when, with equal labor, magnificent pictures might be made of roses, dahlias, tulips, and other large and brilliant flowers. We should like to please all tastes, but our first purpose in the engravings of flowers is to present original drawings of plants indigenous to this coast. However unimportant some unscientific persons may consider this purpose, we wish them to understand that there is another class of persons who are highly pleased with it, and who have declared themselves the warm friends of the HESPERIAN for its labors in this respect. These persons are the botanists generally in the United States, and even in Europe. They say that such a publication is a great assistance to them, and must do much good in furthering the interests of botany. The drawings made by Dr. A. Kellogg are minutely correct, and his descriptions are extensively quoted in botanical books all through the Eastern States and Europe. He has been working for a long time at the botany of the State, and done a great deal to accumulate the knowledge which we now possess of it. He and Mr. H. G. Bloomer are now the chief botanists of California. We regret that the public has not given them some testimonial of appreciation of their industrious and valuable labors.

The fashion plate will gratify our lady readers. It is accompanied by a full sized pattern of the sleeve represented in the plate. A description of the method in which this pattern is to be used, will be found on page 240. It is our intention to furnish hereafter a pattern valuable to ladies, with every number of the HESPERIAN, and in this respect we shall be in advance of all other ladies' magazines in the United States, and of all others in the world, save two; there being only two other ladies' magazines—one in London and one in Paris, and both of high authority in the fashionable world—that undertake to furnish patterns regularly to their readers.

We turn from the illustrations to the literary department. Caxton's article, entitled "Prophecies," is one creditable to his truth-seeking mind and his elegant pen. It must attract no little attention among that class of thinkers who search boldly for truth in the modern labyrinth of psychological marvels, wherein we confess that we get lost when we attempt to venture in. But we sympathise with the age which demands a clear statement of every important fact, let

its tendency be what it may. We have no reason to doubt that the statements in the article in question are true, and the remarks of Caxton are certainly interesting and impressive. The article of Mr. Hittell requires no praise from us. Mr. Rowlandson makes some interesting remarks about the history of pasturage, and adds some instructive hints about the indigenous nutritious grasses of California. Mr. Bowman's little article from the German, *Waiting*, contains a fine expression of the tremulous feelings, the tender impressions, the sensitive sympathy with nature, of a young woman waiting on a warm summer evening in a garden for her lover, who was to meet her there by appointment. Theophilus Potsherd contributes an amusing picture of the career of an ambitious young lawyer, who starts in life aspiring to the Presidency, and finding high position not so accessible as he imagined, gradually lowers the object of his ambition, until at last he is glad to be justice of the peace, in which position he dies. "Theophilus" evidently addresses his remarks to a particular individual, but if our guess in regard to the person meant be right, we should say "*thy* story shall be neither sad nor short, and if thy ambition has run too far ahead of thy advancement, falter not, therefore, but go on with a stout heart and an unwavering purpose; for with such brilliant talents, strong business capacity, extensive attainments, honor and honesty as thou hast, there may yet be many honors in store for thee, far above the 'mayoralty of Frogtown.'" We welcome the Rev. Mr. W. F. B. Jackson to a place among our contributors; and we regret that so soon after his arrival in our midst, he should leave us. But since his new home is to be in Oregon, he will still belong to our coast, and may be counted as one of its permanent literary ornaments. In reading a newspaper the other day we found a little poem, which was printed anonymously. It was so good that we stuck it in our scrap-book, and a few days afterwards we learned that it had been written by Mr. Jackson. It was first printed in the *N. Y. Express*, shortly after the publication of an item in one of the papers of that city, to the effect that a certain woman who had been found in one of the streets, frozen to death, was "only a beggar." This piece has been printed in one of our city papers, and therefore we shall not give it entire, but quote only two verses, as follows:—

In a dark alley away from the cold,  
 Homeless and friendless the woman crept;  
 No one to care for her, now she's old—  
 On the bare stones was the bed where she slept.  
 No one to look with a pitying eye,  
 No one to notice the fast-falling tears,  
 For the careless traveler, hurrying by,  
 Said "only a beggar" with laughter and jeers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, freezing to death in the midnight air,  
 In a city whose church spires darken the sky;  
 Dying with no one to murmur a prayer,  
 No one to close up the quivering eye.

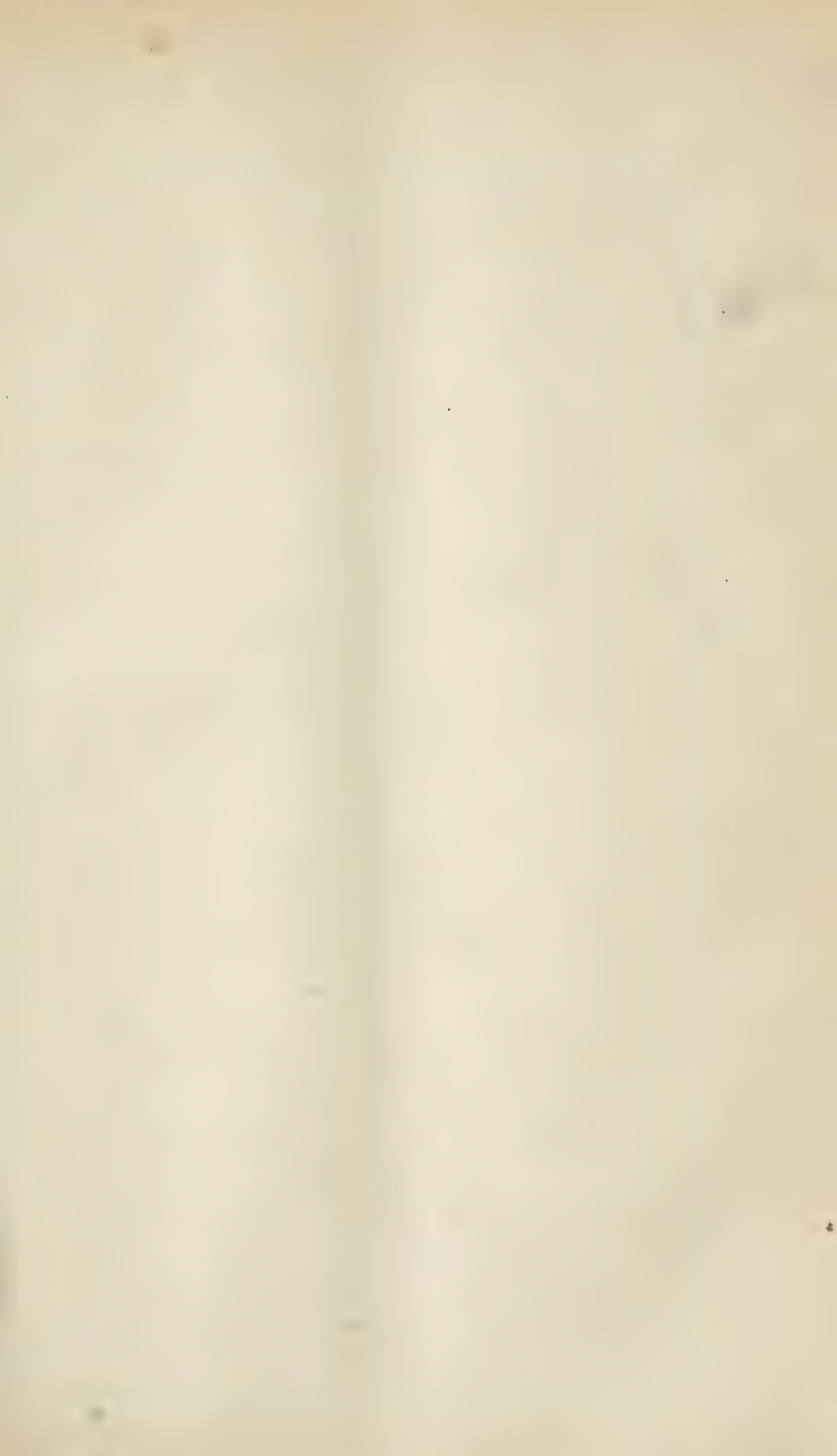
'Tis a curse on humanity, bitter and deep ;  
 A shame on us, Christians, whose faith is divine,  
 If we suffer our charities idly to sleep,  
 And give beggars the lees when we've drunk off the wine.

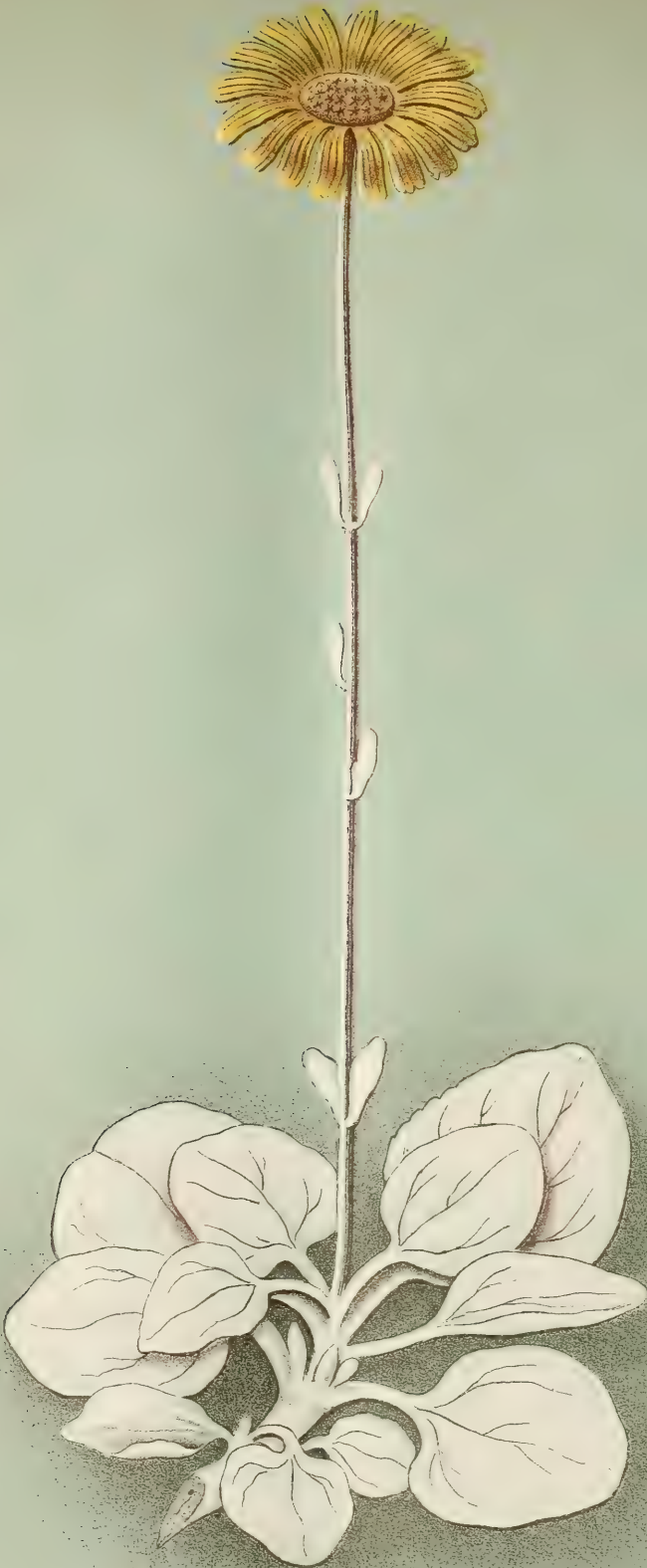
This piece and the one which we give on page 225 show Mr. Jackson in two very different styles, each conveying satisfactory evidence that he is a true poet.

RETURN OF MRS. DAY.—Mrs F. H. Day returned to San Francisco in the middle of June, after an absence of six months, and with the next number will resume the editorial management of the HESPERIAN. During her visit to the Eastern States, she made arrangements for supplying the magazine with such engravings, fashion plates, and patterns, as could not have been obtained on this coast. She returns better satisfied than ever with California, and resolved, more than ever, to devote every energy, and to use every effort to promote the prosperity of the HESPERIAN. It was her desire and intention to have written something for this issue in regard to the shameful abuses practiced by the managers and officers of the Californian steamships upon the passengers between New York and San Francisco, but the fatigue resulting from an uncomfortable voyage, and numerous demands upon her time since her arrival here, have not allowed her to write anything of this kind. She desires us to say, however, that she never conceived before that men would submit to such gross injustice and ill-treatment as was borne on the *North Star* and *Golden Gate* during her voyage to San Francisco from New York, which latter place she left on the 20th of May.

THE MINES OF CALIFORNIA AS KNOWN IN 1846.—An interesting letter on the minerals of California, written on the fourth of May, 1846, by Thomas O Larken, then U. S. Consul at Monterey, to James Buchanan, Secretary of State of the United States, has been offered in evidence in the New Almaden law-suit, and thus made public. According to the letter, it was at that time thought that California was rich in minerals. Mr. Larkin states that there were coal mines at San Pablo, and eighty miles south of Monterey; beds of sulphur near Sonoma, and at San Juan Bautista; silver veins at the island of Catalina, fifty miles north of Monterey and twenty miles east of the same place; quicksilver mines near Santa Clara, and near Sonoma; Lead mines near Saucelito; black lead at San Fernando, and placer gold mines at Los Angeles. In concluding his letter, Mr. Larkin says—“There is no doubt but that gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, sulphur and coal mines are to be found all over California.”

DESCRIPTION OF FULL-SIZED PATTERN.—We present our readers this month with a full-sized pattern of a sleeve which may be used in two ways, either one of which, makes a graceful and handsome sleeve. One is as the cut represents, with the point turned back on the upper half of the sleeve; the other is the pattern reversed, which brings the point to the under part of the arm, where it should fall loosely without being turned back. The first style should be trimmed as represented in the cut; the other by cord or plaited braid, which binds the edge to the point from which depend two small silk tassels.





BAHIA LIKE SUNFLOWER.





PROMENADE DRESS.



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1860.

No. 6.

## WHITE SAMPSON.

(*Bahiopsis lanata*.—KELLOGG.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE California Sampson, so beautifully illustrated on the colored page, exhibits the plant of the natural size and color, except that the golden brilliancy of the flower is in some degree lost, or too deeply shaded by the dark ground.

The most manifestly characteristic feature of this plant, is its unrivalled neatness. Meeting it abroad flourishing in the native sandy soil of our Pacific shores, one might be excused for suspecting it just out of a lady's band-box. At all events, we think it fair to presume that any lady of taste would consider her finest wrought wreaths complimented by judiciously introducing a few of these leaves. Their chaste bridal clothing reminds us of a native Golden Everlasting, found occasionally among the northern mountains of this State—a rare plant, of exquisite beauty, surpassing in brilliancy anything we have ever known before. We have long hoped a fine specimen might fall in our way so that a good drawing could be obtained. The plant here figured, appears to be closely allied to *Echinacea*.

*Technical description.* *Bahiopsis*—(Kellogg).—Heads many flowered, ray flowers in a single series, imperfectly pistillate with rudiments of sterile filaments, those of the disk tubular and perfect. Involucral scales lanceolate, imbricate rigid appressed in about four series. Receptacal conical, alveolate, the alveolar margins irregularly lobed; chaff carinate lanceolate, mostly three-nerved, serrate, cuspidate, partially embracing the flowers; points purplish, shorter than the flowers, corolla of the disk cylindrical, five-toothed teeth glandularly villous, short, slightly expanding, the proper tube very short villous within and without. Branches of the style barely exert subulate stigmatose, terminated by a short cone. Achenia of the ray three-sided, abortive, of the

disk compressed, slightly margined densely hirsute; pappus of about six or more pectinate nerveless scales, two of which are awned, awns hirsute with ascending hairs. Flowers yellow.

*B. lanata*—(Kellogg).—Stem striate lanuginous above, somewhat woody at the base, simple (or branching?) ascending attenuated and somewhat naked above, the peduncle thickening upwards to the solitary (?) terminal head; six to eighteen inches, perhaps more, in height. Leaves mostly opposite, and decussate clustered below, and with the lower stem densely white lanate, lower leaves cordate, slightly serrate or entire, three-nerved on thickened petioles, about half the length of the lamina, stem clasping at the base, upper cauline leaves rather remote, opposite or alternate, ovate on very short petioles. Rays eighteen, punctate with a few pellucid dots, ligulate three-toothed, base tubular pubescent on the back and tube, imperfect style simple; glabrous, five-nerved with five lesser intermediate nerves. Chaff of the disk mostly three-nerved, apex purplish and glandular on the back. Disk-florets five-nerved, from the sinuses, the very short proper tube pubescent within and without. Corolla, stamens and pistil yellow.

The general form of the involucre is broadly bell-shaped; scales obscurely three-nerved, loosely lanuginous on the back and the upper half within; one or two metamorphosed leaf scales at the base. The involucreal scales in this—the only specimen we have seen—are successively transformed into chaff, with abortive achenial cavities.

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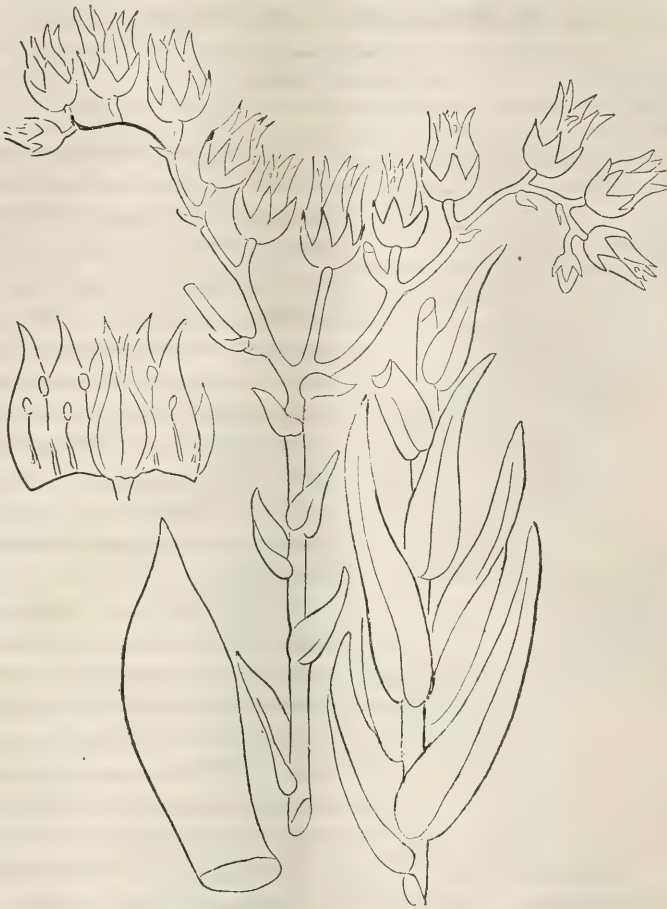
## HUNTER'S ROCK-LEEK.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

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WE are indebted to Mr. C. E. B. Howe for a very fine specimen of the Rock-leek, here figured—*Echeveria lanceolata*, (Nutt.)

These fleshy Pacific plants are found upon the tops of mountains, or on high barren rocks and gravelly cliffs where often not a vestige of soil can be seen, or barely enough to fix them to the earth:—there the rosulate clustered leaves cling and shoot up yellowish or pinkish stems with yellow blossoms just as gaily as if not exposed to the bleakest winds, the hottest sun and longest drought, or the heaviest dews and densest fogs alternately. Like the House-leek or Live-forever, they subsist mostly upon the air. These plants are covered over with myriads of microscopic mouths, invisible to the naked eye, by which they drink in the passing atmospheric moisture, and deposit it in little juicy cells or beds which lie beneath the surface of their thickly swollen leaves.



ECHEVERIA LANCEOLATA.

It is on this account that the weary wanderer and toilsome hunter always find in these refrigerent and succulent plants the means of slaking their thirst, and refreshing themselves, even where no water is, and all around seems barren and as hopeless as the arid desert.

The young and tender flower-sprouts which spring out from beneath, at the root, are also used as food. Boiled in milk they prove a useful remedy in diarrhæas occasioned by change of water. There are several other species in California, all of which we would be most happy to receive and illustrate.

## WASHOE TEA TREE.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.



WASHOE CEANOTHUS.

in a strong thorn. This shrub would make a good hedge border; its native height being about four or five feet; the flowers are bright pea-green in bud, and white when in full bloom. The fruit we have not seen.

*Technical description.*—Stem erect, flexuose, terete, numerous branchlets very short, divaricate, leafy at the base, terminating in a stout thorn. Bark cineritious. Leaves small, (i. e.  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch long, rarely  $\frac{3}{8}$  broad,) three-ribbed, (two other outer obscure nerves) ovate-cordate, entire, often emarginate, reticulate with translucent veins, short hirsute above and below, especially conspicuous along the nerves beneath; petioles short, hirsute, in the mature state of the leaf stout, seldom 1-16 of an inch long, but in the young state two or three times that length and very slender, minutely pubescent, the lamina finally

THE public are indebted to Dr. J. A. Veatch, for the recent introduction of a new species of *Ceanothus* from Washoe. Many, and we learn nearly all, of these beautiful American shrubs were killed by the late severe winter upon the Island of Great Britain. We most heartily sympathise with the fatherland in this great loss. The subjoined figure very accurately represents the *Little Heart-leaved Ceanothus* alluded to. *Ceanothus Cordulatus*. (Kellogg.)

A low, handsome shrub, with main erect branches and numerous short lateral branchlets, densely clothed with clustered foliage which is persistent (evergreen) in our climate. The leaves are very pretty and symmetrical, but seldom much removed from the base of the stoutly spreading twigs which terminate

becoming thickened and coriaceous, persistent. Stipules subulate hirsute. Leaves alternate in fasciculate clusters, somewhat canescent beneath.

Flowers in thyrsoid panicles one to two inches in length, springing from the summit or approximate lateral branchlets, peduncle and pedicels sub-glabrous, pedicels calyx and petals white at the time of blossoming, bright pea-green before expansion. Panicles sometimes leafy at the base. The form of the flowers as usual in this genus—calyx divisions inflexed turbinate—petals saccate or hooded, unguiculate; pistil 3-parted  $\frac{1}{3}$  its length.

Near *C. hirsutus* (Nutt) but leaves not, "nearly sessile," nor "glandularly serrulate," nor "panicles terminal." *C. divaricatus* (Nutt) has "blue flowers," and "glandularly serrulate" leaves which are also larger.

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## TO THE CHOSEN.

[From the German of Goethe.]

BY J. D. STRONG.

Hand in hand, thy lip mine pressing,  
 Maiden, pledge thy troth to me;  
 Dwell thou safe while many a danger  
 Bears thy lover far from thee;  
 Yet if once he greets the haven,  
 When the storm has passed away,  
 May the gods in wrath chastise him,  
 If he rests from thee a day.

Bravely dared is won already,  
 Half my work's thus wrought aright;  
 Gleaming stars, like suns, will light me,  
 Cowards only think it night.  
 If I wrought not in thy service  
 Deeper pain my heart would own,  
 But in all this widening distance  
 I will toil for thee alone.

Even now I see the valley  
 Where we yet with joy shall go,  
 And at twilight watch the river  
 Gliding by with gentle flow,  
 Sit and chat upon the green sward,  
 Beechen branches in our hands,  
 O! and more than this, and better,  
 There our little cottage stands!

## THE ROSE THAT BLOOMED FOR ME.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

Alone and feeble on my couch reclining,  
I heard a foot-fall near my chamber door—  
What friend approaches, thought I, half divining  
The tripping foot-note ere it touched my floor.

“A bright Castillian bud, too small for blooming,  
But pretty for your sparkling crystal vase,  
And pleasant for its delicate perfuming,  
Wilt please accept,”—a lady said with grace.

Thanks, I returned, and clasped it in my fingers;  
The bud is redolent of outer air,  
The freshness of the early spring-time lingers,  
Infolded by its leaves with tender care.

With reverent thought I placed the floral glory  
Within the crystal vase to keep it bright,  
When, lo! a miracle untold in story—  
*It burst into a rose* upon my sight.

Alike the sound of bird its wings unfolding  
With a new sense of life in sun and air,  
The petals of my rose-bud burst their moulding,  
And every fluttering leaf turned back with care.

It flung aroma all around unclosing,  
And filled my being with a sweet amaze,  
Revealed the sunlight in its heart reposing,  
The golden anthers that confined his rays.

What hand, unseen, of angel friend attending,  
With gentle force unloosed its prisoned powers?  
What dear departed one above me bending,  
With loving care would strew my path with flowers?

Ah! who can trace the chain electric binding  
With brighter links the severed loved ones still!  
We feel the mystic circle round us winding,  
And every soul-chord gives an answering thrill!

Father, I thank Thee for each *unseen* blessing  
That comes from Thee, thro' those who love us *there!*  
“I thank Thee that I live,” beyond expressing,  
The beauties of Thy Earth and Heaven to share!



## WHAT NOVELS BEST DESERVE READING?

BY JOHN S. HITTÉLL.

AFTER having arrived at the conclusion that the habit of reading novels is highly beneficial, as we did in an article in the last number of the *Hesperian*, the question naturally arises, "What novels best deserve reading?" I shall endeavor to reply to this question by giving a few general rules, and then giving a list of the novels reputed to be the best.

The *first* rule is to read only the best novels. Much discretion is necessary. The multitude of novels is so vast that no man can read them all; and they vary so much in merit that the benefits to be derived from their perusal depend, to a great extent, upon the choice made in them.

The *second* rule, for the general reader, is never to read an unknown novel. It is better to leave a little that is good than to waste time by struggling through much that is bad. It is not a wise plan to go hunting after literary merit. In regard to old books, trust to the discernment and critical justice of the world of students; in regard to new books, wait till the verdict has been pronounced by the specialists who are required by their professions to inspect every new publication.

A third rule, is never to read for the plot alone. Unless a novel possesses some other interest, it must be a very low book, and the reader who delights in it must be in a very low position intellectually. Always seek for a book that will give information in regard to the condition of society beyond the range of your own experience, and that contains critical remarks about manners and costumes, and that suggests ideas that may be of value for future guidance.

A *fourth* rule, is never to read two novels by the same author, consecutively. Always put a long period between them. No matter how much a man may read, there are enough good novels to enable him to read continuously for months without taking two from the same pen. There is always a certain kind of sameness in the works of every author; and although this sameness may frequently not be sufficiently prominent to prove tedious, it must interfere a little with the pleasure and interest of an intelligent reader.

The most important class of novels are not the ablest; but those

best suited to amuse and interest children. If I were asked how the general education of our people could be most advanced at a slight cost and trouble, I should say, supply every child with copies of *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Swiss Family Robinson*, the *Fairy Tales*, the *Arabian Nights*, Scott's *Tales of my Grandfather*, and *Jack Halyard*. Wherever I have found a person — man or woman — who had access to these books at the age of ten or twelve, I have heard that they were all read through with intense delight, not only read but re-read, and read over and over again, when no other books possessed an equal attraction or gave equal pleasure. And in many of these cases, I have heard that this reading exercised a very important influence upon the habits and tastes of the individual, and gave a fondness for study, after they had been looked upon as hopeless dullards, by schoolmates and parents. The wonderful romances gave the first impulse to their thinking faculties, enchanted their imaginations, taught them the meaning of many words seldom used in ordinary conversation, familiarized them with fine literary styles, gave them a high idea of the pleasure to be derived from reading, and in fine, laid the foundation for all their subsequent intellectual cultivation. Give a child these books, and if it have any capacity, it will not thereafter wait till books are brought, but will hunt them up, and thus educate itself. The juvenile works of Hans Christian Andersen and Berthold Auerbach, some of which have been translated into English, are highly praised, and probably deserve a place with those which I have named.

Among the novels for adults, *Jane Eyre* is generally considered to be the first, and certainly is the first among all English novels. It is exceedingly compact, containing in a small space the record of a vast amount of emotion and passion. The heroine is a poor governess, who has serious trials, falls in love with Rochester, a nobleman, is beloved in return, is prevented for a time from marrying him, but finally, after he has lost his sight by an accident, does marry him. The plot allows the author, Charlotte Brontë, to introduce many of the observations on life which she has been compelled to make while earning her bread as a governess, and so the book is, to a certain extent, a record of her own experience. It is, however, not lacking in any of the elements of the great novel, and it excites intense interest in the mind of every reader. It is one of

the few novels that deserve to be read a second time. *Shirley* and *Villette*, by the same authoress, are also excellent, but inferior to *Jane Eyre*. They are all boldly written, but very noble and pure: notwithstanding the fact that Rochester is represented as having had a child by a French actress before his marriage to Jane Eyre, to whom he relates the history of his *liaison*.

Miss Muloch deserves the next place after Charlotte Brontë, to whom, as an authoress, she bears a strong resemblance in her moral and intellectual powers, in the degree of her cultivation, and in her tastes. Her best book is *John Halifax*, which has the singularity, for a novel, of being the history of the hero from the time when he starts in life as a poor, ignorant orphan boy at eight years of age, until he dies, full of wealth and honor, with a large family about him in advanced life. *Olive, the Ogilvies*, and *A Life for a Life*, are other novels by Miss Muloch, all excellent.

*Adam Bede* is inferior to the books of Miss Brontë and Miss Muloch. It is less compact, does not preserve the unity of plot so well, inclines to be tedious in places, represents provincial life and is written, to some extent, in a provincial dialect. But with all this, it is a great book, is written with intense power, has a magnificent style, and is filled with fine descriptions and acute observations on society. *The Mill on the Floss*, by the same author, has the repute among those who have read it, of being superior to *Adam Bede*, though marked by the same general characteristics.

Mrs. Stowe's best book is the *Minister's Wooing*, in every respect a delightful novel. The plot is laid in Rhode Island, in the middle of the last century. Most of the characters were puritans, especially the heroine, Mary Scudder, a young lady of a clear head and stout heart. The celebrated Calvinistic preacher, Dr. Hopkins, boarded with Mary's mother, and the old fellow—represented in the novel as an old bachelor, though it is a historical fact that at that time he was married and had six children—fell in love with Mary, who was in love with an unconverted young sailor. This fellow went to sea, and after he had been absent a long time, news came that his vessel had been wrecked and he lost. According to the Calvinistic theory, it was supposed that he had gone to perdition, at which idea, his mother, who knew him to be a good boy, though not a church member, goes into intense agony. She does not argue

against eternal perdition, or the perdition of all outside of the church, but her misery makes a strong impression on every mind; an impression not favorable to strict Calvinism, and therefore the book was bitterly denounced by some religious newspapers. Mrs. Scudder, a zealous church member and great admirer of Dr. Hopkins, insists that Mary shall marry him; and the poor girl, giving up her lover as lost, finally consents; but at the last moment, her sailor boy comes back alive, and they get married. Dr. Hopkins was an enemy of slavery, which then existed in Rhode Island, and so the novel contains a little abolitionism. Aaron Burr is brought in, and he is represented as trying to seduce a beautiful French woman, and almost succeeding. This, however, as well as the whole book, is handled in the most delicate manner. No novel in any language contains so many beautiful passages of general observation suitable for quoting. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* also deserves reading. Its merit is not equal to its success, but it is a great novel. If examined as to the soundness of the political views expressed in it, it may be declared very faulty and in some respects absurd; but all who read it as a novel are highly delighted with it. It has been objected to *Uncle Tom* that the authoress has misrepresented southern life, and has gone beyond the proper sphere of the novelist, and meddled with other people's business, when she holds up the slaveholders to the scorn of the world. These objections are not good. It is not true that she has misrepresented southern life. She has painted good and bad slave-holders, such men as there are in every part of the world. She does not say or intimate that slaveholders are worse than other men, but simply that they have greater opportunities to do injustice. She selects extreme cases and extraordinary characters, as all novelists do. Neither is she wrong when she selects the horrors of slavery as her subject. The fact that she resides in a free State should not preclude her from taking an interest in the slave States. It is the right of every man to exercise his opinion about the morality of all human actions, and it is his duty to sympathise with the oppressed, and those whom he considers the oppressed, in every part of the world. Even if we admit that slavery should be maintained in the Southern States, we must also admit the right of those, who think differently, to express their opinion in the matter. *Dred* is very much like *Uncle Tom*, and should not be read

until the recollection of the latter is becoming indistinct in the mind.

Consuelo is the only novel out of the English language that belongs to the first class, but it belongs to the very first of the first. The scene opens in Venice and changes to Bohemia, Austria and Prussia. The heroine *Consuelo*, the fatherless daughter of a low Gipsy woman, was born in Venice about the beginning of the last century, and was bred in the streets of that city. At an early age she was instructed in music by Porpora, a historical character, a celebrated composer, and she became a singer in the church of which he was chapel-master. While still a girl she was betrothed to Anzoletto, a fisher boy, and he too was taught by Porpora. Both made much progress in music, and both went upon the operatic stage. Anzoletto was the first to try the opera; he was highly successful, then was spoiled by his success, and became indifferent to Consuelo; and she lost her love for him. After a time she made her debut and had a greater success. Anzoletto began to persecute her; the manager of the opera made love to her. At length she deemed it prudent to leave Venice; she went secretly to a castle in Bohemia, where she was to teach music to the affianced bride of Count Albert de Rudolstadt, the heir of the house. Albert was a natural somnambulist and clairvoyant, and with the strong elective affinities of such people, he soon became indifferent to his betrothed, and fell in love for Consuelo, or rather Porporina, for when she left Venice she adopted a name derived from that of her master. She obtained a peculiar influence over Albert, and in the course of time his engagement was broken, and another made with Porporina. Anzoletto, on his way to sing in one of the Bohemian cities, stopped at the Rudolstadt castle, and was not a little surprised to see Porporina there. He had been leading a dissolute life, and with the impudence of his class, he imagined that he could carry off Porporina. She made the mistake of not telling Albert the whole truth in the beginning; but he soon perceived that the two had been acquainted before, and that many unexpressed and exciting thoughts were flying through their brains. Porporina knowing Anzoletto's impudence and violence, saw that her only mode of avoiding a violent scene was to escape from the castle, and supposing that marriage with Albert would be impossible if such a scene should occur, and in

fact impossible in any case, she determined to flee, and so she did at night, at the very time when Anzoletto was trying to get into her room. She fled,—a young woman, in a strange country without money. She managed to get a suit of boys' clothes, and started to walk to Vienna, where she had heard that Porpora was. She soon fell in with a youth of seventeen, named Joseph Haydn, afterwards the great composer, who was starting out to make his fortune as a musician. She found him to be a modest, good, intelligent young fellow, of considerable knowledge and much promise, and the two traveled together afoot to Vienna, highly pleased with each other's company. Joseph had a violin, and when the two arrived at a village and wanted a meal or a lodging, they would give notice that there was to be some music, and mounted upon barrels, Porporina would sing while Joseph accompanied her on the violin, to the delight of their auditors. The narrative of this journey, with the intercourse between the great singer and the incipient composer, is handled with the greatest delicacy, and is the most beautiful thing of its kind that I ever read. After they arrived at Vienna, Porporina appeared with success upon the operatic stage, but she could not remain there because Maria Theresa had a rule that the opera singers in her theatre must be married, and Porporina would not marry at her request. So Porporina went to Berlin, where she sang. There she met Frederick the Great and Baron Trenck, and had strange adventures with persons high at court. She became involved in political troubles, and incurred the displeasure of Frederick. The news came that Albert had died, but this proved untrue, for he followed her, was more loving than ever before, and their trials ended, as those of lovers generally do in novels — with matrimony. The book is high-toned and pure, but bold throughout; and the man who does not feel better after reading it must be either exceedingly bad or exceedingly good.

The other novels of George Sand differ much in character; some of them are very simple and pure; others, though written in delicate language — for she is never gross,—contain hints of her revolutionary ideas in regard to religion and society. *La Petite Fadette* and *La Mare au Diable*, though not very strongly written, are as full of sweet moral teaching as any novel in the English language. I have not read many of her novels, but the only one with which I

have found any serious fault is *Elle et Lui*, in which, under the form of fiction, she continues her autobiography, and tells the history of her *liaison* with Alfred de Musset. The story is a very disagreeable one — a peevish, mean man on one side, a long-suffering, foolish, submissive woman on the other. The story has nothing agreeable in it, and I am astonished that such a book, notwithstanding the celebrity of its heroes, and the generally admitted truthfulness of its representations, should have created such a sensation in France.

Perhaps *Aurora Leigh* deserves a place among the novels, for it is in every respect a novel, save that it is written in verse. It is a great book, really one of the richest works of the imagination of modern times. Whether it be called a poetic novel or an epic, it belongs to the first class. But it is not suited to the taste of the general reader. He who can delight in it, and read it through at a sitting, and be fascinated with it so that on taking it up, he cannot lay it down until he has finished it, must have studied much, and have reached a high condition of intellectual culture. For those capable of appreciating it and sympathising with it at first sight, its perusal is a great pleasure.

Leaving these novels of the first class, we come down to those of a lower grade. Among the men I think Thackeray deserves the highest place. His plots are good and his style excellent, and every thing that he writes is full of suggestion. He makes his readers think. He is a satirist; his characters exhibit a great deal of meanness, but they are true to life. His books are very instructive. With most novelists one of their books is enough, but a person who has much time for reading may well read all of Thackeray's.

Scott's novels, especially *Ivanhoe*, *Old Mortality*, and *Rob Roy*, Charles Reed's *Peg Woffington*, *White Lies*, and *Love me Little, Love me Long*, Dickens' *Dombey & Son*, *Oliver Twist*, and *David Copperfield*, Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, and *Night and Morning*, Cooper's *Leather Stocking*, Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, and *Scarlet Letter*, Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi*, (translated as "*The Betrothed*,"), Freytag's *Soll and Haben*, (translated with the title *Debit and Credit*,) Hacklander's *Europaisches Sklavenleben*, (*European Slave Life*, not translated,) Madame de Staël's *Corinne*, and Zschokke's novels, are all of high merit as

works of art. They are, however, lacking in power and moral intensity as compared with the *Jane Eyre* school. Several of my friends have told me that when they were about seventeen they preferred Bulwer to all other novelists; when they were twenty they had grown tired of him and thought his sentimentalism overdone and false, and now it would be a severe task for them to read one of his books. My own experience agrees with theirs. Fielding's *Tom Jones* is a fine work of art, and has been declared by some critics to deserve the first place among novels. A variety of scenes and characters are introduced, and all are used in such a way as to contribute to lighten the interest of the main plot, of which the unity is maintained with unsurpassed success. But the book was written for a gross age, and its name is almost tabooed in polite society. The *Monk*, by Matthew G. Lewis, a fantastic and very indelicate book, created a great sensation some forty years ago, but it has fallen into neglect now, and deservedly, for it can claim no high place as a work of art. The novels of Voltaire and Diderot are most offensively gross, and notwithstanding the wit of occasional passages, will not repay perusal. Rousseau was a man of delicate soul as compared with them, and his *Julie* is still worth reading, though it is in places a little tedious. The love letters that passed between the hero and the heroine are models of French style and amatory composition. There is such a similarity between this book and *Werter*, or "*Werther*," as Goethe spells the name, that since reading the latter I have always thought his hero's sorrows were suggested by those of the tutor in *Julie*, and that the passionate German poet, dissatisfied with the long-drawn, vexatious and untragic end of the French novel, and the weakness of the heroine, recast the plot and suited his own notions thereto by making Charlotte more virtuous, and driving her lover, who was also her best beloved, to commit suicide. *Werter* is Goethe's best novel. *Wilhelm Meister* is most beautiful in the beginning, but in the second volume, like *Faust*, runs off into a confused allegory, which will pay no man for the bother of studying its meaning. I never yet met the man that understood the meaning of the second part of either *Faust* or *Meister*; but the beginning of the latter, like the first part of the former, is the most delightful composition of its kind. The *Wahlverwandschaften* (translated under the title *Chem-*



*ical Affinities*) was written to set forth the doctrine which of late years has become famous as "Free Love." The chief characters are a nobleman and his wife, and each finds his "affinity" in a person outside of wedlock. It does not appear that the letter of the marriage vow was broken, although the spirit of it was. The book is as delicately written as the subject would permit, but it is scarcely worth perusal.

The tales of Washington Irving contain some of the most pleasant reading in the English language, and always leave the mind in a most placid and happy mood. In their humor and smoothly-flowing, harmonious style, they resemble *Don Quixote* very closely, and their author well deserves the title of the American Cervantes.

Godwin's *Caleb Williams* has been much praised. I have not read it. Poe's stories have queer plots, and are full of strong effects, but are scarcely worth reading. The Wandering Jew is the hero of *Salathiel*, by the Rev. George Croly, who made terror, remorse, despair, gloomy forebodings, and religious fanaticism the main passions of his story, which is handled in a very effective manner. D'Israeli's novels are written to favor political and social progress; *Sybil* is reputed to be the best. Charles Lover's novels, especially *Charley O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, and *Tom Burke of Ours*, were very popular some fifteen or twenty years ago. They are humorous, and paint life in the British army, in the wars of Napoleon, and in Ireland. The novels of Victor Hugo, Charles Brockden Brown, G. W. Curtis, and Frederica Bremer have been much praised, but I have not read any of them. The novels of Rev. Charles Kingsley are about third rate in artistic merit, but they are much liked by certain classes of readers, on account of their pure religious and free political tendencies. His *Hypatia* is a singular book; the scene is laid in Alexandria, in the third century; the heroine is a young woman lecturer who taught Platonism and Christianity. The dogmas of rival christian sects are involved in the plot. The novels of the Misses Warner, the authoresses of *Queechy*, the *Wide, Wide World*, etc., are religious in tone, and belong to about the same rank with Kingsley's books. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* is a collection of little miscellaneous essays patched together under the guise of a novel. For a man who has become familiar with Carlyle's language and his topics, it is worth reading. *Gil Blas* is one of the most en-

tertaining of books. A story is told, I think by Boswell, that at a meeting of half a dozen celebrated writers of the last century, (including Dr. Johnson,) they agreed that each should write, on a bit of paper, the name of the book which had given him the most pleasure, and when they had done so, and afterwards examined the papers, they found the name of Gil Blas on every one. When I wish to be amused, I know nothing more agreeable than *Don Quixote* in the original; in translation much of its merit is lost. All of Washington Irving's tales deserve a high rank among humorous compositions. *Telemaque* is good for children. St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, and Chateaubriand's *Atala* have been praised; they never gave me much pleasure. Humboldt says their descriptions of scenery and vegetation in the tropics and in the valley of the lower Mississippi are unsurpassed. *The Nemesis of Faith*, by J. A. Froude, the eminent English historian, and *A Few Days in Athens*, by Frances Wright, subsequently Madame D'Arusmont, are notable novels, because of their anti-christian tendencies, but as novels they belong only to the third or fourth rank. Goldsmith's *Vicer of Wakefield* is one of the purest and most pleasing of our novels; every child ought to read it after despatching *Robinson Crusoe* and that class. Then *Rasselas* should follow. One of the best modern novelists is Emile Souvestre, whose books, while interesting as novels, are full of a pure and cheerful philosophy which, at the same time, ennobles and delights. We have nothing like him in English; perhaps the best way to describe him to a person familiar with English literature is to call him Channing-Dickens, with the moral elevation and zeal of the former, and the liveliness and humor of the latter. His best work, and the only one which has been translated into English, is *Le Philosophe sous le Toit*, (The Philosopher under the roof, or in the garret,) which has been translated by the ambiguous title, "The Attic Philosopher," leaving the reader in doubt whether the hero dwelt in Attica or in an attic. The translation was published by the Appletons, and should have been one of the most successful books, but proved to be unprofitable. The *Confessions d'un Ouvrier* is also excellent; some other novels of Souvestre are very good, but not equal to these two. *The Romance of the Poor Young Man* has been praised as a good and pure book; I

have never looked into it. Sue, Alexander Dumas, James, Ainsworth, Marryatt, Southworth, etc., belong among the trash.

The English language contains all the novels belonging to the first class, save one, and more than three fourths of those of the second class. Of these latter Spain has but one, *Don Quijote*, Italy but one, *I Promessi Sposi*, Germany but one, *Soll und Haben*, and France but few. A comparison of the novels of French and English literature shows a remarkable difference in tone; the former, as a class, being marked by gross scenes and phrases, more or less lascivious in tendency, such as are not to be found at all in works holding a corresponding position in Great Britain and America. Why is it? I imagine that it must be owing chiefly to the different constitution of society, wherein the men are permitted in conversation to use expressions not permissible among the English; and where the public take no offense at the printing of such expressions. In southern Europe, girls and unmarried women are not allowed to be alone with a man unless he be a very near relative, such as a father or brother; and, as a rule, are kept under the eye of an elderly lady. The guardianship of their "virtue," as it is called, is entrusted not to their own prudence, but to the watchfulness of a companion. Under that system it is presumed that a girl cannot be trusted with herself at all. It is feared that her desires are not chaste, and it is supposed that it matters little, so far as her conduct is concerned, whether they are or not, for she is never allowed to go into temptation. As the father thinks the eye of a mother is the chief guard of his daughter's "virtue," he may care little what she reads, and he places books within her reach, such as no English or American fathers would be seen with, knowing, as they do, that if a lascivious tone were once given to a girl's mind, she would be lost in a country where she can do as she may please. I think I have observed that the greater the liberty allowed to daughters, the more particular the parents will be about the tone of the books which they read. Possibly I have not hit upon the right explanation of the difference between French and English novels as classes, in this respect, but few can deny that such a difference exists. In conclusion, it may be remarked, as a general rule, that the abler the writer, the more delicate and pure will be the tone of his books, and the nobler and more liberal his morality.

## UNSEEN BEAUTY.

BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

Down 'neath the surges bright blossoms are waving,  
Jewels unnumbered the sea-floors are paving —

Vale, glen and forest, by footsteps unhaunted,  
Lie hushed in their beauty like regions enchanted —

Rainbows unheeded lone torrents are spanning,  
Zephyrs in secret rich spice-groves are fanning ; —

Under the sea-foam the coral towers whiten,  
Diamonds in gloom and obscurity brighten —

Star-worlds on star-worlds through hidden space cluster,  
Uncounted, unreachd in their infinite luster —

Through wide trackless prairies, like wasted evangels,  
Rare flowers ope divine as the thoughts of the angels —

O'er ruins majestic, where rich ivies clamber,  
The sun weaves a fretwork of tremulous amber —

In dim, secret caverns, the crystalline splendors  
Would awe into silence the worship man renders —

And every where beauty beyond our divining  
Is waving, and gleaming, and blooming, and shining !

Only One Vision interprets all sweetness  
Grandeur and glory of Nature's completeness.

Thus with the Mind—in the infinite ranges,  
The Omniscient alone makes its reachings and changes.

He blesses in secret each aim and endeavor,  
When a great thought takes root that shall blossom forever.

Yet age after age an invisible glory  
Halos meek brows too obscure for Fame's story.

Bard, artist, sculptor, the great world has needed,  
Press through its clamors unknown and unheeded —

Song, picture, statue, grand pæan and minor  
Are lost in the tumult which Art makes diviner.

So with the Spirit—no human eye measures  
Its frailties and triumphs, its losses and treasures.

Only the Father unerringly knoweth  
Where the white blossom of true virtue bloweth.

Evils resisted, which make the soul saintly,  
He weighs supremely where man discerns faintly —

And outcast, or erring, rejected and lonely,  
Some beauty indwelleth revealed to Him only !

## BERENICE DEVINE.

BY MRS. FRANCIS FULLER BARRETT.

"This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own."

### CHAPTER I.

IN the ruby twilight of Mrs. Devine's drawing-room are gathered the infant representatives of aristocracy in Snowden Place. Fairy forms flit about in busy mimicry of belle-ship; fairy fingers touch the piano; while little slippered feet glide through intricate dances with exquisite grace and precision. Other fairy belles and beaux, following the fashion of their elders, on similar occasions, are seated in window-nooks engaged in games, or even in sly flirtations.

The lady of the mansion, moving like a vision of beauty among this elfin scene, smiles with maternal pride to discern the pre-eminence in loveliness of her own seven-year old darling, for whose gratification this youthful company is invited. Seated face to face, on two ottomans, the lady of one luster, and a young gentleman of two, are playing at back-gammon.

"Reginald, you do not play fairly: you moved three places too far," said the seven-year old beauty.

"You must watch me closer, Neeta, if you do not want to be beaten," replied the boy.

"I do not put you to the trouble of watching *me*, Reginald!" The playing went on, and in a few minutes Reginald declared himself the victor in the game.

"If I had beaten you by cheating," said his opponent, "I would not have boasted of it."

"Berenice!" chided Mrs. Devine, in a voice of mild reproach, "you must not accuse your opponent of *cheating*."

The tears sprang to Neeta's eyes at the reproof, and she murmured to herself, "I should not know what else to say, if it was true." Reginald, seeing her depression, said gaily, "Come Neeta, let us waltz; I will not be so wicked next time. I did it for sport, to see if you would find it out."

Neeta yielded, for her mother's eye was upon her with a command in its expression; and the two children joined the circle of waltzers,

where the circumstance was soon forgotten. When the elegant dinner which closed the visit, was over, and the liveried coachmen had taken up, and set down at home the youthful visitors, and Mrs. Devine had taken her own dinner in company with her husband and Berenice, she called the latter to account for rudeness to one of her guests.

"I was very much surprised, Berenice, to hear you speak in the manner you did to Reginald Thorne. When will you ever learn that etiquette forbids your taking notice of the faults of others, in a way to be offensive? How could you be so rude as to accuse any one of cheating?"

"But mamma, he *did* cheat, when he moved too far on the board, did he not?"

"It was not necessary for you to be so unpleasantly plain-spoken about it, if you thought so, my dear."

"Well, mamma, I am sorry if I was wrong; but I cannot help speaking out the truth about things. And I do not think it was more rude in me saying so, than in Reginald doing it, do you?"

"I do not think that Reginald ought to deceive you, of course; but you should have let it pass without any comment, since he was your guest, invited to give you pleasure."

"But it does not give me pleasure to have any one deceive me, and then triumph over me," said Berenice, quite grieved at such unreasonable requisitions.

"Yet, my dear, you should *seem* pleased, rather than give offence by showing your dissatisfaction. Beside, Reginald did not think it of any consequence, else he would not have done so, I presume. It is a fault of yours that you are too much injured, when no injury is meant. You must be less sensitive, my daughter, to little errors in your associates."

Silenced, but not convinced, Berenice gave her mother a good-night kiss, and went reluctantly to her room with her maid, Alice; who, seeing the little beauty troubled, began to soothe her after her own fashion. "What ails my pretty darlint noo? Somebody has bruised the little heart of it, and Allie will not let them?" And caressing the little girl tenderly, she drew her on to tell what lay upon her heart.

"Why, Alice, you see Reginald Thorne is always teasing me, and

mother will not let me say a word ; and he does not tell the truth either, and I do not like story-tellers : but mamma says I must not take any notice of it. Now, if Reginald tells me a lie, or cheats me at play, I do not think it is wrong for me to show him that I know it is not true, or fair. I think it is not true in me to pretend not to know it."

"No, the darlint. Reginald is a bad, desperate boy; and yer mother does wrong to let him taze ye. She ought not to let yer play with such childer as vexes ye."

When Nature asserted that she would make a "lady of her own," of baby Berenice, she could hardly have foreseen the amount of opposition to be encountered from the circumstances of the child's relationships to the world. Born of parents whose lives were consecrated to society and ambition ; nursed by a hired foster mother ; cradled in rosewood, satin and lace ; baptised in the high church of fashion in honiton lace robes ; taught to take her first unsteady steps on the woven moss of costly carpets ; dressed in textures fit for fairy land ; and breathing exotic odors hourly, she was as far from being in intercourse with the the universal mother as any offspring of fashion that ever was born. Etiquette she was taught, so refined, that it was almost as pure from sin as undefiled religion itself.

Her daily conduct was carefully criticised, that no taint of anger, envy or malice should give indications of low blood ; nor too much impulsiveness betray low breeding. Excellent masters had charge of her education ; servants in plenty anticipated all her wants. There seemed no avenue left through which the child might catch a glimpse of the real heavens, or touch the soil of the real earth, so girded about by artificialities was she ; so guided, governed and restrained was she by unavoidable rules. But the Great Mother had not forgotten her. Daily the child felt new thoughts arise in her soul of the wonderful nature of things material and spiritual, which neither her mother nor her maid could answer satisfactorily, and which she pondered in quiet shaded nooks of the great parlors, in the window-seat of her father's study, or in the presence of the roses and camelias of her mother's conservatory. No one had ever said to her, "forgive your playmates their errors, because Christ commands you ; or because you often need their forgiveness." The beautiful golden rule of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us, had

never been taught to the impressible child; but only, "do not be guilty of such a breach of refinement, my dear." The lesson was received in good faith, for the naturally obedient and believing heart received instruction readily: but the kind of teaching had, did not satisfy its earnest questioning after the reason of these things.

The morning revealed to Berenice a terrible scene;—her mother lying dead, disfigured and swollen by poison, accidentally taken for a different medicine. Every effort had been made to save her when the mistake was discovered, without avail. The drug was too quick and deadly in its effects; and the beautiful woman was speedily beyond all help. This was the first time the child had ever been confronted with death; and the ordeal was terrible. The distorted countenance of the dead, shocked her inexpressibly. Her loss, at first not well comprehended, seemed to grow more grievous every hour; and convulsive crying was followed by spells of wordless, tearless, immoveable grief. Death is awful in any place. The splendors of Mr. Devine's mansion; the solemn and proper countenances of his well-trained servants; the mournful elegance of all the arrangements for the funeral, could not deprive the stern conqueror of his awful mein. The poor little child who shuddered in the midst of this gloom, motherless, and almost fatherless—for Mr. Devine was absorbed in his own grief—had no one to go to for comfort or counsel, but her maid Alice. This affectionate creature soothed her darling's sorrow as well as in her ignorance she could. She gave Berenice, in answer to her questions about death and heaven, a composed mixture of Catholicism and superstition, most lamentably incomprehensible; and enjoined upon her youthful pupil the benefit of prayer, to rest her mother's soul.

The funeral solemnities made a great impression on Berenice's mind. The solemn prayers, the dirge-like hymns, the touching exhortation of the minister, and the final ceremony of consigning the dead to its everlasting rest. So strange and powerful were these new emotions, that for the time, the magnitude of her loss seemed swallowed up in the contemplation of its mysteries.

On the day after the funeral Mr. Devine sent for his little daughter to come to see him in his study. His countenance was pale and his manner nervous and wandering: for although thoroughly absorbed in schemes of wealth and ambition, Mr. Devine had loved



his beautiful wife intensely as quietly. He was not a demonstrative man; and was satisfied to see her evidently happy in the enjoyment of society, and her luxurious home. When it was too late, the longing came over him to have her more to himself—to devote himself more to her—and this longing would not let him rest in the house where she was not.

“My dear child,” said he, “I fear I have neglected you and your dear mother. I am sorry to see you looking so sad, for you are too young to share my grief. In a few days I am going away, to be gone a long time—all summer at least—and I cannot take you with me. I sent for you to tell you what plans I have made for your health and pleasure. Do you think you would like the country, my daughter?”

“Oh, papa, I should like the country if you could go there with me; but how can I go alone, or with only Alice?”

“I have arranged to have you have a companion, by advertising for a governess. I hope to find a young lady capable of instructing and amusing you; and you are to go with her to your Uncle Neal’s on Salmon Creek;—a spot your mother has often talked of visiting in some summer jaunt.”

“Is it like the seashore, papa? Is it like those places mother loved to go to?” asked Berenice, tearfully.

“No, my child, not much like the places you mention, but a beautiful spot, I believe. We have often seen drawings taken from its neighborhood; and there is one on the parlor table now, of an old saw-mill your Uncle Neal owns; and of his place, too, among the pineries.”

Berenice gave a little sigh. She knew she should like the woods and the old mill, for they looked so charming in pictures: but a stranger for a governess, and Uncle Neal’s family too, whom she had never seen, aroused her childish timidity.

“Will Alice go too, papa?”

“No, Alice will be dismissed for the present. The young lady who will accompany you, will take good care of you, and superintend your studies beside; though I do not think you need study much before next winter. Do not look so sad about it;—if you do not like any of the ladies who may apply, I will make some other arrangement.”

Just as Berenice wiped away her fresh-fallen tears, a servant ushers in a young lady—a stranger—who gracefully bowing, announced her errand as being in answer to the morning's advertisement for a governess. She was small, almost to childishness, though faultlessly formed; and having a fresh and beautiful complexion. Her sunny-brown hair curled to her waist in large, soft ringlets. Her eyes of brown, reflected the golden gleam on the long silken lashes. Her air suited her figure and face, and was rather beseeching than self-confident; and her voice harmonized with the whole person.

Berenice was suddenly all attention. Mr. Devine, after asking a few questions concerning her qualifications, which were modestly and satisfactorily answered, remarked: "You see, Miss Moore, your little charge and pupil. She is an orphan of only a few days, and her heart is very tender. I know not if you can win her confidence." Yet as he said this his eyes denied the doubt; for the winning expression of that gentle face was the best recommendation of the applicant. "Speak to Miss Moore, Berenice."

The child, whose beauty, whose sadness, and whose mourning garments might have appealed to any heart, had already made herself a nest in the warm one of Flora Moore; and with the quick instincts of her age, Berenice had soon discovered it.

"You are almost as pretty as my mamma," she murmured, looking up fondly from leaning on Flora's lap.

"Thank you, sweet," was the reply, accompanied by a blush and a moisture of the brown eyes.

"When shall you want me?" she asked, turning to Mr. Devine.

"On Monday next, four days from now, I shall wish to send my little girl to the country. I hope you will not find the charge too irksome, Miss Moore. You look young and delicate to assume such a duty entirely to yourself; but at the place where you are going, you will have great liberty; and my chief desire about Berenice is, that her health shall be carefully watched, and her mind amused and instructed as much as seems beneficial. Recollect, amusement is my chief aim—and I trust to you to make it of a suitable nature."

"I will do my best to make my pupil happy, sir;" and the look which the youthful governess bestowed upon the little girl was security enough.

"How do you like your future companion, my child?" asked the father, when Miss Moore had taken her leave.

“Oh, papa, she looks like the lady I dreamed of after reading my book of fairy stories. I hope she is a good fairy, don't you?” Berenice was much cheered by this visit, and time passed more lightly than might have been expected, till the promised Monday.

[Concluded in our next number.]

ON SEEING A POOR BEGGAR BOY GAZING INTENTLY  
ON A FINE OIL PAINTING.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

Gaze on, poor famished boy, gaze on,  
Thy soul hath food, though thou hast none;  
Forget thy starving ones at home  
And let thy soul 'mid beauty roam;  
Conquer thy hunger's dreadful pangs  
And rise 'bove want's keen vulture fangs.  
In contemplation of that glorious view,  
Oh! may thy soul be born anew,  
And thy great spirit within be stirred  
To glorious deeds of thought and word.  
Gaze on, the feast before thee 's half divine!  
He marked each curve, ordained each line,  
Graved the image on the author's mind,  
Inspired him to give it to mankind.  
Gaze on—and may the flame which in thy soul doth burn,  
Be to the artist, for his toil, grateful return—  
For he, like thee, hath need of daily bread,  
And oft like thee seeks his poor couch unfed.  
But He who hears the ravens when they cry,  
And lit the fire of genius—ne'er to die—  
Feeds him with manna, which is angels' food,  
And fills him with the blessedness of doing good.  
Toil on, poor child of genius, unclothed, unfed,  
Expect not that the world will give thee bread—  
Be this thy glory, and thy joy to know,  
Thou 'st eased thy brother's heart of half its woe;  
Hast lured him up to paths by angels trod  
And showed him of the bread which comes from God.  
Gaze on, poor boy, and may the rapturous thrill  
Which now thy soul with richest glories fill,  
Be to thee foretaste of the bread that's given  
To toiling mortals here—from God in Heaven!

## SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

### "THE CLIPPER FAMILY."

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

THE "Clipper family" lived next in order of proximity to my grandmother's residence. They occupied the large white cottage on the upland road, partially concealed from view by a grove of grand old birches on the north, and an extensive orchard of apple and plum trees on the south and west. The NEIGHBORS said that they were "well to do in the world;" which means, in modern parlance, that they were prosperous and wealthy;—an agreeable circumstance for a large family, even in those days of simple tastes and inexpensive habits. And the Clippers were numerous. There was Becky, the eldest, and David, and Jonathan, and John, and Dorcas the youngest born, and many others of intermediate sizes and ages, all of whom inherited good, substantial Scripture names, according with the religious sentiment of the day.

"Madam Clipper" was a tall, angular, emphatic-looking person, with a well-defined Roman nose, which imparted a dictatorial and authoritative expression to her countenance. She was, indeed, "the *man* of the family," the husband being of diminutive size and appearance. His features were of the peculiar order which seem to lessen while you look upon them. He appeared, habitually, to shrink from observation; and he communicated to strangers the impression that he was watching for a favorable moment to retire from their presence. His character was imperfectly understood by the NEIGHBORS, for he rarely spoke, saving when addressed or interrupted by others; when he would reply as concisely as possible, and always to the point in question. He appeared to feel but little interest in business affairs or, in fact, in any other, either political or religious; calm, silent and patient he journeyed on to the end of his pilgrimage, living in an interior world of his own creating. But, whether his world was in the past, or in the great, unbounded future, no one knew. The under-current of his life was never seen. It might have been deep and strong, bearing silently and darkly along its course, buried loves, ruined hopes and wrecked ambitions, as it hurried onward to the eternal river.

The income of his large estate, which was inherited from his

ancestors, he duly handed over to his thrifty, economical wife, in the full conviction that he had made the best possible disposition of the funds. "Madam Clipper" uniformly deposited the treasure in her private drawer, the key of which was attached to a large bundle of others she always carried in her capacious pocket. And never a penny left her money-drawer that she did not know the direction it took, and calculated the return it would bring. The NEIGHBORS, generally, thought the madam a little parsimonious; but the more charitable apologized for her by calling attention to her large family, and her husband's disinclination to business, which rendered economy of means a kind of necessity in his wife.

There were *two leading* ideas in Madam Clipper's life — her family and her church. She considered it a solemn and imperative duty to support the "stated preaching of the gospel" by "quarterly installments;" and, once a year, to give something for the conversion of the "poor, degraded heathen." And she groaned in spirit, the while, to think of their terrible condition, "Out of Christ, and without the means of grace," and the consequent direful necessity she was under, as a Christian woman, to contribute a portion of her money for their salvation. "It would be a blessed thing," she would sometimes remark to a neighbor, "if they were good Christian people, and did not require so much trouble and money every year to turn them away from the worship of their horrid, dumb idols."

Perhaps I ought to have concealed this weakness of her character, this inward pain which she felt in giving to such cherished objects, for she herself was hardly aware of the fact, not taking the trouble to analyze her own feelings, and believed, undoubtedly, that the annoyance which she experienced was wholly attributable to her sympathy for "a sinful, suffering world." And yet, the fault is *so human*, it may be well for our self-righteousness to "hold the mirror up to nature," that we may examine more closely our own motives of action and learn, from a better knowledge of ourselves, to be more charitable toward the failings of others. How often do we find self-love, or self-interest blending with our highest endeavors and influencing our most generous actions. When our benevolence is taxed for the advancement of an important truth in society, or our sympathies are awakened for a helpless child of poverty; an inordinate love of approbation, or a fear of the censure of our fel-

lows, often proves a more potent stimulus to charity than the desire to elevate humanity, or alleviate the hard conditions of the unfortunate. And yet, while paying so doubtful a tribute to the demands of conscience, we accredit ourselves with noble actions; as if there were moral worth in the mere giving of gold, independently of the *motive* "which sanctifyeth the gold."

Becky Clipper, the eldest of the children, and to whom we propose devoting the larger part of this chapter on the Clippers, inherited from a distant relative, when quite young, an independent fortune of her own, which gave her an important position in her family, and also in the community in which she lived. Madam Clipper entertained a *real respect for property*, which she conveyed with interest to the possessors, and extended a degree of leniency toward their faults of character, which she felt herself unable to do toward those less favored of fortune. And so it happened that Becky was less subject to "the bit of due restraint" in her youth, than her younger brothers and sisters, and enjoyed larger personal liberty. And while madam, as she advanced in years, and her family cares diminished, became an energetic member of the church, Becky grew to be an equally active member of society.

A genuine gossip was Becky, a retailer of all the news of the time and of the place; and the degree of rapidity with which she approached a neighbor's dwelling was always indicative of the amount of interest she hoped to awaken in her auditors. If the news was of an exciting character, she waived all ceremony in her eagerness to communicate it, omitting even the usual compliments of the day, and would break in upon the quiet of the NEIGHBORS with the startling inquiry: "*Have* you heard the news?" If the reply was in the negative, she would, without once pausing for breath, deliver herself in the following manner:—

"Dear-re me! *Haven't* heard the news? I thought everybody had heard the news! They *do* say that Dr. Rightway (one of the NEIGHBORS whose *outré* acts furnished material for a large portion of the gossip at E——) went last Sunday morning, while everybody was in meeting, and *baptized* that horrid horse of his in the bay, because Parson Kindly had a baptism at the meeting-house. You know he hates the parson like poison, and he broke his lame leg short off in the same place he broke it last year, doing the very

same wicked thing, and they had to send over to W—— after Dr. B—— to come and set it again, while his poor little wife almost cried her eyes out. O, he'll be the death of that woman, he will!—mark my words! Dear-re me! Dear-re me!”

“*Why*, you don't say!—Doo tell! What an evil-minded person he must be. The de'il will be sure to catch him some day if he don't mend his ways”—the amazed neighbor would reply.

“But I haven't told you the worst of it. They say that he treats his wife shamefully. They *do* say that he drugs her, and that she sleeps whole days and nights without waking: and they say that he deals in the 'black art'—is n't it awful!—and they say that he and old aunt Hitty (another notoriety of the place, who interpreted dreams and omens for the NEIGHBORS) have an understanding together. You know that *she never goes to meeting on Sundays*, nor he either;—well, there is no end to what they do say. O, it's shocking! But I wouldn't have you say that I told you, for the world! Don't whisper it for your life to a living soul!”

“No, no! I wouldn't dare. It's too dreadful to tell: it might get me into trouble; but *can* it be true?”

“I shan't say it is, and shan't say it isn't. 'Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.' But one thing I can say: there are those living, not many miles from here either, who could tell all about it *if* they would, and you know them as well as I do, too; but I shan't call names. I've seen mischief come of calling names—I have. There was”——

“Polly Spoonall is the one, I'll venture to say!” the neighbor exclaims, interrupting her.

“Dear-re me! Shan't say she is, and shan't say she isn't. 'Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.'”

And so Becky traveled with her budget of news from neighbor to neighbor, until all of her visiting acquaintances were thoroughly posted in the affair. And any additional items that she gathered as she went, she added to her stock on hand, and retailed elaborately with the rest, begging of all to keep the whole matter a profound secret.

But we must say, in justice to Becky, that when she had good news to communicate she imparted it with the same keen relish, and entered so entirely into the spirit of what she had to relate, that

she always succeeded in interesting her listeners. Becky was, in truth, the type of a good newspaper gotten up without types, and quite an indispensable person in the little village of E——, where it was an unusual thing to meet with a newspaper of any sort, or a later publication than "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Paradise Lost." There was no "malice aforethought" in all of her tales and details; she merely related what she heard and saw, to gratify her own love of the marvelous, and excite the surprise and wonder of others.

Becky's visit was one of the *events* of the week, a pleasant episode in the humdrum, treadmill life of the NEIGHBORS, affording necessary relief to minds wearied with pursuing the same dull routine of occupation. Bad news was more agreeable than none at all; it served the purpose of quickening the sluggish faculties and giving a new direction to thought. The needles, shuttles, and spinning-wheels of the NEIGHBORS, went with a livelier motion, as they thought of wicked Dr. Rightway's doings, or old aunt Hitty's "league with the evil one," and thanked Heaven that they were not as sinful as others. And if the news chanced to be of the good fortune of a neighbor, why, there was a Providence in it which might some time brighten their own prospects; and it was cheering to think that they, too, might be blessed by the same unseen, bountiful hand.

And as their shuttles flew faster and faster, and they wove the kersey for their winter garments, how many delicate wreaths of hope were inwrought in the homespun fabric! Beautiful soul-designs upon the coarse material! that none saw, saving the weavers and their guardian angels. Ah! were our spiritual vision clearer, could we see the aspirations of the worker upon the marble, or the metal, or the canvas, he has wrought with skill, we should approach works of art with a reverential spirit; labor would assume a dignity unknown before, and we should entertain far more charity, forbearance, and love for our fellow-beings. Let us pause, occasionally, in our telegraphic-dispatch lives, to exercise this *inner sight*: it will grow, like every other faculty of mind, by cultivation, and we shall be richly rewarded. Common objects which never awakened interest before, will possess manifold attractions, and new and wonderful forms of beauty will meet us in all our paths. Many persons who once appeared menial in the servile occupations in which they



were engaged, will seem elevated in the scale of being, and challenge our admiration for the noble heroism of their lives.

We have styled Becky a "genuine gossip"—not in a deprecatory spirit—we have a good deal of kindly feeling for her, and for gossips generally; but they are not to be ranked with scandalizers. The gossip and the scandalizer belong to distinct orders, and each has its peculiar and characteristic features, and may be easily distinguished by the careful observer. The ancient Greeks taught that the *forms* of all things are derived from the spiritual, or essential properties pertaining to them. And we find it to be a universal law, obtaining through animate and inanimate Nature, that, in proportion as objects bear a close resemblance in form and feature, they approach in quality, or character. And there is in every intelligent community a general acceptance of the law, and a tendency to render it practical by humorous or satirical illustrations. The striking resemblances between certain classes of human beings, and the lower orders of the animal kingdom, have furnished material for some of the most appropriate and cutting burlesques that have convulsed society with merriment.

Almost every country village, of any importance, will afford a fair example of each. A few strokes of the pen will correctly present them to the "mind's eye" of the reader. The gossip may be known by a look of wonder, an expression of pleased surprise habitual to the countenance. If you observe the face closely, you will perceive a *slight* elevation of its features. The upturned nose and eyes question you eagerly before the impatient mouth has time to interrogate.

The features of the scandalizer, on the contrary, droop; the pendant nose wears a look of suspicion, and there is a scornful and bitter expression in the downward curve of the mouth. The forms of the gossip and scandalizer are, also, strikingly different. The former is marked by a pleasing rotundity, a succession of agreeable curves; the latter, by a sharp angular outline of bone and sinew. And the two are as dissimilar in character as in external appearance. The gossip is usually good-natured, and distinguishable for vanity rather than pride; the scandalizer is ill-natured, and more remarkable for pride than vanity. The former is impulsive, enthusiastic and forgiving; the latter, cool, calculating and revengeful. One is

curious and fond of the marvelous; the other is inquisitive and meddling. One seeks simply to amuse; the other, to defame.

The foregoing sketch of the gossip is a correct portraiture of Becky; that of the scandalizer an equally good likeness of her friend, Polly Spoonall, of a preceding chapter. Becky's personal appearance was far more attractive than Polly's, and she had many more admirers in her youth; but they all passed away, one after another, until she "passed into the sere and yellow leaf." Had her autumn been abundant, like Nature's, had her mind been stored with the rich fruits of a well-spent life, it would more than have atoned for fading beauty, and she might still have won admiration and love to make cheerful and happy the winter of her existence.

Becky's capacities were superior to most of her associates, and her mind was capable of a high degree of cultivation. She was intensely active, and possessed fine powers of observation and imitation, which would have found ample scope in the pursuit of the fine arts, or in exploring the attractive fields of natural science. The same talents which rendered her an agreeable gossip, and which she invested so liberally in the unprofitable occupation, which brought no return to her intellectual powers, and no enlargement to her heart, had they been directed to these occupations, would have rendered her an artist, or a naturalist, of a high order; and she would not only have become an ornament to, but a useful member of society, and left at her departure the records of a life that would have stimulated others of her own sex to individualize themselves, and enter the path of useful and attractive industry, that renders life a joy and a blessing.

But, unfortunately for Becky, woman had no career in her day, for the reason that she was held in ignorance by the powerful, restrictive force of public opinion. Our Puritan ancestors believed, as we have before remarked, that "the intellectual development of woman would prove deleterious to the interests of society," and care was used to prevent her acquiring any education beyond reading and writing. And being ignorant, she was, consequently, unconscious of her own powers. It is true that she felt indefinable yearnings to do, and to be, far beyond the pursuits in which she was engaged. Each undeveloped faculty was a "still small voice" in

her inner nature, pleading for fuller expression, for higher development. But it troubled and pained, causing her to feel dissatisfied, restless and melancholy in the present, without the hope of improving her condition in the future. And so she walked on in darkness, struggling toward the light slowly and painfully ; catching an occasional glimpse of the radiant sun of knowledge, which only dazzled and bewildered, without guiding, and created deeper yearnings of the spirit *to know*. Education alone *defines* us to ourselves—it draws forth and gives direction to our latent faculties, and enables us to employ them to the best advantage. It brings order out of confusion, systematizes the chaotic wilderness of thought, and, in proportion as it is thorough and comprehensive, elevates and harmonizes our whole being, bringing us into broader and higher relations to humanity, and to the Universal Father.

It is scarcely fifty years ago since girls were first permitted to attend the Public Schools of Boston, Mass., which were originally established for boys only. And they were not then endowed with the privilege because of the advance of public sentiment, and because it was thought better to educate them that they might become wiser and more useful members of society ; but they were sent as a kind of *economy of school-taxes* which their parents were obliged to pay to sustain these institutions. Very much, indeed, after the idea of the woman who, after any illness had occurred in the family, administered the remainder of the medicine to the children that it might not be *wasted* ! *The time of boys was valuable* in industrial pursuits in those days. They were needed at home in the summer months to aid in the cultivation of their gardens and fields, and in the early autumn, to assist in harvesting. The girls supplied their places at the Public Schools while they were occupied, in order that the parents might have the satisfaction of knowing that they had received the full amount of interest to which they were entitled from the investment !

But it may be said, in extenuation of the narrow view they took of the subject, that their soil was sterile, the times hard, and the *severe trade spirit* penetrated, of necessity, into all that was noblest in their civilization. A good anecdote is told of those days, which admirably illustrates the stern economy which was practiced, and the careful “look-out” for the pennies.

Much of the trade of the variety stores, at that time, was carried on by barter. Butter, cheese, and eggs were exchanged with the tradesmen for all sorts of West India and dry goods. One day a "strapper youth" was sent by his mother with *one egg*, which was to be invested in a worsted darning-needle. After the exchange had been duly made, the fellow still remained in the store looking very wishfully toward a decanter of New England rum which stood with some glasses on the counter near him. He desired most ardently to partake of the beverage; but he had no money. An expedient for gratifying his wish at last suggested itself, and he called out: "Look here, mister, don't you never give a treat after a trade?" "Certainly," responded the good-natured tradesman, amused at the idea; "help yourself." The fellow did so, very generously, adding a plenty of sugar to render it palatable. Still he did not appear altogether pleased with the draught, and stood for a moment holding it in his hand, as if he were trying to solve some difficult question in his mind. Turning, at last, to the tradesman, he said: "I say, mister, an *egg* would go real wal with this, now,—wal, it would." The tradesman smiled, and handed him the egg that he had given in exchange for the needle. He broke it carefully into the mixture, when he discovered to his great surprise that it contained *two yolks*. Holding the glass before the astounded tradesman, he exclaimed in an excited manner: "Look here, mister, this is a double egg, it is, and I ought to have had *two* darning-needles for it, I had."

In our own day much of the old prejudice against female education still lingers. But it is confined, chiefly, to remote country places, and old fogvism, which totters through the crowded thoroughfares of our more enlightened districts, in its weak and helpless second childhood—

"Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything."

A few years ago the father of a late Democratic President of the United States was petitioned by his daughter for the privilege of entering a class in chemistry that was formed at the academy where they attended school. He became quite enraged at the preposterous idea of establishing a class in chemistry for girls, and replied very decidedly that no "darters" of his should "larn" such use-

less trash. "It is enough of chemistry for gals to know that water and ashes make lye, and lye and grease make soap."

We are glad that old fogyism *is* crippled, tottering, and passing away. We are thankful that the unnatural prejudice against female education, against cultivating the faculties of mind which God bestowed in His wisdom and love for woman's highest good and happiness, and which should, consequently, have the best care and development, in harmony with His eternal laws of use and progress, *is* passing away. Moral deformity, as well as physical, shuns the light, and it is well. This meagre and disjointed prejudice shows greatly to the disadvantage of its possessor relieved against the enlightened background of the nineteenth century.

Had Becky Clipper lived in our day, she might, at least, *have had the opportunity* of becoming a useful and noble woman through a higher development of her faculties. How few, comparatively, are wise enough to improve their opportunities. Alas! how wide a gulf exists between what *is*, and what *might have been*.

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TO ROSEMOUNT, ERIE, PENN.,

*Where the writer made a short but most happy sojourn.*

BY ADA.

Yes, thou art "lovely as a fairy dream,"

Lovely alike in sunshine and in storm;  
Lovely, empearled with dew at morning's beam,  
But loveliest far at evening's witching hour.

How like a vision of my Texan home,  
Thou risest on my fond and wayward heart,  
Bringing sweet mem'ries of the loved and gone,  
Forcing the tear-drops of my soul to start.

Too much art thou like to my own dear home,  
My childhood's haunts, far in the sunny south,  
Where bright rills sparkle, and where flowrets bloom,  
Where the rich myrtle breathes her perfume forth.

I love thee, Rosemount; 'neath thy sylvan shades  
 I half forget that I am exile roved,—  
 Forget that brightest vision quickest fades,  
 And that life's joys are lost as soon as loved.

I have beheld thee when stern winter's kiss  
 Flung o'er thy turf a robe of virgin white,  
 Making thee like a bride in loveliness,  
 And when the spring-time came with rosy light,  
 Waking to life each leaf and budding flower,  
 Clothing thy turf with brighter shade of green,  
 Glancing in sun-flecked shadows through thy bowers,  
 Till dancing elves seemed fitting o'er the scene.

I'll not be here when summer's sunny eye  
 Gilds tree and flowret with more gorgeous hue,  
 Tinging thy roses with warm passion's dye,  
 Staining the sky above thee with a deeper blue.  
 I shall not see thee then, but oft I'll dream  
 That I again with thy loved inmates rove,  
 Catching upon my heart, bright, sunny gleams  
 From the kind eyes of friends I dearly love.

Again I'll list the music of thy leaves,  
 Falling in rosy garlands at my feet,  
 Such as the Fairy King at midnight weaves  
 For loved Titania.—Then gently sweet  
 Will come the voice of friends now far away;  
 I'll hold sweet converse with them all once more,  
 And when the morning comes with kindling ray,  
 I'll sleep to have my bright dreams o'er and o'er.

Farewell! I ne'er again shall gaze  
 Upon thy beauty; ne'er again behold  
 The azure breast of fair Lake Erie blaze  
 Beneath the setting sun like molten gold.  
 Farewell, dear friends and true; I do not seek  
 T' unveil the future that in mercy's hid;  
 I know life's ways are rough, life's joys are fleet,  
 And that thorns lie her golden flowers amid.

But be our after life of sun or storm,  
 Though thorns or flowrets o'er our pathway grow,  
 The cherished memory of our northern home  
 For aye, will kindle, in our hearts, love's warmest glow.

## NOM DE PLUMES.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

By far the most serious obstacle in the way of elevating our literature to the standard of an unblemished reputation, is the present prevalent custom of using anonymous, and most generally unmeaning and ridiculous signatures. I never felt the same interest in, nor respect for, an article to which was attached an anonymous signature, that I did for one to which was stamped the writer's true name. This custom, which has attained to almost universal popularity, certainly has repulsive features, and calls loudly for reformation. Shall the call be responded to? In the name of common sense let us hope it shall! Why not claim your just credit for whatever you are honestly the author of? And how are we to award you your just dues, if we know not who you are, or where to find you? For this obnoxious course, one will offer one excuse, and another will offer another excuse; but ladies and gentleman, I defy you to exhibit the first shadow of justification for disguisedly subscribing to your productions. Are you ashamed of them? Then take my advice and never suffer them to appear in any shape. Is the object to persecute your fellow-man? In that case no one but a coward would shield himself behind a fictitious signature. But the main reason of my waging war against the fashion is that it encourages plagiarism. I can see no reason why the honorable laborer in the cause of literature should not append his right name. But there is every reason why the literary thief should sail under false colors. When a writer signs his proper name to his articles, he emphatically stamps them with originality; because no man has the effrontery to steal another man's literature, and put it forth as original with himself, over his name. No sir, the volley of merited rebuke that would be poured down on his defenceless pate, would be more than he would be at all willing to endure. But just so long as the objectionable habit of using false signatures prevails, just so long will editors be treated to homilies that were composed long before their "esteemed correspondents" knew their alphabet. All will agree that there should be means of distinguishing the legitimate from the bogus. There is but one way of accomplishing it. Custom makes law. Let authors make the custom of signing their proper names to everything they write unanimous. Then it would be discreditable to do otherwise;

and the very act of sailing under false colors would be *prima facie* evidence that something was rotten in Denmark.

This may look like a bold figure to those who have not given the subject attention; but permit me to confidently predict that twenty years hence it will be considered a disgrace to write anything over a fictitious signature. My reason for believing that such will be the case is the following, to wit: The aspiration of the present generation knows no limits. In fact, the hankering after notoriety of the present age amounts to a morbid desire of a most disgusting type. Men who are unable to pen a readable epistle to their mother, have such an uncontrollable desire to see themselves in print, that they will send their articles to an editor with the modest (?) request to "Correct grammar, spelling, punctuation, &c., and publish and oblige a friend." Modest indeed! But that is not the worst method adopted by these would-be literary gents to obtain prominence and position in society. When they find themselves unable to compose anything at all, they draw off something that is already composed, and send it to a publication office with the request to "please publish." Scarcely a day passes over my head that I do not detect some literary theft. Think you not that redress will be sought? Certainly it will; and it will be obtained, too. It would be simply nonsense to contend that anonymous authors were not at the present day generally original; nor have I a desire to assume any such position: my only object being to show that the custom opens a channel for those who are dishonestly disposed, to palm off stolen property upon the community, and in case of detection escape merited chastisement, because of their obscurity. Adopt the rule that I now urge upon you, and the day is not far distant when the plagiarist will be driven to a position in which he can be identified and punished. It is true, the name of a correspondent is, or ought to be, entrusted to the editor; and in case that he is caught pilfering, he is blessed with the advantage of enjoying the supreme contempt of that functionary. But that is not sufficient; nothing short of public exposure will reach his malady. Some people think that editors should be sharp enough to *always* detect what is, and what is not original; but that is simply ridiculous. A literary thief would not hesitate to abstract the copper from a defunct African's eyes; and I think it well to set a trap for the would-be literary booby. Au revoir.



## A POET'S THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE Fourth of July, 1860, was celebrated in San Francisco by various forms of rejoicing common throughout the United States on the recurrence of the anniversary of the day on which our country declared itself free and independent; and among the features of the celebration were an oration and a poem. The poem of the day was written and delivered by J. F. Bowman, and it is one of the best ever produced for a similar occasion. It is, however, very unequal in merit, good throughout, but undignified in the middle, and not pertinent in the closing lines. An abundant excuse for the inequality is to be found in the very brief notice that was given to the author, and the moral compulsion which was imposed upon him by the urgent solicitation of his friends, when he refused on account of alleged inability to write anything worthy of the occasion in such a short time. But the shortcoming of the middle is abundantly compensated for by the sublimity of another portion, which we quote below, and which we think leaves a stronger and more favorable impression if read alone, than if read in connection with the other lines of minor merit. He speaks of the future of our country and the expectations in regard to it:—

Others there are, whose graver doubts distrust,  
That man is free born, or that Heaven is just:  
The infidels of freedom, whose weak tears,  
Interpret by the past the coming years—  
Prophets of evil who, the hour foresee,  
When o'er the corpse of prostrate Liberty,  
Some despot throne, by force sustained, shall rise,  
Or wild-eyed anarchy the State surprise.  
The great historian of our mother land,  
With eye perturbed, the stormy future scanned,  
In accents sad, the gloomy hour foretold,  
Which the new birth of chaos should behold,  
When starving millions should rebellious rise,  
To rend from wealth its law-defended prize,  
When the long-garnered promise of the years,  
Should vanish in a mist of blood and tears,  
And all the better hopes the world possessed,  
Fall with the great Republic of the West!

Such are the spectral doubts that darkling roll,  
Their awful shadows on the trembling soul,  
Haunt with vain terrors even the patriot's mind,  
And made Macaulay's solid judgment blind;  
Wise in the lore of all the ages fled—

Less wise to read the living than the dead,  
 He deemed the evils that had been must be,  
 In the bright reign of Peace and Liberty;  
 Unmindful of the bulwarks strong that rise,  
 To guard the sacred polity we prize,  
 And make the generations yet to be,  
 Faithful to Freedom—worthy to be free!

O, need we tremble for our country's cause,  
 While simple manners reign, and equal laws?  
 Lo, the white schoolhouse on the village green,  
 The modest church that crowns each rural scene,  
 The sure reward of industry and worth,  
 No bars of caste, no privilege of birth!  
 While the strong purpose and the active mind,  
 Leave lazy pride and bloated wealth behind.  
 And you whose beaming eyes and smiles to-day,  
 Light this glad scene with beauty's starry ray,  
 Not less to you than us, the trust is given,  
 To guard the sacred gifts bestowed by Heaven;  
 'Tis yours to shape and train the minds whose force,  
 Shall guide the nation in its onward course,  
 They from your lips, in childhood's plastic hour,  
 Shall drink the germs of wisdom and of power,  
 Shall learn how Freedom's battle was begun  
 By fearless Hancock and wise Washington;  
 Repeat with lisping lips each glorious name,  
 "Delivered o'er by Time to deathless fame."

'Tis yours with generous ardor to inspire,  
 The opening mind imbued with youthful fire,  
 To point the ambitious boy, with eager eyes,  
 And bright, frank brow, to deeds of high emprise—  
 Teach him to scorn each low and selfish aim,  
 And seek the laurel of a spotless fame.  
 In the same cradle where in peaceful rest,  
 Its low sweet breathing stirs the infant breast,  
 May sleep the spirit that in years to be,  
 Shall guard the ark of periled Liberty;  
 That tiny hand the warrior's sword may wield,  
 And wave to victory on the well-fought field;  
 That feeble voice, the nation's heart may wake,  
 And listening Senates with its thunders shake!

Such the strong safeguards that so well secure  
 The present weal, and makes the future sure—  
 That wondrous future, whose bright prophecy  
 Not dimly dawns upon the trustful eye;  
 For in the glories which to-day we see  
 Is the firm pledge of what is yet to be.

It is a secret known but to a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Steele*.

## Editor's Table.

AFTER a long absence we once again resume our place at the editorial table, and our heart overflows with joy and thankfulness that we are again permitted to renew our intercourse with the friends and readers of the Hesperian; with those whose kindly words and *deeds* of encouragement have so often dispelled the dark clouds of doubt, and caused the bright bow of Promise to gleam forth, looking only the brighter for the darkness of the sky which hung o'er us. Even as we write, the moist dew of gratitude and thankfulness welling up from our full heart at memory of past kindnesses, kindly words, and tender, soothing tokens of appreciation and encouragement, have suffused our eyes and dimmed our sight.

During our absence the Hesperian has been so ably presided over by Dr. JOHN A. VEATCH,—whose talent and ability as a writer, whose vast resources of mind, and whose great fund of information upon all subjects of interest connected with our State, has won for it new friends and greater honors,—that it is with no little degree of tremulousness and fear that we again resume the arduous responsibilities and high duties of editorial life. Ours is but a woman's hand, trembling and vibrating to the pulsations of a woman's heart; and yet we dare not shrink from the self-imposed duty,—and with heartfelt thanks to our kind friend for his past efforts, and also for his promise of continued contributions to the Hesperian, we resume our duties, trusting that our efforts may not be altogether unacceptable to the friends and readers of our magazine.) We are also indebted to Mr. JOHN S. HITTELL, for kind and valuable assistance rendered the Hesperian during our absence.

Somebody has said: "Once a Californian, always a Californian"; and we endorse the sentiment; for in all our wanderings we saw no place for which we would be willing to exchange the clear sky and genial atmosphere of our beloved California, to say nothing of her hardy, energetic, and progressive inhabitants. We were startled and amazed at the profound ignorance which we found every where existing in regard to California, her institutions, the state of her society, and her future prospects. One can hardly realize that such false and crude impressions can exist amid a society supposed to be composed of intelligent people. We found many believing that California's resources were entirely exhausted, and that all her inhabitants would soon be wending their way back to their old homes deploring their stupidity in ever having set foot upon her shores.

Were we to give you a description of the various places through which we passed, we should weary you, and perhaps tell you no more than you knew before. We will, however, give you a graphic description of Texas, which was given us by an old man, a resident of that State, who happened to be a fellow passenger in the stage as, one raw, dismal day, we dragged on slowly through the pine swamps of that region. "The country," he said, "was picterous, the sile want nothing much to speak about, and the hills rose line upon line, and precept upon precept, until they reached a degradation of six hundred

feet." We thought he might have added: The principal productions were yellow fever and black vomit.

Leaving Texas, we sought dearer and more familiar scenes, where, amid old haunts and familiar friends of former years, the time allotted for our stay passed swiftly away, and we once more set sail for California.

When we went on to the East we thought matters on ship-board about as bad as they could well be; but returning, we found them even worse. Human beings were crowded in like so many head of live stock; but what shocked us most, was the evident disregard of human life. There were not firemen enough on hand, consequently the few had to be on duty too many hours. During the passage of eight days from New York to Aspinwall, no less than two fine, hearty men, were burned alive by this mode of treatment, (rumor said three;) but *we know* of two. The last one, finding himself sinking, sought the deck, where he was met by the engineer, who inquired "how he dare to leave his post before his six hours were up?" "I am dying by inches," was the reply; when the engineer, seizing a belaying-pin, hit him with it and sent him reeling senseless to the hold below, from whence he was afterwards dragged up through the coal-scuttle, or pipe through which they bring up the cinders, and carried up on deck and laid in the burning hot sun of that tropical clime, (for we were near Aspinwall,) until he died. Even after death, his body bore the marks of violence. Are we a Christian people? Ah! let the poor, desolate wife and her fatherless babes reply, when, instead of meeting the warm embrace and the affectionate kiss of the husband and father, they learn the sad truth that he was burned alive on board of the United States Mail Steamship North Star; and that, too, in the service of a man who has been called "the poor man's friend." A voice mightier than ours has spoken upon this subject of steamship abuses; and from a letter which a short time ago appeared in the Boston Transcript, from the pen of the Rev. STARR KING, we make the following extract:—

"The boat is frightfully overloaded. There is no promenade deck on the steamer. The upper state-rooms occupy the centre of the upper deck, only half of which is given up to the passengers, state-rooms and all.

"There are at least a thousand persons on the steamer. This is far more than she is entitled to carry by law, and twice as many as can be accommodated. Every state-room has three persons, and in the second cabin, which is below the main, or dining-saloon cabin, scarcely less than the horrors of the middle passage are experienced. The prices which the second cabin ticket-holders pay are extortionate, at any rate in comparison with the charge and accommodation for the chief cabin passengers. But on this trip many of the first class ticket-holders are put into the second cabin state-rooms, and there are more than a hundred of the regular passengers below—many of them women with infants—who have no place to sleep—not even a mattress on the floor.

"I have said nothing of the steerage passengers, and the cheating practiced on many of them, nor of the different rates of charge for many of the passengers at the regular office in New York. Their black-mailing and pickpocket arithmetic could be borne with comparative equanimity, if any provision was made for the safety of their victims. But there is not. Six boats, weak and

sun-cracked, into which at most no more than two hundred people could be crammed, are all the means available for saving a thousand lives in case of accident. Not twenty life-preservers can be seen on the vessel. There are no means of saving the children on board in case of disaster. This is the most profitable steamship passenger-line in the world. Is it always to be managed as it now is on the Atlantic side? Are we to wait for a catastrophe in which a thousand lives are lost before any interest is taken in the open defiance by the owners, of the laws of Congress and the laws of decency? When I look at my wife and child, and think what the cry of fire would mean, what passions it would let loose, what horrors, ten-fold worse than on the Austria, it would start, I am tempted to wish that I may live to see the man or the men who are responsible for this piratical trifling with life on the sea hanged over the City Hall in New York—less as an act of justice than of public mercy. If Mr. Vanderbilt were on board now, I believe he would find a Vigilance Committee extemporized to deal with him."

ANY lady who has ever tried, knows how difficult it is to cut a reliable and neat-fitting pattern from any model which a mere Fashion Plate affords. In those olden cities where Fashion Emporiums abound, and a lady can step in and for a trifling sum obtain any pattern desired, a fashion plate is of use, as showing the prevailing style and helping the individual to make a judicious choice of patterns. In common with others, we have often felt the want of the accommodation which such an emporium would afford us of the Pacific. This, together with a desire to serve our patrons, has induced us to become a Branch of Madame Demorest's well-known Emporium of Fashion. By this connection we are constantly placed in receipt of the most artistic and reliable Patterns for Ladies' and Children's Dress. Each number of the *Hesperian* will hereafter contain a FULL-SIZED PATTERN of some article of Ladies' or Children's Dress. At the same time, we would inform our patrons and the public generally, that we are about establishing an EMPORIUM of Fashion, where can be obtained Patterns of all articles of Ladies' and Children's Dress—from the tiny garments of an infant to the most elaborate article of a lady's wardrobe—all or any of which will be furnished at prices so low that all can avail themselves of the opportunity hereby afforded of procuring Patterns which will secure for themselves and their children fashionable, neat and becoming garments.

Few people who move hourly through the great artery of New York—Broadway—during the day, are aware of the extent and magnitude upon which business operations are daily conducted within the many buildings which constitute that great thoroughfare. We were led to these reflections by a recent visit to the celebrated, and, we may in truth say, unequalled establishment of Mme. Demorest, Broadway. This lady has not only taken the lead in furnishing the prevailing styles of ladies' dresses in that city, but her efforts at artistic accuracy and elegance have been rewarded by the approbation of the most distinguished authorities in this country, among which may be mentioned, the first premiums awarded by the American Institute and the New York State Fair; also, an award of two medals, with special approbation, by the jurors of the

World's Fair, Crystal Palace, for her perfect system for cutting ladies' dresses ; a well deserved tribute to Mme. Demorest's taste, skill, and persevering energy, in designing and perfecting an easy and accurate system of Dress-Cutting, so essential to the growing wants of the fairer portion of creation.

No one can visit her show-rooms, and witness the elegant display of variously trimmed patterns for ladies and children, arranged with a degree of minuteness and attention to details that is almost amusing, and which the merest tyro could not mistake, both suited to the gratification of a refined taste, or the display of fashionable elegance, without confirming these testimonials to her inventive genius.

We trust that our efforts to serve the ladies of the Pacific coast, by establishing an Emporium of Fashion, where elegance, utility, and economy will be combined, will meet with that general appreciation and that hearty response which we feel our efforts entitle us to. In our connection with the Hesperian we have ever tried to serve the public *honestly*, and in the Fashion Emporium, which we consider (large and comprehensive as it is, in all its details) but an *auxiliary* to our great work, the Hesperian, we shall be governed by the same honesty of purpose. We would call attention to our advertisement, which appears on another page.

THERE are few places where there is as much pains taken for the rational amusement and gratification of children as in San Francisco, and our Fourth of July, 1860, was an occasion which will long be remembered by many with more than ordinary pleasure, and particularly so by the children of the EPISCOPAL MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL. The procession, which proved to be one of the most attractive displays ever known here, formed at half past 8 o'clock, at the Pavilion. It was announced, according to programme, by a special salute of the First California Guard. The Grand Marshal, WILLIAM G. BADGER, and his aids, FRANK B. AUSTIN and other teachers, headed the line. Then came a band of music, then seventy men of Capt. Cook's Light Guard, an escort of honor ; then another band, then a troop of lasses in white, wearing on their heads only wreaths of roses, two and two, with branches of fragrant bay held together as an arch over the heads of each couple. Then eight white horses decorated with flags and wreaths drew the floral car. Nine rose-wreathed, bay-bearing misses on foot, and then four white horses drew the *Excelsior* car, representing a huge rock which a boy is scaling, with a flag marked *Excelsior* in his hand. Still more couples of misses on foot, and then the *Seasons*, a car in which three girls ride dressed in costume for budding Spring, glowing Summer, and ripe Autumn, and in front white Winter. The next car was named *Liberty*. On the pinnacle of a hemisphere rode charming Liberty ; at her feet a wild young Indian (so her costume interpreted her) reclined, and, as a guard, four sailor boys and two girls in costume stood behind her. On the fifth car, which was drawn by six white horses, rode thirty-four girls, bearing each the shield and motto of a State, in which with great liberality Utah was included ; on foot, following it, came thirty-four boys, each bearing a banner inscribed with a State's coat-of arms ; then came a truck, on which a boat manned by boy-

sailors was borne; then a wheeled platform on which a small printing-press was striking off programmes of the day's proceedings, and here a couple of young ladies were seen busily employed with a sewing-machine; and then a car on which, in their favorite attitudes and with their several implements for charming a world into civilization, the nine muses rode, (young ladies from Mr. Planel's Musical Institute,) and a boy impersonating Apollo. These all were dressed in rich characteristic costume, and excited perpetual applause. Too much can not be said in praise of this car and its fair occupants. It was faultless, both in design and execution.

The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with people, and the children were constantly showered with flowers.

Upon reaching the Pavilion, the procession broke up, and the children passed in, carrying their green boughs and roses with them.

At 11 o'clock Mr. BADGER, the Superintendent of the School—and he to whom much of the completeness and splendor of this exhibition must be attributed—called the meeting to order. He, with the speakers and the band, had taken their places on the stand in the middle of the Pavilion. A prayer was then offered up by the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS; after which, Mr. JOHN V. WATSON read in a fine, clear voice, the Declaration of Independence. Next on the programme was the Oration, by the Rev. T. STARR KING, which proved to be one of the most eloquent efforts every made in this city. We can not make room for it entire, and must be satisfied with the following extract, which we consider one of the most beautiful figures ever presented to an audience:—

“You know, children, that a clock ticks and ticks, second by second, in a dull, patient, humdrum sort of way, till the hand reaches to the sixtieth minute, and then it strikes. A new hour is born. What if each day should be marked at sunrise by the louder striking of a clock? What if the commencement of a new year should always be told to us by the vibrations of some mighty bell far up in space, that sounded only on the first of January, touched by the hand of God? And now suppose that, when anything very important was about to happen in the world, when a new year of hope and joy for a nation or mankind was to come, a mighty time-keeper, away up among the stars, should ring out, so that men could hear it, and say: ‘Hark! A new hour, one of God’s hours, has struck in the great belfry of the heavens!’ This would be grand. But God does mark the great seasons of the world’s history by a mighty clock. In fact, every nation has a huge dial-plate, and behind it are the works, and below it is the pendulum, and every now and then its hands mark a new hour. Our revolution was such a period. That is the glory of it. The English government had oppressed our fathers. It tried to break their spirit. It was for several years a dark time, like the season before sunrise. But the old time-piece kept ticking, ticking; the wheels kept playing calmly, till about 1775, there was a strange stir and busy clatter inside the case; the people couldn’t bear any more; a sixtieth minute came, and, all of a sudden, the clock struck. The world heard the battle of Bunker Hill—*one*; the Declaration of Independence—*two*;—the surrender of Burgoyne—*three*; the siege

of Yorktown—*four*; the treaty of Paris—*five*; the inauguration of Washington—*six*; and then it was sunrise, and we live in the forenoon of the glorious day.

“Let us be glad and grateful on this Anniversary, that such a glorious hour was marked for our country and the world on our coasts. Let us hope and pray that the good old clock shall remain for centuries uninjured, and that it will strike many times again—but not through battles—to mark new hours for humanity.”

After Mr. KING's address, the band again played, and then the children commenced with the tableaux; six of which were given in the day, and the remaining sixteen in the evening. The expenses of the celebration amounted to about three thousand dollars. Enough money was received, however, to defray all expenses, and leave a handsome surplus on hand.

WE are indebted to Mr. C. E. B. HOWE for a beautiful specimen of the Rock Leek, an illustration and description of which will be found on page 244. We highly appreciate the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Howe, and wish that many of our friends would follow his example and send us such specimens of plants and flowers as they may find in their travels over the rich and prolific soil of California.

*ÆGREA SOMNIA.*—We should like very much to know the name and address of the author of an admirable little poem, entitled “*Ægrea Somnia*,” published in the last number of the *Hesperian*. We always reject articles, however good, when unaccompanied by the author's name. The parties having the *Hesperian* in charge during our absence were not aware of the rule by which we are governed in this respect. Names of contributors will be held in the *strictest* confidence, if desired.

“*Woman's Sphere and Mothers' Responsibility*,” with our review of new books, are unavoidably crowded out.

WE have received from the publishers a new work, entitled “*Adventures of James C. Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter, of California*,” written by THEO. H. HITTELL, which we judge to be of thrilling interest.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.—No. 1 is a Bertha pattern, the material of which may be of either silk or lace. The most elegant are made of illusion lace, around the edge of which is basted a ribbon of any color to suit the fancy, and over this is placed a puffing of the lace. Ribbons may also be placed so as to reach part way down the back, on the shoulder and across the front, and covered with the puffed lace to correspond with the edge. This is a very dressy and pretty article of apparel. No. 2 is a child's dress, both simple and elegant. The skirt is gathered, and with the little lappet, which should be left plain, sewed into the waist. Down the centre of the back to the bottom of the waist lay a box plait, and trim with buttons. The back will be known by being a little wider in the skirt than the front. There should also be a plait laid in the front to the bottom of the waist. This dress may be made of merino, trimmed with velvet ribbon, or of any light material and trimmed with braid of any color to form a pretty contrast.



## BERENICE DEVINE.

[Concluded from page 267.]

## CHAPTER II.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place,  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round;  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face.”

After the trial of parting with her father and the servants was over, Berenice's spirits arose with the buoyancy of childhood. The railroad, the stage, and lastly the lumbering farm wagon, all had an interest for the little city child, who was seldom in her life outside of the limits of her native place; and then, only so surrounded by care and guardianship as scarcely to notice the change. But now, with only one man-servant to look after their luggage, and attend to their safety in other ways; Berenice, made more observant by the sadness which had visited her, found a world of envious and interesting things at every mile of their progress: while her governess, pleased that she seemed so happy, conversed with her pleasantly of all the wonders she saw.

At the little town where the stage left them, they were met by Uncle Neal himself.

“Ah, I am glad to see you, young lady,” said he to Flora; “my brother-in-law wrote me about your coming. And this is my little canary, is it? Why, you are as like your mother as can be; and she was the prettiest young woman in the world, my Sara excepted, of course. You are welcome to your old uncle's arms, pretty thing!” And the old man took her up in his strong arms kindly, and kissed the little face that shrunk away through timidity alone.

“Will you ride now, Miss Moore; or would you like to rest awhile? Now, eh? Well, my Sara will have a bit of supper for you, and you will be rested the sooner. You never was in so wild a place before, were you?”

“I was born in the country, sir; and recollect many pleasant things about it,” answered Flora, her eyes shining with pleasure at the beautiful scenery of the place.

“Yes, it is pleasant,” continued Uncle Neal. “I would not live in the city for all the wealth there is in it;” and he cracked his whip at the idea.

"Oh!" cried Berenice, with a look of distress.

"What is it, lady-bird? O, you do not like my wagon! To be sure, I ought to have thought of it and have driven slower. Little city folks cannot bear much jolting; but when we have had you out here a month or two, you can stand it better. My little people used to like a ride in the farm wagon, as much as you in your coach."

"Have you any little children now, Uncle Neal?" asked Berenice, shyly.

"Ah, no," sighed the old man: "my children are grown up and married; some of them have babies of their own. Ralph is the only one and he is old enough to marry:" and here he stole a look at her, as if calculating the chances.

Fifteen minutes brought them to the gate of the great grassy enclosure about the Dutch house, all gable ends, and corners. Ralph and Aunt Anne were there to welcome them; and to judge by these latter, they thought themselves fortunate in the kind of welcome they must entertain, if outward looks were any guarantee of a cordial welcome, the excellent supper, and a most refreshing nap between sheets of home-made linen, that smelt of dried roses, was a promising beginning to the summer's holiday.

The place where Uncle Neal's house stood, was the sloping bank of the lake, to which Salmon Creek was the outlet; and fronted the south, from whose summer warmth tall poplars and massive sugar-maples most effectually screened it. In one corner of the lawn a stately pine tree kept up its solemn murmur through all seasons, as if deploring the loss of its mates of the forest, whose bodies the picturesque old mill at the foot of the lake had long ago devoured. The mill was long since disused; and a well-cultivated farm, with a noble orchard, now ornamented the border of the lake, between the shining beach of which, and the gate of the lawn there was only room for a carriage road. Back from the farm-house half a mile, lay the remains of a once sturdy forest, now thinned out to a *sugar-grove*: and still farther away, quite a heavy body of pine trees. Salmon Creek was a noisy, babbling, leaping, laughing stream, dancing over rocks, and hiding among thickets; sometimes running out over low margins of white sand, till it touched the feet of the meadow daisies, again sinking its waters until they were quite hid-

den by leaning birches and alders. The old mill was standing under shelter of a mighty elm, the silent ghost of former busy scenes; respected for its age, and cherished as the play-ground of all Uncle Neal's little folks. The little room where her grown-up cousins had played, denominated the "office," still bore signs of childish house-keeping, in tiny cupboards, chairs, broken dishes, and other childish properties.

On the first day of her visit, Uncle Neal took Berenice to see this room, and gave her the proprietorship for the summer. She listened to the murmur of the brook underneath; and gazed wonderingly at the long arms of the giant elm which overshadowed the roof; then thanked her kind friend with a smile full of sweetness, as if he had guessed what she would like, exactly. Ralph, too, took her and Flora to see the pine woods, and the falls of the creek; and it was difficult to tell which was most delighted with the novelty—Flora or her charge. Aunt Sara showed them the orchard and grapery, and garden: she took them into the dairy and poultry-yard, and pointed out her pet lambs and calves. With all these things Berenice was delighted; and charmed to think they were *real*, and not pictures like those she had always seen.

After a day of excitement, both visitors were glad to find themselves finally left to rest in their pleasant apartment, with windows reaching almost to the floor. The afternoon sun was slanting down towards the tree-tops on the other side of the house, and the cool east shadows made unnecessary curtains on closed shutters. A tall lilac tree grew up above the window-seat and filled the room with fragrance. Flora made a little heap of cushions on the carpet by this window, and drawing Berenice down beside her, pillowed her head on her lap.

"My mamma would not allow me to sit on the floor, Miss Moore," said the child.

"Of course not, my dear, in the parlor; but in your bed-room, would she not?"

"I do not know. I hope it is not rude to do so."

"I will never request you to do anything that is rude, Berenice," said Flora, a little hurt in spite of her self-control.

"Excuse me, Miss Moore; but mamma reproved me for my bad manners the very night she died; and I cannot forget it," said Berenice, penitently.

“That is quite right, my dear. Will you tell me for what you were reprovèd?”

“Why, I had a party that afternoon, and Reginald Thorne, who always does tease me whenever I see him, vexed me with whispering about Anne Lee, that she was a little know-nothing, and that I was silly to like her; and after that he asked me to play back-gammon with him, and played wrong all the time, and won every game. Then he laughed at me for being beaten; and I said, ‘I should be ashamed to boast of cheating,’—or something like that,—for which mamma corrected me.”

“Did you think your mamma was not right in doing so, Berenice?” asked Flora, gently.

“No, Miss Moore, not wrong, quite; but I do not understand *why* it is polite to pretend not to see the faults of others when they ought not to commit them; and to never let them know we feel angry or hurt, when they deserve that we should.”

“I will tell you all about that, my dear. The reason *why*, which puzzles you so much, is this. Because it is almost sure to offend them, and offending any one who has done wrong, seldom makes them any more desirous to do right. Again, it takes from your own self-respect to think you have done a foolish action in resenting it. But the greatest reason of all, is because our Saviour has instructed us to forgive our enemies; and always to do as we would wish others to do unto us, in similar circumstances. If you had offended Reginald, you would wish to be forgiven, would you not?”

“Oh, I always wish to be forgiven, but I do not think Reginald does,” said Berenice, quite earnestly.

“Very well,” said her youthful teacher, with reverent gravity; “you are not to judge the wishes or feelings of others; and are to keep the rule of our Saviour in all cases.”

“Where did you learn about our Saviour?” asked Berenice.

“In the Bible, and at church. Did you never go to church?”

“Oh, yes, often; and I listened to what was said there; but I did not understand much; and I thought it was another place to practice politeness and refinement in.”

“And so, my dear, it was,” said Flora, nearly tempted to laugh; “for all true politeness is founded in the golden rule which I have told you of: for instance, your mamma bade you not to retaliate an

offence because it was not polite. I tell you the same thing because it is not *right*."

"Why did not mamma explain it in that way, then? I can understand right and wrong; but I cannot understand all the rules of politeness."

"Your mother thought you were too young to understand, perhaps," replied the wise young governess — who began to have an insight into the moral training of the child she must guide and instruct.

"When mamma said she was very happy to see people she did not like, was that obeying the golden rule?"

"If she did so because she wished them to feel comfortable and pleased, it was," answered Flora, evasively.

"But I do not like to hear any one tell an untruth, and I cannot see how it is necessary to be done; for I should not wish any one to tell me they were happy to see me, if they were not," argued Berenice.

"It is not meant for an untruth, generally," explained Flora; "but as I said, to save the feelings of our visitors. If any more truthful method can be found out — as I think there may be — let my little pupil adopt it. I am glad she loves the truth; and she and I will never tell each other anything but truth." Gently kissing the child, she reminded her it was time to prepare for tea.

"Let me get one good sniff at these lilacs, first," laughed Berenice, and leaning out of the window, she gathered the topmost branches up in her embrace, snuffing at them as hard as she could. "Oh, they are delicious, Miss Moore: do come and smell them." To please her, Flora repeated the embrace, in quite as childish a way; and just as she did so, caught sight of Ralph beneath the window. He smiled and said he was sent to bid her to tea, upon which Flora bowed, and hastened to brush her own and Berenice's ringlets."

"Do you not think cousin Ralph a handsome young man?" asked Berenice.

"Yes, quite handsome," replied Flora, smiling to herself.

"I love handsome people," said Berenice, sententiously.

"You should love not only beauty of person, but beauty of heart, my dear."

"I can *see* beauty of person, but I cannot see a beautiful heart, can I, Miss Moore?"

"Sometimes we cannot, but oftener we can, in the looks and actions of the individual. All goodness is beauty of heart," said Flora, regulating the flow of her dress, which was somewhat ruffled from sitting on the cushions.

"Was it because I could see your heart in your looks, that I loved you at first, Miss Moore?" asked Berenice, artlessly.

"I believe so, my dear," replied Flora, taking her hand to go down stairs.

"I think Ralph's heart is handsome, too," said the child, just as they reached the dining-room door.

"What is that, gold-finch?" asked Uncle Neal.

"Oh, Uncle Neal, we were just talking about cousin Ralph being handsome," was the perfectly *naïve* reply.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Uncle Neal; "and not a word about your old uncle's beauty — nor your Aunt Sara's?"

"Why, we had not got to you yet, you see, Uncle Neal; but Miss Moore was telling me that people's hearts are beautiful if they are good, and of course then, you and Aunt Sara are as handsome as can be in your hearts."

"What a philosopher!" exclaimed Uncle Neal. "So we are handsome in our hearts, and Ralph in his face, birdie?"

Berenice smiled innocently, and wondered why Miss Moore looked so confused, and Ralph forgot to eat his supper.

The days never grew weary either to Berenice or her governess, through that delightful summer. Books were consulted but seldom. Flora taught her pupil botany, natural history and geology from nature. The secrets of astronomy, too, she confided to her, as they sat evening after evening on the verandah of the old Dutch house. By day they wandered through the maple grove, or among the whispering pines, whose music Berenice loved. They went with Ralph fishing, or gathered wild strawberries in the meadows, or read fairy lore in the room of the old mill. Berenice grew and strengthened; and as she strengthened became blithe and bird-like,— full of song and pretty playfulness. Yet not only more gay and gladsome, but also singularly quick of thought and apprehension. The lessons of her governess in the puzzling questions of moral philosophy, soothed

the only irritable nerves in her spiritual nature; and these vexed questions put to rest, her soul's harmony went on undisturbed. She was no longer the pensive dreamer in the shadowy gloom of sumptuous curtains of damask silk; but the active, happy thinker; the cordial, loving songstress, in company with birds, and brook and breeze; the child-poet, to whom all the voices of nature were audible, and who recognized their meaning to be love and gladness; yet all and wholly *like* a child, not in the least anticipating her years in development.

"Uncle Neal," one day she cried to the old man on the verandah; "I call this pine tree the monarch, because it is so grand and kingly-looking; and when I come out here in the morning I kneel down to it, and say—'by your leave gracious sovereign'—before I commence my play. Did you ever do such things?"

"Not I, little puss; I am too democratic for sovereigns and such nonsense: but I had wild fancies too, sometimes, about spirits in trees."

"Why do you say 'too democratic,' Uncle Neal? What does it mean to be democratic?" asked Berenice, coming in and sitting down beside her uncle in the attitude of attention.

"So you are not a politician, little one? Democracy is the opposite to aristocracy. Do you know what *that* is?"

"Not very well, Uncle Neal; but Reginald Thorne used to say that Anne Lee was *not* aristocratic, and blame me for liking her; so I thought it was proper to be aristocratic, though I never could see anything improper in Anne Lee, who must have been democratic," said Berenice, with a perplexed look.

"What logic!" exclaimed Uncle Neal, laughing: "no, child, there was nothing wrong in Anne's democracy, I presume; but I think Miss Moore can explain that to you better than an old bungler like me."

"I'll ask her when she comes down," said the little girl, bounding away. Presently she came back again, saying: "Last night Miss Moore and I were watching the lake from our windows, and when the moon got up just over the trees, there was a long path of light across it, just between the two maples by the gate. I asked her what it was like; and she said it was as if there had been a bag of gold-dust drawn across it, open, and the dust left on the trail.

And I said I thought it was like a ladder of gold threads for our guardian angels to come down on at night. Which do you think it was like, Uncle Neal?"

"It was most like the ladder," answered Uncle Neal, softly.

"Then I went to bed, and dreamed the pine tree had a soul, and could move about like persons; and that I was tired and sad, and it came and lifted me up among its topmost branches, and carried me away to the summit of a high mountain, where the wind waved its branches, oh, so gently, and I had my face close to the stars. I thought the pine tree loved me, Uncle Neal, as you do when you take me on your knee. Was not that a strange dream?"

"You are a fairy, little humming-bird, and I have no doubt the trees do love you, but don't let them carry you off really, some day."

Berenice laughed, and ran to see if her special rose-tree had blossomed this morning, or her nestlings learned to fly.

Thus passed the short, happy summer; and almost before they knew it had passed, came the summons back to town. There were serious faces around the table the afternoon the letter came. Those old people had found their house so warmed and lighted by these sunny hearts and faces, that it was a real sorrow to part with them. Berenice shed some tears about going back to dull parlors again, and Ralph and Flora stole each away to the orchard, where they accidentally met! Whatever they said there, about the separation, made shining eyes and throbbing hearts; and made it certain that Berenice would have to find another governess, if she remained in town. "But she will spend her summers with us," said Ralph, and that little word *us* betrayed it all.

So it was arranged that Ralph was to accompany them to the railroad station, where their final adieux were to be made until they "met to part no more"—that is, Ralph and Flora.

Many a summer after that, did Berenice pass at Salmon Creek; and more and more deeply the voices of nature entered into the harmony of her being. Uncle Neal and Aunt Sara had passed away, and a new mistress presided in Snowdon Place; still Berenice forsook not the old mill, nor her lilac-scented room in the old Dutch House.



## CHAPTER III.

“Is it the shrewd October wind  
Brings the tears into her eyes?  
Does it blow so strong that she must fetch  
Her breath in sudden sighs?

The sound of his horse's feet grows faint—  
The rider has passed from sight;  
The day dies out of the crimson west,  
And coldly falls the night.

She presses her tremulous fingers tight  
Against her closed eyes,  
And on the lonesome threshold there  
She cowers down and cries.”

It is twelve years since Berenice first came to Salmon Creek. Her cousins Ralph and Flora, with their children, occupy the verandah, as did Uncle Neal and Aunt Sara with Ralph's brothers and sisters many years before, when the now rotten sills of the perished saw-mill were green and new. Under the grapery on the lawn, were seated the grown up Berenice, and a young man who might have been recognized, in open day, as the most popular and talented young orator of his native city; and his name was Reginald Thorne. He had swayed thousands by his eloquence; had bidden their tears flow, or their laugh ring out, as it pleased him: but here was a girl of nineteen, whom no eloquence of his had power to stir from her purpose.

“It is useless for you, Reginald,” said her clear, low, musical voice, “to appeal to any memories. I have recollected our love and our vows often when I have wished to forget them: neither are they in any danger of being forgotten by me now. But I have contemplated the necessity of this recantation long and steadily; I have set inclination to battle with duty daily, until duty has prevailed.”

“Berenice, then if your decision is irrevocable, be not surprised at any thing you may hear of me. All incentive to virtue has perished with your love; — and may you feel a pang of remorse when my reckless career is reported to you, that *you*, who might have saved me, have refused to do so.”

“If I were disposed to sarcasm, Reginald, I might say I should not have been surprised to hear anything of you, for some time past. If the entire confidence, the purity and devotion of my love, has not been sufficient hitherto to keep you from vice, I could have no hope that it would in the future. But this idea of being *kept from vice* by any collateral circumstances is a fallacious one at best; and has its

foundation neither in reason nor experience. You might take more pains to conceal it from me, if it was made a condition of our union; but the impure heart would still be there: and falsehood and treachery toward me, would become habitual with you from necessity. You misunderstand me, Reginald, if you think I wish to compel your actions. I will never unite my life to any man's whose virtues are not his own, but only a reflex of mine. Fashionable life has too many instances already of the magnitude of this social mistake. There are too many temptations in the way of poor humanity at its best:— what folly then for a woman, credulous, and needing love, as most women do, to commit herself to the care of a man who may be expected to deceive and torture her! His example destroys her faith in all things; or if it does not that, it becomes a scourge driving her into the very jaws of temptation, which lurks in every path of life, in the hope of finding what her craving heart demands. No, Reginald, I will never put myself to that test! for I must have love: and I must not be deceived, as I feel that you would sooner or later deceive me."

"O Berenice! why are you so perfect that you compel the love you have no pity for? I *will* be true to you,— I *will* be a wiser and better man. I will forsake the society of those who tempt me down to degradation, and put my talents to some less dangerous use. I will not listen to flattery; but will labor with you for home happiness, as I know you desire. Have you not one particle of faith in me?"

"I have given you my answer, Reginald," answered Berenice, with averted eyes; for the despair of the young man's face was terrible to look upon.

"Then you will see me no more," he groaned, and strode rapidly to where his horse stood champing his bit under the maples.

Berenice looked after him as he fled away down the graveled road, with tearful eyes:— then turned and sank sobbing on the bench he had deserted. She felt this was the last of her love-dream; and she mourned its pitiless death; but her resolution never faltered; for she had said the truth, when she said she "*must* have love, and it must not deceive her." Reginald *had* deceived her: but it was easier to bear now, than when the wife should have been betrayed.

When she arose, and entered the house, Mrs. Ralph Neal kissed her tenderly, and said "You have done quite right, my love; and

must not wear that pale face long. Never regret what you have done aright."

"I do not regret it, my heart is quite at rest," answered Berenice truthfully.

"I look for Anne Lee, yet to-night" she said, in answer to some remark of Ralph's about the expected visitors: "she is always very punctual to her engagements. They were coming by carriage, and will not be here quite so early as usual."

"We will wait our tea a little for them," said Flora: but just then a carriage appeared in the distance, bringing, it was easily guessed, the expected young people; who were only Anne Lee and her brother Allan, just returned from a tour to the upper Lakes.

When Berenice attended Anne to her chamber, the latter said, "We met Reginald Thorne a few miles from here, riding in hot haste; and he looked at us without recognizing us. He looked very strange, I thought,—angry and fierce. He had been here, had he not?"—but the expression of Berenice's face answered her before her lips framed "Yes."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about her friend. "I feared you would not have the courage;—and he is so handsome and brilliant!"

Berenice made no reply. The struggles she had gone through she revealed to no one: and only Flora guessed them. From Anne's knowledge of her character she had thought it might be possible that she would give him up; but, as she said, "feared she had not the courage." The strength, however, which had enabled her to resign her first passionate love-dream had not been altogether of her own, but given her in answer to earnest entreaty in the name of One who took Humanity upon him in order to understand its sorrows.

Two weeks of Indian Summer weather afforded the young people much enjoyment in country recreations. Berenice's feet, grown familiar with every "way of pleasantness" in all that charming neighborhood, were sure guides to all the wonderful or beautiful scenes, and were often busy in piloting her friends through woods and meadows, or among the rocks that bordered Salmon Creek. In these excursions Allan Lee had ample time and opportunity to admire his beautiful guide: and to observe that truth, purity and holiness were imbedded in her nature, firm as coral-reefs in the ocean, where they

had grown as imperceptibly. Beauty, cultivation and every virtue, are not so often found conjoined, as to be thought lightly of by poet-hearts like Allan's, and he was often on the verge of a rash avowal of his sentiments ; but Anne, perceiving the peril he was in of wrecking future hopes, wisely cautioned him to preserve silence on the subject. By this delicacy, time was given for old wounds to become healed : and for the love-want in her friend's heart to again make its demand. Allan Lee was one of nature's noblemen : a true gentleman and christian : a worker and a poet : qualities which became perceptible to Berenice during every day of their intercourse at Salmon Creek. The following winter in town gave her occasions to behold his principles well tested ; and as she saw him come unharmed from every moral contest, she most cordially gave him her love. She had never regretted dismissing Reginald, great as were his talents and brilliant his career : nor would she, had it been her lot to have lived unmated through her life : — but now, how she rejoiced at the exchange which gave her such confidence and content — such exquisite repose of spirit to take with her to the altar.

And so Berenice was married ; very much to Reginald's chagrin. The white-lily beauty of the bride, and the princely deportment of the groom, were the theme of universal comment : but some of her stepmother's fashionable set thought it a shame to show so little regard to poor Thorne's feelings. Reginald, however, cut short their condolence by leading to the altar shortly after a beautiful child of fashion no more than sixteen years of age, unable to foresee, and incapable of encountering the perils in her pathway. Every thinking mind can foretell the different futures of those two brides : — suffice it, that our own Berenice was not disappointed in her choice at last ; and that on Salmon Creek, just where the brook emerges from the maple-grove, stands a pretty Summer Villa, where artists, poets and thinkers love to come, from April to November, and where the lovers of the Beautiful and True are always welcome. If there is one less "belle and beauty," at the Springs, there is one more elegant and happy home ; and many truly refined and happy people gathered in it.

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## W O M A N ' S   S P H E R E .

BY PHOSPHOR.

When God conceived the wondrous plan  
And wrought the great creation,  
To woman-kind, as well as man,  
There was assigned a station.

Yet rumor, with her thousand tongues,  
Has told us many a story  
Of woman's rights and woman's wrongs,  
More to man's shame than glory.

To Frisco I resolved to go  
And learn her true position ;  
To find if all they said was so,  
About her sad condition.

First at a candy store I paused :  
Here a bewhiskered dandy  
Attended to the customers,  
And *sold* molasses candy.

I wandered on, and entered next  
A *first-class* bonnet-store :  
Here too a pair of striped pants  
Was stationed at the door.

And pale-faced girls, with care-worn brows,  
Grown prematurely old,  
Were for a pittance making up  
The goods their brothers sold.

Next came a "Ladies' Clothing Store" :  
Here hoops—the grand extension—  
And other little nameless things  
I would n't like to mention,

Were held to view by clerks well skilled  
To please a lady's eye ;  
One twirled his mustache while he praised  
The goods I came to buy.

He asked : "What else, this morning, ma'am ?"  
"Have you a woman here ?"  
"Yes, ma'am ; just step in t'other room  
If you would like to see her.

“ We keep from five to twenty, ma’am,  
To do our puffing, frilling,  
And all such little fancy jobs ;  
But, ma’am, *we* do all the selling.”

I took a peep into the room,  
And there, their needles plying,  
Sat twenty girls, with bowed forms,  
And taper fingers flying.

At seven they came ; till seven they worked,  
Regardless of the weather ;  
But eighty shillings earned a day  
The twenty all together.

Outside, a meagre-looking wretch  
Sat sobbing by the door.  
“ What ails thee, woman ? ” I inquired ;  
“ Alas ! ma’am, I am poor.

“ Once work was plenty, with good pay ;  
But now they put us down —  
These laundry-men, who gather all  
The washing of the town.

“ I work for them the livelong day,  
For children must be fed ;  
But O, they give such scanty pay,  
It will not buy out bread.

“ Yet none will listen to our wrongs,  
Our cries they will not hear ;  
But prate about our ‘ noisy tongues,’  
And bid us keep our ‘ *sphere*.’

“ If men will deal in ladies’ gear,  
Why, let them not complain,  
Though women doff the petticoat  
And don coat, pants, and cane.

“ Nor let them wonder when they hear  
’Tis held in contemplation  
To give them—each and every one—  
A *pressing* invitation—

“ Assistance, if they like, to don  
The garments of the ladies ;  
Show to the world their chosen sphere,  
And show, too, what their *trade* is.”

## MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES INDISSOLUBLY CONNECTING THE TWO BIRTHS.

BY FRANK.

IN Christ's conversation with Nicodemus, He says: "Except a man be born again," "except a man be born of the spirit," &c. How lucidly these passages are continued by Peter, Acts ii: 38: "Repent, or reform your manner of life, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." What gift? Conception—a new life, and when planted, which takes place on repentance, the embryo spirit or the form we *shall* wear when it comes to its "new birth" on the death of the body and the spirit's release. What will the new-born child be like? Just what the colorings, surroundings, and feedings, we have nurtured it with here—and faithfully typified by a child in its mundane formation state. If a mother is a low, debauched sensualist, filled with physical and moral disease, how can we hope for a healthy and intelligent child? As well expect to propagate the pure, fragrant water-lily in a stagnant, malarious pool. As our food so we become. What are the strongly-marked traits of nationality which distinguish one people from another, but their peculiar and distinctive habits, aliments, climates, and teachings? People are awakening, but with a grievous slowness, to the necessity of mothers watching themselves more closely while they are day by day and hour by hour adding atom to atom of that which shall eventuate in the fulness of time in a breathing human infant. As the warp of the babe can not advance without the filling weft of the mind—so on the mother does it all rest (after the conception) what the colorings and pattern be of that web which for months, day and night, and with every pulsation of the heart—as the shuttle is driven in its regularity of action from heart to brain, weaving a pattern for time and *eternity*. How can it be that women are so blind to the terrible responsibilities they assume when so thoughtlessly in dawning wifehood they consent to become the weavers for the immortal furnishing? The same throes which attend in its delivery a state of gestation of evils in this life, are but the shadowings of what will be the terrible sufferings of an evil conceived and demoniacally surrounded gestation of the new, or second birth. Women must be made to realize that the pains and "groanings which can

not be uttered," are but the result of their own false lives. It is a universally-conceded fact, that no creatures suffer more from a pampered, exotic life, than mothers, who, failing to seek the health and strength for their own constant expenditures, have no reserved surplus to aid in the formation of a new, healthy existence; and the result of a prematurely weakened organism is a generator of a diseased nervous system, and the thousand springs of evil which, forming a nucleus in the embryo, perpetuate always in a worse form, the curses of selfishness and bad temper,—or, in its true form of language, floods the world with counterfeits of God's children. But let the incense of thankfulness arise that "Thy light and Thy truth doth lead" some to the green pastures of healthfulness and by the living streams of *cleanliness*; and for those women who will not "arouse from their slumbers" of procreating evils, let all thinking and aspiring men avoid them as they would any propagator of a prolific and never-dying disease, who knowingly—may be unthinkingly—will palm upon their affections and credulity a diseased, distorted progeny, in lieu of a healthy, nobly-developed child of God.

O mothers! prepare your daughters for the high mission that He especially reserved them for. Then the pains and penalties daily prostrating fair, feeble blossoms and exotically matured buds, will be as one of the tales that is told.

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## F A R E W E L L .

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

Farewell is a bitter word to say,  
 When fraught with no regret,  
 But sadder when thy lips convey  
 The thought that I'll forget—

All that thy trusting tongue has told,  
 All that thine eyes reveal —  
 All that my bursting heart has felt,  
 Or that thine own can feel.



## SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

### "DOCTOR WRIGHTWAY."

The NEIGHBORS declared that the Doctor, notwithstanding his suggestive name, "was always in the *wrong way*," saving when he erected his tenement near the good meeting-house; and after all, said they, "he isn't much the better for that, as he is seldom seen within its consecrated walls."

Dr. Wrightway, it is true, rarely attended church; it was not an important part of his faith, and yet, there was much of the religious element inherent in his nature. The Doctor, indeed, like many persons of the present day, was *spasmodically* religious, reserving his devotional duties for rare and grievous occasions. In the clear sunlight of prosperity, happy and self-reliant, he could depend upon his own strength, and direct his own course, but when impending clouds of fate gathered darkly about his path, and his heart grew weary in bearing its weight of sorrow alone, feeling the utter impotence of human might, he would seek support and direction of "a Greater than he."

The Doctor was one of that unfortunate class of individuals who appear, through life, to be destitute of a governing motive of action; who are neither narrow-minded nor deficient in ability, but, on the contrary, have large endowments for either good or evil, whichever rules the hour. Their aims in life seem always at variance, always discordant, even when guided by the highest motives of which they are capable; consequently, the *good* which is in them often takes the *semblance of evil*, and their purest and best actions are liable to be misunderstood and censured by their fellows. They appear, at times, to be the merest sport of circumstances, and are often made to play the most "fantastic tricks" in society, exciting the mirth of some, the indignation of others, and violating the taste of all. Enthusiastic and impulsive, they are always in readiness for whatever may offer in the way of amusement, or excitement, their peculiar humor being born of the occasion. You will find them philosophical, or sentimental; mirthful, or morose; indifferent, or astute, as the case may be;—at one time a skeptic with Voltaire; at another, a de-

votée with Fenelon. Such persons have, generally, large belief and small practice; for the opinions of yesterday, being crowded from the mind by those of to-day, do not remain in the thought long enough to take form in action.

And it is no marvel that such individuals are accredited by society with a preponderance of evil intentions, however upright and honest their purposes may be, when most of the religions of the age teach the "*natural depravity*" of man, and the stronger tendency to wrong, than to right doing; and when, also, it is so much easier for the unthinking multitude to judge from outward appearance, than to analyze character, discover the hidden springs of action, and base an opinion upon the only just standard of judgment — a knowledge of the *motive power*. And but few persons possess the analytic and synthetic intellect which enables them to judge of the influence of the different faculties of the mind upon each other in their combined action, and, like skillful artists, to delineate the various shades of character which result from the different degrees of development of the faculties in different individuals, which are as manifold and wonderful as the infinitely varying features of the human face with all its changing expressions. But, fortunately, for poor, erring humanity, that the dear, pitying Father of all is the final Judge, and we can appeal to Him when we fail to receive justice from our fellow beings.

Our Doctor was regarded by the NEIGHBORS as incorrigibly irreligious, and there are chapters in his book of acts that appear to justify the belief. Tradition says that on three successive years, after parson Kindly had notified his congregation that several worthy persons would be baptised and received into church fellowship on the following Sunday, Dr. Wrightway, regarding these persons as *unworthy* of the sacrament of baptism, informed the villagers during the week that on the same day and hour, he also would perform the ceremony of baptism, would immerse in the waters of the bay *one* more deserving than they. The *deserving one* was a favorite blood steed of great sagacity, which he accordingly led into the water at the appointed time, in presence of a small number of Sunday idlers, causing him to kneel while he repeated the form of words used by parson Kindly in that ceremony. It is farther related that, at the close of each of these extraordinary performances, the left limb of the doctor was broken by the spirited animal as he sprang impatiently from the water, shaking the spray from his dripping mane.

Owing to these accidents, for which he was, of course, duly reproached by the NEIGHBORS, generally, and severely denounced by Polly Spoonall, particularly (who considered it an imperative duty on all unfortunate occasions to "back up Providence,") the doctor was obliged to lean upon a staff in walking. The best surgeons of his day did not profess to equal or excel nature in their operations, and the thrice-broken limb would not knit together and lengthen to the full dimensions of the other,—as it might have done in our time,—at least in print! All agreed that it was a just punishment for his sacrilegious act. If it be sacrilegious to baptise horses, then did the doctor suffer severely for the sin; for the deformity was, to his peculiarly sensitive nature, a source of continual regret and mortification. But His Holiness the Pope does not appear to view it in that light. Our intelligent country-woman, Grace Greenwood, tells us, in an interesting epistle from Rome, that she saw the priests of his church baptise some of the *worst specimens* of that species of animal she had ever seen—and with "holy water," too, over which His Holiness had said some pious Latin!

Dr. Wrightway was as peculiar in his personal appearance as he was eccentric in character. One who saw him might have easily imagined that the genii of good and of evil, of beauty and of deformity, presided at his birth, and that each, striving for the ascendancy, had followed him, step by step, in his advancement from infancy to manhood. Let us view his person in Fancy's magic mirror. It appears above the medium height, finely-proportioned and commanding; complexion dark; eyes large, black, and melancholy; nose of Grecian cast, with thin, dilating nostrils; a good-sized chin, and mouth restless and expressive. The presence would be noble were it not that one corner of the mouth is drawn a little upward, followed by a corresponding elevation of the eye and eyebrow on the same side of the face. The whole countenance is indicative of strong emotions—of great nervous irritability—of unsatisfied desire.

In mirthful moods the doctor's face wore an expression of doubt, as though the soul were "vacillating between a smile and a tear." But it was impossible to mistake the approach of passion—the elevated eye, suddenly dilating, looked out like a spirit of evil from the dusky visage and the dark impending brow, sending fierce, electric darts through the quivering features, until the whole face was

wrought into a miniature tempest. But still more strongly marked and wonderful, was the transformation of his countenance when the sentiment of beauty was awakened. It glowed from the kindling eye with a deep and reverential fervor. The nervous tension of the features became relaxed, and their sharp outlines softened, while the deformity, gradually disappearing, left the outward in pleasing correspondence with the inward harmony.

Ay, with all his faults of character, the doctor was a worshiper at the shrine of the beautiful: his nature bowed in its might before it, as the devout Christian prostrates himself before his Maker. Was there idolatry in this? Are not all forms of beauty truths?—are they not all creations of the Perfect Mind?—and does not one form of beauty and of truth belong to every other, even as a single sunbeam to the great central sun?—and does not the soul, attracted by the beautiful, approach nearer and nearer to its source, and “with God himself hold converse”?

All of the doctor’s surroundings were indicative of this refining element of his nature, and stamped him the man of cultivated taste. His cottage, with its commanding situation and highly-cultivated grounds, was the most attractive in the village; his dogs and horses the sleekest and of the finest breeds; and his *wives* the most lovely of women. Don’t be startled—the doctor was no polygamist, *alias* Mormon—no, no! Mormonism would not have been tolerated in his day, had he been disposed to practice the abominable sin. “Uncle Sam” was not then the free-and-easy, gay Lothario that he has since become. Ah! no; he was in his youth and innocence, and had a suitable respect for the Westminster Catechism and Ten Commandments. Marriages were made in Heaven, he solemnly believed, and would look upon no divorce with favor, saving that of Church and State! “Uncle Sam” was a patriot, too, in those days, as well as religionist. Religion and patriotism were synonymous words, indeed, in his estimation, and fighting for his country was only working for his God—working for the advancement of liberty, truth, and justice in the world. The “Constitution” and the “Higher Law” were the same to him—the “Constitution” embodied the “Higher Law,” and the “Higher Law” embraced the “Constitution;” *it* also was a marriage made in Heaven, and could not be divorced on any plea. But he has sadly changed. Once, had any

“strict constructionist” of that document declared *it* to be independent of the “Higher Law,” “Uncle Sam” would have been filled with holy indignation, and annihilated him with withering rebuke; now, the heresy is boldly uttered in the very halls of Congress, and echoed all over the land, and he eats his beefsteak, and smokes “the fragrant weed,” as unconcernedly as though no sacred principle had been violated, and governments had no need of the protecting care of Heaven.

The doctor was not a polygamist—his wives came in the “regular line of succession.” The first in order was passing lovely, with her sunny hair waving about her face—but how shall I describe what seemed only a beautiful thought that comes, like a heavenly visitor, in the calm of the soul, and fades away before the din of life? Elizabeth B. B. Browning has a “Portrait” among her charming collection of thought paintings, that will convey some idea of its spiritual beauty. Listen :—

Her sweet face is lily-clear—  
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty  
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks, encolored faintly,  
Which a trail of golden hair  
Keeps from fading off to air:

And a forehead fair and saintly,  
Which two blue eyes undershine,  
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child—  
Though too calm, you think, and tender  
For the childhood you would lend her.

And her smile it seems half holy  
As if drawn from thoughts more far  
Than our common jestings are.

She was not one formed to bear the burden and heat of the day, and she faded before the noon. Slowly, almost imperceptibly she passed away to the “better land.” One could weep scarcely less for a lovely infant, gone in its purity to Heaven, than for her.

It was whispered among the NEIGHBORS that she died *suddenly*, very suddenly! with an expression of countenance that conveyed a deeper, darker meaning.

She wore the same sweet winning smile down to the grave, and they saw not that she had been fading for years. A tempestuous nature like the doctor's, could not be tempered to so delicate a flower—the gardener saw, and transplanted it in a more genial sphere.

But they who suspected the doctor of so black a crime did not comprehend his nature. Because he would occasionally violate their

tastes, or their prejudices, by some *outré* act, the NEIGHBORS believed him to be capable of any wrong doing. He loved and admired his wife, in his own peculiar way, and deeply mourned her loss. But, had he felt aversion instead of love, he could not have destroyed her. To mar, intentionally, the beautiful, was as impossible to him as to live without the presence and soothing influence of lovely woman.

But, like many others, he was unscrupulous about the manner of obtaining the object of his affection. He could tear her from another's heart, remorselessly, leaving it all quivering with its agony, to fold her to his own — aye, and he did! His second wife, a charming brunette of eighteen summers, was the affianced bride of another.

Poor Charles Earnest! It was reported that he died of a *broken heart* soon after her marriage with Dr. Wrightway. A strange tale for modern ears, truly; but—

“ She was his life,  
The ocean to the voice of his thoughts  
Where centered all.”

The simple-minded people of those times believed in *broken hearts*. Byron believed in “broken hearts.” Every impassioned nature believes in “broken hearts!”

My GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBOBS were taken by surprise, were electrified by this sudden, second marriage; rumor had not prepared them for it. The lady was a stranger in E——, and the ceremony had been performed in another place. And how to account for so charming a person forsaking her youthful lover for a man of forty — and such a man! — was perplexing indeed.

It was an important event to Polly Spoonall, and she rejoiced in the full occupation of her time and talents, for she was expected to make the whole affair clear to the villagers, and felt the responsibility of her position. Becky Clipper, too, had as much walking and talking to do, as she could well accomplish between sunrise and sunset, for many a day. As Polly's genius was more of an inventive and speculative character than her coadjutors, she elaborated, and Becky retailed the births of her intellect in the most accurate manner, and always in a low tone of voice, and with an injunction of the strictest secrecy.

It finally became the settled opinion of the NEIGHBORS, after viewing the subject in all its possible and impossible relations, that the match must have been made by the young lady's mother, who was ambitious for her daughter to marry a man of wealth and position; and, as an alliance with the doctor was more favorable to her wishes, she had enforced parental authority, and immolated her daughter on the altar of Mammon. "And they pitied her from the bottom of their hearts! The poor young thing that didn't know what was before her! It was an awful sin and shame, and the mother would see the day that she would rue it!"

But as for the doctor, who was supposed, by the NEIGHBORS, to delight in evil, and only evil, continually, "*he* could have no other motive for marrying a person so wholly unsuited to his years, than to break her plighted faith with another, and render both parties miserable."

"How absurd for a man of his years to marry a mere child!" both of those ancient maidens would remark to the NEIGHBORS, with much feeling, attended with an upheaval of the bosom and a deep sigh. Polly could not forget that she had been forsaken in her bloom for a fairer bride, by this same man of forty; and Becky remembered a time when she was more attractive than now, and listened to the endearing tones of affection. "If the doctor had only married a *suitable person*, one nearer his own age, (alias their own) why—why—it would not have been so great a folly"—of course not.

The NEIGHBORS were unable to see any points of attraction between the doctor and his lovely brides. They did not think it possible that he could really win the love of pure and beautiful women. Believing him to be corrupt at heart, they thought him incapable of acting from other than the lowest order of motives. Had they been able to penetrate their prejudices they would have found that he possessed a nature as teachable and gentle, at times, as a child's, with the same deep yearning for affection. They would have seen the innate love of beauty in him that attaches itself to all outward forms of loveliness—for he was one to whom beautiful objects are a necessity of existence. Beautiful human faces attracted him more powerfully than any other presentation of harmonious forms; for they represented to him the highest order of beauty, vitalized by

the breath of the Infinitely Perfect. But the NEIGHBORS could not see this elevated and elevating portion of his character. The costliest gems lie not upon the surface. Our highest qualities are hidden from world-seeing deep in the soul. Through them we are most vulnerable to pain—from them we derive our highest enjoyment. We guard them with care, for they are at once the *strength* and the *weakness* of our nature. Like qualities in another will call them forth in their beauty, as the light awakens the diamond. For “as in a glass face answereth to face, even so the heart of man to man.”

After his second marriage the doctor's stylish imported carriage, which was pronounced by some of the NEIGHBORS to be an “outlandish looking affair,” was rarely seen in the thoroughfares of the village. The doctor appeared to be unwilling for other eyes to look upon and admire the beauty of his lovely bride.

This exclusiveness gave offence to some bachelor, or maiden, who was either envious of his happiness, or jealous of his entire devotion to another; and he or she resolved on a little private and public revenge. And he or she (the sex was never known) announced, in one of the most important Journals of the day, the “sudden decease of the wealthy and distinguished Dr. Wrightway.” His “long and useful life” was eulogized in most extravagant phraseology, and he was accredited with more private and public virtues than mortal man ever possessed.

The doctor was sensitive and passionate. You should have seen him after reading that *obituary*, if you would know how fearfully the passions of man can become excited. The simple announcement of his death would have affected him but little, comparatively—those hyperbolic encomiums stung him to the soul. He was the very personification of wrath—every nerve quivered with passion. Bursting away from the silken fetters of home, he went forth like an avenging spirit to “annihilate the wretch” who could thus grossly insult and humble his proud nature.

But, while the doctor was abroad, Polly Spoonall was at home, confined closely to her chamber and her couch, with a “terrible nervous headache!” No one suspected, at the time, that she was the author of the doctor's obituary; least of all the doctor himself. She had assured him that, as a Christian woman, she could *forgive*, although she *never could forget* his past unfaithfulness, and he was



not one to doubt the truth of woman ; she represented to him all that is good as well as beautiful. But there was little of the *spirit of forgiveness* in Polly's nature. She knew that it was right to forgive, and wrong to revenge an injury—the Scriptures plainly taught it. But there was “war in her members”—like many of our own time—“when she would do good, evil was present with her.”

After a fruitless attempt to find his enemy, the doctor informed the public, through the same journal, that, “though he had been entombed, of late, by some spirit of darkness, he had risen again, and was more alive than ever, and held himself in readiness to justify the assertion to any unbelieving mind.” No one disputed his claim to be numbered among the living, and he remained a denizen of earth !

But, while he was still writhing under the mortification of the insult, his charming bride was attacked with typhus fever that in a few weeks terminated her existence. With all the skill of his profession he could not retain the treasure of which he had despoiled another.

The energies of his mind were paralyzed by this unexpected calamity. Mechanically, almost unconsciously, he followed the beautiful marble statue, so still and saintly beneath its dark pall, to the old, gray “meeting-house”;—again, as on a former occasion, Parson Kindly preached a tearful funeral sermon above the remains of a lovely wife, “cut off in the morning of her days”;—again the funeral bell tolled slowly, solemnly as before, and a coffin was lowered into a deep, narrow grave. The poor man felt as though he was passing through a former painful scene in some fearful dream, and strained, wonderingly, his grief-dimmed eyes. The past and the present seemed blended in these kindred sorrows, and he marveled that there were *two* graves beneath his willow. Had he buried more than one? Each day the sad truth became clearer as his mind recovered gradually from its shock—as it awakened slowly to its desolation.

After this second affliction, Dr. Wrightway attended church regularly every Sabbath. He would sit in one corner of the pew, leaning his head upon his hand, and gaze fixedly at the the pulpit—not the preacher—through Parson Kindly's long, summer sermons, as though he were vainly striving to comprehend the meaning

of the symbolical blue, red and yellow that ornamented its panelings. So well pleased were the neighbors with his Sabbath devotions, and the evident marks of great mental suffering in his countenance (!) that they became hopeful, at last, of a genuine conversion; and began to speak feelingly of his afflictions, and of their willingness to overlook past offences and receive him into full social and religious fellowship whenever he should claim it by right of church-membership. But, unfortunately for their reviving charity, a scene occurred at this juncture between Parson Kindly and himself that caused them to "harden their hearts," and pronounce him graceless and past redemption.

It is true that the doctor was no religionist, in the common acceptation of the term; he did not like to fetter his mind with a creed, — attend church meetings at stated periods, — and listen, Sabbath after Sabbath, to mistifying sermons on the trinity, atonement, foreordination, baptism by sprinkling or immersion, and kindred doctrines; yet, he was a believer in Christianity. Had a genial, loving disciple of Christ said to him at almost any period of his life — "Unite yourself with our church; the 'Sermon on the Mount' is the platform of our faith; the 'Law of Love,' of love to God and love to man, is our rule of life" — the doctor would have shaken him warmly by the hand and replied: "Brother, enroll my name in the catalogue. I will try and square my life to the 'Law.'"

After listening attentively to Parson Kindly's preaching for nearly a year, and finding but little consolation in his great sorrow, the doctor thought he would try the experiment of connecting himself with the church; hoping through that means to find a balm for his wounded spirits. He had been told from the pulpit that a change of heart was first necessary; and that repentance and faith were evidences of this change. "The process is very simple," Parson Kindly would say; "repentance, my dear hearers, comes through confession; and faith follows repentance, as may be seen from the very *light* of the subject." But it all appeared *dark* to the doctor, notwithstanding the good man's repeated assurance. Yet, the doctor resolved to try *confession*, trusting that the desired result would follow.

The morning after he had taken this resolution he rose an hour earlier than usual, ordered his breakfast and sleigh to be ready as

soon as possible, for it was now mid-winter, drank a cup of coffee, and set off at full speed for the parsonage.

The good-natured parson was taking his morning nap when the doctor arrived — and so was puss, on the foot of the bed — and so was Dick, at the side. But his energetic knock at the hall door aroused the sleepers. Dick, starting up, shook his head and growled — puss stood on all-fours and elevated her back in a remarkable manner — while the parson rubbed his eyes and looked inquiringly from one to the other. Here the chamber door opened to the relief of all parties, and it was announced that Dr. Wrightway wished to speak with him. The parson made a hasty toilette and received the doctor in his cheerful sitting-room, where nearly a cord of wood was blazing on the the giant hearth.

“I hope, doctor, that I am not indebted to any new misfortune for this early visit,” the good man said, placing a chair for him near the fire, and shaking him warmly by the hand.

“No new misfortune, thank Heaven! Fate has done its worst. I came to ‘confess’ to you, Parson Kindly, that I am most miserable, most wretched, and feel my need of the consolations of religion. I have come early, too early, I fear, for your convenience, Sir; but when I have made up my mind to pursue a certain course, I am impatient of delay, and must accomplish my purpose at once. I believe that you have at last convinced me that I am a sinner, Parson Kindly, and need the mercy of Heaven.”

“I am truly thankful,” the good man replied, in his peculiarly deliberate manner, “that the Lord has at length opened your eyes to see the deep depravity of your nature, for you are, indeed, doctor, a wretched, miserable sinner.”

The doctor was entirely unprepared for this manner of receiving his confession of wretched despondency: he had not arrived at the “penitent state,” and could not appreciate the charge of depravity. He felt himself to be cruelly insulted, outraged in the highest degree; and springing from his chair in a towering passion, he flung it against the opposite wall, exclaiming, with an oath: “How dare you call me a depraved, miserable sinner!” Rushing from the apartment, he sprang into his sleigh and dashed furiously away.

The easy, good-natured Parson lighted his clay pipe and seated

himself upon the \*settle in the chimney corner; and as the blue volumes rolled upward, and puss purred cosily upon his knee, he looked as serene as an Autumn twilight, as though entirely unconscious of the storm of passion that had swept fiercely by his comfortable dwelling.

Dr Wrightway had scarcely reached home before he had repented of the ebullition of passion. He reflected that, as he had bared his bosom to the knife, he ought to have been prepared for the wound.

There were many points in Dr. Wrightway's character similar to Byron's. Like the poet, he was affectionate, sensitive and passionate; and the worst faults of his character were those born of his best qualities undisciplined in childhood by the care of a judicious, loving Mother. Like Byron, too, he was deformed, and suffered keenly through this imperfection of the physical — it was the attrition that marred the symmetry of his character. His vanity was galled because the world looked upon the deformity; his pride, because he was not such as he himself most admired. Thus did he suffer most through the source of his highest enjoyment — the love of the beautiful and perfect.

Truly, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." Pleasure and pain are so closely and strangely allied in our natures, that one is ever pregnant with the other. Upon the cloud that darkens our present we see, through our tears, the radiant bow of hope, the promise of a fairer day; and the joy of our morning, exhaled in smiles, is but the mist that will fall back upon our souls, at evening, in tears.

The enthusiastic love of the beautiful through which Byron and the Doctor were so vulnerable to pain, was the redeeming point in the nature of both — it was the saving grace, the religion of their character.

When the Doctor's impulsive passion would lead him astray, the voice of the beautiful, appealing to this elevated sentiment within, from earth, sea and sky, in all its varied forms of loveliness, would plead with him as a tender wooer to keep his heart pure and worthy; — and he would pause in the silence of the Autumn forests, or beneath

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\* *Settle*, a wooden bench with a high back adapted to the large, old-fashioned fireplaces.

the eye of the tranquil moon, or over a bud expanding in its perfection of beauty — would pause and weep over the errors of his life, and promise never more to offend the gentle Spirit of the beautiful.

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## IMMUTABILITY OF GOVERNMENTS.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

Is there a man or woman living who believes in the immutability of governments? He who dares to prophecy that the fairest land on earth's expansive surface — even the matchless freedom of liberty-pervading California — will enjoy uninterrupted prosperity, assumes an antagonistic attitude, and rebellious disregard of the sad lessons taught in the history of the rise, progress and downfall of Nations and Republics. The model government of earth this day stands trembling and tottering, in an actual state of decrepitude, on a crumbling pinnacle of debris, ready to make the crashing descent, with the first convulsion of national disaster into a yawning abyss of oblivion. Oh! that such might not be its fate; but alas! it is inevitable. 'Tis hard for us to feel that the ever sacred spot upon which we reveled in the halcyon sports of childhood shall at some distant day — when all mankind which at present exist shall be no more — furnish food for the antiquarian traveler to ponder, and marvel over the dark, lost, and inextricable history of the once proud, glorious and magnificent, but then, fallen, crushed, and forgotten pillars, domes, and spires of modern civilization. It is mournful in not a less degree, to reflect upon the fact that generation after generation *will not* each in its turn transmit to its successor unimpaired, in their primitive purity and supreme grandeur the vigorous, healthful and giant-like institutions of OUR BELOVED Pacific Coast. Dear Reader, do you think the above far-fetched? Then reflect upon the fact that the very Nations that gave birth to, and cradled the arts and sciences, are blotted, almost, from human recollection. Had the

citizens of Carthage been told a few thousands of years ago that their then proud, prosperous, and enlightened city would one day cease to exist, or ever lose its power, they would positively have placed the author of such prediction in the lunatic asylum. But where is Carthage to-day? Ah! she lies enveloped in the bosom of oblivion; totally obliterated from living history. Where is the mighty power and position which Rome once held? Echo answers where. Assyria, Egypt, Tyre, Babylon, Sidon, Nineveh, Thebes, Palmyra, and all the rest of those once great strongholds of the East, where are they? Developments that are continually being made by excavations amid their buried ruins afford the only answer. Decay and change mark the face of all things; and although I do not believe that matter is absolutely lost; transition is such an invariable and inevitable law of nature, that what was a few thousand years since the crowning apex of civilization, is now the mouldering ruins of by-gone ages; and that which is considered at the present as the brightest acquisition of enlightened advancement, will in its turn be lost to history; while the adepts in antiquarian research will be striving to to solve the problem of our lost record, without anything even as tangible as tradition to guide them in their labors. Then again, perhaps, will Nineveh, Rome, Babylon and Palmyra, be rejoicing in the effulgent light of scientific prosperity; while that quarter of the earth which is at the present time in the greatest state of advancement will then occupy the position which Carthage holds to-day.

If it be true that the spirits of the departed revisit earth, then do the spirits of departed sages and heroes who had a mortal existence in Carthage during the days of her prosperity revisit their earthly home; and while pondering over the sorrowful fate of her departed greatness, their tears of lamentation surcharge the very vapors of heaven, until the density of moisture conceals the gloomy picture from their anguished view. Dearest readers, one and all; notwithstanding that the great future will bring all the above prophecies to pass, welcome is the fact that the present generation will scarcely make a perceptible step towards their accomplishment; and although the present political wrangling may *possibly* result in a division of the Union between North and South—in which case the little Republic on the Pacific would set up business in her own name—let us by all means do *our utmost* to perpetuate the golden insti-

tutions which we are so fortunate as to possess in our adopted home, and which we certainly will do if we duly appreciate their unparalleled advantages. As the great evil lies in corruption, let us be virtuous. A strictly virtuous administration of governments, religiously founded upon the golden principle of "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," would guide us clear of the shoals and quicksands of destruction, and protect us in the possession of happy institutions. The only way to accomplish this is to strike at the root of the evil. Private virtue is the foundation upon which the polar star of our future destiny must repose if it endures the test of time. Teach virtue in all the private walks of life; and when success has crowned your efforts, public virtue must follow as a necessity. Why not commence the reformation now? But a brief time will elapse before we shall all pass away like a dissolving view, and be numbered with the mighty past. Friends, adieu.

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### FASHIONS, AND THE EMPRESS OF FASHION.

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A correspondent, using the signature of "Phosphor," writes thus to us:—

Late news from the French Court, give us a description of some of the most remarkable toiles to be worn at a fancy dress ball, given by the Empress Eugenie, at the residence of her mother, the Countess de Montije, in the *Champs Elysés*. Her majesty intended to personate Diana, dressed and armed for the chase. Her dress was a short skirt of tulle, embroidered with silver stars and crescents; the body of flesh colored silk. Suspended at her back was to be worn a golden quiver filled with arrows, the feather parts to sparkle with diamonds. A gold band was designed for the head, with a large diamond crescent and two small stars in front: the feet were to be ornamented with pink silk boots, and golden anklets set with diamonds.

To get the diamonds requisite for this dress, it was found to be necessary to use several of the largest pieces belonging to the crown

jewels, besides using her majesty's private diamonds — but as the Emperor (who, it seems, is barbarous enough to keep the extravagant little lady under his thumb,) vetoed the whole proceeding, she finally contented herself with assuming the dress of the Spanish Infanta on her first presentation to foreign ambassadors — a dress, which, according to old historians, combines every element of the regal splendor in which the fair young aspirant to the hand of some royal lover was most likely to win the preference.

Bonnets have taken a comfortable size; coming to a point quite over the forehead, and extending back an inch further in the crown than those worn during the last season.

Double capes are quite the rage — the lower of straw; the upper a narrow frill of ribbon. For straw bonnets, and that is the material most in favor at the present season.

For cloaks — long barnous of black velvet, thrown back from the shoulder, the lining handsomely embroidered with jet and braid, is quite rich, and much worn.

Flounces to the waist, whether broad or narrow, are said to be wholly exploded; they now reach only just below the knee, and are finished with a ruche. Silks of the most varied pattern are worn. One of the Empress' ladies of honor lately appeared in a white *gros des Indes*, with enormous bunches of roses embroidered in black floss silk, thrown all over the upper part of the skirt, while the border was elaborately embroidered in a running pattern to the height of nearly half a yard. The flounce thus worked was looped up with an enormous bow of black velvet on each side. This dress, however eccentric it may appear in the description, is said to be quiet and respectable amongst the number of gaudy *criard* costumes present on that occasion.

The Empress Eugenie lately appeared in public attired wholly in black — not in mourning though; for the sacrifice to the style of the day, was evident in the little golden stars which encircled the front of her bonnet, and peeped out from among the folds of net which encircled the brim.

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## Literary Reviews and Notices.

*"Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.* By ROBERT DALE OWEN."—Perhaps the best commentary that could be given on this most admirable book, is the fact that no less than eight thousand copies were disposed of in the short space of four months. It is a work well calculated to engage the attention of the philosophic inquirer,—full of interest and instruction. That the author is a finished gentleman and an accomplished scholar, none can doubt who are capable of appreciating the pure diction and classic elegance of this most admirable work. The sensation which this book has created in literary circles is not to be wondered at when we consider that calm, deliberate, and unprejudiced inquiry into one of the most absorbing questions of the nineteenth century caused its publication, and that it is a recital of most wonderful adventures and surprising legends, reaching from the olden time down to the present day. We heartily commend it to all. Those who have not yet read its interesting and fascinating pages have a rare treat in store. Copies can be found at A. Roman's Book-Store, No. 127 Montgomery Street.

*"Athanasia, or Fore-Gleams of Immortality.* By EDMUND H. SEARS."—We are indebted to the "American New Church Association," No. 20 Cooper Institute, for a copy of this work,—a book appropriate to the time and age we live in, which imparts comfort to the heart and strength to the soul, and bears witness to the spirit

"That far beyond this vale of tears  
We have a home on high."

We are also indebted to the "American New Church Association" for several other works of rare interest, among which are "Social and Domestic Religion," "Letters on the Divine Trinity," by B. F. Barrett, and "Avoidable Causes of Disease," by John Ellis, M. D. The author has in this work presented the *cause* of disease in a new light, namely: as an effect of the evils of the heart, by perversion of God-given faculties and appetites; and by physical consequences resulting from the evils of parents. We feel that there is rationality and common sense in the argument, and the work ought to find a place in the library of every family in the land, and be carefully studied by every father and mother who have the physical as well as mental and moral interests of their children at heart.

Our thanks are also due to the publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., 117 Washington St., Boston, for some fine Musical Works; among which are "Hayden's Sacred Oratorio," "The Creation"—new method for the melodeon, containing a collection of the most popular songs of the day, with a variety of psalm and hymn tunes. "The Home Circle"—a collection of piano-forte music consisting of the most favorite marches, waltzes, polkas, redowas, schottisches, gallops, mazourkas, etc., being a complete repository of music for parlor and drawing-room recreations. Each volume is handsomely bound, and copies may be obtained in this city of A. Kohler, Sansome Street.

"*Reichenbach on Somnambulism.*"—Two books translated from the German of Baron Reichenbach. By Mr. John S. Hittell. The first is entitled: *Odic Magnetic Letters*; the second: "*Somnambulism and Cramp.*" They contain an exposition of the phenomena of "od," a new force of nature discovered by Reichenbach. This force, akin to electricity, magnetism, heat and light, and correlated with them as they are with each other, pervades all nature, and exerts much influence on humanity—especially upon sensitives, persons of delicate nervous organizations peculiarly susceptible to odic influences. The most important phenomena of od are somnambulism, trance, catalepsy, double consciousness, clairvoyance, supernormal acuteness of perception and memory, communication between minds without recourse to the methods necessary in the normal condition, and cramps. Both books are highly singular, and are destined to occupy an important place in the history of our mental philosophy.

For sale by Epes Ellery, at the Antiquarian Book-Store, 162 Washington St.

### Editor's Table.

WE are entering upon the Fifth Volume of the HESPERIAN, and yet it seems but a short time since it was started as a little semi-monthly newspaper. We look back with a feeling of gratification and thankfulness for the support and encouragement which has come to us from every portion of our young State. Nor are we unmindful of the kind and generous words so often bestowed upon us by our good brothers of the Press, although we have sometimes felt that their words savored more of gallantry than justice, as they considered the hand from whence the HESPERIAN came.

Up to the present time we have conducted, not only the Editorial, but also the Business Department of the Magazine entirely alone—this has been our cross. We do not love business, and have no sympathy with the cold, dollar and cent calculations of the world. We have never felt that the care and anxiety, to say nothing of the physical labor incident to business life, were calculated to elevate the thought, or strengthen the soul. But we started in our business with the determination of doing for it ourself until such time as the capacity of the enterprise warranted and, indeed, *required* assistance. The gradual but steady increase of our business, has of late demanded more time, labor and strength than we can possibly bestow upon it. Consequently we have secured the services of Mr. C. L. Goodrich, who will, from this time forward, act as BUSINESS MANAGER for us. We are not of those who look upon all change as unfortunate. There is (even in worldly matters) a change from one state of progression to another:—there is first the blade, and then the bud, and then the blossom; and we trust that our friends will rejoice at the change which has come to us—a change which will relieve us of much care, anxiety, and physical labor; and which is the result of their generous patronage. More-

over we intend that our patrons shall be gainers by the change; for, relieved of other and more irksome duties, we shall have more time to devote to the editorial. Besides, we shall be fresher and stronger when that duty is no longer performed by the glimmer of a midnight lamp.

OUR STATE AND COUNTY FAIRS.—The time of the ingathering is again at hand, and all around us are heard the busy notes of preparation for the State and County Fairs which annually take place at this season of the year. It is a season of rejoicing! The earth has yielded up her fulness, and the harvestman rejoices; he has received the fruits of the earth as the reward of his labor;—and what a few months ago lay as mere clods of the valley, has been changed into bread. Most wondrous change!—and yet so often effected that it fails to affect our minds as wonderful or strange, or call forth from us a thought of that infinite and all-pervading power which, in and through all things, animate and inanimate, is working out the great principle of Progression.

Husbandman looking on thy fields white and ripe for the harvest, by what power didst thou work this change? True, thou hast plowed, harrowed, and planted; but by what power didst thou vivify the latent germ within the kernel which thy hand cast into the furrow? Didst thou hold communion with it in the silent watches of the night, and bid it cast off the husk in which it was enveloped, and arise to the use of a new life, and the putting on of a more glorious covering? Ah, no! From the depths of your own heart we hear the answer: "I have planted and I have watered; but God gives the increase. His is the laboratory where the earth's chemicals are prepared. He gives the early and the latter rains, and from His hand descends the noonday heat and the evening dews. From Him proceed those electrical currents and forces, without which, all things must die." Let us rejoice, then, for the earth rejoices; and bring in from every section of our young and promising State, the fruits which our God has given us. The pavilion of a fair always seemed to us like a Temple of Thanksgiving. We look upon the collection of the works of nature and of art, with a feeling of awe and admiration not unmixed with thankfulness. We know such Temples are being erected in various parts of our State. We have heard their notes of preparation and their shouts of gladness, and from Stockton and Marysville, Sacramento and Petaluma, they have called unto us—"Sister, come and rejoice with us." And from the Mechanics' Institute and the Agricultural Society of our own city, we have the same kind bidding. Friends, we would gladly be present with you in the body as we often are in spirit; but as the time set for the different fairs comes so close together—in some instances at the same time—we find it impossible, with all our duties, to visit each locality; although in all we feel an equal interest, and an equal degree of pleasure in the knowledge of their prosperity. There is one thing more that calls forth our approval and admiration, and that is, that in these Temples (at least) woman's work takes rank side by side with man's. Hers is the bread, the butter, the cheese and the sweetmeats. Hers are the representatives of the more refined and delicate arts; and here she is permitted to enter into fair competition with her brother man. God speed such institutions, say we, and inspire

every woman to bring forth the product of her hands and of her intellect, and lay it beside that of her brother, since she has the assurance that if it is of equal worth it will receive equal compensation with his own. The day of small things is not to be despised;—they shed the first glimmering of the light which is surely destined to illumine our future.

Florence Nightingale was the only hero which England's last war developed. The authors of the best stories of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, are women. Harriet Hosmer has won a name among the fraternity of artists. Louisa Bonheuer painted the "Horse Fair." Miss Stebbins has attracted considerable attention abroad by her works in marble. Miss Ransom, of Ashtabula Co., Ohio, had recently in the Academy Exhibition, a portrait of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, which good judges declared one of the best pieces of portraiture on the walls. Mrs. Lily M. Spencer, of Newark, is now overrun with commissions, though only a short time ago she could not obtain them simply *because she was a woman*; and the time and space fails us to mention all the names of those who have proved themselves Pioneers in the great work of Woman's Emancipation. Let us have representatives from *every department* of female labor, even as we have from every department of the stronger sex; for not less worthy is she who knead the loaf than he who broke the furrow. His duty required the most strength; hers the most delicacy and nicety of perception. Verily, the head cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee"—nor the hand to the head, "I have no need of thee."

**PUBLIC SPIRITED MEN.**—There are some men who, while they benefit themselves, are not unmindful of the interests of others; enterprising and energetic, they pursue their several callings in a spirit that of itself ensures success. Their aims are not limited down to the narrow point of *self*, but enlarge and expand with a kindly feeling towards all humanity. Such were some of the thoughts that passed rapidly through our mind as the other evening (accepting an invitation from our better half) we paid a visit to the What Cheer House, Mr. R. B. Woodward, the proprietor, kindly conducting us from one department to another all through that vast building. We were struck with the system, order and neatness which everywhere prevailed, and the air of content and home comfort everywhere apparent, and which is so seldom to be met with in large and capacious hotels. The mystery, however, was explained when, upon further investigation, we discovered that instead of furnishing a bar of spirituous liquors for his guests, Mr. Woodward had fitted up and furnished a large library of interesting and useful books, from which his guests might quaff at will something far more satisfying than burning liquid. The room is large and well ventilated, and seldom have we seen a more interesting sight than presented itself as we entered, it was brilliantly lighted with gas, well supplied with chairs, not one of which seemed to be empty. Gentlemen sat around looking contented and happy, as if they felt that their evening's entertainment was before them, and too much absorbed in the books they were reading to be disturbed by our entrance. Passing on we entered another large room where, to our surprise and delight, we found a MUSEUM, containing no less than six hu-

dred birds from all parts of the world—from the great eagle down to the smallest humming bird, they are arranged in glass cases, with a life-like truthfulness that is really surprising. We were not long in recognizing in them the artistic and beautiful workmanship of Mr. F. Gruber, who has often entertained us with similar sights at 148 Clay Street. The collection of eggs comprises twelve hundred specimens—from the African and Australian ostrich to that of the smallest humming bird. There are also a number of reptiles preserved in alcohol—a large variety of shells, minerals, coins, birds' nests, insects, etc., and a number of Indian and Japanese curiosities. This room, like the other, was brilliantly lighted, and well furnished with tables and chairs, and the scene presented, if anything, more pleasing than the other. Around the tables sat stalwart, manly forms, and before them lay pen, ink and paper. It was the eve preceding the departure of our steamer, and from the rapid manner in which the several pens glided over the paper, we knew that many a mother's heart would be made glad, and many a wife and daughter be made to rejoice by letters from absent loved ones; and, thought we, could they but take a peep at those loved ones now, and their surroundings, so well calculated to develop pure and elevated tastes, and so strikingly in contrast with most of the hotels in the Eastern States, perhaps they might think California was not quite so bad a place after all.

In the May number of the *Hesperian* we published a poem on "Friendship," written many years ago by our father, SHELDON BALL. We were not aware that the poem had ever before been published; certain it is that *we* have never seen a copy save the original MS. in our father's own hand writing; yet the *Butte Democrat* says: "Mrs. Day, in introducing a poem entitled 'Friendship,' states that 'it is from an old volume of unpublished poems, written by our (her) father, and never before published.' The lines commence thus:—

"O, 'tis not when the fairy breeze fans the green ocean,  
That the safety and strength of the barque can be shown;  
And 'tis not in prosperity's hour,—the devotion—  
The fervor and truth of a friend can be known."

"With all due deference to Mrs. Day, we must be permitted to observe that we read and reread that very stanza at least thirty-five years ago, and have since heard and seen it quoted repeatedly. Mrs. Day undoubtedly supposed that her father was the author."

With all due deference to the *Butte Democrat*, we would say, that we not only *supposed* that our father was the author of the article in question, but we know that he was. We *may* have made a mistake in supposing that it had *never before* been published. It may have been published thirty-five years ago, as many of his articles were; but we do not know that even that fact (if fact it be) could deprive him of the authorship. We have several other articles from the same beloved pen, which we shall publish from time to time. Literary theft is a common thing, and for our own part we do not resent it. We have become accustomed, as it were, to seeing the children of our brain adopt-

ed by and accredited to others. During our absence Dr. W. W. Carpenter, of Gibsonville, stepped forward manfully and kindly to rescue one of our editorials from Moses A. Dow, of the *Waverley Magazine*, who, although it was the product of a woman's brain, did not hesitate to adopt and place it among his own lordly children. These things are of frequent occurrence, as every writer of the present day knows; and it may be that our father suffered the same injustice. He long since entered into the joy and blessedness of spirit-life—but we (so far as is in our power) shall protect and defend to the last the articles which we *know* to have been indited by his own heart, and which bear the unmistakable evidence of his own genius. We would not be understood by the *Butte Democrat* as resenting the remarks which we have no doubt were made in a spirit of truthfulness and candor—but simply to have it understood that we *were not mistaken*. Nor do we ever intend to credit to one, an article which was written by another.

Below we publish another article by the same author, written in 1822, but we believe never before published:—

#### FLAG AT HALF-MAST.

Shipmates! why floats that star-striped sheet!  
 Midway its wonted height?  
 Why soars it not the heavens to greet?  
 To wave in worlds of light?  
 Why courts it the attained breath  
 Which earth's foul breast exhales?  
 Why droops it like the pall of death,  
 'Mid summer's fav'ring gales?

That flag droops lightly o'er the wreck  
 Of the frail barque of life;  
 O'er one who fearless trod its deck,  
 In sunshine, storm, and strife:  
 A TAR whose heart was valor's throne,  
 Whose heart was mercy's seat,  
 Who steered by honor's chart alone,  
 Through all life's various fleet!

On error's shoals, perchance not oft,  
 Unconsciously would he steer;  
 Then Mercy whispered from aloft:  
 "I keep no reckoning here!"  
 And Charity, the cherub kind,  
 First, fairest child of Heaven,  
 For Ocean's son a birth does find,  
 His faults proclaim "forgiven."

Pilgrim of Ocean, fare thee well!  
 The harbor thou hast found  
 Heeds not the angry surge's swell  
 That break life's shores around:  
 And in that quiet haven moored  
 Safe lie the mortal wreck,  
 Till He who all thy hopes insured,  
 Thy spirit calls on deck.

"BE YE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER."—Kind reader, has it ever occurred to you that you have a mission to perform on earth, as you tread upon the smooth path of affluence; with the bright sun of prosperity over your head, does a thought ever cross your mind of those who dwell in the shaded alleys, and byways of poverty and misfortune? Ah! methinks I hear you say they are idle, lazy; let them work—and so you harden your heart and pass on to the other and brighter side of life.

Do you realize that the Infinite Father has stamped His image upon all His children—that all bear the impress of the Divine—and that when these poor afflicted ones appeal to you for help, amid their earthly trials, they are but fulfilling their mission towards you—hearken to their appeal—listen to the voice of their complaint—let your voice go forth in sympathy for their sufferings, and they will deliver your soul from some of the gross selfishness which is stealing over it, petrifying all the noble impulses which God has given you, and for which you must account to Him.

If you have a mission to the poor, they have one of no less importance to you. If you minister to them of your earthly treasures, who is benefited, you or they? That tear of sympathy falls not to the ground, but is caught in an angel's palm and borne upward to the source of the Infinite—glittering in brightness, and brilliant with the rainbow tints of promise, it is woven as one more jewel into the crown of thy good deeds which awaits thy coming to the life eternal. But if you turn coldly away, unwilling to sacrifice the price of an earthly bauble for the relief of a suffering fellow-creature, know then that the injury is to thyself; thy own heart is hardened, and with each appeal becomes less and less sympathetic.

TO AGENTS AND DEALERS.—There are some of the Agents of the *Hesperian* who have always remitted the amount of their bills promptly; to such we return our sincere thanks. But there are others who seem to think that any time will do, forgetting that even small amounts lying about in several places will in the aggregate amount to two or three hundred dollars, the use of which we may have immediate need of. Such we would urge to be more prompt in their remittances, or the rule which at first we were governed by (but which has been in some degree departed from since our absence from the State) will be most rigidly enforced, namely, the agent whose bill for the previous month yet remains unpaid will not be furnished with copies of the following issue. But we have yet another and worse class to deal with, and that is, a few who conclude to pay all indebtedness by failing or making their business over to others—in other words, "sell out." To such specimens as can make up their minds to defraud a woman we have but a few words to say, and they can be expressed in this—that, so far as the LAW can serve us, all indebtedness to the *Hesperian* shall be collected by legal process; and moreover, we shall consider it our duty to aid in the protection of others by publishing a list of the names of those who have failed to cancel their indebtedness to us. TAKE NOTICE, we give you fair warning, and shall wait a reasonable time to give you opportunity to save your names from being most ignobly placed before the world. We

should be glad to have the necessity for publishing any such list immediately removed. But if it is not, every individual name will be published if we live.

**SEWING-MACHINE AWARDS BY THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, N. Y.**—Sewing-Machines, considered in their social, industrial, and physiological bearings upon society, are second in importance to no material agent of the day. Economizing nine-tenths of the time required for sewing by hand; eliminating most of the evils of needlework; enlarging the sphere of woman's employment, by creating new and profitable branches of industry; relieving the housekeeper of her most grievous burden, the Sewing-Machines rank with the fabled deities as benefactors of humanity.

The Committee of the American Institute, N. Y., appointed at the late exhibition at Palace Garden, to examine Sewing-Machines, have made a long, elaborate and able report, of much interest to the public. Although the utility of this invention is established beyond all question, yet, for the various purposes of its application, ignorance exists as to the particular patent best for a specific purpose. Committees heretofore have not discriminated and classified sufficiently. This report is free from these faults. The Machines are arranged according to the stitch made, and the purpose to which the Machine is to be applied, in four classes, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th; a classification indicating the general order of merit and importance:

**CLASS 1ST**, includes the Shuttle or Lock Stitch Machines for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. The Committee has assigned this class the highest rank, on account of the "elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching when done," and the wide range of its application. At the head of this class they placed the Wheeler & Wilson Machine, and award it the highest premium. This has been the uniform award for this Machine throughout the country for several years, and we think no disinterested person will dispute its justice and propriety.

**DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PATTERN.**—We this month present our readers with the tight Sleeve Pattern which is rapidly growing into favor. The notches at the elbow designate the back part of the Sleeve, and a gathering thread should extend from one notch to the other, so that the back part be gathered into equal length with the front.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. C. L. GOODRICH, from this date, will act as Business Manager for the Hesperian, and is authorized to transact all business relative thereto.

Several fine articles are again crowded out. Send in yours Subscriptions, friends, and we will soon add another sixteen pages to the Hesperian.

**HESPERIAN JOB PRINTING.**—Our friends in the city and interior are informed that we are now prepared to do Job, Book, and Fancy Printing, of every description, in the most elegant and desirable manner. Orders will be attended to promptly. Address, Mrs. F. H. Day, No. 6 Montgomery St., San Francisco.







HEART-LEAVED MENTZELIA.

(*Mentzelia cordata* - Kellogg.)

Drawn from Nature Expressly for THE "ESPERIAN"



NIGHT ROBE OF NANSOOK MUSLIN.



# THE HESPERIAN.

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No. 2.

## FIRST LOVE.

BY FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

WHOSE first love is ever remembered with indifference? Yet I am not going to follow in the footsteps of the sentimentalist; and vow to you that the first dawn of passion in boyhood, and of sentiment in girlhood, is the holiest era in our mortal lives; because I choose, or am compelled to believe otherwise. It is true, however, that *first love* is a crisis of the affections which proves more or less certainly their consistency, quality and fervor. The passional nature matures more rapidly than the intellectual, greatly modifying thereby both the strength and peculiar characteristics of the latter. With the immature intellect, the unformed judgment, the ungoverned impulses, and uneducated tastes of sixteen, eighteen or even twenty years, it is not probable that the attachments then formed can lay claim to any great degree of either wisdom or spirituality. The affections, at the ages when most young persons awaken to a consciousness of their endowments in this respect, are in a state of purity; but purity of negative character chiefly,—for the reason that as yet they have a very imperfect knowledge of their own capacities for good or evil, and very limited ideas of the height and depth of a really perfect passion.

One of the largest ingredients in first love of the ordinary stamp, is *vanity*. The young man has arrived at that age when, having “put away childish things,” he fancies himself in some sort a hero; imagining in the newness of his emotions, and ignorant that he is governed as much by mere physical causes as mental exaltation,—that he is the first and only person affected by these fervent aspirations and impulses toward the beautiful, the ideal or the chivalric.

Filled with this self-consciousness, and longing to have an object to which he may devote his overflowing ardor, he speedily finds out some fair or amiable girl, who on her part has begun to have a longing for those inalienable rights of her sex — admiration and devotion — and who, delighted at the ready answer to her instinctive desire, believes in him as the true and heaven-appointed partner of her soul, without whom creation itself were dark and void. During the reign of this first passion, there is a perpetual tumult of pleasing emotions, quite often mistaken for the exalted happiness of true love. But to the demolition of a great deal of romance, it must be said that a strict analysis of these ecstatic sensations would go to prove a far greater amount of *self-love* than of sincere devotion in their compounding. I mean by this, that the person who stands as the object of our passion, is loved more *as furnishing us with the desired occasion for the indulgence of* our craving, neccessitous sympathies, than really, on account of any intrinsic grace or merit. Thus, while we fondly imagine we are lavishing the pure passions of our souls upon some object of exceeding attractiveness and worthiness, we are but wasting upon it instead, a too fulsome gratitude for the service of having stood as lay figure, to be dressed up in our own overflowing abundance of fancy and feeling. I remember hearing a lady, and a belle, say, that the sweetest and most profound delight she had ever experienced, was that she had felt the first time her first boy-lover kissed her hand! She said she had held that hand as sacred until their next meeting; not using it more than necessary, and not bathing it all, but often looking upon it in rapt and exquisite enjoyment, as if it had been gifted with some heavenly charm, which she and she alone, might know. Yet she confessed that no word of love had ever been spoken between them; and that she did not even believe herself very much in love. It was only the revelation, unexpected and overpowering, of the possibilities of love; and the pledge thus given of what could be enjoyed. For my own part, my first love was experienced when I was at the tender age of nine years; and even then gave me such distress — the unconscious object of it having married without consulting me,— that I have not yet forgotten the keen pangs of precocious jealousy then suffered.

The bliss of new and agreeable emotions, the personal flattery, the

unconscious gratitude, the exuberance of an unpruned imagination, and nature's material mystery not yet understood, all go to make up the delicious sum of happiness we remember in our first love. About this happiness a great deal has been said and sung; and I make no objection to the poetry of the romancers as poetry. But I like not that they should so often put fiction for fact in their account of the stability of first love. It is true that it is longer remembered, very often, than subsequent attachments; but not for any superior constancy abiding in it; and only because it was *the first*, and attended with more marked phases of feeling than any after-passion. I do not say that one may not have had for his first love the most charming and suitable of mortals; but *that* would have been chiefly by accident, and the love would have come for some other if not for this one. Neither am I so doubting as to maintain that another would have been equally capable of inspiring happiness. Our fortunes in love are like our fortunes in business, very much influenced by our circumstances; and even in those rare cases, of love at first sight which proves true and lasting, it is as much a freak of fortune as when a man draws an immense prize, or finds concealed treasure.

I have great respect for all the affectional phenomena; and would no sooner throw ridicule on the school-boy's desperate love and jealousy, than upon the more deep-rooted passion of the world-acquainted man. Indeed, there is a beauty about the uncalculating affection of early youth that sanctifies it for its unselfishness' sake. No loss and gain estimate here; but everything considered gain if the love is returned. Yet, as I before said, it is a negative sort of purity and generosity; since, had there been any experience in the case, it might have turned out that the value of worldly advantages would not have been set aside. Therefore it is unwise to set great value upon a sentiment that has never undergone a test; and to call that purity and devotion, which is simply ignorance and thoughtlessness.

First love may prove to be last love, though it seldom does. There may be such merit in one or both the parties, or such natural constancy of the affections as to assure its permanency. When it does so, it cannot be doubted that the very highest degree of satisfaction is felt; for thereby have they escaped what happens to almost all—

a disappointment more or less bitter and wounding. For we *are* grieved over the bad faith of our early loves, even though only our vanity and self-love have been injured; and in proportion as we are previously exalted, are we now miserably humbled and suffering.

Notwithstanding I refuse to recognize the dignity of a true passion in most instances of first love, I am compelled to notice the importance, which I perceive attaches to it, upon other considerations. As our parents, our teachers,—as any models of excellence impress us with the worth of things, so our first love, by the power it has of awakening our faculties, and giving us an example of the most excellent part of us, is all powerful in forming our opinions, and giving tone to our sentiments. The intellectual and moral are usually behind the passional in development. Being so, they are necessarily affected by the moods which the latter may take on. If we are so fortunate as to have placed our first admiring and loving trust in the keeping of one truly worthy, an immense impetus is thereby given to the advancement of the good and true in ourselves. All good associations elevate the character, and all evil ones depress it; but the weight which love gives to either is almost incalculable. It is true that we may be deceived, and really be in love with only one portion of a person's character, and thereby for a long time escape contamination; or so far at least as not to have any suspicions of the truth; but even then, the evil result is only deferred to the time when we shall make the discovery of our infatuation, and learn to reproach and condemn the deceiver, at the cost of our confidence in virtuous professions.

For a young man to awake to the apprehension that the woman he had accepted as a type of all that was pure, dear and loveable in her sex, has kept him enslaved by false pretenses, is a great moral disaster indeed; worse by far, than when a maiden makes a similar discovery; for men are less reverent than women, and more apt to abandon Divine truth on account of a human lie.

But not alone is the moral nature weakened or strengthened by this love, which for the time is accepted as the destiny of the young heart in which it abides. The intellect is quickened to more vigorous action, and new power infused into hitherto undetermined mental gifts, bringing out their dormant energies, awakening ambition, arousing pride and stimulating to effort; all under the influences of



the hopefulness and desire of approbation which a worthy affection inspires. Nothing is so improving intellectually to a young woman as the love of a superior man, or even one she imagines to be superior; for in both cases she will make the same effort to approach a higher standard of mental excellence. And on the contrary, if her first fancy is given to a vain and foppish or worthless man, it must take years to recover, if indeed she ever does recover from the frivolousness into which she has lowered herself by mating her soul with such a shallow soul as this. How many men and women have I known who have lost years of their lives in aimless regrets, before succeeding in ridding themselves of the blighting influences of an unworthy early engagement, the breaking up of which, broke up also all their young imaginations of the future, and left them adrift upon a "sea of troubles," desperate or despairing.

First love is like the flowering of the young tree before it is strong enough to bear fruit; beautiful, and a promise of fruit in a subsequent season. The owner would be foolish to cut down the tree because its fruit blossoms were false. Rather should he admire it for its beauty alone this one season, satisfied that its usefulness will follow in due time. Consider, then, young man and young maiden, the necessity that everywhere in nature exists, for a season of preparation, before one of usefulness; and cease to regret that first experience, by which you were taught, better than ever before, the stuff of which your souls are fashioned.

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#### RECIPE FOR A MODERN BONNET.

Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,  
A shower of French rose-buds to droop o'er the face;  
Fine ribbons and feathers, with berage and illusion,  
Then mix and *derange* them in graceful confusion;  
Inveigle some fairy, out roaming for pleasure,  
And beg the slight favor of taking her measure,  
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,  
And hasten a miniature frame to create;  
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,  
And lo! you possess "such a love of a bonnet!"

## HEART-LEAVED MENTZELIA.

(*Mentzelia Cordata*.—KELLOGG.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE colored plate here given, beautifully illustrates the natural size and appearance of a new species of *Mentzelia* brought from Cerros Island by Dr. J. A. Veatch.

Of these peculiarly American plants we have several species in California; one at least, besides the present, we take to be new. The flowers of most of these plants are diurnal, blooming only in the direct sunshine of midday. The flowers are often golden yellow, with a remarkable radiance—hence, in common parlance, they are named “Blazing Stars.” The plant here figured, judging from the paler color of the flowers, is probably a vespertine species. The peculiar properties of these plants are as yet little known; one has a purgative root, and others stinging hairs—most, if not all, have more or less barbed hairs, or hairs parting at the tip and hooking back by curved points, like a grappling-iron—seen under a microscope they glisten like diamonds. Some of them have two to three hundred or more stamens.

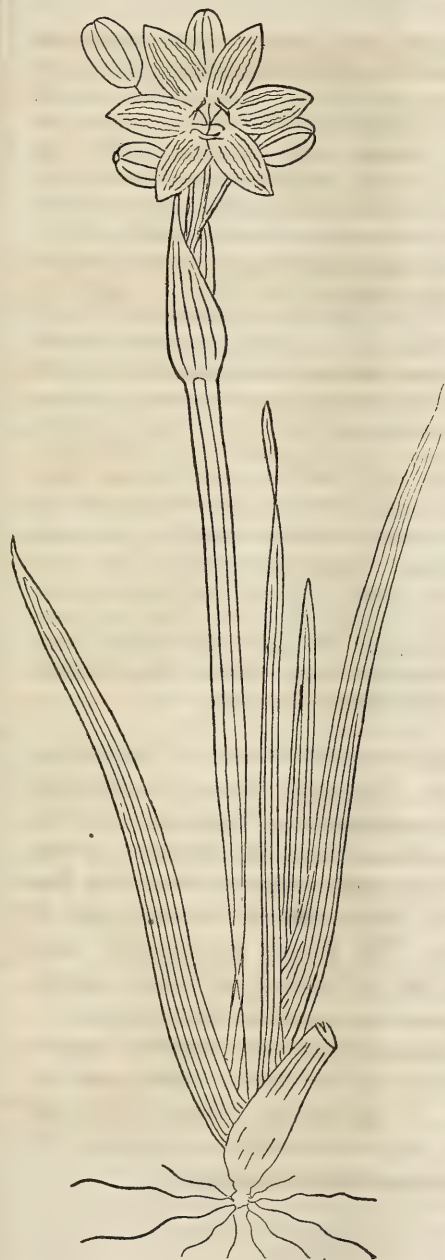
*Technical description*—*Mentzelia Cordata*—(Kellogg). Stem, 1½ to 2 feet in height, with alternate branches, densely hirsute throughout with short, white, rigid glochidiate hairs; a few simple and barbed hairs intermixed. Leaves alternate, cordate lobed, or rounded cordate, serrate, hoary hairy, 5 to 7-nerved on stout petioles about the length of the lamina; bracteoles lanceolate, about half the length of the pedicels. Flowers in a somewhat condensed terminal panicle, on pedicels half an inch or more in length; flowers numerous, yellowish white, petals oblanceolate cuneate, pubescent on the back, erect-spreading, united at the base (?) about one inch in length. Style simple, sixty or more stamens all filiform, exsert, inserted into the base of the corolla; calycine segments linear lanceolate, half the length of the petals. Capsules terbinatate, five valved and five-parietal placentas, each attached by the back, projecting a three-winged placental phlange densely beset with innumerable minute horizontal ovules.

The stem and leaves change to a dark brown in drying.

## GOLDEN LILIPUTIAN LILY.

(*Sisyrinchium flavium*.—KELLOGG.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

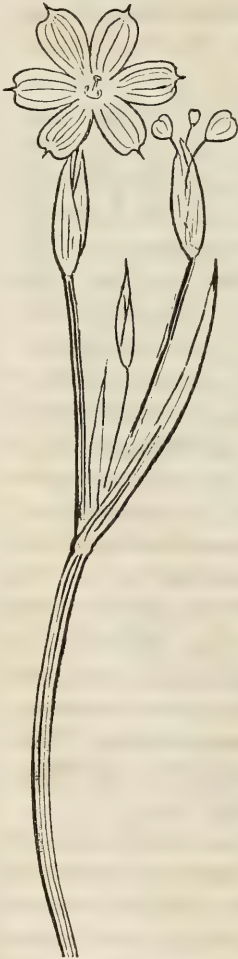


SISYRINCHIUM FLAVIUM.

THIS beautiful golden Irid, although so familiar to us for the last eight years, we believe, has hitherto been undescribed. It is a very abundant plant in the vicinity of San Francisco; always found in damp, boggy localities. The frail delicate flower is so ephemeral—unfolding like a fading morning-glory so quickly—that we have been often foiled in our attempts to figure it. This is, perhaps, not the only plant we have thus passed by from time to time, hoping for a better opportunity. A plant so familiar to our walks, it always seemed fair to presume, must be known, but we have examined all the accessible authorities and find no description answering to it. The seeds of this plant have been sold in San Francisco for more than five years past under various names, as e.g. “Yellow-eyed-grass,” “Yellow Pigmy Lily,” and “Star-grass Lily,” &c.

The powdered roots of these plants are powerfully purgative, and have been recommended in domestic practice for dropsy, &c.

*Technical Description.*—Scape simple, erect, broadly winged or ancipital, edges slightly scabrous. Leaves radical, broad, compressed-equitant, linear-ensiform, many nerved, (6 to 8) spathe about 5 to 6 flowered, pedicels unequal, exterior bract about equal to the flowers (variable), two or three extra membranaceous valves (bracts?) included. Perianth, bright translucent yellow, segments broad-lanceolate acute, nerve tortuous exterior divisions 7-nerved, interior 5-nerved, widely spreading from the base; filaments free above, monodelphous at the base, (or barely united at the point of insertion into the ring or obsolete tube of the corolla) equal to the style, glabrous apex, attenuated anthers (orange yellow), long linear, somewhat spirally curved, forked or saggitate at the base, versatile, fixed by the middle; style deeply



3-parted, filiform lobes spreading, stigmatic apex recurved. Capsule oblong, triquetrous, the three sides slightly hollowed and the angles more acute than usual in this genus; base and apex of equal diameters. A plant from 6 to 17 inches in height. This species appears to be near to Dr. Torrey's *S. lineatum*, in Lt. Whipple's Report, p. 143; not "3 flowered" but 5 or 6, nor are the "divisions obtuse," nor is the capsule ever seen "ovately pear-shaped;" the leaves also are less grassy. In ours the leaves are quite Iris-like, with a sharp or somewhat acuminate sword-pointed appearance. The seed vessel turns very black as it matures or in drying. Habitat always marshy. We have never found it elsewhere.

We subjoin a partial sketch of the common species of *Blue-eyed Grass*, (*sisyrinchium aiceps* var. *mucronatum*), for comparison. The specimen from which this is taken is from Santa Clara, kindly furnished us by Mrs. Purkitt. This plant abounds in most parts of California. The flowers are beautiful warm blue, but like its kindred, so fugitive that we usually pass it by in collecting a bouquet.

A teaspoonful of the powdered root of this plant is a very active hydragogue cathartic. It affects the stomach, skin, and kidneys; said to be useful also in dyeing. It ought perhaps to be better known.

## THE LIFE-BOOK.

BY JANE GAY.

Write, mother, write !

A new, unspotted book of life before thee ;  
Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages  
The first few characters, to live in glory,  
Or live in shame, through long, unending ages !

Write, mother, write !

Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter !  
The lot is on thee ; nerve thee then with care ;  
A *mother's tracery* time may never alter :  
Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.

Write, mother, write !

Write, father, write !

Take thee a pen plucked from an eagle's pinion,  
And write *immortal actions* for thy son ;  
Teach him that man forgets man's high dominion,  
Creeping on earth, leaving great deeds undone ;

Write, father, write !

Leave on his life a fond father's blessing,  
To shield him 'mid temptation, toil, and sin,  
And he shall go to glory's field, possessing  
*Strength to contend and confidence to win.*

Write, father, write !

Write, sister, write !

Nay, shrink not, for a sister's love is holy ;  
Write words the angels whisper in thine ears—  
No bud of sweet affection, howe'er lowly,  
But, planted here, will bloom in after years.

Write, sister, write !

Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing,  
For manhood's lot is sterner far than ours.  
He may not pause — he must be up and doing,  
Whilst thou sit idly dreaming among flowers,

Write, sister, write !

Write, brother, write !

Strike a bold blow upon these kindred pages —  
Write ; shoulder to shoulder, brother, we will go ;  
Heart linked to heart, though wild the conflict rages,  
We will defy the battle and the foe. .

Write, brother, write !

We who have trodden boyhood's path together,  
 Beneath the summer sun and winter's sky,  
 What matter if life brings us some foul weather?  
 We may be stronger than adversity!  
 Write, brother, write!

Fellow-immortal, write!

One God reigns in the heavens — there is no other  
*And all mankind are brethren* — thus 't is spoken —  
 And whoso aids a sorrowing, struggling brother,  
 By kindly word or deed, or friendly token,  
 Shall win the favor of our Heavenly Father,  
 Who judges evil, and rewards the good,  
 And who hath linked the race of man together  
 In one vast, universal brotherhood.  
 Fellow-immortal, write!

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## UTILITY OF BEAUTY.

BY PHILOMATH.

WE constantly hear that this is an utilitarian age, and that we are an utilitarian people. Let it be so. With this charge we have no fault to find. We have a strong and abiding faith in true utilitarianism; — and the rapid strides which the world is making in the arts and sciences prove the charge true. It is a predominant characteristic of this age. "The days of theory have past and the days of practice have come, the days of problems have past and the days of solution have come, the days of planning have past and the days of execution have come."

Yet we cannot subscribe to that kind of utilitarianism which rejects every thing else, — which would extract from every substance in nature, and every principle in the mind, that only which is strictly useful in a worldly sense, and rejects all else as dross. Neither have we any sympathy with such sordid utilitarians. We believe that it is man's duty to develop all the qualities belonging to every thing in nature, and to himself, and let him develop their utility; only let him be careful that in so doing he mars not their beauty.

But there are things almost entirely valueless in the sense of being sources of positive worldly gain. Of what use to your incorrigible, sordid utilitarian, is the beautiful form of the snowflake, or the wonderful spectrum of the raindrop, or the various hues of the summer clouds? What cares he for the sweet odors of the flowers, or the green vestures of the trees, the gurgling of the brook, the thundering water-fall, or the beauteous colors of the rainbow? They add not a cent to the means of procuring clothing for his miserable body, nor sweeten a bit the morsel which he hastily swallows to support his wretched existence. Nay, their utility must consist of something else, and, although such an one with his narrow vision may not see it, they are of great utility. The inner, as well as the outer man has worldly wants, and their gratification is as essential to the healthy growth of the one as of the other. Else why was our own world made as it is? made a world of charming curves and colors, of fine proportions and forms, of fair verdures and blossoms? In a word, why was every thing in nature made so beautiful and attractive? Was it not that by the contemplation and admiration of them they might prove food and raiment for the inner man? The beauty of nature is its grand utility, and communion with nature is the way of developing this grand utility.

What an excellent teacher is this old world upon which we move; but alas! how many there are who pay no attention to her instructions. She has lessons and illustrations suited to every style of character, and every business of life. To the lover of landscapes are spread out the beauties of plains, hills, and mountains; it is his to take delight in fields and forests, in wild streams and majestic rivers, in roaring cataracts and in black thunder-clouds, in craggy rocks and in drifting sand banks. To the philosopher belongs the pleasure of decomposing the waterdrop and analyzing its different gases, of penetrating through the rough bark of the tree and tracing the course of the sap — its mysterious life-current. It is his to behold in every bird that flies above him more than a mere feathered songster. It is his to take his stand in the forest and compare the different forms and motions of the various species of these joyous inhabitants of the air; to watch them, as warned by the changing seasons they gather in flocks to make their accustomed migrations; — wondering by whom they were instructed in geography. It also belongs to the medita-

tive man's delightful intercourse with nature, to see more than a mere existence in every insect that buzzes, in every worm that crawls, and in every little animal that burrows. But by the aid of the microscope the dull fly reveals to him its myriad eyes. Through the same instrument he beholds in the sparkling drop of water innumerable animals moving with surprising celerity. He goes with the ant down into its subterranean settlement and learns the laws and customs of its busy community. He retires with the spider into the the inner courts of its magnificent palace, and watches the making of its wonderful loom. He dives beneath the ocean waters to the coral residence and explores the mighty workings of that insignificant insect, which is rearing islands and constructing continents, the homes of future millions of the human family. Turning from the contemplation of single objects, he is impressed with the infinite variety of nature. He examines with mute astonishment the thousand different species of the vegetable kingdom, from the modest violet and "lily of the valley," to the sturdy "oaks of Bashan" and giant "cedars of Lebanon." He beholds a like variety in the animal kingdom, and in all nature; an infinity of colors, of sounds, of odors, of tastes and of forms. Yes, these are some of the lessons which nature teaches; such lessons as a Buffon and an Audubon received.

But there are other lessons given by the same teacher, whose utility is not so apparent, but which are none the less useful; which are more hidden and mysterious, and consist of impressions which can be felt better than expressed: — impressions vague and undefined it may be, but still poetic and ennobling: impressions which, working on the imagination, excite the powers with unwonted energy to the accomplishment of every task. This to some minds, especially poetic minds, is the grand utility of the beauty of nature. In this respect poets always have been, and doubtless always will be, a race by themselves. It is not, indeed, probable that this communion with nature, and the treasuring up and oft-conning over these mysterious impressions, first gave the poetic bent to the mind. Poetry is in reality a scene painting, often ideal to be sure, but dependent upon a creative imagination, which was created or assisted by communion with nature. It was in such communion with nature, perhaps, on some of those shining island shores of the deep resounding Ægean,



to which he so often makes eloquent allusion — that old Homer first received that inspiration which has handed his name, in connection with the immortal Iliad, down to posterity. And the blind Milton wrote under the inspiration of the same communion; for with what delight he listened to the whistling winds, the foaming streams, and the roar of the ocean-wave, let his admirers tell. Yea, poets of all ages have reveled in the beauties of nature, and they have all given proofs of their keen appreciation of its delights in their immortal productions. Who has not trembled with Byron, as he beheld his night-storm on the Alps? Who has not felt every nerve within him thrill with delight as he has read his soul-stirring descriptions, and has not been ready to exclaim with Pollock: —

“With nature’s self,  
He seemed an old acquaintance free to jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.  
He laid his hand upon the ocean’s mane,  
And played familiar with his hoary locks.  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appennines,  
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend,  
And wove his garland of the lightning’s wing.”

Who that has studied his character in his productions, has not felt truth, to a spirit like his, of his own declaration, —

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

Who that has experienced with Cowley the poetic terrors of his “Hymn, to Light,” or has participated in the sublimity of the scene with Coleridge in his “Hymn, Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni,” or who that has with our own Bryant retired into the groves, “God’s first Temples,” and has not felt that they drew their inspiration from the glorious paintings which that grand old teacher, nature, had unrolled to their view? They drew lessons of instruction from every rising and setting sun; from the beams that played around the snowy mountain tops, and lent their golden hues to the meadows; from the rustling winds, the mighty music of the grand old forest, and the psalm of the ocean wave. If the adage be true that “That which moveth the heart most is the best poetry,” surely nature’s poetry stands unrivalled.

But as the poetic instinct of man seems thus to commune with the beauties of nature, night seems to be the season more particularly adapted for the fullest appreciation of these beauties. For although the impressions of the hour of evening, and the spirit of poetry which it kindles in the breast, is declared "sentimental weakness" by your "strong minds," still its very sentimentality is healthful as well as beautiful—it is inherent in the time as well as in the heart. True it is that "Day unto day altereth speech;" yea, its language, from its bright birth to its calm decline, is the eloquent praise of Him who rules its cheering beams. But none the less true is it that "night unto night showeth knowledge," and may my ears ever be open to its solemn voice. Night is the time for reflection and self-examination. The powers of the intellect are all awake. Memory, with renewed energy, sways the soul. Uninterrupted by multitudes of objects which bright day discloses, the thoughts turn within, and the past is called up before us to be improved upon by the future. Yea, many are the lessons which nature best instills in the season of the night; and she seems to have prepared it by the sublime splendors in which it is arrayed to render their impressions more solemn. It is then the invisible worlds are disclosed. The landscape is dimly veiled as with mystic shadows; or the moonlight gilds the clouds, the streams and the mountain crags. Why is it that our own sphere is so beautiful here below, and the "glories of the skies revealed in blazing pomp above," if the night was not designed as the high and solemn time of man's best thoughts? The very obscurity of night adds to the impressiveness of the grander features of nature. Daylight is necessary to appreciate the minuter beauties of single objects, but the subdued light of night adds a new grandeur to the extended scenes of nature. The moon-lit lake, the river gliding now in shadow, now in brightness, the half-illuminated landscape, the black gloom of the forest, the stars, "beautiful as the eyes of Cherubim," the Queen of night herself, with her placid radiance—these have a beauty and a poetry which no day-scenes can rival. But the beauties of night are also rich in variety. First comes the twilight, with its poetic associations and tranquilizing effect, when the mountain shadows are lengthening and deepening, and the declining light still rests in tints upon the clouds of the horizon. The evening star first emerges from the gloom of the heavens, and then planet after planet, sun after sun, and

constellation after constellation, comes forth to brighten the general magnificence. What a panorama of splendor does the celestial vault now present either to the scientific or poetic eye! With what a mysterious awe does the starlit immensity, spread out above us, inspire the soul! Our vision, limited during the day to the compass of a few miles, now stretches itself over hundreds of miles of limitless space; views spheres sublime in their distance and magnitude, and drinks in radiations that darted from them before the "morning stars sang together" over our own creation — spheres whose motions, though moving with an appalling velocity, are lost to our view, and whose apparent positions change not from night to night. Who, that amid the deep stillness of night looks forth upon this grand display, is not struck with awe, and does not admit that the glory of the night has no parallel in the reality of the day, and is not constrained to acknowledge the grand utility of the sublime beauty of night. Keenly was it felt and appreciated by the old poets. Homer abounds in allusions to it. Virgil, in lines which seem instinct with the repose he would describe, speaks of the profound tranquility of night. Milton's loftiest flights are taken under the influence of the same sublime scenes and impressions. Who would ask a stronger proof of the grand utility of the beauty of nature's scenery? Would any ask? Let him go forth and view the flowers that variegates a thousand vales, the bushes that cluster on a thousand hills, and the clouds of various hues that float in ether. Would any ask? Let him stand on the banks of the gurgling brook that speaks God's love, of the wide-rolling river that mirrors his grandeur, or the thundering cataract that proclaims his might. Let him snuff the breeze laden with the odors of the orient plains, or let him listen and tremble at the destructive whirlwind on which God rides, and which is restrained only by His omnipotent hand — view the flashing lightning leaping from the black clouds, or hear the answering thunder that shakes the foundations of the hills. Would any ask? Let him go forth at midnight's starry hour, and looking up into the blue vault, view the countless hosts of worlds moving in beauteous sublimity above him. Let him stand on the verge of some grand old forest and listen to the nightly thanksgiving that rolls out from its deep heart, when each tree gives its peculiar note as it bends to the sweeping breeze, yet when from all ascends a single solemn swell of unceasing harmony to

the skies. Let him stand on the rock-bound shore, and listen to the psalm of the ocean as each single breaker beats and bursts upon the strand, yet when the sound of its breaking is swallowed up and borne aloft in the eternal voiced murmurs of multitudinous waves.

Wouldst thou, O man, tranquilize with benign thoughts thy care-worn spirit? Wouldst thou rise above the selfishness of thy toiling day-life? Wouldst thou expand thy knowledge from thy narrow workshop to the relations thou sustainest to the Infinite? Go forth amid the sublimities and beauties of nature,—walk in the shadows of the forest or the mountain, or look up at the starry firmament and feel that thou art not a mere drudge — that this earth is not only an arena of toil and strife, but that it is the fitting birth-place of immortal minds — that it is the place of training for those brighter spheres, which shed down their glories upon thy night-watches to remind thee that thy destiny is *above*, not below.

*Oroville, Butte County, Cal,*

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## LOST AT SEA.

BY FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

A fleet set sail upon a summer sea—  
'Tis now so long ago,

I look no more to see my ships come home,  
But in that fleet sailed all 't was dear to me.

Ships never bore such precious freight as these,  
Please God, to any woe!

His world is wide, and they may ride the foam,  
Secure from danger, in some unknown seas.

But they have left me bankrupt on life's 'change;  
And daily I bestow,  
Regretful tears upon the blank account,  
And with myself my losses re-arrange.

Oh, mystic wind of fate, dost hold my dower  
Where I may never know?  
Of all my treasure ventured, what amount  
Will the sea gather at my parting hour?

## THE MEMORY OF A DREAM.

BY MRS. JOHN C. WINANS.

'Twas night; I slumbered. Wrapt in the quiet of repose, I dreamed of youth, when earth seemed an Eden of rich blooming flowers, gentle streams, and breathing forests, musical with the caroling of tiny warblers. In the beautiful freshness of youth, rude frost nips not the bud of hope! 'Tis the chill atmosphere of autumn that brings the hoar-king to blight our joys. While sleeping thus, I had a vision of two lovely infants;—such helpless, guileless cherubs, that I marveled earth had fitting place for aught so pure. Time floated onward, coloring their first and earliest years with many golden rays. Day after day, in sportive glee, twin sisters in companionship, these fairies wandered, giving long chase to bird and bee, or wreathing odorous flowers to deck their sinless brows. Thus passed youthful days in careless buoyancy. No rayless cloud of sorrow darkened their sunlit path; the refulgent light of happiness bathed every object with its golden hue. My fitful vision changed, and I saw them in the dawn of eighteen summers. Ah! how altered! I gazed alternately on those buds of promise, and sighed over one whose brilliant beauty and sparkling wit, portrayed too clearly, the signs of a simple every-day future—following the footsteps of hosts at fashion's gilded shrine—floating down the placid stream of life, forgetful of all higher callings. I turned me sadly, and in the other read a word of unwritten thought. Sequestered from the rude and vulgar gaze she shed no beam, save on kindred spirits. Cherished by a loving few she grew, framing the lasting structure of an undying prize; training it high above the reach of ruthless hands, ever ready to crumble into very atoms the strong pillars of faith and truth, guarding that Divine gift of immortality—the living soul. Once did temptation throw its luring bait, clothed in the garb of seeming goodness. Trembling with anxious doubts, I watched till time should raise the mask, veiling the hideousness of a treacherous friend. Peace reigned—harmless amid the marked shafts, moved the angel of my dream—onward was her step, less buoyant, but more firm and trusting in the unerring path of wisdom's ways. I woke, haunted by the vividness of my dream, so like the realities of common life, that I would fain dare dream on, till the closing scene had come, learning if the radiance of those guileless infants, shed its impress round the fading moments of life's setting sun.

## ANTIQUITY.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

WHAT is antiquity? We may call it the buried relics of ancient greatness; or we may designate it the multifarious reminiscences of either the dark or enlightened ages. It may have its foundation in the written records of by-gone days; or its only claims to the title may repose in tradition's tale. To speak of Grecian and Roman antiquity is emphatically correct; but of the propriety of *our* applying the term "antiquity" to the present generation, I think there are some grave doubts. But it was not a critical definition of the term that I contemplated discussing in this brief article. I merely purpose throwing out some hints on the probability of a vigorous race of men and woman having once inhabited this continent who are now extinct, and whose identity is lost to both history and tradition.

The whole history of the aborigines of the American continent is sadly pregnant with a retrogressive spirit. That they do not today possess a tithe of the intelligence that was wont to adorn their ancestors is evident to all who have taken the least trouble to study their simple character. But it is antiquity anterior to even what are termed the aborigines of this country, that I wish to very briefly speculate upon. Evidence upon evidence has been gradually accumulating in substantiation of the position that a race of people far advanced in the arts and sciences, particularly in the arts, sojourned upon the North American continent long prior to the present fast receding Indian tribes. That they lived in oblivious indolence, died in blissful ignorance, and became extinct, without any positive knowledge of the existence of a land or people beyond the confines of their own home, I think is a reasonable belief; and that other nations—if any there were at that time—lived in a like state of darkness, is also to be credited. And when the Indians discovered this continent, they were just as sanguine in the belief that they were the first mortals that ever sat foot upon the soil, as Columbus was that he and his companions were the first adventurers from a foreign clime that ever invaded our *now* prosperous shores. And, dearest reader, does it appear plausible that this mighty nation will one day become extinct? I assure you it is not improbable; and I

believe it to be one of the impending events of the great future. You then ask, what are the agents which are to accomplish this lamentable state of affairs? I will tell you. WAR. War is the instrument that has caused the downfall of nations and empires in times past; and war is the agent that will work a like ruin in future. For instance we will suppose that all the nations of earth should become involved in war to-day; and the result should be a total suspension of intercourse between them; what would be the inevitable result? Why, a few centuries of marrying and intermarrying amongst themselves, would deteriorate them, both mentally and physically, to a state of idiotic barbarity; when internal war — an inseparable concomitant — would close the sad scene. Such I believe to have been the cause of estrangement, and consequent annihilation of proud nations anterior to history's record; and such, I believe, will be the means of doing the same thing again. But I have been straying. Now for the evidence of the lost race. Since the first landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, down to the present moment, relics of a lost race have been exhumed from beneath the surface of terra firma on various parts of the continent. While every section of the United States has produced more or less of these ancient remnants, California has, perhaps, yielded more in proportion to the extent of territory, than any other part of the Union.

From developments made on the prairies of the Western Atlantic States, in the shape of human bones dug from a great depth below the surface of the earth, it would appear that the defunct nation were a race of giants. A few years since there was found imbedded in the Lake Superior copper mines, a copper hatchet. It was not only a beautifully polished hatchet, but it retained as superior an edge as can be put on the best steel axe in existence. Who would not give half of his worldly possessions if he could unravel the history of that people who manufactured copper cutlery? In that one copper hatchet was embodied evidence beyond refutation, in support of the position that a race once existed who comprehended the art of hardening copper. But the process is now lost; and, as a consequence, *we know* that a race has preceded us, who in that particular department of art, *at least*, were in advance of any one now living.

The probability is, that that hatchet was deposited in its metallic

tomb many, many thousand years prior to the date of its resurrection; and who can tell how many centuries may yet be swallowed up in oblivion before the *modus operandi* of hardening copper shall be re-discovered? Alas! who knows that any of the great trumpeted discoveries of the nineteenth century are anything more than a resuscitation of well known principles, which have been for a time slumbering in the shadow of the past?

In the summer of 1851, there was found in the town of Coloma, California, a dish, of nearly a black color, shaped like a shallow skillet, with three legs and a spout. It was neatly, beautifully made, and nothing like the rude work of the red man. A gentleman of much erudition, who gave the public not only a sketch of the skillet, but the particulars connected with its discovery, in a communication to the *Sacramento Union*, in a conversation with the writer of this article, gave it as his opinion that its components were carbonate of iron, with silex and alumina. He was evidently correct, as it was slightly vitrified by the heat. It was found at a depth of fifteen feet under the ground, on the top of which stood a primitive oak, of not less, perhaps, than a thousand years of age. I would unite with the aforesaid correspondent in urging the significant interrogatory of who made that skillet, and deposited it there at so remote a period? Ah! yes, who? Ask the evening zephyr as it softly wafts itself through the boundless elements, who? You may ask the low, dreary, doleful voice of Fall; the sad and mournful wail of Winter; or the cheerful vivacity and happy, verdant bloom of Spring; and from every quarter echo will answer where? It must have been there long before any incursion of the Russ; or visitation of the Castillian. It might possibly have been made by the original Aztec tribe, the founders of those splendid ruins of Yucatan. From the fact that they originated from the Caucassian stock, and gradually worked their way from towards Bherings' Straits down the continent, it is plausible that they might have temporarily occupied different portions of the now Alta California in the course of their sleepy migration; but it was evidently anterior to even their day. The last I heard of the cupella or dish, it was on exhibition in Barnum's Museum, New York. The miners of California are daily discovering relics of a lost race, in almost every shape. One discovers an ancient coin of miraculous magnitude and eccentric shape,



upon which are inscribed hieroglyphics, the meaning of which he is forced to remain as ignorant of, as a child one week old is of the Greek language. Works of ancient art are continually revealing themselves to the wondering gaze of the multitudes — hieroglyphics as dead as the dark ages, are perpetually puzzling the brains of erudite savans, who covet the honor of being known as the expounders of antiquity. But, I am warned that to adduce further evidence in proof of the correctness of my views, would be at the expense of making this too long for a magazine article, which would be a greater misfortune than to fail in convincing the public of the validity of my position.

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THEY TELL ME I MUST NOT LOVE HER.

BY H. BIEN.

They tell me I must not love her,  
She is not of my creed ;  
They know not what I suffer,  
Nor how my heart does bleed.

I climbed the mountains lonely,  
The solitude above  
With silent tongue asked only,  
What creed forbids to love ?

I walked the seashore musing,  
The surf-waves 'neath my feet  
Asked evermore accusing  
What love cares for a creed ?

Where'er I went I met her,  
It's vain — I can't forsake,  
Ay ! ere I can forget her  
My bleeding heart must break.

'Tis vain ! Religion ever  
All sacred ties may part,  
But a heart it cannot sever  
From a beloved heart.

## THE LOVE OF NATURE.

BY EUGENE.

Who can forget the field, the grove, the glade,  
Where vernal youth in days of frolic strayed?  
The pebbly stream, whose deep, pellucid pool  
Beguiled the stripling past the hour of school?  
The hazel copse, where tempting clusters swayed,  
While glistening brambles sparkled in the shade?  
The thorny hedge, the woodbine's odoriferous breast,  
That hid from truant eyes the feathery nest?  
The beetling crag, on whose cavernous face  
Built the fierce tyrants of the warbling race,  
And oft provoked the adventurous foot to scale  
Till dim and dimmer grew the lessening vale;  
While scared plunderers round our dizzy path  
Woke the old echoes with their screaming wrath.

THESE lines, taken from the "Pleasures of Home," are illustrative of the truism that there is no sentiment more permanent in the human heart than the love of Nature. It is the foundation and centre of the most elevated and ennobling tendencies, and if cherished and cultivated in the spring and summer of life, will go with us to the grave. The first manifestations of the opening soul in the fulgid season of youth are seen in the love of flowers, and natural scenery,—

"The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even."

The man who has formed a taste for the beauties of natural scenery, and for the study of natural objects, need not pine for Crystal Palaces or picture galleries. He sees the majestic woods and the green hills making the earth glad; and humble though he be, he is yet a coproprietor with God. The gratifications of wealth are hollow and evanescent, when compared with the rich simplicity of nature, the soft blue sky, arching over the green earth with its warm light, like a suspended ocean of ethereal beauty; and flinging its gorgeous hues upon the softened verge of blushing morning when the dawn comes dancing with delight. The waving grasses and flowers which carpet the earth with loveliness; the forests and streams and hills, which cleave the skies, afford to the heart which is open to the perception of beauty, painting and poetry, music and religion. Very

different, however, is the manifestation of the love of nature, in the man who has acquired his taste from the poetry and teaching of books, and he who has made her details the practical study of his life. The former may have fine perceptions and exquisite sensibilities, amiable manners, and the power of appreciating beauty; but, like Charles Lamb, he will never care for the society of lakes and forests, and mountains. For the passion to have a stern, manly expression, a man must be the companion of nature in her own quiet solitudes, where he can watch the gradual unfolding of the buds, and the silent work of development in the world of infinity around him. Then he will not only know, but feel, that —

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

He may converse with nature in her moments of repose, and mingle his fancy in the ceaseless stir of the elements — he may drink from the fountains of the hills, and imbibe the spirit of the solitary glens — he may put a tongue into the mysterious winds as they pass, and gather the leaves of the forest, as leaves of the great sibyl of nature.

The early literature of the world teems with the most fervent expressions of the love of Nature, and through the history of every people, we find that they have ever exhibited the sternest virtue, the highest morality and vigor of thought, when Nature has been nearest to their hearts. Whenever they have wandered into luxury and vice, and have sought, in their own artificial customs and observances, for the solace which Nature only could afford them, they have sacrificed the highest institutions of their being, and have become slaves in their imbecility, and companions of sorrow and suffering. Throughout the whole range of classic lore, from the days of Homer down to those of Petrarch, the finest thoughts and most ennobling sentiments are invariably associated with the pure simplicities of natural objects, and why? Because the study of Nature is the only one which can educe all the powers of the mind, and all the innate sentiments of the heart, in their just and legitimate proportions to each other. Nature is our schoolmistress, and only under her watchful care can the dream be truly developed. Nature's highest mission is to imbue the soul with the desire for the beautiful, and to kindle a sympathy for all purity

and worth. By the association of the thoughts and sentiments with the beauties of the outer world, we become aware of our highest capabilities, and of the beauty which lies folded up within us, waiting for its manifestation and development. The real service of the poet or naturalist is to be regarded as being more truthfully evinced in their educative influence on the faculties and perceptions, than in anything they may really contribute to the stock of ideas or facts. After all, it is not in being conversant with the ideas and images of the poet, and in traversing with him the boundless realms of beauty which lie on all hands basking in the sunshine of the Creator's smiles, or in tracing out and connecting together the detailed experiences of an observer, and in weighing his analogies and arguments, that constitute the individual force and energy which each one should possess: but in having the power to make this or that fact our own, and to regard the results attained by all previous observers, as starting posts for fresh discoveries, and inlets to worlds of beauty and poetry, hitherto hidden from us, that lead to the really vigorous life.

The lover of Nature—the naturalist is the true poet, for he digs deeper down into the occult philosophy of these Proteus-like realities and sees the simplest evidences of the great laws of the universe in the economy of the pebble, the flower, or the bird. For this reason it is that an inexpressible charm dwells in the least pretending efforts to explain the modes of nature's operations. The young student hangs with delight over the pages of White, Knapp, Darwin, Jessie or Forrester. Here is a poetry about the every-day facts of Nature, which rendered "Tompson's Seasons" dear to every heart. The works of Chaucer, Spenser, Shenstone, Halleck, or Bryant, are read with the greatest relish when the intellect is awakened to the perceptions of natural beauty. For their fresh and living pictures of Nature, are the pages of William Howitt, Izaak Walton, and Christopher North, cherished equally in America and England.

Gentle Reader! we might proceed in this manner to point out the pleasures and advantages resulting from a love of Nature, but the limits forbid it; still we would recommend to every Californian, not to fritter away the best part of his life in a ceaseless round of money-hunting or mental dissipation. Recollect the heavens, the earth and the ocean are replete with wonders, a knowledge of which will afford you a never-failing spring of consolation and delight. Nor is it neces-

sary that you should be possessed of a large share of the "Almighty Dollar" in order that you may devote a portion of your time to the cultivation of a love of Nature. She spreads before you a table loaded with the most delicious viands, and even though your station be humble and your resources contracted, it is your own fault if you do not banquet on her bounty. Let each say,—

"To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;  
And to peruse its all-instructing page  
My sole delight."

### A MOURNER'S STORY.—AN EXTRACT.

BY MADGE CARROL.

A SLIGHT spasm, a long-drawn breath, then death's stilness overspreading the lovely face, and she was lost to me! She whom I had loved so long, so well — she was my all in all!

The wonderful brightness of the sun might have gone out from the vaulted sky, and, for me, not left such utter blankness as the out-gone light from those soft eyes. The melodious pean of nature's harmonious moving might have stood in dumb quiet, and not left such awful stillness as the hushing of those tender tones. Death might have gone up and down the earth, and stretched in wakeless slumber its myriad millions, and still if, 'midst the unburied dead, she had remained standing by my side, the world would not have been so solitary. And yet she was gone!

*Gone* — and the sun glared down upon me like the blazing eye of relentless death — every sound was strained to discord, while never before had men and women hurried about so replete with noisy life. They even invaded the sanctuary so purely, so sacredly hers, and laid their sacrilegious hands upon her. They clad her in snow-soft robes, twined pearl-white buds amid the silken darkness of her hair, laid scented blossoms over her feet and in her calm clasped hands; decked her thus to mock me with her beauty; then bore her from me and buried her under the willows.

She was lost to me; day after day but engraved this knowledge deeper on my burdened heart and brain. The sun wrote it with fiery finger on the floor where the slender grace of her shadowed form never more fell — so I shut out the sunshine. Her birds rang it shrill and sharp through every quivering note, and I sent them all away. Her flowers poured it forth from every perfumed urn, shook it from every tinted bell, and morning and evening wailed, “lost! lost!” and so I let them die. Her book bore it stamped upon every gilded leaf, and I banished them from my sight. Every familiar face held this maddening truth, written on lip and brow. I would hear intruding footsteps, and peering out from some small crevice, see this thought writing itself slowly over the features, when they came into my room and stood between them and me — so I closed my doors against them all.

*Lost* — the darkness was haunted with whispers of it; free birds trilled it outside the house among the tree boughs that sighed in mournful reply, and shadowy forms with phantom faces, floated through my rooms, and with long, lank fingers wrote it on every wall.

Autumn moaned for her, and strewed its fading honors over her grave. Wintry winds shrieked around my desolated home, and tortured me with wailing cries. Then came the snow, with fingers of pearl, and heaped its white wreaths high over her mound, and piled its mimic semblance in every window pane. Once when the willow boughs were crusted with a glittering rim of ice, and the wind was rattling wild amongst them, I went and stood there while the arrowy ice points beat around my head and face, forcing out great blood drops. But no physical pain overpowered the mental; my heart bled faster than my face. One day a kind hand drew aside the blue curtain of the sky and pointing upward, inward a soft voice told me that the faces of the “lost” looked down. Said that bright forms were straying out upon the azure heights, and floated above us like white doves in the sunlight.

A yearning desire to behold the face of my lately lost, took possession of me. I searched for her in the spring-drest woods, where early violets dotted the green fringe of gurgling brooks, or where the starry dandelions laughed over the wide meadows. It was not long before I found in these dew-dim violet urns, the balm of

consolation. And in those sweet flower-eyes, lifted ever smilingly to the bending heavens — be they wrapt in storms or bathed in calms — I read a holy knowledge. I saw the flower die, seemingly, then gracefully put on its new attire, and hang trembling on the olden stalk, its hold growing frailer every hour, until some wondering wind's wing touched it gently, and the airy thing would rise and flit away; but not to sink downward to decay, not to be lost — new flowers strewed greener meadows every year. I met the snowy-downs flying like fairies on every wondering breeze, and they taught me immortality. Told me to look for my darling and I should find her.

The beautiful and harmonious elements of the departed spirit seemed to pervade all lovely forms and pleasant sounds in nature. I saw evinences of my dear one's tenderness in white blooms drifting at my feet — in green leaf tips bending to kiss my forehead, and in the light play of zephyr-fingers through my hair.

Her red lips smiled upon me from the curved leaves of every crimson flower, and her sweet breath came to me in gentle waftings from many a scented urn. The rippling murmur of soft flowing waves caught dreamily her low, love tones, and whispered them among the swaying grasses. The pebbles slumbering in their sun-kissed beds, reflected the graceful outline of her form, and drooping shadow-branches breaking in wavy lines on the water's edge, was like the mirroring of her long tresses. Every star-gem, set however high in the heavens, looked down upon me with the serene lustre of her dark eyes. I saw her radiant robes in every rose-flushed cloud at sunset. And each golden penciling of light up-trembling in the eastern horizon, seemed like glittering harp-chords for her white hand to sweep. But, alas! within the veil of all this beauty and glory, she was walking apart from me; I could not lift the mystic silver curtaining from those inner halls, and see her spirit's home. She was shrouded from me, a prisoned presence, fretting me to fever. I could not see her visible form, or hear the reality of the sweet voice that had made the music of my life.

One day, one golden day, after I had learned what was meant by watching and waiting, after I had learned patience through long denial, I found my lost angel walking by my side.

## LINES TO TWO SYLLABLES.

BY H \* \* \* \* \*

Lady! though poets sing of love  
In richest strains of song,  
How few may touch the deeper chords  
That to the heart belong!  
How few may gaze through glancing eyes  
Into the life below!  
How few perceive that Beauty's cheek  
Is but the marble show!

Fair face, fine eyes, a faultless form —  
What are they? — Moulded clay:  
A moment kindling in the sun —  
Then, like a blush,— away.  
The melody of Music's voice —  
The lustre of an hour —  
What are *they* but the Echo's sound,—  
The glitter of a flower?

Not through the grosser veil of sense  
Doth Beauty's spirit gleam;  
Not in the rude disguise of speech  
Doth Love's sweet music stream.  
In the recesses of the heart  
The soul of Beauty lies;  
In the stern casket of the will  
Love breathes his ardent sighs.  
Unconsciously they throb, apart —  
Till drawn by Fate together —  
Then, without voice or thought, they blend  
(In poetry) forever.

So let the superficial dreams,  
Born of material things,  
Pass with the shadows — while *we* drink  
From spiritual springs.  
And, as we know Fate has decreed  
That heart and will *shall* meet,  
If I am Love, and Beauty thou—  
*Our* poem is complete.



## BARGAINS.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

THERE—I've blistered the soles of my feet, besides wearing a hole right through these new gaiters. Somebody has stolen my parasol, too, or else I've laid it down somewhere and forgotten it. If Mr. Hazel appreciated all the trouble I take to save a cent or two for him, it would be some comfort. What's the use of being economical in this world? Is that you in the hall, Hazel? Do come in here, and see what a bargian I've got to-day. Twenty yards of merino for fifty cents a yard, and only this little hole in the middle of every fold. I got it cheap, you see, because it's damaged. What do I want of merino this hot summer weather? Well, I suppose winter's coming some day, isn't it? and it will be the very thing then. You wish I wouldn't spend my time running about after things that are cheap, when there is so much for me to do at home? Now, if I didn't know how unreasonable you are, Hazel, I should take offence at that very unkind speech of yours. However, I've got something here that will please even you. Didn't you say something about wanting a new straw hat last night? Here's the very thing—and only a dollar. What's the matter with the brim, did you ask? Now, Hazel, don't give it such a twitch—it's only raveled out a little, or I never should have got it at that price. You won't wear such a scarecrow? Of course not. That's right—break your poor wife's heart when she tries so hard to economize for you. You'd a great deal rather I would mend your coat for you? *Hazel!* you don't mean to tell me that you've worn through that coat already? That beautiful cloth that I got so cheap? You guess it was one of my *cheap* bargains? Hazel, I've almost a mind to declare that I never will try to save money for you again. Well, Bridget, what's the news in the kitchen? The baby has crawled against the bars of the range and burnt himself? Mercy upon us, Bridget, how can you be so careless? The cat has knocked the tray down, with all the best china upon it, and some beggar has contrived to get in, and steal two of the silver spoons? Mr. Hazel's new Marseilles vest scorched to a cinder in the ironing—the preserves moulded, so that you had to throw them away—the pies and cakes forgotten in the oven—the refrigerator out of order—there, Bridget, don't tell me anything more, unless you want to have

me go crazy at once. What are you smiling for, Hazel? *I* don't see anything to laugh at. You would have liked to know how much *I* have saved in my bargains to-day? Well, let me see — twenty yards of merino — wet muslins — hat. Seven dollars at least — and *I* hope you appreciate all the trouble *I* have taken. It's what *I* call a pretty good day's work — don't you? Oh, certainly you do — only, since the damage in the kitchen can't be less than forty dollars, and forty is the greater than seven by just thirty-three, you think *I* would find it rather more economical, in the long run, to stay at home and mind my own business? Oh, Hazel, Hazel! That's just the view a man takes of things — as though *I* was to blame for all these accidents. Well, *I* suppose it is the duty of us poor women to suffer and be silent. But *I must* say, it is sharper than any serpent's tooth *I* ever saw, to have a thankless husband! — *Life Illustrated.*

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### SMALL MEANS.

THE power of money is on the whole over-estimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world, have not been accomplished by the rich, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulation to action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hangs heavy on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than a polypus over which the tide floats.

“His only labor is to kill time,  
And labor dire it is, and weary wo.”

## TRUE AND FALSE;

OR,

### TWO PURPOSES IN LIFE.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

“I DECLARE I shall never be able to get the lace basted on this dress if the children do not quit their teasing; how like Cain they do act to-day, just because I’m in a hurry; and nurse, she’s always sick when she’s most needed; just the way with these hirelings; no dependence to be placed upon them.” And with this tirade falling from her beautiful lips, Mrs. Stanley let fall upon the carpet the rich dress of rose-colored silk, which a moment before she had been engaged in trimming with pearls and point lace; and with a sigh, arose to look after her children.

“Mamma! Charlie put mustard all over kitty’s meat!”

“I didn’t; I only made believe, but Annie opened that new bottle of stuff and spilt it all over her new dress. Just see there!”

“Hush!” exclaimed the mother; “you craze me with your noise; why can’t you be still?”

“Still! oh, I can’t; I want to go somewhere, or do something. I wish I could ride on my kite way up into the sky, and see all the world at once,” exclaimed Charlie.

“Pshaw! Charlie, I don’t; suppose the fairies should catch you, and never let you come down,” replied Annie.

“Oh! I ain’t afraid of that, and besides, I should be so high up that I could hurrah as loud as I’d a mind to; and mamma couldn’t hear me, and say, ‘*stop Charlie, you make my head ache,*’” said the young representative of America, mimicing his mother’s voice and tone, and then tossing his cap high in the air, unmindful of his mother’s sharp reproof.

“I don’t wish I could go up high in the air and see all the world at once,” said Annie. “I want to see all the beautiful things on the earth first. I’d like to go walking every day as Clara and Henry Simpson do with their mother, and gather flowers, and have her tell us how they grow, and all about the little fairies that used to live way down in the bottoms of the butter-cups; but I suppose they don’t live there now — that was a long time ago — but I know where there are some flowers a *great deal* prettier — that what’s on mamma’s new dress.”

“Oh! yes; and so do I,” said Charlie; “and I know where there are some little fishes whose scales shine a great deal handsomer than the spangles on mamma’s new scarf.”

“Hush, Charlie!” angrily exclaimed mamma — “and Annie, go to your music.”

“I don’t want to play piano,” responded Annie, petulantly. “I hate Monsieur Pioche; he don’t give me any pretty songs. I want to go into the woods with Henry and Clara, and sing the songs they do. Oh! they learned such a nice one last Saturday. This is the way it goes,” the said enthusiastic child, humming a few notes, and then forgetting herself she burst forth in a clear bird-like voice —

“God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small;  
The oak tree and the cedar tree  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough — enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.

Our outward life requires them not;  
Then wherefore had they birth?—  
To minister delight to man!  
To beautify the earth!  
To comfort man, to whisper hope,  
When e’r his faith is dim;  
For whoso careth for the flowers  
Will much more care for Him.”

“There! that’s the kind of a song I like; but I like to sing in the woods better, where the great trees seem like kings and queens, bending down their heads to listen to my song.”

“So-ho! now I have caught you, little miss Puss: you like to play prima donna in the woods, do you, with the trees for an audience—eh!”

“O! now, papa; I don’t know what you mean by prima donna, but I do love to play in the woods, and I don’t love to play on the piano; and I love to sing, too, but not those hard things that Monsieur Pioche always makes me sing. Do, papa, tell him he need n’t come any more; won’t you, dear papa?”

“But what would mamma say to that, my daughter?”

"Say, indeed," said Mrs. Stanley: "it seems to make very little difference what I say. I have tried to give the children some idea of what belonged to their station, but I am discouraged. I can not instruct them in the rules of propriety or genteel society. They will be coarse and vulgar in their tastes, let me do what I will; and since that family of Simpsons came to live near us, it is a great deal worse. They just want to run wild all the while. It is too bad."

"You may go, children, and take a walk in the garden until dinner," said the father, anxious to be alone, that he might calm the agitated feelings of his wife.

"Be careful, and don't soil or tear your clothes," screamed the mother, as the children bounded out of sight.

"O! never mind the clothes, wife; there are more where they came from. But tell me, what is the matter? You look anxious and troubled."

"No wonder I have been so tried to-day; the children are so wild, nurse is sick, and I have not even been able to get the trimming on my new dress, and we must go to the party to-night: every body will be there."

"But, wife, have you no other dress you could wear on this occasion?"

"Why, no. How absurd for you to think of my appearing to-night in anything that is not quite new. Why, this is by far the most fashionable party of the season; and next to not being seen there at all, would be the mortification of being seen in a dress that I had worn before."

"Pray, whom do you expect to meet there whose opinion you value so highly?"

"Why, everybody will be there; the Stebbinses, the Marshalls, the Livingstons, and all of our set."

"I do not know about that," quietly remarked the husband; "I know a good many of our set who have not been invited, and some, too, who would not accept of an invitation to Col. Foster's mansion. Even though he is considered rich, they have not forgotten how he got his wealth, nor do they care to toady to him or any of his party."

"How plebeian you are in your notions. Here I have been trying all my life to get into the *first* society, and now that my aims

are accomplished, this is the way you talk of my friends, and find fault with my efforts just because I happen to be a little more aspiring than yourself. No wonder I can't make anything of the children when they take so much after their father." To this unkind taunt Mr. Stanley made no reply. He had long since been convinced of the error of his early choice, and he sought by every means in his power to remedy the evil by showing to his wife, whom he tenderly loved, that it was possible to cherish *higher* aims in life than merely securing a position in fashionable, and what is too often erroneously styled "*first society*."

"Have you not time now to finish the dress?" he inquired, kindly. "I will look after the children in the garden."

"I presume it is nearly finished by this time," replied the wife; "I had to have it, and so I sent for neighbor Needy to come over and help me."

A few hours after this conversation saw Mrs. Stanley robed in a style of magnificence seldom equalled even by her more wealthy neighbors. A hum of admiration greeted her entrance into the fashionable parlor of Col. Foster, who with his wife stepped forward to welcome them.

"I was afeared you would n't come: so many people who never give parties themselves, do not think how much trouble and expense it is to get up a reception for one's friends," said the fair hostess, whose dress evinced nothing of the quiet gracefulness of the true woman at home. Although past the meridian of life, she wore a white moire antique, dress cut low in the neck, and short sleeves, her fat, red neck and brawny arms contrasting strangely with the whiteness of the fabric which partially covered her form. On her head she wore a cap composed of tulle, and trimmed with bright red roses, and from either side depended strings of Maria Louise blue; about her neck hung a necklace of diamonds, and on either arm glittered jewels of corresponding value; while her fingers were literally covered with rings of every description.

"How vulgar," whispered Mrs. Stanley to her husband, as together they made their way through the crowded parlors to make room for new guests, who were received by the hostess in much the same style as the Stanleys had been.

"They are rich, and the fashion," was the husband's laconic reply.

The exquisite music, the brilliant lights, and the sumptuous apartments, drew forth the warmest admiration from Mrs. Stanley. And as they met friend after friend, who congratulated her upon her appearance and her dress, so becoming and so lovely, she gradually attained to some degree of good humor, and readily complied with her husband's request to join a small party who seemed to be having a quiet time by themselves in one of the side rooms. As they entered, Stanley was greeted by several of his friends, whom he presented to his wife; among the rest was Mr. Simpson, their new neighbor, who immediately recognized in Mrs. Stanley, the mother of the two children who had already, by their artless enthusiasm, won so much upon the affection of both himself and his wife.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," said he, warmly grasping her hand. Mrs. Stanley shrank back with dignity, and coldly pronounced, "thank you."

"Let me bring my wife; she will be delighted to meet you," continued Mr. Simpson.

"Do not give yourself the trouble to find her in this crowd," said Mrs. Stanley: "I will seek another opportunity of making her acquaintance;" and with a stately bow of her beautiful head she passed on; her hand still resting on her husband's arm; but she did not venture to lift her eyes to his face; she knew intuitively that it was flushed to crimson; and she had felt the tremor which ran through his frame, as he witnessed her cold and almost disdainful treatment of a neighbor, and one, too, who although a stranger to herself, had years before been a class-mate and college chum of her husband's.

They passed on through the crowd, abstractedly, almost mechanically. Mrs. Stanley was uneasy; she knew she had offended her husband; and he was absorbed in thoughts of the past. When young men together, Harry Simpson and himself, full of the enthusiasm of youth, had walked arm in arm together through the old by-path in the woods, talking of what they then looked forward to as the bright, happy future, and each confiding to the other the kind of wife he should choose in the days to come. How vividly arose to his mind their last conversation, in which he had rallied his friend for asserting that "the girl for him must be well educated, and of good mind, capable of writing a sonnet or frying a flap-jack." He yet remembered how ironically he had replied: "You forget that

the two accomplishments presupposes a versatility of talent seldom met with in one individual." "For my part, I'm afraid of your strong-minded women, and most emphatically object to a 'blue.'"

(To be continued.)

#### WHERE TO LOOK FOR HELP.

"WHY do you look so grave?" we asked, a day or two ago, of a young friend who was just beginning the world.

"Do I look grave?" he responded. "Well, perhaps it is the natural consequence of a great many cares, and nobody to help bear them."

"Where is your wife?"

He looked surprised a moment, then replied quietly,

"My wife knows nothing about business. I never look for any help from her."

Never look for any help from a man's wife! Why who on earth should be the readiest, and nearest, and most willing to help? Whose ear should be the first to hear whatever joys or grieves the life-partner? whose hand should be softest to smooth away the lines that the long, toilsome day leaves on the forehead of the worker? whose brain should ever be at work to lighten the burden that cannot be laid aside? What kind of a wife must that be, whose husband "never looks for any help" from her? A mere flower which expands in life's sunshine, but shrinks, appalled, from the first murmur of the coming storm—a rose-leaf bit of humanity, who expects to play the part of a petted child or spangled doll, and feels injured if people do not turn out to give her the sunniest side of the world's highway?

Does she know how much she loses? Does she know what it is to see her husband's weary face light up at the reflection of her own smiles?—to know that her hand, light and fragile though it may be, is strong enough to lift a weight of care from his heart? We doubt it.

There are many people in this world for whom we feel a sympathetic thrill of heart-ache, but no one needs it more than the man who has learned by sad experience never to look for any help from his wife!





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### FLORAL MARRIAGE.

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MY DEAR *John Quill*—Glorious news! Ring the *Blue Bells*! Sound the *Trumpet Flowers*! *Sweet William* and *Polly Anthus* were Married yesterday afternoon at *Four o'clock*! And, oh! such a host as came to the wedding! *Old Leander* and *Mother Worth* borrowed *Venus' Car*, and set out together, but as they were passing through *Dog Wood* they upset, and, the *Colt's-Foot* being lamed, they tried to borrow the *Sorrel* of the *Wood* family. Not succeeding in this, they *Came a mile* on foot, and looked very much wilted when they arrived. *Dan-de-Lion* made his appearance with *Lady Mary*, and soon after came *Creeping Jenny* clinging to a *Ragged Sailor*. *Old Mistletoe*, complaining as usual of his corns, was kindly assisted by *Bouncing Betty*, who makes herself at home anywhere. And little *Jessie Mine*, with *Running Rose*, those inseparable companions, came hand in hand, followed by *Robin Runaway*, who was too bashful to speak to them. Then there was a whole troop of *Old Maid pinks* and *Bachelor's Buttons*, who, to say the least, looked very blooming, considering their age. And, last of all, with very modest looks, came *Johnny Jumpup*, with his little blue-eyed sister *Violet*. *Old Monk's Hood* performed the ceremony; and afterwards, we had a great supper. There were *Sweet peas*, and *Sugar Loaves*, and honey-due in *King's Cups*, set all around the table, and great dishes of *Pollen*, where every one could eat to his heart's content. *Dan-de-Lion*, who is very fond of *Pollen*, eat so fast that he got more on his

face than he did in his mouth, and when he was judged to kiss *Lady Mary* as a forfeit, he got it all on her new green dress. She very indignantly turned to *Johnny Jumpup* who, it is well known, is the *Ladies' Delight*, and said, "Jump and kiss me,"—which he did with the greatest pleasure, although he is in no wise unfaithful to *Viola Tricolor*, whom he considers the same as himself.

Finally, we had a grand dance to the music of the *Canterbury Bell* ringers, who are said to equal the Swiss. *Old Leander* and *Mother Wort*, who got very much excited drinking the juice of the *Madeira Vine*, went down the middle all in a breeze, when they both fell upon *Mistletoe*, who cried out with pain. At this the company seized upon some *Golden Rods* and drove them out at once, together with a *Thistle*, who had been very pointed in her remarks. Harmony being restored, they danced till the *Ladies' Slippers* were worn out, when they took leaf.

Heigh ho! how we flowers did enjoy ourselves! How I wish you could have been there, dear John! Do you love me as much as ever? I hope you do, for then you will come back soon, and I shall not "waste my sweetness on the desert air." Meanwhile, *Forget-me-not*.  
Ever thine,  
MARY GOLD.

"AULD NICK" AND THE SERVANT. A verdant Irish girl just arrived was sent to an intelligence office by the Commissioner of Emigration to find a place at service. She was sent to a restaurant, where a stout help was wanted, and while in conversation with the proprietor, he took occasion to light his cigar by igniting a Vesuvian match upon his boot. As soon as she saw this, she ran away half frightened to death, and when she reached the office was almost out of breath.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" said the proprietor, seeing her rush in with such confusion.—"Och, sure, sir, but ye's sint me to the auld Nik himself in human form."—"What does he mean? has he dared to insult a help from my office?" inquired the man.—"Yes, sur," returned the girl, "he's the auld Nick!"—"What did he do? Tell me, and I'll fix him for it," said he, quite exasperated.—"Why, sur, whilst I was talking to him about the wages, he turned up the bottom of his fut, and with a splinter in his finger, sur, he just gave one stroke, and the fire flew out of his fut, and burned the stick, and he lit his cigar wid it, right afore my own face! He's the auld Nick, shure, sur!"

## Literary Reviews and Notices.

WE are indebted to Mr. A. Roman for a copy of "THE WHITE HILLS, THEIR LEGEND, LANDSCAPE AND POETRY." BY THOMAS STARR KING. This book is elegantly gotten up on delicate tinted paper, and illustrated with no less than sixty fine engravings. The author seems to be a true lover of nature, and carries you along with him through the valleys, by the lakes, and up the rugged mountain sides, beguiling you, sometimes, with quotations from such poets as Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Percival; sometimes culling fragments from Wordsworth, Scott, Tennyson, Goëthe, Shelley and Byron; pointing out their adaptation to the varied and beautiful scenery before you with a power at once so forcible and fascinating that you cannot choose but follow, from page to page, on to the end of the volume. Mr. King's descriptions are clear and forcible; his contrasts vivid and striking. We had intended to make several extracts from different portions of this work, but our limited space forbids, and we must content ourselves with a fragment culled from the last portion of the book, in which the author says:—

"The hills and the sea are not only materially incommensurable as to sublimity, but they represent different sentiments, and appeal to different sympathies. The sick heart, or a weak nature, that needs morally more iron in its blood, must find the mountains the more medicinal companions. They are so patient! They speak to us from the repose of self-centred character, the ocean from the heavings of unappeasable passion. All the hard conditions of our human lot are typified by the great hills. What a tremendous experience they undergo! Yet they do not babble, or sob, or moan, or roar like the discontented, melancholy sea. The powers of the air bring all their batteries against them, lightnings blast and rive them, torrents plough them to the bone, sunshine scorches them, frosts gnaw away their substance and tumble it down into the valleys,—and they utter no cry. After thunder and hail and whirlwind, their peaks look out from above the baffled clouds, and take the sunshine with no bravado, as though it is their mission 'to suffer and be strong.' Dumb patience in trouble, persistent fortitude against obstacles, the triumphant power of a character rooted in truth over the hardships of life and the wrath of the world,—such a lesson and the tone of spirit that can exhibit it, they try to infuse into the soul that lives in their society. By this effluence, even though the recipient is unconscious of the cause, they stimulate and soothe a flagging will or fainting heart, as the airs they purify search and reanimate an unstrung frame.

"Swedenborg tells us that, in the verbal Scripture, mountains correspond to the truths of the highest plane. Certainly in the physical economy they are the eloquent types of *charity*. How impressive and cordial is the open fact that nothing in nature lives for itself,—finds its ends in itself! Nothing at least that is normal and healthful does. A slimy pond and a fen are typical of selfishness, not the river and the glebe. The sun is a mighty institution, of which heat, light, and gravitation are their ever-streaming discount. The sea gives the rain, as the interest of its vast fund, for the world's good. The beauty which

gratifies and soothes humanity is the perpetual dividend of the joint-stock of the universe. And charity, which is the general lesson of nature, is preached by the sovereign hills with the emphasis of heroic and vicarious suffering.

"Near one of the most inspiring views of the White Mountain range we have often seen a cottage, in which a family live with scarcely any furniture, and barely supplied even with summer necessities. The walls were not tight enough to keep out the rain and the winter snows. The inmates, when we first visited them, were too poor to own a cow. The father had been continually unfortunate, though industrious and strictly temperate. The mother was in feeble health, and was plainly suffering from too low and spare a diet. The tones of her voice was saturated with misfortune. In winter, the man was afflicted with rheumatism, so that he could not steadily earn his fifty cents a day by lumbering, when the snows were propitious; in the summer, he tried to wring enough to keep off starvation out of some cold, thin land. Although this is, no doubt, an exceptional case in that district, should it be a possible case in any district of this continent? Can we believe that there was an honest dollar of all the money hoarded in that country, so long as there was a man in it willing to work and unable to get a substantial living for his family by his work,—living on the borders of stately forests, and suffering from cold in winter,—poorly clothed, while every bear on the neighboring heights was wrapped warm by the laws of nature,—impoverished in blood, when every weed that could fasten itself into a cranny of the rocks, where an inch of soil had lodged, had its portion of food supplied forthwith by an assessment on ocean, sun, and air?"

"Is it the written precept of the written Testament alone that intrudes this question? Mount Washington soared over that hut and what did *he* say? What does he do with the wealth lavished upon him? He is an almoner of divine gifts. He condenses moisture interfused in winds that blow from polar seas, and stores it up for fountains, or pours it in rills. He invigorates the breezes that sweep pestilence from our cities. He breasts the winter tempests, and holds the snows with which they would smother him, and give them slowly in the spring, letting the torrents tear his own substance also, to enrich the intervals of the Saco and Connecticut, and to keep the mills busy that help to clothe the world. A Greek sculptor had a wild dream of carving Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander,—its left arm to enclose a city of ten thousand, its right hand grasping an urn from which a river should pour perpetually into the sea. It is a bounty no less imperial that every great mountain represents. Nay, giving its own substance, too, in its disbursement of what is poured upon it, not withholding service though the condition be pain, it is tinged and glorified with light from the cross. In respect of the symbolic meaning of the hills, far more than in relation to the depths they open to scientific and artistic scrutiny, we may quote the weighty words: 'The truth of Nature is a part of the truth of God: to him who does not search it out, darkness; to him who does, infinity.'"

For Sale by A. Roman, at \$5, the Boston Retail price.

"THE BOOKSELLER"—A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.—  
We have received the August and September numbers of this new California

monthly, edited by Mr. JOHN SWEET, who has for many years past been connected with the educational interests of our State. We welcome this new journal to our sanctum with more than ordinary pleasure, and wish it, all the success and prosperity to which the well known talent of its editor and its own intrinsic merit entitle it. The September number is particularly good, filled as it is with articles of high literary merit, abounding in interest, and useful suggestions. It is furnished at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents per year.

### F A S H I O N S .

**BONNETS**—are still of the same shape as they were at the commencement of the summer; but they are now beginning to be worn rather larger. Bonnets of Paris chip are trimmed, as they have usually been in all previous seasons, with flowers or feathers. Crape bonnets are fashionable. Some are trimmed with blond and bouillonnés of tulle. Bonnets of white crape are frequently trimmed with colored feathers, or ruches of black lace in combination with roses, or other flowers. The mingling of black with white, or colors, is a favorite mode of trimming bonnets.

**DINNER DRESS.**—Robe of figured organdi. The ground a brilliant tint of *bleu de Sevrès*. The skirt is trimmed to about the height of the knees with bouillonnés running perpendicularly, and divided by rows of narrow quilled blue ribbon. The bouillonnés are finished at the bottom with three rows of quilled ribbon, and at the top with one row. The corsage is low and drawn. The sleeves are demi-long, and consist of large puffs formed of bouillonnés separated by rows of blue quilled ribbon. The back hair is in plaits, and confined by an ornamental comb beaded with coral beads. Italian pins with coral beads are disposed here and there among the plaits. The necklaee consists of two rows of large coral beads. Coral ear-rings. A dark blue parasol, with Chinese top, and broad white fringe.

**CHILDREN'S DRESS.**—The prevailing fashions for children are exceedingly pretty. The Zouave jacket is worn by little boys as well as by girls. Hats with the brims turned up are almost universally worn by little girls, and white embroidered dresses with sashes of broad ribbon tied behind, or on one side, are much in favor. The dresses worn by young children are very short and full, and generally consist of embroidered cambric muslin, or white piqué trimmed with passementerie, or ornamented with colored embroidery in a light pattern.

**WALKING DRESS.**—Robe of striped silk in two shades of green, figured with small pampadour sprigs. The skirt is trimmed with rows of quilled green ribbon. The corsage fits closely to the figure, and is fastened in front by a row of daisy buttons. The sleeves are tight to the arms, and cut the bias way of the silk. They have epaulettes in the Spanish style, formed of small puffs, composed of drawings of silk, separated by rows of quilled ribbon. Bonnet of Paris chip, trimmed with white ribbon edged with pink, and ornamented with bouquets of roses.

## Editor's Table.

How grateful to the heart of the laborer is the knowledge that his work is appreciated—how stimulating to his energies, how encouraging to his soul. It may be that he receives appreciation from but *one* source, when he feels that he is entitled to it from many. But the knowledge of that one is sufficient to gird him anew with strength, to nerve his arm and strengthen his soul to renewed efforts, and greater deeds. And we, kind friends, are stronger to-day than when we last talked with you, for we have evidence before us that the Flora of California, which we have for several months past been engaged in illustrating, is finding that appreciation abroad which we had fondly hoped it would receive at home, which, perhaps, it has received to a limited extent in California.

In a letter recently received by a contributor, from Dr. Torrey, of New York,—the world renowned botanist—we find him expressing pleasure and delight at the *Columnar Idria*, published in the May number of our Magazine. “How desirable,”—says that learned gentleman—“to get it into cultivation! Could not a special expedition be made to the Island of Cerros, and the neighboring parts of Lower California, expressly for gathering plants and seeds? I am sure it would be remunerative in every sense.” Surely we may feel encouraged by the thought that some of the greatest and most scientific minds of the present age, appreciate and acknowledge the importance of our work, and kindly bid us God speed. The same gentleman says: “If you can spare only *two or three* flowers of your new *Ledum*, I would be thankful—as I will make an inspection of its placentations and ovules.” See what appreciation—and how they plead for *two or three* of our California *Flowers*. And yet, in this instance, we are grieved and mortified to know that the brother editor of a certain California Magazine, who possesses the specimen, has ungenerously refused to part with it, for the advancement of science. Dr. Torrey also says: “A single leaf and flower of your *Rhus Veatchianna*, would be highly acceptable.” We have never puffed or boasted of our Floral Illustrations, although they have been gotten up with great expense and labor. We felt that there was a merit in them which should find appreciation without puffing—and we were not mistaken.

REFUTATION.—We understand that Capt. Jones, of the North Star, has published a card refuting some assertions made by us in a recent number of the HESPERIAN, in regard to the abuses practised by the U. S. Mail Steamship Company. If any such card was published, we did not see it, and should feel obliged to any one who would furnish us with a copy. So far as Capt. Jones is concerned, we have nothing to say against him; his deportment seemed to be that of a gentleman, and as such we regard him. But that there are terrible abuses practised by the aforesaid Company, no one can pretend to deny. If any such card was published, it will go far to show that even the little HESPERIAN has the power to wake the conscience that uneasy slumbers; and we have furthermore to add, that no card can intimidate—no power terrify us.

What we have asserted finds an affirmative answer in too many hearts in California to be easily disproved; and what we have yet to say, when occasion offers or necessity requires, will prove that the half has never yet been told, and, may be, wake the thunders of vengeance from an outraged people; for these abuses are not confined alone to the ship's poor toiling crew—but also extend to passengers from first cabin to steerage.

**CULTIVATE YOUR MANNERS.**—We have recently seen several works on “Deportment,” “Complete guides to gentility,” &c., &c., in which certain rules are laid down as guides of action. The young are instructed how to speak politely, how to walk and move with grace and elegance. Now this is all very well so far as it goes, but it seems very much to us like beginning to educate a child *wrong side* outwards. Is not heart or spirit culture the thing to be desired? If the little heart is innocent and pure, will not the language of the child be so also? But if the heart is corrupt so that it overflows with profanity, and all uncleanness, shall we restrain the tongue from swearing, simply because “*it is not polite?*” If the heart has received the germs of refinement and cultivation, the manners will be the spontaneous outgrowth and manifestation of such reception. You will have no reason to remind him that this is vulgar, or that rude, for he will instinctively turn from that which is coarse, and find no sympathy with the vulgar and debased.

To teach a child whose heart is corrupt, the art of outward politeness alone, is to teach him to *seem* to be what he is not, and will only make him hypocritical and deceitful, causing him to assume a show of politeness and refinement which does not belong to him, which he cannot maintain, and which will drop from him and expose all his moral deformity the first unguarded moment that offers. Cultivate the heart and the understanding, and by so doing you will produce that true refinement and cultivation of manner which are ever the accompaniments of interior worth. You will have no need to give lessons in set phrases and polite sentences, for the kindly heart overflows ever with the language of true politeness, and the outward manners are but the legitimate product of the interior life.

Cultivate the manners, look well to the deportment of your children, but let your first efforts be directed to the heart, for “out of it proceed the issues of life and death.” Purify the inner life and it will find expression in all manner of graceful forms and beautiful attitudes.

**MRS. FARNHAM'S LECTURES.**—We have recently been much interested and instructed by listening to some conversational lectures on the subject of woman, by Mrs. E. W. Farnham. We are well aware that this subject is one which is sadly misapprehended—the very mention of the word woman is immediately tortured into a claim for what is called “woman's rights.” Men fear that women wish to encroach upon their prerogatives, or what they consider so, and consequently deprive themselves and their families of a vast fund of information on the organic traits and rank of woman, her functions and their relations to human development, and many other important and interesting subjects upon which they should be enlightened, and upon which Mrs. Farnham is now en-

gaged in giving instruction; and so far from advocating what is known by the popular term of "woman's rights," she is in direct opposition to any thing of the kind. The view she takes of womanhood and her capabilities is infinitely higher and more sublime. The ideas advanced by this gifted woman are to us entirely new, and we venture to say were the principles she advocates generally adopted, the progression and advancement of the human race would be more marked in the coming time than in all the ages that have preceded us. Every wife and mother who has the welfare of her children at heart should improve the present opportunity of listening to these instructive and entertaining conversations. We feel so much the importance of the subject to you, wives and mothers, that we would urge you not to let prejudice and misapprehension blind you to the best interests of yourself and offspring. Go, hear, and judge for yourselves. We understand that Mrs. Farnham has been invited and encouraged to open another class. We sincerely hope that this is so, and that all who did not have an opportunity of joining the first class will improve the opportunity offered by the second.

**MORE SIGNS OF PROGRESS.**—Among the passing events of our times we are happy to record the inauguration of a new era by the Mercantile Library Association, in the recent purchase of *Bentham's Pinus*, *Hooker's Icones*, and *Hooker's Flora Boreali-Americana*, *Smith's Orchids*, &c. These, we learn, were purchased by the energetic and enterprising Librarian, Mr. Moore, who, by thus acting upon his own mature judgment and just appreciation of the wants of the community, incurred the displeasure of the purchasing committee. Some members of that committee, however, to their praise be it spoken, earnestly sustained him in his course. Such acts belong to the history of our times, and a citizen who steps boldly forward to meet any great material or intellectual want of our progressive State, is a public benefactor, and as such entitled to the commendation and support of all thinking and right-minded people. The election of a man possessing, as does Mr. Moore, progressive ideas and enlightened sentiments, to represent the importance and dignity of his office, is highly creditable to that body, and complimentary to their foresight and judgment. California has already lost enough by the neglect of her public institutions. It is theirs to lead—they are expected to pilot the intellectual voyager to the haven of his desire. This is by no means the first instance that has come to our knowledge where very important standard works of reference on engineering and the innumerable arts and sciences of civilized life have been needed, involving even the most direct material wants of every man, woman and child in our State, and yet the works were not to be had. We shall have more to say on this subject at another time.

**"COPY."**—The printers want "more copy." How terribly the announcement fell upon our ear; for well we knew we were behind the time appointed to have all our copy in the hands of the printers; and more than that, we did not feel at all like writing; how could we?—the Eastern mail had just arrived, and before us in rich profusion were scattered papers, books and magazines, and a



score or two of letters; some in the dear, familiar writing of loved and loving friends; others in strange hand-writing, which only excited our curiosity the more. We were just seated in our easy chair in our cosy sanctum, prepared to enjoy a feast of fat things in looking over all that the eastern mail had brought us, when the announcement that heads this article was made to us. The day was hot, too, fearfully so—although in San Francisco we seldom have hot weather. It was just a day to luxuriate in reading letters from home; or splendid articles in other people's magazines; to lean your head back in your chair and fall asleep, and dream of the old home, and the pond where we used to skate in winter; and whole pyramids of ice cream, and all kinds of nice cool drinks;—then to be wakened by that discordant cry for "copy"—oh, it is awful! And now we begin to sympathize with our brothers of the mountains who have hot weather all through the summer months, and who are editing dailies and weeklies instead of monthlies, and good papers they make of them, too; often sending them forth bearing some precious literary gem worthy of a more abiding form than a newspaper generally affords. This hot day has made us realize how much we enjoy in the cool refreshing breeze of San Francisco; and yet we have sometimes quarreled with the mischevicious wind that tossed our curls, and lifted our dress so high that any body might know the number of the shoe we wore; but we will do so no more, friendly wind; we know you use us roughly for our own good; and help to keep us healthy by dispersing the poisonous miasma which would breed epidemics, and all unwholesome diseases among us. Come back, friendly, boisterous wind—invigorate and strengthen us as of old, and we will never again get so far behind as to allow the printers to call on us for "copy." And ye, toiling brothers—on the tops or in the gorges of the mountains—ye shall have our sympathy: we will think of you as of those tried by fire, whose courage is equal to any emergency.

CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.—We are frequently interrogated as to when we shall resume the history of our California Pioneers, and we would inform our friends that we intend to do so very soon—so soon in fact as we can see a probability of continuing them to a final close. Scattered as these veterans are—located in various parts of the State—it is a work of some toil and labor to procure all the needful information in regard to the lives of the different individuals, and we should feel thankful to any of the old Pioneers, or any others, who may be able to furnish us with items of interest connected with the early settlement of the State. To Mr. Barrows of Los Angeles, we are already indebted for kind and valuable service rendered us in this respect.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

We furnish this month a pattern of the Epaulet Waist, composed of three pieces. The point or epaulet on the shoulder forms a pretty trimming to the top of the sleeve, and is really quite a novelty. The pattern is so simple, as well as artistic, that any one can readily put it together. Buttons should extend up the front, and also up the second dart to the shoulder; the large buttons with lace upon the edge are the most stylish.

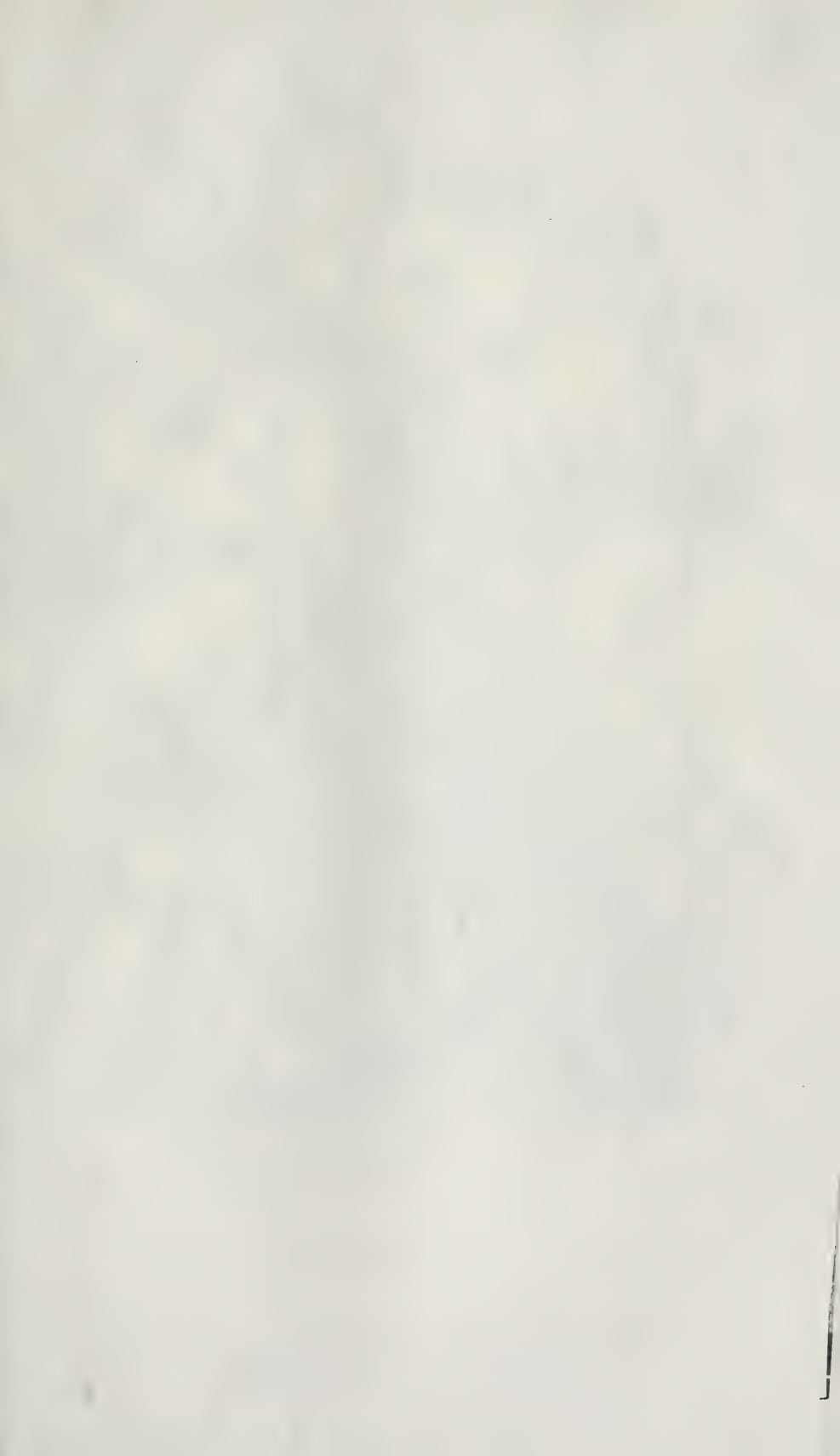
## TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

TO ONE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND IT.

Though but once I saw thy face,  
 In these mystic lines I trace  
 A photograph so clear and true of  
 What I know belongs to you,  
 That I do not hesitate  
 To reveal all of my fate,  
 That within the "chambers" given  
 Of my hopes in earth or heaven;  
 And the whispers always "Peace,"  
 "For the struggle soon shall cease,  
 And thy woman heart shall know  
 Nevermore distress or woe,  
 For to thee, behold, 'tis given,  
 By faith to soar from earth to heaven;  
 And though sorrows round thee roll,  
 'Tis to discipline thy soul,  
 Fit it for the world above,  
 Where ever dwells thy spirit's love—  
 Fit to meet, no more to part  
 With the guardians of thy heart!"  
 So, my friend, I've given freely  
 Answer to thy mystic query,  
 And no other mode have I  
 Unto thee to make reply,  
 For thy name I never heard,  
 So softly uttered was the word  
 By one who now is far away,  
 Where the silver sands hold sway,  
 Yet I hope to hear a tapping  
     At my door,  
 Not a stranger mysterious rapping  
     Something more,  
 Like friendly calling unto friend,  
     "Ope the door."

ANNIE K. H. FADER—Thank you kindly. We are glad to hear from you once more.

PARTIES writing to us on any subject of business upon which they desire an answer, should be particular to inclose a postage stamp, to pay return postage. Our postage alone is now costing us from three to five dollars per day, and when it is considered that we are willing to give our time to the execution of any commission and to the answering of any inquiries which may be required of us, we feel sure that none will think us unreasonable if we ask parties addressing us on their own business to inclose stamps to pay return postage.





EDIBLE GALPHIMIA, OR GOAT & DEER NUT.

*Galphimia pabulosa* Kellogg,  
Drawn from Nature Expressly for the HESPERIAN.



MORNING WRAPPER.



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

No. 3.

## ASCENT OF MOUNT SHASTA.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

I HAVE observed no spectacle that will compare with Mount Shasta in awe-inspiring grandeur. Incomparable in stature, it stands alone, disdaining the companionship of lesser mountains, which are seen from its hoary altitudes only in "strong contrasted littleness." It is haughtily apart from all its kind, lifting its gleaming helmet to unapproachable heights, wrapped gloomily in its eternal mantle of snow, cleaving the clouds as they come from eastward, or emerging from concealing vapor, is bright with the dazzling sheen that flashes from its frosty armor. According to recent measurement this wondrous pyramid is nearly nineteen thousand feet in height; though FREMONT computed its altitude at seventeen thousand. The latest measurement was made by a topographical engineer in the employ of Government at Fort Crook, and who has the reputation of professional capacity. At all events, the mountain is amazing to the beholder, and its heights range far above the ordinary changes of winter and summer. The first view I had of Mount Shasta, was from the summit of the Sierra Nevada, at the Lassen Pass; it was near evening, and the base of the mountain being out of view behind intervening hills, the snowy pyramid glistening in many-hued light, was the most unspeakably grand spectacle that mind could imagine, as it rose through cold solitudes, a heaven-invading outguard of the world. Since then I have lived a considerable time on uplands, near its base; but, although the altitude seemed much less than when observed a hundred miles off, the haughty monarch of mountains lost but little of his imperial dignity. It is true, there are many living

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. F. H. Day, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.







ever in sight of this prodigious promontary, who are not much impressed with its sublimity; nay, even dare to profane its majesty by calling it "Shasta Butte," or still more indifferently, "The Butte;" but they, doubtless, mean no indignity, and would quarry paving stones from Mount Sinai with quite as little emotion as is called forth by the sublimities of Shasta. In a magnificent poem written on this subject by RIDGE, the poet,—measuring others' conceptions of grandeur by the capacity of his own splendid mind,—thought that thereafter the plowman "oft would pause when in the furrowed track" to gaze in wonder on Shasta's pallid heights, and that rustic children would reverently ask their mothers, who made the mountain? But, alas! the furrower drives his share among the stubble, and looks thither but seldom, in worship of the sublime; and in the evening marks his "quitting time" as the shadows ascend "Shasta Butte," while the unpoetical urchin whoops after the cattle, and stones the unruly swine, unmindful that the beauty of expiring joy is lingering in manifold splendors above him.

The ascent properly commences some thirty miles from Yreka, at Strawberry Ranch, south of the mountain. Thence the explorer may travel on horseback through chapparal, and, in early summer, over snow, about fifteen miles to the "camp-ground." From that place the ascent must be made on foot, or in places on all-fours. At the camp-ground the travelers stop all night, for it will require the whole day to ascend and get back; and no prudent adventurer would care to encounter the night-frosts on the upper heights. Even at the camping-ground below, the nights are rigorously cold, and whoever lodges there without abundant bedding, will for several hours lose all thoughts of the sublime. Having been advised of these facts, we had provided sufficient blanketing, including a pair for each horse; so, we passed the night comfortably, disturbed only by the occasional snorting of the animals which, we supposed, had scented a bear or some other wild creature, or perhaps were intimidated by the dreariness of the place. At daylight we commenced the steep ascent, and for several hours traveled over broken volcanic rock, until we reached a bold-faced ledge, which has been named "Red Bluffs." Thence by clambering for an hour or more up a rocky ravine, we reached an immense area of lava, snow and ice, and were frequently interrupted by deep and dangerous chasms into which

the snow had slid or been drifted to unknown depths. The utmost circumspection was required in climbing along the narrow, slippery ridges, for a misguided step would have launched the adventurer down, hundreds of feet, to certain death on the rocks and masses of ice. Another hour of perilous climbing—we had no watch, but had to guess at the time—brought us to a bench where the snow appeared to be several hundred feet in depth, as we supposed, in looking down the immense fissures. From this great mass of ice and snow, innumerable little streams trickle down among the rocks, forming, I have been told, the upper source of the Sacramento River. Above this snow-field another acclivity of lava and ashes was encountered, and was ascended with difficulty and great weariness, as the traveler sank ten or twelve inches into the loose conglomerate at every step. Here, for the first time, I began to feel great oppressiveness in breathing, though my companion complained of none. From this ash-hill the summit is observed, beyond another snow-field. Immediately above the snow, we come to what has undoubtedly been the great crater, whence flowed the immense fields of lava and scoria which we had been hours in traversing. This depression, hemmed in by a vein of rocks, is clear of snow, and contains a multitude of little boiling springs, which were steaming away as though some important natural manufactory depended on their unceasing bubbling. They doubtless indicate the still existing but subdued volcanic power which once made Mount Shasta unspeakably grand and terrible to whatever eye may have seen the outbounding of its fiery wrath. Two or three hundred feet above, we climbed slowly and perilously to a ragged ledge which, having surmounted, we stood on the SUMMIT.

This was the grand spectacle, in contemplation of which, we thought of none of the minor incidents or scenery experienced or observed in the ascent, and which I have purposely refrained from speaking of in much detail, because the rare pages of the HESPERIAN should not be wasted in elaboration of unimportant particulars. But the grand, abounding scenery from the summit might be appropriately written on broad, golden folios, by a pen more capable of describing infinite beauty, grandeur, illimitable space, than is mine. Fortunately the day was uncommonly clear, enabling us to see far to the East, over the desert, where numerous lakes flashed midway, like minute pieces of burnished silver. There seemed to be no boundary

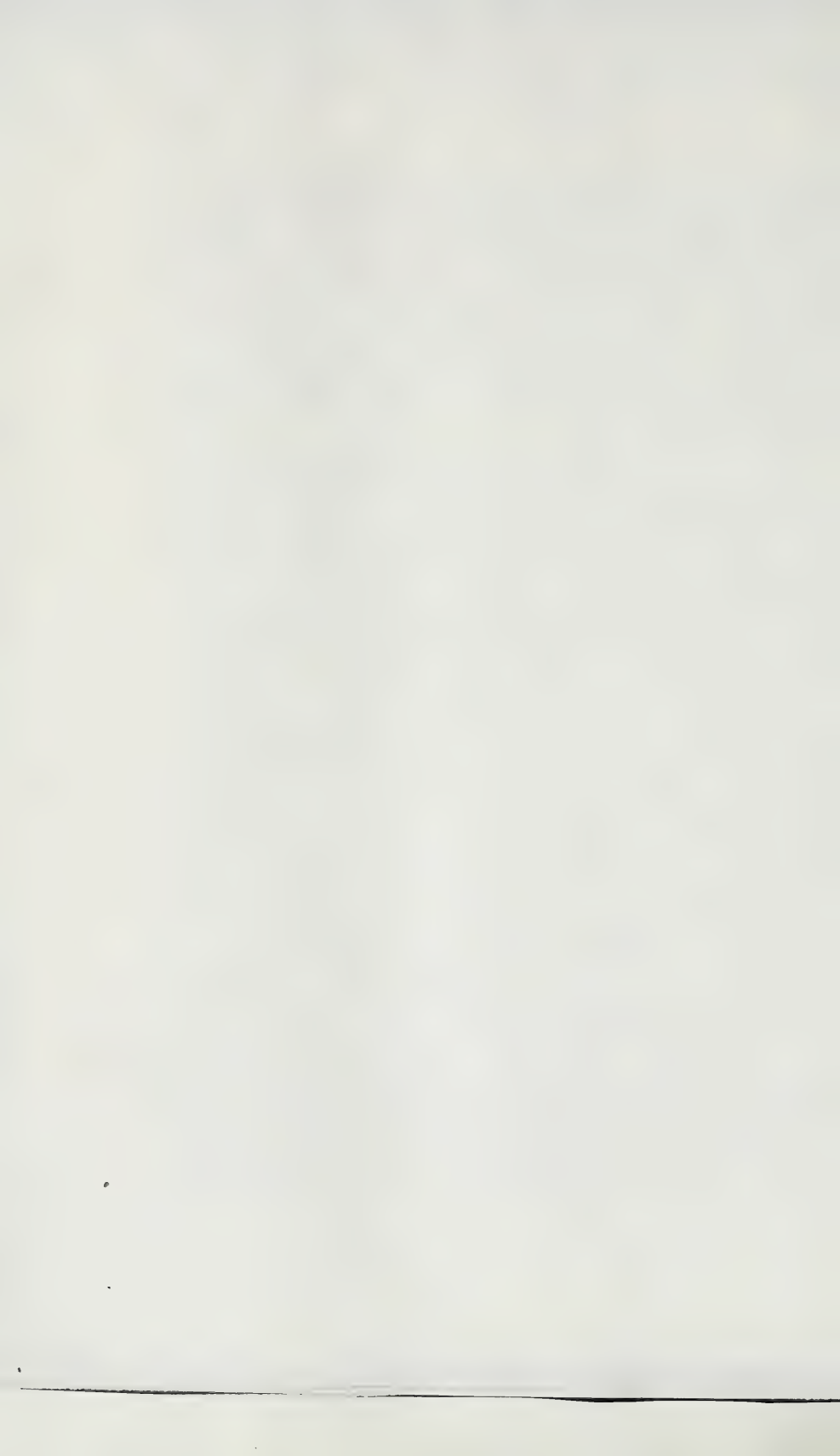




to vision ; but the eye absolutely ached and closed with very weariness. Along the crest of the Sierra Nevada, and far below the spectator, Mount Lassen, Pilot Peak, Spanish Peak, and other noted landmarks were distinctly visible, but they had lost all of that sublimity with which they impress the wondering worshiper who looks from the lowlands. They seemed no more than watch-towers on a castle wall which is overlooked from an adjacent hill. Westward, and beyond the coast range, there was a mirage-like something, which we imagined to be the ocean ; and to the South, the Sacramento River drew its long, silver thread out of sight on the plain, while various Southerly peaks stood in uncertain shapes along the horizon. But, to the North, looking from the sun, over the vast territory of Oregon, the most distinct view of landmarks was obtained. Mount Hood stood forth in majestic distinction, and other peaks which we were unable to recognize by name were clearly discerned, in addition to numerous lakes, streams, valleys and mountain chains which we had not sufficient geographical knowledge to identify. Until then, we had not adequate conception of the vast region stretching Northward, and which has recently become a State of vast resources, and rapidly developing wealth. Linger- ing above the prodigious landscape, we looked and worshiped ; not with that adoration inspired in the little temples which men build, but with the speechless reverence which silence commanded on the awful heights. The man who could stand there, an atom in unbound- ing space, bewildered by the innumerable splendors of the gorgeous picture, without acknowledging the absolute empire of a GREAT GOD ALMIGHTY, is an atheist too blind, too stolid, too idiotic to be damned for his unbelief. For myself, standing on heights nearly three times the altitude of Olympus, I felt chilled and speechless in the awful presence of Omnipotent Deity, whose tremendous power was silently declared by that gigantic landmark of the clouds. Here we found two flagstuffs planted in crevices of the rocks, but the flags had been threshed to pieces and apportioned to the winds that float in swift currents Northward ; there were a few remnants clinging to the sticks, the remainder having been swept down to Shasta Valley or carried on towards Oregon. Under a shelving rock we discovered several newspapers, and scraps of manuscript, one of the latter making known that one flag had been placed there by Capt. Prince,

in 1852; the other, a temperance banner, had been planted in 1855, by Rev. Israel S. Deihl, who, it was also recorded, had ascended *alone*. Another scrap contained these apposite words, in pencil: "If I ascend unto Heaven, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, behold, Thou art there!" Desiring to add something to this aerial store of letters, I discovered that paper and pencil were missing. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim to rest on the Hill of Difficulty and falling into sinful sleep lost his roll, my stock of writing materials had been dropped at some resting-place below.

The sun had gone West, and we found it necessary to descend; and not without regret at being compelled so soon to leave where we could have pleasurably lingered for hours longer; but, admonished by the increasing sharpness of the winds, we knew that life depended on descent before nightfall. Directly below was the crater, which sometime has been a molten lake, boiling, surging and launching forth its liquid wrath, and illuminating leagues on leagues with its lurid glare. Solid pieces of pure sulphur, cinder and ashes were indisputable evidences of former volcanic existence. From the quantity of sulphur, it seemed as though the enterprise of man, with a little kindling wood, might almost renew the conflagration. The reader will not be wearied with the recital of our downward progress. We reached camp a little before dark, and were welcomed by the neighing of our horses, which seemed afraid of the bears. Having refreshed ourselves and animals, we were speedily wrapped in blankets and sleep, too tired to dream of, even, the wondrous scenes of the day. I have learned that my fellow explorer, WILLIAM McKNIGHT, has since died in Philadelphia, where he was having engraved some sketches which he made that day, and which were to illustrate a descriptive article which I had prepared. Poor fellow; I suppose his manuscripts and sketches are all lost, for he told me that he had no relatives in the United States. Mac. could not write or talk much, but Mount Shasta, with its grand, worshipful scenery, grew to wonderful exactness under his magic pencil. My friend has stood upon a still more awful promontory overlooking the grim shadowy Valley of Death; and until I, too, shall have looked thence, the hours of reverence and wonder, passed on the cold solitude of Shasta, will have vivid remembrance.







## THE CALIFORNIA GOAT NUT.

(*Simmondsia pabulosa*—Kellogg.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE colored plate exhibits the natural size and appearance of a portion of the male and female shrub. The eatable *Goat Nut* was found upon Cerros Island by Dr. J. A. Veatch. It appears to be different from the one found on the main land; but of this we could speak more confidently had we a suitable specimen with which to compare it; or at least Nuttall's description to refer to. We suggest the provisional name of *pabulosa*, and give the following description in aid of the inquirer.

### *Descriptive Note by Dr. Veatch.*

The Goat Nut is an evergreen bush, or shrubby tree, from three to six feet in height; growing in the ravines as well as in the crevices and fissures of nearly perpendicular cliffs. Trunk remarkably crooked, with short, zig-zag, joint-like bendings. Bark smooth and whitish. Branches spreading horizontally from the summit, much entangled, and partaking of the character of the stem. Foliage dense and green; leaves and young twigs somewhat succulent. The top presents something of the appearance of a huge bunch of mistletoe.

The fruit is generally abundant, ripening in July and August, and has the taste of a chestnut, with a slight bitterness.

The goats and deer of the island are exceedingly fond of both the fruit and leaves, and seem to live mostly upon them.

The shrub is ornamental, and deserves to be cultivated for its beauty, as well as fruit. The barren spots in which it thrives would suggest its usefulness upon some of the barren and bleak hills of Upper California, which are worthless from their stony and arid character, but which might be valuable when planted with the *Simmondsia*.

*Technical Description.*—Branches opposite, nodose, grayish; branchlets somewhat angled, greenish, hoary-hirsute.

Leaves opposite, oblong-ovate, and ovate-lanceolate, sub-mucronate, obtuse or a few leaves obovate, emarginate, somewhat pinnate at the base, pale glaucous green above, fleshy, coriaceous, inconspicuously 3-nerved in the growing state; rigid and wrinkled, often ochreous beneath when dry, pubescent above and below,

margins entire sharpened, slightly scabrous, on very short glandless hirsute petioles; lamina varying from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length. Sterile flowers numerous in clustered dichotomous axillary panicles shorter than the leaves, seldom sessile and solitary or in small glomerules, common and particular pedicels bracted, each separate flower with a minute ovate hirsute bract scale at the base. Petals imbricate, greenish, five in number, unguiculate, carinate, apex obtuse inflexed ciliate or somewhat erose-dentate, spreading, slightly villous within, hoary villous without, (glandless,) stamens mostly ten, shorter than the petals. Filaments shorter than the anthers, subulate from a broad base, somewhat clustered in parcels of three or more, or imperfectly monadelphous, anthers erect, 2-celled, opening longitudinally.

Calyx divisions five, increasing in size as the fruit attains to maturity, the apex of the lobes often elongating from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch; usually from 2 to 4 small scales in a lower series quincuncially imbricated.

Capsule a dry chartaceous nut in a leafy cup, similar to a hazel-nut, obtusely 3-sided, in appearance beaked like an acorn, with 3 persistent sub-capitate styles; 3-celled, 3-valved, opening in 3 divisions at the ventral suture; by abortion one-seeded, 3 filiform placentas arising from the axis of the calyx and recurved at the apex, to which tunicle the ovule is attached or suspended—perfect ovule obtusely triangular conic, apex pitted and grooved down the angle adjacent to the placenta to the truncate base; color hazel brown, sparsely hirsute.

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LET ME REST.—BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

I am weary, let me rest  
On thy broad and tender breast;  
Suffer me awhile to lie  
Without kisses, silently.  
I am sick of sin and earth,  
In my spirit is a dearth,  
That no human love can fill,—  
Throbs, no human voice can still.

I am weary, let me rest;  
Oh! the aching in my breast,  
Oh! the thoughts that sweep along,  
That I can not clothe in song,  
Thoughts of childhood's hopes and fears,  
Thoughts of childhood's bitter tears,  
Thoughts of days forever past,  
Thoughts of love that could not last.

I am weary, let me rest;  
Oh, that little word, how blest!  
Pure as aught to mortals given,  
Seeming less of earth than heaven!  
When the soul is bowed with care,  
O, how mild it breathes the prayer,  
Rest, the longing spirit cries;  
Rest on earth, and in the skies.

Though I would not scorn the rest,  
Found upon a human breast,  
Yet that stay will sometime break,  
And the frightened dreamer wake,  
Wake, to live through loveless years,  
Wake, to bitter, bitter tears.  
Dearest, let thy head and mine  
On our Saviour's breast recline!





## WHITE ROSIN-WEED.

(*Hemizonia luzulæfolia*—var. *fragaroides*.—Kellogg.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

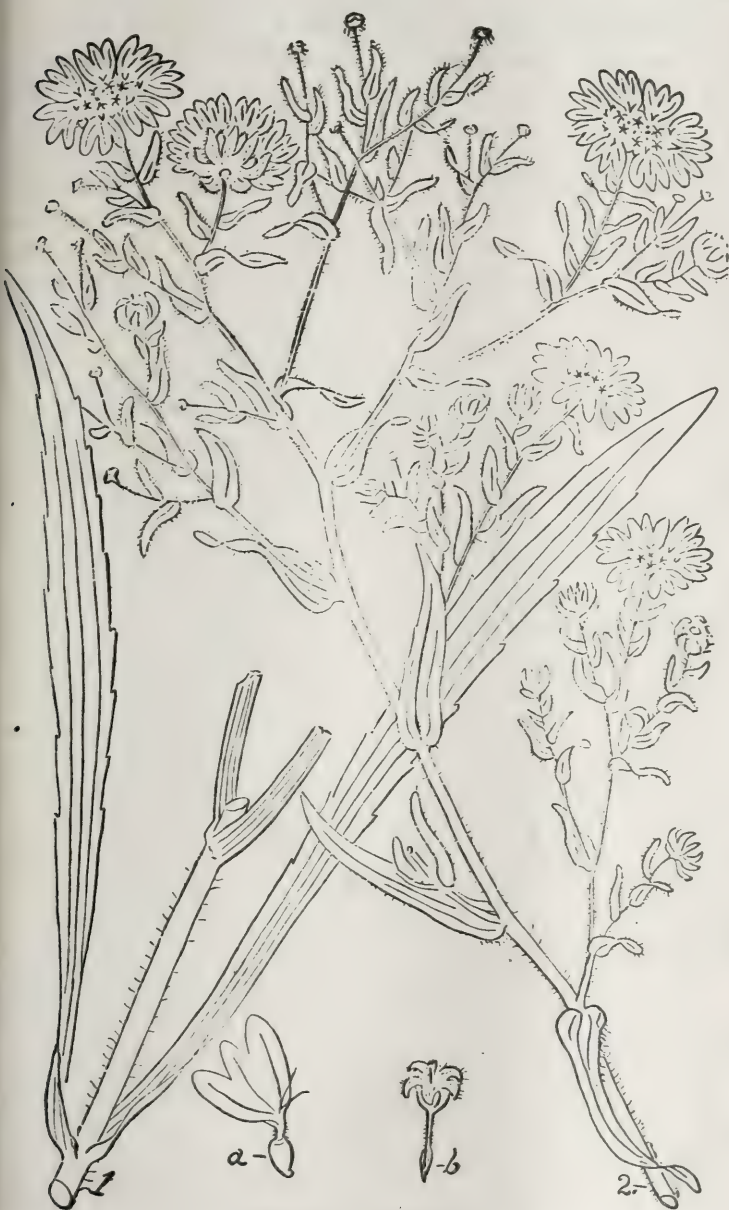
THE Rosin Weeds in general form quite a characteristic feature of our autumnal fields; but none of them are so pretty and pleasing to the eye as the *White Rosin-Weed* here figured. The common name indicates the color, which is very remarkable for its pure whiteness, *i. e.*, above, for the ray flowers are pinkish on the back, with three bright red or pink lines along the nerves.

It is worthy of note that the fruit heads in this species of *Hemizonia* are early deciduous, *i. e.*, all the parts of the flower and fruit seed, together with the receptacle, soon shed off, leaving only the terminal tack-head-like torus or base on which each head of flowerets rested, entirely naked; thus showing the conic elevated center on which formerly stood the convex receptacle, as may be seen represented in the figure.

The involucreal green cupscapes are clearly in *two series*, instead of one, as described. Our specimens are also densely glandular. The spider-weblike cottony character varies; in some, being a strongly marked feature, while in others, it is loosely shed off, and unimportant.

This plant exhales a soothing, balmy odor somewhat remotely similar to strawberries. Like most of these odoriferous autumnal plants, it induces a tranquil reverie, so entrancing to the impressible, that one seems wont to linger in a blissful languor of silent, celestial contemplation. In this state of tacit communion,—if in congenial company,—spheres mingle, and mutual silence is respected. In a word, the all-pervading outward sentiment superinduced, is a great dread of speaking, or being spoken to.

“This is all very fine,” we often hear it said, “but of what use are these pretty things? Now there is profit in *potatoes*, and something useful and necessary in *dress*,” (as a friend remarked the other day, while we were engaged upon some beautiful paintings for the future numbers of the *Hesperian*.) Stay, gentle objector! we have listened to you, and admit the truth of what you speak—but by no means, the *inference implied*. Please consider a few leading truths, *e. g.*, It is an axiom, that “purest principles are first in importance,



HEMIZONIA LUZULIFOLIA.







and to which all below are related." "All the most potent and purest inmost essences of nature are the refined, invisible and volatile"—thus the grossest, relatively effete substances in nature are more fixed and visible—palpable to our grossest external senses, and therefore respectively they are as ignoble as are also the pseudo-utilitarian conclusions which would strive to exalt the baser above the higher. As in man the purer blood and essences only circulate in the finer vessels, so in external nature the purer elements and auras only circulate in the invisible ethers around us. Hence every enlightened physiologist knows, "that through the pores of the skin and the linings of the lungs the purer *elemental food* from the air and ether is absorbed and conveyed directly to the brain, or internal fibrous terminations to be expended upon the higher uses of life; hence, also, the animations of the brains, and its motions must always be synchronous with the respirations of the lungs. The reason why these sweet odors awaken such an agreeable state of interior perception and love, is because they furnish the respiratory materials for an ethereal chyle just suited to stimulate the mind and heart. Doubtless there may be some higher reason in the world of causes; but we prefer to take the natural history view of it. Some writers, (Thackeray) justly assert that we actually subsist more upon the air we breathe than the food ("potatoes") we eat. How else are we to account for the result of a few hours,—yea, even a few moments' recreation among flowers, or in the fields? The natural world in every sense is precisely adapted to invigorate the intellectual and moral—and no gymnastic partial or artificial substitute will answer so well. All natural phenomena are linked in a usefully dependent series, so that whether we strike by our fallacies at the tenth or tenthousandth link, we break the chain alike. Mark well—we do not discard lower, but claim for higher things, at least, an equal importance in the estimation of the wise. To say we could do just as well without this or that in nature, involves such a chaos of absurdities as we presume none will defend.

Nothing so closes the mind to progress as the pride and presumption that no world of knowledge exists beyond our short-sighted horizon. We would fain hope that the feeble foregleams which ever and anon reach us, may yet reveal some vast practical field of useful science beyond our ken;—a charmed Eden of the soul! touched

by Nature's wand, from whose pure fountains we may quaff the sweetnesses and joys of life in the sanctified passions and intellectual realms of our existence, nourished and cherished by those "nectard sweets where no crude surfeit reigns." Instead, therefore, of undervaluing God's gifts in nature, let us search out her hidden secrets, and reverence the profound wisdom everywhere manifest in these divine works.

As we have so far digressed from our usual course, into a philosophico-serious homily, we hope to be excused if, in conclusion, we should treat the subject a little humorously. The amiable reader must not suppose for a moment that we propose to do without "potatoes," as the celebrated scourge of the French Restaurant did, who daily snuffed his host's viands to his satisfaction without ever paying a penny; nor, on the other hand, must your almighty-dollar-man toss his purse-proud head in scorn, as though we favored the decision of the judge, on that occasion, who doomed the plaintiff to the tortures of hearing, in return, the jingling of dollars between two tin plates until he should be satisfied—this we hold was downright *cruelty*. No, *Sir*; we go for dollars too, some—*i. e.* discreetly. We do not feel called upon at this particular time to defend the universal sentiment of poets (the truly great philosophers of every age,) who never fail to represent the Goddess of Liberty breathing the purer elements of her mountain home.

"Here, Freedom 'wakes her mountain song,"—we are not at all surprised, however, at their representing her as a *woman*; for women, we think, have a more lively and delicate perception of these excitements. We consider ourselves only second best in the direction of the beautiful and tenderly impressible. Let no one insinuate that it is because we are a *bachelor*. We abhor that state—always did, as much as you do.

The following sentiment, of *course*, is feminine\* :—

"The mountains holier visions bring, than e'er in vales arise,  
As brightest sunshine bathes the wing that's nearest to the skies."

It is precisely upon this ground, that a physiological friend of ours accounts for some of the Hollanders being as deep down in the mud mentally and spiritually, as they are corporally. Besides other examples too numerous to mention. Lo, we are told, chose the

\* Mrs. Hall.





*plain*, and pitched his tent towards Sodom, near the slime pits and pits of pitch. His children, no doubt, dabbled and besmeared themselves literally with the aforesaid nasty article. This however, is only a mere conjecture of ours. Ten to one they lived on swine's flesh, too, by some hook or crook. Wonder if they had "potatoes," or the like in those days? They must have been diggers if they did. We are not surprised such a set of gross fellows were forbidden to whip off the sweet, sunny fruit that grew on the "topmost boughs," and on the "outmost branches." These latter opinions may need the "benefit of clergy;" we can't help it; we agree with old Father Bright hopes. The time was, when we apothecaries were scarcely less revered than the parson; then the anxious and forlorn lover sought our sanctum—beneath the kind protecting rays of the silvery goddess, he came; and much solid silver did he bring to our—(*alas! now deserted coffers,*) for those infallible "*Love Powders.*"

As we are addressing a new generation, it behooveth us to explain. The famous powders aforesaid, were composed of wondrously rare aromatics!—fragrant as the breeze from the happy isles, &c.—(it will never do to divulge all the secrets of our craft,—suffice it to say—armed with these odors of Eden (and certain other animal ingredients)—the devoted lover sought the fair object of his passion, and prudently sprinkled the infallible aroma—whereupon the tender passion returned; the lowering clouds dispersed, and smiles sweeter than the sweetest May morn, awoke and tuned again the song-birds that echoed from out the sunny hill-sides of his heart! O, those glorious days! Will they return no more? We make our last feeling appeal to this hardened age!

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A SNEER AND A TRUTH.—It was a coarse, cruel sneer—unworthy of one of England's greatest artists—when he said, that "a woman had better be courted and jilted, than never to be courted at all." Another, whom the alchemy of sorrow had tested and purified, has brought out from this rough stone the lustre of a truth, as universal as it is beautiful:—

"Better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

## LITTLE WILLIE'S ANGELS.

BY MRS. J. S. TOLLES.

'Tis a bright autumnal sunset, and the clouds are piled on high,  
The scarlet and the purple, and some of crimson dye,  
Some edged with gold and silver, and flecked with tints more rare  
Than artist ever painted, save Him who placed them there.

So lovely this sky picture, that we all have turned away  
From the busy cares and pleasures that have held us all the day,  
And with rapturous emotion, too deep for feeble words,  
Drink in the wondrous beauty of those ever-changing clouds.

From out the casement leaning, with flushed cheek and upraised eye,  
With golden curls tossed lightly from a forehead full and high,  
Stands a noble little boy, in attitude of childish grace,  
While a holy, rapt expression is stealing o'er his face.

"What is that which thou seest, thou fair and lovely boy,  
That makes thine eye so radiant, as with excess of joy?  
Cast thou, with thine eye undimm'd by aught of guilt and folly,  
See that which for our grosser sight would prove too high and holy?"

A smile breaks o'er his features now, and on his infant cheek  
The color slightly deepens: he is about to speak.

"What do those clouds disclose to thee, that such deep raptures give?"  
"O, only look and see their wings! there is where the angels live."

Ah! yes, dear child, thy vision pure hath traced the bright abode,  
Where spirits glorified have flown, the city of our God;  
And what to us are autumn clouds that the departed god of day  
Hath colored with such lovely tints, so soon to pass away,

To thee, is where the angels live, that holy, happy place,  
The veil all rent away, and they behold him face to face,  
Our Father! whom thy lips have learned to utter in thy prayer,  
And 'tis his halo which thou seest, while gazing upward there.

Sweet boy, thy noble brow and mien betoken gems of thought,  
That one by one, in after years, to being will be wrought;  
And as expands the tiny bud that forms the perfect rose,  
So mayest thou bloom to manhood's prime, and like it at life's close,  
In fragrance and in beauty scatter round thee in decay,  
Bright gems of mind, as petals float, borne on the wind away.

And, darling, mayest thou ever thy purity retain,  
And on thy youth and manhood never, never rest a stain.  
Thus thy angels will not leave thee, but guard over thee in love,  
And finally, rejoicing, bear thee to thy home above.

## HOW TO EDUCATE THE YOUNG.

"HALL'S *Journal of Health*," contains an article animadverting in somewhat strong terms upon the establishing gymnasiums, &c. We can not agree in toto with this writer, for we hold that this system of physical training is, under proper regulations, decidedly beneficial, and conducive of vast good to all whose pursuits are of a sedentary nature; yet, while we advocate the rational use and culture of calisthenics and gymnastic exercises generally, we would earnestly commend to the attention of parents and guardians an equally zealous attention to the development of the intellectual and spiritual components of the human organization.

We hold that the three elements are indissolubly united in man, viz. : physique, intellect, and spirit; or, in other words, body, mind, and soul, each one and all requiring due culture.

In proof of this necessity, we need only turn over the pages of history, or look more immediately upon our fellow-men. Until very lately, the laboring classes of England have been debarred all opportunities of mental culture;—consequently we find men whose whole system was a marvelous development of muscular power. These men composed that valuable body of men known as the "Navvies—coal-miners and lead-workers" of England; yet it is an undeniable fact that they were equally as well known for their pugilistic abilities—their amusements attained no higher grade than that of "single sticks" and gladiatorial exhibitions, which not unfrequently ended in bloodshed. This class supplied the celebrated boxers and prize-fighters whose names have been so prominently brought before the public in connection with the late brutal and revolting exhibition which has disgraced the British flag, and whose exploits were, up to within a very few years since, prominent features in England's history. To counteract these evils arising (in the main) from the culture of the physique *only*, schools, houses of worship, libraries—that great engine of mental improvement, the press, with its newspapers, have been carried to the very habitations of these men; so that as the intellect is elevated, the physique becomes subject to *its* superior power and refining effect, and the prize ring is rapidly becoming a reminiscence of the past. But it has been found that as the intellectual is developed, the still higher and nobler endowment in man's constitution, the spiritual, demands cul-



ture in order that the other two may be in subjection to a stronger power than the *mere moral law* of the world.

Hence, vigorous efforts are now being made to ensure due regard to the spiritual education of all, and of the rising generation in particular; the combined energies of all the philanthropic societies of England are concentrated upon this object;—we need not here adduce proof of this, as every English paper, and the legion of magazines and monthly reviews are filled with reports of what is being done in this matter.

It has been found that in those schools, where the secular education only has been heeded, a polished pick-pocket or refined thief is too often the result. The scholar's aim seems to be to attain only to the notoriety of that accomplished pick-pocket "Barrington,"—of whom it was said, "it was a pleasure to have your watch stolen by so intelligent and gentlemanly an expert;"—or they seek no higher character than that of the celebrated detective "Vidocq." While in the absence of all education, save that of the physique, a Slasher, Massey, or Sayers was the result.

The late campaigns throughout the Indian empire, afford ample proof of the sad results of this one-sided system of education;—the most ferocious enemies that the British forces had to contend with, were those men and native chiefs who had been educated in secular schools—all the powers of mind and body had been developed—but the spiritual nature untouched—the consequence was that the greatest atrocities attended the march of these men. Nana Sahib was a remarkable instance of this. He was educated at a secular school, where the Bible was ignored—he was skilled in literature and sciences—but he was the instigator of all those cruel and barbarous murders that appalled the whole heart of the Atian world. And it is a remarkable fact that throughout those parts of India where Christianity *had no foothold*, that the atrocities committed were of a most revolting character.

How urgent, then, is the duty upon parents, and all those who have the culture of the young, that a due care of their spiritual education should hold a prominent place.

It is the proper development of these three elements of man's constitution that can alone redeem our glorious country from the hands and misrule of rabid demagogues, and unstable nationalists.

We earnestly call upon all our country-women—for in them lies a mighty power—to redeem the time—to arouse themselves to sterner duties and intenser sacrifices, and by their earnest endeavors rescue our youth from that fearful skepticism and rationalism that must, at no distant period, result in the disintegration of our commonwealth, the destruction of all happiness, and the annihilation of peace, both here and hereafter.

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AUTUMN.

BY MRS. CASE.

I love the autumn's sombre eyes,  
Its quiet days so still and bright,  
The whisper of its dreamy winds—  
The shifting, shadowy light.

When day-light from the western sky  
Fades with its softly burnished rays ;  
And silence foldeth in the earth,  
Wrapped in a robe of misty haze.

I love to sit in drowsy thought  
As slowly falls the evening dew,  
And watch the star-fires of the night  
Float dimly on through realms of blue.

And when the pure morn's silvery eye,  
Looks through a veil like shining snow,  
I fondly think it smiles in love  
On all the aching hearts below.

And holy thoughts of Heaven will float  
Across the deep waves of the soul—  
When from the wind-harp's tender voice  
Such mystic anthems roll.

Each earth-born wish is banished far,  
My soul dwells in a purer sphere  
When Autumn's glorious beauty comes ;  
"Sweet Sabbath of the year."

## HOME AGAIN.

BY HADASSAH.

AT home once more! And the dear old house, around which so many associations are entwined, both sad and cheerful, is just the same. Wait, I must go first, all through the house, every nook and corner—Oh! all here;—but, the dear loved ones;—they only are missing, every piece of furniture seems to bid me welcome; but no welcome voice greets me, no fond kiss, or warm embrace, to gladden my heart. And yet even in this loneliness, I feel the care of her, who nestled my infant head upon her breast, and called heaven's blessings upon her impetuous, wayward child in riper years.

Yes! even here, and now, I feel the influence of her presence. Oh! Mother! dearly cherished Mother, if I could but see thee once more, could but hear thy mild, loved voice pronounce forgiveness for every hasty word, disobedient act, or grief, I may have caused thy maternal heart! Mother, speak *once* only, to thy erring, wayward child, and say that you forgive her. Alas! no sound answers my petition, but a small voice within whispers, and it is the echoing of her teaching,—“My child, there is one mightier than earthly parents; go to Him; *He* is the friend of the fatherless, he has promised to protect the orphan.” A rustling of wings I hear, and the warning spirit has departed, and I sit here in this darkened room, with beloved faces looking down from their time-worn frames.—*He*, my father, is there, in his pride of manhood and beauty. In the other recess, and looking towards him, with eyes overflowing with sad tenderness, is my mother. There is no pride on that mild countenance, there must be great sadness in the heart, reflected so strangely in that subdued, mournful smile that plays so gracefully around the small, full mouth. No anger would ever flash from those mild blue eyes. O, mother! why did I not prize thy love and care, why did I not feel then, as now, the value of a mother's love, a mother's care! Thou art there, in thy first flush of wedded love; not thus is thy image engraven on my heart. It is there, as I saw thee last. There,—but silence my heart, until I am in the very room—her room, where I last parted with her; her room, where she would sit for hours alone, thinking she would say of the past—the past! Am I prepared to approach that sacred spot? Here, all seems to say, she is with me still, that

I have only to mount one flight of steps, turn to the right-hand door, and in a moment I am in her presence. I am there—my hand clasps the knob;—with eager haste I open, and—the dream is dispelled.

There is the easy-chair, the stool for her feet—but it is empty. There is the white covered toilet, with the fringed edge; the bed with its spread of snowy whiteness, the rocking-chair, even the small basket work-stand occupies its accustomed corner. And although the blinds are closed, the curtains drawn, the room has its old appearance of cheerfulness and comfort; but I have not yet ventured within its sacred precincts. I will cross the threshold and enter; softly—softly—not with the wild bounding step and merry laugh of former days, as, to close some playful dispute, my sisters would threaten me with a scramble, and such romps would generally end with hair in beautiful disorder, curl-combs broken, dress torn,—and as a last refuge, up the steps, laughing, panting, followed closely by one or both sisters, I would rush to mother for protection. Poor, dear mother! How I love to speak that name. Her very feebleness was a protection; and as I would cringe behind her chair, holding tightly on to her the while, they were obliged to give up the contest, because mother must not be made to cough—contenting themselves by bestowing upon me the epithet of “baby,” we were left in peace. Then the disordered curls were smoothed and dressed by a gentle hand, amid many a low, soft laugh, at our mad frolic. But ah! those days are past, and it is with different feelings I stand now here.

But gently; her last requests are to be fulfilled: it is for that I am here; for that I have crossed the ocean. O! that I had come sooner!

Alone I chose to come here, that none might read the emotion in my face, which would not be stilled in the solitude of my heart. Her blessing she sent me, wafted on the breezes westward-bound. A streak of sunlight gleamed across the room, and lay trembling and sparkling at my feet in its golden brightness. It warned me that night would soon spread his mantle o'er the world, and that tiny thread of gold was just peeping there for a moment to say, “good night.” It opened my heart to other thoughts. I rose hastily, fearing to lose the last look at his golden majesty, threw open the shut-

ters, and gazed upon a scene glorious in its resplendent beauty. There was the lake, its waters smooth and silvery with the tints of the setting sun, sparkling in the spray as it dashed against the bank. The large golden orb was just touching the western boundary of the lake, lighting up myriads of floating clouds, edging them with gold and purple, crumpled and blazing in bright and radiant hues.

One other sunset I remembered like this, the eve before my departure from my home. I exclaimed then in rapture, "Oh! mother! come quickly, and look! Look, oh look! at the glorious sun shining in the far-off West. How beautiful! And mark how proud the clouds appear of their golden crest.

Alas! He has vanished from my view,  
He has faded from my sight—  
The clouds have lost their golden hue,  
And we are left with night.

I have no mother now to call to admire the beauties of the sunset; she was the light that guided my infant mind, and like all that is bright and beautiful, she too has passed away, and now I am left with night, and my own sad heart, without the light of a mother's countenance, without her voice of cheering encouragement.

But I have duties, yet unfinished, to call my attention. Slowly and sadly I rose, and closed out the few last streaks of daylight. Lighting a candle, I proceeded to my task. Drawer after drawer was unlocked, and each contained some dear relic—a dress, a handkerchief, gloves and fan—each had its little treasure, that spoke of the dear departed. Here is a neat cap, sent from Philadelphia: dear mother, how she prized it; not for its value, but it suited her taste precisely, with its plain rolled border, and its lute-string ribbon of pure white. It was, she said, "her pet cap." She'll never wear it again. This small green box was given her many years ago by brother Archie; a little plain, homely thing it is, but she valued it because it was given her by the son she loved dearly, long since at rest, with the quiet dead. It contains deeds, receipts, and papers—letters from old friends, and business letters of more recent date. Here is one, in her own handwriting, "To my dearly beloved daughter Hadassah." My hand trembles as I grasp the letter: breaking the seal, I read:—

"Hadassah, I have often desired to tell you what I write here.

You remember having questioned me regarding a locket which you once saw in my hand, though I strove to conceal it, yet could not before you saw enough to induce you to wonder, I presume, at my strange agitation. I carefully avoided questions on the subject. You will find the locket with this letter. It is your father, Hada." I pause a moment in sheer astonishment. The picture in the parlor, then, was not my father. It was all a strange mystery to me. I opened the little locket with a spring, and saw the face of a man to whom I bore a remarkable likeness. "Love him, Hada, for I have, ever. We were married very young. A son and you, Hada, are all the children I bore this dearly-beloved husband. Your brother died while you were still young. After his death, your father was much from home, and my friends began to interest themselves about the matter—pretended friends, I should say—for after many months of supposed neglect on your father's part, they induced me to apply for and obtain a divorce. After it was gained, I learned he had been detained from me and his home by illness, that brought him to the very border of the grave. But I was too proud to retract what I had caused to be done, and he, I suppose, felt himself too much wronged to seek for, or wish, a reconciliation. Thus hastily was the happiness of two beings wrecked by the unfortunate interference of would-be friends. He started abroad immediately, and this act convinced me that I had lost his love. After a while, I married again, a man of fortune and talent. He bestowed upon me his heart's first affection, and no one suspected but what I loved him equally in return. I fulfilled every duty faithfully and truly to him, and after a while, if I did not love him with the warm ardor of my early days, I respected and esteemed him above all others. But, alas! the heart's first warm affections were gone. I told him all: that if he could accept the faded love and blighted heart of one who would strive to be all he could desire a wife to be, I would be his. He consented, and we were married. Many considered me fortunate in doing so well, for my parents were poor, and marriage was my only hope. But O! how I shrank from this. I was helpless, with my little ones to raise and educate. You were at school, and had been for many months,—others quite as helpless depending upon me for subsistence.

'What could I do but wed?

Hast seen a father on the cold, cold earth;

Hast read his eye of silent agony  
That asked relief, yet would not look  
Reproach upon his child unkind ?  
I would have wed disease, deformity,  
Yea, would have grasped death's  
Grizzly form, to escape from it ;  
And yet some witchery was wrought upon me,  
For earlier things do seem as yesterday.  
But I've no recollection of the hour,  
They gave my hand to Aldobrand.'

I cannot explain to you my feelings better, my child, than in using this quotation. In this state of desperation I married. But I never swerved in my duty as a wife and mother. And if rebellious thoughts arose at times, I strove to overcome them ; and notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, my love for your absent father returned with renewed ardor. I knew this was wrong, and I strove long and earnestly to still the cravings at my poor heart. Your brother and sisters loved you, and knew not but you were their own sister. At length I stood by a husband's grave, and tears of real heart-sorrow did I shed on the sod that covered the noble form and great, good heart of my children's father.

"Now comes peace, quiet peace at last, to my storm-tossed soul. It was no longer a war with myself and my duty.

"I had been a widow for years, when your father returned from abroad with a young and lovely wife. This, Hada, was the greatest struggle of my life. We met at a party, each ignorant of the invitation extended to the other ; for this was far, far south, where I had removed directly after my second marriage. And the friends were entirely ignorant of my antecedents. My widow's weeds gave me a strange, sad appearance. I had not left them off, for I mourned for the living as much as for the dead. I felt unusually depressed, and sat turning over mechanically the paintings in a folio on the table. I was thinking—shall I say it, my child?—not of the dead husband, but of the living husband of another wife. An introduction was taking place. I raised my head, and there they stood, he and his bride. What a revolution of thoughts crowded upon my brain ! I rose to depart, and fell fainting on the floor. She did not know the cause. When I recovered he was bending over me, with eyes speaking volumes of the old love rekindled, and I felt in my heart that he would rather call me wife, with my faded beauty and care-worn heart, than the fresh, young, lovely creature

by his side. On my reviving, he released my hand, and bowing coldly but politely, withdrew. I remained but a short time, having a just and reasonable excuse for retiring. Oh, how I writhed in agony when I reached home. You may think strange of this, my child, but my heart was never, never divorced; although, by the persuasion of false friends, the law granted a legal separation;—on what complaint I do not know. I only know that it was done. A few weeks after, a line came to me in the old familiar hand-writing. ‘Can you see me for a few moments?’ Could I see him? Wife, husband, children, friends, all were forgotten in the anticipation of that joy!—to see, to speak with him alone, to hear him ask after his child,—I answered ‘yes.’ He came. We were both agitated. I knew he loved me still. I knew it the evening he chafed my hands and bathed my brow. He met me frankly, cordially; told me he wished to see his child. You were at school and could not see him. He was going, he said, with his wife to a distant land. He told me how he loved his child, and would return before he died, to see her. He begged me to strive to live on for our child’s sake. He went—I have never seen him since. Hada, I sometimes think we shall meet again; but if we do not, I feel assured my child will live to know and love her father. When I commenced this to you, I thought to send it, but now my health is failing so rapidly, I will wait in hope you may return. You must know all. I could not talk with you on the subject,—and you may read this after I am gone. I feel life ebbing away, slowly and surely. I long more earnestly to see my child.

“May, 1856 :—A few words, Hada, will close this. I know I shall not see you again here; but be ready to meet me hereafter. Oh, my child! you inherit your mother’s impetuous, impulsive nature: strive to overcome it. Conquer yourself, my child, and you may be spared much misery. Never judge hastily another’s errors. May the suffering and heart-trials of your mother be sufficient to allay Divine wrath; and may God’s choicest blessing rest upon you. Oh! that I could but see your father and you beside me in my dying hour, and feel assured I left my best beloved under a father’s care, a father’s love. But ‘His will, not mine, be done.’ Nature is almost exhausted. I may not live to see another sunrise. I leave a mother’s love, a mother’s blessing to you, my daughter.



“This is the home of my early love: you were born here. On my return from the South, I found it for sale, and purchased it,—glad to regain it,—I have lived here since. It is yours, Hada: I would prefer you to live here. Your brother and sisters inherit their father’s estate. My share in his fortune I leave to you. All this I know you do not crave; and that my blessing and love is more than all beside,—you have both; and now, good-bye,—a long, last good-bye, my child. E. S.”

Thus closed her letter. And I am standing here; the great tears rolling down my cheeks like beads. Slowly and sadly I kneel beside her chair and pray,—pray for strength to bear all patiently,—pray for a strong arm to guide and guard me. I close the little box, with the letter in the corner, hang the locket round my neck, and leave the room, better, I hope, but sadder than when I entered. I now know how, by one rash act, that noble woman had suffered through long years. No footsteps but mine can enter within the sacred precincts of my mother’s chamber: none but *his* if he should ever seek and find me.

But to me it is my haven of rest. An hour, morning and evening, is spent here in reading, meditation, and prayer. And often when clouds are gathering dark around me, and my heart is struggling with itself, I fly to this room, till the light breaks upon me, and I find peace.

It has been nearly three years since I read *her* letter. A stranger desires to speak with me in the parlor. I hasten there, with a strange foreboding, and see, on entering, a noble form gazing at my mother’s portrait. He turned as I entered; the tears were standing in his large blue eyes, and rolling down his care-worn cheek. Did I dream? “My daughter!” burst from his lips, and I was folded to my father’s breast. Closer, closer, he pressed me there, while each shed silent tears of heartfelt joy. He took from his breast a locket, touched a spring, and discovered to my view a miniature of my mother, taken at a later date than the portrait. It was the mate of the one I wore on my neck containing his likeness, and which I doubt not had been worn secretly by her until the hour of her death.

Who can control the heart’s affections, or bid it cease to love? “I have always worn it,” said he; “I have never ceased to love her.”

I took his arm and led him to her room, put in his hand a letter directed in a neat, trembling hand, "To my Hada's Father." I closed the door and left him there alone.

He did not leave me. He had buried his young bride in a distant land, and he came home to seek his early love, and found her dead.

As his strength failed, which it did rapidly, after his return, I waited on him, smoothed his pillow, and bathed his burning brow. I loved to see him smile upon me, and call me his darling child, his comfort, and consolation; and when the angel Death hovered round his bed, waiting to bear his spirit hence, he whispered his blessing, and gave me the locket he prized so highly, and a golden ringlet of my mother's hair. He whispered a good-bye to the world and me with a smile, and peace rested upon his face, and with his spirit.

The past is with me still. The room is nearer, dearer, to my heart than ever, for it was there he was carried to breathe his last. No foot ever crosses its threshold but my own; and when I sleep the sleep of death, I hope it will be there my eyes will close upon the world. There, with its surroundings, I hope to depart in peace. There, where I have sought and found peace, will be a hallowed place in which I can with joy leave all behind, to join the beloved ones gone before.

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THERE are many shining qualities in the mind of man; but none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them to work in their proper places, and turns them to the advantages of their possessor. Without it, learning is pedantry; wit, impertinence; and virtue itself looks like weakness; and the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors and active in his own prejudices.

PEACE.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on tip-toe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one forecasting thought. Therefore, let us pray for peace.

## CHARMING CHERRY CHATTERWELL.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

Living in a lovely dell,  
Where the evening shadows fell  
On a landscape where the Fairies  
Might delight to dwell,  
Once I knew an elf-like creature,  
Fairy she, in form and feature ;  
And they called her,—shall I tell ?  
—Charming Cherry Chatterwell !

Golden tresses, flashing bright  
In the sunbeam's golden light,  
Fell upon her bosom,—fairer  
Never met the sight:  
With an undulating motion,  
Like mock waves on mimic ocean,  
That white bosom rose and fell :—  
Charming Cherry Chatterwell !

Sure from out the the starry skies  
Came the light of those dear eyes,  
For the pure, electric brilliance  
None could e'er surmise  
Born of anything material ;—  
'Twas so clear, and so ethereal,  
That each heart on which it fell,  
Worshipped Cherry Chatterwell !

Nature, in a fairy freak,  
Set such dimples in each cheek,  
As would charm a cold ascetic ;  
And, whene'er she'd speak,  
The air seemed filled with music soft,  
Like that enchanted spirits oft  
Hear in Zephyr's magic swell :—  
Such was Cherry Chatterwell.

Round about her was a spell ;  
Whence its power none could tell,  
And queen was she of all the hearts  
In the lovely dell ;  
But came one day an Angel grim,  
Alas ! no spell can conquer Him,—  
And the bells a mournful knell  
Tolled for Cherry Chatterwell !

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## TRUE AND FALSE;

OR,  
TWO PURPOSES IN LIFE.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

How bitterly he now realized that dress and fashionable display may occupy a woman's mind and absorb her energies quite as much as the most intensely interesting book that was ever written. He began to realize that woman's mind, as well as man's, is active and needs something upon which its energies may expend themselves; in fact, some purpose in life capable of developing her higher and spiritual nature. He did not blame the beautiful but thoughtless creature at his side, for well he knew that he had done nothing to counteract the evils of her early education. She had been to him a petted plaything, and that was all he had desired. But now it was different. He saw a beloved son and daughter growing up, and while he looked for the influence of the mother to mould their characters, he shrank instinctively from the thought of having her weaknesses duplicated in them.

The evening wore away as all such evenings do; amid giddy, bewildering excitement; and it was not without an inward feeling of satisfaction that Mr. Stanley saw some of the guests making their adieux preparatory to departure. Just at this moment, and while he turned to look for his wife, he saw her approaching, leaning upon the arm of a young man whose face was evidently flushed with something more than the excitement of the dance.

"I am glad you have returned to me," he said, advancing to meet them.

"Thank you," said the wife, whose good nature had again returned. "I have had a delightful time: the music is excellent; and some of the gentlemen waltz exquisitely"—glancing at her young companion, who bowed his head in appreciation of her flattery.

"Shall we not prepare to go home, now?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"Certainly; if you wish it. We will make our adieux at once."

This ceremony over, Mr. Stanley handed his wife to the carriage, and they were soon flying over the pavement at a brisk rate towards their home. Soon his attention was attracted by the unsteady

movement of the carriage: it swayed this way and that, first on one side of the road and then on the other. On, on they bounded, with lightning speed, and it soon became evident to the frightened inmates that the driver had by some means lost all control of his horses, and they were dashing on in their own reckless speed, without the influence of a guiding hand. As the fearful truth flashed across the mind of Mrs. Stanley, she uttered one fearful, piercing cry, and sank back in a swoon. Mr. Stanley, however, retained his presence of mind, and prepared for any emergency. At length, descending a sharp declivity in the road, the carriage was upset. Extricating himself as quickly as possible, he rushed to the horses' heads, whose speed had been somewhat impeded by the overturned carriage; catching a bit in each hand, he stayed their progress just in time to save them from plunging over the side of the hill. A moment more, and he was hailed by some gentlemen who were returning from the same party. Their offers of assistance were gladly accepted, and the still insensible Mrs. Stanley was borne from the carriage to her home, which fortunately was not far distant. It was evident that she was suffering, not alone from fright, but from personal injury. A physician was sent for immediately, who lost no time in making his appearance, and after examining her wounds, declared that she was suffering from a broken arm, and also from internal injuries, the precise nature of which he could not then decide upon.

Aroused from her torpor by external pain, she submitted to the "setting" of her arm with more fortitude and patience than her friends had ever witnessed in her before; but when told that it would be necessary for her to confine herself to her room for several days, perhaps weeks, the old impatience seemed to return, and she murmured, petulantly: "I can't, indeed I can't stay housed up here, with nothing to amuse me for days and weeks together."

"The children and I will amuse you," said her husband, soothingly.

"The children, indeed!" replied the suffering wife: "they torment me to death when I am well; how can I put up with them when I am sick?"

Seeing that his attempts at consolation were useless, and had only the contrary effect of what he desired, Mr. Stanley said no

more, but turned aside with a heavy heart. He was deeply pained at the suffering of his wife, and he well knew that the recesses of her mind afforded no treasure-house of thought from whence she might draw amusement and strength during the long hours which were likely to separate her from the world,—her world of fashionable society. He sighed as he thought of that society for which his poor wife had sacrificed so much; whose favor ever stops short of the threshold of penury or pain; whose smiles are only for the prosperous and favored of fortune; whose gratifications extend only to the outward senses, and not to the soul. He realized with her that the world she had lived in was receding from her view, and trembled as he looked into the dark void before her.

Had she but made books her companions in the days past, instead of the gay and giddy throng of heartless fashionables, she would not now have had to suffer the pain of separation, and her solitude would have been cheered by the memory of sweet thoughts stirred in her heart long since by Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Moore, Hemans, and Norton, and hosts of others who never forget their admirers, but follow them to the sandy desert and over the scorching plain. Through summer's heat and winter's snow they cling to them. Poverty can not part them, nor misfortune change them: they sing the same sweet strains to the lonely, poverty-stricken exile, that they do to fortune's more favored child—to the aged, as to the young. Their influence purifies and renders tranquil the mind, imbues it with lofty sentiments, and raises it to an appreciation of its higher and God-given powers.

Day after day wore wearily away in that room of suffering; but He who orders all things aright, and has a purpose in even the smallest blade of grass that grows, was working out his divine purpose in the heart of Mrs. Stanley. At the first news of the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had promptly offered any service they could render, and as they were near neighbors, Mrs. Simpson frequently took her work and sat for an hour or two in the sick chamber. Mrs. Stanley at first accepted of her society, rather than be alone; but gradually she came to look for her visits for other reasons. Mrs. Simpson was not only a highly intellectual and well educated woman, but she also possessed practical talent invaluable in a wife and mother. It was she ordered the dinner of the house-

hold, cut and made her children's garments, and was at once their companion and their teacher. Never wearying of their society, she led them on to explore the deep labyrinths of nature's mysteries, and with the love of a tender mother lifted their young minds from "nature up to nature's God." As might have been expected, the children were refined in manner and kind in heart, rendering to their parents reverent obedience.

Mrs. Stanley was not slow to mark the difference between her own boisterous and wayward children and the mild obedience of Mrs. Simpson's.

"I wish my children were mild and gentle as yours are," she remarked to Mrs. Simpson one day as her own went tearing from the room; "but they are so full of spirits I can't control them, nor make them mind at all."

"They are indeed full of spirits," replied her friend, "and of that I should be glad. You do not need to break their spirits; only guide them, and direct their youthful energies into proper channels."

"It is easy to do so with your good children, but mine are so wild and unmanageable, I have no heart."

"Ever since my children were given me," replied Mrs. Simpson, "I think I have realized my responsibility towards them. I know that this life, at best, is but a rudimentary state of being, designed by the all Father to develop and educate the faculties of the mind for a higher and more perfect state of existence. With this thought in view, I have made it the purpose of my life to develop their spiritual as well as mental and physical natures, and fit them for the perfection and enjoyment of the life which was bestowed upon them through me, but which will continue through all the endless ages of eternity."

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Stanley, "that the more perfect we become here, the happier we will be hereafter?"

"Most certainly I do," replied Mrs. Simpson; "and with this in view, I have felt the chief purpose of my life to be: to educate my children in harmony with the universal laws of GOD; that as all things tend towards perfection, so they may at last be perfected through HIM who is able to perfect the world unto himself."

For some moments Mrs. Stanley seemed absorbed in deep thought,

and when at last she ventured to speak, it was with that earnestness of tone which betrays the workings of the heart.

“I see now how it is,” she said; “I have been all the years since my children were given me, laboring for their worldly interests, their temporal advancement. I have tried to prepare them for Society, and knew not that I could fit them for Eternity. You have shown me that I have higher duties to perform towards them than simply to clothe their bodies and introduce them to the world. I thank you for so kindly instructing me, and henceforth I too will live to a higher and Nobler Purpose.”

LOUISE.—By E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

She fell asleep at eve,  
After days and nights of pain,  
For the delicate frame, and yearning hearts  
Had striven with death in vain.

We gathered around her bed  
In speechless, sad array,  
When the first full flush of the morning's gold  
O'erspread the orient gray.

We flung the casement wide,  
And beneath the holy light,  
What a miracle of loveliness  
Burst on our tear-dimmed sight!

The beautiful young face  
Strangely celestial grew—  
The casket seemed a vase of pearl,  
That a silvery light shone through.

A glory, like a crown,  
Encircled the soft, brown hair;  
And a radiant perfectness of rest  
Lay on the features fair.

The calm, illumined lips  
Seemed tenderly to say:—  
Behold the robe of Light I wear!  
In the realms of perfect day!  
Through all the changing years,  
In sunshine, gloom, or strife,  
We can catch the gleam of her shining robe,  
In the land of Eternal Life!



## MARRYING FOR A HOME.

BY MRS. JEFFERSON JACKSON JENKINS.

“MARRIED for a home, did I? Well, a pretty home I have had of it, Mr. Jenkins! A home to be sure!—the privilege of keeping your house clean, mending your old breeches, and sitting up nights with your sick or cross children, while you enjoyed yourself at the club, or the opera, or snored, snugly tucked away in your bed. Married for a home, indeed! Why, teaching school is nothing to it; the teachers have only care of the children through the day; they can sleep at night; and if they get tired of boarding in one place they can go to another. I don't say anything about a pair of new shoes now and then, Mr. Jenkins, but I do say that I have cut and made over my clothes, from the shirt to the shoes, to clothe your children and keep them decent, until I have nothing more to make over. And now you must either clothe them yourself, or get something to do it with. Married for a home, did I, Mr. Jenkins? Then I made a mistake in marrying you; for what with your stinginess and ill nature, the poverty and the children and the hard work, it has been more like Bedlam, than home to me. Talk about woman marrying for a home! I should think you would never open your mouth upon that subject again. Who set them the example, I should like to know? Not you men; oh no! There is Deacon Brightlight; he didn't go and set himself right down on widow Simpson's property, did he?—and he didn't do it, either, until after that mortgage was lifted and all the trouble got along with; and hasn't he sat in the chimney corner and smoked his old pipe ever since. Who married for a home there, I should like to know, Mr. Jenkins? It couldn't have been Deacon Brightlight, oh no!—one of the pompous 'lords of creation' would scorn to do such a thing,—only women,—weak, feeble, helpless women, marry for homes. Nobody ever knew a MAN marry for a home; oh no! they never do such things; they only marry for the sake of providing a home for some poor helpless female;—the noble, disinterested creatures!—nobody will ever do them the injustice of saying they married for a home—oh no!

The beautiful heiress of Clifton Knoll, I suppose she, too, with her fifty thousand dollars, married that scapegrace Frank Barton,

for the sake of a home ; and if he did abuse her, and squander all her property in less than three years after she married him, why nobody pitied her ; it is all her own fault ; she ought to have made home more attractive, when Frank was so good as to marry her and give her one. What's that you say, Mr. Jenkins ?" " Take breathing time." " Oh, yes, you always want me to take 'breathing time' when the truth cuts too close home, Mr. Jenkins. 'Married for a home!'—well, I never ! never !"

YOUNG LOVE.—Oh, woe ! woe ! to the mother, who, serene in a happiness, strengthened, while it is tempered by Time, fails to sympathize with a crimsoned cheek, the fluttering heart, the silent tear, that betray a daughter's initiation into the lore, which was once the food of *her* thoughts through anxious nights and days of deep, yet troubled joy. Why not teach our children that the friendships and loves, seen rich and warm, with the early summer glow upon them, are but the foretastes of the divine, all-pervading sentiment which God would have His immortal creature know. Have you ever thought—you, who hold that a fit preparation for "Life's realities" (a term hateful as trite!) is a mastery of the judgment over the heart ; a thorough subjugation of impetuosity to common sense ; an unroofing, and undermining, and explosion, and pulverization, to the last atom, of the castles which children and youths will erect, with only air for foundation and superstructure ; you, who would drug into insensibility the generous impulse and ardent devotion of hearts whose veins run red, fast, *young* blood, as the Creator wills they shall ; have you ever thought, we ask, of the meaning of that text : "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen ?" How shall we, in the heaven of love, practice what we are making it the study of our lives to unlearn ?

VINCIT VERITAS.—By U. T. HOLMES.

True it is that earthly sin  
Oftentimes the good assails ;  
But the right will surely win—  
For at last the TRUTH PREVAILS.

Man who is by wrong oppressed,  
Often his hard fate bewails ;  
But all 's working for the best—  
Time will show that TRUTH PREVAILS.



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### LITTLE IDA'S FLOWERS.

“Poor flowers, you are all withered!” said little Ida. “Yesterday evening you were so pretty, and now all your leaves are drooping! What is the reason of it?” asked she of a youth sitting on a sofa, and whom she liked very much, because he told her fairy-tales, and cut out pasteboard houses for her. “Why do these flowers look so faded?” asked she again, showing him a withered nosegay.

“Don’t you know?” answered he; “your flowers have been all night at a ball, and that’s the reason they all hang their heads.”

“Flowers cannot dance!” continued little Ida.

“Certainly they can! When it is dark, and we are gone to rest, then they dance about right merrily. They have a ball almost every night!”

“May children go to the flowers’ ball too?” asked little Ida.

“Yes, answered the youth. “Little daisies and convolvuluses.”

“Where do the prettiest flowers dance?”

“Have you never been in the large garden just outside the gates, where the king’s country-house is, and where there are so many flowers? You have surely seen the swans that come swimming towards you when you fling them bread? The flowers have balls there, I can tell you.”

“I was there yesterday with mamma,” said Ida; “but there were no leaves on the trees, and I did not see a single flower. Where were they then? There were so many there in summer!”

“They are in the palace now,” said the youth. “As soon as the king quits his summer-palace, and goes to town with his court, all the flowers run directly out of the garden into the palace, and make a merry there. If you could but see it once! The two most beautiful roses seat themselves on the throne, and play at king and queen. Then the red cockscombs range themselves in rows on both sides, and make a low bow; these are the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Then the nicest flowers enter, and the ball begins. The blue violets are midshipmen, and they dance with hyacinths and crocuses, which they call young ladies. The tulips and yellow lilies are old dowagers, who are to see that all is conducted with propriety.”

“But,” said little Ida, quite astonished, “may the flowers give a ball in the king’s palace in that way?”

“No one knows anything about it,” answered the youth. “It’s true, sometimes an old inspector of the palace comes up stairs in the night with his great bunch of keys, to see if all is safe; but as soon as the flowers hear the rattling of his keys, they keep quite still, and hide behind the long silken window-curtains. ‘I smell flowers here,’ says the old inspector; but he cannot find out where they are.”

“That’s very droll,” said little Ida, clapping her hands. “But could I not see the flowers?”

“Of course you can see them,” answered the youth. “Only peep in at the window when you go again to the palace. I looked in to-day, and I saw a long pale white lily reclining on the sofa. That was a maid of honor.”

“Can the flowers in the Botanical Garden go there too?” asked she. “Are they able to go all that way?”

“Certainly, for if the flowers choose, they can fly. The pretty red and yellow butterflies, that almost look like flowers, are in reality nothing else. They have jumped from their stems, they move their leaves as if they were wings, and so fly about; and as they always behave well, they are allowed to flutter hither and thither by day, instead of sitting quietly on their stems, till at last real wings grow out of their leaves. Why, you have seen it often enough yourself. However, it may be that the flowers in the Botanical Garden did not know that there was such a merry-making in the

king's palace of a night. But I'll tell you something; when you go there again, you have only to whisper it to one flower, that there is a ball at the palace; one will tell it to the other, and all the flowers are sure to fly there. Then when the professor of botany comes into the garden, and does not find any of his flowers, he will not be able to comprehend what has become of them."

"Oh!" said little Ida, somewhat angry at the strange story, "how should the flowers be able to tell each other what I say? Flowers cannot speak!"

"No, they cannot; there you are quite right," continued the youth; "but they make themselves understood by gestures. Have you not often seen how they bend to and fro when there is the gentlest breeze? To them this is as intelligible as words are to us."

"Does the professor understand their gestures, then?" said little Ida.

"To be sure he does. One morning he came into the garden and remarked that a great stinging-nettle was on very intimate terms with the leaves of a pretty young pink. 'You are so beautiful,' said the nettle to the pink, 'and I love you so devotedly!' But the professor would not suffer anything of the sort, and tapped the nettle on his leaves—for those are his fingers; but he stung himself, and from that day forward he has never ventured to touch a stinging-nettle."

"Ha! ha! ha! that was good fun," said little Ida.

"What's the meaning of that?" said a professor of mathematics, who had just come to pay a visit, "to tell a child such nonsense?" He could not bear the young man, and always scolded when he saw him cutting out pasteboard figures—as, for example, a man on the gallows with a heart in his hand, which was meant for a stealer of hearts; or an old witch riding on a broomstick, carrying her husband on the tip of her nose. Then he used to say as he did now, "What's the meaning of that—to teach the child such nonsense? That's your stupid imagination, I suppose."

But little Ida thought it was very amusing, and could not forget what the youth had told her. No doubt her flowers did hang their heads because they had really been to the ball yesterday. She therefore carried them to the table, where all sorts of toys were nicely arranged, and in the drawer were many pretty things be-

sides. Her doll lay in a little bed, to go to sleep; but Ida said to her, "Really, Sophy, you must get up, and be satisfied with the drawer to-night; for the poor flowers are ill, and must sleep in your bed. Then perhaps they may be well by to-morrow." So she took the doll out of bed; but the good lady made a wry face at being obliged to leave her bed for the sake of old flowers.

Ida laid the withered flowers in her doll's bed, covered them up with the counterpane, and told them to lay quite still, and in the mean time she would make some tea for them to drink, that they might be quite well by to-morrow. And she drew the curtains close all round the bed, so that the sun might not shine in the flowers' eyes.

The whole evening she kept on thinking of what she had heard, and just before going to bed she ran to the window where her mother's tulips and hyacinths were standing, to whisper to them, "I know very well that you are going to the ball to-night." But the flowers seemed as if they heard nothing, and moved not a leaf.

When she was in bed she thought how nice it would be to see the flowers dancing at the king's palace. "Have my flowers really been there?" But before she could think about the answer, she had fallen asleep. She awoke again in the night; she had dreamed of the youth and the flowers, and of the professor of mathematics, who always said she believed everything. It was quite still in the sleeping-room; the night-lamp burnt on the table, and her father and mother were fast asleep.

"I wonder if my flowers are still in Sophy's bed?" said she. "I should like so much to know!" She sat up in her bed, looked towards the door, which was half open, and there lay the flowers and her playthings all as she had left them. She listened, and it seemed to her as if some one was playing on the piano in the room, but quite softly, and yet so beautifully that she thought she had never heard the like.

"Now, then, my flowers are all dancing for certain!" said she. "Oh, how I should like to see them!" But she dared not get up, for fear of awaking her father and mother. "If they would but come in here!" But the flowers did not come, and the piano sounded so sweetly! At last she could bear it no longer—see the dance she must; so she crept noiselessly out of bed, and glided to-

wards the door of the drawing-room. And what wonders did she behold!

The night-lamp burned no longer; and yet it was quite light in the room, because the moon shone through the window and illumined the whole floor. All the hyacinths and tulips stood in two rows in the drawing-room, and before the windows was nothing but the empty flower-pots. The flowers danced figures, and held each other by the long leaves. At the piano sat a large yellow lily, that Ida thought she had seen before; for she remembered that the youth had once told her that this lily was like Miss Mary Smith, and that everybody had laughed at him for saying so. Now, it seemed to her that the lily really was like the young lady, and that she had quite the same manners when she played; for now she bent her long sallow face first on one side, and then on the other, and nodded with her head to keep time. Now a large blue crocus rose, leapt upon the table where Ida's toys were laying, went straight to the bed, and drew the curtains. There lay the sick flowers; but they got up directly and saluted the other flowers, who begged them to join the dance. The sick flowers really did get up, looked no longer ill, and danced merrily with the rest.

Suddenly a dull sound was heard, as if something had fallen from the table. Ida cast her eyes in that direction, and saw that it was the rod she had found lying on her bed one Shrovetide morning, and which now wanted to be looked upon as a flower. It was indeed a charming rod; for at the top a little wax figure was hidden, with a broad-brimmed hat on like the professor, and it was tied with red and blue ribands. So it hopped about among the flowers, and stamped away right merrily with its feet; for it was the mazourka that it was dancing, and this the flowers could not dance, for they were much too light-footed.

All at once the wax figure in the rod became a tall and stout giant, and cried out with a loud voice, "What's the meaning of this—to teach the child such nonsense? But this is your stupid imagination, I suppose!" And now the doll grew just like the professor, and looked as yellow and cross as he did; they were as like as two peas. But the paper flowers with which the rod was ornamented pinched his thin lanky legs, and then he shrunk together and was a doll again. Little Ida thought this scene so funny that she

burst out a laughing, which, however, the company did not remark; for the rod kept on stamping, till at last the professor of mathematics was obliged to dance too, whether he would or not; and whether he made himself stout or thin, big or little, he was forced to keep on, till at last the flowers begged for him, and then the rod left him in peace.

A loud knocking was heard in the drawer where the doll lay. It was Sophy, who, putting out her head, asked, quite astonished, "Is there a ball? why was I not told of it?"

"Will you dance with me?" said the nut-crackers.

"A fine sort of person indeed to dance with!" said Sophy, turning her back on him. She seated herself on the drawer, and thought that one of the flowers would certainly come and fetch her to dance. But no one came. She coughed: "Ahem! ahem!" Still none came. Then the nut-crackers began dancing alone, and did his steps by no means badly.

When Sophy saw that not one of the flowers came to offer himself as partner, she suddenly slipped down on the floor, so that there was a terrible fuss, and all the flowers came to inquire if she had hurt or bruised herself. She was not hurt at all; but all the flowers were very complaisant, particularly those belonging to Ida, who took this opportunity to thank her for the nice bed in which they had slept so quietly; and then they took her by the hand and led her to the dance, while all the other flowers stood round in a circle. Sophy was now quite happy, and begged Ida's flowers to make use of her bed after the ball, as she, for her part, did not at all mind sleeping one night in the drawer.

But the flowers said: "We are very much obliged to you indeed; but we shall not live so long, for to-morrow we shall be quite withered. Beg little Ida to bestow upon us a grave in her garden near her canary-bird; there we shall appear again next summer and grow more beautiful than we were this year."

"No, you shall not die!" continued Sophy, vehemently, kissing the flowers. Suddenly the door of the drawing-room opened, and a whole row of flowers came dancing in. Ida could not comprehend where these flowers came from, unless they were the flowers from the king's pleasure-grounds. In front danced two beautiful roses with golden crowns, and then followed stocks and pinks bowing on



every side. They too had a band of music with them; large poppies and peonies blew upon pea-shells till they were red in the face, and lilies of the valley and blue-bells joined their tinkling sounds. Then came a crowd of the most various flowers, all dancing,—violets, daisies, convolvuluses, hyacinths; and they all moved and turned about so prettily, that it was quite a charming sight.

At last the happy flowers bid each other good night; and now little Ida slipped into bed again, and dreamed of all the splendid things she had just beheld. The following morning, as soon as she was up and dressed, she went to the table where her playthings were, to see if her flowers were still there. She drew the bed-curtains aside, and—yes! the flowers were there, but they were much more withered than yesterday. Sophy too was in the drawer, but she looked dreadfully sleepy.

“Can't you remember what you had to say to me?” asked little Ida. Sophy, however, only looked very stupid, and did not answer a word.

“You are not at all good,” said Ida, “and yet all the flowers asked you to dance with them.” Then she chose a little box of pasteboard from among her playthings; it was painted with birds, and in it she laid the withered flowers. “That shall be your coffin,” she said; “and when my cousins from Norway come to see me, they shall go to your funeral in the garden; so that next summer you may bloom again, and grow more beautiful than you were this year.”

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RIGHTS OF THE BODY.—The body, too, has its rights; and it will have them. They can not be trampled upon or slighted without peril. The body ought to be the soul's best friend, and cordial, dutiful helpmate. Many of the studious, however, have neglected to make it so; whence a large part of the miseries of authorship. Some good men have treated it as an enemy; and then it has become a fiend, and has plagued them, as it did Antony.

## Literary Notices and Reviews.

WE have been favored by Mr. Herman M. Bien, the author, with a copy of "Samson and Delilah," or DAGON STOOPS TO SABAOth; a Biblio Romantic Tragedy in five acts, with a prelude. The scene is laid in India in the time of Samson, when the people of Israel were subject to the Philistines, and the Giant Judge is the hero. This is the first tragedy of the kind ever published in California, and Mr. Bien deserves much credit for his attempt to elevate the character of our theatrical performances. The book abounds in fine passages, a few of which we extract from act fourth.

[Prison. Samson chained to a block. Namilah by his side.]

NAMILAH.

Why brood upon thy sore affliction thus?  
Ah, Samson! mute despair in man is like  
An eating evil — consuming slow but certain!

SAMSON.

They murdered basely my external eyes,  
But inwardly is kindled bright a sight.  
No brooding is it — nay, my soul reflects  
On past transgressions and my present state.  
Lo! I behold myself: Samson crushed  
By strange calamities and dire misfortunes,  
A thrall of slaves — he turns the mill by day,  
Is caged by night like some poor captive brute.  
And then, again I see reversed the picture:  
That Samson, who, according to his mission,  
Delivereth Palestine from disgraceful bondage,  
A nation's hope, his parents' pride and solace,  
Distinguished, honored, revered and beloved.  
Could I but be a monitor to the young,  
When they in life take their decisive parting,  
When lies before them the onward path to Heaven,  
I would aloud to them cry out: On! on!  
Though it be hardship, though it may be rough.  
For ye, like Samson, miserable and despairing,  
May be beguiled into yon laughing pathway,  
Where flowers cover the abyss of destruction.

NAMILAH.

Doth Providence not guide all steps of mortals?

SAMSON.

Most so. But Heaven hinders not all actions  
Of men endowed with reason and free will.  
That makes my punishment the more severe.  
I know, I had a light and noble mission;  
But have debased myself and lost the prize.

We are also indebted to Mr. David M. Gasley, editor and proprietor, for a copy of the California Mercantile Journal for 1860. It is well illustrated and handsomely gotten up.

## Home Department.

**HOT-CROSS BUNS.**—Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, four ounces of sugar, one ounce and a half of ground allspice, cinnamon, and mace, mix together. Put a spoonful of cream into a cup of yeast, and as much good milk as will make the above into a light paste. The buns will bake quickly in tins; set them near the fire to rise, previously to putting them into the oven. When half proved, press the form of a cross in the centre, with a tin mould.

**CORN MUFFINS.**—One quart of Indian meal sifted; one heaping spoonfull of butter; one quart of milk and some salt; two tablespoons of distillery yeast; one of molasses. Let it rise four or five hours. Bake in muffin rings. The same will answer to bake in shallow pans. Bake one hour.

**RAISED MUFFINS.**—Take three eggs, half a cup of yeast, a little salt, a quart of new milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter; flour enough to make a thick batter. When risen, bake in rings.

**QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.**—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them till they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

**GROUND RICE PUDDING.**—Take a tablespoonful of ground rice and a little suet chopped fine, and add half a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and having poured it into a saucepan let it remain over a clear fire until thickened. Beat up an egg, with four drops of essence of lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of white wine; add this mixture to the ingredients in the saucepan, give it a shake or two from right to left, then pour it into a greased dish, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

**HOW TO MAKE YEAST.**—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be ready for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

**PRESERVED GRAPES IN BUNCHES.**—Take out the stones from the grapes with a pin, breaking them as little as possible; boil some clarified sugar nearly to candy height, then put in sufficient grapes to cover the bottom of the preserving-pan, without laying them on each other, and boil for five minutes, merely to extract all the juice; lay them in an earthen pan, and pour the syrup over them; cover with paper, and next day boil the syrup, skimming it well, for five minutes; put in the grapes, let them boil a minute or two; put them in pots, and pour the syrup over them, after which tie down.

## Editor's Table.

How silent, yet how rapidly are time's changes wrought. The seasons come and go; seed-time and harvest succeed each other; and ere we realize it, the summer's heat is succeeded by the chills of Autumn, and the keen November blast is hurrying past us. Again, the sombre hues of Autumn—the evening of the year—are cast around, inviting us to meditation and repose. How tranquilizing, how soothing to the mind, the influence of this season of the year. It is as if her great work done, Nature was calling unto all things to come and partake of her rest. Silently, without noise or ostentation, the grain has been perfected in the earth, the fruit upon the bough; and now a silent but all-pervading influence is calling us to render unto the INFINITE AUTHOR of all good, the praise due to His name.

AMUSEMENTS IN CALIFORNIA.—Some progressive or far-seeing minds, peering into the dim future, and perhaps aided by the evidences around them, have declared that on the slopes of the Pacific the race of mankind would find higher development, and be brought to greater perfection, both physical and spiritual, than upon any other portion of the globe. Whoever witnessed the *debut* of the young California artists, Miss Emilie Buseri and Master H. Guido Grob, at the musical concert recently given under the direction of their teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Paniel, assisted by all their pupils, and also Senor Ferrer, must have realized that we have more than ordinary cause to expect the fulfilment of such a prophecy. The young artists (for young they are; Miss Buseri being about fourteen, and Master Grob not yet having completed his twelfth year) acquitted themselves in a manner that would have done credit to older and more experienced individuals, performing the most difficult pieces from the best masters in the most expressive and effective manner, while the artlessness and child-like simplicity of their manners charmed every beholder. Master Grob seemed to be equally at home whether performing on the piano or violin, or lending his soft, musical voice to the song.

The great feature of the evening was the Lilliputian Trumpet Polka (for cornet, piano and violin.) The cornet was played by the little boy, Theophile Paniel, (just five years old,) with Miss —— and Master Grob,—the performance of the little fellow was worthy of all commendation; and while his little fingers ran over the keys with wonderful precision, his tiny foot beat time with astonishing exactness: he retired amid tumults of applause, and showers of bouquets.

The celebrated Misereri from Il Trovatore, with a grand chorus by all the pupils, was well rendered and elicited continued applause. There were several young Misses whose names were withheld, who performed difficult pieces upon the piano with skill and taste, and also sung in a manner which did much credit to their teachers, and must have been highly satisfactory to their friends. Offerings of flowers were laid at their feet in great profusion. Seldom has California witnessed a more triumphant success than the *debut* of the young California artists, MISS EMILIE BUSERI, and MASTER GUIDO GROB.

For long years have Mr. and Mrs. Planel devoted themselves to the cultivation of the young mind in California, with what success the varied entertainment of that triumphant evening tells.

**HUMAN LIFE.**—What is it? And for what purpose was it given? If we look about and see how eagerly all seem to be engaged in the pursuit of riches, we may perhaps be led to think that life was given for the purpose of amassing wealth. But even while we look upon the rich man who is engaged pulling down barns and building greater—he starts, turns pale, and trembles with fear as the words: “Thou fool; this night thy soul shall be required of thee,” smite upon his ear; and dismayed and affrighted he relinquishes his hold on life;—and as we behold his riches, the product of his unceasing toil and self-denial, scattered like chaff before the wind, we realize that it is “In vain that we rise up early and eat the bread of carefulness,” for not for this was the boon of life bestowed.

The Great Creator when he planted within us the vital spark of intelligence, and endowed us with minds capable of expanding to the comprehension of, not only great natural, but spiritual truths, also planted within us a yearning for something more satisfactory and lasting than this life can give—thereby giving us ample evidence that “It is not all of life to life.” But there are certain requirements to be complied with if we would do justice to the spirit-nature within us. For the development and cultivation of that spirit-nature has human life been bestowed upon us. It is the soul, the “vital spark” of intelligence that is to live on through all time to come that needs our fostering care, our earnest and most zealous efforts—not the body, which is as a garment that must soon be laid aside—nor yet the appetites and passions which are of the “earth earthy,” and which ever war with the principles of our higher nature.

Could we but look upon human life as an elementary stage of being, where the first rudiments of knowledge are to be acquired, and where the attributes of the soul are to be called forth into active life, and nourished, strengthened and developed from day to day, where the thirsting spirit may quaff the first draught from the river of knowledge, and where the whole interior nature may receive such education and discipline as shall serve to develop and fit it for an entrance into that higher life, or sphere of existence, for which it was originally designed, how carefully would we live—how earnest and zealous would we be in the discharge of every duty—how circumspect would be our demeanor—how guarded our conduct—how would our eyes be withdrawn from beholding our neighbor's weaknesses, to scan our own shortcomings—how would we leave the clothing of the poor perishable body, “the plaiting of hair and the putting on of apparel,” for the adorning of the Spirit which is to live through all the Eternal Ages of God, forever progressing and forever drawing nearer to the Infinite.

What, then, is human life, with all its hopes and aspirations? It is the rudimentary school of our being, where we must make ourselves acquainted with the first principles of the life which now is and of that which is to come—where we must educate to the full every faculty of the human mind, ever keeping in

view their Divine origin and ultimate destiny, and remembering that for every talent we must give strict account.

Oh! ye who are seeking worldly wealth, and heaping up earthly treasure, behold life is fleeting; gather while ye may the imperishable treasures of the soul; let knowledge guide thee, and wisdom be thine handmaid. And ye trifling immortals, anxious about the apparelling of the body which is perishing even beneath your fond caress, whose particles are day by day becoming dissolved and passing away to fulfil the immutable destiny of creation. Have ye prepared beautiful garments for the spirit? Have ye clothed it with all the virtues and graces of the Christian character fully developed by the needs, trials, anxieties, and sufferings of human life? If so, then has your life not been in vain, but has fulfilled the purpose for which it was given. And be not thou dismayed when called to take that higher form of life, for which this was but needful preparation.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We must confess to feeling a slight degree of pride in the contents of the HESPERIAN this month. Although we have not all the contributors represented which we could have wished, we yet have some we have not heard from in a long time, whose contributions would do credit to many a far more pretentious magazine than ours.

“The Ascent of Mount Shasta,” by Calvin B. McDonald, will be read (as all his productions are) with interest. He is now, we are happy to state, a resident of San Francisco, bestowing his labor and talents upon the *Daily Evening Mirror*, the popularity of which journal shows the appreciation in which the talent bestowed upon it is held. We have the promise of a series of articles from the same gifted pen for the future numbers of the HESPERIAN.

The Botanical articles, by Dr. Kellogg, are interesting to scientific minds abroad as well as at home.

“Let Me Rest,” by Annie K. H. Fader, the Poet of Trinity County, is good, and we hope to hear from her more regularly hereafter.

“Little Willie’s Angels,” is a pleasing fancy, prettily expressed, and we trust the author will excuse the delay in its publication, and favor us with other articles from her pen.

“How to Educate the Young,” by a new contributor, is suggestive, and may develop new thoughts in the minds of parents.

“Charming Cherry Chatterwell” is musical, and in its author, Judge Taylor, we recognize another new contributor to the HESPERIAN. But if we are not mistaken he is also numbered among the contributors of that excellent magazine, *The Knickerbocker*.

“Home Again,” by Hadassah, wakens old memories and stirs the feelings of the heart.

“Autumn,” “Marrying for a home,” and other articles will be found worthy of perusal.

OURSELF.—The Eastern journals are speaking in high terms of the HESPERIAN, and give us much credit for originating a new feature in magazine attractions,

namely, publishing a Full Sized Paper Pattern, which NO OTHER AMERICAN MAGAZINE HAS EVER DONE. In this we are ahead of our cotemporaries of the Eastern States.

Our contributors are increasing, and we are enabled to give a greater variety of matter than ever before.

In January we intend to enlarge the HESPERIAN, and add several new features in the way of embellishments.

We shall soon begin the publication of an intensely interesting Novelette from the gifted pen of Frances Fuller Barritt, to extend through several numbers of the HESPERIAN.

Our next number will be embellished with a fine STEEL PLATE engraving; a correct summary of Winter Fashions will also accompany the number.

While we labor to produce a magazine worthy of a California public, will not our friends every where aid us in extending its circulation? Every one can do something, and our club terms are unsurpassed by any journal in the United States.

The Holidays are approaching, and we should be glad to hear from ALL our contributors in time for the December and January numbers. Friends, we need your aid—let us not plead in vain—come forward and help us, and let us send forth such a magazine as California never had the honor of before. We cannot call you all by name, because we have not space allowed us here. But we wish you would all consider yourselves as *especially* and *individually* called upon to help us prepare for the Holidays. Let us send the readers of the Hesperian a feast of fat things.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

The pattern which accompanies the HESPERIAN this month is one which we feel more than usual pride and satisfaction in. It is a Zouave Jacket—quite a new article of dress, and suitable for either boys' or girls' wear; the only difference being made in the trimming, which for girls should be of ribbon, and for boys of velvet or braid. The pattern is composed of four pieces—front, back, side piece, and sleeves—each piece of which will be found to fit the other with great accuracy. The seams of the body should extend only to the notches in the lower part of the jacket, as the space below the notches is designed to be left open and trimmed around, the same as the front or bottom part of the jacket. This gives the garment a very dressy appearance, as well as an easy, graceful form over the hips. The sleeve is also open to within half a finger length of the top of the arm. This beautiful garment should be worn with full linen bosom and sleeves, with small cuff turned back; a small, plain linen collar about the neck. The simplicity and neatness of the dress must command general admiration. The jacket may be made of merino, poplin, cloth, or, when designed for full dress, of silk velvet, of any color you choose.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—“Agatha,” “Dion,” and a host of other anonymous writers, are respectfully informed that we never even

read articles coming from those who can not repose sufficient confidence in us to entrust us with their names. At our right hand sits a large scrap-basket, to which all such MSS. are unhesitatingly consigned; therefore it is impossible for us to return to the owners articles which come to us without the name of the author. Indeed, we never make a practice of returning MSS. at all,—not even when the author is a well-known contributor. Our duties are already quite too heavy to admit of our assuming any such task.

Several good articles, crowded out this month, will appear soon.

#### NOTICE.

Mr. C. L. Goodrich is no longer acting as business manager for the Hesperian.



BRAID EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR THE TOE OF A SHOE.









THE SULTANA OPERA CLOAK.



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1860.

No. 4.

## “THE VETERAN’S RETURN.”

THE HESPERIAN has never afforded its readers a more admirable engraving than that adorning the first page of this number. It requires no explanation, for the whole story is revealed at first sight. The old man has been to the wars, and returning, maimed and way-worn, meets his children at the door, the younger of whom do not know him. One little girl hides away by the door-post, while the youngest brother holds up his cap as a defence against the gaze of the stranger. But the eldest son has recognized the soldier, and springing to his father has taken away the crutch, the office of which is supplied by his own stout little form, while he looks earnestly and reproachfully at the others who shrink away. The eldest girl, at the door, has begun to remember the changed and wasted face, and is about to run to him; but the poor dog, his old familiar friend, knows him not, but smells dubiously and timourously at his tattered garments. The poor man is sad at the very moment he expected his greatest joy — *they are not all there!* There is *one* gone. The little heads do not reach up to where the parting kiss was given; and after a while they tell him that “Mother has been dead, O! ever so long!” The vines which she planted are still growing about the door, but they hang at random, and things have been going to wreck, notwithstanding the care of the womanly little housekeeper whose gown and sleeves are tucked up, as their mother used to do.

And this is the last act of war’s tragedy! This is glory! — the reward of ambition, the *finale* of all the glorious visions the young soldier saw in his first sleep in camp! Bereaved, maimed, poor and helpless, he limps away to obscurity, while others flaunt under the laurels which his own valor won. They make great monuments to the General, and loudly lament when he dies; but age and infirmity, and neglect and sorrow, are too often the sole reward of those who stand in front of the battle.

## BLOOMER'S BALSAMIC ROSIN WEED.

(*Hemizonia Balsamifera*—KELLOGG.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE plant here figured and described, was raised from seed by Mr. H. G. Bloomer, botanical curator to the Cal. Academy of Natural Sciences. They were accidentally distributed, probably from the soil adhering to bulbs brought from the interior.

So far as the means at our command will enable us to judge, there is no description fully answering to the plant either generically or specifically. We think, however, it probably belongs to *Hemizonia*. We therefore offer it as

*Hemizonia Balsamifera*.—KELLOGG.

The Bloomer Balsam Weed, is a very branching California herb, with small, bright yellow flowers, belonging to the class of plants commonly known as *Rosin Weeds*, *Gum Weeds*, *Tar Weeds*, &c., on account of their densely viscid-glandular character, so notorious during our autumnal season.

This species differs from the generic description of *Hemizonia*, (*T.* and *G.*) in not having a "flat" receptacle, but convex, as seen at R. in the figure. This is also conspicuously the case with *H. pungens*, which has even a conico-convex receptacle. The receptacle is also fimbriate hirsute. The involucrel capsules in our plant, are in *two series*—not in a "single series,"—consequently also the rays. This biserial arrangement gives the rays a false appearance in the flower, as if each alternate ray were longer.

The widely branching stem is one to two feet high, loosely open at top, with numerous heads of flowers; white hairy below, and with glandular and glandless hairs intermixed above. The lower leaves pinnatifid with three to seven pairs of lobes as in sec. 1, of the figure—the base, three-nerved and stem clasping, three to five inches long. Number 2, a middle section, &c.

This plant exhales a fragrant balsamic perfume; hence the specific name *Balsamifera*. It has a similar power of etherealizing and enrapturing the senses into a state of sweet tranquility—as we had occasion to remark while treating of another species of *Hemizonia* in the October No.



BLOOMER'S HEMIZONIA.

We cannot forbear prefacing some concluding remarks upon these autumnal odors with those charming and appropriate lines of Thompson :—

“ By Nature’s swift and secret working hand  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish odors.

There let me draw,  
*Ethereal soul*, there drink reviving gales,  
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves  
And vales of fragrance.”

The vast aerial ocean in which we live and move and have our being, bears in its boundless bosom ethereal aliments already refined and distilled from myriads of natural alembics, wrought by a divine hand, and ever ready to pass directly to the sources of life. As in nutrition the tongue and mouth take up the purer principles of the food directly into the brain and circulation ; \* so, likewise, is the purer ærial nutrition taken up at the very threshold of the introductory air passages. As we ascend to higher and more perfect media, this law of instantaneous assimilation is of pre-eminant import.

It is worthy of remark, in this connection, that the human breath traverses the highway of the nostrils, (so needful where great endurance is requisite,) and seldom by the mouth, unless where man’s powers are directed chiefly downwards into the sphere of his animal nature. Common observation assigns the windy-mouthed, brawling and vociferous, a low estimation. The gaping mouth, in general, passes current as a significant feature in physiognomy of the vacant, stupid, demented, idiotic, or the low, gross and sensual; either as indicating the hereditary animal mind, with its strong downward proclivities, or what is infinitely worse, some such *acquired* qualities. On the contrary, in profound meditation, intent and skilful application that aspires towards the perfect, the mouth is closed, and the breathing tacit and slow through the nostrils. The grosser blood and fluids are thus kept at bay, and not allowed to rush a rude rabble into the high priest’s sanctuary, or the king’s court — but only the more refined which may aid the affection or thought, without disturbing its tranquility.

\* Malpighi quotes Angelus Fortius’ observation—“ That when food and drink are taken by those who follow the plough, and the animal powers are not quickly recruited thereby, such persons appear not to live many years.”



To us these peaceful contemplations and sweet perceptions are attended with the inmost of all earthly joy and felicity; like the mellow haze of our Indian summer days, when all nature seems embosomed in the soft celestial blue, with "sunset vistas far and dim;" or like Æolian airs whose boundless cadence bears the entranced soul on silken wings to the very verge of the infinite; so is our soul wont to be lost in this want of determination — inspiring us with — not an *idea* only — but a *feeling* of the *immortal* and *infinite* (in our finite degree.)

Doubtless, the reason why these aromatic vegetable products were burnt as incense in the ancient temples, was because of their known relation to the mental or emotional nature of mankind: they were, therefore, befitting stimulants, as well as appropriate emblems of ceremonial worship.

In the higher states, concurrently superinduced, the human soul flows down — so to speak — with exquisite delight into these subtle media as into well adapted forms, and it is really this inviting outflow of life which gives us such a pleasurable sensation. This is also the reason why they outwardly correspond to, and harmonize with, such a quality in mankind; for without this sensation, these odors have no realizing existence; if any, therefore, fail to perceive these effects, as exemplified in our experience, we can only say, that in such a case, the corresponding nasal faculty has not been fully developed.

Wilkinson, of London says — and no proofs are wanting to illustrate the same truth.—“The brain respire the ethers of the world, and nourishes its life with an ethereal chyle, and circulates the animal spirit elaborated therefrom through the corporeal system” just as the lungs, the air, &c. “In all cases,” he remarks, “the motions of the brain and other organs of the body, are synchronous in times and moments with the respirations of the lungs”—(not heart.) Therefore it is that the brain supplies the body and the blood with life, and its functions in this respect combine *nutrition*, *circulation*, and *respiration*. Hence the animations of the brains must be synchronous with the respirations of the lungs. The brain supplies the body with *internal* motive force at the same instant as do the lungs (not heart,) with *external*. The *heart*, it will be seen, in this en-

lightened view of the subject, only plays a subordinate part, merely maintaining, meanwhile, the organs in potency.

The subject is elaborate, and one of vast and varied importance. We can only reaffirm the general truth, set forth, that the pulsations of the respective viscera, take place in the times of the *respirations*, and not in the pulses of the heart. These facts open our eyes to a law which limits the heart and arteries, and enhances the importance of the subject before us.

Whenever we feel inclined to smile at the ancient worthies, who spake of *ventilating the brain* from certain crude vapors, &c., we think it would be as well for us to blush at our own ignorance of the fact.

If we were allowed, in the conclusion, to treat the subject with our usual license, we could expound some rare and curious mysteries to our entire satisfaction; however ludicrous they might appear to others.

*Technical description.*—The upper stem and branch leaves, pinnate-lobed, toothed or entire, linear-lanceolate, sessile. Involucral scales as the rays; carinate-inked nearly inclosing the ray achenia, subtended by short linear foliaceous erect bracts, outer series more strongly carinated, hairy and densely stipitate glandular. Rays 25 or more (all fertile) in two series, obovate, sub-cuneate, 3-cleft-toothed, the middle tooth or lobe much narrower, (rarely 2 or 4 toothed,) tube long, slender, inserted laterally at the obtuse summit of the achenia by a short, somewhat beaked areola, stipitate glandular. (See *A* in the fig.) Branches of the style long filiform, glandular. Ray achenia as seen at *A*, strongly incurved, stipe somewhat inflexed; back slightly rugose, glandular, laterally ridged or obscurely triangular (otherwise as generically described.) Chaff in a single series of about twenty united scales between the disk and ray flowers; tips herbaceous green and glandular, (even in the fully matured heads) like the persistent involucre. Corolla of the disk (yellow) 5-toothed, teeth glandular-bearded above, funnel-form with a slender stipitate glandular tube. Disk achenia perfect but infertile, cylindrical attenuate below, stipitate glandular; pappus obsolete, or only a few very minute transparent laciniated squamellæ; anthers dark brown or nearly black, branches of the style exert (yellow) very hispid, the filiform appendages also hirsute. No. 3 represents one of the slender branches.

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following:—"I will give this field to any man that is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir; very." "Then what do you want with my field!" The applicant did not stop to reply.

## PRAIRIE FIRE.

BY FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

Out of my sleep I start with senses quickened,  
By dream-pains, following the ceaseless ache  
That through the long, drear day my soul hath sickened,  
Pining with thirst no fountain depths can slake :

And lo, the midnight round me makes no shadow ;  
The walls are ruddy with fire's lurid glare ;  
A sea of flame rolls down the river meadow,  
Tossing its wild waves on the starless air.

I kneel beside my casement—" This is fitting,"  
I say unto myself with trembling breath ;  
The strange, drear fate, its meshes round me knitting,  
So like this scene—as perilous with death.

Between the dark Missouri and that river  
Whose fiery billows light the gloomy sky—  
At the sad parallel I smile and shiver—  
Encompassed thus by fire and flood am I.

No light of stars, nor moon's pale golden splendor,  
Pierces with holier light the crimson gloom ;  
The dark, low-hanging, red-edged clouds but render  
A background for this picture of fierce doom.

It comes—the hissing and the frightful roaring,  
I see the fire-waves leaping swiftly on,  
Yet gaze unmoved, my helpless terror soaring  
Into defiance, when my hope is gone.

The river shines, the cold, dark, ruthless river,  
With a strange fascination on my sight ;  
But to the tempter, " Let the Lord deliver,"  
Thunders a trumpet tongue upon the night.

I close my eyes—the hideous roar grows nearer—  
'Tis here—'tis past!—I gasp in the hot air,  
But rise and smile—this time my smile is clearer—  
Forgive my fainting faith, is now my prayer.

Down, down the meadow, fleet as untamed horses,  
Rush the red flames, a terror now no more ;  
On, on, as ever, the Missouri courses,  
With husky murmurs to the darkened shore.

But I, who saw a symbol in the terror,  
See, too, a symbol in the grateful calm ;  
And feel who keeps bewildered feet from error,  
And drops on fire-scathed hearts the saving balm.

H E L E N .—BY HADASSAH.

“ Her eyes were shadowy, full of thought and prayer,  
And with long lashes, o'er her white rose cheek,  
Drooping in gloom, and oh! the brow above!  
So pale, so pure, so formed for holy love  
To gaze upon in silence—but she felt  
That love was not for her, though hearts would melt;  
Where'er she moved, and reverence, mutely given,  
Went with her, and low prayers, that called on heaven.”

NELLIE'S voice warbled forth very sweetly the last line of the song, and down went the cover of the piano.

I was knitting a piece of edging, and my thoughts were wandering back over times past and gone—thoughts called forth from the grave of buried hopes, by the music my little niece had been practicing. I might have been sure that she was either planning or doing mischief, she was so quiet—something unusual for her. But my mind was not with her, or with the present, until an exclamation from her brought my truant spirits home.

“ Oh, dear aunt!” I started as if a gun had been discharged by my side.

“ Do tell me the history of these pictures, that you keep hid away in your little treasure-box.”

I looked up, and was surprised to see Nellie at her work-stand, with my “treasure-box,” as she pleased to call it, open before her. (So called, I presume, because I had never allowed her curious eyes to penetrate its mysteries.) I neglected to lock it with my usual care, after taking from its cover a pair of fine needles I was using. Nellie's quick eye caught sight of the open box; the temptation was too great; she must take a peep. She called on me to assist her in unraveling a mystery.

No human eye but mine had ever seen within that box for a quarter of a century. But there she sat; the entire contents of the box spread indiscriminately upon the table. Among other trifles, were four pictures. One she still held open in her hand, and was feasting her eyes upon it with admiration, not unmixed with curiosity.

“Nellie!” I was unheeded.

“Dear aunt, this is such a sad, sweet face, and must have been painted long since; and oh, so beautiful! Who is she? Where is

she? It must have been taken ere I was grown, for I do not remember the style of dress; or is it a fancy sketch, aunty?—which seems the most likely, for I cannot imagine real flesh and blood to be half so beautiful as this. How have you kept it so clean and perfect?"

"By not having it intruded upon by busy hands and curious eyes, or exposed to the glare of light," I answered, somewhat tartly, not heeding her first questions. I held the contents of my box sacred, and felt angry at my carelessness in leaving it open. For I never looked at those pictures but a shadow fell on my heart for days after.

Nellie saw the cloud. "Pardon my curiosity, Aunt Mary. I will not expose them to the light, but will lock them all up again, even this beautiful face that I so love to gaze upon, if you will only smile and look pleasant." I must have smiled or looked forgiveness, for Nellie's courage returned.

"Is the sweet, mournful expression here, caused by sorrow, and is she as beautiful as this picture represents her?"

"Yes, Nellie; more gloriously beautiful now, than when that picture was taken; she is now surrounded with a halo of beauty and glory that earth cannot give, or take away."

Nellie looked wistfully in my face, and, with a great sigh, subdued her still rising curiosity. She began to replace the articles slowly in the box.

I love Nellie with all a mother's fondness. Ah! can I prevent the shadows that hang with gloomy forebodings over all, from darkening her present young, bright life? Yes, I will endure the pang it costs me, and go back to my own spring-time—with all its hopes and fears—its light clouds and bright sunshine—my fanciful, youthful speculations. I thought of my own eventful life, and trembled for the beautiful girl before me. Ah! the bright visions of my girlhood's day! where have they flown? Alas! for the day-dreams of youth! Time has waved his wand and the sweet, bright fairy-land of my fifteenth birthday's imagery has gradually vanished, and each day of summer life has brought with it the assurance and conviction that this world is no fairy-land, although so lovely to look upon; but that we are mortals, and must battle with life, and meet its stern realities. Had a magician, at that period of my life, bade

me look into a magic mirror, as did the fair and youthful Queen of France, and there read her future: first, her brilliant entrée into France, (then a mere girl;) her triumphant reign of many years; then the revolution that shook the throne of France until it tottered and crushed her and her royal husband in its fall—she, the mother and queen, perished while still in the meridian of life and beauty by the guillotine. But the young, joyous bride doubted, as the seer foretold her destiny and doom; she smiled scornfully, after a momentary shudder, as she turned from the glass and mounted the snow-white steed that was bearing her to her future home, a proud and happy bride. Ah! little did Marie Antoinette dream then, when surrounded by that glorious pageantry of pomp and power, what a future would slowly unveil itself before her. And when she began to feel the power of her subjects—she, still hopeful for her son—laughingly asked the astrologer or planet-reader so famous in her day—“what the future had in store for her son?” He replied: “I have read the horoscope of several of your majesty’s ladies,—with your majesty’s permission I will read yours.” She, shuddering answered: “No! no!—not for my crown—let me forget what I see and know already.” She did not recognize in him, the man who had first importuned and told her what passed unheeded then, but what of late years had caused her many an anxious thought; many a sleepless hour. Alas! how many like the beautiful and persecuted queen, see only the sunny side of life, until sorrow and misfortune crowd upon them, and they are compelled to acknowledge that peace is only to be found in looking beyond this life.

How obstinately we close our hearts to that little monitor within, that bids us prepare for coming sorrow; to place our hopes on ONE who is all powerful to give rest and peace to the weary soul. So prone are we to hope and dream, that all life is youth and happiness. We may look forward to age—gray hairs—but they appear to the young, gay and thoughtless, only, as the harbingers of peaceful serenity; and how many, many years lie between the youthful, hoping heart, and those silvered locks. How few can realize the sorrows that fall upon us as we travel life’s journey. We should be grateful to Divine Providence that all insight into futurity is forbidden us; we should grow weak and discouraged, unable to contend with the trials, disappointments and difficulties which constantly

assail us in the rough path-way of life. If we could see the sacrifices that are constantly demanded of us here, how willing we would be, while all is serene and blissful, to seek refuge in the quiet grave. If we were able to know what the future had in reserve for us, we could not calmly await the approaching evils. While these thoughts were passing rapidly through my mind, a hand was gently laid on my shoulder, a form, light as a sylph glided slowly to the floor by my side, and Nellie's face was peering into mine, her great blue eyes expressing wonder and sympathy.

"Dear aunt, what troubles you? You look so sad. I will never annoy you again if you will only forgive me this time." She nestled her head in the folds of my dress, and I heard my darling sob. I laid my hand on her head and tried to coax the truent curls into order, but they would rise rebellious notwithstanding the soothing movement of my hand. "Nellie!" She looked up quickly as I spoke. "I am not sad, darling; at least you have not made me so, but a retrospect of the past, however bright, must cause a shadow to darken the brow even of the most happy. If only for the years that have rolled into eternity — if only for the burial of hopes — of love and youth — no darling; thoughts of the past crowded on me. Those pictures in *your* hand brought vividly to my mind when they and I were like you are now — young and hopeful. Have you seen them all?"

"No, aunt, only one; but do not think of it if the remembrance makes you sad.

"Bring the box here Nellie. Now, let us see; here are four pictures: Helen and Sophie Lansdale, Clarence Linden, and your Aunt Mary, when a girl. As we can only speak more particularly of one of these at a time, we will commence with Helen, the one you have seen and admired, and I doubt if you will care to hear the others' history after listening to the brief career of my early friend. So place the others safely away again; we will speak of them hereafter." Nellie did as I requested her, and her face lighted with a sunny glow, in anticipation. Tossing back the curls that shrouded her face and neck, she leaned forward in eager curiosity, a bright smile played around her mouth for a moment only, and faded away as she sat with her fingers locked together, and her face upturned to mine,— she awaited, somewhat impatiently, the commencement

of my narration. I still held Helen's picture in my hand, and I could not wonder at Nellie's admiration of the lovely face, and her anxiety to know what could cause sorrow to one so young and beautiful. Most beautiful herself, Nellie admired beauty in all things, whether in nature, in living, breathing humanity, or by the artist's skill made so.

"Now aunty, do begin. I will not interrupt you with a thought expressed or a breath too loud. Tell me all you know of this beautiful face; I feel I love her already." And so she rattled on, scarcely giving me time to collect my truant thoughts, that were again wandering to years fore-gone. An impatient movement at my feet, warned me to proceed.

"Well, Nellie, I see you are impatient. I shall not pretend to describe to you the great beauty of Helen, and will very briefly sketch her. You may judge of her by this picture; but it is impossible to describe her surpassing loveliness. Her complexion was marble-like, not a blonde. She was considered by all a brunette, but of that marble whiteness that showed but the faintest tinge of color, even when I first saw her. Very clear and bright her face was then, with the most angelic expression of countenance, and the most perfect symmetry of feature I have ever beheld, even in the finest works of art. Her brows black as the raven's wing, arched in a pencil line above eyes, large, dark, and melancholy in their depth and beauty, so star-like in their brightness and purity. It was the perfect harmony of all her face, features, and movements, that made her beauty so attractive. Our acquaintance commenced at the seminary, and we became friends from the very hour of our acquaintance. Each day drew us closer together in the bonds of youthful friendship, until we spoke freely to each other of our future hopes and joys. I thought there were no secrets between us. The session drew to a close, and we parted with regret, to spend vacation at our homes, with promises of meeting them at the commencement of the next term, and gaining from the sisters a promise that they would go home with me at the close of the next yearly session, promising to gain their parents' consent, we left, each for our separate homes. Another session passed by, and we were to leave together. Your Uncle George called for us, and although he now appears so stern and grave, at that time he was in the zenith of life and health.



We were a joyous party. Helen was never gay, but Sophie was the light and life of our little party. We were received by my dear mother, who welcomed my young friends with joy.

“A happy party assembled that evening in the parlor. Not a cloud of sorrow appeared to dim the brightness of our future; we were too joyous to anticipate aught but happiness. I need not tell you the selfish hope I entertained for my brother George; I hoped he would make one of these beautiful girls my sister; I knew they were formed to make a home happy, if the heart was won. I saw at once that Helen was the favorite, while she either avoided his attentions altogether, or received them with indifference. I wondered how he, a man, could prefer her, dignified and retiring as she was, to her gayer sister Sophie, equally beautiful, but of a different caste. They reminded me, when together, of a chaste pearl and a brilliant, dazzling diamond — one always adding beauty to the other. But many would have preferred Sophie, with her bright, joyous face, before the statuesque but beautiful Helen. There was a quiet dignity about Helen, that was singularly attractive,—a mystery of movement replete with grace and poetry. Besides, one felt in her presence, as under a holy influence. I looked upon her as I would upon a tender, beautiful flower that I feared to see droop and die. If we were preparing for a pleasure excursion or a ride, I looked towards the sky to see if rain clouds were visible, or if the air was too fresh, if Helen was of our party. All who knew her felt that a blast too keen would crush the fragile plant. Sophie, on the contrary, enlisted no sympathy; she was a happy, joyous creature, and made every heart beat quicker; all acknowledged her power of fascination who came within the circle of her influence; and yet she was quite unconscious of the sensation she created. George did not regard Sophie as others did; he watched her with a brother's love beaming in his eye; would listen to her sparkling wit and brilliant repartee, that few indeed could resist. But Helen was the idol he seemed to worship. Quiet, gentle Helen, as cold as drifted snow, and as pure and white.

“Every day brought for us some new pastime or amusement; excursions, gallops on the lawn, music, singing, and various innocent and simple games of amusement made time pass very rapidly.

“I noticed, too, that Helen looked pale and sadder each day, yet

I could see no apparent cause, as I never heard her complain of illness. We began to speak of our return to school; Helen was doubtful if she would return, as she had long since graduated, and remained the last session as a parlor boarder, to be near her sister Sophie, who, with her usual gaiety, declared we were all wise enough and learned enough to throw musty school books aside. 'I never can get as far advanced as Helen, so it is useless to try. I wish people would consider me a woman, and not a child. Sister Helen, do lend me a little dignity, for I have not the least atom of my own. I am quite anxious to make my debut in the world.' Then she went on and gave us a full description of the dress she would wear on the occasion. But Helen said, 'Ah! sister Sophie, it may not be the fashion of the day, and it would never do on *that* occasion, unless, C'est ties-distingué.' "

"But if it is not, I will make it fashionable; that dress I will wear, and none other on my first evening out. I know I shall have followers, for the dress will be so beautiful it will be admired and copied."

I will not pause now to describe this wonderful dress of Sophie's that was to make so great a sensation. When I relate to you Sophie's history, if you wish, Nellie, you shall hear it.

On an evening not long after this conversation, we had been assembled in the parlor for some time: Helen had not yet left her room, nor had she been visible all day, begging to be excused, and pleading illness for the first time. We became impatient at her delay, hastened up to meet her: we found her maid there, but not Helen; and, to our inquiries, she said, "That Miss Helen had gone down an hour ago." "I will seek her in the garden," I said; and leaving Sophie to return alone to the parlor, I went myself in quest of Helen. I found her in "Rose Arbour," a favorite retreat of mine, being built under the direction and superintendance of my father, previous to his death. It was perfectly shrouded with vines, of roses of every variety, with garden chairs in it, and lighted by a chandalier suspended from the arched lattice roof. There was no door, but one formed by the training of the vines. It was indeed a lovely retreat;—without doubt the most lovely spot in the garden. It was here I found Helen, and entering suddenly, I was surprised to find traces of tears upon her cheeks, though she had evidently

heard me approach, and hastily wiped her face. I loved Helen very dearly, and could not but wonder at her sadness and love of solitude. I durst not question her; there was something in her cold reserve that always checked me; and yet how often I wished to fold her in my arms and drive this unknown sorrow from her heart.

She started from her reverie as I entered, appeared for a moment disconcerted, but quickly regained her self-possession, smiled, vainly endeavoring to conceal her agitation. The tears hung like dew-drops on her long black curling lashes. I sat beside her for a moment—neither spoke. In that instant I thought of Sophie, of her wondrous love for her dear sister, and felt assured she knew nothing of her grief, be it great or small. I strove to gain her confidence. “Helen, my friend, my sister; may I ask why you weep? tell me; speak freely; I will not betray your confidence. It will soothe and ease your mind to relieve it of the weight of anguish that I see is daily consuming you.”

Never, never shall I forget the look of agony she gave me; a gentle pressure of the hand was the only reply I received; it told me the heart was too full for words. There was something so holy, so subdued in her grief, that I could urge no more;—I could only look and wonder. Once more I made a feeble attempt to speak.

“Cease, Mary, my friend, my sister; my anguish is too deep—my sorrow too sacred to be unveiled even to you;—it is hid far, far down in the lone chamber of my poor, sad heart,—there it must burn to ashes. I care not, so this feeble frame is consumed in the ruins. What is the body when its soul, its life is gone? What is it worth?—nothing! Better to be lying in some lone spot, crumbling to ashes, than live thus, a living mockery of what I was.”

“Oh Helen, darling, don’t speak, don’t look so,” I answered, shocked at her wildness of look, and bitterness of speech, and the lightning flashes of her usually soft, liquid eye, so unlike our gentle Helen.

She rose calmly, but every fibre of her frame quivering, as she said, “Pardon me, Mary; do not heed me; I cannot explain now, but one day I may: but be assured, unhappy as I am, I do not desire your pity; my misery is my own; none can, none dare to rob me of it.”

I thought myself clearer in perception than she, and fancied I

knew more of the realities of life; but all my wisdom did not serve me;—I could not reach the mystery that was bowing her noble soul with its ponderous weight. After she became more quiet, I told her she had been inquired for in the parlor, and that I had been dispatched to fetch her.

“Not yet; you return, Mary, and say that I will join them presently; make any reasonable excuse you please for my absence thus long.”

I promised, and hastened back to my friends, feeling sad for the first time in my life on Helen’s account; and then remembered that she had been looking pale and very sad during the last year at school.

[Concluded in our next number.]

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## H O M E .

BY M. S.

I’m musing o’er the joy of home,  
 And a lonely, weary spell,  
 Has o’er my mind its mantle thrown  
 Like a solemn funeral knell;  
 As listening to the night’s sad moan,  
 I sigh for my far distant home.

Tho’ this golden land be fair and bright,  
 And friendly hands I press—  
 Still, still I sigh for love’s pure light,  
 And yearn for home’s caress.  
 This priceless joy none understand,  
 Save those who dwell in a foreign land.

Home is the gem for which I sigh,  
 The life-bud of the mind;  
 Like the bright star I view on high,  
 It leaves no shade behind.  
 Far o’er the billow’s swelling foam,  
 My heart is with the loved at home.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM MRS. E. W. FARNHAM'S FORTHCOMING  
VOLUME ON THE SUBJECT OF WOMAN.

I.

HAVING thus shown what is the sentiment of man toward woman, as expressed by the various methods which are either exclusive to him, as in love, or common to both sexes, it remains for me to examine and state as best I can, the three phases of Human Sentiment named above, beginning with the first in order—the sentiment of Women toward Women. And here I must beg careful attention to the distinctions, more important even than nice, between these three. They are not only distinctions, but differences also, so wide (as we shall, I hope, see,) that he who runs may read them.

Hitherto I have treated exclusively of *Woman* in these pages. I shall now be compelled, for a brief space, to turn aside from the pleasant and living fields of Truth, where we have walked with her, into quite other barren, flowerless, desert wastes, where we shall find her mis-representative, the *women* of our day—of every day the world has yet seen.

Woman, whose acquaintance we have made, is the being, according to Nature's design, at once the primal and the ultimate truth of our sex—not as yet abundantly expressed in its *phenomenal* phases, only here and there shining through a representative, who adds to the *organic* facts of her sex, the *ethical* ones which entitle us to the grand deduction—*Womanhood*.

Women, whom all of us know better than we know this glorious creature, are the products of what we agree to call life, otherwise of Society; and they become whatever they are, much less by virtue of interior forces than of outward conditions, falling, as it were, accidentally around them; the most craved and dreaded of these being found at the two extremes of the social scale—idleness, luxury, self-indulgence, and spiritual self-destruction through them; or toils, rudenesses, hardships, and self-destruction through these—the end essentially the same in each case.

As gods, whatever their number, still misinterpret to us THE GOD, and as men, though seen by thousands, yet misrepresent MAN; so women, by whole generations and ages, misrepresent to us *Woman*; and the more widely as they become more wholly the creatures of the civilization defined, moulded and stamped by the energies, intellect

and passions of men. In the preceding pages I have endeavored to show the nature of Woman, in some of those traits wherein it differs essentially, intrinsically, and therefore eternally, from the nature of *Man*. In those immediately following, I shall attempt to show some of the differences, not between Woman and Man, but between Woman and Women.

Woman is, comparatively at least, the *free* being of her species and sex. She is one in whom the divine, interior, spiritual forces overtop the outward, belittling constraints which Women take on and fit *themselves* to. One subordinates, by the force of her own life, the outer to the inner, making of its helps, means to the end of her growth—of its hindrances, the stimuli to noble and more strenuous effort toward self-emancipation and development; from trial and suffering, extracts, by the divine distillation to which her high fortitude and courage subject them, their one drop of pure strength for her firm soul; from joys, their heavenly aromas for its nurture.

The other subordinates the inner to the outer; suffers circumstances to be kings and queens over her; makes of means ends; converts often, through her weakness of purpose, helps into hindrances, and allows hindrances to become impossibilities—fixtures in her road which she is never to pass by. Thus she loses sight of her true goal, and, lingering at the very entrance, or midway, in her career, may join herself to any of the stand-still classes, according to the leadings of her nature; but whatever she does, always infallibly accepting a low thing for a high thing—a mess of pottage for the bright birthright of an immortal spirit. Alas! how often daily is the experience of foolish Esau repeated among us, and we see in it no significance or warning!

Women who have touched, it may be sensibly, the sphere of Aspiration; who have caught the golden light, and breathed the fine airs of that high world, and seen its glorious steeps, not fading, but mounting to the very heavens, whither they too, by faithfulness, might rise and sun their souls, sit down at the mountain's base, and surrender all that it offers them, perhaps, for a career in the world of fashion; perhaps for a life of degrading, because dwarfing and stultifying ease; perhaps for a few years of empty stagnation which they miscall peace; or for the approval of persons already so dead that they can only bury those who are a degree deader, but give life

to none ; or they perhaps enter into the pure worldly spirit and become drudges for gain ; or they surrender as slaves, suffering their native love of good and growth to be overruled by the mercenary spirit which dominates their own ; or, if very amiable and gentle, they may give up the highest and best they are capable of to the exactions of hospitality, becoming entertainers of bodies merely, and losing, while they are devising and ministering palate-pleasures to successive rounds of visitors, all capacity to receive or give mind and soul-entertainment.\* Or possessing some spirituality, yet lacking the courage and moral fibre requisite in the battle field of life, and seeing others go forward whom they would fain accompany, they may grow in their irresolution, querulous and complaining, when pressed or jostled by those whose places in the march they ought long to have left vacant for them.

She is a Woman, whatever her culture or ignorance ; her position or want of it, who feels that her real good must come, at least as much from within as without herself ; for only so does she prove her reverence for her own nature ; who has insight to find in herself and others, and to touch seasonably the springs of help and harmony ; who concerns herself, whether amid cares or pleasures of her own, whether with ease or difficulty, to work for the real, the most interior and lasting good which she can feel to be possible, and not merely for the present comfort of those she is in relations with ; who, foreseeing the approach of evil, rises spontaneously to front and put it away ; or perceiving the good that is latent, hesitates not to strike off the fetters or forms which hinder its freedom of action, and fulfil her mission, if needful, in the spirit of him who declared that the Christ-office on earth was not to bring peace,

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\*Among the middle classes of our American women this is often the strongest feature of their social condition. Thousands of comfortable farmers, mechanics, small traders, physicians, and other professional men's wives, live only or chiefly to spread laden tables before swift succeeding platoons of guests—the times between their going and coming being chiefly occupied in setting the house in order, and filling the empty pantries for the next arrival. Nothing that we call social pleasure could be more mis-named than this senseless round of feasting, which to its victims is not visiting, but a series of visitations in the sad Scriptural sense. It swallows up years of the best part of life, that would have been inestimable for the self-improvement of the mother, and the culture of her growing children.

but a sword rather; who does not shrink from disturbing the slumber of sluggards, no matter how deep, if beyond her act there is visible any little ray of light which the agitation may broaden and brighten.

But of *Women*, is she who delights in the opposites of these things; in whom apathy takes the place of earnestness; and politeness neutralizes all deep conviction. Very elegant and polished she may be outwardly, but within she is full of spiritual and mental darkness and stagnation. Her interior is not a glowing landscape, brightened by swift-running clear streams, genial sunlight, flowing breezes, and waving herbage; but a gloomy marsh, filled with sluggish, mantling waters, decaying plants, and wide-spread mire. She may be indifferent to good, either from a love of ease or a desire to win the verdict of her world, which, well she knows, will refuse to stamp as current any but its own conventional coin, and *will* stamp that, however base it may be. She will not believe that Christ is represented in her, and makes demands upon her to be the savior of those who may be saved by her, for such a belief would put away her religious indolence, and make her vitiating ease an impossibility. But she lives in the love of external, finite and paltry goods—goods of self-indulgence, of fortune, of position, to which the world pays court; of shallow, social power, whose fountain dies like a mountain stream with the fading of her beauty, the departure of her youth, or the loss of her comforts; and she reckons these with their like, higher and more satisfying than a divine ability to help persons to their salvation—more desirable than the spiritual, infinite good which might be hers; more dignified than heroic self-denial and faithful effort, out of which come spiritual growth, power, and joys unspeakable.

Thus *Women* are slaves, and the offspring of slavery in one or another of its three forms, Domestic, Social, or Civil, or of all the three combined. But *Woman* is superior to slavery, and, whatever her outward or temporary lot, can no more be caught and fixed in *this* lot, than the fountain can be pent at its source, or the wind stayed where it rises. The forces which make her *Woman* are keener, subtler, more penetrating than the impalpable searching ether, and if they have been strong enough originally to individualize her as a *Woman*, with the true attributes of womanhood, she



will never be a slave; never, though she should become a chattel in Louisiana or Algiers. There is that in her which cannot be enslaved; which escapes the condition; evermore eludes it as we may suppose an angel would elude the clasp of arms of flesh.

*Woman*, in this sense, may be found in a hovel, a cotton-mill, or your kitchen. *Women*, in the corresponding sense, abound; they may be found in palaces, the highest conventional circles, or your own drawing-room.

We are now prepared to see why society is enriched but rarely with the presence of a *Woman* while *Women* can be produced, a score or fifty to every one of them. This same society which demands, also produces them. They are moulded and stamped by it; the natural character of girls born of such women being *stuff* favorable to the perpetuation of the processes which brought them forth to the condition of their mothers. Society supersedes her (the mother) and becomes father and mother both, to the extent that it subordinates individuality and deep personal conviction of duty in the women and men who are rearing families; and I leave any candid person to look over its face and say how small is the proportion of those who are able to resist its influences.

Each social level has its stereotyped front to which the young candidate is brought, as the heathen youth before his idol, whom to know is ever after to bow down before.

Thou shalt worship here first and last.

Thou shalt not go away seeking other and higher gods.

Thou shalt covet, and strive for, the gifts and possessions which other worshippers bring to this shrine, for this is honoring him whose it is.

Thou shalt not honor father, or mother, sister, brother or friend, when they urge thee to the service of the unknown God, for lo! am I not always before thee?

This is the decalogue of the young neophyte of our day. Society, within whose pale she has taken her place, neither recognizes or respects the spiritual motives which alone can develop a *Woman* out of a girl. If it finds them in her, it presents its frigid side instead, and chills them into numbness, or it jeers their possessor till she is ashamed of her best gifts and acknowledges them as weaknesses; or if she will not be so defaced of her individuality, it turns its back

upon her, or perhaps with a shrug and sidelong glance expresses a charitable feeling toward her eccentric nobleness and enthusiasm, giving it clearly to be understood the while, that she would be infinitely more approvable without them. Because society, in its existing spirit, sees and respects only external objects, and low external, and swift-perishing good. How can it, therefore, educate and fashion a *Woman*? In conforming to its standards and accepting its awards, the young female sets before her a good or goods equally limited in nature, and inestimably more so in diversity and extent, than are those which the young man accepts as his aim; the larger nature being thus compressed into the lesser measure. But it cannot know rest or peace in this confinement, and when, accordingly, it protrudes in grotesque, angular and inharmonious proportions, its keeper laughs, sneers, flouts or groans at the spectacle it exhibits. For that soul has entered into sore bondage who has taken society for its ruler. No inquisitor can be so relentless — no torturer so ingenious and untiring; as thousands of women, martyred to its diabolic spirit, have testified in their sufferings, and continue to, up to this hour.

It is this spirit supplanting the womanly one, which makes the Sentiment of Women towards Women. They are all competitors for the same or like goods in life — goods which, in their very nature and essence, are so limited and perishable that those who pursue them must become rivals — must, therefore, as they prize success, keep a bright watch upon competitors. Is it strange, then, or unnatural, that in this keen race there should arise the temptation to throw obstacles in the way of those who are gaining on the runner; that this temptation should be yielded to; that in the antagonism of such narrow and mean interests, and the spiritual poverty which their cultivation engenders in the character, Jealousy and Envy should replace the generosity, the sympathy with the defects or triumphs of others, the consideration for them which are characteristic of *Woman*? I think not.

Is it strange that the fruits of Jealousy and Envy, viz.: ill-nature toward those who excite them, detraction, petty back-biting, puerile childish slander, should appear in the intercourse of those who entertain those unworthy feelings? I think not.

Is it strange that the forms in which they are expressed in the

lives of women, should differ from their correspondents in the lives of men, and seem, by all the difference, more contemptible? I think not.

Because the common envy and jealousies of men are provoked in strife for successes which they are constituted to win; and for all the ages thus far, do respect themselves in winning. To this strife they bring the weight of their best intellectual and executive powers, their strong passions and forces wont to deal with opponents in various forms of earth, rocks, mountains, forests, winds, seas, and men. Their encounter with human rivals is thus more dignified in its manner, and by its objects; and they respect in each other and themselves the sagacity, shrewdness, overreaching, strategy; or, in the last resort, the brute force, by which, for certain provocations, they put a rival out of their path. What merchant is less esteemed, in the active business world, for drawing the trade from his neighbor to himself, provided always that he succeeds in "realizing," as the commercial phrase is, largely from his efforts? Is not man's whole world of business organized on the principle of rivalry, and does not this justify any not gross or unreasonable depreciation of the neighbor's wares or products, whether in material or skill? If delicately managed, is it not allowed to a man as a valuable and sure element of success? Not always open, perhaps, but is it any less depreciation that you assure a purchaser that you have the best and cheapest wares, when you know that his are equal in quality and bear the same price? Consult the advertising columns of the newspapers, if you lack conviction that this is the prevalent principle on which the world of masculine business activity is based.

Now, when women devote themselves to the pursuit of good which, as I have said, is equally limited in its nature, and inexpressibly more so in diversity and quantity, what can be expected but that, like rival candidates, merchants, artisans, physicians, or advocates, they should become also, at least so far as success and the interest in their pursuit is involved, enemies; depreciate each other, since themselves are, for the most part, the material to be given for what they seek, and thus become the beings they are most impatient of, *Women*; wanting, alas, many of the developed attributes without which a *Woman cannot be*.

In his Essay on Woman in America, the Rev. A. D. Mayo has

thus clearly and bravely stated and defined this evil among our country-women. I quote his words, because they exhibit a clear-sightedness on this question, very valuable to those who are endeavoring to solve the riddle of the social position, relations and influences of Women.

“During this formative period of social life, the material advantages of our condition have a fatal fascination to our young country-women. There was never a race of men acquiring wealth and position so fast as the young men of America; so every farmer’s, mechanic’s, or merchant’s daughter; every girl at her needle, her studies, her school-teacher’s desk, has a mighty temptation to keep the brightest corner of her best eye open for the coming man, who shall appear in his coach at her mother’s door, carry her to a beautiful home, and bear her on from triumph to triumph in her social career. Honor to those who fix their eyes on the higher spiritual prizes of American freedom, and live out the resolve to found their success on something better than money and ease; but they are the chosen few. The crowd of American girls do what women would do everywhere: neglect the higher culture of the soul in the scheming or waiting for the sensual advantages of life, and spend the first quarter of a century rather in superficial occupations, and inquiring after desirable husbands, than in toiling to become good wives and Republican mothers.

“This fearful push for the material prizes of our national life, explains the imperfect education of American young women. Mothers and daughters vie in the cultivation of those temporary graces and accomplishments which are supposed to bring young men to a crisis in the affections, while the solid qualities which can alone retain the love of a rational man, or fit a woman for genuine success, are postponed till life is upon them. It also accounts for the ridiculous imitation of foreign fashions, which makes Boston a sham London, and New York a sham Paris, and arrays the girls of every Western town in obedience to the fashion plates of Godey and Harper. It is the chief cause of the restlessness of women, and the want of peace in family and social life; for young women who are crazed with this ambition, cannot be quiet enough to develop that sweetness and strength, which is the rock at the center of earthly life, and, next to God’s love, the best support of man. And this is the

secret cause of the fearful collapse of female health in America ; for, standing on tip-toe and watching a chance to leap on board a fairy's floating palace that wavers over a stormy sea, is not a healthy, though an exciting occupation. It forces children through the grades of girlhood with steam-power rapidity to young ladyhood, while they should be romping in pantalets, learning science or household duties under their teachers or mothers. This rush of energy to the surface of life, the excitements, hopes and fears of a young lady's career, leave the deep places of the heart dry, and create a morbid restlessness of the affections, that preys upon the very springs of physical existence ; so the majority of American girls, when they have obtained their lover, are not physically fit to become his wife and the mother of his children, and the bright path of girlhood dips down into the valley of shadows, that married life is to woman in thousands of American homes.

“This material ambition of the girls drives their companions of the other sex into over-heated exertions in business, and exhausts their health and freshness, by awakening at one and twenty the sense of obligation belonging to forty ; while their ill health and practical effeminacy prevent thousands of young men from marrying, and thus fearfully increase the sensuality of the community. It drives the young couple to live beyond their means, and sacrifice constant comfort and true family life to occasional splendor and periodical excitement. American men wear out in business, keeping up the household, and women wear out in straining after social position. Children are born with the mark of this career upon them, and brought up in a more exaggerated style. The mother at last ‘breaks down’ under social cares and family distractions, and the father has no spot of rest on earth. The American woman has not yet created the American home. As a nation we are jaded, sad, nervous. Our men do not come out of their fine houses with the glory of the Lord shining in their faces, as Moses came down from the mount, but as tired and restless as they went in. The Republican home that shall cheer, console and elevate the American people, and the Republican society that is but its extension and idealization, are yet a vision.”

But let us not comfort ourselves in the belief that this is true only of the females of this Republic. *Women* are unspiritual everywhere

throughout the civilized nations. They love material good in Britain as well as in America. They love ease, elegance and pleasure in France as much as we of the West. In Germany they stay undisturbed from generation to generation, waiting for the men to *think*, (which is eminently their function,) and for the world, (if it please and is able,) to plan and execute its own good, or to forego it. In any event, it is not they, good, careful housewives and affectionate mothers, who are to concern themselves in its behalf. And throughout Europe it is only the few women—the fraction, incomparably smaller than with us—who afford the world any sound thinking or brave doing; society any large, gracious amenities; or their own sex any calm, liberal judgment, divested of the narrow, cramped personality in which women commonly exercise it. It is only the few who are assured by birth, or the accident of position—who have all, in the outward sense, that they desire, and are freed from jealousy and envy therefore, not by heroism and nobleness of nature, but by the amplest satisfaction of their demands—the same terms on which the speculator would leave you your possessions, and the burglar your house undisturbed—it is only this few, I repeat, who can afford to be tenderly or liberally cognizant of the presence and claims of other women.

The law indeed of *Woman's* nature forbids her becoming a competitor—(as she must whenever material good becomes the supreme object of her life)—without degradation of the spirit, which is not framed for competition and rivalry, but for harmonious helpfulness;—the joys, not of material successes, which so often involve failure to some other; but of spiritual victories, every one of which is a source of help, strength, courage, and triumph to another.

Is it not plain from this, why *Women* do not love *Women* and treat them always tenderly, absent or present? and that they fail in so far as they enter the masculine world of motives, and are penetrated by its selfish, striving spirit; in so far as they adopt its standards and abandon the exalted aims of the *Woman-Nature* for the pursuit of material good? Thence the whole life, with all its perceptions, purposes, impulses, hopes, fears, desires, is vitiated, narrowed, chilled, clouded; its endless bright vistas closed in dim mists of disappointment; its glorious blooms weighed down by the rain of anguish, sorrow, self-reproach, or deep-hidden, silent shame

before their own souls. Benumbed in spirit, impatient of nerve, and irritated by failure perhaps on both hands — infallible loss for life, and for ages beyond, it may be, of the highest, and no less certain lack of satisfaction in the lowest, whatever the measure of success in its attainment — they become the harshest judges of their own motives in others of their sex. They know the unworthiness of them from experience in their own bosoms, and hate the lives which they govern. Denouncing the world while they let it rule them, they become all the more sticklers for its authority; as a man is never so blatant an advocate of his cause, system, or party, as when he loses faith in it, yet, for self-love, or pride, or the hope of advantage, puts down his conscience and sticks to it. After that the meanness must be deep indeed, to which he will not descend in its defense. So women, who have given up their individual life for the life of the world, adopt a social creed of its framing, which justifies any bigotry and severity in defense of its tribunals and canons. They become the most merciless judges of a sister who violates the laws which are the bulwarks of their false dignity. Apostates themselves, fallen from the high worship they owe, and walking with eyes that see not and ears that hear not, along the paths never designed for their footsteps, they are awful and relentless toward her whom their lynx-eyes may detect treading, by so much as an inch, upon the more forbidden ground beyond. They are like a company of guilty, suspected persons, who feel themselves exposed and injured by the slightest questionable act, look or gesture of one of their number, which honorable and pure persons would fail to see, or seeing, would not even suspect, or suspecting, would immediately, from the wealth of their own conscious uprightness and strength of position, excuse.

[To be concluded.]

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#### LABORIOUS WRITERS.

Those get the least that take the greatest pains,  
But most of all i' the drudgery of the brains,  
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant  
Is more laborious than an elephant;  
And children are more busy at their play,  
Than those that wiseliest pass their time away.

## MENTAL CAPACITY OF CALIFORNIA.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

THE citizens of California comprise the cream of every civilized land on the face of the globe. She boldly stands forth on the triumphal platform of majestic supremacy. As compared with the glorious confederacy of her sister States, she occupies the proud and unexampled position of an intellectual anomaly. From the bleak and forbidden shore of Maine's most northern boundary, to the southern limits of Louisiana; and from New England's rocky coast, whose adamantine barriers are washed by the surging billows of old Atlantic's boisterous waters, to the majestic beach of fair Pacific's tranquil brink, the master talent of all that intervenes between those expansive bounds is centered in this young and growing State. None but those who possessed those energetic traits of character capable of surmounting the enslaving adversity which binds the New England populace fast to their native soil, ever reached California from that section of the Union. Just for one moment compare the cold, bleak, frozen, barren waste of the New England States, with the lovely, productive valleys of California, which lie under the cloudless canopy of perpetual summer, and tell me not that were they able to accomplish their one grand desire, that three fourths of the present population of the former place would not be citizens of the Golden State within the next two years. But thus far the talent of this coast has been so shamefully dormant that we know not the extent of our strength. It is time that we were aroused into harmonious action. The great body of our young and rising State's calibre is concealed beneath the miner's garb, and dwells beneath our golden hills. It is unassuming, unaspiring and unostentatious, and we meet it where we least suspect it. It is as yet a migratory element involved in matters pecuniary; but the day is rapidly approaching when it will assume a tangible form, and be brought into practical requisition. And when that day arrives it will be the proudest epoch in the history of the world. Like the low rumbling sound of distant thunder will be its opening salute; when mightier and mightier will its giant voice become, until the whole literary world will vibrate and quake beneath our ponderous monuments of originality; 'till, like Mount Ætna under the up-



heaving of the volcano, it is shaken to its very centre. With all our manifest talent, is it not time that we were aroused to a sense of our duty? Is it not a shame that with the talent that should support one hundred first-class literary magazines in our State, we scarcely decently support four?

But where are we to look for the cause of this latent action? I will tell you. It is because talent is not appreciated; and intellectual labor is not supported. So long as the community grow tumultuously enthusiastic over a prize fight, so long will the brainless fop be looked up to; and talent and genuine worth be passed by as unworthy of recognition. The two tastes cannot go hand in hand. When the work of the brain is duly appreciated, *physical bruising* must become unpopular. It is at present too often the case, that the scholar may burn the midnight oil — while his inferiors are soothingly reclining in the dreamy embrace of Morpheus — in coining and giving birth to thoughts that should, and perhaps will, live forever; only to have the slur thrown in his face that he “had better spend his time at something that would bring him in some money.” But we are verging upon an impending revolution in the literary world; and God grant that its advent be like a tornado.

MODESTY.—Who shall win the prize? There was a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was appointed to award the prize of beauty.

“Who shall win the prize?” asked the rose, proudly rushing forward in blushing beauty, in full assurance of its winning worth.

“Who shall win the prize?” asked the rest of the flowers, as they came forward, each conscious of its attractions, and each equally sure of receiving the award.

“I will take a peep at the assemblage,” thought the violet, not intending to make one of the company, “and see the beauties as they pass.”

Just as it was raising its modest head from its humble and retiring corner, and was looking in upon the meeting, the judge rose to render his decree.

“To the violet,” said he “I award the prize of beauty, for there is no trait more rare, none more enchantingly beautiful, than *modesty*.”

## SUPERSTITION.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

PLUTARCH calls Superstition *Deisdaimonia*, or "fear-devilsm," and adds that it implies impassioned thought and conjecture full of fear, "which humbleth and depresseth man and maketh him suppose that there are gods, but that they delight in causing grief and misery." But the great Biographer has given a narrow and repulsive definition of the term. Superstition has been better called the poetry and wandering minstrelsy of Religion; it is the soul of poetry and the strong armor of oratory, without which each would be reduced to cold materialism, incapable of awaking an emotion in the human heart. Religionists do not wisely to pray for Superstition's banishment from the world; its departure would leave their altars very desolate, and would expel from earth more of happiness and good, than reason or science could ever restore. Without belief in the Supernatural this would be a wretched world. Religion would become a system of frigid ethics; poetry would be despoiled of its most gorgeous imagery, and oratory would grow cold and unmoving among the icebergs of science, rhetoric and reason. The theologians which still retain the greatest control of the people, practice most of what others choose to call superstitious rites and ceremonies, and the creeds that have endeavored to simplify worship have been least successful in establishing faith among the multitude. Small thanks do the expounders get who explain away a miracle, or show that a certain marvellous passage in sacred history is only figurative. Still less desirable has been the reward of the Infidel whose life-long labor was to persuade the world that the Scriptures were only fables and idle tales, and that christian faith is no more than a Superstition unworthy of exalted human reason. We turn with gratitude and admiration from the impulsive, patriotic writings of Paine, which, with power no less than that of Murray's speech, stimulated the brave old Colonists to just rebellion. But the heart saddens as we turn the massive pages of the "Age of Reason," and we wish that the glorious Patriot had been, even, a fanatic in christian faith, rather than the overwhelming questioner of revelation; and under the first impulses of inborn Superstition, we are ready to wish that each several page of that immortal but pestilent book had shrunk in

the flames of hell, ere it had made a great name hardly less than infamous which, otherwise, had stood, side by side with the great names of the Fathers of Liberty, immortal, imperishable, and dear to the people through all ages.

Poetry and legendary stores would indeed be meagre, if divested of all superstitious aids. What had Homer been without the intervention of the gods, and without personificators of the winds and the various phenomena of nature? What had Dante said without his terrible imagery of the infernals? What would be the interest of mythological story without its nymphs, naiads, fawns and satyrs? And what would be the charm in nursery legend without its fairies, crownies and kelpies? More than this: what would be the dreariness of the grave if we were assured that there are no guardian spirits overwatching us in the perilous times of life, lingering about us in hours of sickness and affliction, and coming to meet us as we enter the dark, lonesome valley whose shadows are impenetrable to mortal sight? It may be superstitious to believe that the spirits of those who loved us in life return, hovering in the twilight, whispering in dreams, or even declaring their presence by intelligible manifestation. Why may they not? Who has discovered a separate territory for souls, or that any new sphere is necessary for immaterial existence? It may be superstitious to believe that the soul has eternal and intelligent being, but all evidence, within and without, declares an immortality. It may be unfounded superstition, resulting, perhaps, from wrong education, that causes one to sometimes feel that there is an invisible *presence* near him; yet, who has not, at some time or other, been assured that some unseen intelligence was at hand? From early childhood I was taught to ridicule the idea of ghosts and apparitions, and often passed very gloomy places in the night without fear of the supernatural. No effort was spared to confirm skepticism in relation to the vulgar belief in ghosts, goblins and bugaboos. I know nothing of modern spiritualism, have never read much on the subject, or been present where a circle of believers invoked the spirits. Experience has taught me nothing in relation to spiritualism which I have never tried to investigate either by experiment or study. But I choose to believe in the presence on earth of guardian spirits, nor would I yield that belief without the authority of revelation. That is my peculiar superstition, and I

would not thank philosophy, or reason, or experience to deprive me of that harmless conceit. It is pleasant to believe that one is not deserted by a soul purified in heaven, and that even when the eye of demon Despair glares at one from condensing darknesses, there is an unseen presence near by, who with potent but immaterial hand puts aside the descending blow. Not far from the Juniata there is a neglected and sunken parallelogram, and underneath the strong sod is sacred dust — sacred to me, only, of all the living, for she who has slept there thirty-four years, has welcomed all her children as they ascended from the Valley of Shadows — all but *one*. Am I required to believe that he, alone, of all who were dear in life is forgotten, and unvisited, and uncared for because he still lingers beyond the river? Oh, no! the thought is monstrous, repulsive, and like a profanation. I have felt her presence in the thronging city, on the desert plain, in the mountain solitude, where the gray belt of twilight narrowed down in the west, and sleep came with his cohorts of memories; there was a shape statelier, holier than all the others, with a face still remembered as my mother's, and footfalls lighter than the snow. This, I suppose, is superstition, but it is a superstition which I wish to linger with me, like others which do no harm, and which do not disturb the "mighty reasoner" in his cogitations, or prevent him from exploring the mysterious hiding-place of emancipated spirits. In that incomprehensible realm his lordly reason gropes in as much uncertainty as my own childish theology which pictured GOD as a gray-haired, benevolent looking old man, who dwelt among angels and little children a million of miles beyond the glimmering star that peeped at intervals from the sable shrouds of the invisible.

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A few in every age have known the divine art of carrying sorrow and trouble as wonderful food; as an invisible garment that clothed them with strength; as a mysterious joy, so that they suffered gladly, rejoicing in infirmity, and holding up their heads with sacred presages whenever times were dark and troublous, let the light depart from their eyes, that they might by faith see nobler things than sight could reach.

## A PICTURE OF LIFE.

BY JANE E. ROUSE.

“CHARLES, come here.”

Slowly the boy approaches his mother, when the latter gives him a smart box at the ears, adding: “There, take that; and now go to work.”

“Why, mother, what have I done?”

“Done; you have not done anything, only sat poring over that old paper for an hour.”

“But, mother, the chores are done, and it is storming.”

“Go under the shed, then, and saw wood.”

And he went, the boy of fourteen, dwarfed alike in body and mind, the former by hard labor on the farm, the latter by hard words and “hard knocks.” Poor boy! and this was the nephew that I had so longed to see, for I remembered him as a sprightly boy of three years, all life and animation; and this was the sister that I had come so far to visit, and this was my first observation day in the family circle, for sickness had hitherto confined me to my room, where all had been smiles and kind attention. My sister was some years older than myself, but being only sisters, we were much together, and had few if any secrets, that we concealed from each other, and for a while after we married, the one going toward the rising, the other toward the setting sun; we had kept up a regular correspondence, but the cares of a growing family and poor health soon checked the letters, and at last they ceased entirely. Once she had visited her “old home” and friends, and brought Charlie, her first-born with her, a bright lad of three summers. Eleven years had passed when I decided to make her a visit, and see how she prospered in the far West. Success had crowned their labors, and to the casual observer, nothing was wanting to make life agreeable.

Three lovely girls wandered from room to room. Let us follow them to the sitting-room. The eldest threw down her book, which, instead of reaching the table as she had designed, fell to the floor. Instead of saying, “Pick it up, my daughter,” the mother gave her a quick slap on the head which sent her reeling; and picked it up herself. Quiet was scarcely restored ere another offender, for some

slight cause, received a box and an angry word, and thus the afternoon was spent. I was in hopes that such scenes were not common, and waited impatiently for the evening, but, alas! it came all too soon, for as much as my feelings had been tried through the day, they were worse tried in the evening. The candle was placed on the stand in the centre of the room; the father, tired with his day's work in the woods, had leaned his chair back against the wall and was already snoring; the mother, with her youngest in her lap, rocking by the fire; I, with my feet on the fender, and nobody by the light. Charlie hunted up his paper, (which had been tucked away) and timidly drew his chair up to the stand in hopes of finishing his story, but hark! "Come, boy, just move your chair back, and not make yourself quite so conspicuous." He moved back and soon slipped out of the room, and was soon forgotten by all but myself; but often in the course of the evening did I wonder where the boy was. About nine he came in, and I expected a scene, but no question was asked, and he passed on to his room. I could not refrain from asking my sister where Charles spent his evenings. "Oh," she said, "he generally goes over to the other house; they take the *Ledger*, and always read it aloud evenings." This, then, was the mystery; the boy could not have the privilege of reading at home, and went to the neighbors. I felt sick, heart-sick, and home-sick, and longed for the quiet of my own home. But a whole winter was before me, and something must be done. At last all had sought their pillows save my sister and myself; an unpleasant silence pervaded the room; I was thinking how to begin: I knew that my sister's heart was in the right place if I could reach it; she asked me what I was thinking about; I told her I was thinking of our mother; I asked her if she remembered how tenderly and lovingly she reared her family—how she sympathized with all our little imaginary wrongs and troubles—how she taught us to pray and sing, as well as read and work; how pleasantly we spent our evenings, when mother would tell us some pleasant story, or brother Charlie would read the newspapers?

It was enough; already she was weeping on my bosom; no promise was asked or given, but I heard her go softly to her boy's room, and as she returned I heard her murmur, "God bless him!" and I knew the good work was begun. It was some time before all the

little outbreaks were dispensed with, but a look was sufficient to still the tempest, and ere spring, the time for my departure, had arrived, a lovelier and pleasanter family could not be found. Charles accompanied me home to finish his education, and he promises still to fulfill the hope of early years.—*Life Illustrated.*

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## HOPE AND FAME.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

It's better by far to sit under the Hawthorn,  
 Surrounded by friends that are hearty and true,  
 Than trust the wild spirit of worldly ambition,  
 And struggle for Glory, the prize of the few.

True happiness needs not the glow of the Bay-Wreath,  
 The Laurel may fade in a moment away,  
 But the Hawthorn continues to bloom all the year,  
 And maketh all seasons one bright summer day!

Though the shade of the Yew may invade our fond hopes,  
 Chrysanthemum\*-blossoms are still within reach,  
 And the gentle Dove's wing may be hovering near,  
 Ere long to alight on the boughs of the Beech! †

Though you grasp not the Laurel, oh! never repine;  
 Too often 't is fixed to the brow by a Thorn;  
 But in the Life-Battle, where ever you march,  
 May the Hawthorn forever your pathway adorn!

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“WE ought to love life; we ought to desire to live here so long as God ordains it; but let us not so encase ourselves in time that we cannot break the crust and begin to throw out shoots for the other life.”

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\* “Cheerfulness under adversity.”

† “Prosperity.”

## Literary Notices and Reviews.

“POPULAR ASTRONOMY; A Concise Elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satellites, and Comets, by O. M. MITCHELL, LL.D.”

The science of Astronomy is so rapidly progressive that new works seem to be required almost every year; and the volume before us appears to be particularly adapted to the wants of the public. The easy and attractive style in which it is written, together with the numerous fine steel engravings with which it is embellished, must render it a welcome visitant to every home. For sale by A. Roman, 127 Montgomery St.

“THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By EDWARD EVERETT.”

Two such names are a sufficient recommendation for any book. Such a theme, and such an author, are rarely found together. The work is all that we might expect from such a heart and such a head. Beginning with the birth and parentage of Washington, it follows him through all the scenes of his eventful life, to the last sad scene in which he bade adieu to the country and the people whom he had so faithfully served. A valuable addition to our country's literature is “Everett's Life of Washington,” and it should be found in every household library. Place it in the hands of the young of both sexes, that they may learn to love and revere the beloved Father of our country. This, also, can be obtained at A. Roman's.

“ESSAYS Written in the Intervals of Business. By the Author of ‘Friends in Council.’” A. Roman, San Francisco.

This volume, which has already passed to a fifth London edition, is now first issued from the American press; and it is thought that it can not fail to commend itself to those who desire constant instruction in the duties which they owe to themselves and to their fellow-men, and to be governed by the highest principles of conduct in the various departments of public and social life. While the essays composing the second part are addressed mainly to business men, and will be found especially valuable to young men who need wise counsels, most of all in a country where commercial transactions involve great risks and demand the utmost prudence, they will be found eminently suggestive, and in their practical character generally adapted to every class of readers.

“THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL, in Nature, Art, Morals, and Religion. Selected from the Works of JOHN RUSKIN, A.M.; with a Notice of the Author, by Mrs. L. C. Tuthill.” Third Edition. Published by Wiley and Halstead, New York.

This volume is full of interest, made up as it is of selections from Ruskin's works, which, being both voluminous and expensive, are beyond the means of many who could appreciate and enjoy them. We should be glad, would our space permit, to make copious extracts from a work to which we feel so much indebted, both for entertainment and instruction. The devout spirit which animates and inspires all of Ruskin's works, will in some degree pervade the hearts and minds of his readers also. In the words of Mrs. Tuthill—“Mr. Ruskin furnishes his readers with a lens through which all natural objects are glori-



fied: the sky assumes new beauty,—the clouds are decked with wondrous magnificence,—and even each individual tree excites curiosity and intense admiration. As he exults over them, we are ready to exclaim with one of our own eloquent writers: ‘What a thought that was, when God thought of a tree!’” For this, and all the above valuable works, we are indebted to Mr. A. Roman, who has done much towards the cultivation of pure taste in literature in California, and whose liberality to the press has been exceeded by none in the same line of business, and will be long and gratefully remembered by those who have the taste to appreciate and enjoy, but, alas! too often lack the means to purchase the volume which would be as a fountain to the thirsting spirit, or bread to the hungry soul.

“LADIES’ HOME MAGAZINE.”

We are in receipt of the November number of this valuable home magazine, in which the editor says: “With the issue of one more number, our work for 1860 will be completed;” and offers even greater inducements to subscribers for the ensuing year. This magazine, so ably edited by T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend, is, in our estimation, just what a Home Magazine should be, entertaining and instructive; ever inculcating lessons of virtue and morality. The Home Magazine is one of our favorites, and we gladly recommend our friends to subscribe for it for the coming year.

“AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, from the Discovery of the Country, to the year 1849. By Edmund Randolph, Esq.”

A valuable addition to the literature of California, and one which, like wine, will improve with age. All matters connected with the History of California are of interest and worthy of preservation, and the volume before us embraces many subjects of historical interest, and is, consequently, of permanent value, to say nothing of its merits as a literary production. Published and for sale by A. Roman, 127 Montgomery St.

THE SCHOOL CIRCLE.—Encourage the young. A new candidate for public favor, and one worthy of encouragement, is the “School Circle,” a weekly literary journal, devoted to the interests of the Public Schools. It is edited and published by three enterprising young men,—G. De Young, A. K. Henry, and C. De Young. Its typographical appearance evinces good taste and judgment, and its editorials are every way worthy of older heads and more mature judgments. We like its manly, vigorous style, its straight-forward, earnest appeals for that patronage which it so well deserves. Parents, subscribe for it, and encourage your children to write for its pages. It will cultivate a taste which, in after years, may save them from the contaminating influences of evil companions. Who can calculate the influence for good which such a journal may exert among the youth of our land? Who can estimate its power? Like a mighty lever it elevates the thought, and, by a power unseen, stimulates the mind to great and noble efforts. Toil on, young brothers—

“Scatter diligently in susceptible minds  
The germs of the good and the beautiful;  
They will develop there to trees, bud, bloom,  
And bear the golden fruit of Paradise.”

## COMPLETE SUMMARY OF PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FROM Madam Demorest's "Quarterly Report of Fashions" we are enabled to give our readers the following reliable and interesting items:—

It is generally acknowledged that prevailing styles were never more elegant or becoming than for the present season. The materials are rich, the fabrics durable, and the tone bright and animated, without being vulgar. Heavy dark silks, with brilliant designs in relief, handsome old Irish poplins, French moires, plain velvet, and the infinite variety of red goods known as Ottoman and velour cloths, are chiefly used for dress goods, with plain and figured cashmeres for morning robes. Bayadere stripes have gone out now altogether, and silks and other goods in these patterns can be bought very low.

The bodies of dresses are made round, both for day and evening wear, so as to display the gilt belts and elegant buckles, and also the broad ribbon sashes which are now so fashionable. Bands and puffs, headed with fluting and narrow quilling, ornament the skirts of dresses, and bows are used wherever they can be placed to advantage.

Rich black lace, and guipure laces in all colors, are much used for trimming. Small flounces are mostly employed for the decoration of these evening dresses.

Cloaks are very large and ample, and for winter wear, sleeves have been again revived, which adds much to their comfort. Some of the latest issues from Paris are gored, or are in the form of an overcoat, with collar turned back, and made of heavy velvet beaver cloth. The ornaments are medallions, military braid, cord and tassels, buttons, and the like.

The favorite material for making children's clothes is plain Irish poplin, trimmed with velvet of the same shade.

Veils are still worn round.

Pocket-handkerchiefs are also, and are stylish only when embroidered in the smallest and most minute borders.

**DRESS TRIMMINGS.**—Gimps, in all the open and fancy styles, are the most prominent among the dress trimmings of the season. Fringes are wholly ignored. Of course, the foundation is generally black, the raised figures upon it being in colored silk, to match the dress silks in vogue. There are also fine edgings, and borders of black and gold, and rich black crochet trimmings, worked in jet or gold. For trimming plain silk dresses, guipure lace is imported in all colors, and make a very handsome and lady-like decoration.

The greatest novelties for decorating the fronts of dresses and long street coats, are fan-shaped ornaments of silk and jet, edged with black lace, and flat velvet buttons. The latter are graduated in size, and are in all colors.

There are, also, very rich crochet capes, and medallions for the sleeves and shoulders of coats and cloaks—these having wholly taken the place of flouncing and flat bordering.

**SLEEVES.**—Coat sleeves will be worn this season in thick materials, the prettiest being the "Amazon." At the top is a puffed cap, slashed lengthwise with bands of velvet, or a gimp composed of gilt and velvet, or gilt and silk. At the wrist is a pointed cuff, split at the centre.

A slight effort is being made to restore the old "leg of mutton" sleeve which is now affected to some extent in Paris, and which has a look of novelty which is refreshing, to say the least. It will be found imported in one of our Parisian styles of winter coats, and attached to this garment looks very well, indeed, striking and *distingué*.

Small bishops, puffed at the top (lengthwise,) and gathered into a loose circular band at the waist, over which a deep military cuff is turned, is a handsome and favorite, though not a novel style. It will be very much worn.

The wide flowing sleeves are so dressy as to be always fashionable. This season they are straight at the top, and long, but not very wide. The "Sultana" sleeve is cut off square, and narrow at the bottom, and is open to the elbow, the upper part being laced on the front part of the arm. Another is cut in two deep points, and this is also open to the elbow.

CAPEs.—Capes are always worn somewhat by persons whose age or personal contour does not permit of wearing low-necked dresses without them. This season they are *fashionable*, especially the new and pretty "pointed" cape. This is in the "surplice" style, with three points behind, and two which cross in front. It is generally made in silk. (See pattern accompanying this number.)

EMBROIDERED SETS.—The only change in embroidered dinner sets, is in the shape and style of garniture; the combination of valenciennes and needle-work, is still in vogue, and, indeed, nothing can well be prettier, or, for such light fabrics, more enduring. The collars are all pointed, and cuffs pointed on the back to match. Some of these points extend up on the arms, over deep muslin puffings. All needle-work sleeves are a direct contrast to lace, in being closed at the wrist, the cuffs sometimes loose, so that they will slip over the hand, and sometimes fastened with buckles, gold pins, or other fancy ornaments. The garniture of the throat and wrist is composed of lilac or green ribbon, with a narrow gold edge, or sometimes loops of the gilt ribbon of which belts are composed. The central fastening is an ornament in any odd device, with a little gold chain attached.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The style of wearing the hair now is in huge masses, *frisè*, and combed up from the sides, with braids low behind. The head-dresses are, of course, made to suit the *mode* and descend very low upon the neck. The most stylish are in the *bandeau* form, and are brought forward upon the head, so that the front rests directly over the forehead, giving length to the *bandeau*, which is not becoming except to very tall persons.

A very novel style is a roll of scarlet velvet twisted with gold, which projects over the forehead. The back braids are surrounded by an arched *bandeau*, which supports clusters of transparent leaves made of gutta percha, and tinted, so that the russet brown appears to be just touched with hoar frost. A trailing branch is appended to the lower part of the *bandeau*.

Another consists of a wreath of white blossoms, which represents ostrich feathers, a drooping-feather hanging pendant from one side. At regular intervals sprays of gold are placed among the white curled fibres, with very fine effect.

Nets are still worn, and are of pearl and gold, black and gold, and Solferino chenille. They are very large and have a roll *de ruche* upon the edge, and pendant bows, or tassels from one side.

FALL BONNETS.—Bonnetts for the present season are decidedly the most sensible of any that have been worn for many years. Last year, the dainty little head-dresses (they certainly did not deserve the name of bonnetts) gave place to a style fully as preposterous in an opposite direction. The tiny combinations of lace and flowers, feathers and velvet, gave place to so monstrous a caricature, that words would hardly be found to appropriately designate it. For the present season, a happy medium seems to have been found. The size is smaller, the front still projecting, but not thrown up so much as formerly, and the general style less *outré*, and much more becoming.

BOYS' OVER COAT.—One of the handsomest novelties of the season for a boy of from five to six years, or older, is a stylish "Japanese" coat. It consists of a plain sack, with a cuff turned up on the sleeve, and a full circular cape, one side of which folds over the breast and is attached to the opposite shoulder with buttons. It may be made of dark plain poplin, or lady's cloth, and trimmed with plaid or bright colored velvet.

Another coat has a waist laid in box-plaits to the back, to which a polka is attached, and a double front, the upper side forming a fly-jacket. A basque skirt, and trimming of gilt braid and buttons, completes a very pretty garment.

TO THE LADIES.—Ladies will bear in mind that Mrs. F. H. DAY has established a Branch of Madam Demorest's world-renowned Fashion and Pattern Emporium at HESPERIAN rooms, No. 6 Montgomery street—where can be obtained patterns of all the latest and most desirable novelties in Ladies' and Children's Dress. Ladies visiting the city to make their fall and winter purchases, would do well to call and examine the Patterns, and obtain from Mrs. DAY information and assistance, which she is always ready and willing to impart to strangers who may find such assistance valuable and necessary during their short stay in the city. Mrs. DAY will also execute commissions for ladies living at a distance; making the slight charge of ten per cent commission for time so occupied.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PATTERN.

THE Pattern, this month, is the Pointed Cape, composed of two pieces, which should be joined at the shoulder to the notch from whence it is left open, and around which, trimming same as on the edge should extend. It may be made of any material to suit the wearer. For young ladies, they are very pretty made of white lace; the lower part of the back is composed of three points, between which a plait should be laid. This is a very graceful and handsome setting pattern—and like all our patterns sent in the HESPERIAN, is *entirely new*. The points are designed to cross in front.

## Editor's Table.

"The spider knows the roof unriven,  
While swings his web, though lightnings blaze—  
And, by a thread still fast on heaven,  
I know my mother lives and prays."—*Willis*.

TOILING ones of California, in the counting-house, the ware-room, the workshop and the mines, how do the approaching holidays carry you in memory back to the olden times; to the days of childhood and youth; how throng around your memories the forms of the loved and loving! The blessed mother, with her careful solicitude for the welfare of all—the kind father, the loving brother, and the tender, affectionate sister—how in the visions of memory do they again return and crowd around you! Feel ye not the pressure of soft hands and loving arms?—and answers not your heart to gentle, loving words, and kindly tones? Nay, brush not away the unbidden tear; let it fall sacred to the memory of other days and other scenes—let it water the roots of affection yet struggling in your heart for life: let it wash away unworthy thoughts and feelings and re-baptize you in the renewal of your childhood's faith and holy trust. O ye whose mothers yet inhabit earth, and whose hearts yet throb and palpitate with maternal love for the absent—it may be erring son or daughter—look up; grasp firmly the thread of faith suspended within your reach from heaven's blue arch;—and as you know that mother lives, and breathes the outer air, believe she breathes for you the fervent breath of prayer; and more—believe that He who planned the wondrous depths of a mother's love and prompts the heart-felt prayer, will also grant its fulfilment.

And ye whose mothers have passed on to the life immortal, believe that even as your minds return to the memory of other days, and linger about the paths which once ye trod, so may her pure spirit even now be hovering around you, prompting to useful deeds and higher purposes in life. List to those promptings; heed those better influences; and let this blessed season of the year, hallowed by so many holy memories, be also consecrated by good resolutions and high resolves for the future. Let it be a season of rejoicing to friends on earth, and also to those departed, who, forming a bright band of angels in heaven, "rejoice over one sinner that repenteth."

NEVER was there a more beautiful expression of a mother's unselfish devotion than that contained in the last wish of the dying French mother:—

"O God, she faintly said upon her dying bed,  
If I have followed thy divine behest,  
As my entire reward grant this request:  
Make me Guardian Angel of my babes when dead."

THE HAPPY TIMES OF CHRISTMAS.—There is a never-to-be-given-up custom of wishing all our friends a "Merry Christmas" when the blessed day of the Nativity is at hand; and, as we shall not have another opportunity until the happy Christmas time shall have been, we must improve this golden hour of the waning year. Weeks, months, and years steal away with prodigious celerity

It is but yesterday since the *Hesperian* had occasion to meet its friends with a like greeting. A whole year—one seventieth of a long lifetime, has sped since then, and here we are, a little older, with a little less of life to live, a little less of pain to suffer, laden with another budget of good wishes. Time was when the feebleness of the old year brought no sad reflections; and now, when the clock strikes the last hours, there is apprehension in the knell, admonition in the sound, and regret in the echo. There is one year less to be passed in this bright, beautiful world; a significant space has been crossed towards that viewless, mysterious country where eternity abounds. A philosopher and a Christian should not be afraid of the running out of life's sands; but it does not follow that either should not feel regret, as swift-winged Time flies past. The traveler, journeying through a country abounding with green fields, fragrant woods, winding rivers, and peaceful, pastoral beauty, grows sad as the glorious panorama passes out of sight, while he is ignorant of what is before. There may be morasses, mountains and deserts ahead; lions may be crouching in the way; or, he may be very near the shadowy valley where dreary dark-nesses hang in dreadful contrast with what has been. We go with reluctant steps from the cheerful territory of youth to the sear declivity where no roughlocks will stay downward progress to the shades of age. It is like leaving a hall of revel and splendor, to journey alone in the night through dismal distances to desolate abodes, where the recollection of foregone pleasures adds dreariness to the lonesome hours. We can not feel that the close of the year should be a time of gratulation and joy to any by whom the time has not been well spent; and, looking back over the stubble-field whence the harvest of the year has been gathered, we can observe many barren spots where better culture might have persuaded greater fruitfulness. There is a little streak of shadow in our holiday sunshine; with abundant opportunity of doing much, we have accomplished too little—golden hours, momentous with time for useful work, have sped away unimproved, and have gone down, wailing along the shores of Eternity.

But we must not moralize to sadness when the time is near when the heart of all the human race should palpitate with gratitude and joy. Could there be a day more appropriate for thanksgiving and happiness than that on which the Saviour was born? If pain and care and evil passion could be banished from the world for a single day, they ought to be gone at a time made illustrious by the presence of angels on earth, and when a mother's joy gave a Redeemer to the world.

UNAPPRECIATED.—More than once have we referred to the ignorance that exists in the Eastern States in regard to California, her resources, and her inhabitants. For a portion of this, perhaps we are to blame. It may be that, as journalists, we have been more careful to record crime than virtue; that we have exposed to public criticism more of the dark side of social life than we have of the lighter and happier side. We have recorded the doings of the criminal police, but the quiet, unobtrusive, yet glorious deeds of our moral police have been left unrecorded. Is it strange, then, that as a nation and a-peo-

ple we are misunderstood and unappreciated by the very people who, could they visit our golden shores, would be surprised at their richness, and even more surprised at the intellectual superiority of our people?—who would quickly learn that a hard hand may be the index to a noble heart, and the want of a “boiled” shirt no sign of the want of virtue in the hearts of our hardy sons of toil? They would look with wonder and admiration upon the sun-browned miner, who, seated upon a rock to partake of his noon repast, draws from the leg of his coarse, rough boot, a copy of Horace or Virgil, and during the brief hour allowed for refreshment of the body, forgets not the soul.

Moreover, California offers a home to all: here the weary and persecuted find an asylum of peace; and in this connection we cannot do better than copy the following eloquent paragraph, which a short time since we found floating in one of our mountain papers:—

“See them coming to this ark of nations, pursued by the dashing waves of famine and oppression! Looking back to the white cliffs of Albion, the castles of the Rhine, the trefoil of the Shannon, the storied heights of Ben Lomond, the clustering vineyards of the Loire, and kissing the withered heather bloom, the exile exclaims: ‘My country, thou hast been hard with me, but still I love thee, and naught but famine, gaunt and grim, hath divorced thee and me!’ But look to the West, the wealth-giving West, the illimitable Hesperides of Labor—to the great plains of Missouri, to the deep forests of Wisconsin, to the blanching hills of California; the emigrant and all his house are there; it is Freedom’s carnival, and the altar of his own labor-bought and inviolable home smokes to heaven with the sweet incense of his gratitude. Hail to thee, beneficent West! Hail to thy forests and plains, to thy flashing rivers, to thy life-laden Ocean, to the measureless treasures of thy hills! Like the sweet influences of the Pleiades dost thou woo the nations! And California, gentle Hesper of Freedom’s constellation, unclasp thy golden gates to the sons and daughters of labor, who, flying the zones of despotism, with hearts like our fathers’ and faces like our mothers’, would, with their sinewy and votive hands wreath thy snowy brow with chaplets of unsearing verdure!”

EVERYWHERE in our great and populous city we note signs of progress and improvement. Monopolies in certain branches of business are being crushed, and prices which have hitherto been enormous, brought down to a fair, reasonable standard.

Among other improvements, we observed recently at 123 Pine street, an Undertaking Establishment and Coffin Ware Room, recently started by Mr. E. W. Wiley and Mr. P. Craig, for the purpose (as we were informed upon inquiry) of furnishing to the poor as well as to the rich the last sad offices which love and friendship dictate, at prices which are within the reach of all. That such an establishment has long been needed in this city, many a poor, toiling wayfarer can testify who has procured merely a decent burial for some loved and lost one, by incurring an amount of debt so heavy that months of toil have been required ere the bereaved and stricken heart could feel that the last earthly covering of the loved one’s form was at last paid for. Realizing the want of this sad necessity, Messrs. Wiley & Craig, like true friends of humanity have stepped forward and remedied the evil by the establishment of a house where all goods in the undertaking line can be obtained at one half, and in some instan-

ces, two-thirds less than they have hitherto cost in this city. We would call the attention of our friends and the public to their advertisement, which appears on another page.

Perhaps there are very few who have contributed more to the cause of literature in California than our valued contributor, Frank Soule. From time to time the field of letters has been enriched by gems of rare beauty from his gifted pen. The following exquisite poem was originally published in the *Alta California* some time since, and we transfer it to the pages of the HESPERIAN, feeling assured that it will meet with the appreciation and admiration of our numerous readers.

L A B O R .

BY FRANK SOULE.

Despise not labor! God did not Despise  
 The handicraft which wrought this gorgeous globe ;  
 That crowned its glories with yon jeweled skies,  
 And clad the earth in nature's queenly robe.  
 He dug the first canal—the river's bed—  
 Built the first fountain in the gushing spring,  
 Wove the first carpet for man's haughty tread,  
 The warp and woof for his first covering.  
 He made the picture painters imitate ;  
 The statuary's first grand model made,  
 Taught human intellect to re-create,  
 And human ingenuity its trade.  
 Ere great Daguerre had harnessed up the Sun,  
 Apprenticeship at his new art to serve,  
 A greater Artist greater things had done,  
 The wondrous pictures of the optic nerve.  
 There is no deed of honest labor born,  
 That is not godlike in the toiling limb,  
 Howe'er the lazy scoff, the brainless scorn ;  
 God labored first, toil likens us to Him.  
 Ashamed of work! mechanic with thy tools?  
 The tree thy axe cut from thy native sod,  
 And turns to useful things—go tell to fools—  
 Was fashioned in the factory of God.  
 Go build your ships, go, raise your lofty dome,  
 Your granite temple that through time endures,  
 Your humble cot, or that proud pile of Rome—  
 His arm has toiled there in advance of yours.  
 He made the flowers your learned florists scan,  
 And crystalized the atoms of each gem,  
 Ennobled labor in great Nature's plan,  
 And made it virtue's brightest diadem.



Whatever thing is worthy to be had,  
 Is worthy of the toil by which 't is won,  
 Just as the grain with which the fields are clad,  
 Pays back the warming labor of the sun.  
 'T is not profession that ennobles men,  
 'T is not the calling that can e'er degrade,  
 The trowel is as worthy as the pen,  
 The pen is mightier than the hero's blade.  
 The merchant with his ledger and his wares,  
 The lawyer with his cases and his books,  
 The toiling farmer 'mid his wheat or tares,  
 The poet by his shady streams and nooks,  
 The *man*, whate'er his work, wherever done,  
 If intellect and honor guide his hand,  
 Is peer to him who greatest state hath won,  
 And rich as any Rothschild of the land.  
 All mere distinctions based upon pretence,  
 Are merely laughing themes for manly hearts,  
 The miner's cradle claims from men of sense,  
 More honor than the youngling Bonaparte's.  
 Let fops and fools the sons of toil deride,  
 On false pretensions brainless dunces live,  
 Let carpet heroes strut with parlor pride,  
 Supreme in all which indolence can give,  
 But be thou not like them, and envy not  
 These fancy tomtit burlesques of mankind,  
 The witless snobs in idleness who rot,  
 Hermaphrodites 'twixt vanity and mind.  
 Oh, sons of toil, be proud, look up, arise,  
 And disregard opinion's hollow test,  
 A false society's decrees despise—  
 He is most worthy who hath labored best.  
 The sceptre is less royal than the hoe,  
 The sword, beneath whose rule whole nations writhe,  
 And curse the wearer while they fear the blow—  
 Is far less noble than the plough and scythe.  
 There's more true honor on one tan-browed hand  
 Rough with the honest work of busy men,  
 Than all the soft skinned punies of the land,  
 The nice white kidery of "uper ten."  
 Blow bright the forge, the sturdy anvil ring,  
 It sings the anthem of king Labor's courts,  
 And sweeter sounds the clattering hammers bring,  
 Than half a thousand thrumped pianofortes.  
 Fair are the ribbons from the rabbet plane,

As those which grace my lady's hat and cape,  
 Nor does the joiner's honor blush or wane,  
 Beside the lawyer with his brief and tape.  
 Pride thee, mechanic, on thy honest trade,  
 'Tis nobler than the snob's much vaunted pelf,  
 Man's soulless pride his test of worth has made,  
 But thine is based on that of God himself.

FLOWERS.—The Rev. T. Starr King, in a letter written home to a friend, speaks of California flowers in the following eloquent terms :—

“Imagine yourself looking across a hundred acres of wild meadow ; stretching to the base of hills nearly two thousand feet high, the whole expanse swarming with little straw-colored, wild sun-flowers, orange poppies, squadrons of purple beauties, battalions of pink—and then the mountain, unbroken by a tree or rock, glowing with the investiture of all those hues, softened and kneaded by distance. This is what I saw on the road to San Mateo. The orange and purple seemed to predominate in the mountain robe. But on the lower slopes, and reaching midway its height, was a strange sprinkling of blue, gathered here and there into intenser stripes, and running now and then into sharp points, as if over the general basis of purple, orange and yellow, there had fallen a violent snow, which lay tenderly around the base, but in a few places on the side had been blown into drifts and points.”

MEMORY AT FAULT.—A pious old lady, too unwell to attend church on Sunday, begged her husband to go in her place and remember the words of the text, so that he might thereby administer to her some spiritual consolation. The worthy minister gave out, “An angel came down from Heaven and took a live coal from the altar.” In due time the husband returned home, full of confidence in his ability to gratify his afflicted spouse, and thus rendered the foundation of the minister's sermon: “An Ingen came from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter.”

A CERTAIN divine gave out a psalm to his choristers, who attempted to set it to a new tune ; but, having made a blunder, the clergyman, when he came to that part of the litany, “Lord, have mercy on us miserable sinners,” in his turn made another blunder, and read it as follows : “Lord, have mercy on our miserable singers.”

MISS MITCHEL.—The noted astronomer resides on Main-street, in a two-story brick house, made doubly red by a coat of paint of fiery hue. The house, independent of this, is cozy, sociable, and in good taste. Miss Mitchel is at present in Nantucket, but is said to mingle little in “society.” Her vision is literally above the people. While she is keenly intelligent and intellectual, she has few marks of beauty, as the standard of the world goes. Talent is not always, even in favored Nantucket, wedded to beauty of form and feature.

ROMPING.—Never find fault with girls, very young girls in particular, if they are decided romps ; but be thankful they have the health and spirits necessary for romping. Better be a romp than have a narrow chest and a flushed cheek.





N E D O R A .



MORNING ROBE.



# P A T T E R N S .



VINE FOR CHILD'S DRESS



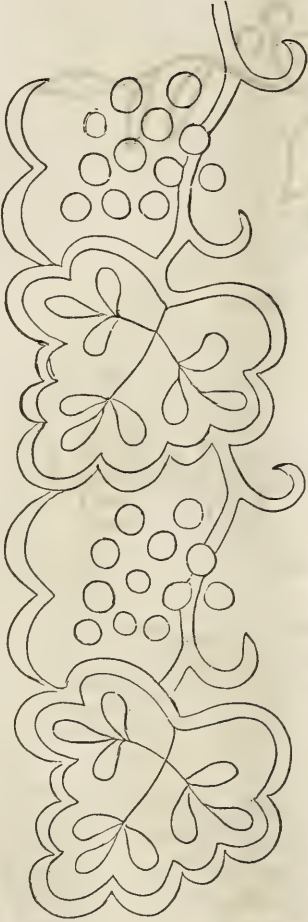
CHEMISE BAND.



OUTSIDE EDGE.

EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.

OUTSIDE EDGE.



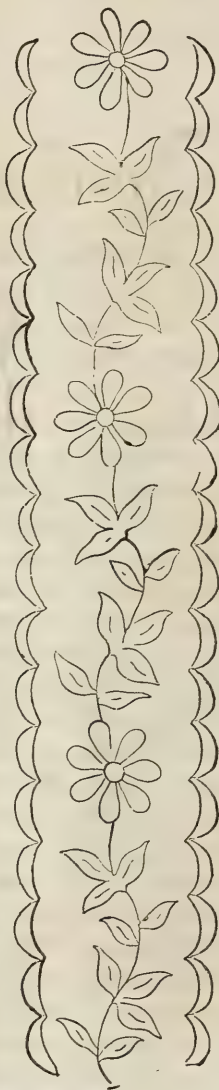
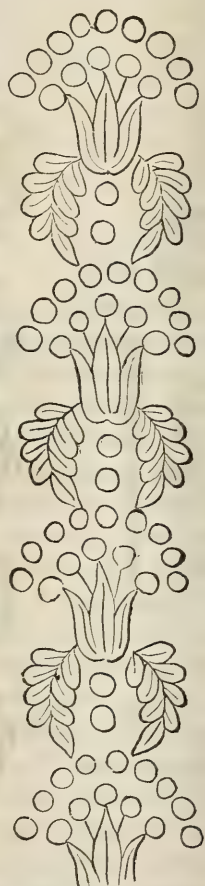
EDGE FOR SKIRT.



EMBROIDERY FOR SHIRT BOSOM.



SHIRT BOSOM PATTERNS.





EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



EDGING.

# THE HESPERIAN.

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PHILIP WARREN;  
OR,  
MY LADY'S GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

## CHAPTER I.

### *How I Entered Service.*

No one, I hoped, suspected the real state of my mind. There was certainly nothing suggestive of poverty and despair in the *nonchalant* tip of my light summer hat, or the faultless polish of my neat patent leathers, visible daily over the railing of the balcony of the I—— Hotel, New York. Neither was there a hint at suicide in the tidy suit of broadcloth fitting easily to the well-shapen figure reclining hour by hour in a comfortable easy-chair on said verandah. If I read the morning paper with much apparent interest, it was nothing more than any gentleman might do without hazarding his family secrets. Nevertheless, I could not help a slight feeling of nervousness when I chanced to look up from my perusal of the "want" column, and find myself observed. I even felt compelled to resort to an occasional yawn, to show that it was from idleness and not from solicitude that I studied that particular column. It will be seen from these confessions that I was desirous of passing myself off for a gentleman of leisure, whose time and money were his own. If my conduct was weak, it was moreover quite natural.

For I was not yet used to harden my heart and my countenance, and ask employment from critical taskmasters, who understood at once, from my anxiety to please, the pressing nature of my necessities, and my unfitness for the position I sought. Yet day after day for two weeks had I been taking unwilling lessons in the way of life,

and thus far without success. Twenty advertisements had I answered in person, with no result other than to become assured of my utter worthlessness, and ignorance of the practical nature of business. My last half dollar was in my pocket, and it was clear I must quit the I—— Hotel. I fell to pondering on an announcement in the *Sun* that lodgings might be had in a certain part of the city for twenty-five cents a night: and from that I began thinking, more intently than wisely, on the unpleasantness of my situation.

"*Herald, Tribune, Times,*" cried a newsboy at my elbow; "*Herald, sir,*" as I stretched out my hand with the impulse born of desperation. My fingers closed nervously on my last half dollar. This would not be enough for my night's lodging, but there was no help for it. Another venture must be made that day, though it seemed quite hopeless to expect anything; and I gave a sigh of relief when the newsboy was gone, and everybody was engaged with his morning paper. I opened mine and looked at the telegraphic news, read the leader, glanced over news summary, and came by degrees to the only portion of that day's paper in which I felt any interest—carefully bracing up my mind against the disappointment which I *expected*:—and guarding myself by resolving beforehand not to answer any advertisement I should see, though I was thinking at the same time that I might judge from the reading of an advertisement whether to answer it or not!

"WANTED.—A lady wishes for an amanuensis. A young gentleman from the country preferred. Must be respectably educated, and of unblemished character. References required. Apply between the hours of 10 and 4, to-day, at room No. —, M—— Hotel."

The letters swam before my eyes as my heart gave one great bound. "A woman!" I mentally exclaimed. "I have failed among men—I mean to try now among women!" This new, and I must add, hopeful resolve so elated my spirits that I could not conceal my excitement. I sprang up, and began walking about restlessly, as it seemed to me, to the surprise of my fellow-boarders. I stepped into the office and looked at the clock. It wanted a quarter of nine. I reflected with great satisfaction that my week's board was paid. I was not in debt, and had forty-eight cents in my breeches pocket. I even detected myself looking in the mirror, and contemplating the probable effect of my face and figure in

making an engagement with a woman. Was she young, or was she old? Was she rich, or literary? After all she might be very eccentric, and I might not happen to suit her peculiar requirements. This last reflection somewhat sobered down my sudden hopefulness, and I began to be sorry that my week's board was so nearly up. But I watched the clock. At exactly half-past nine I sauntered out as if to look about town a little; and lost no time in getting to the M—— Hotel, where I arrived at ten o'clock, precisely. I presented myself to the Clerk, and desired to be shown to the room, No. —. "Will you send up your card?" asked that polite functionary. "Yes, upon reflection, I will," and producing a very neat card on which was engraved PHILIP WARREN, I wrote the words—"upon business," in one corner, as prettily as possible, and dispatched the same by a bell-boy, to whom I gave a dime.

Not many minutes elapsed before my messenger returned with an invitation to me to walk up stairs; a feat which I have every reason to believe that I accomplished: though I had then no present consciousness, nor later, any after remembrance of how it was performed. I think a middle-aged female servant opened the door for me; and I am certain that I found myself in the presence of a very beautiful woman upon that instant. The fact that the lady was beautiful did not augment my confusion; on the contrary, I am quite sure it had the influence to inspire me with fresh hopefulness. All men expect much from women and beauty, and I was no exception. She bowed to me with a sweet stateliness, and entered upon the subject on which I had come without waiting for me to begin.

"You are come, I presume, in answer to my advertisement?" I assented.

"Allow me to see your references."

"Madam," I began, "I beg your pardon for coming here without them ———"

"Do not trouble yourself to apologize: I think I mentioned references; and of course you can see that I could not accept your services without them."

Her tone was freezingly cold; the glance of her dark eye full of reproof at my audacity. I saw that she thought I was a miserable scoundrel, come to impose upon a woman, and I did not question her right to think so. But as it destroyed at once my only, first

and last chance of making an engagement, I became animated by a desperate energy, which the extremity seemed to demand. While the blood burned and tingled in my cheeks, I undertook to defend myself with the eloquence of truth and earnestness.

“Be kind enough, Madam, to hear me one moment. I can procure the references. I only wished to secure your favorable notice of myself and my qualifications before others had taken away the opportunity. I could not afford to lose this chance, having been two weeks already looking for an engagement, and very ill able to bear the expense or delay. I know that I ought not to have come to this city expecting to succeed merely upon my own representations; but pride, in the first place, occasioned the blunder, and I have had sufficient punishment in my frequent disappointments. I assure you that I can command satisfactory recommendations. My necessities are urgent, and I only ask a little time.”

My eyes were fixed upon the calm face of my listener, whose sweet seriousness animated me to say so much. When I had paused in my rapid explanation she immediately asked how long a time I required.

“Two days.”

“That would compel me to repeat my advertisement, provided that at the end of two days you fail to satisfy me. You must perceive that would be conceding much to my first applicant.”

“I am neither insensible nor indifferent to such a favor as that would be, Madam, yet I persist in asking it.”

“Have you any objection to telling me something about yourself and your circumstances, or your history, I might say?”

“Not now, or to you Madam; although two weeks ago I might have felt more reserve. I am the only son of a widow, who has three daughters all older than myself and unmarried. My mother is poor. She expended the few hundreds she might have had in giving me an education suited to a gentleman, and the presumptive heir of a wealthy estate. The uncle who had raised such expectations regarding me, quietly, at the last, changed his design, and left me without a shilling. In this unlooked for event, I came immediately to New York, without consulting any one, to look for a situation where I might earn my bread, and possibly repay my mother her sacrifices

in my behalf. To-day behold me unsuccessful and nearly penniless. Believing that as an amanuensis I might succeed, I took the liberty of presenting myself to you without the proper credentials, which I promise, however, shall be forthcoming."

Whether my manner was sufficiently marked with truth to be convincing, I know not; but just at the moment I heard the middle-aged servant woman dismiss a second applicant, in obedience to a sign from her mistress. At this favorable indication my hopes arose.

"Upon your representations, which I trust are entirely true and honorable," she said, with a faint, half scornful smile, "I consent to the delay necessary for you to procure your references. But there are other considerations. Have *you* no scruples, no questions to ask? Are you satisfied to enter my service with no more knowledge of my habits or designs?"

"I should not presume to question either the one nor the other, before I had produced my own credentials," I answered with a bow.

"You are quite right," she said with a frank, pleased smile; "but I am tempted to forego an iota of my premeditated caution in your favor, for truly this is no common service you desire to enter upon."

"If I may be allowed to interrupt you," I said, rising, "I will now hasten to write for references from my friends; after which, with your permission, I will call again to hear what you have to say on this subject. When may I see you?"

The first look of embarrassment passed over her face. "Not until you come to make a final arrangement: it will suit me better so. In the meantime I will send a little *programme* of your future duties to you at your boarding-house; if you will leave me your address."

"Certainly:" and I handed her my card, with the name of my hotel.

If I had not known how I came up stairs, I *had* a certain "sense of wings" in getting down again. The whirl in my head made light heels, and my course down Broadway was much more rapid than it had been in coming up. My dinner did not stick in my throat with fear of inability to buy another. I ate enjoyingly, lounged carelessly in front of the large mirrors quite often, (such is

human vanity,) and waited for the *programme*. I had just taken tea that evening when a messenger brought me a sealed packet. I immediately retired to my room, eagerly breaking the seal on the way. The following is a copy of what the envelope contained, all written in a neat, business-like hand, and arranged with proper method.

“Article of Agreement between ——— and ———. The undersigned agrees to perform the services of amanuensis and business agent to ——— for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, to be paid monthly in advance. The engagement shall remain in force until such time as the first party shall consent to dissolve it.

“In addition to the ordinary services of agent, the undersigned agrees to the following:—

“To act as escort and companion to the first party, whenever she shall desire it.

“To refrain, on these and all occasions, from compliments or any unnecessary conversation with the first party: yet in public to bestow such attentions as politeness may demand from a gentleman.

“To keep secret the fact that his services are remunerated, and allow them to appear voluntary.

“To conduct himself on all occasions in such a manner that the supposed intimacy can reflect no discredit upon the first party: to answer no questions, and encourage no confidence concerning such intimacy; and, also, to avoid showing curiosity on his own part, under any circumstances.

“Signed, ———”

Accompanying this singular document was a note, urging me to consider well the peculiar nature of the engagement; and not to undertake it unless I was quite sure of ability to act my part conscientiously and well; as any departure from duty would insure my immediate dismissal.

After reading and re-reading these papers, I still found myself as far from a knowledge of my employer's requirements, and my own willingness and capacity to fulfil them, as I had been in the first moment of irresolution which followed the first reading. One thing was evident—that to sign that agreement was to become a slave—



the slave of a stranger and a woman. True, the woman was young and beautiful, refined and virtuous, I could not help believing; but still in so peculiar a position, evidently, that to serve her brought me into just as unusual circumstances. I debated the question of shall I, or shall I not, until past midnight: and it must be confessed that it was not my necessities alone which determined me accept the engagement. Curiosity, and perhaps a feeling of a more subtle nature, urged on the decision.

What, if the face of Iris Morrison often arose between me and that newer and more womanly one, which was now fixed in my mental vision? Iris Morrison had deserted me when my uncle's will had been changed: there could now never be any love between us. I was free; no one could be more so: then why not follow my destiny seeming to beckon me from those glorious brown eyes? In vain I remembered that my promise held me in restraint and reason. My inclinations refused to take warning by that fact, and my cooler judgment would not be alarmed.

The next day I early took leave of the I—— Hotel upon some fictitious errand, resolved rather to fast for one day than be compelled either to acknowledge my poverty, or to resort to the threadbare pretense of expected funds, as once occurred to me. I had the forethought to avoid much exercise, since of my remaining thirty-seven and a-half cents, I could only expend twelve and a-half for food. I had carefully posted the advertisement of twenty-five cent lodgings in my memorandum book, and was saving my last quarter for a night's shelter. Filling my pocket with cakes, I strolled into one of the parks, and spent most of the day lounging on the benches, and watching the nurses and children, and all the ever-changing kaleidoscope of humanity that passed and repassed during long hours of forced inaction. At first, the weather being warm and pleasant, I tried to fancy myself in Naples or Rome—that I was a princely beggar of sunny Italy, enjoying the boasted independence which beggars are said to enjoy. But as I grew tired of one plan, and dared not bestir myself much for fear of arousing the fangs of hunger, I began to think beggary, after all, not so independent a mode of life as it has been represented by people with full stomachs, full purses, and the liberty to come and go without danger of getting faint and dizzy. The heat, and the

change in my dietetic habits, at length brought on a painful headache, to escape which I sought the shadiest bench and tried to sleep. I must have been successful, for somewhat later I was aroused by a touch upon my shoulder. Starting up I recognized the waiting woman of "my lady," as I had mentally denominated the stranger of the M—— Hotel.

"My mistress observed you asleep here, and directed me to waken you; for this September sun will give you a fever."

By this time I was fully awake, and glancing down one of the walks I observed my lady slowly retreating toward a carriage at the gate. Her maid hastened after her, leaving me in silent bewilderment. While engaged in unconsciously fumbling through my pockets as men do when at a loss for something else to occupy their fingers, mine came in contact with something hard and round. The contact naturally excited some surprise, and I began to hope I had found an overlooked half dollar, which by some mistake had got into my vest pocket. Upon actual inspection, however, it proved to be a golden double-eagle. I darted after the carriage, but it was gone. I had no doubt of how the gold came into my pocket; and I returned to think of the temptation put in my way by this eccentric stranger. A temptation I regarded it, though no doubt she considered it a charity. However it might be regarded, I was resolved not to use one penny of this woman's gold until I had earned it.

At evening I sought my cheap lodgings, none of the nicest either, and went supperless to bed, where I slept off my head-ache, and arose next morning feeling rather low-spirited and nervous. But when the morning mail was in, and there were no answers to my letters, I suddenly gave way to a deeper despondency than I had ever known before. There was nothing for it, but to wait for the afternoon mail as hopefully as possible, and this I made an effort to do: but again I was disappointed; and at half-past-four o'clock I presented myself once more at the M—— Hotel, and sent up my card. I was shortly summoned to my lady's (*my lady's* now no longer, I thought,) parlor.

"Ah, Mr. Warren, you have prevented me going out this afternoon," she said, half reprovingly, at my first salutation.

"Madame," I replied, as steadily as I could, "nothing except my

own disappointment could give me more regret than to have interfered with your pleasures: but I am come at last to announce to you that the mails are all in for to-day without bringing me the expected references. I am sorry to have caused you a delay, and humbly ask your pardon." With the last word, I laid upon the table beside her the gold-piece, which I had found in my vest pocket on the day before. She colored slightly, but took no notice of the money.

"Stay a moment!" she exclaimed, seeing that I was about to retire. "I am sorry for our mutual disappointment," she continued pleasantly: "as it was my intention to have left town to-morrow. But I see I must forego this plan, since my object in coming here has not been accomplished."

"I can only repeat my regrets, Madam," I replied, in a vexed tone.

"Was not the time you stipulated for rather short?" she asked.

"Quite *too* short: but I did not fail to represent my haste to my correspondents."

"Nevertheless, they may have found the time insufficient for their action. Do you not think you may hear from them to-morrow?"

"I should hope to: but could not ask you to wait upon uncertainties."

"But if I propose it myself, you could object not?"

I felt that "my lady" was smiling very kindly: yet I could not see her distinctly, for her bright looks and the light from the window beside her suddenly became very much mixed up to my vision. I must have sunk down unconsciously upon the sofa, near which I was standing; for sometime afterward I found myself lying stretched out there, and a physician beside me holding my wrist. A tray containing a cup of tea, and some light articles of food stood on a table beside me, which no sooner did I see than my stomach heaved with a sickening pang of hunger. "You should take some slight refreshment," said the doctor, holding to my lips the tea-cup. I drank the contents thirstily; and without caring who saw how hungry I was, greedily devoured the slight repast prepared.

Your patient will do very well now," the Doctor said softly to "my lady," who was anxiously looking on. "Rest and moderate eating for a day or two:" and with that he bowed himself out.

This parting caution recalled the occasion, the place, and my situation. I sat up and met the gaze, fixed and sympathetic, of my lady's eyes.

"You are better, I hope, sir," she said gently.

"Much better, Madam, for which I must thank you and trespass no longer on your hospitality. I am sorry to have put you every way to so much trouble," and I rose rather unsteadily to my feet, intending to make a dignified retreat; but I was prevented.

"But listen to me a moment, Mr. Warren. An hour ago, perhaps, I should have declined to close an engagement with you, without the proper form and caution. At this moment I am of a different mind; and unless you have insuperable objections I desire you to enter my service from this hour."

"Your generous confidence, Madam, deserves my devotion, and I hope not to disappoint your expectations."

It was unmanly to weep on so slight provocation, and I was ashamed of my tears; but the nervous weakness that got possession of me admitted of no control. Besides, had I not always been my mother's baby? Yet the fit did not master me long.

"I am convinced," said "my lady," with a slow smile, "that no credentials your friends may have to offer can add anything to the fact that you have deliberately starved yourself, rather than be put under obligations to a lady and a stranger."

A beautiful and vivid blush broke over her face, whose reflection I felt was burning on my own. My sensations, however, were far from a painful nature.

"I am only too happy, dear Madam, to be approved of by you; and am eager to enter your service whenever it shall please you."

"Let it be this evening, then."

In the pause which followed, as if a mutual embarrassment had fallen upon us, her former caution to me flashed into my mind; and grateful as I was I felt compelled to speak of it now, before it should be too late.

"Promise me," I said, "one thing—since you invited me to entertain some scruples—that in all your requirements you will consider *my* honor and self-respect, for by the conditions of our agreement I am only your slave."

“Unquestionably! If I can ever fail to do so, be assured it is from ignorance, and fear not to remind me that I go beyond my just limits; my object has not been to secure an unfair advantage over you, but only to secure myself, of which I hope you feel assured.”

“Your word makes my assurance doubly sure.”

“And now,” she said, changing her manner to one of mere form, “go and select your rooms, and take some repose. In the morning we will settle this business permanently. If I wish to see you, my maid will let you know.”

This was my signal to withdraw and begin my formal duties, one of which was to refrain from intruding upon her privacy. As I retired from her presence in obedience to her implied desire, I felt, through all my various emotions, that this might yet become the most painful bond in all my servitude.

[To be continued.]

POOR AND RICH.—BY G. T. SPROAT.

Gold and pearls and jewels had he ;  
 His ships of treasure swept every sea ;  
 Many an acre, broad and fair,  
 Claimed from him a master's care,  
 Oh ! his was a princely home—  
 A marble palace, with golden dome,  
 And columns of pearl, and mirrored walls,  
 Where the light on a thousand diamonds falls,  
 Flashing and flinging back the ray,  
 And mocking the sun-beams that on them lay.  
 He died — and in the Book above,  
 Angels recorded no deed of love,  
 Generous and noble, towering sublime,  
 Like pyramids, o'er the wastes of Time ;  
 And harsh was the voice that said to me  
 “Call him not rich — for poor was he !”

In a chamber low and small,  
 Where the wind whistled through the creviced wall,  
 And the rain came pelting all the day  
 On the pallet of straw on which he lay, —  
 Alone and deserted, alone with Death,  
 One, old and weary, lay gasping for breath.  
 Of all his kindred not one was there,  
 To list to the sound of his dying prayer.  
 Of all his treasures bereft he lay,  
 Wasted, and cold, and starving, that day.  
 He died — and in the Book above  
 Angels recorded rich deeds of love ;  
 And high on the jasper walls appear,  
 In pictures of gold his life-toil here ;  
 And sweet was the voice that said to me,  
 “Call him not poor — for rich was he !”

HELEN.—BY HADASSAH.

CHAPTER II.

“O life! O silent shore,  
Where we sit patient! O great sea beyond,  
To which we look with solemn hope and fond,  
But sorrowful no more!  
Would we were disembodied souls, to soar,  
And like white sea birds, wing the infinite deep!—  
Till then, thou,—Just One, with our spirit keep.”

WHEN I entered alone, my brother could not conceal his anxiety and disappointment. Sophie was seated at the piano, playing a lively air from a favorite opera, at that time quite the rage. I was glad it happened so; it prevented questions and comments regarding the continued absence of the queen of our little circle.

“Helen is not ill?” asked my brother, as by some contrivance he managed to get near me. I feared he loved her, and pitied him from my heart, when I thought how hopelessly. I knew she had a secret, wasting grief in her heart, that forbade all hopes of love finding a safe refuge there. She was so young to suffer, being but two years my senior. Sophie one year younger than I, though I might have been thought as old as Helen, and she older than she really was. But no one would give Sophie credit for being more than a child, a beautiful, wilful child. A fervent prayer rose from my heart, in the midst of that joyous circle. “May God bless my beautiful, light-hearted Sophie, and spare to us, our blighted, heart-wrecked Helen!” The prayer was sincere, for I trembled for her life.

Sophie having finished the piece she had been playing, as the last note was still vibrating on our ears, the door opened, and Helen appeared, cold and white as a beautiful piece of marble statuary. She appeared far more lovely than usual. I looked in vain for some trace of the grief that was undermining the fountain of life, and which seemed to rend her soul. Not a vestige of it remained; she was there with the same pensive, cold smile; the same placidity of countenance that ever rested on her holy face. George, in vain, strove to animate this beautiful image, and warm it into life and feeling by his reparté and merry laugh.

“Bring her here, Mr. Summer,” exclaimed Sophie, wheeling round on the music stool — “Come truant, stand bravely forward and hear the penance we impose on you. You shall play for us one of your sublime pieces which I may not dare attempt for five years yet.”

Helen had seated herself on the sofa, near me, and there she seemed inclined to remain, but for Sophie, at whose request George did not venture to urge a response, until he saw Helen rise, saying: “I have no desire, sister, to escape my imposed penance.” I looked at her in wonder and admiration — she was so lovely — too pure, too beautiful for earthly love; the embodiment of all that was good, beautiful and noble. I could not account for the charm which seemed to fascinate us all. Even at school, from the principal to the scholar, all acknowledged her superior intellect, her nobility of soul. Proficient in all the branches of education, she excelled her instructors in some — music, painting, and as a linguist none could excel her. In music she had the power to entrance her hearers; all the powers of her soul seemed concentrated in that one art, while she played or sang. She selected this evening, Hayden’s “Creation,” and it is a most sublime oratorio. How the holy light of her pure soul inspired the classic features of her face! She reminded me of an image made surpassingly beautiful by the sculptor’s skill; with soul-inspired countenance, which the full rays of the brilliant light, falling on, seemed to warm into life. I had often watched her play this piece, and thought that at any moment, her spirit might take its flight to join the sacred choir above in the heavenly anthems. This evening she was more than usually interested in the difficult and grand composition. As she called forth the sublime notes, all else was forgotten. We sat breathless, entranced by the grandeur of the music, and spell-bound by the influence which she seemed to hold over all. The music ceased — she still sat there — the last note dying away under the pressure of her almost transparent fingers. In a moment, I saw she had forgotten herself — forgotten where she was. I laid my hand on her shoulder, she started from her reverie; the color mounting her cheek, over-spreading her face, neck and arms with its crimson light. It was only momentary, leaving her paler, if possible, than before. “Well sister, is my penance over, and have I absolution? Tell me, sister,” she asked, almost gaily.

“Only one more piece on the harp, and you have free pardon, on condition that you never absent yourself from our august presence again,” said Sophie, turning a pirouette on the music stool. Smilingly Helen gave the promise, and seated herself at the harp. Sophie reached the music folio to me, “you select one Mary.” I selected a simple, but always a favorite song of mine; it is old now, but at that time it was the fashionable song of the day, because new; “you play and sing it very prettily, Nellie,—

‘Thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.’”

I passed the book to Helen; she saw the selection. Her eyes sought my face, with a look of indescribable anguish; her lip quivered, and I wondered what was the cause of this extraordinary emotion. But it was too late to recall the book and make another choice, as she commenced the prelude immediately, when the sweet, low notes of her voice fell on my ear, and all was forgotten. The heart must have been marble, that would not feel the depth, the soul of the singing; it sounded to me that night as the death song of a departing spirit, seeking to join its mate.

“Ere long, we shall meet in the home that’s now thine,”

was still echoing through the large rooms, and we were waiting—still and voiceless, as if the spirit addressed was about to descend in our midst. Not a word, not a sound proceeded from the pale lips of the songstress. She wavered for a moment to and fro, like a reed bending with the wind, and sank slowly, lifelessly to the floor, beneath the still vibrating chords of the harp; as if she had crouched there for shelter from the cold world. When I saw that cold, pale face, I thought her spirit had gone to its proper sphere, to a purer, holier, resting-place than this. George silently raised the inanimate form, and laid her with a brother’s tenderness and care upon the sofa. It was a death-like swoon, but with proper restoratives she revived.

Had I not seen Helen in the summer-house, I might have thought, as others did, that this was the result of an over-taxed imagination and close room. But I knew better. Her heart had a story of its own, and it was breaking slowly, but surely.

Helen was soon able to go to her room; and there, as I sat beside her, holding her thin, white hand in mine; with great earnestness she



said: "It was too great an effort, Mary dear. Oh! if you had not asked me to play that air. I thought my heart would break; how I struggled to subdue its throbbing! And to-day I have betrayed more weakness than ever. You will soon know all, Mary; to-morrow I will return home, and should I send for you at any time, do not fail to come." I promised her I would. "You must not be saddened by any grief of mine, Mary; it is but a short struggle; it will soon be over. Comfort Sophie, be a sister to her when I am gone, for my sake."

I promised all, with an aching heart. When Sophie returned from the parlor, she found her sister sleeping quietly. The next morning found Helen so much better, she determined upon starting for home. "I must be able to travel this far, if not now, I never shall be." She was quite herself after breakfast, and returning home, if not gay, she did not appear unhappy; I never knew her, intentionally, to cast a gloom over a party. She might impress with silence, with admiration, but never with gloom.

After stopping a few days with the sisters, I returned to the Academy with Sophie, accompanied by George. We missed Helen sadly; her cheerful assistance in our studies, her kindly smiles of encouragement, all were sad remembrances of our dear, absent friend. I regretted her absence, I think, more than Sophie; she had a world of enjoyment in herself; but I loved to watch Helen's sweet, sad face, and follow her graceful form in its easy movements. I constantly found some new beauty to admire and wonder at — she was a study to me. Something unlike what I had ever seen or met before. Therefore I deplored her absence most. Nor did Sophie appear so cheerful; a cloud would often fall upon her clear, bright face.

One day after school hours, we were talking of home, and regretting the necessity that compelled Helen's absence, she startled me with the question:—

"Did Helen tell you of her approaching marriage, Mary?" I replied, in astonishment, "no!" She then told me of Helen's engagement, of her marriage, which would take place as soon as her health was sufficiently restored. "The engagement was made many years ago by our parents. I'm sure I should not like it, if I were Helen; I do sincerely hope Papa will allow me to choose a

husband for myself, and he will be one whom I love, however poor or humble. But sister Helen is not the least like me—she is very sad now, changed very much during the last two years; and I think it must be on account of this marriage. She used to be cheerful and fond of pleasure, her laugh was as often heard as mine, but not so loud; of course that would be very unlike our proud, sedate Helen. Or it may be her present brilliant prospects have rendered her cold and reserved.”

“Is the marriage so desirable, then?”

“Oh yes, very! Horace is descended from a very noble family. A Dukedom falls to Staunton when his father dies, which will descend to Horace at *his* father’s death. I’m sure the old Duke must be ninety, and Lord Herbert Staunton is still a young man, although the father of her intended; Horace has no title until his father’s death, so if Helen marries for that, she will be an old woman, I fear, before she gets it.”

“I know Helen too well to think, for a moment, that such is her motive. She will make a splendid Duchess, won’t she, Mary? Helen wished the marriage postponed for two or three years; but Papa will not listen to it. It seems the physician has told him that travel and change would restore sister permanently, and he intends to hurry on the wedding, that she may start immediately abroad under the care and guardianship of her husband. If I were Helen I would rebel; I would not permit myself to be hurried into matrimony in this manner. Now Mary, not a word, I see by your eye, that your tongue is about to call me a wilful child, but I am not; I only like to have my own way above all things. Helen’s gradually failing health and spirits rose before me. I strove to find if this marriage was the cause. Does Helen, who of course is most interested, object to this alliance?”

“Oh, no! She is quite resigned—you know she is never enthusiastic, and one cannot tell whether she is pleased, or displeased. But I presume the former, else she would not speak of it so calmly. We are to be first bride’s maids—there are to be four others. She starts on her wedding tour immediately, all of us accompanying her a portion of the way, except your brother, and you, Mary, whom she says, she hopes to prevail upon to go the entire trip with them to Italy and back. Papa says you intended to leave school, at all

events, and for that reason feels confident you will go for Helen's sake, who the physicians say, is in a decline, and a trip South is the only hope of saving her life, I wish I could go, but Papa says I must stay two years longer at the Academy; that I am stupid enough already, without losing more time; so I must remain here, while you are all traveling towards the sunny south. Papa and Horace hurry the marriage the more, because Papa cannot, himself, take Helen, and he knows she must travel, if he would have her restored. So you see, Mary, the necessity of this hasty wedding. Helen can go with greater security and confidence, having her husband with her, to act as guide and protector. I hope she may return to us as bright and blooming as she was when you first saw her; but I fear she is not altogether happy—I have thought so, since the evening she fainted in the parlor."

This conversation with Sophie gave me something to ponder on. I felt troubled and anxious on Helen's account. I could not but think this the cause of her unhappiness. If so, why should she consent to the sacrifice? It was all a mystery to me. But time wore on, or flew on rather, for those weeks seem hour's on memory's page. In a short time we received a long, affectionate letter from Helen, requesting me to return home with Sophie at the close of the term, and if possible remain with her—she concluded by saying, "Mary, you remember your promise?" By complying with Helen's request, I would not be able to return again with Sophie, but I thought of Helen—ill, dying perhaps, and accordingly wrote to mother and George, to gain their consent and approbation. In a few weeks we were called for, and whirled away from the scene of many, many happy hours.

Mr. Lansdale's mansion was a fine old structure, surrounded with beautiful scenery and parks; indeed every beauty and luxury that the most refined mind could desire.

I was a great favorite with the family, and treated more like a daughter than a mere friend of the girls. Mrs. Lansdale was a lovely woman; from her Helen inherited her dignity and grace. I remember my admiration of her, and thought how like her she must have been in her younger days. Goodness, benevolence and firmness were written in indelible characters in every feature of her face,

and an anxious look of love was often turned toward her child, when Helen appeared too much engaged to note it.

I knew that whatever secret trouble Helen had, she possessed her mother's love and sympathy.

She was a true Christian too, and many times she absented herself from our little circle, requesting not to be sought for, or disturbed; and returning after an hour's absence, would press her lips on Helen's white brow, and breathe sweet words of hope and trust in her ear. Her child ever repaid her with a smile, so full of affectionate love, that the tears would steal forbidden to my eyes, and I often ran off from their presence to conceal my agitation.

But what shall I say of the father of Nellie? from the first I did not like him; he could inspire no feeling but distrust and fear. I never could look upon him, without an inward shudder; he was a cold, stern man, seldom entering the family circle, and always distant, haughty and morose. Such a man, Helen, as a child, would fear to approach, let him tempt her ever so. And yet he appeared to idolize his wife, and love his children; but self—self was written in every lineament of his countenance.

But I have digressed a little in pausing to give this description of the parents of my friends.

Sophie was wild with delight on reaching home. In the evening I was introduced to Helen's intended husband, and was prepossessed in his favor. A man of great personal beauty, and vast intellectual capacity; indeed, a man, I thought, any girl might be proud to win for a husband, provided she possessed the love of his manly heart.

For weeks all was forgotten but the one important subject. I did not question Helen regarding the marriage—we talked of the journey and wardrobe in preparation; I observed her closely, and could discover no blush upon her pale cheek to warm its coldness, when speaking to, or of him. She was ever the same, always ready with her sweet voice and kind manner to ensure ease, when she felt a restraint on any one of our party. Just before the wedding day, I ran off, and sitting by the window in Helen's room, was feasting my eyes upon the beauty of the surrounding scenery, of which her window gave a full view. I was so much engrossed that I did not know of Helen's presence, until I felt her arm encircling

my waist, and her voice in my ear — “Mary!” I never thought my name pretty, until heard Helen speak it, and the sweetness and music she threw in that simple name, “Mary,” compelled me to admire it, though I had often thought it common before. “Mary, my ever true friend and sister, I interpret your thoughts; you are silent, but none the less anxious for me. You strive to conceal this solicitude, but I have seen you steal off alone, and ponder over the mystery that surrounds me. I have seen the tears gather in your eyes, and marked your earnest, wistful look, as if to say, “why don’t she confide in me?”

I kissed her and silently; I could not speak, for I had been thinking of Helen when she entered, and felt assured in my own mind she was being sacrificed. She continued: “To you, Mary, I owe an explanation of my strange conduct, while visiting you. You suspect, and rightly, that there is care on my mind, unknown even to my nearest, dearest friends. Yes, Mary! it is so. I do not confide in them, because they could not help me, and such a revelation would only bring sorrow to my dear, kind mother; who studies so hard to make her child happy. From my father I could expect no sympathy. My brother and Sophie are too happy for me to be the first to cause a shadow to fall on the sunshine of their hearts — no, it is better as it is. They fancy it is ill health, and that I will recover. I cannot and will not cause them unnecessary sorrow. But you are firm and strong, Mary; I can trust you.” She took from her writing desk a letter: — “Take this letter and you can read there what I have neither the courage nor the will to speak of. But do not read it until after my wedding, or until I shall have started on my journey.” I grasped the paper, and although I was anxious to know the contents, yet I remembered Helen’s words, and locked it safely up, until I was I privileged to read.

Nellie whispered, — “Have you the paper, Aunty?” “Yes! you will find a package, bound with crape, in the box; bring it to me, and you shall hear all, but it is almost too serious a subject for my little Nellie.” She reached the paper as I was speaking, and I commenced the reading of Helen’s letter.

[Continued.]

## VICTORINE.

BY "RUTHVEN."

Victorine, Victorine, Loved and Lost Victorine!  
How deep in my heart is graven the scene,  
'Twas the loveliest night of sweet June,  
The flower-clad earth was bathed in the sheen,  
Of the silvery beams of the moon,  
Loved and Lost Victorine.

Victorine, Victorine, Loved and Mourned Victorine!  
How holy that hour — how calm and serene,  
Heaven's bright eyes looked down from the blue,  
As we trod earth's soft carpet of green  
Gemmed with its spangles of dew,  
Loved and Mourned Victorine!

Victorine, Victorine, Loved and Blest Victorine!  
In your realm beyond Night's beautiful Queen,  
I crossed the blue sea for a far distant shore,  
The foam-crested wave rolled deadly between,  
And, alas! dearest one, I saw Thee no more,  
Loved and Blest Victorine!

Victorine, Victorine, Loved and Pure Victorine!  
Thou'rt gone from this earth and each dearly loved scene,  
Its Birds and its Flowers — its spangles and spray,  
For the Angels in love for thee, Victorine,  
In thy young bloom called Thee away,  
Loved and Pure Victorine!

Victorine, Victorine, Loved and Lost Victorine!  
Life's blasts are blowing wint'ry and keen,  
Time's furrows are deep on my brow,  
But Mem'ry treasures the long-loved scene,  
When we plighted our youth's fondest vow.  
Thy spirit looks down from above, Victorine,  
From that bright realm of bliss, so pure and serene,  
Where I know again I shall meet Victorine—  
Loved, Lost, Mourned, Blest and Pure Victorine!

## AN IMPROMPTU BAPTISM.

BY REV. S. D. SIMONDS.

It was in the month of February, or early in March, 184—, and at a small school-house about four miles north-east of Marshall Co., Michigan, where I had preached once in two weeks on Sunday nights for five or six months, that the singular events transpired, which I will now for the first time commit to the press. The Methodist Church in Marshall, at that time large and flourishing for a new country, was under the pastoral care of Rev. James S. Harrison, since a practicing physician in Indianapolis, Ind., and St. Louis, Mo., I think. The Rev. Allen Staples, since gone to his glorious rest in a triumph only known to holy souls, was forming a circuit around and near Marshall: and some portions of the membership were proposing to transfer their relation to this new circuit. As this was calculated to weaken the station more than was thought then advisable, Mr. Harrison proposed to supply the adjacent appointments with night preaching, and called on his local preachers, Rev. Randal Hobart, now of the California Conference, and myself, to assist him in the work; and it fell to my lot generally to supply the neighborhood to the north and east of Marshall at the school-house as first indicated. I state these details, so that any person desirous may test the veracity of the narration.

On the memorable evening I rode out to the meeting, expecting nothing unusual. I had for several visits noticed a general earnestness in attention to what I said, and an increasing number in attendance. But nothing remarkable. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, somewhat frosty, and the snow had not yet gone. As I drove up a quarter before the hour of service, I saw a great number of teams and persons about the door. I was impressed with the fact, and wondered how it had happened; but on entering the house I was still more surprised at finding it already crowded. It took some time and judicious preface to provide for the people, but from the anxiety of all to get into the house, and by putting out the fire from the stove and throwing a few cakes of snow inside, it was cooled, and room was made finally for all to sit or stand. There were probably about a hundred people in that room, not much, if any, over twenty feet square.

While proceeding with the preliminary services, I became very much confused about my sermon. What should it be? My formal preparation having, according to my custom, been simply fixed in my mind without any written sketch in my pocket, had gone away entirely from my memory. I tried again and again to recall it, but to no purpose. What should I do? I read a long second hymn, and commenced a popular tune with a familiar and taking chorus. The congregation carried it at once, and I sat down to reflect on the question which had started the perspiration at every pore. *What shall I preach?* A single thought hung like a dark cloud over my mind, and concealed everything else from my sight. It was as formless, also, as it was dark and impressive, and agitated me as the sea is agitated by the storm. The more I looked over the horizon of my mind, the more this cloud arose, and the blacker it grew. If I turned away my mental eye from this unvoiced impression, a spirit-like wind seemed to howl and moan through my mind, giving me the melancholy sense of a midnight storm in a grave-yard; and I was induced to turn my mind back again. I had ever been accustomed to base my sermons, not on impressions, but on the plain word of GOD and the intuition of reason; and if I could find some text that would voice the impression, or if he who "cometh in the clouds" was drawing near, and my "eye should see him," I would preach from such a text, or "preach the preaching he bid me." Under these reflections I became somewhat self-crucified, and consequently calm. The chorus to the fourth verse was being sung. A spirit of ease and satisfaction seemed to rest on the audience, in strange contrast with the agitation I had felt. I began to recall texts of scripture here and there, as my memory served. Two struck me with some force. These were first: "*If we deny him, he also will deny us;*" and "*With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation.*" I could feel these were held some way in the cloudy message, but neither or both gave a clearing voice to my mind. I then began at Genesis, intending to sketch the whole history of redemption for a parallel of the thought so wordless, yet impressive. The creation, fall, Cain, Abel, Seth, Enoch, Methuselah, Noah,—the flood! There I arrested the more than lightning speed of my thought. *The flood!*—yes, the flood! and my mind ran down the history till it struck the words: "*My*



*spirit shall not always strive with man*, for that he also is flesh; yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." That was the truth and love; I felt at once that I was to speak. The chorus of the fifth verse of the hymn was being sung; I arose with my mind in a flood of light; a portion of the long hymn was left unsung. I opened the Bible and announced my text, and stated first its implied proposition,—*God's spirit did strive with man—all men*. Proved, first, by the light there is in man's reason, he knows there is a God. This is a conviction which arises in man, and, as it is an idea of the infinite, the absolute, the eternal, it never could come to a finite creature, only as a light in the reason. We now necessarily infer it from creation, though we cannot see God.

Proved, secondly, by the spiritual in man's nature,—thinking, reasoning, willing. This could not be without the influx of the Divine spirit, any more than there could be light without the efflux from the sun, or a luminous body.

Proved, thirdly, by three great facts of consciousness. (*a.*) A sense of sin or guilt. Every man knows he is a sinner. (*b.*) Every man has an idea of righteousness; he feels there is such a thing. (*c.*) Every man is convinced of a judgment to come: he knows that special evil consequences do follow transgressions, showing him that his sins are supernatural causes of evil to him and to his race. This was confirmed briefly by the within words:—

II. That this great grace of the spirit might be resisted. "Irresistible grace," if men meant by it that sin did not "grieve the Holy Spirit," and change our nature so as to render his power, while resisted, utterly unavailing for salvation, were terms of folly, not to say blasphemy. If men meant by them that the Spirit was all powerful to save a penitent sinner, whatever his sin, it was well enough. Still some more scriptural words should be used. But more —

III. That this great and universal grace of the Spirit operated, *when resisted*, only for a limited time, and only on this earth: so the text abundantly declared. "My spirit shall not ALWAYS strive." Nevertheless, his days (on earth) shall be an hundred and twenty years. *Our* lives are less, and the time of our end unknown.

"There is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of man  
For glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,—  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath."

This earth is a place of probation. Man is taken here on trial for heaven. Great grace and infinite love, and all infinite power consistent with man's freedom, are manifest to work our salvation. But, "My spirit," says God, "shall not always *strive* with man."

IV. The reason of the spirit's removal. "For that he (man) is flesh;" that is, in scripture language, he minds only the things of the flesh,—lives for earthly things, and works but to die.

In concluding, the two passages quoted above, as expressing somewhat the impression on my mind, were brought forward and seemed to produce an awakening effect. I became deeply conscious of an unseen power. It was not eloquence; it was not of man. People who feared not man, turned pale and trembled before the invisible presence. A deep emotion thrilled most hearts. We sang with pleading sympathy:—

Stay, thou insulted spirit, stay,  
Though I have done the much despite;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

An opportunity was given for speaking, and immediately a man arose and addressed me personally. Said he:

"Sir, I think the spirit of God has been striving with me, and I want to tell you about it, and know whether you think it is the spirit, or whether you think me deluded."

He paused with a most solemn and affecting look. The people were moved at the sight. "Speak on, brother," said I; "speak freely."

"But will you tell me, as an honest man, before God and my neighbors here, whether this is the spirit of God or not?"

"I will if I can, most certainly," I replied.

He began, manifesting much earnestness of feeling, by saying, in substance, as follows:—

"You all know me. I have been a wicked, irreligious man, and especially hated the Bible and all Christians. I thought them all a parcel of hypocrites or fools, and whenever any one of them spoke to me about religion, it made me very mad. I had read Tom Paine's

Age of Reason, but had never read the Bible much only to find fault with it. I wondered to see any sensible man professing religion, or to hear any good sense in anything taken from the Bible. I thought it was all as full of folly as Mr. Paine said. He had satisfied me some parts were very foolish; but it occurred to me to read for myself, and then if any one spoke to me about religion I could give them as good as they sent. So I went to reading the Bible with all my might. I soon saw that it was vastly different from what I had supposed it. But still I expected to find the foolish and contradictory things a little further on. So I read the Bible all through, and I could not find more than two or three points that seemed unanswerable or contradictory. These, on inquiry, I found explained, and I could not any more make sport of the Bible. Yet I hated Christians, and began to see I had a very wicked heart. I became very restless. I wanted to throw away the Bible, and yet I felt I must not do it. Then I would read again, and try to find fault. Sometimes I would think I had found something that appeared a good reason for rejecting the whole, and I would feel very glad for a time. Then it would all disappear, and I would grow afraid to reject the counsels of God. All the time I was watching Christians, and trying to find out some evil against them. Finally, last Monday evening I was sitting with my wife in our house, and my mind was so exercised that I nearly determined with myself to throw the Bible away. No human being could have known the resolution I was forming, when suddenly, right upon the stairs, which were open to view, I heard *three distinct and loud raps*. I felt they were a warning. O, I felt indescribable! [Here he burst into tears and sobs.] "After a while," he continued, "I began to ask myself if I was such a fool as to feel there was anything that could warn me. Perhaps it was the cat, or something else about. I arose, took the candle and went up stairs, and examined all around. There was nothing to be found. Just as I was coming down I heard the sound again, louder than before. I determined not to be frightened, and looked all round again, and came down when the warning was repeated. My wife heard the same, and can testify to the truth of this." (Here he broke down with weeping again.)

His wife was a member of the church, and a very sober, Christian woman, and I looked up to her with the expectation of seeing

her bury her face in mortification. But she was deeply solemn in her appearance, and tears flowed like rain down her cheeks. I was perplexed, mystified, incredulous. It was full four years before I heard of the phenomena of spirit-rapping, a thing which up to this day (November, 1860,) I never witnessed in a single instance. But I am in the habit of crediting testimony as to facts, and wait long for solutions. I cast my eyes to several most prominent men of the neighborhood, expecting to find reciprocal glances of incredulity; but all were serious, and rebukingly solemn. What could it mean?

The speaker recovered himself, and continued:—

“I know this looks very strange, and I tried not to believe it had any significance; and every time I thought of casting all faith in God away the noise would come again, now here, now there, till finally I said to my wife: ‘Pray for me. O, I have so tried to deny God! and if I do not repent now I shall go to hell.’ We got down on our knees and she prayed for me and I prayed for myself, and we continued praying for much of the night. I gave my heart to God, and felt a great peace within. The next morning we had prayers, and I went over to see my neighbor here, (pointing to a stout man bathed in tears,) to ask him to forgive me for the many evil things I had said about him. He took me by the hand and said he forgave me, and asked me to forgive him. I could not see he had ever done me wrong, though I used to hate him; but now I loved him. So I went to several other of my neighbors, and have tried to make all right with them. Oh, my neighbors, do forgive me; come and go to heaven with me!”

Many in the congregation were crying aloud, and my own heart was greatly touched. After a short pause he looked at me, stretched out his hand and calling me by name, said:—

“Now Mr. S., if you believe this is the spirit of God, tell me; and if you think it is, I want to be baptised this minute.”

I replied: “I believe the spirit of God has wrought salvation in your heart, and if there is any water here, I *will* baptise you this minute.”

A brother who lived near, seized the pail, and crowding out, soon returned with it full of water, and a common tin cup in his hand. He appeared in as much haste as if the house was on fire. The man, in the mean time, explained that he had fully made up his

mind as to the form of baptism by the simple reading of the Bible. He would be satisfied for himself to be sprinkled or poured. I had neither discipline or ritual, but could repeat the Apostles' Creed from memory, (as every little child could be taught to do.) I recited it to him, and asked him if he would be baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus? He knelt in solemn reverence, and bowed his head in assent. I then poured the water upon him, baptising him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

I then asked if there were others who desired to seek the Lord? Immediately some fifteen or twenty signified their wish, and we knelt in prayer, and closed the meeting at a late hour,—all saying, “We have seen strange things to-day.” Some fifteen, mostly heads of families, were added to the church in a short time.

In 1856, the principal person of whom I write, was still a member of the church in Marshall, and adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour by a good life. I know not but that he is living still, and think it but courteous to withhold his name. I saw in this State recently, a Christian man who then professed Christ, and it revived my recollection of the events, and led me to pen this narration. I have left out a few minor particulars, and several personal details, and there may be some slight errors in the use of terms, but generally, the above is true to the best of my recollection and belief. If I am asked what I think of the knocking heard, I reply, I never thought the cause of the sounds deserving of inquiry. I never for a moment doubted that he heard them, nor do I doubt the reality of their moral effect. If they had natural causes, God was in them. God is in all natural things. He speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not. In dreams, in visions of the night, the most evanescent of all phenomena, he openeth our ears and sealet instruction: so saith Job; and I cannot well retain the disgust I had for that faith which shuts God out of natural events, and finds Him only in unaccountable occurrences. It appears to me a monstrous faith, or rather superstition instead of faith. I find God in all nature, and seeing Him there in manifold and countless workings, I can see that it is easy for Him to manifest Himself in any *special means he may choose*. It is simply just what He wills about it: and such remarkable phenomena are not with me a question of faith at all, but simply a question of philosophy or fact. We all know that

such works are possible to Him. That I believe at any rate; whether the testimony which for any natural phenomena was perfectly satisfactory, will be considered as satisfactory in relation to supernatural phenomena, I leave others to judge. I stop here because I have told all I know about it.

One thing I am much satisfied with, from that evening to the present. I think I never performed an adult baptism more in accordance with Apostolic usage in my life. It was just as it should have been: and I record that evening as among the most precious experiences of my pilgrimage. When will the multitudes of this straggling world be so taught of God as to wake up to the fact of their immortality, and ask to be baptised in the name of the *Lord*?—All in God's good time.

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#### ANCIENT GALLIC WOMEN.

THERE was a quaint old soldier who fought in Gaul, and afterwards described the people. He said: "All the Gauls are tall, fair-skinned, golden-haired, and terrible for the fierceness of their eyes. A whole troop of strangers could scarcely resist one of them in a brawl, and particularly if he was assisted by his stalwart, blue-eyed wife, who, gnashing her teeth, distending her neck, brandishing her large, snowy arms, and kicking up her heels, betimes, will deliver fisticuffs like bolts from the twisted strings of a catapult."

What would the Parisian belle of the present day say to the ghost of her Amazonian ancestor who would behave in this ferocious and unseemly manner? Yet Marcellinus wrote the above from what he saw, and his declaration is in part corroborated by Polybius, who tells of the "gigantic bodies" of the Gallic women who looked with contempt on the dwarfish Romans—albeit those queer old dames are accused of "kicking up their heels, betimes." But there was one justification; they are not accused of thus indecorously behaving, except *in defence of their husbands*.

## WHAT SHALL I ASK FOR THEE?

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

What shall I ask for thee? that on thy brow  
Where beauty sits enthron'd may come no sadness;  
That thy young heart, while life's bright tide shall flow  
May beat responsive to the tones of gladness?  
Oh, I may ask it, but I cannot say  
That on thy heart will fall no weight of sorrow,  
That all thy life will be a cloudless day,  
Succeeded by a brighter, purer morrow, —  
To ask were vain!

What shall I ask for thee? That joy and pleasure  
May ever wait upon thy pathway here,  
That love's sweet syllables, in truthful measure,  
May ever fall upon thy raptured ear?  
Oh, yes! but are not joy and pleasure fleeting,  
And love too oft an idle whisper'd tone?  
Is there no parting to the happiest meeting  
That earth's frail children here have ever known?  
That too, were vain!

What shall I ask for thee? That wealth and honor  
May fling a golden halo round thy way?  
And fame above thee wave her tinsel'd banner,  
And wreath thy forehead with immortal Bay?  
But earthly riches to themselves take wings,  
And fly away, when most secure their seeming,  
And fame, e'en while her proudest song she sings,  
Will fall before us, like a midnight dreaming, —  
I'll ask not this!

What shall I ask for thee? That pure affection  
May make this world a paradise to thee,  
That thou may'st form a pure, heaven-blest connection  
With one who ever good and kind may be?  
This too I wish, but still the dearest, holiest,  
Purest and best of earth must fade and die,  
And its most loved ones, like the poor and lowliest,  
Yield to the sovereign mandate of the sky, —  
Not this, e'en this!

What shall I ask for thee? That when earth's care,  
Its joys and sorrows, all have past before thee,  
That thou may'st go in Heaven above to wear  
A crown of fadeless, bright, immortal glory,  
That thou wilt make the best thou cans't of earth,  
Make God thy guide o'er Jordan's swelling river;  
Then in that world where angels have their birth,  
Go sing the praise of His dear Son forever, —  
This, this for Thee!

## HILLS OF DIFFICULTY.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

WHEN BUNYAN dreamed his wonderful dream, he saw a mighty "Hill of Difficulty," up which the fearful, half-despondent CHRISTIAN was required to take his way. We wonder now that the Bedford Dreamer was the first to construct an allegory so marvellously applicable to the affairs of human life. All along the road-way, from the sunshine valley of childhood, to the austere realms of deadening age, hills of difficulty, precipitous, frowning and terrifying, are encountered by the pilgrim; some with their crests still draped in uncertain shadows; others overhung by the star of hope, gleaming like a clasp of fire on the zodiac. But no matter whether darkness abounds on the summit, or whether day rises beyond in manifold splendor, the traveler must on, up the heights, or be overrun by the rushing multitude, whom others, still, drive on. In the race of life, men are like a herd of buffaloes; the ones in front may not pause to consider the depths of a ravine, or to try the solidity of the ground, but must dash on, or be trodden under the hoofs of the rearward. We have not forgotten the old-time custom at the Post Office, where he who gave up his place in the column had to go back to the rear and slowly and patiently come up to the place where he had been before. We must not falter or step aside when hills of difficulties arise in front, or the friendly tide may pass on, carrying others to success, while the next wave may wash over us. Keep in line, rush with the crowd, climb with the multitude, or beware of the rough-shod feet of eager adventurers: Stop not to rest, lie not down to sleep while the stout-hearted, strong-limbed crowd drive by; in ambition, in endurance, in contumely of purpose—in all but treachery and cruelty, be PIZARROS on the march. We are disposed to forget the perfidy of the conqueror of the Incas, where the historian relates that in the of Island Gallo, tormented by hunger, menaced by revolt of his perishing soldiers, still unsuccessful, abandoned by his country, threatened by stormy seas, bidden back by arid wastes and swarming "children of the sun," PIZARRO drew a line in the sand, and striding across it, bade all follow who in dire famine still held the indomitable heart of the Castilian cavalier. That line in the sand, drifted out by the next breeze, was all that sepa-



rated Spain from the wondrous treasures of Cuzco, and the iron-heard PIZARRO from immortal renown. Inspired by the indomitable heroism of their leader, the forlorn little band pressed on, over everlasting snows, foaming rivers and lifeless deserts. Cuzco fell, and with it the Inca dynasty; the splendid Temple of the Sun was despoiled of uncomputed gold; the sun yielded up his dusky worshippers to the cross, the Incas their jewelled and golden splendors to Spain, and a great poet of an after age sang of the heroic, but perfidious PIZARRO:—

“ A greater name  
The list of glory boasts not. Toil and pain,  
Famine and hostile elements, and hosts  
Embattled, failed to check him in his course—  
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,  
Not to be overcome.”

PIZARRO knew no hills of difficulty; but all men are not PIZARROS. In the landscape of millions, dread promontories loom all along the horizon; some crowned with unpassable snows or impenetrable forests; and others threatening fiery wrath as the smoking peaks of the Cordilleras menaced the great-hearted cavaliers, but in vain. But, cheerily up the heights mount the successful thousands, heeding not the despairing cry of the fainting and fallen. Would that there were less of that selfishness which reaches never back to pull up a lagging companion; but we cannot alter or diminish that which has been unchanged since that restless giant, labor, was driven forth from his lazy slumbers in Eden.

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“ IF a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up a girl; and a boy that is a girl, has all a girl’s weaknesses without any of her regal qualities. A woman made out of a woman is God’s noblest work; a woman made out of a man is his meanest.”

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“ A christianity which will not help those who are struggling from the bottom to the top of society, needs another Christ to die for it.”

## A N E P I S O D E .

BY PAUL DUVIR.

WHEN there comes into this strange world a little breathing, undeveloped mass of unconscious humanity, powerless and utterly incapable of a single act for its own preservation, the first human impulse that is developed for its reception, is a mother's love, as she clasps it to her bosom. All unconscious is the little being, it may happen it never will be, of the deep, fathomless, unselfish tenderness in her heart. It grows and thrives apace, slowly maturing under her care and solicitude, as the flower springs from the bud under the influence of dews from Heaven. It may be that mother's love is never returned, or worse,—*she* only receives ingratitude as her reward. It matters not; in her total abnegation of self, she had not, perhaps, expected it, for true human love is a component part of our immortality, a necessity of true life, and less selfish in its essence than any other of our impulses, for it delights so much and even more in another's felicity, than in its own. It is stronger than Life or Death, for both are fearlessly met and conquered under its influence.

When the child in the passing time arrives at a degree of consciousness, and the dawning light of reason illuminates its mind, then too the mother's love gives to it the first definite impressions of life and its experiences. As those impressions may be for good or for evil, so may the future prove dark or bright. Soon other passions are born to the maturing being, and each in its turn is busy in weaving that mysterious web we call Life. Still ever through its tints and varied lights and shades, one golden web is woven, Love, mortal and immortal; emanating from the unknown past, it also is the supporting staff on which man leans to pass into the unknown future. And when in that time the breath grows feeble, and all of this world becomes dim and obscure, when the soul may pause to cast one look behind, then, even then, the voice or touch of one beloved will call it back to life and consciousness, thus proving Love outlives the clay it was enshrined in, and is coexistent with immortality and the Eternal.

## A DREAM LESSON.

BY MRS. CASE.

WHEN the gray shadows of night, fell over earth, and the soft arms of sleep folded weary frames, and breathed the balm of rest upon aching hearts, the spells of slumber lured my spirit to the enchanted realms of dreamland. There I stood by the margin of a broad, deep river, whose sullen waves rolled with restless flow past the rugged rocks. Around me was a great multitude going down to the beach, from whence they embarked in tiny boats for the other side. Heavy mists and dense clouds hung over the way, so that the keenest vision could only detect faint outlines of the farther shore, or dim, shadowy gleams of those who had gone over. All of these little barques, that bore away a living, human soul, were wafted back vacant, to be filled by others. Some sprang with reckless, daring tread on board; some danced gaily down, stepping unconsciously upon the tottering plank; and when wind and wave drifted them swiftly out, cast back long, yearning looks to the receding bank, where all their treasures were; and sent up wild prayers; and stretched out pleading hands in vain. No friendly arm could bring them back, no human hand oppose the fearful tide. Others, with feverish haste, waited not to be ferried o'er, but, with mad, scornful passion, dashed into the black vortex below. They were soon lost to sight in the murky waves, and none knew if they ever reached the land. A few only spoke with cheerfulness of crossing this dark stream, saying, that unknown land was fair and beautiful, that life was rare and glorious there; they had many friends who had gone before, and sometime the low, soft music of the winds blended with tones from the loved voices that still sang for them. As I looked with strange interest on this mighty throng, continually passing from my side, the fierce pain which had long preyed at my heart grew fiercer; throbs of agony beat in my brain, until I, too, looked eagerly out for a glimpse of the destined boat that would bear me away from the present grief and pain, I cared not whither. With bitter and impatient voice I cried, "Oh! will it *never* come, I *cannot* wait," and with desperate madness I thought to drown all sense of sorrow in those cold waters. But a strange, low voice

whispered, "Pause, and look back." Then I turned and saw the long, devious path by which I had come; how there were many withered buds that I might have cherished into blossom; precious gems lost amid dust and ashes, and many sheaves ungathered, wasting on the plain. And others, with feeble, faltering steps, were pressing onward, by crooked, thorny by-ways, to the river side. Some had fallen in dark places, where hurrying crowds strode by, stretching no helping hand to aid these suffering ones. "Surely I can wait a little, and do something to redeem the past." Thus I thought, and stepped back from the dizzy precipice. Going out to a well worn highway, where thousands wretchedly toiled on, I offered, with a willing heart, such help or comfort as I could bestow. Long, long hours rolled by; a deadly faintness crept over my form, yet I could not turn back, nor disregard the mute appeals that asked for help on every side. This labor, that at first was irksome, soon became pleasant, for it eased the dull aching of my spirit's tenderest chords—lessened the bitter sense of wrong and suffering that had oppressed me like a mountain's weight. Borne on by the impetuous force of this vast throng, I reached the river's shore again; but coming by a different route, it did not seem the same. A broad ray of light, like an angel's track, lay directly across the shining flood; a white sail was nearing the silver sand; there was

"A murmur of wings, and silver strings,  
And snowy robes in the distance blue;  
And purple pinions, fluttering  
The clouds of the sunset through."

Then from the panting shadows came the warble of a thrilling voice, like a benediction, saying,

"Go now in peace, the appointed barque hath come;  
There's the chiming song of *welcome home*."

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"You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt, and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it into forms, and bake them in your oven, and call such things men, and present them as citizens, and teachers, for our regard, as to bring old, time-worn institutions to serve the growth, and the living wants of to-day."

## THE LEGEND OF ST. ARNULPH.\*

BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

Arnulph, fired with holy passion, said in youth's illusive time,  
"I would make life nobler, purer ; I to holier heights would climb ;  
Æsculapian toils forgetting, and the paths where mortals plod,  
In the cloister's sacred silence I would live to serve my God."

Then the father, old in wisdom, and of reverent aspect, spoke : —  
"Since the path wherein I labor thou art yearning to forsake,  
Ask of God Supreme for guidance — I will yield me to his plan,  
Yet I hold it truest worship, serving God while serving man."

On that night a holy vision answered Arnulph's fervent prayer —  
He beheld a radiant angel bearing roses heavenly fair ;  
And in soft, celestial accents, spake the messenger divine —  
"These, O mortal, are their offerings who serve God, thy God and mine."

"What, dear angel, can I offer unto Him, my God and King ?"  
And he answered : "In my left hand is thy chosen offering" —  
"But these flowers, though fair, are scentless," Arnulph cried with eager  
tone,  
"While the right hand's sacred blossoms an immortal fragrance own."

"In my left I bear their offerings," said the angel, "who below  
Love to serve the Father only, solacing no human wo ;  
Theirs the right hand's sweet oblation who, by earthly deeds of love,  
Lavished nobly on His creatures, worship thus the God above."

Calm and white the shining angel vanished from the raptured youth ;  
Vanished with the mystic roses, symbols of revealed truth ;  
And the meaning of the vision Arnulph learned in wisdom then,  
And he stands as "Holy Prophet" in the chronicles of men !

*San Francisco, Dec., 1860.*

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\* Surnamed the Holy Prophet.

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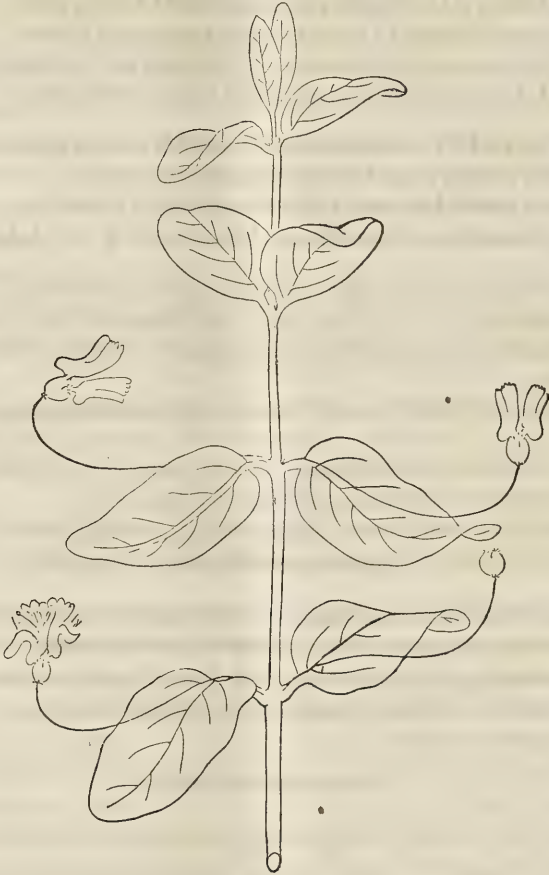
"WHAT a pin is when the diamond has dropped from its setting,  
that is the Bible when its emotive truths have been taken away."

BRIDAL HONEYSUCKLE.

*Lonicera conjugialis*—Kellogg.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE Bridal Honeysuckle was recently brought from Washoe by Dr. J. A. Veatch, whose self-sacrificing enterprise in the cause of natural science we are fain to make so frequent and honorable mention.



BRIDAL HONEYSUCKLE.

The flowers, as seen in the figure, are fond bridal partners in life's sunny days, as the significant name itself implies.

Thus do we see everywhere effigied forth for our contemplation the beauty, love, and harmonious happiness which pervade the orderly course of all God's works. Were this order oftener brought out, loved, and heartily adopted in life, we feel assured no one need fail of their full measure of temporal and eternal felicity.

“Flowers of the field, that quickly fade away,  
May well to us instruction yield, who die as soon as they.”

*Technical Description.*—Stem rather stiffly erect and branching, branches 4-angled, buds sharply quadrangular elongated.

Leaves cordate and sub-cordate, occasionally oval-oblong, obtuse or sometimes somewhat sub-acute, lamina thin, reticulate, minutely soft velvety pubescent throughout, especially the lower surface, which is lighter green, or somewhat glaucous. On short petioles, ( $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch long,) the leaves vary in size from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 inches long by  $\frac{1}{2}$  to an inch broad.

Flower stems filiform, very minutely pubescent, longer than the leaves, (about 2 inches in length,) widely divaricate or declined, ascending and incurved at the summit. Two flowers united to form one berry; bracts (3) exceedingly minute or obsolete.

Calyx teeth minute, subulate, ciliate, unequal hirsute. Flowers dark purple, gibbous at the base on the outside, glabrous, deeply bilabiate, the lower linear-lip-lobe more than twice the length of the very short tube; upper lip with 4 very short somewhat unequal teeth, stamens and pistil equal, included, filaments glabrous and purple above, quite hirsute below at the insertion into the tube, anthers linear versatile; style hirsute.

This interesting species appears to be closely allied to *L. cerulea*, but the peduncles are not “*very short*,” but quite the opposite. In general habit it strongly resembles *L. oblongifolia*, (Hook,) but that species has “erect”—“*constantly erect*” peduncles, whereas our Washoe specimen has them declined. *L. oblongifolia* is said to have “greenish yellow” flowers, whereas these are deep madder purple, both internally and externally: the filaments also are not “glabrous,” but strongly bearded below—nor is the corolla “hirsute.” Hooker insists upon the “hirsute corolla” as a distinct feature in *L. oblongifolia*, although Dr. Terry, we see, omits the mention of it.

Fruit red, on spreading peduncles.



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## STORY OF THE WHITE SHIP.

BY "UNCLE JOHN."

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ONE bright November evening, seven hundred and twenty years ago, there was the sound of great mirth and festivity in the old baronial castle of the Count of Anjou, of Normandy. Many Norman nobles were present; they had come to acknowledge Prince William, son of Henry the First, and Maud the Good, as successor to his father, on the English throne.

Henry the First was now an old man; and he wished to have his son, Prince William, acknowledged his successor before his death; so he went with him over to Normandy to receive the approbation of the powerful Norman nobles.

They assembled in the great hall of the castle, and there proclaimed Prince William king, after his father; and they chose him a bride from among the daughters of the old rich Count of Anjou. The whole ended with a great three days' festival.

I could not tell you, and you would not believe, without seeing it, all the glare and glitter, the noise and revelry of a festival of those days. Proud, high-born dames, with turbans of silk, set with jewels; and mantles glittering with gold; courtiers with plumed caps, and knights with coats of steel and silver, glancing in the light, and throwing back the blaze from a hundred silver lamps, swinging from ceilings of carved oak, curiously wrought with birds and flowers.



Then there were great, massive tables of solid oak, with legs and feet wrought in the shape of an eagle's, with its claws clasping a golden ball; and high-backed chairs, with the figure of a golden crown on the top, and richly embossed with gold and silver, and some of them wrought of pure silver alone. Then there were drinking cups of gold, set with pearls, and knives and spoons of the same. Forks they had none; they used their fingers instead; but then they were abundantly supplied with napkins of fine linen, and often of silk; and a page always stood behind the chair of each guest, with a finger bowl of silver filled with water.

During the feast, old gray-haired minstrels played on their harps, and sung at the upper end of the hall; sometimes they sung songs of the olden times;—how William, the Conqueror, came with his bold Normans, in his ship with the figure of the Golden Boy on the prow, and his prond banner fluttering in the breeze, on which was wrought, in gold, the Three Red Lions of Normandy. How on the field of Hastings, King Harold fell, shot by Norman archers; and how “twenty Norman Knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English Knights, and the soldiers still faithfully collected round their blinded King. The King received a mortal wound and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied and the day was lost.”

All this the minstrels sung; and the nobles listened, and the proud barons clasped their swords at their sides, for the Song of Battle sent a deep thrill through the warrior's heart.

Well, after the festival, the knights and barons separated, each for his own strong castle; and King Henry the First, and Prince William, with all their retinue, prepared to embark for the English shore.

Then an old sea-captain, called Fitz-Stephen, approached the King, and said, “Sire, my father directed the ship with the three Red Norman Lions on the flag, and the Golden Boy on the prow, in which your father, brave William the Conqueror, sailed, when he came to conquer England. I have built me a ship like it in every part, called the White Ship, and steered by fifty strong sailors. I pray you, sire, to sail in it with me to England, as your father, the

great Conqueror, sailed with my father before me."

"That I cannot do," replied King Henry, "for my own ship is now waiting for me; but Prince William shall sail with you, and all his retinue."

So they embarked in the White Ship,—one hundred and forty youthful nobles, and eighteen noble ladies, the fairest in all England.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and the gay company assembled on deck, and above them waved the Norman Lions, and the Golden Boy glittered on the prow; and the minstrels brought their harps, and the proud nobles and fair ladies danced on the deck by moonlight.

"Bring wine!" said Prince William; "wine for the nobles and ladies, wine for the fifty sailors; let us celebrate the time when my grandfather, the great William, came in a good ship like this to conquer the brave Saxon, King Harold, and instead of the banner with the Warrior, set up the Three Norman Lions."

So they brought wine, and the nobles drank, and the sailors drank, too, till their heads reeled, and their eyes were heavy, and they did not see the rocks toward which the good White Ship was steering.

Hark! a crash! and then a shriek, borne far across the moonlit seas; and then were seen floating plumes, and purple mantles, and scarfs of embroidered gold, spread upon the waters, and here and there a fair white hand stretched toward heaven. They went down,—all went down, amid the calm waters, on that still November night, and the sea lay smooth and silent above the White Ship.

King Henry heard of it, and he fell as one dead, among his nobles, in his palace on the banks of the Thames. He lived afterward a few solitary years, but—he never smiled again.

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"It is not work that kills men; it is worry. You can hardly put more upon a man, than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices."

## Literary Notices and Reviews.

"MISS GILBERT'S CAREER:" An American Story, by J. G. HOLLAND, author of the "Titcomb Letters;" 1 vol., pp. 476.

The literary world is tolerably familiar with the pleasing letters of "Timothy Titcomb," and, under the title of "Miss Gilbert's Career," the author has offered a volume which will attain no less popularity. We have read this story with a great deal of pleasure, and have not failed to remark the eloquent and attractive style which gave celebrity to the author's foregoing productions. For sale by A. Roman, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

"HAND-BOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, by ANNA C. LYNCH BOTTA. 1 Vol., pp. 567.

This work is designed for the use of schools and colleges, but it also affords a treasury of valuable knowledge comprehensible and entertaining to every intelligent reader. The selections are from the latest and best authors, and are made with the discriminate taste which has distinguished nearly all the productions of Miss Lynch. The work will be exceedingly valuable in family libraries. For sale by A. Roman, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

"LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S." 1 Vol., pp. 239.

This is an attractive little story of school-girls' life, which, we doubt not, will deeply interest the hundreds of intelligent young girls who are enjoying the admirable educational advantages already available in this State. We can observe nothing in this little volume which would not improve both the understanding and the heart. For sale by A. Roman, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE, by PARKE GODWIN.

The first volume of this attractive work contains 495 pages, and extends from the earliest era of Ancient Gaul down to 843, A. D. The author does not inform us how many volumes are to follow, but observes that each will be in itself complete; few authors have so wisely prepared against the casualties of life by which death might destroy the original plan. The first volume gives promise of one of the most interesting of modern histories. It includes all that can be gathered of Ancient Gaul, its inhabitants, their origin and earliest appearance in history. It is worth while to read his descriptions of that ancient war-like race, and compare their customs and characteristics with those of modern France. For sale by A. Roman, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

"POEMS," by SARAH GOULD. This is a handsome little volume of 180 pages, and contains some beautiful little poems, many of them of exquisite sweetness. We have not had time to give the book careful review, but believe it a production of merit. For sale by A. Roman, 127 Montgomery street.

## THE LATEST FASHIONS.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.—While visiting the East, recently, we perfected an arrangement by which we are always in possession of the latest Paris, London and New York Fashions—of which proper advertisement is made elsewhere. We intended an important service to the lady friends of the *HESPERIAN*, and so great has been the demand for Patterns and other attentions, that we fear the literary department of the *HESPERIAN* has not received that attention demanded by its intelligent and generous patrons. All this will be remedied in a following number. At the request of many lady friends in this city and elsewhere, we have procured the assistance of competent dress-makers, and are now prepared to illustrate the Fashion descriptions by garments completed in the most elegant and substantial manner. This enterprise was not thought of at first; but it followed as a sort of corrolary to the Pattern proposition. Besides, we have been ever sincerely and earnestly advocating the dignity and nobility of labor, and are willing to illustrate precept by example—the more, since it becomes every man and woman. It is related that on a certain occasion, the Tarquinn princes, together with Brutus and Collatinus, determined at midnight, to ride immediately to Rome and ascertain which of all their wives should be found in the most worthy and matronly employment. Arriving unexpectedly, they found the wives of the king's sons entertaining other ladies with a costly banquet; but going to the house of Collatinus, they found his good and beautiful wife Lucretia, with her housemaids around her, working at the loom, though it was an hour past midnight. The royal revellers, ashamed of the idleness of their wives, magnanimously proclaimed Lucretia the woman most worthy to be the wife of a Roman.

Emulating the illustrious Roman lady, only in what relates to industry, we have sought to illustrate theory by practice, in the hope that the fruits of industry will have provided against the time of age when none can work. Observation has convinced us that the avocation of letters may leave the devotee destitute of the means of life when the brain shall have tired of intellectual labor, and the hands grown thin and tremulous. He spake with authority from heaven who said: "Work while it is called to-day;" and mindful of that imperious, but still friendly admonition, we have embarked in this enterprise, in which we hope to find the reward of well meant and indomitable industry.

JANUARY FASHIONS.—Our last month's report on Fashion was so full and elaborate that it seems as if little more need be said at the present time. We have, however, a word or two yet to say on this all important topic.

CLOAKS and outer garments naturally occupy much attention at this season of the year, and the patterns we have just received combine elegance and comfort; they are of loose, sacque form, with sleeves. One of the most stylish is the "Zara" Cloak, which has sack front and "Arab" hood, with the objectionable "baggy" look removed. Deep pointed sleeves, with military epaulets, and trimming of velvet and tassels, complete one of the most distinguished garments of the season.

We have also the "Empress" Cloak, which also has full, flowing sleeves, with pointed collar. The body of sack form, of ample dimensions.

There are also an endless variety of Sacks, or street Basques, cut to fit the form more or less tightly, according to the taste of the wearer.

The "Mexican" Cloak, with the scarf-like trimming, falling over one shoulder only, is a novel and decidedly stylish garment.

**ZOUAVE JACKET**—Made of velvet, (of which black is the most fashionable,) trimmed with gold cord, and lined with white silk quilted, are much in vogue.

Madame Demorest, whose authority in these matters none pretend to dispute, in the last "Quarterly Report," says of the

**ZOUAVE VEST**.—"Among other pretty things, the Zouave vests attracts attention, because it is part of a very becoming costume, and one which has made a decided sensation in the world of fashion. The Zouave jackets are still worn and will be through the coming season, but their beauty is greatly enhanced, indeed almost dependent on the style of the vest. Those most in vogue are waists of India or Nansook muslin, with full puffed or plaited bosom and full sleeves with cuffs to match the front. The puffs are generally horizontal, with rows of fine needle-work insertion between the plaits, are straight down, and are frequently boxed, the upper side being embroidered. Either a collar or standing edge of lace completes it round the throat, ornamented with a bow of ribbon, in the centre of which is a little golden figure, or emblem."

**RIBBONS** this season are very rich. Black grounds, with gay colored figures to correspond with the brocade dress silk now so fashionable, have been imported by some of our principal merchants.

**DRESSES** are gored, and the skirts full trimmed. One of the latest styles has three narrow ruffles and a puff, which are placed around the bottom of the skirt, covering it about eight inches from the bottom; three more are then put on in the form of festoons, each point ornamented with a bow of ribbon, and the whole reaching more than midway up the skirt. The sleeves and waist are trimmed to correspond. Nothing can exceed the rich and stylish appearance which this dress makes.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

Our Pattern this month is an elegant flowing sleeve, composed of two pieces; the "cap" and trimming down the side of the sleeve being all in one. The notches at the top of the sleeve show where plaits should be laid; the second piece should then be laid on the sleeve, the deep point (which forms the cap) in the centre; the trimming will then reach the side of the sleeve, as intended. Trim with "gimpure" lace, velvet, or any pretty trimming suitable to the dress.

## Editor's Table.

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OBSERVATION OF NEW-YEAR'S DAY.—We have ever been opposed to the presentation of wines and strong liquors as a means of entertaining friends who call on New Year's Day. It seems strangely inconsistent that woman, whose happiness is so often destroyed by the dread curse, should offer the death-infected cup to the husbands and brothers of others whose hearts may afterwards sink in despondency as the awful consumption of strong drink leaves them worse than widowed and brotherless. We know that it is a custom, and that evil is not intended when the beautiful woman with her sweetest smile presents the sparkling wine cup to chivalrous manhood—to one who, perhaps, under other circumstances, would refuse to drink; but it is nevertheless a ceremony over which an invisible death presides; and harsh as it may seem to so speak, when stripped of all disguisements and insufficient apology, it places good and virtuous woman in the light of a *tempter*—for, say they all, “we cannot refuse from the hand of a lady—it were impolite and unmanly to reject her hospitality!” Surely there are other and more rational means of displaying generous welcome and free-hearted hospitality. God forbid that we should be convinced that our friends—husbands, brothers, fathers, sons—are so devoted to the wine-bowl that the entertainment of a friend's house would be to them incomplete without an array of glasses and decanters! But we expostulate in vain, when even teachers of Religion become the undisguised apologists of the *moderate* use of intoxicating liquors! Would that they could set bounds beyond which the moderate drinker might not pass—that they could stand perpetually on the confines of want and misery and ruin, and warn back the unsteady one who, in spite of their “moderate” philosophy, would go to explore the unyielding depths!

It seems wonderful that the unction of a pure and holy religion should thus enable vice and virtue to meet on common ground, while all experience and the uncontrovertible precepts of eighteen hundred years have declared such association scandalous and unnatural. The country is full of these human wrecks who not long ago were “moderate drinkers”; they infest the lunatic asylum, and the prison; they sit in squalor and abandonment in the doorways, and totter along the edge of the grave. They fell to this deplorable condition notwithstanding the earnest proclamations of Religion that they were going in the ways of Sin and Despair. But under the enlightenment of this new and accommodating doctrine, which authorizes a sort of *religious moderate drinking*, what an immense crowd will soon be thronging down the broad way that leads to death! If all the churches of the world should introduce the moderate drinking *indulgence*, the calculus of the Angel of Death would hardly be sufficient to enumerate the death-ward pilgrims of this new theology. Spare us this dreadful heresy, thou man of Nazareth, and preserve our households from its consuming curse!

THE BURDEN OF THE NEW YEAR.—Reader, we wish you a HAPPY NEW YEAR! What more should we add to that time-honored benediction? What can we say that has not been said, and thought, and felt, over and over? We have no time for thought, for moralizing, or philosophical dissertation, to-day; for the great heart of the multitude is throbbing with joy as the first light of the New Year overspreads the heavens, and begins a new measure of time, unchequered by sin, unshadowed by sorrow. Therefore, reader, whether found on the flowering meadows of youth, on the heights of middle age, or on the sear declivity leading down to the invisible, we wish you, from the depths of a warm heart, a HAPPY NEW YEAR! We grieve for the departure of the old year, who brought abundance of good, and happiness, and prosperity. True, he brought some of pain, and poverty, and death; but his blessings fell close together like drops of autumnal rain, and his afflictions far apart. When an old friend dies, we are sad, and temporarily absenting ourselves from unbecoming festivity, we listen reverently to the story of his life. Hear, then, while a man of genius sings of the Last Moment of our friend, the Old Year:—

#### THE LAST MOMENT.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

It is midnight, and the shimmering stars  
 On the last moment of the waning year  
 From the far o'erarching vault are shining.  
 How still and calm the voices of the night!  
 Still as the breathing of a sleeping babe,  
 So calm and soft, we tremble as we bend,  
 With pulses checked, over its tiny bed,  
 To scan the little face, the while in fear,  
 Lest it be not breathing, but death's silence!  
 How clear, how bright, these lovely star-light beams!  
 Clear as the dying Christian's heaven-turned faith,  
 When his freed spirit soars to realms of bliss;  
 So bright, that to the eye of him whose feet  
 Have trod the ways of Virtue and of Peace,  
 They seem a type of God's rich promises  
 To those who do His will.

How many eyes,  
 That were a year ago upturned, to view  
 Those starry depths, are now forever closed,  
 Under the shadow of the Cypress tree,  
 In the cold, narrow, unrelenting tomb!  
 Then, the warm cheek with health was all aglow,—  
 Then, the bright eye was fired with Love and Hope,—  
 Then, the clear voice rang out in merry tone,—  
 Then, the stout heart fought the great Life-battle  
 Valiantly with indomitable will,

That seemed to presage easy victory  
 Over all adverse fortune ;—but, to-night,  
 No flush illumes the unremembered cheek ;  
 Alas ! the beaming eye no more shall gaze  
 Upon earth's beauties ; it hath opened now  
 Upon a spirit-world of loveliness—  
 Or woe unspeakable ; and the clear voice  
 Whose tones melodious thrilled the ear, is hushed,  
 Forever hushed on earth, but not destroyed ;  
 Either its song seraphic, near the Throne  
 Of God, joins holy angels in His praise,  
 Or, in tremendous accents, groaneth forth,—  
 “ My punishment is greater than I can bear.”  
 Or the same heart, it may be, purified  
 From all the dross of this world's vanity,  
 Is leaping now for joy, at God's right hand.

What rainbow hopes of coming joys arose,  
 As a twelvemonth since, the worldling's vision  
 Glanced at those radiant orbs, and deemed their light  
 For his own benefaction solely shone :—  
 Thou weak prey of inordinate desire,  
 Poor, selfish mortal, all those hopes are fled !  
 Learn, thou, to-night, a purer, higher lesson ;  
 Let retrospection teach the wholesome truth ;—  
 Unreasonable hopes are but a scourge,  
 And calm content alone brings happiness,  
 With its attendant blessings.

And love-dreams

Happily illumined the eye of the young  
 And blooming maiden, whose pure virgin heart  
 Had just drunk in the ecstacy of joy  
 That wells up from the deep fountains of trust  
 And confidence ; but, alas ! now shattered  
 The pictured charm and happiness of life,  
 The bouyant images of Eden love.  
 The vow is broken, and the bleeding heart,  
 With audible grief, beats wildly.

Some wept ;

And some looked on those silent monitors  
 With burning eyes, where tears refused to flow,  
 And saw the year die out, with keen remorse,  
 Over its precious moments wasted. Such  
 Will be the thought of many, who, to-night,  
 With sunken eye peer into those clear depths ;



And some of these will utterly despair,  
 And, listless, enter on another year ;  
 While other some will form a high resolve  
 That, in the future, they will "sin no more."

Almighty Father ! by whose sovereign will  
 Those starry worlds fill their allotted space,—  
 So let me live within the coming years,  
 Or while it is Thy pleasure I remain  
 Beneath their lambent light, that when, at last,  
 The final moment of my years is filled,  
 I may, with eye of faith, look calmly up,  
 And see that beaming star of Grace and Love,  
 Which shone at Bethlehem.

The foregoing we esteem one of the finest poems ever contributed to the *Hesperian*. And, pleased with the melody, we turn with joy to the advent of the New Year. The fields have been heavy laden with a generous harvest ; the rich chambers of the mine are still abundantly yielding their golden tribute ; the white cottages of labor are multiplying on the hill and in the valley, where strong-armed workers will for one day lay aside the heavy implement of toil, and in peace and prosperity keep the great passover of Time. We know of nothing to restrain universal joy as the first light of the New Year whitens the eastward peaks. It is true that there are apprehensions of national strife, threatening the integrity of our union of States ; but we are not fearful of that dread calamity ; we have confidence in the patriotism of the people, who, repossessing the national spirit which animated "Marion's Men," will come, even from among the Palmettos, and wrest away the sword that would cut the sacred compact asunder. Already, the threatening cloud is beginning to part ; and ere long, as nations look with wonder, disappointment or joy, the full-orbed sun of our national glory will again shed his unobstructed light from Florida to Pembina ; from the easternmost cape of the Republic, to the far-off western shores. Strong in this hope, and grateful for the multifarious blessings which this day's light reveals, we will only add : may God ordain you, reader, a Happy New Year, from its first to its last sun !

CALIFORNIA ART AND ARTISTS.—Recent public exhibitions have sufficiently made known that California is not destitute of either inventive, mechanical or artistic genius. Although incredulous Easterns stubbornly continue in the belief that all in the Far West are eager in their grasp after gold, and recognize nothing so readily as the sheen of the dollar, we can, nevertheless, introduce to them writers of prose and poetry, inventors, mechanics and artists whose capacities would demand and receive respectful recognition in any civilized capital. And why not ? Is there any thing in the presence of gold to expel refinement, art, mind ? Do not men of genius find their way to any but the sterile territory of unrewarded labor ? It is true that in a new country, where the strong sinews of the arm are more required than the delicate touches of Art, we should

not look too confidently for the wonderful productions of the painter or sculptor; but, nevertheless, here and there a glorious picture has grown to life, under the pencil of genius, as the rare flower sometimes springs on the desert under the wooings of the summer sun. We have seen a splendid picture, the creation of a young artist who has had no instructor but his own intuitive perception of beautiful proportion. We are referring to Mr. DAVID D. NEAL, who, still unknown to fame, has painted a picture before which intelligent criticism lingers in admiration. Our young friend has had no instructor, but with admirable wisdom has busied himself on less pretentious works, which will enable him to study in Europe, and *begin* the career of fame. The picture referred to is one of extraordinary beauty, more like the work of a master than a learner. It is, we trust, but a faint shadowing of what will be produced when the young student shall have seen and studied the glorious art-world of Rome. Mr. NEAL will have been the first student from California in the Capital of Art, to which he will carry commanding capacity. As his friend, we are proud of his genius, and ambitious for his future fame.

**A NEW AND USEFUL ENTERPRISE.**—We observe that one of our contributors, Mr. CALVIN B. McDONALD, has established a new business, in this city, which promises to become both important and profitable. His design is, we believe, to collect and condense the news of the week, also to revise and forward telegraphic dispatches for the use of interior journalists, who will be thus saved a deal of labor, in addition to possessing a weekly compendium of news, which will be prepared in a condensed form, ready for print, and at a trifling cost to each. Long experience as an interior journalist has abundantly qualified our friend to do intelligently what he proposes; and we do not fail to observe that this enterprise will expand to an important and remunerative occupation—extending, perhaps, to Eastern journals. Wherever McDonald's letters appear they will be read with interest—it cannot be otherwise.

**REMEMBER THE POOR.**—While the fire burns brightly in your own grate, and the lamps give forth their brilliant, cheerful light; while your sumptuous table groans beneath the weight of good things so abundantly spread upon it; while your senses are regaled, and your forms invigorated by the strength which they impart; while surrounded by loved and loving friends who vie with each other in contributing their share to the sum total of your happiness; while in the enjoyment of every blessing which the beneficent Father has so abundantly bestowed upon you—pause for one moment and think of those wretched ones who sit shivering in squalid poverty over a fireless hearth; whose long, dreary evenings are uncheered by a single taper; whose cup-board and table are alike bare to satisfy the needs of their famishing, half-starved forms,—of those whose staff of life has been broken; whose friends have passed on to the higher life, leaving them uncheered and alone to continue the journey of life, with naught but the memory of kind hearts and loving hands to bear them company,—think of the lonely widow and the helpless orphan, whose pathetic appeal is even now sounding in your ears, and from the abundance which God has given to you, meet out to them with a liberal heart and a generous hand.

**CHINESE COOLIES.**—At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Mechanics' Institute, Mr. EDMUND A. FULLER introduced a series of anti-Coolie resolutions, which have attracted a good deal of attention. Mr. FULLER is a young mechanic of extraordinary mind; and in his bold advocacy of the rights of labor, he has exhibited uncommon vigor and understanding. So far as we are informed, the resolutions meet the approval of a large majority of the Institute, which, undoubtedly, should be the bold exponent of industrial interests.

**ADDITIONAL PAGES.**—In accordance with original design, we have added several more pages to the *Hesperian*, hoping that ere long improved business will enable us to afford further enlargement. The addition is not much, to be sure; but we trust it will be acceptable to our readers, to whom we promise other improvements as circumstances may enable us with safety. Our rule is never to venture beyond the means in hand, though hope in the future beckon never so encouragingly; and by undeviating adherence to this principle, we have preserved a Magazine, which we intend to live long after we shall have been.

**"MEDORA."**—We present another beautiful engraving, which, like the former, requires no explanation. All who have read the "Corsair" will recognize Medora—

"She, his Medora, did she mark the prow?  
Ah! never loved he half so much as now."

Observe the beacon light, the night clouds, and dark waters stretching away from the cliff from which the beautiful Medora watches for the return of the Corsair, and all is complete.

**ANNE K. H. FADER.**—We learn that this sweet poetess is at present visiting this city. Her home is in a little way-side cottage, away up at Trinity Centre, where she is the good and beautiful wife of an industrious and worthy citizen. Anne K. H. Fader is a woman of *genius*; her thoughts take hold upon the heart; but, like a good and true wife of California, poetry is not her vocation—her house is the sanctuary of one of the strong-armed pioneers. Her mind has made Trinity Centre classic ground.

**"KING GOLD."**—In a succeeding number we shall commence publication of a magnificent story, entitled "King Gold," by CALVIN B. McDONALD. Distinguished as a journalist, Mr. McDonald has not yet produced any extended work; but in our manuscript of "King Gold," we have recognized a composition not inferior to the "Slave of the Lamp."

**OUR CONTRIBUTORS.**—We may be permitted to express great pride in the array of contributors presented this month; and to each we wish to express grateful acknowledgements.

**"ALGÆ."**—The length of this splendid production compelled its reservation for next number. We prize it highly, and in due time it will be presented to the admiration of others.

MRS. FARNHAM'S NEW BOOK.—The number of original articles necessarily provided in this number, compelled us to forego continued quotation from Mrs. Farnham's admirable work on "Woman;" they will be resumed, however, in the February number of the *Hesperian*. We are pleased but not amazed to observe that the portions already printed in this Magazine, have been everywhere admired by intelligent readers.

THE MOSSES.—The following beautiful passage from RUSKIN ought to live forever:—

"The mosses, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to it. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, torn for the granery, moss for the grave. Yet, as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the uninterrupted rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star-like on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunset of a thousand years."

DELINQUENT AGENTS.—Several of our agents have too long neglected settlement, very much to the derangement of our business affairs. They will be admonished that we will be obliged to mention the names of delinquents in a succeeding number, together with the sums withheld. The annoyance cannot be endured much longer.

NEW VOLUME.—The next number will complete the Fifth Volume of the *Hesperian*. With the sixth, new attractions will be offered, which, we trust, will bring a corresponding subscription response.

SACREDNESS OF THE LOST.—The following beautiful verse contains a sentiment which many of our readers will recognize as a feeling they have no doubt experienced, but never knew how so touchingly to express:—

"Oh, never breathe a lost one's name  
 When those who loved that name are nigh:  
 It pours a lava through the frame  
 That chokes the breath and fills the eye;  
 It strains a chord that yields too much  
 Of piercing anguish to its breath,  
 And hands of mercy should not touch  
 A string made eloquent by death!"





THE GREAT CRATER OF KILAUEA, VOLCANO OF MAUNA LOA, HAWAII.



ZELMA MANTLE.





# PATTERNS.

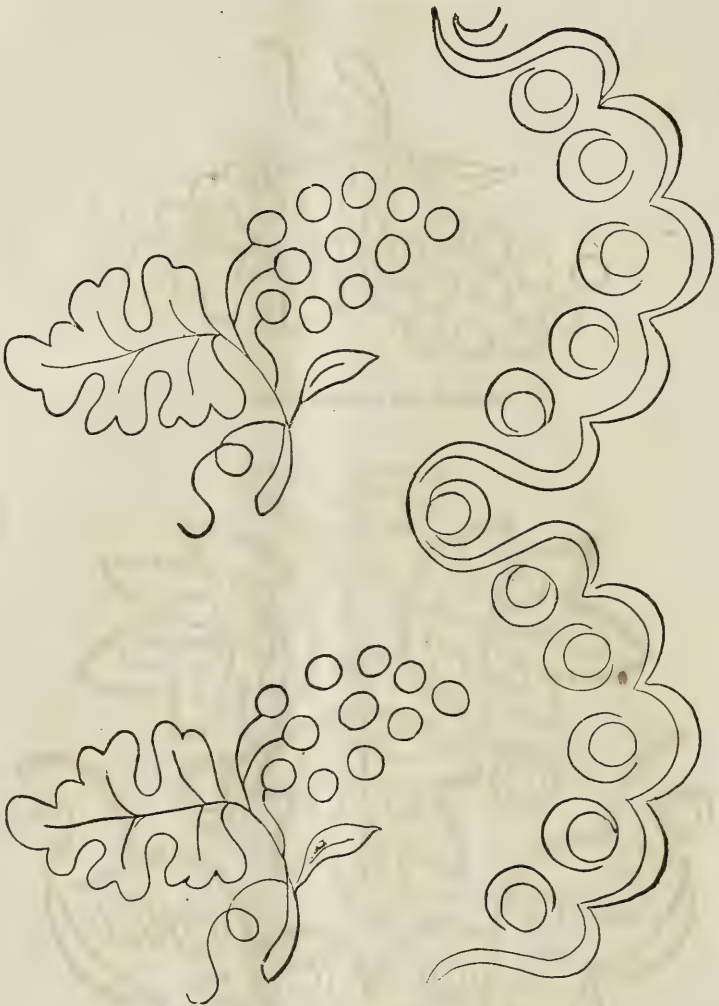
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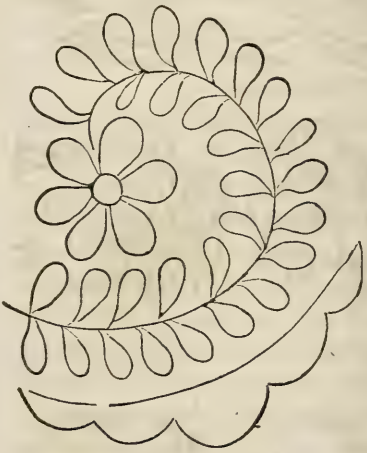
PATTERN FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



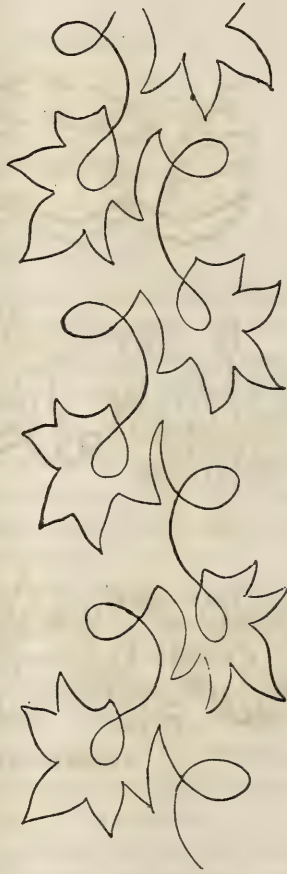
BROIDERY FOR MUSLIN SKIRT.



EDGE FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



BROIDERY FOR DRAWERS.



BRAID PATTERN.



INSERTION AND EDGING PATTERNS.

# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

No. 6.

PHILIP WARREN;  
OR,  
MY LADY'S GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

CHAPTER II.

*Adventures on Furlough.*

ON the following morning the agreement between Leonora Caruthers and Philip Warren was signed, and witnessed by the maid, Catherine Rush. My month's salary was paid to me in advance, and I was informed that as my lady's intention was to travel, my expenses would be paid in addition to my salary. Money was put into my hands along with the plan of our progress for the coming two or three months, and I was made the agent not only of the lesser business of buying railroad tickets and paying hotel bills, but also of the affairs of quite a large southern estate.

I hardly knew, during those three months of travel, whether I waked or dreamed. Had I been the owner of thousands instead of a salaried agent, I could not have been more at liberty to enjoy the advantages of wealth: for my mistress chose to "fare sumptuously every day," and in all the elegancies of her living, the peculiarity of my engagements made me a participant. We commenced our journeying by visiting first the fashionable resorts, where until the close of the season we lingered, often "the observed of all observers." From the respectful yet guardian care which I always bestowed upon my mistress, I was no doubt generally taken to be a near relative; and the anxiety shown to discover the antecedents of both of us were often the subject of my own amusement. To her whom I served no mention was ever made of these speculations,

though I was sure that she was not in ignorance of them. The mystery which surrounded our party did not lessen the interest it inspired; and the beautiful woman I guarded so carefully had only to smile to bring a bevy of hunting admirers to her side. But as she rarely smiled in this way, I had her mostly to myself. Would she walk, she sent her maid to inform me of her wish, and I went only too willingly, though in an almost unbroken silence, to attend her. Would she ride, I was sent for to occupy one seat, as did her maid another. Sometimes she asked, as a great favor, that I would read some rather dry and abstract work aloud to her, "because," she said, "it was more easily understood when pronounced in my full masculine tones." Generally, I think, her maid read to her. I was also called upon to help her sometimes with a *French* or *German* verb. In music she was a proficient, and I seldom had such pleasure as when she invited me to sing with her.

How often was I tempted to let my voice express the passion of the music which we sang! but her never-varying unconsciousness restrained me, and kept me true to my promise not to intrude upon her any personal feelings or attentions. Nevertheless, while her unconsciousness did not allow of the utterance, neither did it interfere with the cherishing of a world of silent passion in my own bosom; it rather favored it.

The fashionable season being over, we made flying visits to some more out of the way places, remarkable for their own beauty, or for reminiscences connected with them: and when November had come almost to a close returned to New York, and settled down in a house of our own. I say *our* own, because so much were all business affairs left in my hands that I felt the feeling of ownership strong as if I had truly been proprietor. I did not, however, like the new arrangement so well as the former one; for during all the early part of the season there was very little necessity for any intercourse between us. I think she felt the irksomeness as well as myself; for suddenly, after a fortnight's housekeeping, during which time we only met at dinner, my mistress summoned me.

"You wish to see your mother?" she said.

I assented; but more because I knew it was expected, than on account of any longing I had to see my only parent. Nor let mothers be offended at this confession. A man just in the height and

depth of an undeclared love, cannot easily consent to be thrust away in that unsettled state of mind. But I had no alternative. She handed me a bundle of letters, saying that when those were answered, I was at liberty to take a month's vacation.

"I am tempted," I said, with a sudden forgetfulness of my duty, "to leave one of these letters forever unanswered."

"I trust," she replied slowly and with a rising color, "that you are not tempted to desert your duty."

"Why am I banished?" I ventured to ask.

"I have no present need of you; and you owe your mother this attention."

"To-morrow, then, I shall take my leave," I answered, submissively, and bowed myself out of her presence; but I had a feeling less resigned by far than was apparent. "She has discovered my secret," I said, bitterly, "and takes this plan to signify her disapprobation. However, I will make the most of it. I wonder if Iris Morrison will curl her scornful lip to see me again?" And thus I took my leave of Leonora Caruthers.

"Iris Morrison has consoled herself with a new lover," said my mother to me, after a little confidential conversation relative to my prospects—confidential, as she thought, but concealing a great deal, as I *knew*.

"I was not aware that she needed consolation," was my answer to this piece of information, while my indifference was not so much assumed as my mother very naturally believed that it was.

"It is quite proper for you to say so, Philip; but, for all that, Iris *was* unhappy after what happened, as I could plainly discover; and I never doubted that was the reason her father took her away on a long southern tour. She had not been home a month before Mr. Caruthers followed her, and he now seems quite domesticated at Pine Hill. How strange you look, Philip! I ought not to have told you so abruptly."

"Nonsense, my dear mother; I only was struck by a remarkable coincidence of names. Caruthers is the name of my employer;—it is not a common one, either, and it seems positively odd that a Caruthers should *console* both of us;" and I laughed a loud, but rather forced laugh, for somehow this intelligence which I had declared was indifferent to me, had a disagreeable effect upon my nerves, after all.

"I hope Iris will see you," said my mother, with a decided air of maternal vanity. "It is not every young lady who can say she has rejected so fine looking and deserving a gentleman as my son, if he is poor;" and at this the fond motherly heart gave a great sigh.

"It is a wonder that I am not quite spoiled by my partial mamma. Do you really think, then, Mrs. Warren, that your son Philip is a rather handsome fellow?"

"You were always a pretty boy, Philip; and you were a handsome young man when Iris Morrison engaged herself to you, but I think you are better looking now than ever before in your life."

"Mother, do you believe Iris admired my person as much as she did my prospective fortune? or do you think that now she would be able to find any merit whatever in the poor young man who earns his bread by his wits or his hands?"

"Her father might not."

"Mother, I perceive you have a soft side for Iris; the more's the pity, for I have quite given up the old dream. Nobody marries his first love, you know."

"Well, well, Philip, I hope you will be happy with some one else, though Iris was certainly my choice. How much did you say you have a year?"

"Fifteen hundred, and found. And, mother, I am very careful to save my salary, that I may pay you back all you have wasted on my unworthy self."

"Now listen to me, Philip: I am glad to hear you say you are saving your salary. With what you can lay by of this, should you be able to keep the place for a few years, you can set yourself up in business; which is now my highest ambition for you. As to your paying back anything to me, that is all foolishness. You were my son, and I did my duty by you as well as I knew how. It is now your duty to take such a position in the world as will seem to meet the end for which I labored. Do not burden yourself with a troublesome anxiety about me. Your sisters are all at present in comfortable situations, and their united earnings will keep the old homestead together for some time to come. Look out for your own future, and mine will keep pace with it; this is my desire and command to you."

"You are a glorious mother! I ought to be a tolerably clever fellow for having such a mother; and since you believe I am I shall



try to think so myself, and be a little more ambitious. So now good by, for I am going to spy out this Mr. Caruthers, or perhaps his lady-love."

With a light laugh I closed the door of my mother's sanctum. But the merriment accompanied me no farther. Indeed a certain heaviness, which had not troubled me for many weeks, settled upon my heart, and held my lungs imprisoned. Wearily I betook myself to the old familiar paths where Iris and I had so often wandered together. The day was a fine one — one of those still, mild days in the last of November when the sun's rays have a white, moonlight radiance, and the dead leaves detach themselves from almost naked branches in a mysterious silence, descending to the earth with scarcely a flutter, but in the direct line of gravitation.

Pine Hill, the residence of Col. Morrison, was on one of those miniature mountains just below the beautiful town of Newburgh, on the Hudson. A winding carriage-road, graveled, and guarded with a chain and post fence, led from the rough country road to the mansion on the top of the hill, a distance of half a mile. How often had Iris and I galloped our horses down this shaded avenue, now so deserted! No, not deserted, for at that moment the fall of horses' feet upon the gravel, and the murmur of voices in quiet conversation came more and more distinctly to my ear. From my position near the gate I could not yet see the approaching cavalcade, nor be seen by them. My first impulse was to escape to the road; but a second thought convinced me that there I could not avoid being seen, while by hastily retreating among the trees that covered the hill-side I might keep out of sight while the party passed out at the gate. But my plan, so plausible in itself, was destined to be frustrated by an old favorite of mine, a pet greyhound of Iris', which no sooner struck my trail on the gravel than he turned short about and made directly for my hiding-place, frolicking and barking with delight at the discovery.

"What can the creature have found?" I heard Mr. Caruthers say. (I had no doubt it was he, as he rode beside Iris.)

"Here Mousie! here Mousie!" called Iris to the hound; but the overjoyed little favorite would not stir one foot away, though I pushed him from me violently. Iris turned her horse in my direction, followed by Mr. Caruthers. There was nothing I could do in this emergency but to meet it frankly.

"Mousie has found an old friend," I said, stepping forward, with the faithful creature jumping beside me. "There, sir, follow your mistress!" I added, to the dog.

Iris had returned my formal bow with one as coldly polite. While I walked a few paces on, beside her, to induce the dog to follow, I stole one searching look at her face, half hidden in the shadow of her riding-hat. It was white and rigid, and the dark blue eyes glittered like steel. Whether her companion observed it I know not; but I thought his haughty glance had a certain impatience in it, not engendered by the simple incident of a disobedient dog.

"You will find my father at home, Mr. Warren," said Iris at the gate. I bowed, and pretended to linger, as I felt this remark was a hint to me to do, until they were out of sight.

"She does not wish him to suspect any rivalry in the case," I said to myself, with a bitter smile. "She need not fear; I shall not give her new lover any uneasiness."

It might have been that I was jealous. When under any excitement, we are liable to mistake the nature of our own emotions. However that may be, from the first look of Mr. Caruthers' face I thoroughly detested him, and began to pity Iris. Could it be possible, I thought, that she would marry this man, so repulsive in every lineament of his face, from the short, bristling black hair that stood out around a forehead denoting low tastes and wicked propensities, to the gleaming, dead-black eyes, hawk-bill nose, and large fat chin that almost rested upon his breast? Yet the man had a good figure, strong as iron, and an air of good breeding, barring its haughtiness.

The riding-party had passed out of sight, and I turned back again to my hill-side wandering, resolved not to be put out of my original design by this surprisal. I was certain now of meeting no one, unless it should be a servant, and the servants at Pine Hill had always been my friends.

What I saw, thought, or felt, during that dreamy November afternoon, is irrelevant to my story. Only one incident I have to record as having any connection with my personal history. It might have been the seductive influence of the unusually mild weather, or it might have been my student, half-vagabond habit of dreaming and even sleeping in all manner of outlandish places when alone—at all

events, I did on this afternoon fall first into a very pleasant reverie, and afterwards into a quite unconscious slumber, lying upon a rustic seat in a distant part of Col. Morrison's grounds. That my sleep was sound, I infer from the fact that it was late when I awoke, and that my mother met me on my return home, with a gentle reproof for keeping her tea waiting.

The next morning I had but just dispatched a dish of toast and a cup of excellent home-made coffee, when I was waited upon by the sheriff of N—— with a warrant for my arrest, upon a charge of robbery. I pass over the scene at my mother's, the surprise, indignation, grief, and, on my own part, cool disdain, which the charge gave rise to. "Col. Morrison," I thought, "might have spared himself this act of meanness, after interfering as he had done between his daughter and myself. Every body would see at once that the charge was as absurd as it was false." But people do not always, nay, do not often discover the absurdity and falsity of criminal charges against poor young men, whose mothers are widows, and who have been brought up above their circumstances. Indeed, I was about to discover that most people take genuine satisfaction in laying at the door of such poor young men all imaginable sins, whether probable or not. And, what was still more surprising, I suddenly found myself with the reputation of a gambler, and a knave in general; because, as people said it was well known that I was a person of no property, and yet I dressed and lived like a gentleman, and had been traveling about the country with a woman who was not my wife, and indulging in every expense that a millionaire might do.

But to return to the arrest. When I had been taken into custody and a search made, there was found upon my person the sum of five hundred dollars for which I could not account, but which was claimed by Col. Morrison, as he had the numbers of the bills. Besides, it was shown that I had left behind me in my burglarious proceedings a pocket-handkerchief, marked with my name in full, and a little pocket memorandum, in which were recorded jottings down of travel, with an occasional mention of L—— C——, from which must have originated the rumors of my guilty extravagance, and connection with "that woman."

It was plain enough to me, though not to the public, that I was made the object of a plot: for what reason, or by whom, remained

to be discovered. The plain, hard fact, that I was the inmate of a jail, in spite of my conscious innocence continued to stun my powers of understanding for several hours. I remembered that at the examination Iris and Mr. Caruthers had testified to meeting me in the grounds that afternoon; that Iris had told me her father was at home; and that when last seen by them I was still inside the gate. Col. Morrison stated that he had been in his library at four o'clock, counting some notes; that he had just counted out five hundred dollars and made a package of it, when one of his working-men called him out to look at some improvement about the stables; and that when he returned to the library, the window of which was open, the money was gone. No trace of the money or the thief could be found until the next morning, when Mr. Caruthers picked up the handkerchief and the memorandum in the shrubbery, not far from the house.

While the testimony was being taken which consigned me to prison as a thief, I preserved my composure so far as to observe closely the faces and the words of the witnesses. Col. Morrison was just as he always was—cold, hard, insensible. Mr. Caruthers was guarded, with a malicious gleam of triumph in his eyes. Iris looked as she did on the previous day, white and fixed, with an unnatural glitter in her steel-blue eyes. I noticed, too, that she frequently pressed her hand upon her left side, as if in pain, though she endeavored not to betray it in her countenance. I remembered seeing this, though at the time it was like seeing in a dream, such was the whirl of inward agitation which bewildered my faculties. So carefully impersonal was the manner of Mr. Caruthers, that it did not occur to me then how singular it was that he should have *found* the articles identified as mine, and offered them against me as evidence. Not till I had been remanded to jail did I reflect that those articles had not been *lost* by me, nor had I been in the spot where they were found. The real thief had taken advantage of my profound slumber in the pine grove, and abstracted these things from my pockets in order to avert suspicion from himself. But then the money was found on my person. It was clear that some one had a design in fixing the robbery on me, but who, why, or how, remained as much a mystery as ever. My dislike of Mr. Caruthers would have led me to suspect him, but that at the time of the robbery he was ab-

sent from the house, having not yet returned from his ride : besides, no motive could be assigned. None of the servants had done it, I felt convinced, as here too there was an entire lack of motive.

My bail was fixed at one thousand dollars. Nobody offered to become responsible, and at the close of the first day in jail, after an interview with my mother, my spirits sank to their lowest level. I had engaged my counsel, who was frank enough to say that my case looked bad. To stay there in jail and await my trial was equivalent to sentencing myself to states-prison. If I were only free, I felt confident I could search out the mystery in some way; but walled up here, nothing would be done as it should be done.

Should I write to my lady—to Miss Caruthers? Would she have confidence in me to become my bail? But no! any interference in my behalf, after what had transpired, would endanger that secrecy with regard to her affairs which it was important should be preserved. I had no right to involve her in any such transaction; indeed I was bound in honor not to do it. The suggestion first came from my mother, who wished me to write to my employer. As I had never confided to her my employer's name nor the nature of my engagement, she could not understand my objections, when at our next interview I stubbornly refused to do any such thing. She believed my request would be granted, while I affected to know the world better. And my poor heart! I *did* know the world better by this time. "What could I expect from a comparative stranger," I asked, "when those who had known me for an honorable man these several years, since I had been an honest, merry-hearted boy, would not trust me, now that a suspicion had fallen upon me?" Then my mother proposed to write to the cousin who had got the fortune once looked upon as mine. For relationship's sake he might do this kindness. Though it cost my pride a terrible pang, I could do no otherwise than consent to this last arrangement, and the letter was written. At the end of a week came the refusal. He "could not interfere with the course of justice, nor become security for the good conduct of one whom his uncle had discarded, probably because he was unworthy to be his heir."

My poor mother! I actually groaned and wept over this cruel and insulting letter, but not because *I* cared for it. No; but I wanted to thrash this cousin of mine within an inch of his life, and

because my hands were so tied that I could not avenge insult, I wept and gnashed my teeth, as all sensitive and inexperienced persons must, when so sharply instructed in the bitter lessons of poverty and sorrow and disgrace.

The good and tiresome clergy called on me, to give me spiritual comfort ostensibly, but, as it seemed to me, to study a case of "youthful depravity." I was always glad to be rid of them, and finally refused to see them any more. Men of standing, wealth, and influence, kept away, for fear of having their duty suggested to them, or perhaps to save their precious reputations from contamination. Curious, vulgar, and disagreeable men sometimes made an errand to see me, and they who had no reputations to lose. The abandoned character which I had all at once assumed in that community was a rich morsel for the gossips of both sexes. After hearing of their vile talk for two weeks more, I began to give up the before exciting thought of fighting them all when I got out of jail, and to sink, instead, into a sullen despair. It lacked but a week of the time when Miss Caruthers would be expecting me to resume my engagement, and how could I explain my predicament, or how get along if I lost my situation by not explaining it? Then would come the bitter thought that I might not be permitted to take any situation; as I certainly should not, unless my counsel made out better than now expected of him. I will not dwell upon my distracted thoughts. Those who know what it is to be young, proud, sensitive, and in disgrace — to be in love, and fear to lose the respect of the beloved one — to be poor and see their means of living taken away — to be a son and brother, and utterly powerless to serve those who confide in him — and worst of all to be entangled in a wicked and malicious plot, which endangers liberty, reputation, and everything dear, those alone who have suffered some of this bitterness can imagine the state of mind to which I was driven when a winter's confinement stared me in the face, and after that, worse than death.

I was to be in New York by Christmas. One morning my mother came in to find me sullen and silent. I am sorry to say it, but my trouble had made me ill-mannered: I scarcely noticed her.

"Philip, my son" — and I heard the "tears in her voice" — "I have excellent news for you — you have found bail!"

"I turned round abruptly, and she threw herself, sobbing, into

my arms. I think we both cried a good deal, and that after that we felt happier.

“Guess, my son, who offered it.”

“Indeed, mother, I cannot conceive of such a case of generosity in our neighborhood; so don't keep me guessing.”

“It was Iris Morrison,” said my mother, with an air of triumphant joy — “your own precious Iris. I knew she loved you. Don't you remember what I said when you first came home? Well, she came to me last night, looking white and ill, and gave me the money — you know she has a fortune of her own — telling me that of course she could not do it publicly, but I was to bail you out myself, and to give you her kind regards;” and my mother nearly cried again in the fullness of her joy, as she related this proof of Miss Morrison's affection.

[To be Continued.]

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## YEARNINGS FOR HOME.

BY MRS. CASE.

Oh! bright is the land of my early dreams,  
And mellow the sunlight which o'er it streams,  
Yet brighter far is my native strand  
Than all the glow of this foreign land.

Though richly the summer twilight weaves  
Its splendor over the glossy leaves,  
And the sky is set with a silvery foam,  
It cannot charm me from thoughts of home.

I trace the lines of the mountains' height,  
They seem to lie in a realm of light;  
I look on the river whose restless flow  
Recalls the memories of long ago.

I catch the music of sweet bird-notes,  
From the woodland shades it softly floats —  
I breathe the odor of fresh mown hay  
But my heart is wandering far away.

## THE GREAT VOLCANO OF MAUNA LOA; HAWAII.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

THE Student of Nature, as he casts his eye abroad upon the face of the earth, everywhere discerns the wonderful creations of the Divine Architect of the Universe, beholds the record of His wisdom, power, and love, as traced by the finger of Divinity, as well upon the pink-lipped shell, and the tiny floweret, as in the terrific and grand upheavings of the bursting volcano, or the gorgeous display of the thundering waterfall.

Upon the far off Isles of the Pacific, cradled, as it were, in the very bosom of old Ocean, ever encircled by its blue waters, and receiving ever from day to day and from night to night the renewal of their baptism in the dashing wave and uplifted spray of the Pacific's peaceful waters—upon these far off Isles, encircled by waters which, ever obedient to the Divine command, "so far shalt thou go and no farther," dash powerless upon the rock-bound shore, has He reared a gigantic monument to His power and traced the record of His Infinitude in the seething, surging, never-dying fires of MAUNA LOA.

A few years ago our lines were cast amid the pleasant places and bright scenes of the Sandwich Islands, and in memory we oft revisit those scenes, hallowed by old associations and endeared by many an act of hospitality and kindness. The whole group of Islands abound in objects full of attraction to the traveler; none more so, perhaps, than the volcano of Mauna Loa, on Hawaii, rising as it does from the sea in one stupendous mount to an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet, presenting to vessels as they pass a scene at once grand, awe-inspiring, and never to be forgotten.

In height it is only exceeded by the active volcanoes of Cotopaxi, Ecuador, (18,887 feet,) that of Popocatepetl, in Mexico, (17,700 feet,) and some two or three others in Asia and America.

On the very summit of this stupendous mount exists an enormous crater, whose dimensions are only excelled by that of Haleakala, on East Maui. Mauna Loa is, however, the only active volcano on the Hawaiian Islands, the other two—Mauna Kea and Hualalai—now being extinct. The principal crater of Mauna Loa is Kilauea, situated on the eastern slope, at an elevation of 4,104 feet above the



level of the sea. Its eruptions, however, are not confined to this crater, but burst forth on all sides of the mountain, and at various heights, sometimes on the very summit, but most frequently between 9,000 and 12,000 feet above the sea.

The mortal mind can scarcely conceive the gorgeous magnificence and grandeur of such a scene, much less the pen describe its awful sublimity. The wonderful proportions and towering altitude of MAUNA LOA as she rises upon the vision with her imperial crown of fire but partially veiled in the immense cloud of vapor and blue and white smoke which enwrap her, and spread in fleecy mist-like masses down her rugged sides, ever and anon darting forth her red tongue of flame, and sending forth a shower of fiery hail composed of red hot pumice, cinders, and ashes; or with gigantic power throwing high in air huge boulders of lava stone, red and glowing with intense heat, weighing hundreds — it may be thousands — of tons, and with terrific throes, rumblings, and quakings, belching forth the red hot lava-tide to go hissing, surging, and boiling, like a huge mass of fiery billows on its way of destruction, scorching and devastating the country for miles around. Onward, still onward flows the mighty torrent of destruction, carrying all before it upon its resistless tide of unopposed fury. Trees, uprooted and hurried onward by its power, tremble for a few moments upon its surface, and then, taking fire, fall, to be consumed upon its bosom. Huge pieces of ancient lava, houses, heavy rocks, timber, cattle, hogs, hillocks, with trees and shrubs still standing upon them like rafts upon a river — everything yields before the resistless flood and is borne off upon its livid surface, make up a moving panorama, the awful grandeur and sublimity of which can neither be conceived nor described.

In March, 1859, the *Commercial Advertiser*, edited and published by Henry M. Whitney, at Honolulu, H. I., gave an interesting and valuable historical sketch of the eruptions of the volcano of Mauna Loa, extending from the first eruption of Kilauea, of which tradition gives any definite account, and which took place in 1789, to the eruption of January 23d, 1859. Of this eruption and the flow of lava towards the sea, he speaks in the following glowing terms:—

“After running a distance of about forty miles from its source, the lava stream entered the sea at a small fishing village, called Wainalii. The poor inhabitants were aroused at the midnight

hour by the hissing and roaring of the approaching fire, and had but just time to save themselves. Some of the houses of the inland portion of the village were partly surrounded before the inmates were aware of their danger. Wainanalii is near the northern boundary of North Kona, and about twelve or fourteen miles from Kawaihae. It is, of course, all destroyed, and its pleasant little harbor all filled up with lava. The volcanic stream was one mile wide or more in some places."

The same paper says the schooner *Kekauluohi* was passing this village at the time the stream reached the sea, and several foreigners on board have described the scene as one of terrific grandeur. Perhaps we cannot give a better account of it than to insert here the description given of the meeting of the lava stream with the sea in the eruption of 1840:—

"When the torrent of fire precipitated itself into the ocean, the scene assumed a character of terrific and indescribable grandeur. The magnificence of destruction was never more perceptibly displayed than when these antagonistic elements met in deadly strife. The mightiest of earth's magazines of fire poured forth its burning billows to meet the mightiest of oceans. For two-score miles it came rolling, tumbling, swelling forward, an awful agent of death. Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat; the very hills were lifted from their primeval beds, and sank beneath its tide, or were borne onward by its waves; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames; Nature shriveled and trembled before the irresistible flow. Imagine Niagara's stream, above the brink of the falls, with its waters dashing, whirling, madly raging and hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into fire, a gory-hued river of fused minerals; the wrecks of creative matter blazing and disappearing beneath its surface; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke curling upwards from ten thousand vents, which give utterance to as many deep-toned mutterings, and sullen, confined, and ominous clamorings, as if the spirits of fallen demons were struggling against their final doom; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their hot prison-house; the heavens lurid with flame; the atmosphere dark, turgid and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapors, and gleaming with the reflected contest; while cave and hollow, as the hot air swept

along their heated walls, threw back the unearthly sounds, in a myriad of prolonged echoes. Such was the scene as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact indurated lava, whitened, cracked and fell. The waters recoiled, and sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and lashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with the heat, and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant. They were likened to discharges of whole broadsides of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in all directions; the outskirts of the burning lava as it fell, cooled by the shock, was shivered into millions of fragments, and, borne aloft by strong breezes blowing towards the land, were scattered in scintillant showers far into the country. For three successive weeks, the volcano disgorged an uninterrupted burning tide, with scarcely any diminution, into the ocean. On either side, for twenty miles, the sea became heated, and with such rapidity, that on the second day of the junction fishes came ashore dead in great numbers at Keaau, fifteen miles distant. Six weeks later, at the base of the hills, the water continued scalding hot, and sent forth steam at every wash of the waves."

No wonder that the poor untutored and benighted natives, as they looked upon scenes of such awful sublimity and grandeur, should find their souls swell with those feelings of admiration and awe which are the parents of the twin sentiments — reverence and devotion — and that in their ignorance of the LIVING GOD, and the Divine truths of Christianity, their darkened imaginations should invest the awe-inspiring Mauna Loa with the attributes of Divinity, and attribute to Pele, the goddess of their own wild imaginings, all Deific powers and properties, and believe them manifest in those sublime sights and terrific displays of volcanic action.

Their traditions taught, that in the early days, the goddess Pele with her attendants, emigrated from Tahiti and took up her residence in the glowing crater, sporting in its fiery surges and playing with its flames. In her wrath she sent forth fire and smoke, and those terrible eruptions which carried the besom of destruction to all within her reach. Vainly they made sacrificial offerings of pigs, bananas, and whatever else they thought would appease her wrath.

On one occasion when a high chiefess of the Islands was sick, it was supposed her malady would disappear if some special offering were made to Pele; consequently ten Kanakas were thrown into the crater as a sacrifice of burnt offering to the Deity presiding there.

Bingham, in his "Sandwich Islands," gives an account of Kapiolan, a chief woman of Kaawaloa who, having become converted to the Christian faith, and anxious for the enlightenment and deliverance of her people from superstition, resolved to go with her attendants to this crater, descend into its very bosom, and there, amidst the deafening sounds and hissing reports, offer up prayer to the true God of Heaven. Kapiolani did this. An old heathen priestess of Pele met Kapiolani upon the brink of the crater, and warned her not to proceed. She endeavored to terrify her by the most fearful threats. Undaunted and unterrified, Kapiolani descends into the crater and reads certain passages from the Bible, and tells her people that Jehovah is the maker of all worlds. Her language was as follows:—"Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and He shall save me from the wrath of Pele when I break through her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God, and the way of righteousness." After Kapiolani had finished this address, a chief by the name of Alapai, led in prayer, while all bowed in reverence and adoration before Jehovah, the Creator and Governor of all worlds.

Who can contemplate the moral courage of this poor heathen woman, as manifest in this heroic act of devotion, without being impressed with the zeal, earnestness and lofty enthusiasm of the TRUE WOMAN. Behold her before that assembled multitude publicly ignoring the superstitions of her race, and avowing her faith in the truths of the LIVING GOD! See her undaunted by the persuasions and threats of her people, (and it may be, even maintaining an internal warfare with the remnants of her superstitious faith in her own heart,) resolutely descending into the very depths of the fiery crater, and there calling upon GOD to make known His truth and power to her nation. How does her conduct put to shame the timid efforts and lukewarm zeal of her more enlightened sisters, who, beholding

the light of truth breaking from every portion of the horizon of the nineteenth century, fear to avow ourselves recipients of that truth, and acknowledge our determination to live up to the highest teaching of our spiritual natures. We fear the lava tide of hissing sneers, and dare not descend the burning crater of public prejudice;— we dread the flames of the world's contempt, and shrink tremblingly from the avowal of our allegiance to that Great Teacher who said: "Behold, my kingdom is not of this world."

The engraving in the front of the magazine is intended to represent the event of Kapiolani's descent to the crater, which took place in the year 1825. For the use of the engraving we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the Rev. S. C. Damon, of Honolulu, H. I., editor and proprietor of "*The Friend*," and to Mr. Henry M. Whitney, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, are also due our acknowledgments for professional courtesy and kindness, which we shall ever hold in grateful appreciation. Aloha.

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YOUNG LOVE.—Oh, woe! woe, to the mother, who, serene in a happiness, strengthened, while it is tempered by time, fails to sympathize with the crimsoned cheek, the fluttering heart, the silent tear, that betray a daughter's initiation into the love, which was once the food of *her* thoughts through anxious nights and days of deep, yet troubled joy. Why not teach our children that the friendships and loves, seen rich and warm with the early summer glow upon them, are but the foretastes of the divine, all-pervading sentiment, which God would have his immortal creatures know. Have you ever thought—you, who hold that a fit preparation for "Life's realities" (a term hateful as trite!) is a mystery of the judgment over the heart; a thorough subjugation of impetuosity to common sense; an unroofing and undermining, and explosion and pulverization, to the last atom, of the castles which children and youths will erect, with only air for foundation and superstructure; you, who would drug into insensibility the generous impulse and ardent devotion of hearts whose veins run red, fast, *young* blood, as the Creator wills they shall; have you ever thought, we ask, of the meaning of that text, "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how *can* he love God whom he hath never seen?" How shall we, in the heaven of love, practice what we are making it the study of our lives to unlearn?

## SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I hear the battle-call! I list the cry  
Of the down-trodden, on the sin-stained earth;  
The orphan's heart-wail, and the anguished sigh  
Of toiling mothers, by the darkened hearth.  
Where struggling virtue to the ear of God  
Pours forth the fervor of entreaty's prayer,—  
Where houseless children o'er the frozen sod  
Clasp their wan hands in impotent despair,—  
I come; and o'er each suffering brow I trace  
The blessed signet of eternal grace!

I am the Harbinger of tidings glad—  
I, the Consoler and the warning Voice!—  
I bring the balm of healing to the sad,  
I bid the sorrowing ones of earth rejoice.  
To the poor Magdalen I tell of Him,  
Who bade the erring: "Go and sin no more";  
To the bereaved I sing the 'raptured hymn  
Of the beloved, early gone before.  
The song of hope, of home, of dear delight  
I bring with the new era's dawning light.

I come, with blessings in the Father's name,  
And shower his plenteous gifts of love on all;  
I bring the toiled-for laurel wreath of Fame,  
I deck with amaranth the ancestral hall.  
Over the cradle of the newly-born  
I shed a radiance from the future's bliss;  
To the benighted, weary, and forlorn,  
I waft the semblance of an angel's kiss,  
And youthful lovers to my home repose,  
Come with the gathered trophies of the rose.

I come with clarion tones; with breathings sweet,  
From the far spice-lands; from the Tropic shore,  
Where the perennial bloom of summer greets  
The boatman resting on the sunlit oar.  
From the lone sanctuary of the forest shade,  
From the blue skies of other sun-blest climes.  
With the rich, fragrant gifts of hill and glade,  
I bear the silvery peal of memory's chimes.  
From the bright garden-shores of Italy,  
I herald the recall of Liberty!

I call the slumbering millions now to arms!  
 I wake them from the fatal sleep of years;  
 Mine is no worldly trumpet's false alarms,  
 No despots rule, or earth-kings lowering fears.  
 I summon to the *battle-field of life*  
 The moral combatant, the hero-heart;  
 To labor nobly in the coming strife  
 "Pure and unspotted *in the world*;" apart  
 From all the rancorous hates and grievous ills,  
 With which short-sighted man his life-hours fills.

I bring the precious tokens of Love's truth,  
 The full forgiveness of the ransomed one;  
 The foregleams of the soul's eternal youth,  
 The soul's assurance of the triumph won.  
 I come with mandate to the heart and brain,  
 Commissioned by the Spirit of the Age,  
 That seeks the golden era to regain,  
 When Mammon's worship shall no longer rage,  
 The holy reign of Justice shall begin,  
 And Mercy hold the conquered realm of sin.

I come to bless; to judge; to weigh the past  
 In the fair, even balance of God's will;  
 Around your waiting souls a spell to cast,  
 That shall inspire you with prophetic thrill!  
 Behold my coming! though the Winter's breath  
 Hangs in chill-crystals from my ermined robe,  
 I teach of life triumphant over death!  
 From every portion of this nether globe,  
 From the remotest lands and furthest sea,  
 I bear the rallying cry of Liberty!

This is the song that bravely whispered cheer  
 With the first token of the glad New Year!

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THERE are many shining qualities in the mind of man; but none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them to work in their proper places, and turns them to the advantage of their possessor. Without it, learning is pedantry; wit, impertinence; and virtue itself looks like weakness; and the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active in his own prejudices.

H E L E N .— BY HADASSAH.

CHAPTER III.

[Continued from page 505.]

“ What shall he be e'er night ? perchance a thing  
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing.

HELEN'S LETTER.

*Dearest Mary* :— Three years ago, I first met you at the academy; you won my heart because of your indulgence and patience with Sophie; and for your unceasing and untiring friendship. I am about to confide to you, Mary, what no living soul even suspects. You may have heard, Sophie and I speak during our first year's acquaintance, of the Stauntons. They were associated with my earliest recollections. There were two sons, Clarence and Horace. They were very nearly of an age. Clarence being the son of Mrs. Staunton by her first husband, Mr. Linden. Horace the son of Mr. Staunton. Clarence inherited a large estate left to him by his father; so he was entirely independent of his mother and step-father. My father and Mr. Staunton were tried friends, and I think distantly related. So even during the life-time of the mother of Horace, we were much together. But she was not beloved by my mother as the present Mrs. Staunton. And although our fathers were always very intimate, there was a certain reserve, observed by our mothers. And it was not until Mr. Staunton brought home Clarence and his mother to fill the place of his lost wife, that the coldness abated.

Thus a mutual friendship sprung up between the two, that time has not changed. Then also arose a friendship, childish though it was, between the children. I learned to look upon them as brothers until we separated; they for college, Sophie and I for the seminary: we had until then our governess at home. The first vacation; oh, Mary, you know how happy I was then; what a fair, bright future I anticipated; I returned home joyous with life and hope. Horace and Clarence also were from college. Clarence I always chose to accompany me on any pleasure party or excursion. Horace was kind and attentive, but more reserved; there was not that soul-life about him that drew me towards Clarence.

It was expected of Clarence to seek me out when he came, which he always did, as if I was the shadow of his soul, or he of mine.

I could not account for the shyness of Horace at that time, and



often thought that he was envious of his half brother because he was so great a favorite with my mother. But there I wronged him. This appearance of restraint arose from the consciousness of our early engagement, of which I was still ignorant.

As it was, I could not endure Horace — shrank from his assistance whenever it was offered.

Thus we returned — during the first vacation of our second year. A party was proposed to visit a spot celebrated for its picturesque scenery. Mr. and Mrs. Staunton, their sons, father, mother, Sophie and I, were to compose the group. We younger ones preferring our horses. And never was there a gayer, merrier party than we. We often wished for you, Mary, during the day; for we had grown to love you, then. Even my cold, stern father seemed to unbend his rigid nature, and smiled cheerfully as he saw us mount and gallop away, wild with delight. The sun was just sinking in the West behind a golden cloud, as we remounted to return, all delighted with their trip, and the day's pastime. We rode fearlessly, for we were all accustomed to the manage of the rein. Clarence proposed a race for home. Away we started; my horse became unmanageable and threw me; he was a noble animal, but not used to the more fiery horses of Horace and Clarence. My feeble hands were unable to restrain him. I was stunned and senseless; when I revived, Clarence was supporting me, and my dull senses caught for the first time the words of love that fell from his lips. Confused — trembling, — with a new, undefined feeling of happiness, I wished to go, but my efforts were useless; I was still too weak. The moon was just peeping above the hills when Clarence told his love, and asked me in return, a hope for the future. Could I refuse him? No, Mary; young as I was, my heart whispered, even then, what I did not know before; my tongue refused to speak, but my looks told him that my soul had no idol, my heart no love, my life no hope, that was not centered in him. But our parents, Clarence, they must be told all. He promised they should know all in time, ere I had finished my studies. "I will myself ask your father's consent; but leave all to me," were his words. I had barely closed my lips on the promise as we saw Horace approaching.

I had thrown my habit across my arm, and we were walking leisurely along — Clarence having followed my horse — which arriving

riderless, Horace and my father returned to learn the cause—he and Sophie having arrived but a few minutes before. They heard of my accident with concern, and Horace taking my arm in his, declared, laughingly, that he would not trust me with Clarence again.

To change my habit, was a good excuse to retire immediately. I fastened the door to prevent intrusion, and sat down, forgetting dress, and self, in the bewildering of the new-born love that was outgushing from my heart. The longing of my life was gratified—I had found a soul companion. And it was a secret—a secret with Clarence—it was so sweet, so new to share a secret with him; my heart was filled with tumultuous joy. He would speak to my parents; in the meantime we were not to renew the subject until sanctioned by them. A feeling of rapturous joy flooded my soul. I hoped no one would disturb me—I wished to remain alone and think of him and our future. Oh, Mary! it was wrong; it was not love, it was deeper. I gave to an earthly idol the love I owed my Maker. When I prayed it was not for myself, but for him—for Clarence—that I might be worthy of his love. I did not then, Mary, as I have since, humbly and trustingly ask Him to guide and guard my faltering steps. I did not ask His blessing—I thought of Clarence only, and prayed for him only.

A knock at my door aroused me; it was a request for me to descend to the parlor. Changing my dress, and hastily smoothing my hair, I hastened down: all congratulated me on my narrow escape. Clarence was not present—I was more assured when I saw this. Horace and Clarence had gone—Mr. and Mrs. Staunton were preparing to leave. \*

Vacation ended, we returned to school; and this blissful love-dream lasted without a cloud to mar its beauty. We only heard of each other through the letters of our parents; for Clarence and I did not correspond. We both concluded it would be wrong to say more on the subject so near our hearts, until our parents knew all, and approved.

We returned home again; and oh how anxiously I looked for and waited for Clarence; but hours lengthened into days, and still he came not. At length Mr. Horace Staunton was announced—but no Clarence. I could not ask, my lips could not utter the name so

near my heart — 'till one evening, mother, in speaking of Horace, said: "We miss Clarence so much; I am very sorry he is ill." Mary, can you imagine what I felt. I had never thought of this — Clarence ill! Now I must speak; my life, my hope of life hung on the words. "How long has he been ill?" "For several weeks, Helen, but he was improving when I left; but still too feeble to accompany me; he will ride over in the carriage when he is able. He was compelled to leave his studies; I think he acted wisely, for I've no doubt it was his intense application brought on this attack."

We looked for him daily, but each day brought disappointment. Then came a summons for Horace. His brother was worse — dying, they feared. \* \* \* Mary, I have always been able, with one exception, to control my feelings by will. I heard this news in silence, and with no outward sign of agitation. Oh, that I could have laid my poor head on my mother's breast, and told her all; but it was *his* secret, and I could not. Mother felt it a duty to go to Mrs. Staunton in the dark hour of affliction. She knew how dear that son was to her in the days of her widowhood. I ventured a feeble request, which was seconded by Horace, to accompany her. We were a sad party. The journey to me was a long tedious one. They little suspected the tumult that was raging in my heart as the carriage seemed to drag along the road. I was still in the flush of youth and hope — hope, sweet anchor of the soul, how we cling to thee through all darkness; no, never for an instant did I think of the possibility of losing Clarence. I knew nothing of the uncertainty of life — I only knew I loved him with all the fervor of a warm, impassioned soul. Mary, could you believe that I, your apparently cold and soulless Helen, could have loved thus? Alas! for the blighted heart! Now, though still young in years, my heart is seared, and if like the brow, the heart shows furrows for sorrow, many and deep are those graven there; — there is no room for love now; all is cold, cold as death; the grave-yard of hope; the burial place of peace; the tomb to hold the ashes of the past, — enclosed forever from light and hope. As we drew near, the house looked gloomy, even before we entered. Mamma went up to see Clarence: I waited in the parlor for her return. I hoped they would mention I was there; then he would ask to see me; but to go unbidden, I dare not. Mother shook her head sadly, when she returned; and

Mrs Staunton taking my hand, said: "Helen, dear, you will not object to gratify an invalid? My son wishes to see you; will you go?" I rose eagerly and followed her. Oh! how I rejoiced that I had come. It seemed an age since I stood beneath the roof that sheltered him, though in reality but an hour. But now, I could be admitted to his presence; hear his loved voice again. His mother led me to the lounge where he lay; it was directly beneath the large window which opened on the portico. The day was fine and the curtains drawn back to admit the air and give him a view of the fine scenery. He was gazing at the distant hills, nor did he move until his mother spoke. "Clarence, my son, here is our friend Helen come to see you; but you must not fatigue yourself talking." Turning to me she said: "We'll move the lounge near the window for the air; he seems to respire with difficulty." He held his hand to me smiling. "Thank you, dear mother for bringing her; I will be very good, and not talk much." His voice was very weak. My heart was swelling almost to bursting. My strength almost failed me when the voice of Mrs. Staunton whispered: "The least excitement, Helen, may prove fatal to him." I promised, with a look, to control my feelings, and spoke quietly to him. For, Mary, the love that had its birth in an hour, had grown a mighty giant in strength and endurance. He was sadly changed. For the first time in my life, I stood in the presence of one on whom death had already placed his signet. He whispered his mother to withdraw. She did so, the tears coursing down her pale, care-worn cheeks.

We were alone — the dying and the loved. "Helen, darling, I knew you would come;" drawing my hand to his thin, pale lips. "You will soon be better Clarence; do not exhaust yourself talking." "My poor, hopeful Helen, I will never be better in this world. I have been struggling with my fate for many months; it is consumption, inherited from my father. When I won your heart, dearest, I did not think I would be its victim. I hoped I inherited more of my mother's than my father's constitution, but my hopes are not to be realized. It is better now than later." Poor Clarence. I rested my head on the bed, and, forgetting the warning of Mrs. Staunton; indeed forgetting all — every thing — but the possibility of losing him, I gave way to my grief. My heart was breaking; I could not weep, but groaned in agony of soul, upon the

wreck of my earthly idol. "Mary, they say I have consumption too. Alas! they cannot see the canker-worm within my heart, that is daily gnawing the life-thread asunder. Believe me, Mary, when you see the young fading slowly, sadly, and almost imperceptibly into eternity, it is not always consumption of the lungs—it is the heart consuming itself, until it is nought but smouldering ashes, and then life goes out, and we die of CONSUMPTION! How many a crushed heart finds refuge under that name; call all the victims back, and let them record the truth, how few could say 'consumption killed me.' Poor, frail human nature, why is it, destined child of dust, that thou dost still live and suffer? Yes Mary the great, the loved, the beautiful must die—all moulder back to ashes—while yon silver moon, that shines so calmly there, and those stars, sparkling like diamonds in the heaven's blue vault, shine through all time, while we pass away, and are soon forgotten: "And then like flowers, whose summer course is done where green leaves seared and fallen, for a short season we shall seem to die, yet only seem. Bursting again to life, beneath a brighter, purer sky, and there, amidst an endless spring blooming forever"—but to resume, as Clarence spoke his eyes were full of earnest inquiry—so full of love, ingeniousness—of truth and fidelity—I could not speak. "You will not be my bride here, darling, but *there*, you will; my soul's mate—my spirit wife. I know it Helen, others may woo, but Helen will be true to her first, her only love. I am grateful to God dearest, that he has permitted you to be near me in the parting hour; we will not be parted long, you will pine for me as I will long for you—my spirit's mate—my soul's bride." You will come soon, (his voice grew very weak) lean over me darling, let me feel your warm breath upon my cheek." I did, and pressed my lips to his cold forehead, already damp with the dew of death. He smiled faintly, "thank you dearest, it is the seal of love; I'll carry it unsullied until you join me in the realm of peace and bliss. Helen I must tell you"—he gasped for breath—alarmed I seized the small bell from the stand by his side, and was about to ring, when a movement of his head checked me. He motioned for a cordial, I held it to his parched lips, it revived him for a while. Before you summon the others let me tell you this Helen. I must prepare you for the future. After I am gone you will hear that you are betrothed to,

and loved by my brother. It has been long settled between your father and Mr. Staunton. I knew nothing of this until after I left you last year. Horace told me of it first, and said he had not yet spoken to you, and it was not his intention to do so, until after you had left the academy. Then, seconded by your parents, he would make known to you his hopes, and expressed no doubt as to his success.

I was shocked, when I heard all. I felt I could not resign you, and reproached myself for not waiting until you were older, and could better judge for yourself. My distress of mind was so great I could not study, or sleep, and I think hurried on the fatal malady to which I was predisposed. I can only say, darling, if you can bury the memory of Clarence, and love Horace, become his wife; he is a noble man, and worthy of my Helen's love. But I do not believe you will darling; I think that where you once love it is for life and all eternity.

At this moment Mrs. Staunton came in, and found me sitting by his side stupefied with grief. She wished to relieve me from my self-imposed duty as nurse, but a look from Clarence bade me stay, and I would not leave him; he held my hand firmly clasped in his; his mild love-lit eyes rested on me, until he breathed his last. A moment before he expired his face was animated with supernatural beauty. All his friends being summoned to his room by his mother, not that they supposed him dying, but to see and cheer him by their presence. But Mrs. Staunton, seeing on her entrance the change, hastily removed them. I felt a gentle pressure of my hand, and leaned over to catch the feeble echo of his last breath, with one desperate effort he drew me towards him, and murmured in my ear, as his kiss fell on my cheek: "Helen, darling, my spirit of love will watch over you." And so he died—they released me from his arms, for every faculty had deserted me but the sense of my bereavement. I was powerless, helpless, almost as the dead before me; and strange as it may appear to you, Mary, I did not shed a tear, grief had paralyzed my heart; its fountains were congealed to ice; only twice since his death have I wept—the evening you surprised me in the summer-house, it was the anniversary of his death. No one appeared to think that I was wretched, indeed, I must by my stillness and apathy have led his friends to think I

scarcely mourned my early childhood's friend. I heard others moan and weep, and bewail their loss. I knew they did not feel one atom of the anguish which I endured. I almost felt a contempt for their noisy, boisterous grief; with his mother only I sympathized. He was her hope, her all, the early pledge of her first love; and she clung to him, and loved him, as only a fond mother can love her only son. After the funeral, and Clarence was left alone in the family vault, the clock tolled midnight as I left my chamber and walked out in the darkness and stillness of night. I sought the tomb, having obtained the key, and there I pressed my burning brow to the cold ground by his side, there I talked frantically with the dead, and vowed eternal love and fidelity to him. I sometimes think I must have been mad, but that I remember all I thought, and all I did in my mental anguish. I prayed to him as though he could hear my frantic appeal, I implored his spirit to watch over and guard me, as with his last breath he promised. It was very wrong Mary, I should have gone in my lonely grief to the foot of the throne of our God. I should have relied upon our Saviour, and begged his spirit to guide and guard me; but in the desperation of despair I knew not what I did. You, with your strict sense of right and wrong may censure me, but I have always thought that where two people love each other with their whole souls, that they are ever near each other, either for good or evil, after they are separated by death; it may be wrong, but it is a happiness to think so; I love to think that Clarence is ever near me. It was this thought that so powerfully overcame me while singing your favorite song. I tell you this, Mary, because I once heard you say, "It is a beautiful belief, to think the departed loved ones are near us;" we were talking of your dear father. You said, "Helen, I sometimes think I am not a fatherless girl, for many times I am impressed with the belief that I have an invisible but powerful guardian in my dear departed father." (You remember the conversation, do you not?) My mental suffering that night made me insensible to bodily pain or cold. It was long after sunrise, when Horace sought and found me. He thought I had started for an early walk. Alas! he did not know I had passed half the night near that tomb, which held all I loved on earth. We stopped at Mr. Staunton's nearly two weeks; gradually each face began to wear its accustomed

look of cheerfulness, but I suffered still. God only knows how much I endured; the misery I suffered: I was not one to seek sympathy, I could not even speak to you, Mary, on the subject—I dared not, hallowed as it was by the memory of the past. I know you will not despise the heart history of your friend, when the poor frame is crumbling to dust. I have not much more to add; I returned home, from thence with Sophie to school. You remarked the change, 'tis strange others did not; but after a while you, too, became accustomed to the pale, senseless face, and forgot to remark it; besides, study and school discipline engrossed so much of your time and attention, you had but few minutes to bestow upon your friend. Sophie's gayety always drew attention from me, so time dragged on slowly with me; while with you and Sophie he flew with eagle's wings.

Horace did not urge his suit immediately; I had always considered his attentions brotherly; I heard Clarence and knew different. I shrank from his presence whenever I could. He was aware of my attachment to Clarence: when I returned home accompanied by you, I was told of my engagement and was expected to fulfil it. I remained still at the academy, after having graduated; Sophie being my excuse: but in reality to avoid the attention of Horace. My love for Clarence instead of diminishing increased each day, and I only wanted to be called to him. My health failed so rapidly the physician hinted consumption and a journey to Italy; forbade my returning to the school under any circumstances. There was no alternative, submit I must. My father, unable himself to leave his home, insisted upon hurrying on my marriage; and thus placing me under a husband's charge—secure me a protector and companion: and by making the trip to Italy a wedding tour, my health would be thus permanently restored. And now dear Mary you know the rest. I feel assured I will not become the wife of Horace; did not Clarence say his spirit would watch over and guard me, will he permit the sacrifice? No! no! I have firm faith in his love. God in his mercy will take me home. I am the bride of Clarence as much as if joined here on earth. A purer, holier wedding is ours, joined by the father of all; and shall I be false to my vows? Oh no! I will not prove unworthy of his love. I love Clarence too well not to rejoice at the hope of a reunion. The picture accompanying this



was painted for Clarence; it is a true likeness they say; it is yours Mary: do not feel anxious for me. When you read the lines these fingers have penned I shall have passed from this world of care and trouble to a purer, happier sphere. Adieu, my friend and sister; comfort and love Sophie for the sake of—HELEN.

Thus, Nellie, ended the story of Helen's sufferings that had so puzzled me.

[To be Continued.]

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## OVER THERE.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

There's a sunny little valley,  
 Over there,  
 Where the mountain breezes dally  
 With wild flowers all the year;  
 And my spirits always rally,  
 In its balmy atmosphere.

Envy's missiles never hurtle,  
 Over there,  
 But they cultivate the Myrtle,\*  
 And the Olive ever blooms,  
 And their broad, fair fields and fertile,  
 Ever teem with sweet perfumes.

There are pleasant, winning faces,  
 Over there,  
 Where you read the smiling graces  
 Friends in childhood used to wear;—  
 Where you find no gloomy traces  
 Of dark Anger or Despair.

There are genial hearts now beating,  
 Over there,  
 And the happy moments, fleeting  
 On the bright wings of delight,  
 Grim old Care are deftly cheating,  
 They're so merry in their flight!

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\* Love in absence.

There's a charming little Aidenne,  
 Over there,  
 And a coy and gentle maiden,  
 With eyes sparkling like the dew ;  
 And her cheeks, with blushes laden,  
 Shame the ruby rose's hue !

Are her dark and flowing tresses,  
 Over there,  
 Touched by any swain's caresses ?  
 Sure I really cannot say  
 In a hundred curious guesses,—  
 But a whisper tells me—"Nay !"

And so *very* coy she seemeth,  
 Over there,  
 That I deem she never dreameth  
 Of the love-light in the glance  
 Of the one whose mild eye beameth,  
 As he joins her in the dance.

Bless the maiden, and her lover,  
 Over there ;  
 May angels keep good guard above her,  
 And protect her, day and night ;  
 May dreams of love around her hover,  
 And her heart be ever light !

Joy be with her ! lighting ever,  
 Over there,  
 All her footsteps ; and may never  
 Sorrow come her pathway nigh,  
 Nor neglect her heart dissever,  
 Or a tear bedim her eye !

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FLORESPECTABILITY. — An English writer gives the following hint to "poor folks :"—"Keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior. For the same reason, it is not surprising to learn what they who have been in the habit of awarding prizes in various parishes say, and it is this — that in almost every instance where they have found a good garden, they have observed that the women, the children, and the house, are also neat, orderly, and well kept."

## A L G Æ .

BY MRS. M. REDFIELD THAYER.

AMONG all the varied and attractive objects surrounding "one who in the love of nature holds communion with her various forms," there is none more beautiful and interesting than the vegetation of a submarine world. The kingdom of Flora existing in the dominions of Neptune—each sole monarch,—yet each reigning undisturbed. The graceful flower Queen with dainty fingers has wreathed the trident of the Ruler of the waters, with her peaceful offering, the olive sea-weed; and whatever storms may rage, however the "flying squadrons" may threaten, all in her dominions is peace and quiet. The forests that wave in ocean's green depths are in no wise inferior to those whose shade we enjoy. Shrubs of varied and changing rainbow hues; delicate plants whose veinings and tracery can only be compared with the matchless and beautiful frost work of the Joy King:—all this and more, rewards the curious observer who traces with a lover's fondness, nature's beauties; for it is only to those who love her, that she unveils her charms.

The present article is intended to be the first of a series, detailing the writer's experience in connection with the marine algæ of this coast; and in order to make it as interesting and instructive as possible, it will be necessary to give a succinct sketch of the algæ, its general appearance, habits and uses, in the economy of nature.

It will, for obvious reasons, be impossible in papers of this kind, to go into the minutia of the subject as much as might be desirable in some respects; but in order to awaken an interest in minds which only need to have their attention directed to the subject; to arouse their efforts and investigations. It will be as well to state briefly, but still minute enough for reference, what facts have been ascertained by the few who have given any attention to it. There are but few publications on the subject, and those, as compared with its importance, are exceedingly meagre. The only ones I have been able to procure here, are the *Nereis Boreali-Americana*, or contributions to a history of the marine algæ of North America, by Prof. Harvey, of the University of Dublin; and approved and published by the Smithsonian Institute. They are contained in vols. 3, 5 and 10 of the "Contribution to Knowledge," and are exceedingly inter-

esting. These books are to be found in the library of the California Academy of Natural Sciences, and also in the Mercantile Library in this city, but owing to their scarcity, and for several other reasons, they are as sealed fountains to the general reader. There are also some twenty pages in "Lindley's Vegetable Kingdom," devoted to a brief notice, and synopsis of nomenclature. There are several works in both French and German as well as English, which cannot be procured here, of which I append a list, found in the work of Lindley, already referred to.

Agardh's *Algæ Maris Mediterranei, &c.*, (1842); Greville's *Algæ Britannicæ*, (1830); Harvey's *Manual of British Algæ*, (1841); Decaisne's papers in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 2 series, vol. xvii, (1842); Kiitzing's *Phycologia generalis, oder Anatomie, Physiologie und Systemkunde der Tange*, (1843), and a most elaborate work, illustrated with eighty exquisite plates; the *Kieselaligen Bacillarien oder Diatomeen*, by the same author; the younger Agardh's *Adversaria in Systemata Algarum hodierna*, (1844), and various papers of Dr. Montagne. This list comprises nearly if not all publications on the subject. It is to be regretted that these books cannot be found in the public libraries of this city, as the most of their contents would be interesting, not only to the amateur naturalist, but to the general reader, to say nothing of their worth to the scientific man. It is always desirable and gratifying in treading the mazes and intricacies of a new path, to trace among the strange objects by which one may be surrounded, the familiar tokens that show us we are not alone in our researches; it is pleasant to find the footstep in the sand; the difficulties bridged over; the tangles which intercept, put aside,—and in all our wanderings to know that there are those who sympathize with us, and who, whenever occasion offers, always lend a helping hand:—such sympathizers, such footsteps in the sand, such traces in the wild, are books—good books, helpful books. It is to be hoped that the present deficiency in books for reference on this subject, will soon be remedied.

Under the name "ALGÆ," may be classed, "all vegetation which is nourished solely through fluids,"—air and moisture being the only essentials to their growth and full development. It will be seen at once, how comprehensive is this definition. Wherever air and

moisture combine, there will be found the Algæ, fulfilling the laws of its being.

In the translucent depths of ocean, in whose dim light flourish those gigantic forests which rival in luxuriance the growth of the tropics; on the tops of high mountains, clothing the otherwise bare rocks; decking with verdure the barren places of earth; blushing in arctic snows, and growing in calm content on polar ice fields—in fresh and in salt water, in chemical solutions, in sulphur springs, and salamander like in the hot springs of Gastien;\* in the air we breathe, and the water we drink, will we find abundant proofs that nature in her thrift has left no spot untenanted, and that her thoughtful care extends to even the minutest of her creation.

The following classification, by Prof. Harvey, is found in the publication of the Smithsonian Institute, referred to above, and I transcribe it as being at the same time the clearest, most satisfactory, and best calculated to assist the student or amateur collector.

“For purposes of classification, the algæ may be conveniently grouped under three heads, or sub-classes, distinguishable by the color of the frond, named as follows:—

“*Melanospermeæ*. Plants of an olive green or olive brown color. Fructification, monœceous, or diœcious, spores olive colored, either external or contained singly, or in groups, in proper conceptacles: each spore enveloped in a pellucid skin, simple or finally separating into two, four, or eight sporules—the transparent cells filled with orange colored vivacious corpuseles, moving by means of a vibratile cilia,—marine.

“*Rhodospereæ*. Plants rosy red or purple; rarely brown red or greenish red. Fructification of two kinds, diœcious:—1st, spores contained in either external or immersed conceptacles, or densely aggregated together and dispersed in masses throughout the frond; 2nd, spores commonly called *tetraspores*, red or purple, either external or immersed in the frond; rarely contained in proper conceptacles; each spore enveloped in a pellucid skin, and at maturity separating into four sporules, antheridia (not observed in all) filled with yellow corpuseles,—marine, with one or two exceptions.

*Chlorospereæ*. Plants, grass green, rarely a livid purple. Fructification dispersed through all parts of the frond; every cell being

\* *Uelva thermalis*, is found in the hot springs of Gastien, in temperature of 117° Fahr.—*Lindley*.

capable of having its contents converted into spores. Spores, green or purple, formed within the cells; often (always?) at maturity vivacious moving by means of vibratile cilia. Gemmules, or external vesicular cells, containing a dense, dark colored granular mass, and finally separating from the frond. Marine, or more frequently found in fresh water streams, ponds and ditches, or in damp situations."

These three great divisions are likewise subdivided into orders, genera, species, &c., each with distinguishing characteristics, by which the individual plant can at once be recognized and classified. Algæ, in its simplest form, can properly be placed in the lowest class of organization known, cellular plants, a whole plant consisting of a single cell. This may be considered the first of the great series of Algæ, the lowest point, where the division between the vegetable and animal kingdoms is so blended and absorbed in each, that it is impossible to find the dividing line. It has long been a mooted question, whether some so called plants do not in reality belong to the animal kingdom, so admirably is combined in them the peculiarities of both. In this lowest form of the Algæ, growth takes place by the division of cells, or by cellular prolongations in the form of branches. These minute plants — for they are microscopic — belong to the orders Diatomaceæ and Desmidiaceæ. To this class also belongs the Protococcus, or red snow plant, which has been seen by arctic voyagers spread over so vast an extent of ground. This minute plant requires but a few hours for growth and perfect development, hence the common report which ascribes this blood-red appearance to the fall of bloody snow. No doubt but the spores were laying dormant on the soil over which the snow fell, and their growth and development kept pace with the gradually deepening snow, and produced that singular phenomenon, until understood, bloody snow. As we advance in the series, we find that it has been ascertained, by minute examination of many specimens, that a process of fertilization by two opposing sexes exists in nearly all the Algæ. Some varieties are known to have two or three different modes of reproduction — as by self-division, by zoospores, and by properly fertilized spores; and it is said that the individuals resulting from these various modes of growth are *not* always similar. This, if true, is one of the most singular facts yet ascertained, and goes far towards upsetting many favorite theories based upon the

received opinion that "like begets like." This is a singular statement, and perhaps it will be as well not to place implicit faith in it, until further investigation shall prove its truth. It is worthy of record, as the honest opinion of a scientific man whose researches have accomplished as much, or more, than any other one man in this difficult subject; but such a statement needs corroboration, which it will no doubt receive should it be truth. The truths of science, like the stars of heaven, though all shining by light derived from the great fountain of all light, still reflect, illumine, and discover each others' beauties. There is rarely much development of root to the algæ, it is merely an enlargement of the frond, and seems to have no possible use but to serve as an anchor to the otherwise floating plant. Unlike plants of higher organization, they absorb their food over the whole surface, and only depend on the root for power to resist the action of wind and wave. See, too, how beautifully nature adapts every part of her creation to surrounding circumstances — here we find the frail, floating sea-weed at the mercy of the billows; but this will not do; it will soon be destroyed. Look! — observe how the clinging frond enlarges, and with an unerring instinct avoids the changing, shifting sands, which can afford no secure lodgement for its embracing tendrils, and adheres to the rocks, way down in the dim twilight, where the hardy diver alone ventures. Truly, they "build their houses on the rocks." This brings us to the habits, uses, manner of collecting and preserving specimens, &c., which will be noticed in the next of the series.

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THE CLEARING OF THE CLOUDS.—There is nothing in what has befallen or befalls you, my friend, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light on the other side; also, that the time is coming, either in this world or in the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fulness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. Everything which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer, nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually exists, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

TO CARRIE.

BY MRS. J. S. TOLLES.

I'll often think of thee, my friend,  
I'll often think of thee;  
And pray, may heaven good angels send,  
To guide thee o'er life's sea.

Not only such as hover near,  
Unseen by mortal eye,  
Waiting, when freed, our souls to bear  
In triumph to the sky.

Not such alone! but some who wear  
Forms of an earthly mould;  
Whose love is dearer to thee far  
Than gems, or purest gold.

May such, my friend, be ever near  
To cheer thee in distress;  
To wipe away each falling tear,  
And share thy happiness.

Some sorrows, all who live must know,  
Some tears, all eyes must shed;  
But guileless tears to pearls may grow,  
When we join the happy dead.

If so, I will not ask that thou  
Mayest never shed a tear,  
For beautiful in heaven, I know,  
Are those who weep while here.

I'll ask that o'er false friendship thou  
Mayest ne'er have cause to weep,  
But love and friendship ever be  
A lamp unto thy feet.

Yes, I will think of thee, my friend,  
I'll often think of thee;  
And, when to heaven your prayers ascend,  
Sometimes remember me.



## THE WIDOW'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PHOSPHOR.

"TO-DAY is my birthday; I'm five years old to-day, mamma; but why don't you smile and look glad?" and little Charlie climbed upon his mother's knee, and looked anxiously into her pale face. Tears were there; his childish eye had discovered them, though they were wiped quickly away, and he continued, with less of happiness in his tone—"Mamma, are you sorry I'm five years old?"

"Sorry! no, my child." Again those large drops fell faster and faster, and little Charlie, who had scarce ever seen his mamma weep, was awed into silence. He wound his dimpled arms about her neck, and, placing his rosy cheek against hers, soon began to weep too, though he knew not why.

This will never do, thought Mrs. Allington; I must not let my little ones see my weakness; but not until the third shower had descended could she calm herself. As for little Charlie, he wept himself to sleep in her arms.

"He said truly; it is his birthday, and I have nothing to bestow but a mother's love. Christmas also is coming. Who would have thought on my wedding day that I, Ruth Westley, would be brought to this? A widow, with four mouths to fill, and nothing but these poor hands to depend upon for bread. The stings of poverty are now doubly severe, because I feel that my little ones must suffer. Ah! they will see the children of our wealthy neighbors in holiday attire, rejoicing over the many presents that Christmas always brings to the rich, yet no kind hand will shower toys among my little brood. Poor, fatherless little ones, how agonizing the thought that you must struggle in want and penury up to manhood, unlearned and, perhaps, unrespected—but what am I doing? God forgive my murmurings, when I have so much to be thankful for. Their precious lives are still spared, and the prayers of the widow and the fatherless may yet be answered."

With these thoughts, Mrs. Allington laid her youngest on its hard couch, and sat down to sew by its side. Soon a ring of the door-bell aroused her, and Willie, her eldest, a lad of twelve years, ushered in Mr. Gaines, the landlord. Mrs. Allington answered his salutation with a trembling voice, and pointed to a chair.

“You are aware, Mrs. Allington, that there is a quarter’s rent due — yes, let me see, over-due by some ten days.”

“I do know it, Mr. Gaines, and I have been looking about me, but in vain thus far, to find means to pay it. I have had the promise of some sewing” —

“Sewing to the devil, madam! What do you s’pose you can do towards paying rent in sewing when machines are buzzing in every house?”

“I have, as you know, disposed of every article of furniture I could well spare, but if you see any thing here that you would take in lieu of rent you must do it.”

“There is nothing worth moving left, madam. This state of things cannot continue long, as I said to you last quarter day, and I have come over to make you an offer. It’s no sudden thing, ma’am, I’ve been revolving the matter in my mind for some time;” and the landlord’s gray eyes twinkled, and his mouth worked into a smile at Mrs. Allington’s look of surprise as she repeated his words.

“An offer, sir!”

“Yes, madam, an offer. People hereabouts call me hard-hearted and cruel, but I reckon I’m made of flesh and blood, like the rest of ’em. I have come to make you an offer — an offer of my hand;” and Mr. Gaines raised himself erect in his chair, and tapped his gold-mounted cane on the uncarpeted floor, as though he thought he had really done something handsome, while the pretty Mrs. Allington — paler than ever — sat with mouth half open, unable, from surprise and vexation, to reply.

“I thought I should surprise you, and I meant to do it; as I said before, I’ve had the matter on my mind for some time, but I’ve kept it as a kind of *Christmas* for you; but mind you, Mrs. Allington, I marry *you*, not your children, tho’ I do’nt mind your bringing the little fellow there — what-do-you-call-him — along; the others are old enough to bind out to a trade; I’ve no idea of taking another man’s brats on my hands to support.”

By this time Mrs. Allington had regained both her self-possession and her voice; her eyes were no longer tearful; a crimson spot burned brightly on either cheek as she spoke — “Have done with this at once, Mr. Gaines, and never——”

“Madam, do you dare to refuse my very generous offer?” he asked, interrupting her.

“I do, sir.”

“And what, may I ask, do you expect to do with yourself?”

“I’ll tell you what I shall not do, sir — my heart is with the dead, and my poor little ones — I shall never marry again.”

“Very well, madam, we’ll see who will house and feed you, with your high airs. You’ll leave my house forthwith; do you understand?”

“I do, sir; and now be gone, nor longer pollute this room with your presence.”

“Ha, ha! turned out of my own house; ha! ha! heart with the dead; I thought a year was long enough to mourn for the dead.”

“Will you go, sir?” Mrs. Allington was losing all patience.

“Yes, madam, but you’ll be glad to come to me yet; remember what I say, you’ll yet sue for the offer you have so scornfully——”

The door was closed in his face, and the key turned. Mr. Gaines departed in a rage. Calling Willie, Mrs. Allington bade him sit beside his little brother while she went out to search for a dwelling.

With a sigh she turned from the street in which she had so long dwelt, into a narrow lane — poverty lane it was called, and, it would seem, appropriately, for rickety, wood buildings lined either side of the street, and ill-clad, shoeless children, with unwashed faces and tangled hair, met her at every step. Her heart sickened as she passed them, and paused before a door where a bill was posted — “Rooms to Let.” The house sported neither bell nor knocker, and the door was ajar. Mrs. Allington rapped twice, but the summons still remained unanswered, and she stepped within. A little girl, poorly but cleanly attired, met her in the hall, and took her up stairs to her mother for further information concerning the rooms to be let. Mrs. Allington found the interior of the house rather better than the outside had promised, and, after some conversation with a poor, emaciated woman who lay stretched upon a couch apparently in the last stages of consumption, she concluded to rent the two unoccupied rooms on the first floor.

One thing more — and that *dearest* to her heart of all presents received from her departed husband — she must now part with to pay Mr. Gaines the amount due, and meet the expense of moving. A tear,

clear and transparent as the diamond that ornamented her engagement ring, fell from her eyes as she drew that precious relic from her finger and entered a pawnbroker's shop. The man smiled as his eye fell on the pale face of the lady in mourning; she had been there before, and he had come to regard her as one of his best customers.

"I have concluded to accept of your offer and part with the ring for a time," she said with a tremulous voice.

"Ah, madam, I thought you would; I made you a fair offer, such as you'll get in no other establishment, I can tell you."

Mrs. Allington made no reply, though she well knew she was not getting one fourth the cost of the valuable ring, and the broker knew it too. He had already in his possession a tea-set of solid silver, jewelry of great value, and many costly keepsakes from the same source, disposed of at a sacrifice of full two thirds its value, to procure a little ready money for the necessities of her family.

Mr. Gaines was not in his office when she called — a happy circumstance for her — so she paid the rent to his agent, and then hastening home, bade Willie assist her in packing things with all possible haste, for they were going to move.

"And what are we going to move for, mamma?" asked the boy, opening his eyes with astonishment.

"Because we cannot afford to pay Mr. Gaines the rent longer," she replied.

Willie said no more; he saw that his mother's eyes were red from recent weeping, and he knew she had some great sorrow she did not like to talk about, so he went about packing the smaller articles, and transporting them to their new domicile. He knew they had been denied many luxuries, but his mother had managed to keep them comfortably clad and in school, and he had never dreamed they were indeed poor until he beheld the two small rooms that were to be henceforth their home; then the painful truth rushed suddenly upon him, and, child as he was, he thought how his mother had suffered in silence; he tried to look cheerful, as he ran in and out, helping to put the things in order, and, in a low tone, reproved Annie and Frank for calling their new home a "nasty place."

It was with a swelling heart that Mrs. Allington noted this kindness in her son; a new spirit seemed dawning within him. He no

longer asked for toys, but generously did without many little comforts he had formerly enjoyed, thus lightening his mother's expenses not a little.

Two weeks more and the Allingtons were snugly ensconced in their new abode; but the lines of care and anxiety were daily deepening on that mother's brow. The proceeds of the diamond ring were now nearly exhausted, and she had looked in vain for employment. Willie had answered advertisements in the papers, offering himself in any capacity he felt competent to fill, but he was yet without a place, and he, too, was heartsick and weary with fruitless efforts.

It was Christmas eve; Mrs. Allington sat with her head bowed on her hand, while Willie was endeavoring to still the children, who were wondering for the hundredth time that day what Santa Claus would bring them, for he saw how their innocent prattle affected his mother. He told them he didn't think Santa Claus would come that night, and they must all be quiet or he would put them in bed.

"He *will* come; he always comes of a Christmas," lisped Annie, half in tears; and Frank said —

"It's naughty of you, brother Willie, to say *that* when we've all been good children for a whole year, and you know I want a bass drum and red trumpet so much."

"Santa Claus will come, I've been looking for him this long time," said little Charlie, who sat in his high chair, with his plump, rosy cheek pressed against the cracked pane, peering out into the twilight; and he ended his exclamation with a loud, disappointed cry.

"Come, come, Charlie," said the mother, thoroughly aroused from her brooding thoughts by the confusion, "Santa Claus never comes when people watch for him, so come and sit in my lap and I'll tell you a story."

Thus pacified, Charlie came and crawled into her arms, and the other children gathered around to listen.

"I am going to tell you a true story," she said. "Once there was a gentleman who was a sea captain; he used to go off to sea and leave his family, sometimes for two long years. This gave his wife much anxiety, but as it was his profession she felt she must submit. They had one little boy about Willie's age; he used to sit

on his father's knee when he was home, and hear him relate the tales of his different voyages to foreign countries, until he began very much to wish to be a sailor himself. With a desire to gratify him, his father took him on board his ship when he became of a suitable age, and in time he became a sea captain like his father. One time, when his ship was lying in this port for repairs, he became acquainted with a lady whose manners pleased him so much that he married her, and resolved not to go to sea again; so he sold his ship, and bought him a fine residence in the city, living in happiness for some years. At length he was so unfortunate as to lose most of his property by the dishonesty of a partner, and as he now had a wife and four children dependent on him for support, he resolved to go to sea again, as it seemed the only way of making himself independent. It was hard parting with his wife and little ones, for they were very fond of him; but the ship he was to command was ready to sail, so he was obliged to tear himself away from their endearing caresses, and hurry on board. He left what little property remained to him of the wreck for their support in his absence. He promised to be absent but a few months, and at first his wife heard quite often from him, and he spoke of soon returning; but after the first year they never heard again, save from a newspaper account of the loss of the ship and all the crew. With but a pittance, the widowed mother struggled on, and tried hard to forget her grief in the society of her children. For four years she clothed and fed them comfortably, then her stock became exhausted, and she was obliged to dispose of articles of furniture at last to buy bread for her family. How her heart ached when Christmas came, and she was without even a penny to spend in toys and keepsakes for her expectant little ones."

"Ah! mamma, it is our own story you have been telling, isn't it?" asked Annie, flinging her arms about her neck. Mrs. Allington could not trust her voice to reply, for Willie was already weeping as though his heart would break; and Frank had drawn up close beside her, and buried his face in her bosom. Nought but sobs was heard for a few minutes, then Willie spoke.

"Mamma, my Sabbath school teacher said last Sunday that God would help every one that would try and help themselves, and I'm sure you have tried hard enough; so let's say our prayers and go

to bed without worrying — I'm sure God will help us." At this moment a loud rap was heard at their door — an unusual occurrence, for Mrs. Allington had no callers now. All started to their feet, and little Charlie suddenly awakened from a sound sleep, cried out, "Has Santa Claus come?"

"Yes, God bless you! Santa Claus *has* come," said a voice not unfamiliar to the widow's ear. A weather-stained face was bending over her, and a wild scream of delight followed close on the recognition.

Little Charlie was frightened to see his mamma clasped tightly in the dark man's arms, and he did not stoop to pick up the toys which fell in a perfect shower around them, till he had ordered the dark man, whom he had mistaken for Santa Claus, to "let his mamma alone." The little fellow was speedily undeceived; and a happier party was not to be found in our goodly city than that gathered around the fire in the small apartment occupied by Mrs. Allington. They now occupy the handsome mansion on T — St., their former abode; and the old treasured diamond ring again graces the finger of the now happy wife. Her Christmas was in truth a merry one.

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EXPRESSIONS OF DRESS.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets; they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or the blush rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.—*Meredith.*

## F A S H I O N .

By the assistance of Mme. Demorest's Quarterly Report and Mirror of Fashions, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following reliable information on the prevailing modes:—

The extreme of Fashion for the season, resolves itself into three distinct features—depth and brilliance of coloring, striking contrasts and costliness of material. The general effect is, that every thing must be what is called “illuminated,” that is to say, the light thrown up from dark sombre back-grounds. For this purpose the bright gold-color, and Magenta red are exceedingly effective, and therefore still retain their superiority.

In the methods of making up, there is a distinct effort at reviving old styles, and in some instances this has been done with partial success. The gored dress has not become popular as a street dress, in spite of all the efforts to make it so, but as a wrapper and mode it is, however, admired, and is very becoming to an elegant form. The old-fashioned “leg of mutton” sleeve has not yet made its appearance in the full extent of its old proportions, but in the modified form, and especially in conjunction with the *pelisse* (another revival,) it is very stylish, and after the lapse of a quarter of a century, is a decided novelty. The “Zuleika,” and the “Maintenon,” are two of the most elegant models of sleeves which have appeared. The first is designed after the Arab hood; the second is a species of coat sleeve, with three puffings, introduced into the top of the sleeve, which imparts an effect distinguished and becoming, especially to a full round arm.

CLOAKS.—The ample cloaks of cloth and velvet, are the reigning mode for outer garments. Furs will be almost universally worn, but not much in the form of cloaks or large capes, they are too expensive, and do not set aside the necessity for a cloak or cape less costly, and less cumbersome. Sable and mink in the pelerine or half-cape style, muff, and cuffs, in which there is no special change of size or shape, will be popular and fashionable, for the excellent reason that they are the most useful and convenient form in which furs can be worn. The prejudice is now all in favor of dark furs, and as only a few can discriminate between the natural and the dyed shades, most of the furs, and all those which are sold cheap, are dyed to the required standard; the stripes which prove the genuineness of the skin, being cleverly introduced.

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### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

THE exquisite Pattern accompanying this number of the HESPERIAN will, we know, be appreciated by every mother. It is a very graceful apron for a child, and suitable for either boy or girl. It is composed of two pieces only, the fullness of the skirt being gathered into the waist, both behind and before. Made of white or chambre muslin, and trimmed with two or three rows of narrow braid, and an edging of needle-work, with a few thread or pearl buttons down behind. It makes a simple, but elegant and graceful garment.



## Editor's Table.

TIME has completed another cycle, and brought us to the close of another volume of the *HESPERIAN* — to the close of another year — and as we cast a retrospective glance upon the past, we feel that we have cause for rejoicing; our heart swells with a glad hymn of thanksgiving to the Infinite Father who has showered so many blessings upon our pathway.

For near three years we have made our regular visits to your firesides, and the little band of contributors who first accompanied us are with us still, and many, very many more have been added to the number—the circle still enlarges, yet remains unbroken. Have we not somewhat to bethankful for? True, we have sometimes seen the shadow of the white-winged angel as it rested on some loved and loving one; but we have heard the rustle of the wings and the shadow has moved on—leaving the loved one all the better for the discipline;—more trusting and confiding, with a firmer faith and brighter hope, engendered by that hour of trial. And we, too, have learned rich lessons in those hours of sorrow; lessons of more entire trust and resignation to Him “who doeth all things well:” without whose knowledge not a “sparrow falleth to the ground.”

This volume completes another year of the *HESPERIAN*, and we wish it to be a record of our joy and thankfulness, of our heartfelt, grateful appreciation of past blessings, and our trusting hope in the future. What the next twelve months may have in store for us we know not—whether we shall be permitted to view its close on earth, is to us unknown, and matters little; for the experience of the past has given us trust in the future. Grasping more firmly the hand of the *INFINITE FATHER*, we commend ourselves and all he has given us, to His guidance, convinced that whether our pathway be through sunshine or shade, mid prosperity or adversity, it will be the one best for us.

It is said that the world we live in is a cold and selfish one, and between those who realize no affinity of a common nature, perhaps it is so; but how like the “dews of Heaven on the spring flower” falls the ministering spirit of appreciative sympathy! The heart becomes strong under its kindly influences,—“warmed up for one, it grows bountiful to all,” when, for the time, forgetting the dark side of human experience, one revels exultingly in the golden sunshine of its unclouded brightness. The world is no longer, to us, “a cold and selfish one,” but is warm and glorious in the liberal latitudes of its living friendships. Then, when the soothing goblet is offered, who so false to sympathy as to rudely dash it away?—No! welcome the hand that is offered in friendship. It sprinkles sweet incense on the altar of the heart's purest affections, and materially aids in the purification of the final sacrifice. But the reader may ask, “what does all this moralizing mean?” Why see what a gem our esteemed friend and contributor, Mrs. Anne K. H. Fader, has dedicated to us, and again ask the question if you will.

## IMPROMPTU.—TO MRS. F. H. DAY.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

Thy kiss, thy smile, thy kind hand warm  
 With more than friendly greeting,  
 Came to me like a star in storm,  
 And hallow'd our First meeting!

The thought that seemed like mother-thought,  
 The tired one comfort giving,  
 You do not know what joy it brought,  
 What life it gave to living!

They were *little acts*, but in my heart,  
 I e'er will kindly cherish,  
 Till all of memory shall depart,  
 And all of feeling perish!

*San Francisco, January 1st, 1861.*

How DULL IT IS.—“How dull it is!” says the votary of pleasure, as confined within doors on stormy days and evenings, which can only be removed by contact with gaiety. “How dull it is!” says the business man, in an hour of quiet; who, lost to all else of earth, counts only his moments of pleasure by the profitable sale of his goods or merchandise. “How dull it is!” says the editor, as in the absence of casualty or other excitement, he wearily belabors his overtaxed brain with the hope of eking out an idea or *item* which his judgment may approve as something that will prove acceptable to the public taste. “How dull it is!” say the unsatisfied masses who daily throng the thoroughfares of life’s bewildered Babel. Man is seemingly an incorrigible dolt, whose vitiated tastes and appetites, like a dyspeptic stomach, are ever craving; oftentimes that which is pernicious; of course never satisfied, and ever despairing. If mankind were *perfect*, then it would not be *dull* to the experience of any. But the good is yet to be reached; and in the progressive march of the human mind there is something, after all, for the encouragement of the philosophic hopes. And there are pleasures, too, by the wayside—pleasures to “him who hath ears with which to hear,” and “eyes with which to see,” and a heart with which to feel. There is beauty in the rain drop, with its infinite world of chemical, algebraic crystals; there is sublimity in the storm cloud, lessons of philosophy in depressed business, columns of unwritten editorials in the Illuminated Book of Nature, and which lies open to all, yet intelligible to him only whose spiritual eyes are not blurred with the grosser cares and follies of things that are perishable. No! it is not “dull!” Life experience cannot be *dull*. Even the sorrows of the silly heart, that grows sad in the reception of beneficent blessings, contain tears that are *human!* What is there so common that is no longer a mystery? —*not anything*. Look around you! Earth is full of beauty, and, in every atom is contained sources of intellectual pleasure, and of Divine consolation. Our short sightedness in recognising and appreciating the real pleasures and privileges of life, are felicitously expressed by Trench, in the following lines:—

"A dew-drop falling on the ocean wave,  
 Exclaimed in fear—'I perish in this grave ;'  
 But, in a shell received, that drop of dew  
 Unto a pearl of marvelous beauty grew ;  
 And, happy now, the grace did magnify  
 Which thrust it forth,—as it had feared,—to die ;  
 Until again, 'I perish quite,' it said,  
 Torn by the rude diver from its ocean bed :  
 O, unbelieving! So it came to gleam  
 Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem."

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," and foolish men have wasted talents, that would have adorned the higher spheres of usefulness, in vainly endeavoring to prove the materiality of human existence, and of man's irresponsibility to Deity ; but through the spiritual eye we see in Revealed Truth the consoling evidence of a brighter promise, of higher destinies. Concerning the soul and its promises, we find the following admirable passage in Dr. Channing's writings. There is wisdom and consolation in every line :—

"What is there to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all—the soul, the immortal spirit. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel in the contemplation of vast movements of our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age—to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence. As yet, however, we are encompassed with darkness. The issues of our time, how obscure! The future, into which it opens, who of us can foresee? To the Father of all ages, I commit this future with humble, yet, courageous and unflinching hope."

NOTICE.—A lady recently from the Atlantic States, who has had five years experience in teaching, and who brings the most satisfactory testimonials as to faithfulness and success in teaching, is desirous of finding a situation. She teaches *English Branches, vocal music, and French* to beginners. Address *Teacher, Hesperian office.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We acknowledge with pleasure several acts of professional courtesy, kindly tendered us by C. B. McDonald during a severe indisposition by which we were attacked last month.

TO BE SURE.—We frequently receive letters from friends in the country, asking if we will take produce in exchange for the *Hesperian*. To all such we desire to say, certainly, if that suits your convenience better than money; it is all the same to us, as we have all those things to buy. Editors must eat, and we are glad to learn that you are not unmindful of that important fact.

THE NEW YEAR of the *Hesperian* begins in March, 1861. Be particular to send subscriptions direct to the office of the *Hesperian*. We have NO AGENTS for whose acts we are responsible.

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