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CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE,

VOLUME III.

JULY, 1858, TO JUNE, 1859.



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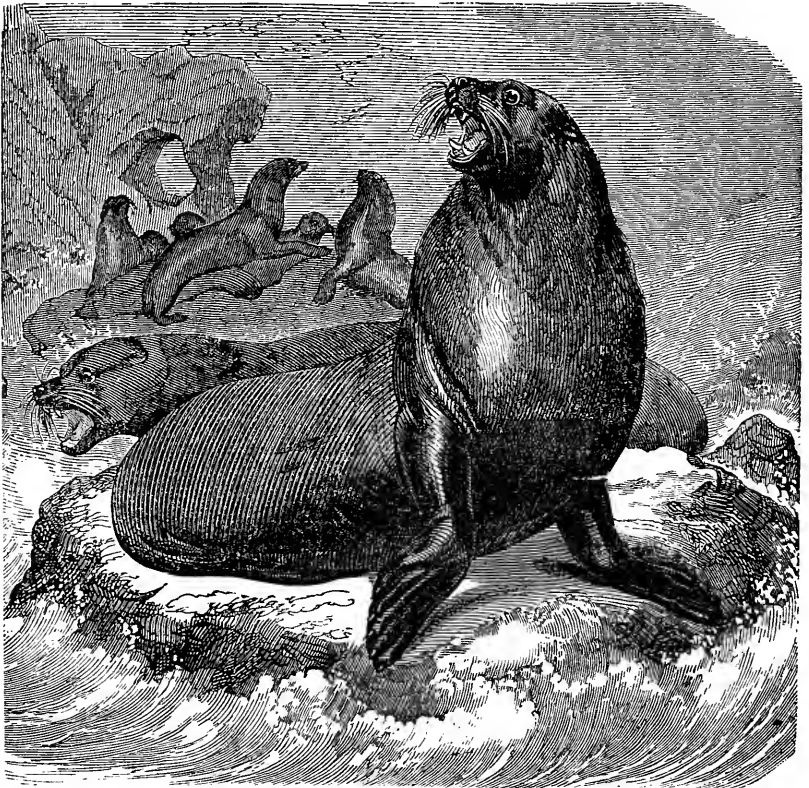
HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1858.

No. 1.

CALIFORNIA ANIMALS.



SEA LIONS.

The wonders of California extend beyond her rich gold fields, mammoth trees, towering mountains, beautiful valleys, and her delicious fruits and huge vegetables. The strange variety of animals found within her borders, form not the least remarkable and interesting portion of her history. An enthusiastic admirer of our astonishing products has said that "California is the whole world, on a small scale;" and that that which, in days past, was only secured after long and perilous voyages from one country to another, is found here, without difficulty, "all in a heap." That there is much truth in this assertion, no one who is posted will deny.

In previous numbers, as our readers will remember, our artist has furnished us with some very correct engravings of California wonders and curiosities. We have also given the more beautiful and remarkable Birds. The great interest taken in the subject induced us to send our artist among the wild animals; and the result of his visit will be found in the present issue. We think he has succeeded to a charm. The first in the list,

which forms a sort of frontispiece to the gallery of sketches, [see first page] is the far-famed "Sea Lion" of California. This is, indeed, a strange work of nature. Great numbers of them are to be found, almost at any time during a clear, warm day, upon the rocks adjacent to the sea, where they keep up a clatter not at all pleasant to hear. They manifest the fondest regard for their young calves, over which they keep the closest guard. Some of the older ones appear, at first, to be very brave, and often, when teased, make towards you with open mouths, displaying at the same time their tusks. But we have discovered them to be, as a general thing, great cowards. The simple wave of your hand will often make them "take water." Still, should they be so pressed as to render a fight inevitable, they would, in our opinion, prove very ugly customers to handle. We for one would not care to come in too close contact with them under such "pressing" circumstances. It is said, by those well acquainted with their habits, that they fight like tigers among themselves.

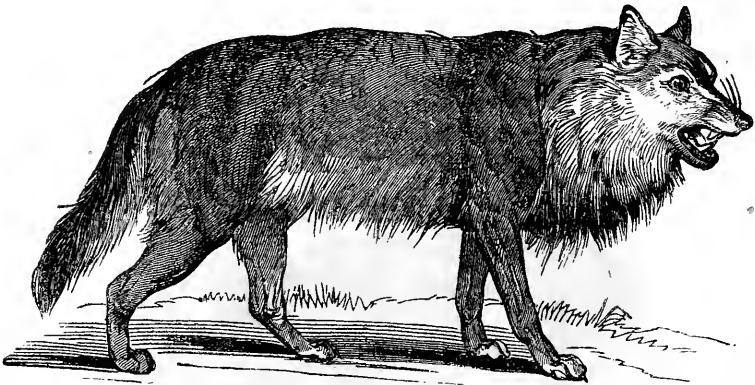


THE COYOTE.

This animal is, it is claimed by some, | any other country. Of this we have our
peculiar to California, and not found in | doubts. It may exist elsewhere—pos-

sibly in Mexico—yet on this point we cannot speak knowingly. One thing, however, we do very well know: It is the most thieving thing that walks on four legs. Our artist has, we think, displayed his genius and taste in the manner in which he presents this strange animal to our view. It will be observed that the rascal is feasting on the bone of some poor victim which he has evidently pounced upon in an unguarded moment, during a dark night, (Coyotes seldom leave their holes during the day,) while his sneaking attitude and villainous expression of eye plainly indicate his general disposition. Our excellent Governor, during the political campaign which ended in his election to his present position, made allusion to this animal, in the

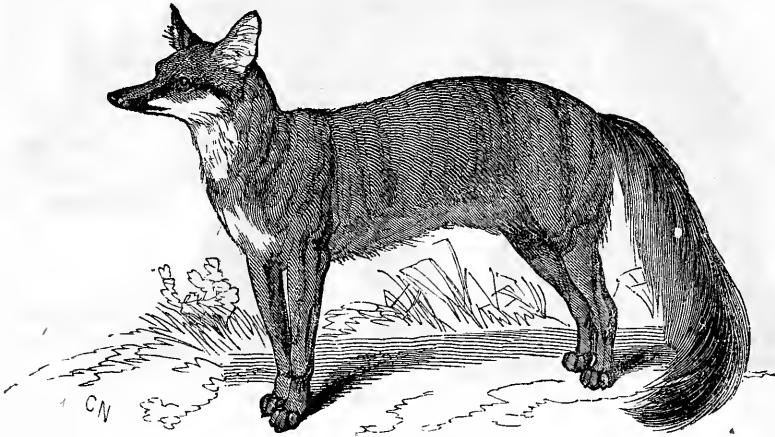
course of a speech, which is still fresh in our memory. The Governor had been accused by his opponents of doing something very mean on a certain occasion, and was replying, in most vigorous and effective style to the charges. Said he: "Fellow citizens, I would rather be a Coyote, and sneak about your hen-roosts for a living, than be guilty of such an act as *that*." Certainly, the Governor could not have selected an illustration which would convey a greater abhorrence of the charges in question. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that, after that speech, the "mean charge" fell to the ground. Those who know anything about the Coyote will, we think, agree with us, that the engraving furnished by our artist is "to the very life."



THE WOLF.

The California Wolf, unlike those found elsewhere, is of a gray color, slightly mixed with black. It is also larger and more dangerous. It boldly attacks cattle, and its power of muscle in the neck is so great that it can gather up a calf or sheep and easily run off with it. Its scent is quite remarkable. It is said that it scarcely ever fails to reach its object, when once on the track.

In the winter season it ventures very near the towns and villages, and creates considerable excitement. It never attacks horses or cattle in the rear, from the fact, probably, that the latter use their heels to too much advantage. It, however, pounces upon them in front, and generally conquers them. When suffering from hunger, it will, it is said, eat the flesh from its own bones.



THE FOX.

If there is any one animal, in the list furnished by our artist, that will be admired more than another, it is the Fox. There he is, in all the beauty of life. For

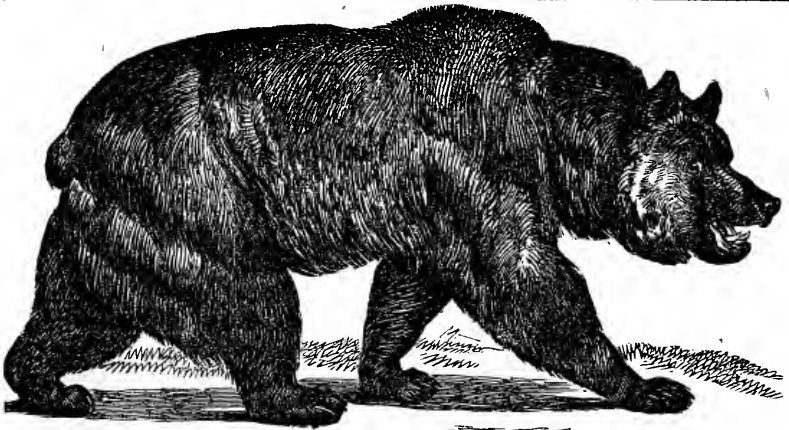
swiftness of foot, and shrewdness, the California Fox is said to surpass those of any other country. Isn't he a beautiful fellow?



THE RACCOON.

It is not claimed that the above is any relation to that "same old coon" about which we have heard so much in other days. It is a native of California, and, upon examination, will be found to be different in many respects from the Coon of other States. The drawing is perfect, and is so taken as to enable the reader to view the animal in all its points. We are informed that, at certain seasons of

the year, these Coons are to be found in great numbers along the upper Sacramento. We presume, however, they are confined to no particular section of the State. The California Coon is a beautiful animal, and we do not see how we could have got along without it in our series of sketches. In the above engraving we have secured it in the happiest style.



THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

The Grizzly Bear of California is so well known, that we do not deem a description necessary to introduce it to our readers. The above engraving is a most truthful representation of this remarkable animal, as competent judges will readily admit. It appears almost as natural as when roaming at large through the mountains, and we dare say there are many of our early pioneers who, while

marking out trails, or hunting for the precious metal, have seen some "just like him." The California Grizzly is unlike those of his species found in most other countries. It is exceedingly ferocious, and powerful; and, unless treated to a deadly bullet, is a hard customer to manage in an encounter. It fights with great desperation, and never yields while the least spark of life remains.



THE LYNX.

The Lynx is of a reddish color, with dark brown spots on the end of the tail.

In size they measure from three to four feet in length. They are exceedingly

blood-thirsty, often pouncing upon more victims than they can devour at one time. They have been known to kill as many as thirty sheep in one night. They are the terror of young cattle—though the deer, it appears, is their principal food. They lie upon the branch of a tree, like a cat, and leap upon their unsuspecting victim from a distance of twelve or fourteen feet. Immediately upon grasping a sheep, they kill it by opening the veins of the throat, and then drink the blood. They then eat the intestines, head and shoulders, and leave the remainder. Singular to relate, after having killed more sheep than is required at one meal, they

remove them to some secure place, and spread them out carefully in the air. They then leave for two or three days, and if, upon their return, they find the meat tainted, it is deserted for something more fresh. We have this interesting fact from old mountaineers who are well acquainted with the habits of the animal. The eyes of the Lynx are very large, full and piercing, and of a bright yellow color. The Lynx has a beautiful skin, and its meat is pronounced by those who pretend to be well posted, a rare and delicate morsel. The engraving furnished by our artist may be relied upon as entirely correct.



THE CALIFORNIA DEER.

We give above a very correct drawing of the California Deer—by many called the Elk. We are at a loss to conceive how this beautiful animal should be confounded with the clumsy, ill-shaped Elk. It differs from the Elk in a great many

respects, especially in its most striking features. The Elk, besides the great hump on the neck, has a much longer head and ears, and heavier horns. The nostrils of the Elk also resemble those of the horse; while those of the Deer, as

will be observed, bear no resemblance to the horse. A most striking peculiarity of the California Bucks, and one which has doubtless been observed by hunters, is their savage disposition after being wounded. After being pursued for hours, and arrested at length by a bullet, they turn suddenly upon their pursuers, and make

desperate battle. This movement on their part, as may be imagined, generally creates considerable excitement; still as it is never resorted to until a leaden messenger has been felt, the gallant bearing of the animal is of but short duration. The venison of California is pronounced the finest in the world.



THE LION.

With all her wonders, there are few persons at a distance who will be willing to believe that California produces an animal like that represented in the above engraving; yet, strange and remarkable as it may appear, it is true. A veritable *Lion*, of which the above is a correct sketch, is found within the limits of our State. Hence, we choose to refer to it as the *California Lion*. We have seen one of them, and a splendid fellow he was, too. In point of size, strength, or beauty, we hesitate not to pronounce the California Lion equal, if not superior, to any that we have ever met in the famous menageries of the Atlantic States. It will be observed that they differ greatly in appearance from the Lions of other countries, resembling more the ferocious tiger of the old world.

A gentleman who passed through the northern portion of the State in the fall of '50, describes a fight which he witnessed between a Grizzly Bear and Lion. Upon facing each other, the Bear showed signs of distress, and commenced "backing out." The Lion at the same time drew himself forward very cautiously, until within ten or fifteen feet of his adversary, when coiling his tail under his body, he made a spring, with a hissing noise. He missed his object, but suddenly gathering his energies, he made a second leap, landing full upon the Bear's back. The result of the struggle soon became apparent. The Bear fought with desperation, but was finally compelled to yield beneath the huge jaws of his antagonist. The fight lasted about half an hour. The Lion was considerably bruised.

A L O N E .

BY T. E. F.

When joy upon the heart, with feeble glare,
The smile of inward pleasure spreads around,
Or glee and mirth within the mind declare
That happiness shall reign and there be crown'd:

 This joyous night,
 These visions bright,
Are as sunbeams that mark when day has flown ;
Though strange it seems, 'tis night, and I'm alone.

When memory brings its traces of the past,
My heart in sadness heaves a heavy sigh,
And longs again to wear what cannot last—
The smile of joy it wore in days gone by:
 Like fading flowers,
 Youth's sunny hours,
And cherished dreams have quickly come and gone ;
How strange it seems, in sadness, I'm alone.

In sorrow now, no tear 'is shed for me,
No feeling of true pity can I find ;
No heart, by chords of love or sympathy,
Or fond affection, is to mine inclined:
 With spirit meek
 I humbly seek
The flowing streams that Hope to me had shown ;
How strange it seems, in sadness, I'm alone.

But not alone beside the sparkling rill,
Along the meadows, clothed in verdure green,
Beneath the giant trees that crown the hill ;
 There birds within their lazy bowers, unseen,
 In merry glee
 Bring back to me
The past, that beams with all I have known
Of joy: it seems that here I'm not alone.

When night has shrouded earth with its net,
And luna's lamp sends forth its mellow rays ;
When myriad stars in Heaven's blue vault are set,
I walk where we have walked in other days:
 I gaze above
 In mournful love,
Fancy redeems the light which long had flown,
Her spirit here communes with mine alone.

DID I LOVE HER?

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Many years ago—so very many that it almost makes me dizzy to look back at them—I was in love; so, at least, I fancied, though older heads insisted that it was some other feeling. Well; I'll tell you the story, and, when I have closed, I may again have occasion to ask the question: "Did I love her?"

It was, by all odds, the loveliest village in all Pennsylvania—the place where I was born. I can see it now, with its fine old trees and comfortable houses; its hardy old people and healthy children; its neat, tidy, handsome girls, and strong, active young men. The reader will observe that I indulge in none of the usual fancy pictures here, for the purpose of winning attention. When I say that the old people were hardy, the children healthy, the girls handsome, and the young men hearty and active, I mean it. I desire to present them in no other shape.

I had the reputation of being the wildest, most reckless boy in that quiet, beautiful, Heaven-favored village. Though I never, in all my life, did any member of the community an intentional injury, or even had the remotest idea of doing so, I continued (why, I know not,) to keep up the reputation just alluded to; and until, perhaps, up to within the last year of my residence there, the very children, as they clustered around the blazing family hearth, in the cold wintry evenings, were frightened half to death by senseless, unfounded stories, in which I was, as a matter of course, the terrible hero. As before remarked, I was not what might be called a *bad* boy—neither am I considered a very bad man. It is true that, during my boyhood days, I was always full of

life, and that I occasionally loved as dearly to invent a little fun as to enjoy it after it was invented. It is equally true that I was compelled to own up to every wicked thing that transpired in town; and, this being a position from which it was impossible for me to back out, why, I very naturally stuck my hands deeper and firmer than ever in my pantaloons pockets, and whistled much louder than I might under ordinary circumstances.

But, what has all this to do with our story? I will endeavor to show how a misunderstanding, produced by the bad name unjustly fastened upon me in the village, hurried two innocent beings to an untimely grave, and embittered the life of a third, which might otherwise have been sweet. I will not attempt, nor is it particularly necessary that I enumerate all the charges laid at my door. I will simply say that the Great Judge knows how innocent I was. The old people were too hard on me; but, as they now sleep beneath the dear old trees that sheltered me in the spring-time of life, I have not a harsh or unkind word to utter. May they rest in peace!

Among the many girls in my list of acquaintances, was one whom I at a certain period of life loved. I was going to say I *thought* I loved her; but that would hardly do. I knew too well—she knew too well—God and the Angels knew too well, I loved her as man seldom loves. A little patience, reader, and I will proceed. This is the love I spoke of at the start. The good old time, with all its sunny days, is upon me again, and my torn, lacerated heart, that has bled so long, feels just as if it were about to melt.

There, that will do! I feel much better. Well, as I was saying, I loved the girl. There certainly could be no mistake about *that*, though you have but my word for it. She, I believe, never doubted it; and I have reason to know, gave me a good, pure heart in return.

We were children together—my Mary and I. We had sat close together on the same old bench at the village school—had rejoiced at each other's triumph over the "hard words," as they were given out by the fierce teacher—and had taken "great big bites" from the same slice of bread and butter, over and over again. We had climbed the long hills together—had chased butterflies together—had sang pretty songs together, and picked berries together. Why, our little cheeks and lips had been pressed together "as often as we had fingers and toes." And thus the years rolled on. Thus we grew up. She was ever ready to defend me. She understood me perfectly.

At length the shock, from which my soul never recovered, came. I had reached the age of twenty-three. Mary was eighteen. I proposed marriage. So far as Mary herself was concerned, there was no difficulty. She had long been preparing for the event. We had long enjoyed the most blissful dreams of the future. But, ah! how little do we know what a day may bring forth! How suddenly is the sweet current of one's life turned into a dreary, desolate waste! Such was our fate. The shock came. Mary's parents and friends objected to me, in the strongest and most positive manner. *I did not love her*, said they, *and could not make her happy!* So obstinate and furious, indeed, became their opposition, after my intention was made known, that I concluded to absent myself for a time, in order, if possible, to bring about a change in their feelings. But things only grew worse for me. In less than a year my

poor mother, borne down with grief at my distress, sank into her grave.

In despair, I returned to the village. It was in mid-winter, and the scene was as cheerless as can well be imagined. With the exception of several kind friends—whom I will ever remember with delight—I was pointed at as that "wild, reckless, *bad* young man." I bore up bravely beneath all this, for I knew how little I deserved the treatment; but when I sought an interview with her in whom my dearest affections were centered—when I asked to see my Mary, *and was refused*—my heart and voice failed me. This was more than I could bear. She, too, had been poisoned against me. So, at least, I supposed—and that was enough.

There is no longer need of detail. Being the only surviving member of my family, I turned the dear old homestead into money, and, bidding adieu to the place of my birth, wandered off to the then "Far West." I at once settled down in business, and endeavored to banish from my mind all thought of my former life. But that was out of the question. I could not forget how deeply I had been wronged. I could not but think how little they knew my heart, who declared I did not love my Mary. ~

My days and nights were long, and heavy, and bitter, though the years, after all, crowded fast upon me. Indeed, I sometimes felt that I was a very, very old man. One day, long after I had concluded to outlive it all, I was startled by the reception of a letter, bearing the postmark of the village in which I had spent so many pleasant hours. I had been absent so long, it was impossible for me to recognize the superscription. This I did not attempt, though while gazing upon it I indulged in some very strange conjectures. Who could have thought of me, the "wild, reckless, *bad* man," after so long a separation? It proved to be from a very dear old lady friend, who informed

me that my Mary, too, after withering away like the tender flower beneath the rude blasts, had gently sank to rest! The letter closed as follows:

“Her last breath sounded your name, and when they told her, the day before she took her departure from earth, that it must be, she smiled contentedly, and only requested that her body be laid near your mother, who, like herself, knew and loved you so well.”

Reader, all this happened many years ago. I have since visited the old village, and faced those whose conduct caused so much anguish. I looked about me, and my eyes met many changes and strange faces. There stood the same old trees, still blooming, with the return of spring. The old school house, where Mary and I spelled the hard words, and rejoiced in each other's triumphs, was there; new faces occupied the long, pine benches. The tall hills we used to climb appeared as

high and as fresh as ever; but with my eyes, just then, I could see nothing beautiful about me—not even the butterflies Mary and I used to chase!

He who visits the old-fashioned village about which I have been talking, will doubtless find somebody who will remember the main features of this story. He will, I dare say, hear more than I have told—much more. He will hear how that “wild, reckless young man” faced those who had injured him, and how, on a certain occasion, with one hand pointing to two newly-made graves, and the other towards Heaven, he *forgave them all!* The visitor will hear more than this. He will hear how, up to the hour of their death, that *bad* young man supported and consoled the aged parents of Mary.

I never married. I never expect to marry. But one word more of my Mary: “Did I love her?”

Marysville, June 1, 1858.

FAREWELL.

I ask no farewell token
Of thine afar to bear;
No link of bright gold broken,
Nor locks of thy dark hair.
My soul shall still be near thee,
Though far from thee I fly—
I only wish to hear thee
Say “Bless you and good-bye.”

This miniature that beareth
Thy semblance I refuse,
Because my fond soul weareth
One that it may not lose.
The love that needs a token
To keep its faith may die;
Then all I would have spoken
Is “Bless you and good-bye!”

San Francisco, May 28, 1858.

THE BRIDAL BELLS.

Merrily ring the bridal bells!
Merrily, all the day;
Merrily sing the little birds—
It is the pleasant May.
Sing on, sweet birds! Oh! sweetly sing!
Bloom, little flowers, so gay;
Shine, sun, on my sweet Mary's head!
For we are married to-day.

The pleasant skies are bright with smiles,
The earth is dress'd in flowers;
The little rills dance down the hills,
And sing among the bowers.
Merrily ring the bridal bells,
O'er the hills far away;
Merrily dance two happy hearts,
For we are married to-day. G. T. S.

San Francisco, May, 1858.

THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN.

A TALE OF SUTTER'S BUTTE.

The sun was sinking behind the coast-range—the moon was rising over the Sierra Nevada. Oglesberry Higginbotham sat on a stone near the summit of Sutter's Butte, and gazed on the varied landscape beneath. In his contemplation of the beauties of nature, he had forgotten that it was near night, and that it was some three miles to his camp.

"The mighty Pacific!" he said, "once washed the base of the Nevadas. The mountain on which I stand was not; the coast-range of mountains are of a comparatively late creation. Where the fawn now sports, 'mid flowers of every hue, in the rich valley of the Sacramento, was once the playground of the whale, And was all this done with one grand stroke of the *will* of the Creator? Who knows but some enlightened nation was swept from existence by this one command from on High? 'He stood, and measured the earth,' saith the prophet; 'He beheld and drove asunder nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting.' Oh, fool! why dost thou say, in thy narrow heart, there is no God? But the ways of God are mysterious. Sin is spread abroad over the land. Wickedness and ingratitude find a harbor in almost every human heart. This mountain was once called after an old pioneer, who was the personification of hospitality; but the same men that he fed, after having robbed him of his worldly goods, must needs rob the mountain of his name, and call it the Marysville Butte! Oh, ingratitude! thou art indeed more fell than the assassin's steel!"

"Oglesberry!" said a familiar voice, and a female approached him, and laid

her hand upon his shoulder. Higginbotham was naturally brave—he had been called fool-hardy; but the blood now ran cold in his veins. He could not speak, for he believed that he saw a ghost.

The lady knew his thoughts, and said:

"Be not afraid, Oglesberry, I am flesh and blood. Let us get away from here, and I will explain all. You must live near here, or would not be here at this late hour."

"Maggie Lane," said he, "can this be you?" He took her by the hand, as if to satisfy himself that it was a reality.

"It is I," she said, "and I am in the hands of bad men, and wish to escape. Can you do anything for me! No, no!" she said, vehemently; "no, leave me to my fate. I love you too well for that. If those men knew that you were here, they would kill you. They are powerful, and should you help me off, they would follow us up wherever we might go, and then they would kill you."

"Maggie," said he, "Maggie! two years ago, two thousand miles from here, we plighted our love. I then promised that when I got back, I would lead you to the altar, and protect you through life. We now meet under circumstances which I cannot understand. But my camp is about three miles from here, so let's be getting that way. I fear no man, nor no body of men, and no inducement could tempt me to part from you."

They started to walk along, but in an instant they were surrounded by a dozen men; nor could Higginbotham tell from whence they came.

"He has seen her," said one, and he must die. Advance and take him!"

Oglesberry raised his gun, and told them to stand back, but still they ad-

vanced. His gun fired, and one of them fell, to rise no more. They took him, however, blindfolded, and gagged him. They then passed on for a few steps, stopped a moment, and, when they moved on again, he knew that he was under ground.

"What do you think of this fellow?" said one of the men. "He is grit, ain't he? Why, he must o' knowed the gal."

"Yes, I'll be bound he knowed her," said another, "for, as I was out to-day, I went to their camp and got to talking with him. He said he was from Overton county, Tennessee, and that is whar she come from, you know. I ain't half liked it, nohow, since them fellers have been out here hunting. I believe they knowed something afore they come. There ain't no tellin' what word that wench—I beg the Captain's pardon, I meant lady—I say nobody can't tell what she has been doing; she is as sly as a fox."

"Them's my sentiments," said the first speaker, "and if I had my way, I'd go down thar to-night, and kill the last one of 'em."

"Now you are talkin' sense," chimed in a third. "They can't give no regular account of themselves, no how. When Bill and me was a layin' around thar, to-day, tryin' to pump 'em, they said that they lived away down in Mariposa, and they come up here jist on a huntin' excursion. Now I don't believe that. I believe, as Jack says, that this gal has sent word out to 'em in some way."

While this conversation was going on, they were going down steps. Two men led, or rather dragged Higginbotham. Maggie walked alone, and in sullen silence.

So sudden had been all these movements, that Oglesberry could hardly realize his position. He would at times think that he was in a terrible dream; but then he would know that it was a reality, and he felt that he was a doomed

man. They had said that he must die; but who they were, where they were going, and how Maggie came there, were all questions of such deep mystery that it was painful for him to contemplate them. When a man *knows* the ordeal through which he is to pass, he can nerve himself for the worst of human calamities; but *mystery* will unnerve the bravest heart. Then, what would be Maggie's doom?

When they had gone down a long flight of steps, they reached a level place, where they stopped, took the blind from his eyes, and the gag from his mouth. He found that he was in a room some hundred and fifty feet square. It was brilliantly lighted, and presented the appearance of a magnificent palace.

A man who was seated at the farther extremity of the room, when they entered, now rose and walked up to them, and demanded an explanation of the scene.

"I thought," said he, "that you were on your way to Marysville. How come you here; what are you doing with this fellow, and what is she (looking at Maggie) doing with you?"

"I went to breathe a little fresh air," said Maggie, "and met with that gentleman there. He appeared frightened, and I had to tell him that I was flesh and blood, to keep him from fainting. These ruffians of yours saw us together, and rushed upon us, at the same time swearing that he must die. He, like a brave man, shot one of them, and you see how they have treated him. In order to gain favor with me, you tell me that you never kill people—that you only take their money; but I have now seen enough to satisfy me to the contrary."

"I believe," said a tall, raw-boned individual, "that she knowed him. He is one of them fellows as has bin huntin' round here for several days, and I believe they aint after no good, neither. We

have made up our minds that they must be cleaned out, to-night, too."

"Well," said the *Captain*, "we will consult about that. Now, Miss, what say you—did you ever see this fellow before?"

"I don't like to be catechised in so authoritative a tone as the one you are using just now," said Maggie. "If, sir, you will use another tone, I have no objection to answering your question."

The bandit chief bit his lip, and motioned his men off.

"Now," said he, "will you tell me whether you ever saw this gentleman before, or not?"

"I have seen him before, sir," she replied.

"Where?"

"In the Atlantic States."

"He is, then, perhaps, a lover of yours?" said he.

"*Perhaps* he is, and what then?" said Maggie.

"*Perhaps*, then, I'll make fish-bait of him," said the *Captain*.

"*Perhaps* you won't," replied Maggie.

"Why not?" demanded the bandit.

"Because," said Maggie, "you *dare* not."

Oglesberry was as much surprised at this scene as he had been at anything else. He had always looked upon Maggie as being as gentle as a lamb, and as timid as a fawn; but now he beheld her holding at bay a man who, from the position he held, was bound to be not only brave, but ferocious. "Here," thought he, "is an example of what courage will do. In all ages of the world, we have seen men rise into power and influence, simply with courage. There is a sympathy between minds, and which is not yet understood. A coward will wither beneath a courageous *smile*. If I only had as much of it as Maggie has, we would get out of this scrape."

The bandit chief seemed to reflect for a moment, and then he said:

"If I will let this young man go, will you go with me to-morrow to Marysville, or Colusa, and marry me? But mind, you would have to put your own life in pawn for *his* silence."

"If you will allow me a half hour's private conversation with him, I will agree to your proposition," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, talk away," said he, and he walked off.

"Now," said Maggie, in a trembling voice, "what shall we do?"

"You don't propose to marry that fellow, do you?" said Oglesberry.

"Certainly not," said Maggie; "I only want time. But now I leave it all to you. Can you devise any plan for me to escape from him to-morrow, and for you to get off, too?"

"Stipulate with him," said he "that I am to leave first; and then, that you go to Colusa to get married, and I will fix the balance."

"Oglesberry," said she, "you will have to *kill* him; there is no other way. It may seem improper for me to give such advice, but we must get away."

"I will fix that," said Oglesberry; "but now tell me something about how you came here, for I am terribly bewildered on that point."

"Well," she began, "Pa took a notion to come to California about a year ago, and in a few days we were under way for the land of gold, *via* New Orleans and Panama. We arrived safe in the country and settled on Feather river. I wrote to you at Shasta, your old post-office, but I got no answer, and I did not know where else to write to. In about a month after our settlement on the river, I had been visiting one of our neighbors, and was returning home about dusk one evening, when I was overtaken by a man on horseback. He rode by my side for

some time without speaking, and then, all he said was to ask me to get on behind him, and ride home. I told him that I preferred to walk. Just at this moment, another man rode up. 'Get down!' said the first one to him, 'and hand that girl up to me.'

"I tried to scream, but the ruffian stuck an old handkerchief in my mouth, which nearly suffocated me, and I was lifted from the ground like a child, and placed on the horse in front of the man, who put spurs to his horse, and flew across the plains. I did *not faint*, as I should have been in duty bound to do, had I been the heroine of some romance. Well, I was brought to this place, and here I have been ever since; and I must say that I have been well treated in everything, except being kept closely guarded all the time, and having that fellow importuning me about once a week to marry him. In everything else I have had my own way, and never, for one moment, have I felt afraid of any of them. I have always believed that I would escape unhurt. But oh, Oglesberry! how will, or how have my poor parents borne the mysterious loss of their only daughter?"

"I have not seen them," said he. "I have written regularly to you, but have received no answer to my letters. I did not know that you were in California."

While they are talking to each other, let us listen to another very important conversation that is being held in another portion of the same room.

"You think it best, then, Bill," said the Captain, "to clean those hunters out to-night, do you?"

"Well, I does," replied Bill.

"How many of them are there?" asked the Captain.

"There's four of 'em besides the one we have got," said Bill.

"I have promised that girl that if she would marry me I would let that fellow

go, and she has agreed to it. Now, I propose to make him swear that he will never say a word about our place, nor us, and then let him go to-night, and when he gets to his camp turn out and kill the last one of them and put them where the cayotes won't find them. She will think he's gone, and will marry me. I know that I can depend on her word."

"That's a capital idea," said Bill; "and I tell you I just want the job of doin' for this feller we have got now. I want my revenge for his killin' Dick Jobson. Dick was a good feller."

"Make ready for the work," said the Captain, and he walked off towards our hero and heroine.

"Are you through with your talk?" said he. "If you are, you can listen to the arrangements. Mr. What-you-may-call-him is to leave to-night. You and I leave in the morning at sunrise for Marysville."

"I much prefer going to Colusi," said Maggie. "Some one might know me in Marysville."

"Any way to please the children, and keep peace in the family," said the Captain.

"Now, sir, I shall require you to promise me, upon the honor of a gentleman, that you will never, in any manner, tell what you have seen here to-night. You can depart at any moment, but I will keep that gun of yours. She appears to be a fine piece."

"He will take his gun with him," said Maggie, "if he wants it."

"Well, you may have your way in that too," said the bandit, and he stepped across the room to speak to Bill.

"I will write a note by you, to my mother," said Maggie, "and that will keep down suspicion." She had hardly finished speaking when the Captain again joined them. Maggie asked him if she might write a note to her mother.

"Write one," said he, "but I must see it."

She went to the table, took a pen and wrote:

"MY DEAR MA: You have, perhaps, ere this, given me up for lost. I am, dear mother, lost to you. You will never see me again; but grieve not for me, for I shall want for nothing in this life. There is a mystery hanging over me that will never be solved; but be assured that your daughter will always maintain her honor, and never give any one cause to blush for any act of hers. I am to be married to-morrow to a Mr.—" Here she stopped writing, and said:

"Now, Mr. Captain, you see what I have written. Will you please give me your *real* name? I want none of your aliases. If I marry you, I must marry the name you had when a child. I will give you my real name if you will give me yours."

"I had sworn never to tell my real name," said he, "but it will be just as good on the parson's book as an alias."

He took the pen and wrote where she had left off, in a bold, elegant hand: OSCAR LANE.

Maggie looked at the writing for an instant, and then at him; tears filled her eyes, and she jumped up, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed:

"My brother! Oh, by brother! Can it be a reality that I now see you? You have said that if I would give you my love you would be happy. Come, now, leave off your evil ways; go home with me, and I will always love you. Oh, say that you will do it!"

Oscar spoke not for some time; Maggie dropped herself into a chair; Oglesberry read the name and understood it all.

"You, then," said Oscar, "are the little sister Maggie that I left at home in Virginia some twelve years ago; but I am ashamed to acknowledge myself your brother. My life has been so bad that you can never forgive it. Oh, that we could drink of the Lethean Spring!"

"I can do it," said Maggie, "and I will try and administer the draught to you. Oh! let us leave this place *to-night*. I can stand it no longer."

Oscar knelt down by her side: "Maggie," he said, "Maggie, henceforth you shall be my guardian angel; whatever you say do, I will do it; you have been sent as a special messenger to rescue me from the path of destruction."

The three talked together for several hours. Oscar told them about how he ran away from home when he was only fifteen years old, and when Maggie was five. He told of his adventures since then, and how he was induced to become a robber.

His men were then called from an adjoining room in the cave, and he said to them:

"I am going to leave you, and I leave you all my share of our property, which, I believe, amounts to about one hundred thousand dollars. I would advise you to quit the life you are at present leading, and become honest men. Neither of us, then, will ever recognize you if we should happen to meet; nor will we ever say aught to prejudice you in any manner whatever."

"I 'spected you would get chicken-hearted after a while, by havin' that gal around here," said Bill.

"You will recollect," said Oscar, picking up a pistol and cocking it, "that I am *Captain* here as long as I stay."

"I ask your pardon," said Bill, "but I meant no insinuation. We all wish you much joy with your wife. * * * *

The moon yet cast a shadow as Maggie, her lover and her brother emerged from the aperture in the rock. When they had passed out a stone rolled, by machinery, into the door, and no human eye could detect it. They walked down the side of the mountain until they reached a small valley, where they were met by a man who had previously been sent out to obtain horses. He held three splendid animals. Our party mounted, and as they put spurs to their animals they bid farewell to Sutter's Butte.

The meeting with their parents I will not attempt to describe. Maggie told them that she had been taken by robbers, and rescued by her brother and Oglesberry; but that she was not at liberty to give the particulars of her capture or of her rescue.

They never knew that Oscar had been a bandit. * * * *

Five years have passed. Oglesberry and Maggie are married, and are happy. Oscar lives with them; but he is of a melancholy disposition, and all he seems to care for is to minister to the happiness of his sister; while she does all she can (and that is much) to give him the longed for draught of the waters of Lethe.

THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO;

OR, THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

BY CLOE.

Leaving the city they ascended the river to Louisville. They were delighted with the country and the hospitality of the Kentuckians. They were soon very comfortable, and quite at home. Ella improved every opportunity in inquiring after General Adair, but as yet without success. One evening, after they had retired to bed, Lady Dunbar was aroused by the cry of fire. Opening her door, she distinctly saw the flames fast consuming the roof. Rushing down stairs she soon found herself in the street with many of the frightened inmates; looking around she could not see Ella; the horrid truth that she was still in her room caused Lady Dunbar to cry in frantic tones for Ella, begging every one she saw to rescue her. A young man standing near asked where she was.

"In room No. 10, second floor," sobbed Lady Dunbar. He rushed up the blazing stairs, and, bursting open the door, he saw a lady lying on the floor. Taking her in his arms, he rushed down the stairs just as they gave way with a terrible crash, while the flames enveloped the whole house. On he pressed with his precious burden, his clothes and skin badly burned. Gaining the street, the fresh air soon revived the fainting Ella. She raised her head, still supported by the noble young stranger.

"A thousand thanks, generous stranger," said Ella, rising from his singed bosom. "Words are inadequate, to express my feelings for the salvation of my life."

"Say no more, dear lady, I have done nothing more than my duty."

"Are you much injured, sir?"

"Nothing serious, madam."

"Thank God!" again exclaimed Lady Dunbar.

"Allow me, ladies," said the stranger, "to conduct you to comfortable quarters. Unusual exposure may prove injurious."

"We accept your kind offer with grateful feelings, sir."

Once more in comfortable lodgings, Ella made another attempt at expressing her gratitude. She was interrupted by his early leave to help others in distress. Strange feelings came over her.

After his departure Ella expressed her admiration of the noble young stranger, who so valiantly saved her life.

Lady Dunbar smiled. "You owe him gratitude; perhaps it would not be prudent to give him your heart."

Ella blushed. "A serious time to jest, Lady Dunbar; but, do you know his name?"

"No; but he promised to call to-morrow, when we will be more particular in our inquiries and acknowledgments."

Early the next morning, according to promise, the young stranger called. They received him with cordial warmth, pouring out their grateful feelings in immeasurable quantities. He was evidently much embarrassed. He expressed his regret that circumstances were such that their acquaintance must be brief.

"Do me the honor, dear sir, to receive this ring as a token of my esteem and gratitude." Lady Dunbar joined in the request. A diamond ring of considerable value, once the property of Sir James Frank, but sold to Ella by Mrs. Thomp-

son in Spain, to procure money to defray her expenses in traveling. He took it, and drawing it on his little finger, shook Lady Dunbar by the hand with a warm grasp. He extended his hand to Ella. She placed her trembling hand in his. He pressed it to his lips. Looking in her face he saw a tear drop from her eye as the words were spoken, "Good bye."

"I hope we may meet again," said Lady Dunbar, endeavoring to relieve Ella.

"I hope so," said he, and he turned and was gone.

Ella and Lady Dunbar conversed long on the merits of this noble young man. His modesty was as great as his bravery. They had lost all in the fire, and were obliged to remain until they could procure remittances from New Orleans. Ella loved to talk of the unknown stranger; he had awakened a new feeling in her heart unknown to her before. "Ben saved my life—this man did no more." Thus she was compelled to acknowledge that it was no common interest she felt for the man that saved her from a burning death. The unwelcome thought that perhaps she would never see him again would intrude upon her heart, causing the tears often to fall from her lovely eyes. Lady Dunbar noticed a change in Ella, and suspected the cause. She regretted it, as it was not probable they would ever meet again.

Soon as they received their remittance they left for Lexington. They registered them as Lady Dunbar and Countess of San Diego. As the sound of the bell announced that supper was ready, Lady Dunbar and Ella took their seats at the table. Many of the guests had already read the names on the register, and the unusual occurrence occasioned considerable speculation. They were shown every possible attention and respect. A middle-aged gentleman sat opposite Lady

Dunbar, and endeavored to engage her in conversation.

"You seem to be strangers, madam."

"Yes, sir; we just arrived this evening."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"A few months only, sir."

"From England, I presume?"

"Not immediately; we are from Mexico. My young friend, here, is in search of her father, who is a resident of this State."

"What part of the State?" asked the gentleman.

"Of that we are ignorant," answered Lady Dunbar; "we have inquired at every place, but have, as yet, heard nothing."

"What is the gentleman's name, madam?"

"General Adair."

"General Adair! Why, that is my name."

This announcement created considerable excitement. Adair fastened his eyes on Ella, who sat perfectly immovable, with eyes fixed upon the gentleman.

"Your name, young lady?"

"Ella Adair."

"Who was your grandfather?"

"General Don Desmonde."

"Your mother?"

"Ella Desmonde."

"God be praised," said the General, springing to her side, and embracing Ella as his daughter. "Your sainted mother, where is she?"

"She is in heaven, dear father. I will give you all our history; let us retire."

The company were all affected to tears by this unexpected incident. When alone Ella gave her father a history of all that happened to her mother, and likewise of herself. Again and again the General pressed his daughter to his heart. Ella led her father to her room and introduced him to her dear friend, Lady Dunbar.

General Adair now endeavored to give Ella and her friend his history.

"After I left your dear mother in Madrid, I came directly to this country. I was, for a time, unfortunate. The war was a total prohibition to my return to England. My letters to Spain were never answered. Soon as possible I returned to Spain after my wife, but I could not find her. My friend knew nothing of her whereabouts. I came to the conclusion that Ella had gone to her father in Mexico. Knowing his feelings towards me, I knew he would do all he could to prevent his daughter from living with me. In this dilemma I wrote to your grandfather, but received no answer. I supposed your mother had forsaken me for her father; I could not blame her, however. Hard it was for me to give up my idol. I visited England, and again Madrid, hoping in some way to hear from my dear wife. I had endeavored, during my stay in this country, to do all the good I could for an oppressed people. This was indeed a solace to my wounded spirit. It was useless for me to grieve over unavoidable consequences. My last letter to your grandfather was returned unopened. It was then that I became disheartened, and gave up in despair of ever again seeing my Ella, my darling Ella. O, could I recall what has passed, and again be permitted to search for her, I would find her or hunt during life; but this cannot be. Nothing is now left me but to forget and make happy those spared to me."

The old General was quite a favorite with all classes; he had amassed wealth enough to be independent. He had a beautiful farm, well stocked with negroes and cattle, with every appearance of luxury. The locality was in every way suited to elegant taste, being picturesque and romantic. After a detention of a few weeks the General returned to his home, accompa-

nied by Lady Dunbar and his daughter. They were delighted with all they saw, especially with the home of the veteran General. Lady Dunbar was as much pleased with the General as with the farm. His natural congeniality of feeling, his high order of intellect, won for him Lady Dunbar's warmest esteem; in her estimation, it was no wonder Ella Desmonde loved him; it was impossible to know and not love him. So thought Lady Dunbar.

"How your father must have suffered in the unavoidable separation," said Lady Dunbar. "Poor Ella Desmonde. She died of a broken heart, while her disconsolate husband was searching for her in despair. Strange providence, don't you think so, Ella?"

"Yes, very strange providence, indeed; but so it was, and it seemed unavoidable, quite."

"No one was to blame," said Lady Dunbar, who felt a deep sympathy for her friends. Their sorrows ever enlisted her warmest feelings. Her own troubles were forgotten in the solicitude she felt for them.

Company thronged the General's pleasant home. His unbounded hospitality was well known to all; few indeed were those that received a cool reception at his house. His beautiful daughter now was an additional attraction to his ever cheerful home. The General proudly presented Ella to his friends. She received them in a friendly, cordial manner, as her father's friends, showing no partiality to any.

Ella, having a mind above coquetry, her feelings were easily understood. Her father was rather disappointed at her reception of some of his favorite young friends, especially a Mr. Rutlige, who was evidently much smitten by the artless Ella. Mr. Rutlige was a handsome, talented young man, in high standing in society; his wealth and family were also

of the first class; he was a particular favorite with the General. Mr. Rutlige was quite sanguine in his hopes, notwithstanding her cold reception of his advances. He knew he was all right with the General. Believing in the virtue of perseverance, he was unremitting in his attentions to Ella, who respected and thought him a superior young man. There was much in him to admire, and she treated him with cordial respect, ever saving his feelings, but giving his suit no encouragement.

Mr. Rutlige was elected to Congress, and as the time approached for him to go to Washington, the General proposed to Lady Dunbar and Ella to spend the winter at the city of Washington. Eulogizing the pleasures spent in the midst of the wise of the nation, Lady Dunbar and Ella were pleased with the proposition. Mr. Rutlige hailed this movement as a favorable sequel to his suit. The General was not long in making his arrangements.

Ella saw much to admire in Mr. Rutlige, but she could not withdraw her feelings from the young stranger who saved her from the flames.

The trip to Washington was pleasant and profitable to all—especially to Lady Dunbar, who saw in everything something new and interesting. On their arrival the city was already crowded with the representatives of the different States. The young Countess was soon the belle of the city. A routine of balls and parties were constantly affording the General's family ample amusement.

"I have much, my dear Ella," said Rutlige, one day, "that I wish to say to you. You cannot be ignorant of my feelings. My happiness is at your disposal. You can make me the happiest or the most miserable of men. You are too good, too lovely to drive me to despair."

"I certainly would do nothing to make

you unhappy, and I hope you are not as irrevocably attached as you have imagined, as it gives me much pain to be the cause of unhappiness to one whom I esteem. I would also add, that before I saw you, I loved one I can never forget."

"Before I saw you, did you say?"

"Yes."

"Will you do me the honor to inform me who the favored one is?"

Ella blushed. Her candor forbid equivocation. She lifted her dark soft eyes on Mr. Rutlige. Every feature bore marks of despair. It touched her sympathy.

"Mr. Rutlige, I have never trifled with your feelings. I have endeavored to discourage your suit. I wished to treat you as a worthy friend and as a brother, and were my heart free, I know of none more likely to engage my every feeling."

"You are very considerate, my dear Ella. I will endeavor to merit your esteem, as a brother, and drop this unpalatable subject. But promise me the second place in your heart."

Ella saw that Mr. Rutlige was a sufferer, and his noble unselfishness moved her to tears.

"Mr. Rutlige, I appreciate your feelings, and should the present object of my affections prove unworthy of my love, I am yours." She extended her hand to him; he pressed it to his heart.

"Noble girl! God grant you happiness. To be regarded as a brother by such a girl is more than the hand and heart of any other woman that I might possess."

This interesting conversation was broken up by the entrance of Lady Dunbar and the General, ready for the theatre. A young man in the adjoining box to Ella fixed his eyes upon her. Rutlige touched her arm.

"That man," said he, "has not withdrawn his eyes from you this half hour."

Ella turned to look at the interested stranger. It was her turn now to change color. There sat the very man who su-

perseded Mr. Rutlige in her affections. Turning quickly to Lady Dunbar, she asked:

"Is not that the young man we met at the burning hotel?"

"It certainly is," replied her ladyship.

The curtain dropped, and the General, at the request of the ladies, stepped to the box to give the young man the ladies' compliments, and to express his thanks for the preservation of his daughter's life. After introducing himself, the General said:

"Allow me, dear sir, to introduce you to the ladies, who are under so many obligations to you."

"You will, sir, be so kind as to excuse me this evening. To-morrow I will be most happy to call at your residence."

The General handed him his card, and before the curtain arose the young man left the theatre. The General reported to the ladies the young man's compliments. Lady Dunbar remarked Ella's disappointment as the distance shut from her view his noble figure.

"Your father says he will call to-morrow."

Ella was glad when the entertainment closed. That night the young man haunted her imagination. She had again seen him who had made a lasting impression on her heart. The dawn of welcome day at length arrived, and Ella arose unrefreshed. The breakfast hour at length arrived. All eyes turned upon Ella. She could with difficulty keep back the tears as the anxious inquiries of her father greeted her entrance.

Breakfast over, Mr. Rutlige proposed a walk. Ella took his proffered arm. The morning air revived her, and her pale cheek again resumed its rosy tint.

"Life to me is sweet when in your company," said Rutlige; "all are in search of happiness, but few find it."

"Your remark is true, Mr. Rutlige; anticipation is often a greater pleasure

than realization, for seldom indeed do we realize a fond hope according to our expectation."

"True, Ella; yet I have, by perseverance, realized many pleasures that seemed unobtainable, and I think, to a certain degree, we make or destroy our own happiness. A good action always brings its reward, and it is often the case that a certain thing seems to be necessary in our minds to make us happy, while, if our wish were granted, it would act quite contrary to our expectation; for instance, if I had the power to compel you to marry me to make me happy, your happiness would not be secured, and it would not, in the nature of things, make either of us happy."

"Every heart is not as generous as yours, Mr. Rutlige; if I am so happy as to merit your compliment, it is a sufficient reward."

"I have expressed my feelings to you, my dear Ella, and found them unreciprocated. You see, my dear girl, under the circumstances, it is my painful duty to overcome those ardent feelings that now reign supreme in my heart. I hope you will be more fortunate in your affections; may he be worthy of you and return that which would make me the happiest of men."

This conversation was interrupted by their arriving at home. Mr. Rutlige seated himself on the sofa. Ella inquired for Lady Dunbar.

"She is in a private conversation with your young deliverer," said her father. Ella took a vacant seat, while her father continued his remarks. "He came soon after you left, and requested a private interview with her ladyship."

During this recital Ella sat in an excited state, scarcely knowing what she did. Her father watched her for once. He thought she felt more than a common interest. Mr. Rutlige was also a close observer, and Ella's unsophisticated man-

ner soon discovered to them where her heart was. Lady Dunbar soon returned to the drawing-room, followed by the stranger. Lady Dunbar had been weeping. Her eyes were red, though her face wore a happy expression. She approached the General, and taking the young man by the hand, said:

"Let me introduce you to my son Edward, Lord Dunbar."

The General welcomed him with unusual warmth. Turning to Ella, "My son, Ella."

Ella arose, and with a cordial and hearty welcome, she expressed her happiness at her friend's meeting her long absent son. Lady Dunbar presented him to Mr. Rutlige, who extended his hand with a warm and generous feeling, with a wish for a better acquaintance.

Edward was a resident of Alabama, a representative of the State, and not agreeing with Mr. Rutlige in politics. This being the case a discussion arose, that plainly showed that Edward was equal to the talented Mr. Rutlige.

"Ella," said her ladyship, "how do you like my Edward?"

"Why, my dear friend, you told me once not to give him my heart, while I only owed him gratitude."

"True, dear girl; but did you obey my injunctions?"

A deep blush suffused her cheek, as she attempted to answer her friend.

"My dear Lady Dunbar, I have not sufficiently analyzed my feelings to answer you correctly.

"Your truth-telling countenance needs no interpreter, my love," replied her friend. "It does not take much of a philosopher to read your heart. Believe me, dear Ella, nothing would give me greater pleasure than a consummation of your wishes with my son, my dear Edward. I would be the happiest of mothers."

"And I," said Ella, "the happiest of daughters. But, dear, Lady Dunbar, do

not even breathe my feelings to your noble son. Will you promise me? If my hand is not sought by him, let my feelings perish with their birth."

Dropping her head on Lady Dunbar's breast, she wept aloud.

"Why do you weep, my child? I know my Edward cannot be indifferent to your charms."

"I know, my dear Lady Dunbar, that I love without hope; something tells me so."

"Do not give yourself so much uneasiness. I know my son better."

Ella wiped her tears away. Her countenance bore marks of disquiet, if not of sickness. The General appeared not to notice her unusual melancholy. Soon they were joined by two young men. Mr. Rutlige inquired after Ella's health, while Edward made only a polite bow.

Edward could not hide his admiration of her, in spite of his desire to quench a feeling that had taken possession of his heart the first time he saw her in the burning flames. Seating himself by her side, he intuitively yielded himself to her charms.

The evening passed away quickly. Mr. Rutlige seemed to be unconscious of the flight of time, as the more favored lover. Lady Dunbar was giving them a history of the fight Don Desmonde had with the robbers. All were astonished at the strange story. The singular underground rooms and their contents were displayed in Lady Dunbar's most eloquent language.

A month of pleasant social intercourse found Edward a companion, lover. He knew that Ella loved him, and this made him the more miserable. In this dilemma he was walking his room in the greatest agony of mind. A gentle tap at the door, and Lady Dunbar entered her son's presence. Struck with his disturbed look, she inquired the cause of so much disquietude. "Your feelings frighten me, my son."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, my dear mother; it is only one of my gloomy fits."

"There must be some cause, my son, love. You withhold your trouble from me, when you know the interest your mother feels in everything that concerns your happiness."

Edward made rapid strides across the floor.

"My dear mother, do you think that Ella loves me?"

"Yes, my son, too much for her own happiness, unless it is reciprocated."

"Who could see her, dear mother, and not love her? Love her, did I say? Love is a poor word to express my feelings. I worship—I idolize her."

"Why do you not propose to her, my son? I know you would not be refused."

"Before I saw her I promised my hand to another—one who loved me, and one in every way worthy of me. Rather than see her droop with hopeless love, I promised her marriage. The time has been set twice and postponed, for various reasons. I was a stranger to love before I saw Ella. I am in honor bound to marry Mary Ruthven."

Here Edward covered his face with his hands, to hide his weakness from his mother. At length, drawing his mother's hand to his lips, he requested her to tell Ella his situation.

Lady Dunbar was exceedingly distressed at this unlooked-for development. Poor Ella! how can I break to her the sad news that my Edward is betrothed? Yet it must be done. While these painful feelings were occupying the mind of Lady Dunbar, she descended to the drawing-room. Seating herself on the sofa, the big tears were chasing each other down her cheek. The door suddenly opened, and Ella bounded in, full of glee. Lady Dunbar turned her head, to avert Ella's notice.

"See, Lady Dunbar, how do you like my new dress? My maid says it becomes

me better than any other color. Edward said buff was his favorite color."

Ella, surprised to see her friend in tears, ran to her, and putting her arms around her neck, she affectionately inquired the cause of so much grief. This kind and affectionate inquiry brought a fresh flood of tears to Lady Dunbar's eyes. At length, overcoming in some degree her grief, she took Ella's hand, and motioned her to be seated by her side.

"Ella, dear Ella, I have sad news for you. Edward, my son, my dear Edward, is betrothed to Mary Ruthven! He loves you, Ella, he told me so in accents of despair, but honor forbids his marrying any but Mary."

Ella sank fainting, unable to move. Her friend bathed her temples, but it was some minutes before she was sufficiently recovered to speak.

"Did I not tell you I loved without hope? Sweet hope, thou hast fled!"

Lady Dunbar related to her all Edward had told her of Mary Ruthven.

"Let him never act dishonorably, under any circumstances," said Ella, while bitter tears of disappointment ran down her cheeks. She called to mind Mr. Rutlige's noble spirit. As the hour arrived which was the signal for again meeting in the drawing-room, Ella reluctantly took her place at her father's side. Each seemed absorbed in his own thoughts.

Edward's eyes unconsciously met Ella's. Her sad and melancholy countenance touched his breast. He was under the necessity of moving his seat, to evade notice.

"I hope," replied Lady Dunbar, that I shall be permitted to spend the rest of my days with my only child."

"Did you not adopt me, dear Lady Dunbar?"

"Yes, my dear child; and hard will it be for me to part with you."

Unable longer to refrain, Ella burst into tears. From this solemn interview

Mr. Rutlige and the General soon felt disposed to withdraw, and, excusing themselves, retired. Lady Dunbar followed. Ella rose to follow, but, seeing herself left alone with Edward, he turned to her, and, with feelings that oppressed his heart, he approached her.

"Ella, will you hear me a few moments? Perhaps it will be the last time."

She again seated herself on the sofa.

"You have, I know, heard from my mother the cause of my trouble. I feel that a statement of my feelings to you will in some degree lighten my sorrow. Dear Ella, honor forbids me breaking my vows to Mary Ruthven. That my heart is yours, it is useless to deny; and that there is a similar feeling in your heart for me, I am also aware. Hard indeed is it for me to forego the blessedness of a union with one calculated to make me so happy, but the sacrifice must be made. Your noble heart could not love one who was false to another. Long, long ago would I have sued for your hand, were it not for my promise to Mary. Dry your tears, dear Ella; our fate is hard, but unavoidable. Ever believe me your friend."

"I would not ask you, Edward, to break your promise with Mary. No, Heaven forbid that she should feel what I feel; and it is useless for us to prolong this interview, as it will only augment our sorrow."

"Let my mother still occupy a place in your heart; look upon her as a mother. You are as dear to her as I am. Can you look upon me as a brother, dear Ella? Can you grant this precious favor?"

"I am and always will be the friend of my dear Lady Dunbar and her son. I am indebted to you for saving my life. Can I forget this obligation? No, whatever circumstances may occur, it will not change my obligations to you or your dear mother, who befriended me when I was without a home or friends. But this only

harrows up my feelings; let us close this interview."

"Your words are true, my dear Ella; still I linger on this dear forbidden ground. He drew close to Ella, took her extended hand, and, pressing her madly to his heart, he kissed the tears from her cheek. Adieu my darling, my only love! God bless you! May you be happy. Remember me in your fervent petitions, that I may be equal to my trials."

Ella rushed from the room. When in her own room she turned the key, that she might weep unobserved. Her grief was so violent that she became quite sick. Confined to her bed for several days, Lady Dunbar was her constant attendant; her sympathy and counsel were of special benefit in this trying time. Lady Dunbar saw two persons made wretched; it was not in her power to remove the cause; she could only advise.

"Dear Ella," said Lady Dunbar, "my advice to you would be to travel; it would take up your mind."

"You are right, my friend. My grandfather's last wishes I will perform. I will go immediately to England, and take my mother's bones to their native home, in Spain, there to lie beside her ancient family, in the burying-ground of San Diego."

Lady Dunbar's sorrowful countenance bore true testimony of the deep interest she felt in Ella. The General saw the necessity of a change in his daughter's society, and readily acquiesced in the proposed plan. The General immediately engaged passage to Liverpool. In a few days Ella and her father bid a reluctant farewell to their friends, and sailed for England.

After the General and Ella's departure for England, Lady Dunbar experienced a loneliness she had seldom felt before. She was not sorry when the session closed, and when Edward was ready to return to Alabama.

Lady Dunbar was quite anxious to see her intended daughter-in-law, Mary Ruthven. This desire she mentioned to Edward. He promised to gratify her soon as convenient.

Mr. Ruthven, Mary's father, was a lawyer of high standing, possessing but a limited share of this world's goods. Believing Edward to be rich, he was anxious to have him marry his daughter. He had a wife and four daughters, Mary being the eldest. Mary was a very handsome girl, of more than ordinary ability. Her advantages had been good. She had a good share of vanity. Her's was one of those changeable natures, which could die for a thing to-day, and throw it away to-morrow. She loved Edward to distraction, and she was unable to hide it. Thinking him unattainable, she sickened. Edward pitied her, and, in a moment of sympathy, he proposed to her, which was eagerly accepted.

Mary and her mother soon called on Lady Dunbar. They were much pleased with Edward's accomplished mother, while Lady Dunbar made the best of Edward's friends.

In appearance Mary was unlike Ella. A fair complexion, light brown curls, tall yet well formed, changeable yet warm-hearted; while her love lasted, her large blue eyes were her chief beauty. Her character was formed by a vain, proud mother and an aristocratic father, whose circumstances made it necessary to resort to many speculations in regard to his daughters marrying rich. To maintain their high notions, the daughters were as well posted on this as the father. Edward looked upon Mary as a superior girl. He felt that he was to blame for not loving her, and was willing to suffer penance for his lack of affection. Mary met Edward with her usual fervency. She thought there was a drawback with Edward, but she was not very sensitive, so that he fulfilled his promise of mar-

riage. The time had now arrived when Edward could postpone the marriage no longer.

Lady Dunbar determined to love Mary as a daughter, and shut her eyes to her faults.

The day at length arrived that was to crown Mary's happiness. The neighbors were collected at Mr. Ruthven's to witness the marriage ceremony. Edward did not make his appearance until quite late. The minister was in waiting. At length Edward arrived, in full dress for the occasion. Mary was sitting in a private room, waiting for him. He was shown where her room was by a servant. He approached Mary as she sat on a rich ottoman, and, taking her hand in his, he said:

"I wish I was worthy of you, Mary."

"You think more of me than I deserve," said Mary, putting her arm over his neck.

Edward kissed her, while a conscious pang of unintentional injury covered his manly face.

"They are waiting us, Mary; let us not keep them in suspense."

Taking her arm, they walked out upon the floor where the ceremony was to be performed.

The minister arose, requested them to join hands, while he made a long prayer. Edward still held Mary's trembling hand. A confusion of loud and strange voices arrested the ceremony. An officer approached Edward, and, clapping his hand on his shoulder, said:

"You are my prisoner!"

The ceremony was of course postponed until the matter could be investigated.

The arrest was made on two charges: for attempted assassination, and theft of a diamond ring. A legal process had been taken by the English Government for Edward's arrest.

Lady Dunbar accompanied her son, now a prisoner, to England, to stand his

trial. Edward soon discovered that his arrest had been made in behalf of Sir James Frank. While indignation filled his very soul, he determined never to leave England until he was avenged on this cowardly enemy.

Mary Ruthven, in the moment of excitement, determined to accompany Edward to England. Lady Dunbar advised her to remain, especially as Mr. Ruthven seemed quite shocked at the disgrace Edward had so unintentionally brought upon his family.

Edward's spirits were quite good—much better than usual. Lady Dunbar was astonished at this.

"You have no fears, Edward," said she, "about the consequences of this trial?"

"No, mother, not in the least; he can do nothing unless he proves false. I only hope we may get to England before the General and his daughter leaves for Spain, as Ella's evidence would be much in my favor, as she gave me the ring."

"Yes, my son, but it is not likely that they are still in England. Soon as we get there your uncle, Admiral Lambert, can ascertain whether the General has left, and also what be done relative to the trial."

"I wonder, mother, if we will find him in London?"

"Do you mean Lambert?"

"Yes."

"We will have no difficulty in finding him, my son."

It was a dark and gloomy day that they arrived in London. Edward was taken to prison. Lady Dunbar immediately sent for her brother. Lambert arrived sooner than she expected. He hastened to her, astonished at the charges against Edward. Lady Dunbar met her noble brother with eyes full of tears, while Lambert pressed her warmly to his brotherly heart.

Here, for the first time, Lambert heard

of Ella's being in England. He wrote immediately to ascertain if they were still in England, and found they had left one month before.

Lambert entertained high hopes of the speedy acquittal of Edward. The day of trial at length arrived, and Sir James Frank had prepared, with many false witnesses, to sustain the prosecution. Admiral Lambert had also been procuring witnesses in favor of Edward.

The witnesses testified to all Sir James could wish, and the case was about going against Edward. The Admiral had the suit put off until he could procure other witnesses. Admiral Lambert became quite alarmed at the unfavorable appearance of the case. He regretted that Edward would have to lie in prison much longer than he anticipated.

At this stage of affairs Lambert found that public opinion was in favor of Sir James Frank. Sir Parker was subpoenaed as a witness, he being present at the time Edward struck Sir James. Lady Parker accompanied her husband to London to console Lady Dunbar.

Edward's leaving the kingdom at the time of the affray seemed rather to make an unfavorable impression. In this dilemma Lady Dunbar received a letter from Mary Ruthven, in answer to one Edward wrote to her soon after he arrived in London. She opened it, and was surprised at its contents. Mary Ruthven requested to be released from her engagement to Edward, stating that she did not wish to be allied to disgrace. Lady Dunbar's feelings were hurt at this thrust at Edward's honor. Taking the letter in her hand, she proceeded to the prison. Edward, being unwell, his countenance wore a haggard look.

"I have a letter, Edward, for you; but I am almost afraid to give it you."

"Who is it from, mother?"

"Mary Ruthven."

"From Mary! let me see it. Is she well?"

"Yes, quite well, my son."

Edward opened and read the letter. When he came to where Mary did not wish to be allied to disgrace, his cheek burned with a feeling close akin to anger. Taking up a pen, he wrote her a short letter, dissolving the obligation.

The day at length arrived for the continuance of the trial. This time Lambert was more fortunate in procuring witnesses for the defence. Sir Parker's evidence proved that Edward stabbed Sir James in self-defence, and Lady Dunbar testified to Ella's giving Edward the ring. She also testified to Ella's purchasing the ring of Mrs. Thompson. Lady Parker testified to the same.

This prosecution brought out so many things of a criminal nature against Sir James Frank and his sister that Sir James made his escape, taking Mrs. Thompson and her children with him.

Edward's pardon and acquittal brought much pleasure to his friends, who congratulated him on the favorable termination of his suit. His title of Lord Dunbar was again ceded to him, with the estates belonging to the title, which had been mortgaged by his extravagant father.

Lord Dunbar had few inducements to remain in England, and, as his mother intended to make her friend, Lady Parker, a visit, he determined to join General Adair and his daughter.

Bidding his friends a temporary adieu, he took sail for Spain. Having a prosperous voyage, he found himself safe in the city of Madrid. Making the necessary inquiries, he found that the General had gone to Mexico, with a Bishop, and agents for the treasure left by Desmonde to the Spanish monarch. Ella was prosecuting to the utmost her grandfather's wishes.

Edward was not long in determining his course. Improving the first opportunity, he sailed for Mexico. His tedious voyage was at length accomplished. Ar-

iving in the city of Mexico, his first inquiry was for the General and his daughter. To his joy he found that they were still in the city of Mexico. Losing no time, he sought their residence, and, knocking at the door of the General's office, he was admitted. The General was astonished at seeing Edward in the city of Mexico. Edward explained to him, in as few words as possible, what had taken place with him since the General left Washington, and likewise his desire to join him and Ella in Mexico.

"No one was ever more pleased to see you than I, except Ella," said the General, in a jocular manner; "and, as you are free from one, you haste to bind yourself to another—is this not the case?"

"Yes, I believe you are right; and now, my good General, will you be so kind as to tell me where I can find your daughter?"

"Come along, my Lord, and we will give her an agreeable surprise."

Crossing the Plaza, they arrived in front of a fine building, once the residence of Don Desmonde. Opening the hall-door, Edward stepped aside and the General called Ella. She immediately made her appearance, and with affectionate interest inquired what were his wishes.

"How would you like to hear of Lady Dunbar?"

"O, I would like it so much. Have you heard?"

"Well, yes."

"Is Edward married?"

"No, not yet, Ella; his girl gave him the mitten."

"You are jesting, father."

"No, indeed; and, if you don't believe me, there is the young man to answer for himself."

Edward now stepped out from behind the door, to Ella's astonishment.

"Will you not welcome an old friend to Mexico, Ella?"

"Heartily, my dear sir," said she; "especially when you bring good tidings from dear friends."

"Come, Ella, Edward is tired; sitting is pleasanter than standing. Invite us in the sitting-room."

"Excuse me, father, my surprise was so complete that I forgot myself."

Seated in the parlor, Edward began giving Ella a history of all that had happened to him and his friends since they last saw each other. Ella was surprised at what she heard, especially of Edward's arrest.

The General, in turn, gave Edward a history of their adventures since they left the States.

"We had a pleasant trip to Liverpool. Arriving there, we immediately rode over to the Thompson Mansion. Inquiring at the village for the sexton, he was pointed out to us; making our business known to him, he pointed out Mrs. Adair's grave; ordering the necessary things for her removal, we had some leisure to inquire after the people of the mansion. We were informed that it was sold, and that the Thompsons had removed to one of Sir James' houses, in Essex.

"Soon as expedient we sailed for Madrid. After spending a few months here to rest, we left my dear wife's remains in the vault of the church, and prosecuted our journey to this city. We are now about to start on an expedition after the bones of Desmonde and the treasure. Our company is almost complete."

"Then I am just in time," said Edward.

"Yes," said the General; "and we congratulate ourselves on having one with us that is not of this untrusty nation."

"Yes; and now I think of it, I have some business that must be attended to directly, so I will leave you with Ella."

Taking his hat he left them to themselves. Edward approached Ella, and

seating himself by her side, he asked her if she had changed in feeling for him since they last met in such unfavorable circumstances.

"May I hope you have not?"

"Make me the happiest of men by confirming hope."

"I have not changed, Edward; mine is not a changeable nature."

Pressing her to his heart he thanked Sir James a thousand times for the arrest, as it put him in possession of that which was dearer than life. His dear Ella would not have been his but for the timely arrest.

"Dear Ella, may nothing separate us during this life."

Ella accepted his hand in terms of modest sincerity. Soon as convenient, Edward conferred with the General, asking his consent to the marriage. The General gave his hearty consent, knowing his daughter's attachment to Edward.

The company was now ready to engage in the expedition of removing Desmonde's remains and the treasure. A band of Mexican soldiers, a few servants, a bishop and his Spanish Majesty's officer accompanied them. Many tedious days' travel brought them to their journey's end. Ella scarcely recognized the place; it was horribly altered. The wall that surrounded the house was broken down, piles of shattered stone lay in broken heaps; fragments hung on loose places ready to fall.

"How changed this place is!" said Ella, in astonishment. "Once this place was the most beautiful and cultivated of Lower California. It has been but a short time since we left it. I can hardly account for the change."

On inquiring of some Mexicans the cause, they said the walls had been torn down to search for hidden treasure by the Mexicans. Ella could not refrain from weeping, as she looked upon the heap of ruins.

"Yes, my daughter," said the General, "this place seems to have had a terrible overhauling for some cause, and I am afraid that we will have difficulty in finding the entrance to the underground rooms that contain the objects of our mission; piles of rubbish lay in tangled masses over the torn up floor."

Ella walked through the ruins some time before she could find the remains of the chapel. At length, coming to a broken cross covered with the remnants of the shattered chapel, she said:

"Here, father, I believe this is the place where the trap-door to the underground rooms is. Here, men, remove this rubbish."

After some difficulty the trap-door was plainly visible. Ella remembered the way in which the door could be easily opened. A few choice men and the General, and the priest and his Majesty's agent, with Edward and Ella at their head, descended the narrow passage; the torches cast a gloomy glaze over this underground fastness. At length they arrived at the room where Desmonde had the dead robbers thrown. Many bloody spots were plainly visible on the floor and passage. A chill of horror passed over every face as they surveyed this once horrid bloody field. Proceeding further a door stood open; here a little cross on a rude chapel, a vase for holy water, and some withering cedar, met their inquiring gaze.

"This is a curious place for devotion," said Edward.

Another long dark passage brought them to the treasure-room. Here Ella opened the door with her own hand. Everything was as she left it. The venerable remains were undisturbed. A solemn silence pervaded the crowd for the space of a few minutes. The priest, after some ceremony, commanded the men to remove the remains of Desmonde above. Ella lifted the little diamond cross from

her grandfather's decaying head. The men carried him above, while the General divided the gold according to the old General's will—reading the will to all present. Soon as possible all retraced their steps to pure air.

The house and once beautiful ranch had now such a forlorn look, that all were glad when the word was given to return to the city of Mexico. Nothing worth recording transpired during their tedious journey to the city.

Once more in the city, specimens of the gold were shown to many in all shapes and sizes. Many were the conjectures where it came from. It was generally believed to be found in Mexico. Ella preserved the little cross, so precious in her grandfather's eyes. Edward often laughed at the history of the ring. The dagger with which Desmonde conquered the robbers, she also preserved as a relic of that memorable night, when she stood in the gate to face the robbers. Their stay was short as possible in Mexico. Soon as practicable, they sailed for Spain.

Here they had long been expected, and as the boom of cannon sounded their welcome to Madrid, they also rejoiced to bestow the remains of one of Spain's most faithful officers. They arrived on All Saints' Day. Processions of nuns, and priests, and people, were marching in solemn order through the city. Images of favored saints were carried in reverence, decorated in the most beautiful style.

The tokens of high honor were received by the young Countess. It was her mother's home—it was hers.

The funeral of Don Desmonde and his daughter, who had died in strange lands, was an unusual occurrence, and drew a large crowd of people. The illumination of the Castle of San Diego, the ostentatious burial, was a great contrast to their felon burial in other lands. It would be tedious to attempt to describe the impos-

ing service, and the renewal of the Bishop's promise on the little jeweled cross, which came in for a share of reverence and honor. The General and Ella were not sorry when this tedious burial was at an end.

Many devout Catholics looked upon Ella, the young Countess, as a special favorite of Divine favor. Her heroism and many encounters won for her a wide celebrity. The Castle was again in the hands of the blood of San Diego. Nobles flocked, in crowds, to congratulate the young Countess.

In the possession of the ancient family residence of San Diego, Edward was now anxious to have his and Ella's nuptials celebrated. A magnificent wedding, at the Castle, consummated their happiness.

The General soon became tired of Madrid, and longed again for America. Bidding his children adieu, he returned to England. Visiting Lady Dunbar, he prevailed upon her to become Mrs. Adair and return with him to America. Lady Parker was very much pleased with this wedding, as it seemed the very thing that would make her friend happy. Miss Parker's health was rather poor, and it was thought travel would be beneficial. The General prevailed upon Sir Parker to allow her to accompany them to America. After a pleasant voyage, they again stepped upon American ground, and they were most happy when they arrived at the General's lovely mansion in Kentucky. Miss Parker's health was much improved.

Mr. Rutlige again visited the General's social fireside. He found Miss Parker equal to Ella in appearance, and more susceptible of that affection which Ella lacked for him. A few months found him again in love. This time he was more fortunate. A letter was sent to England to Sir Parker, asking his consent to a marriage of his daughter with the American Senator. To their agreeable

surprise the Baronet gave his willing consent, and, to show his approval, a handsome sum of money was also sent. Mr. Rutlige now reared a mansion that graced his plantation, equal to any in Kentucky.

Lord Dunbar was not much attached to the Spanish people. They determined to remain in Spain two years. One evening, as the Countess and her husband were walking in the church grave-yard, after a residence of little more than a year, they discovered some one lying dead on the graves of the unfortunate young Thompsons. They approached nearer, and found, to their surprise, it was Mrs. Thompson. She was quite dead, and seemed in great destitution. They had her removed and buried beside her children. Finding a piece of paper in her pocket, Ella read it, and was shocked at its contents. It seemed that Mrs. Thompson became enamored with an adventurer who persuaded her to run away with him. With all the money she could get, leaving her children and her brother, Sir James Frank, she eloped with this scoundrel, who got all her money and then deserted her. Selling all her jewelry, she procured money enough to bring her to Spain. Sickness overtook her; and it appeared, in one of her visits to her childrens' graves, she was seized with a spasm and died. As she had turned poor Mrs. Adair unmercifully out of doors to die, so she died upon the cold ground, without one single friend to soften her sorrows, which she so richly merited. She was buried by the very family she had tried to wrong.

The young Countess was now about to present her lord with an heir. This event was looked for with much interest by the young and doating husband. At length the time arrived, and a pair of fine boys were placed in his arms. This joyful occasion caused much speculation as to which should be the Count San Diego.

The Bishop was called to choose which should be the Spanish heir. The Bishop chose the larger of the two. The expensive christening was honored by the sovereign, who stood as god-father to the young Count of San Diego, or San Dago. The other son was christened Edward Lambert, Lord Dunbar.

Soon as prudent, Ella was determined to visit America to see her father and mother, having a great desire to see her twin-boys sit on their grandfather's knee. They had a pleasant voyage to America, and were welcomed with all the joy and happiness that any could desire. Mr. Rutlige and lady were also very much delighted to meet their old friends. Edward and Mr. Rutlige visited Alabama, to see other acquaintances, and were surprised to find Miss Mary Ruthven married. Edward was received by all his old friends with many congratulations.

After a visit of a year, Edward and his family returned to Spain, taking England in their journey. Visiting Sir Parker, they were surprised when told that young Mr. Thompson was in France, having married a rich lady, and that his sister had married an Italian nobleman. Sir James was killed in a duel, and young Mr. Thompson was now Sir Lawrence Frank.

The Countess and Lord Dunbar were received with acclamations of joy by all, poor and rich. The young Count of San Diego grew up to be an honor to the Spanish nobles; while Lord Dunbar fell heir to Admiral Lambert's property. At his death he was a rich and popular member of Parliament.

Thus we leave them, in possession of many good things—besides the Bishop's blessing.

ISADORE LEE—A SKETCH.

BY ALICE.

The proud Ruth Houghton married, against her parents' will, wild and reckless Arthur Lee; and when too late she came to repent of her choice in taking a companion for life, he fell, forsook his desolate hearthstone and came to California, and his slowly willing, unheeding footsteps brought him down to a drunkard's grave. Yes! The unconsecrated ground of a strange land covered his many wild dreams and hopes, and the dark night of death shut down on his miserable life, and left Ruth, the maniac worshipper, with her broken heart, her blighted affection, her little Isadore. Poor Ruth, with reason bereft, had forgot all save his dishonored name. The lips of cold oblivion drank up his name, and a deep, mysterious, weird-like silence

hung around his neglected remains, such as rested on the world when order was brought out of chaos on the morning when the stars sang together. The calm wave of forgetfulness swept over his grave in Sierra, where all was still.

Crazy Ruth then began to wander through the streets and by-places all day long with her low moans and cold, pale brow; and wild maniac laughter broke from her thin white lips and fell on the morning air like the discordant wail of a broken harp strain. When the world looked cold and frowned she hugged little Isadore, her jewel, more closely to her aching heart, and wept scalding tears of grief on her small upturned face. Then when the rattle and clatter of noisy day was turned to quiet night Ruth and her

jewel slept with a stone for a pillow, like the beggar-boy under the hedge. When the weary eyelids drew down over the blue eyes she dreamed of comfort, of happiness, which came to play with heart-strings, and on the pinions of imagination she was wafted beyond the walls of time, where the weary in heart find rest and the tears of the orphan are wiped away by the hand of sympathy and love. Many a night Isadore slept on her long bony arms—the portraiture looking much like the sleeping Madonna and child.

Then, when the bare trees were bending low with the white drapery of the storm, and the window-panes were covered with a deep fretwork of glistening frost, Ruth still was a wanderer, and the same wild wind that held so strange a carnival abroad, roaring and raging through the vast ocean of forest, came and played with her tattered garments and pierced the thin covering of Isadore, wantonly straying through the matted ringlets, toying with her small hands and feet. 'Twas then the hand of common charity fed the paupers, and Ruth talked more wildly of Arthur as she moaned and wandered from place to place. Many grew tired and weary of "crazy Ruth," and rude boys pelted her with stones by the wayside. But when they saw the tender mist of sorrow dimming Isadore's sweet blue eyes and the sunbeams playing with her golden hair, or gazed upon the small upturned face with that imploring look to save her mother, they felt a rebuke for their wickedness, for such purity and loveliness never rested upon the face of a child and won their confidence before.

On a bleak December night, when the blast blew bitterly cold, Ruth stood outside a princely mansion, and with half-restored reason she saw within the blazing Christmas fire, which made her thin form still colder. There she saw merry groups of happy youth; girls with dim-

pled arms and hands, with joyous sunny smiles; for care, sorrow and the world's blight had not written their wrinkles upon the open brow of light-hearted youth. All was joy there. As if to make her hunger more biting and acute, she saw, through the half-closed shutters, spread in rich profusion, a feast dainty enough for a king. The large tables groaned with many a luxury. There was plenty for each.

That night, after the gay throng had departed to happy and cheerful homes, Ruth feasted too—feasted upon the dreams of her dear childhood, and upon thoughts of what she once was, and what stern destiny had doomed her to. Then the young moon came up, skimming her faint light o'er tower and tree, while Ruth wept. Then came that wild unrest, and she slumbered down, down among the white snow-flakes, and such a sweet sleep that angels might envy her. Two pearly tears trembled and fell over the half-shut lids—a sigh of knowing hunger—and the troubled waters of the soul were stilled.

The next day they buried poor Ruth in the frozen ground of a country churchyard, and the beautiful orphan was taken home to live with the proud and great. But coldly fell the stranger's kiss upon her forehead; for she daily pined and wasted away, looking more like a child of another sphere than one of earthly form. Day by day her form grew slighter, and her eyes shone more and more with a heavenly lustre, and in early spring-time Isadore was missing; and when the milk-maid sallied forth at the early blush of dawn, the little pet was found *sleeping* by the maniac's grave; and when the God of Day came up over the hills Isadore was dreaming—not among the bruised flowers, where the little body lay, for that night the spirit of the maniac mother hovered over the dying child, and clasped her little fairy in

her spirit arms and soared aloft; and something like the fragments of a broken rainbow lingered around the spot and then nothing but the hem of her immortal garments was seen as she disappeared in the mist, with the laughing spirit of Isadore clinging around about her. Isadore had gone to sing with the angels and play upon a harp of living melody in that hallowed land, where the sun never sets, and the love-light and daylight never fade—gone to be a jewel in the crown of the Redeemer, who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

When the chaste rays of the sunlight played over the sweet features and golden hair, and drank up the breathing dew, Aunt Patty laid out the small shrunken form, lovingly twined the dark hair away from the pure forehead, and tied the cold thin hands with a blue ribbon above the bosom, and placed the form in a tiny coffin, and then there was another grave in the country church-yard for the flowers to grow and nestle upon, and the darkness of a raven's wing fell over the two voiceless sleepers—separated in life, though united in death!

THE SPIRIT OF 1775.

FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

For several days past we have had a sharp look out for a good Fourth of July article. At one time, failing to find anything suitable to the occasion, we concluded to try our own hand on the glorious subject, but, before we were fairly under headway, a friend called our attention to the following soul-stirring account of the first battle of the American Revolution. It is a chapter from the forth-coming seventh and last volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, describing the battle of Lexington, which took place on the 10th of April, 1775; fifty-nine days before the struggle at Bunker Hill. Mr. Bancroft, himself, read the chapter before the New York Historical Society, a short time since.

After some preliminary remarks Mr. Bancroft alluded to the state of feeling in the British Parliament before that battle, and to the fact that there were not fifty people in the colonies at that time who expected that a bold effort had been made. The confidence in England was perfect and entire, and the King in Parliament

expressed his opinion that the disturbance in America would be quelled.

On the afternoon, he said, of the 18th of April, the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, General Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Bos-

ton, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no man should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the orders to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited to the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns, fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington. The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that the expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April between the hours of twelve and one, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty," from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a peal from the belfry of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers, he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock, that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms, proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty. From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772 they had instructed their representatives to demand "a radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," "to encour-

age military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defence against their enemies." In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved to "supply the training soldiers with bayonets."

At two in the morning under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with the old men also, who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of the militia and alarm men, about one hundred answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own home; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled, by persuasion, to retire towards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from night when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a Major of Marine, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and the drums beat. Less than seventy—perhaps less than sixty—obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by

the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. The random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the 10th Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stifled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzeÿ, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, the same who in 1758 had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, jr., was struck in front of his own house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on the threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as

he came out. Samuel Hadley, and John Brown were pursued and killed, after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of the race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are held in grateful remem-

brance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from the accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the slowly-ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, when he heard of the resistance of Lexington: "Oh! what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.—
To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a hay stack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top

by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully beflowed, while his cue projected like the handle of a skilnet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his neither linen. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished him.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST SHEAVES.

The golden harvest sheaves,
On the slopes of the sunny hills,
When Autumn crowns the fields with corn,
And the barns with plenty fills.
The stores of waiving grain,
All glittering in the sun;
When the harvest moon is in the sky,
And summer's work is done.

So sow the seeds of truth,
In thy life's early spring,
That in the Autumn thou may'st reap
A joyful gathering.
Fruits of thy early years,
And wealth that Summer leaves,
Bound in the glorious Autumn days,
Into golden harvest sheaves. G. T. S.

Our Social Chaii.

A LITTLE over a year ago we presented our readers with a finely engraved view of that sublime reality, Mount Shasta, accompanied by a graphic description of its ascent by Rev. I. S. Diehl. We were not aware, when we placed that engraving in the hands of the printer, that the ascent had before been made, or that a description far surpassing in beauty and interest anything we had met with, was in print. We have recently discovered that as early as 1852, JOHN R. RIDGE, Esq., our pleasant friend of the *Marysville Express*, soared aloft to the

—“Hoary top whereon the Genius
Of that mountain builds his glorious throne!”

and there, with the pencil of a true Poet, drew a picture as faultless as the spectacle is grand and imposing. Had our eye fallen on this admirable Poem at the time we gave our engraving, it would certainly have appeared. We now give it a place with pleasure, which is enhanced by the fact of its being the production of one of the noblest members of the California press:

Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like
Some mighty, unimpassioned mind, companionless
And cold. The storms of Heaven may beat in wrath
Against it, but it stands in unpolluted
Grandeur still; and from the rolling mists upheaves
Its tower of pride e'en purer than before.
The wintry showers and white-winged tempests
leave

Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it
Doth make of them an everlasting crown.
Thus doth it day by day, and age by age,
Defy each stroke of time—still rising higher
Into Heaven!

Aspiring to the eagle's cloudless height,
No human foot hath stained its snowy side,
Nor human breath hath dimmed the icy mirror
Which it holds unto the moon, and stars, and sov-
ereign

Sun. We may not grow familiar with the secrets
Of its hoary top, whereon the Genius
Of that mountain builds his glorious throne!
Far lifted in the boundless blue, he doth

Encircle, with his gaze supreme, the broad
Dominions of the West, that lie beneath
His feet, in pictures of sublime repose
No artist ever drew. He sees the tall
Gigantic hills arise in silentness
And peace, and, in the long review of distance,
Range themselves in order grand; he sees the sun-
light

Play upon the golden streams that thro' the valleys
Glide; he hears the music of the great and solemn
Sea, and overlooks the huge old western wall,
To view the birth-place of undying Melody!

Itself all light, save when some loftiest cloud
Doth for a while embrace its cold, forbidding
Form, that monarch-mountain casts its mighty
Shadow down upon the crownless peaks below,
That, like inferior minds to some great
Spirit, stand in strong contrasted littleness!
All through the long and summery months of our
Most tranquil year, it points its icy shaft
On high, to catch the dazzling beams that fall
In showers of splendor round that crystal cone,
And roll, in floods of far magnificence,
Away from that lone vast Reflector in
The dome of Heaven.

Still watchful of the fertile
Vale, and undulating plains below, the grass
Grows greener in its shade, and sweeter bloom
The flowers. Strong Purifier! From its snowy
Side the breezes cool are wafted to “the peaceful
Homes of men,” who shelter at its feet, and love
To gaze upon its honored form—aye, standing
There, the guarantee of health and happiness!
Well might it win communities so blest
To loftier feelings, and to nobler thoughts—
The great material symbol of eternal
Things! And well, I ween, in after years, how,
In the middle of his furrowed track, the plowman,
In some sultry hour, will pause, and, wiping
From his brow the dirty sweat, with reverence
Gaze upon that hoary peak; the herdsman
Oft will rein his charger in the plain, and drink
Into his inmost soul the calm sublimity;
And little children, playing on the green, shall
Cease their sports, and turning to that mountain
Old, shall of their mother ask, “Who made it?”
And she shall answer, “God!”

And well this Golden State shall thrive, if, like
Its own Mount Shasta, sovereign law shall lift
Itself in purer atmosphere—so high
That human feeling, human passion, at its base
Shall lie subdued; e'en pity's tears shall on
Its summit freeze; to warm it, e'en the sunlight
Of deep sympathy shall fail;—
Its pure administration shall be like
The snow, immaculate upon that mountain's brow!

THROWING WATER.—A couple of milkmen got into an angry quarrel, yesterday, about some trifling business matter, during which one of them seized a bucket of water that was standing on the sidewalk, and threw it into the face of the other. A waggish bystander present turned the affair into ridicule by remarking, dryly, that their business might suffer more in the loss of the water than by the matter over which they quarreled.—*Exchange.*

The above item has opened a "vein." The stories told at the expense of the milkmen are so varied and numerous, that they, like more of the milk sold by this much maligned guild of tradesmen have become "stale, flat and unprofitable."

The old Jo Miller of the practical jokers, ramming a ruta-baga into the spout of the dairyman's pump late one cold frosty night, and then rousing the snoring lactarian with the astounding intelligence that *his best cow was choked*, was hard to beat in its day, but we know of one that, in our opinion, will match it.

In the vicinity of a certain country town of Ohio, not a thousand miles from where our worthy Governor broke ice as a member of the bar, there lived an ancient, devoutly pious and strictly conscientious milkman, whose customers always said that, while he gave good measure, some how, when his "night's milk" was left in a cool place, for the cream to rise with the family, for breakfast in the morning, the rich yellow scum came up missing.

Being called away one cold winter day, leaving early in the morning, he ordered his man Friday to give at night to each of the cows one sheaf of oats, and to the best cow an extra allowance of one. He, on returning in the evening, went into the stable and found that his favorite milker had but one sheaf, like the scrub stock. Indignant at the supposed neglect of his strict orders, he made rapid strides to the house to give his scrivner a blessing, when, passing the pump, he was astonished to find two sheaves of oats lying

under the nozzle of that institution. Scratching his head over it, the thing made its way through his wool in a moment. Patrick, who was a wag—and in the parlance of "Ipsedoodle" "a humorous cuss"—*had* given each of the cows one sheaf, and *the best cow, or the one that gave the most milk, two!* The old man, however, being one who "couldn't take a joke," especially of so practical a nature, waited until morning, the meanwhile "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," when he gave Pat his walking papers, for being too *strict a constructionist* to suit the milk business.

An honest milkman residing in the vicinity of a pleasant village bearing the euphonious name of Helltown, a few miles out of Cincinnati,

"On muddy mill creeks' marshy marge,"

in crossing that famous stream yeleft in the original Miami dialect, "Make tew-wah," on his way to supply the denizens of the Queen City with what the inscription above the beautifully painted cow on the panel of his wagon informed the public was "PURE MILK, Fresh FROM THE COUNTRY," usually filled his cans with the pure and limpid element, making a regular "'arf an' 'arf" of the mixture. One morning, dipping a little too deep, he scooped up a live minnow, which he, without noticing, measured out to a regular customer. When the morning's milk came to be measured out, the family were astonished to find a good-sized fish swimming in his semi-native element. The thing was looked upon as a *scaly* piece of business, and the milkman was, like some *offishals*, voted decidedly *fishy*. The milk in the coccoanut was, however, easily accounted for.

A friend relates us the following incident that occurred on that magnificent floating palace, the steamer Eclipse, on her downward trip a short time since. Being crowded to overflowing by the human tide rushing in a Niagara-like cata-

ract, "bound for Frazer," as a Down Easter observed, the milk "kinder gin eout."

Old Beeswax, who never drinks tea or coffee without what the sentimental lady styled "condiments," addressed a darkey "as black as the ace of spades," or at least so black that he might have been *whitewashed* with *lampblack*, with "Steward." We have always observed that on steamboats, if you want to catch the ear or eye of "the gentleman from Africa," you should invariably address him as "steward," even if he is the second or third steward's boy. "Steward, can't I have some milk?" Casting his gimlet eye into the empty jug like a crow looking into the bottom of a long cleaned marrow-bone, he replied: "Sorry to say, sir, de milk's been done gone 'bove half hour."

"Haint got no keow aboard, hev ye?"

"Fo' God, massa, d'aint no cow nuder."

"Wall, that's tew bad; you couldn't make eout to chalk a feller eout sum, cud ye?"

The whites of Charcoal's eyes dilated to the size of the saucer he held in his hand; he really turned *pail*, and, although he did not "kick the bucket," completely *cowed*; he frantically took refuge in "de old caboose," while the last remark of Beeswax "set the table in a roar," like unto an explosion of the steamer "Gipsey."

OUR fair friend E—, the first of whose pleasant poetical efforts we introduced to our readers in our June number, has favored us with another charming production. "Our Baby" and "The Baby's Grave" are life pictures, which will, we dare say, be recognized by many. They are, we might add, pictures which surpass in beauty and excellence even her sparkling gem of last month:

OUR BABY.

Welcome to the world of beauty,
Little baby, soft and bright;
Like a dew drop thou hast fallen
To refresh our weary sight;
Welcome to this world of sunshine,
May no cloud e'er fall on thee—
thy pure and gentle spirit,
From all stain be ever free!

Like a jewel in the casket,
Which lies hid in truth's deep well,
In thy fair and lovely bosom
May thy spirit ever dwell;
And when thy short life is ended,
And earth's mantle is laid down,
May our happy, angel darling,
Glitter in the Savior's crown! E.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

In a quiet, solemn church-yard,
Where the weeping willows wave,
And the sweet, wild flowers are blooming,
Is a little baby's grave.

A simple cross stands at the head,
Where a mourning cypress waves,
And the zephyrs sad are sighing
'Mong its dark and drooping leaves.

There the birds sing in the morning
When the skies are bright and blue,
And at night, when they are sleeping,
The stars weep tears of dew.

But the darling little baby,
Whose sweet form is resting there,
Is an angel bright, in Heaven—
A free spirit of the air!

And at the midnight hour,
When the moonbeams sadly play,
With gentle wing he brusheth
His mother's tears away—

For that darling little baby
Of her very self is part—
And he cometh oft from Heaven,
To nestle in her heart. E.

An interior correspondent, whose extreme modesty prevents his name from being introduced to the public, sends us what he calls "the main points" of a story of five chapters, with the request that we "fix it up to suit ourselves." Had we several months leisure time at our command, in which to practice the art of putting up yellow covered packages of literature, we might be induced to try our hand upon the herculean effort of our gifted correspondent. As it is, we beg to be excused from undertaking the job in question, and will content ourselves simply with the "main points" as furnished us. We doubt not, should the thrilling story ever be "fixed up," the author's fortune will be made. Here are the "pints:"

CHAPTER THE ONE.

A certain Mr. and Mrs. were traveling on the Mississippi river, from Louisville to New Orleans, when all at once they missed their child. Horror! Diligent search made on board the steamer, but no child found. Supposed to be drowned. Parents in great trouble. Refused to eat. Mother got sick and died.

CHAPTER THE TWO.

Father stood it out single for several years—took a second wife—made a bad choice—she squandered his money—he becomes as poor as Job's turkey—then becomes desperate—gets an "idea"—reaches California in 1850—goes to the mountains, and digs—retires rich in 1852—sends to San Francisco for wife—couldn't find her—eloped with fancy individual with big whiskers and striped pantaloons—unfortunate husband gets "tight" and goes shooting after the robber of wife's affections. Immense excitement all over town.

CHAPTER THE THREE.

Husband finds himself alone in California. Becomes a stockholder in ditch company—has a lawsuit, which breaks him—has an interview with the lawyer—husband tells his history—lawyer tells his history—husband starts back—hears lawyer say that when a child he was rescued from a watery grave in the muddy Mississippi. Husband examines lawyer's

breast—sinks speechless in chair—recovers—looks again—weeps—opens his arms—lawyer full of delight—husband in ecstasy—tears shirt clean off lawyer's back—points to the mark—lawyer knows it all—"It is!" shouts husband—"No!" yelled lawyer, "It cannot be—and yet!" "That mark!" says husband—"Yes!" followed lawyer, "you are!" "Thy long lost father." Husband and son weaken.

CHAPTER THE FOUR.

Husband tells son a long story: 1st. Describes the Mississippi river and how the child was missed. 2d. Mother's grief and untimely end. 3d. Bad choice of second wife. 4th. How she spent his money. 5th. How he come to visit the golden land. 6th. His success there. 7th. Leaving California for home, and return with family. 8th. How his wife threw him off. 9th. His return to the mines. 10th. About his interest in the ditch company. 11th. Concerning the lawsuit. 12th. His visit to the lawyer. 13th. How he came to discover his long drowned son. 14th. The joy of meeting.

CHAPTER THE FIVE.

Lawyer tells all about himself—how he was rescued from his watery grave and adopted by a rich family. How he was sent to college, and afterwards come to California.

FINIS.

SMILES.

A pleasant smile to light the eye,
And fill the heart with gladness,
To chase away the tears of grief,
And hush the sigh of sadness;
To lend the face a fairer charm,
A soul of love expressing,
That to earth must divinely bring
A comfort and a blessing.

Oh! smiles have power a world of good
To fling around us ever;
Then let us wear their golden beams,
And quench their ardor never;
For while a smile illumines the eye,
And wreathes the lip of beauty,
The task of life must ever be
A pure and pleasant duty.

An enthusiastic friend, who never permits the Fourth of July to pass without doing something patriotic, breathes forth his admiration of the great WASHINGTON in the following happy strain :

WASHINGTON.

BY G. W. R.

All hallow'd be the patriot's fame
Who kept unstained and bright
A mighty nation's glorious name,
And put her foes to flight.

Remember'd be the chieftain's name
To Freedom's sacred fane,
Who to the nation's rescue came
And broke the tyrant's chain.

What though the vital spark has fled
That once for freemen shone,
The patriot lives!—he is not dead,
For here his spirit's known.

America reveres the name,
And not a tyrant's might
Can cause her sons to blush in shame
Who dare defend her right.

America! no other land
Could boast a Washington
Though patriots rose on every hand
Since 'erst the world begun.

Her standard sheet, so widely known,
In triumph's now unfurled;
The stars he planted there have grown
And shine o'er all the world.

Let freemen say with right good cheer,
And hand upon their breast,
His name doth find a dwelling here
And we are not oppress'd.

San Francisco, June 17th, 1858.

IF our cousins over the water occasionally amuse themselves at the expense of Yankeeisms, Westernisms, and Provincialisms, of Brother Jonathan, we can at least console ourselves with the reflection that the transition of the eighth letter of the alphabet, and using it as a prefix to the *first*, affords our people an

equally great source of 'amusement, with this difference: that Jonathan enjoys a joke even at his own expense, while John Bull is thin-skinned, his epidemics being of the gold leaf attenuation—none are more sensitive to ridicule—and no one hates as badly to be laughed at.

Our good-natured friend *Punch*, who, like the wind which blows where it listeth, is a privileged character, has on many occasions shown up the cockney propensity to abuse the *Queen's* English, in the particular referred to. His picture of the enraged John, indignantly kicking out of doors the unfortunate letter "H," is familiar to all, and has been as much laughed at as the similar caricature of a polite gentleman handing a lady the same letter (H) which she had dropped *at*, but not *in*, the Post Office. The story of the little girl sweeping the carpet during the call of a Hinglish lady, to find the H's which the visitor had dropped, is also well known.

We propose, for the fun of the thing, to give a few specimens of this peculiarity of language, among those who, as a buxom English woman expressed it, "hexhasperated the *haitch* and dropped the *hay* most haudaciously."

Among the budget of anecdotes with which poor Dan Marble (he deserves a marble statue) used to regale his friends, was one illustrating the misfortunes which this class sometimes fell into simply by the misplacing of a letter. The box office man of the Eagle Street Theatre, in Buffalo, happened at one time to be a "bloody Britisher," one of the sort who said that "it cawnt be hexpected that hale could be made in Haymerica, because they 'avent got the 'ops." His dinner hour being strictly English, he always carried his lunch with him to the office in the morning, and in the winter season this usually consisted of a mince pie, of which homogenous conglomeration he was remarkably fond. About twelve

o'clock, one bitter cold day, when old Erie was bound captive in crystal chains by the ice king, the box office man issued the following order to the boy-of-all-work about the theatre, a gawky lad, named Hiram, just from the country: "Hi say, you, hi'm going to the Post Office with these 'ere letters; put that pie hinto the stove and 'eat it hagaiantst hi get back."

Interpreting him literally, the young one, fresh and green from the country, as soon as the pie was fairly warmed, pitched into it, and by the time the box officer came bustling in, glowing from the cold, he had nearly devoured the pie. Struck aghast at the impious spectacle before him, the box officer struck an attitude that even the Prince of all Princes of Denmark—poor Gus Adams—might have taken points from in the ghost scene. About the same time he struck the *pie-ratical* glutton, knocking his form nearly into *pi*, exclaiming, indignantly, "What the bloody 'ell 'ave you been habout? Hi told you to put the pie hinto the stove and 'eat hit. Hi didn't mean for you to *heat it*, you hinferral rogue you!"

But the best specimen we have yet seen was that of the bloody barber that shaves us—we don't mean by the sanguinary appellation that he is particularly cutting in the way of his profession, but he likes to "cut a swell" out of his chair. Discussing that all-absorbing topic, Frazer River, the aforesaid addressed one of his familiars with "'Arry, wy don't you go? You are 'ale, 'arty, 'ealthy a hoperator has 'ails from hall Hell Dorado county!" We haven't indulged in a shave in 'Angtown—as Lee, the circus man, used to style the handsome county town of Placerville—since; its decidedly dangerous at that shop, at least. You run the risk of being victimized as well as the *Haitch*.

A HUMOROUS, but observing contributor, who has evidently been gathered into the fold of the righteous by the recent revival in this State, sends us the following:

MR. EDITOR:—Did you ever observe what a difference there is in the style of prayers? Each one who prays at all—

and who should not?—evinces in his praying the peculiar idea he has of the Supreme Being; an idea which varies in different persons according to the scope of their thought and education. Some adopt the narrative style and pray as if they were relating a story; others are declamatory in their manner of addressing the Almighty. A few are bombastic and leave no doubt as to the opinion they entertain of themselves. Some, again, pray familiarly, as if God were always with them; some vaguely, as if He were everywhere, and as much anywhere else as present; and others, again, pray doubtfully, as if the Lord were afar off, or possibly not listening. Many supplicate blessings, and some assume to confer blessings by praying. I have known persons, who in their prayers were always soliciting information, and others who were ever essaying to convey intelligence to the ear of Omniscience. Of the latter class, I remember particularly a school teacher by the name of Smith—and John, at that—a pious soul, who always commenced his devotional exercises as follows: "Paradoxical as it may appear unto Thee, O Lord, nevertheless it is true." This beginning is thoroughly impressed on the memory of all good Mr. Smith's scholars, from the fact that a large boy, on one occasion, a mischievous fellow, controverted the master's proposition, by repeating aloud: "Paradoxical as it may appear unto Thee, O Lord, nevertheless it is *not* true, as Smith says, that we are all sinners."

But I was speaking of style. This good man was so much in the habit of imparting instruction, as to forget that anything could appear paradoxical to Him, who understands perfectly all facts and reasons. Smith's great effort seemed to be to convince Omniscience of a few facts which were patent to everybody else, and he never wearied in his exertions.

He would continue:

"If thou doubttest thy servant, O Lord, peradventure thou wilt believe thy daughter Hannah, and others of thy household, who are ready to testify, that sin abounds, like rank weeds, in this part of thy moral vineyard."

But the eccentricity of Smith's prayers finds a counterpart in almost every congregation. At any rate, there is in each a great variety of praying. After all it profiteth little what the style is, only so the heart be right.

Editor's Table.

FRAZER RIVER! We have heard of *that* before. If our memory serves us, the newspaper editors of our State have written two or three small paragraphs on the subject. Well, the Frazer River country appears to be a good place *to go to*. If our eyes have not deceived us, a few have gone there. Seriously—for this Frazer River business is no joke—we are sorry to witness the wild excitement which at present prevails in relation to the newly-discovered gold region. We know that we might as well attempt to dip the ocean dry with a spoon as to stay the human tide now setting in the direction of Frazer River; still, we would not feel that we had performed our duty, did we view the present state of things without throwing in a few words of friendly advice. We do not doubt the existence of an abundance of gold in the locality named. If any doubt of the sort was ever entertained, it has been more than removed by the continued one-sided advices from that quarter. And we would repeat the counsel given by us some time since, that those who have grown tired of their career in California and are doing nothing, had better try their luck in the reported gold fields in the British Possessions. But really we have seen nothing to create the mad rush we now behold. We must bear in mind that all the reliable authority, while it establishes the fact of the existence of the precious metal in the region of country to which we allude, informs us that it cannot be procured, in any considerable amount, until after the river falls, which it is understood occurs some time in August or September of each year. This fact of itself should be sufficient to take the edge off the present excitement. The reports that have reached us are, we admit, quite *moving*, and have agitated our own nerves very sensibly since the last interview with our readers; but a little calm reflection has sufficed to keep our pulse healthy.

Those, therefore, who are rushing northward in such break-neck style, would do well to remember that *at present* there is but very little doing in the mining localities along Frazer's River. We would also remind those who are throwing up a good paying business to take the chances in the north, that for a full month at least—perhaps two, or more—their expenses will be heavy, while they will be unable to make their salt. It seems also to have escaped the attention of our Frazer-bound friends, that they are leaving a “mighty good country.” They forget that here, in our own beloved State of California, are being daily discovered gold diggings as rich as any that exist anywhere. We throw out these hints, not because we imagine that they will have the effect to keep down the prevailing fever that is carrying off our population at so fearful a rate, but solely on account of the gratification which follows a conscientious discharge of duty.

JOHN BULL has again pulled Jonathan's nose. More: He has kicked and cuffed him. More and worse still: He has spit upon him. And all this in the broad light of day, and in the presence of the civilized nations of the world! Do you doubt it? Behold the record: How long has it been since the power and authority of the American Consul at Hongkong (Mr. Keenan) were disregarded, his rights trampled upon by an insolent British Magistrate, and the Captain of an American vessel fined and imprisoned *for doing his duty*? We are aware that this outrage for a time set all Washington in a blaze, but that was all. The stain upon us still remains, as fresh and ugly as the day the act was committed. This is but one of the many insults offered our flag by British officers, during the past few years. All other events of this sort, however, that have come to our knowledge, sink into utter insignificance beside the

recent systematic attack upon American merchantmen in the Gulf of Mexico. The history of this last outrage, as detailed by eye-witnesses, is enough to make the blood of every American citizen, who has the least regard for the honor of his country, boil with indignation. What American, with a spark of pride in his soul, does not feel the sting of these British insults? But what are the facts: Well known American vessels, while lying quietly in harbors, were boarded and searched by drunken British officers, who met the slightest resistance with pistols, knives, cutlasses, disgusting oaths and gross insult to our flag. Equally well known ships, while pursuing their honorable course in the waters of the Gulf, were, at about the same time, fired into by British guns, their papers overhauled by British officers, and everything on board bearing the name of *American* ridiculed and laughed at! We might multiply these instances, but are content with what we have given. As may be imagined, the American captains who were thus attacked and insulted, were deeply incensed at the authors of the outrage. They, however, feeling unable to defend themselves, were forced to submit to the treatment, degrading as it was. We are tired of asking how much longer such a state of things is to continue. We have already suffered these insults to be heaped upon us until our own citizens, at home and abroad, are beginning to feel ashamed of their country. Even Spain—weak as she is—has been so long permitted to use our vessels as targets for her guns, that we do not wonder at the difficulty experienced by our Minister at Madrid in getting anything like an *amicable* adjustment of affairs. She has very naturally been led to suppose that fighting is not in our way, and that, therefore, we can be kicked about at the pleasure and convenience of all who desire to try the experiment. The powers at Washington have been altogether too slow in the matters to which we allude. There is, however, a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and if we have not now reached such a point, we

greatly mistake the tone of public sentiment. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and it is these last outrages upon the American flag that must change our policy of "masterly inactivity" to immediate, determined resistance.

THE interesting series of articles in relation to Tehuantepec, from the pen of Col. A. J. Grayson, have been highly prized—as well they should—by our readers. But little, comparatively speaking, is known of that wild, romantic region, and when well-written articles, properly illustrated, (as ours have been) are presented, they are apt to excite attention. We are indebted to Col. Grayson for much curious and valuable information concerning Tehuantepec. From his long residence in the country, he is familiar with his subject, the illustrations of remarkable scenes and places being from sketches taken on the spot by himself. So interesting indeed are his articles, that we desire to give them to our readers in as complete and perfect a shape, and as free from blunders as when they left his hands. For this reason we embrace the opportunity to refer to several errors which occurred in the article in our last issue. The beautiful Bird, for example, which the types made us name the "Para" of Tehuantepec, should have been *Pavo*, the difference between the two names being, we believe, very great. It was also stated, that the height of the church at *Gehecova* (not Gehecora, as printed) is 300 feet, when that was but its length—the exact height not being given. It was likewise our intention to have accompanied Col. Grayson's sketches of Tehuantepec with an engraving of the little boat—the "Wanderer"—in which he accomplished the greater portion of his journey, but were prevented from doing so by the drawing sent us being mislaid. These errors and mishaps, though perhaps unnoticed by the public, are exceedingly provoking to an editor; and what is more, they will sometimes occur in spite of fate.

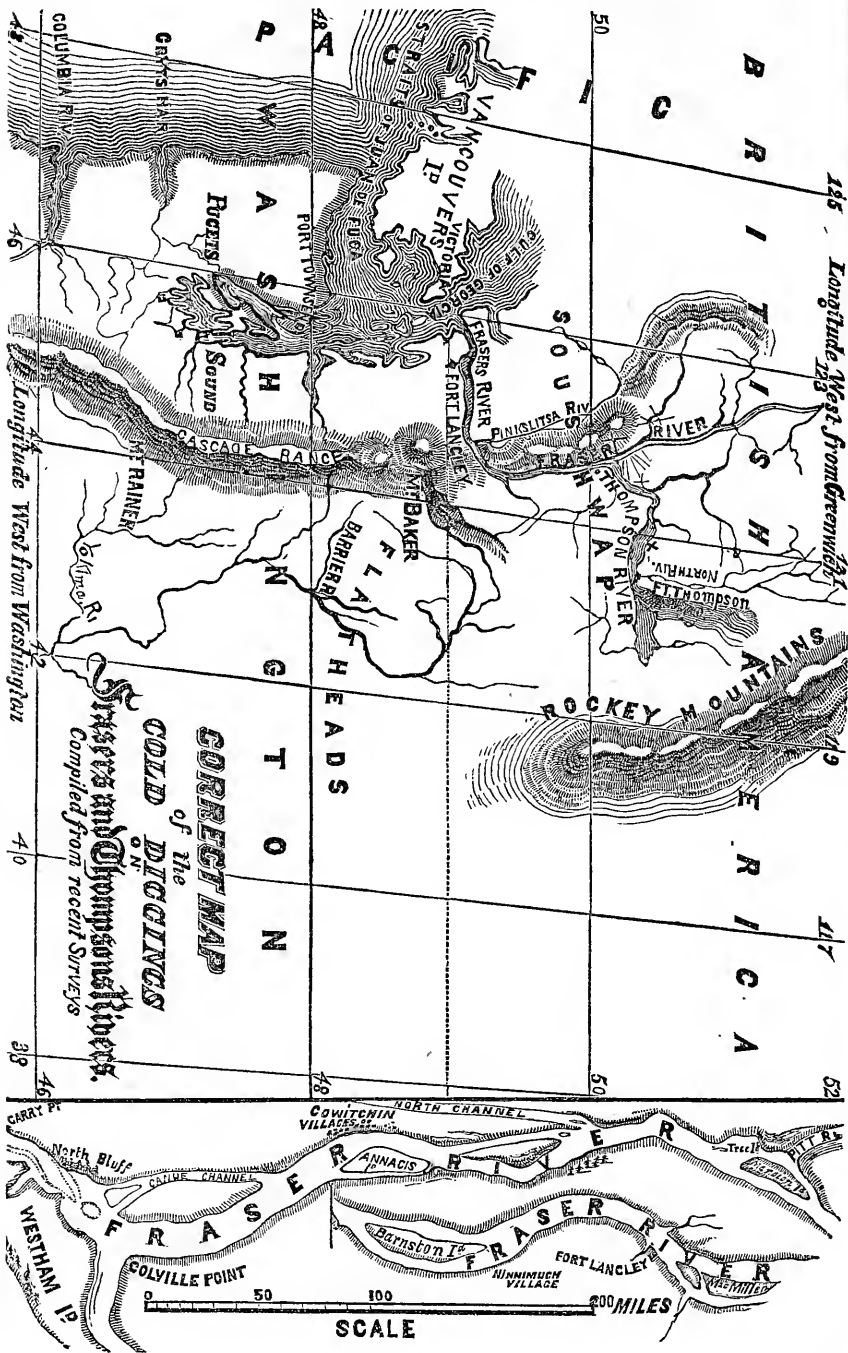
WE have always pointed with pride to our contributors. We love their genial presence in our sanctum, and open their mysterious little packages of song or story with peculiar delight. How painful was it, then, for us to observe, recently, in a respectable journal, the intimation that one of our favorite friends—a lady at that—had imposed upon us in the matter of a poem. Such an intimation, too, coming at a time when the whole press of the State was engaged in exposing the shameless literary thefts of other parties, but aggravated the instance in question. To give the matter in a nut-shell, it appears there are in existence *two* poems entitled "The Ocean Burial;" one by Mr. GEORGE N. ALLEN, and written, we understand, a great many years ago; the other by the fair contributor to our pages, and published in the April number of this Magazine. The striking similarity between these poems at once excited attention, and in the succeeding issue we pronounced that in our Magazine a "base plagiarism." We have since been assured that the lady never read or heard of Allen's "Ocean Burial," and this being the case, we feel bound to acquit her of the offense charged. All we can say is, the two poems develop an accidental commingling of subject, ideas and language truly wonderful to behold.

WE can safely promise our readers a real treat in our August issue. Our opening article will be an exceedingly well-prepared description of a journey from Acapulco to the city of Mexico, by the way of Tasco, by a highly intelligent gentleman of San Francisco. The article will be accompanied by numerous spirited engravings, presenting the more remarkable scenes and places on the route, including a fine view of the grand plaza and Cathedral of the city of Mexico. In addition to this, we shall give an interesting story, translated and altered expressly for our pages, from the Spanish of Cervantes, entitled "The Gipsy Girl of Madrid."

The Sunday Law recently passed by our Legislature, has been generally observed throughout the State. It is true that in many instances it was violated, but as this was done chiefly by parties who desired to test the constitutionality of the enactment before the Supreme Court, we may conclude that ours are a Sunday-loving, church-going, law-abiding, God-fearing people—as all honest people should be. Our only surprise is that the law did not meet with greater resistance. We must bear in mind that here in California we have a very mixed population, with a great variety of religious opinions. Besides that class whose peculiar teachings specify some other day than the Christian's Sabbath, on which to worship God, we have a large, respectable, and highly intelligent body of citizens known as free-thinkers, who we might expect would snap their fingers at the Sunday law. Such, however, has not been the case.

"An old Bachelor" gives us in this issue two or three interesting pages from the history of his experience. "Did I Love Her?" he asks. We think the reader will say *he did*. We are well acquainted with the author of the touching narrative, and know that the picture he has presented is not overdrawn. Though many long years have passed since the scenes described by him were witnessed, he still seems to enjoy and prize, above all things else, the love of his Mary.

A BEAUTIFUL monthly publication, entitled the *California Cultivist*, has been laid on our table. It is edited by Messrs. Wheeler & Wadsworth—well known, competent gentlemen—and is devoted to the interests of the Agriculturist, the Herdsman, the Florist, the Mechanic, the Manufacturer, Miner and Naturalist. The number before us, besides containing forty-eight pages of valuable reading matter, is handsomely embellished with colored plates, presenting the mammoth specimens of California fruit as large as life and quite as natural. The work deserves success.



Troubles of a Forty-Niner.

GRIMES MADE HIS "PILE" THE FIRST YEAR. THE SECOND, SENT FOR HIS DEAR WIFE.



Receives her on the wharf. Very plain woman.



Wife becomes expensive.—Too many bills.



Wife wants to go to a ball. Grimes objects.



S.F. BAKER ENGR. 189 CLAY

She does go to ball, in spite of Grimes.



Deserts Grimes next day, for "cruelty." Threatens divorce.



The last of poor Grimes.—Desperate case of Suicide.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

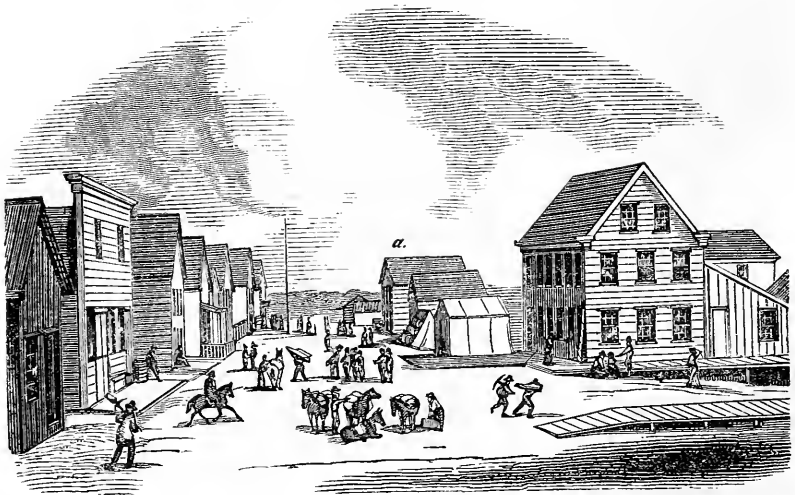
- L. E., San Francisco.*—Your "Sketch of the Olden Time" is a clever production, but altogether too long to be crowded into one number, as you desire. It might be reduced without material injury.
- G. S. Smith, Artist.*—The ambrotype view of the Callan Ranch received, "broke all to pieces. Can't be used. Very pretty picture, no doubt—especially the lady dressed in black, at the door. Would love dearly to spend a few weeks there during the hot weather, but can't print the establishment in the Magazine. Send us something else that won't break so easily.
- Observer, Marysville.*—Your views on the Frazer River excitement are quite sensible, but they would have but little weight just now. People will go to the new diggings.
- Lucy, Sacramento.*—Your verses on "Pretty Birdie" received. Will look over them at our leisure, and if good—as we think they ought to be—will print them.
- F. T., San Francisco.*—In answer to your queries, we would state that we have as yet heard of no "tremendous" fall in the price of real estate, either in this city or Sacramento. You can put all such reports down as "fudge."
- Subscriber, Mokclumne Hill.*—Glad you have escaped the prevailing fever. Your name has been entered on the "paid" side of our books for third volume. You are a sensible man, "Subscriber."
- Douglas Democrat, San Francisco.*—We have time and again declared that we will not take part in the political quarrels of the day. What's Lime Point to you, or you to Lime Point, that you should weep over it?
- J., San Jose.*—Package received. Thanks.
- E. R. W., Oakland.*—The "Countess of San Diego" was commenced in our April number, and is concluded in the present issue.
- Dolan, Sacramento.*—The view of Mount Baker, which took such a hold on your fancy, while on a trip to Frazer River, "once on a time," can be found in a Pictorial soon to be issued from the office of this Magazine.
- R. F. M., Pleasant Hill.*—Your "Musings of a Miner" will be attended to in season. Patience.
- M. E. P., Stockton.*—We cannot make you an offer for your sketches before seeing them. If they come up to your description, we would be pleased to have them; but we prefer to see them ourselves.
- Aleck, Auburn.*—We have had many poorer things than your "Ode to a Departing Miner." It has, however, been ruled out for "good and sufficient reasons."
- Hoover, Sacramento.*—Your budget lies before us, unopened. Will give you early attention.
- Evelyn, Mariposa.*—Your Sunday Law article will hardly answer. Try your hand again.
- Kate D., San Francisco.*—Your kind favors received. Should be happy to hear from you more frequently.
- Statistics, Oroville.*—We are unable to furnish you with anything like correct information as to the amount of gold dust received from Frazer River. The amount deposited at the Mint during the months of May and June is said to be about \$4,000.
- Farmer, Benicia.*—Your suggestion came in good season. A page or two on the subject alluded to, would prove highly acceptable to many of our readers.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. AUGUST, 1858. No. 2.

SKETCHES FROM THE NORTH.



PORT TOWNSEND.

Among the results of the recent reported gold discovery along Fraser and Thompson rivers, may be mentioned the sudden growth of towns. Places which for years have been known only as trading posts, or "landings," and which, doubtless, but for the recent excitement, would have remained in their own wild state, have, almost in a day, been taken possession of by a hardy, industrious people,

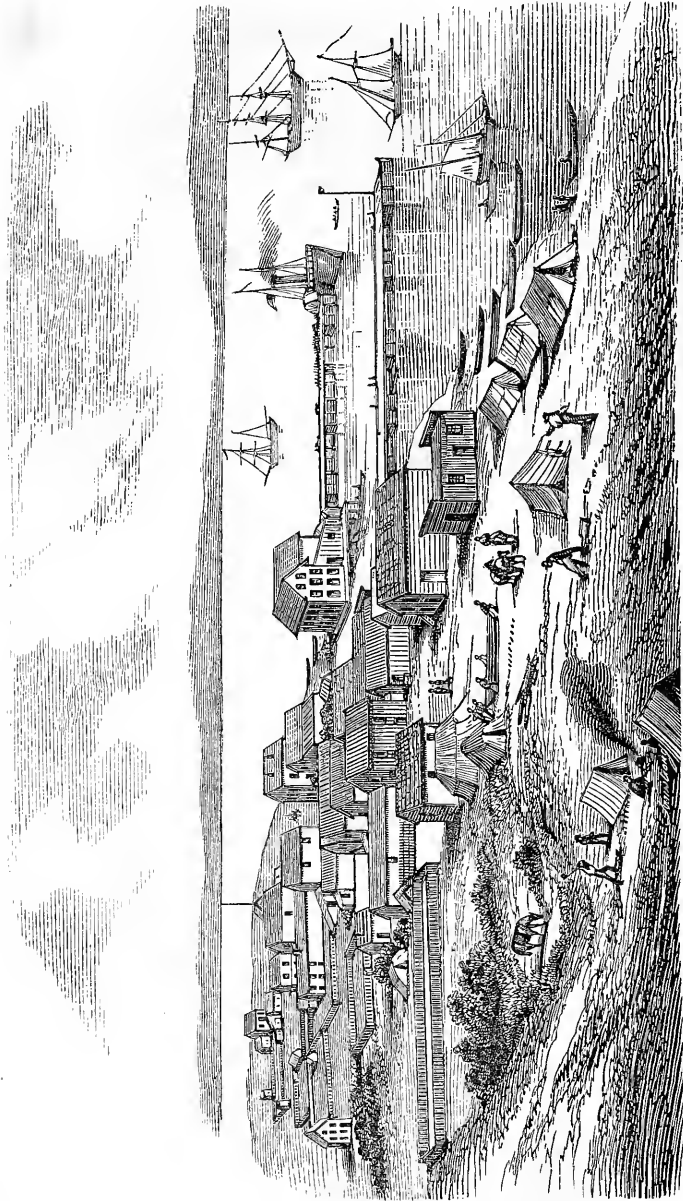
and brought into prominent notice. Many of these towns, which but a few months since existed only on the maps, are now thriving business points; while the property which awhile back could have been had for a "song," is held at astonishing high rates. What the ultimate effect of all this will be, we are not prepared to say, but if we are to judge from appearances, a great number of our people will be content to remain in their northern communities, and build up homes.

VICTORIA appears at present to be the "San Francisco of the North," though there are several other points of considerable importance. We are indebted to our artist for a couple of spirited views of PORT TOWNSEND, on Puget Sound. This place is represented as in a most flourishing condition. A number of new buildings have recently been erected there, and the busy scenes witnessed are said to resemble those of the early days in California. A private letter from a resident of the place, to a friend in this city, says: "It is impossible for me to convey anything like an accurate idea of the bustle and excitement of this point. From morning until night it is one continued scene of the wildest activity. Hammers and saws are heard all over the place. I have been here some two weeks, and feel able to express an opinion. The prospects of Port Townsend look brighter than any place I have seen since I left San Francisco. We have a Custom-house, a fine hotel, good warehouses, marine hospital, post-office, and quite a number of stores. Trade of every description is brisk, and money plenty. It was my intention, when I left California, to settle either in Victoria, or somewhere on Bellingham Bay, but I am satisfied with this place, and shall remain here." Another writer says: "By reference to the chart of Puget Sound, Port Townsend, it will be seen, controls all of the routes now in use, and those contem-

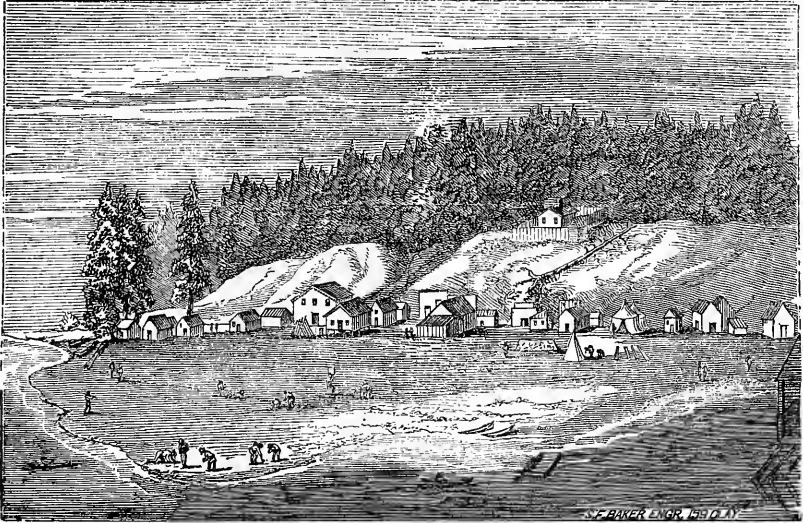
plated, as the most central starting point to the mines. With the finest trail above us, (Snoqualmie Pass,) and the river below, some more central point than Bellingham Bay or Victoria will have to be selected."

Leaving Port Townsend for Bellingham Bay, we fall in with the flourishing town of Whatcom, of which we present a correct view. This place has a population of upwards of three thousand, and among the enterprises engaged in may be mentioned a well conducted newspaper. This journal has described Whatcom and vicinity so well, that we draw upon its columns for information to accompany our engraving. Among the advantages which the town enjoys, not the least is the close proximity to the lake and river. The latter pours a perpetual sheet of pure, soft, sweet water into the bay within the limits of the town. This water is cool and healthy during the whole year, and is the home of millions of speckled and mountain trout, some of them weighing eight, but generally averaging from one to four pounds. These beautiful and delicious inhabitants of both lake and river will afford fine sport for the angler as soon as pleasure shall be sought by our people as well as gold.

Whatcom lake is surrounded by beautiful and picturesque scenery. To the northward, a mountain rises abruptly from the very waves of the lake. East and south the country is diversified with hills and valleys, while to the west, towards the town, the country is level, or very gently sloping to the bay. When the axman shall have slain the mighty firs, cedars and pines which now rear their trunks and spread their arms to guard the enchanting scenery around this beautiful sheet of water, and civilization shall have mellowed and softened the foreground of the whole picture, no city in the Union can boast of a more beautiful pleasure drive than this to Whatcom lake.



PORT TOWNSEND, FROM THE HARBOR.

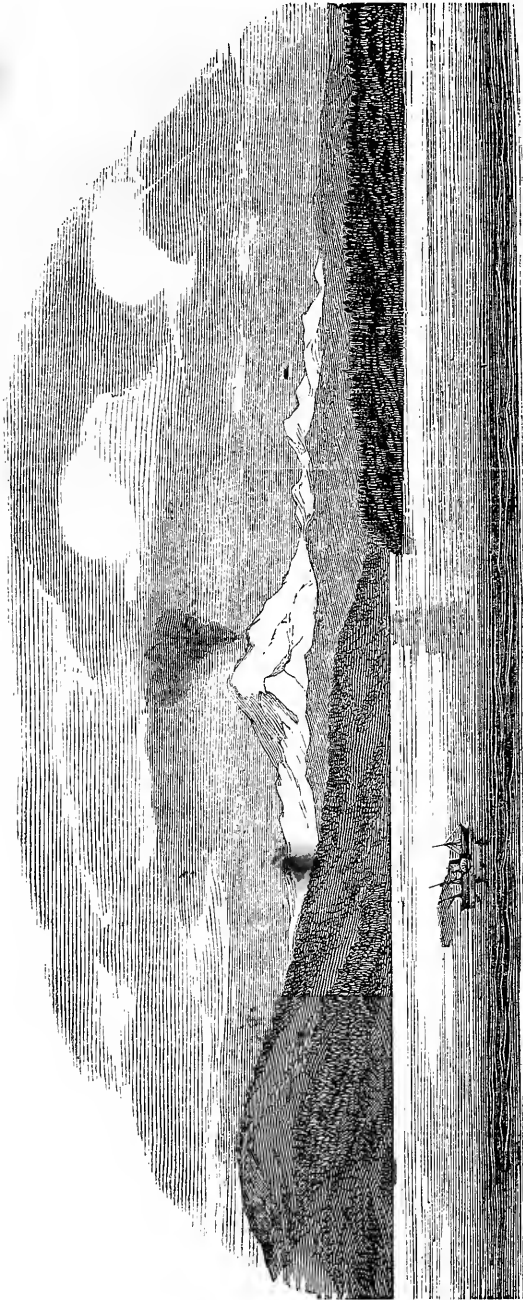


CITY OF WHATCOM, BELLINGHAM BAY.

Whatcom river is five miles in length, and is the outlet of a lake of the same name. The lake is about twelve miles long and one and one half mile in width, very deep and clear as crystal. From the lake to the bay there is a fall of about one hundred and fifty feet; one hundred feet of this fall are perpendicular cascades—the other fifty, rapids. Forty-two feet of this fall is within one fourth of a mile of town, and within one half mile, a sufficient fall can be obtained to water the whole town. Indeed, parties from San Francisco have already made proposals to the proprietors for a lease of the stream at that place, for the purpose of distributing the water over the town and to the shipping of the bay. Its facilities for extensive water works are unsurpassed in the world, and land in the town is reserved for that purpose. It is forty miles from Whatcom to the mouth of Frazer river, with smooth water at all seasons of the year, which can be navigated by stern-wheeled boats, or any kind of boat, even to a canoe. These can ascend the rapids of the river as far as Fort Yale, (which stream, by the way, we do

not believe ever will be navigable through the rapids at a low stage of water,) whereas it is eighty miles from Victoria to the mouth, with a very rough channel to go through, requiring a staunch sea-boat for permanent navigation, and a shipment at the mouth, or Fort Langley, on a boat that can, if it should prove practicable, ascend the rapids to Fort Yale. From the mouth to Fort Hope it is one hundred miles, or thereabouts, and two hundred from there to Fort Thompson—making the entire estimate from Victoria to the mines, by way of the river, three hundred and eighty miles, with a Charybdis on the one hand, and a Scylla on the other, for about one third of the way. Danger and death are the constant attendants of those who are not, in these dashing currents, both skillful and fearless.

It is one hundred miles from Whatcom to Chilawack or Summit Lake, and seventy-five or eighty miles from there to Thompson's River. Forty-five miles distant from Whatcom, a side trail, it is said, could easily be cut to Fort Hope—a distance of thirty-five or forty miles.



VIEW OF MOUNT BAKER.

ONE of the sublimest spectacles to be seen in the North, is MOUNT BAKER. The above view was taken from Puget Sound, and is pronounced by competent judges to be strikingly accurate. Though this mountain is covered by snow, it sends forth dense volumes of smoke, indicating great volcanic action beneath. A view of this grand work of nature is alone worth a visit to the North.

JOURNEY FROM ACAPULCO TO THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO, BY WAY
OF TASCO, SUMMER 1849.

[Edward Verderer]

[The following narrative of a trip from Acapulco to Mexico, by way of the ancient mining district of Tasco, will be found interesting, especially as said portion of the country, so rich in natural beauty, and formerly highly important on account of its mineral wealth, may be said to have been, through the political disturbances of later years, hermetically sealed to the investigation of travelers. Being a descriptive and partially retrospective sketch, the interest is in no wise affected by the date.]

The journey from Acapulco to the capital of Mexico, at all times fatiguing, on account of the natural difficulties of a road practicable in most parts only for mules, becomes a task of arduous toil and perseverance during the rainy season, from July to October. The heavy rains which convert the bottom-lands into swamps, cut the roads on the hill-sides by deep gullies, while in the more mountainous parts the earth is washed away, and the traveler has frequently to climb over bare and rugged, yet slippery rock. The many small rivers, too, that have to be forded for want of bridges, ferries or other suitable contrivances, being as insignificant during the dry season as they are formidable after a heavy rain, occasion delay, so that fully twelve days were necessary for what I had previously accomplished in five. We were generally fortunate enough to reach, if not our intended destination, at least some temporary shelter, before the heavy rains of the evening commenced; but sometimes, after having established ourselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit, we had to find by experience that a leaky roof was worse than no roof at all. After a heavy night's rain, instead of being able to start at the usual hour of 2 or 3 o'clock A. M., we were obliged to await daylight, to be enabled to select our road. Yet all this, and even the delay was am-

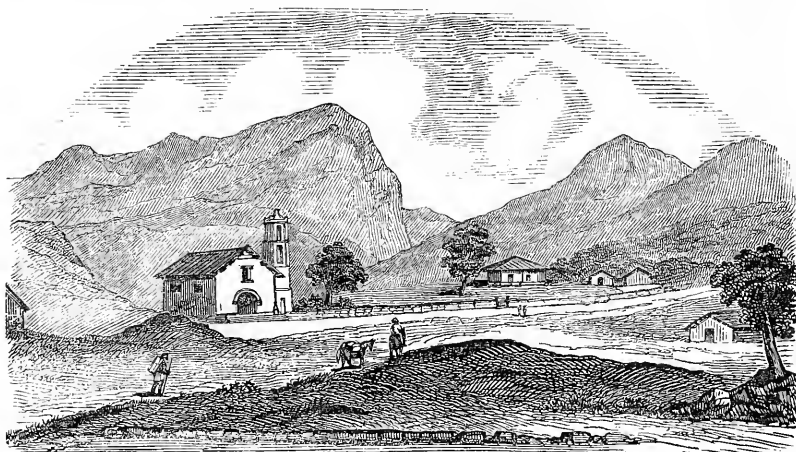
ply repaid by the beautifully bright appearance of everything around us, when the sun came out and lighted up the rich green foliage of the exuberant tropical vegetation, which everywhere, except on the banks of the streams, lies dormant one half of the year, through drought.

In Humboldt's work on this country the profile of Southern Mexico, between Acapulco and the Capital, presents a mountainous region, rising rapidly from the coast to the medium level of the lower table-land; interrupted only by the valleys formed by the rivers Papagayo and Mescala. Then comes the already-mentioned table-land of Tierra Caliente, a name well deserved by the great heat prevailing there throughout the year. Now this lower table-land, hardly intersected by mountains, extends up to Cuernavaca, the transition from which to the plains of Anahuac (the valley of Mexico proper) is formed by a very high range of the Cordillera; that day's journey leading up some six thousand feet to the "Cruz del Marques," and then down about four thousand feet to the level of the *high table-land*, which averages six thousand feet elevation above the sea. After this general outline necessary to impress the reader with the features of the country, I may attempt a description of the scenery.

The commencement of the journey, between Acapulco and Chilpanzingo, is highly picturesque. The most prominent features are the fine retrospective view from the first heights down over the Bay of Acapulco, and the passage of Papagayo River suddenly descried in a deep chasm far beneath the traveler's feet. It is passed about five miles upwards on a

smoother place, but before reaching it, the very steep and rocky "Cuesta del Peregrino" has to be surmounted, the whole extent of which is richly wooded, and the peak "La Cumbre," of volcanic formation, has a most rugged and picturesque appearance. The River Papagayo, easily fordable in the dry season, in the rainy months requires the assistance of canoes, which are well managed by the natives. Under the Spanish government preparations had been made for constructing a large, massive bridge, when, the insurrection intervening, these deposits of granite blocks, already cut and marked out, were scattered abroad. Some have been appropriated to individual pur-

poses, and others lie buried under the exuberant vegetation. From this river to Chilpanzingo the road winds through a succession of valleys connected by defiles, and only intersected by another steep range of mountains called the "Cuesta de los Cajones." On the opposite side of it, in a fertile valley, surrounded by pine-crested peaks, lies the Hacienda de Acahuizotla, in the midst of verdant fields of sugar-cane, one of the loveliest spots on the road. The whole of that country is well cultivated, and has a highly romantic character from the lofty peaks of mountains that encircle it, one of which has precisely the form of a bell.



HACIENDA DE ACAHUIZOTLA. [ROAD FROM ACAPULCO TO MEXICO.]

Chilpanzingo is a neat little town of about 3,500 inhabitants, the birth-place and favorite sojourn of the worthy General Don Nicolas Bravo, who possessed a large estate, "Chichihualco," at some distance from it. (General Bravo, who died about three years ago, was one of the heroes of the Independence, as renowned for his firmness as he was beloved for the humaneness of his actions; and he had always been considered the staunch advocate of peace and order.)

In the mountains to the left of the road, some forty miles distant in a southwestern direction, is the Hacienda de la Providencia, residence of Gen. D. Juan Alvarez, one of the earliest champions of the insurrection. It is situated at the foot of a conical peak, the Cerro de la Brea, which, nearly on a line with the other twin peaks, the "Tetas de Coyuca," forms a prominent landmark for the mariner, on approaching Acapulco. This is the very nucleus of the mountain fast-

ness of the south, the inaccessible stronghold from whence that formidable chieftain dealt destruction on the Spanish forces, and where, in his safe lair, he defied all retributive vengeance, until the great day of *Independence* brought peace and union to all hearths—a blessing that ought to have proved lasting. Yet from those mountains, as from the depths of an apparently extinct crater, ever since have sallied forth flashes of lightning, accompanied by subterranean thunder that has frequently shaken the whole southern portion of Mexico, and at all times has exercised a magic sway, commanding at will the fortress of Acapulco; and that wilderness which often, in adversity, afforded shelter to the insurgent chief, was to be hereafter the peaceful retreat of an Ex-President of the Mexican nation.

To the southeast, about fifteen or twenty miles distant from Chilpanzingo, in fertile valleys beyond the mountains to the right of the road, are the thriving towns of Tixtla and Chilapa, with a population of mostly Indian descent, the latter well known by the industrial pursuits of its inhabitants.

Farther on, about ten miles from Chilpanzingo, following the high road to Mexico, is Zumpango del Rio, a smaller town or village, from which to Mescala extends the "Cañada del Zopilote," a narrow defile, or rather a colossal cleft of many miles in length, formed by two parallel ranges of mountains, where, on account of the windings of the valley, the bed of the rivulet Zumpango has to be crossed and recrossed upwards of a hundred times. This day's journey is as fatiguing in the dry season, on account of the extreme heat and total absence of water, as it is laborious during the rainy months, when one heavy shower renders some of the defiles in the upper parts impracticable for hours. We were favored by the weather, being only overtaken by a squall when already past

those hazardous spots, and a sheltering cave afforded us a temporary refuge. In the rainy season the flowers are beautiful and of endless variety; but thick clouds of mosquitoes and sand flies infest those regions at all times.

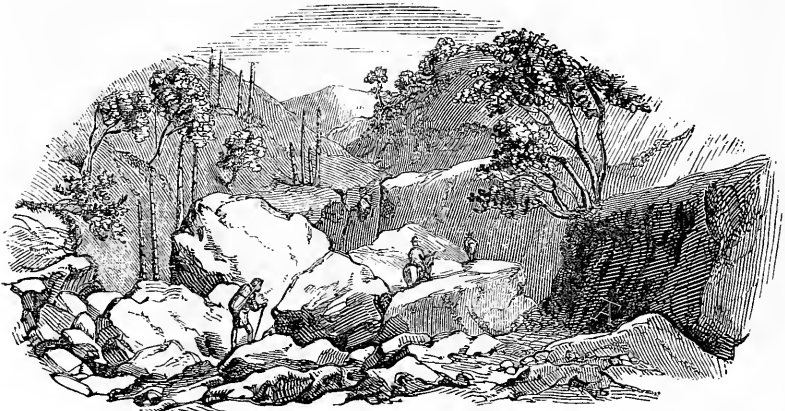
Mescala, an Indian village on the left bank of the river, is a dreary place, and its inhabitants, like all others along the shores of that river (which flows into the Pacific Ocean at Zacatula), are afflicted with a cutaneous disease called the "Pinto," which gives these poor people, though otherwise healthy, a perfectly hideous appearance. The river Mescala is rarely fordable at any season, but the Indians of the village have a curious contrivance for the conveyance of passengers and their luggage, consisting of a raft of bulrush or cane, floated and supported by some twenty or thirty hollow pumpkins fastened together. The passenger is seated in the midst of his worldly effects, while two or three of the Indians—capital swimmers—grasp the raft and, apparently without any effort, convey it across the current, landing him safely on the other side. The animals are unloaded and unsaddled and driven into the water, when, hurried on by yells, they brave the current to gain the opposite shore.

From Mescala to Cuernavaca extends the lower table-land called "Tierra Caliente," (average elevation about three thousand five hundred feet) very fertile in various produce and superabundantly endowed with the never-failing plague of mosquitoes. This district may be said to be the granary of the South, while the vicinity of Cuernavaca contains the principal sugar estates of Mexico. The principal towns are Tepecoacuilco and Iguala, which latter is also called "Iturbide," in memory of General (afterwards Emperor) Iturbide, who there formed the plan of Independence from Spain, under the banner of "Liberty, Union, Equali-

ty," and from thence marched his victorious army (the ejército trigarante) triumphantly into the capital of Mexico.

No lapse of time can efface from my memory the urbanity and unremitting kindness of my friends in that quarter, the Cortinas in Iguala, and the Cuencas and others in Tepecoacuilco; who, on every occasion, vied with one another in attentions, and to the treat of a most hospitable and substantial entertainment added the compliment of accompanying me in person for many miles on my departure. Such attentions, appreciable at any time under the simple plea of hos-

pitality, assumed a higher merit in revolutionary times, when I have seen their houses converted into armories, and their tenantry ready to fight for the protection of the family. Relays of fine saddle-horses and an escort of trusty servants for the most dangerous part of the road before me, were, under such circumstances, acts of real kindness. Here let me offer a tribute to the memory of my much deplored friend, Don Fructuoso de Cuenca, who, as Prefect of the District, fell a victim to his patriotic zeal in maintaining order against the predatory bands that infested these regions.



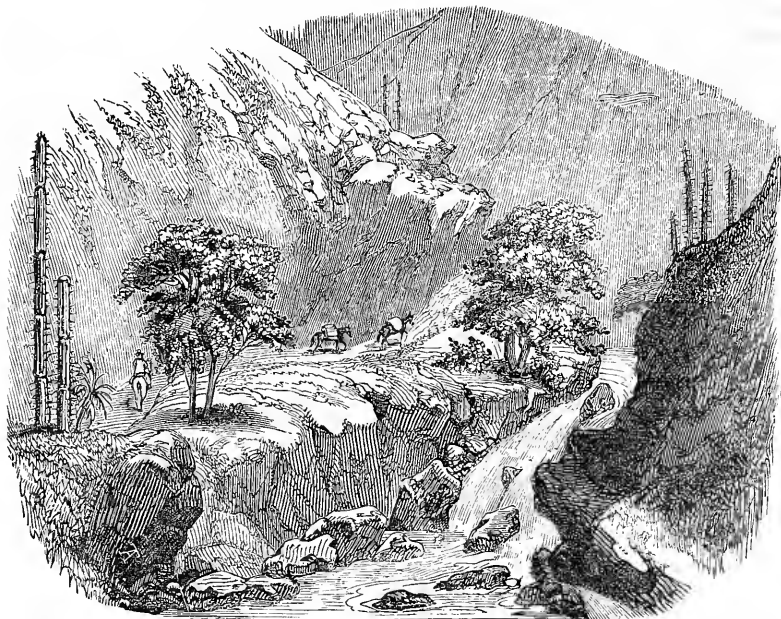
CANADA DEL ZOPILOTE, NEAR ZUMPANGO.

This time, instead of following the high road from Tepecoacuilco to Cuernavaca, I was induced to pass through the ancient mining district of Tasco, which from a previous visit I held ever in cherished memory. The road from Iguala is rugged, leading up the Sierra de Huistepc, at the foot of which lies the town itself. Tasco is one of the oldest mining districts which existed even at the time of the conquest, so that Hernan Cortez, on hearing of its riches, immediately sent several of his captains with commissions to work these mines for account of the crown. In the archives there are documents as far back as the year 1523. For

a valuable *fac simile* of one of them, with a slip of the mouldy paper of the document itself, I am indebted to my worthy friend Don Tomas Avila, (Chief Justice,) with a very flattering dedication, and there exists in Tasco a gallery of full size portraits, of the most distinguished scions of the place, some of whom held important offices. The situation of Tasco, built on craggy heights and encircled by mountain chains, is picturesque in the extreme. It has been called Guanajuato in miniature, but is far more romantic with its beautiful church (the steeples of which are remarkable for their height and neat finish) and several smaller chapels perch-

ed on the very brink of precipices; and its ancient mansions, in their architectural symbols of former splendor, mostly deserted, but even in ruins commanding respect by their stately fronts and porticoes. Owing to the unevenness of the ground, some buildings have one story

in front, and three or four stories on the rear, or *vice versa*; and I remember one, a palace-like building, where the spacious stables, arranged for not less than fifty horses, were on the flat roof of the third story, connected with an entrance from the street above.



CANADA DEL ZOPILOTE, NEAR ZUMPANGO. [SECOND VIEW.]

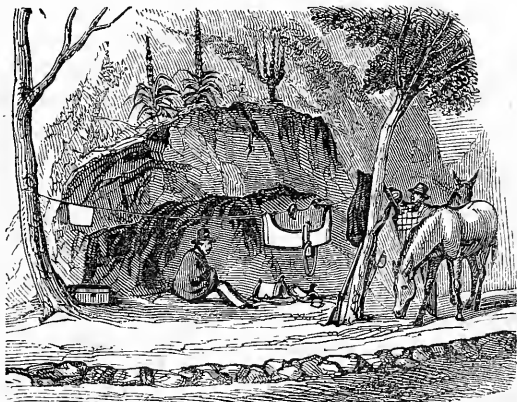
While standing on the balcony of one of these patrician mansions, facing the richly festooned ruins of some of Tasco's finest monuments, and contemplating the contrast between the exuberance of ever-youthful nature and the futility of the work of man, I was recalled from my reverie by the voice of the kind matron, to whom I was indebted for this treat. "You admire this view," she said; "so many of our visitors have; I remember the visit of Baron Humboldt, (1803) who stood on this very balcony at my side, and was lost in contemplation. I remember him well!" These simple words, if the gentle devotion of them could have

reached the ear of the great traveler, would have been a more grateful tribute than most of the courtly homage showered upon him.

There are splendid water works in the whole extent of the valley of Tasco, real master-pieces of solid masonry, (aqueducts on archways and pillars) proving how great must have been the importance of the mines when in full development. The epoch of greatest splendor was from 1760 to 1800, when, by some subterraneous commotion, a rivulet watering one of the valleys was suddenly dried up, and all these expensive works were rendered useless. Still, Tasco continued to yield

silver to some extent. 1811 it was besieged by the main army of the insurgents and had to surrender to the commander of that army, Galeana, by capitulation; notwithstanding the terms of which the "Generlissimo," Cura Morelos himself, who arrived a few days afterwards, caused eleven of the most influential citizens to be shot, amongst whom was the father of my amiable host, who was brutally forced to be an eye-witness to the execution. But immediately after the retreat of the insurgents, who ransacked the place and remained there several months, the citizens of Tasco re-

newed their allegiance to Spain, and continued it till the Independence was proclaimed. Tranquility restored, the mines were again worked with success, and Tasco remained highly productive until 1828, during the occupation by the blood-thirsty Mangoy, who, being an inveterate enemy to all who had belonged to the Spanish party, ransacked the town again and carried on a system of persecution, which obliged the most prominent inhabitants to leave the place. The mines, neglected, soon filled with water, and hardly any of them have been restored to a good working order. Decay, and



CANADA DEL ZOPILOTE. [TEMPORARY REFUGE IN A CAVE.]

general decay was the natural consequence, and only latterly a few mines, properly taken in hand, have begun to yield tolerably. There are strange tales connected with the previous "bonanzas," amongst them one of a poor coal-carrier, who discovered a vein from which, in the course of two years, upwards of a million and a half of dollars were drawn, and, of course, spent as freely as they had been gained, leaving the owner to die no richer than he had been before. Few of the chief actors of that epoch have left more than the remembrance of their riches and freaks of extravagance; with one honorable exception in the person of a Basque,

of the name of Borda, who made a most judicious use of his immense gains. He built that beautiful church, which, including the ornaments, cost nearly a million of dollars; undertook gigantic works as well for public utility as for embellishment, and he established several charitable institutions, some of which, (a foundling-house in Mexico, almshouse, etc.,) exist to the present day. He befriended the poor, and did infinite good with a discernment that was sure to double the favor. To each of his relatives he left a mine in productive condition, an estate, (una mina en bonanza y una buena hacienda) and a good round sum of money to work both; notwithstanding all that, his bounty scarcely outlived the next generation.

[Concluded in our next.]

INCIDENTS IN CALIFORNIA LIFE.

Many are the incidents connected with life in California, and more particularly in the mountains of the GOLDEN STATE; and so strange, so full of adventure, are a number of them that, related, to many minds they would seem incredible and be looked on as recitals unworthy of belief. Yet, among the Sierra Nevadas of California and their almost innumerable foothills, many astonishing scenes have transpired which, strange as they may appear, are nevertheless realities. More especially in the early days of our young and beautiful State, incident after incident took its place among the marvelous. When the stout-hearted came, enlisting their names as pioneers to the far West, full of hope, looking to the future with bright anticipations of realizing a fortune in the wilds of California, then were these strange adventures more frequent, succeeding one another day by day, some to be recorded on the pages of her future history, others to be engraved on memory's page, and some to be forgotten and allowed to pass unremembered in the silent tomb of oblivion, to slumber forever quietly there. Recalling to mind many of these scenes of early life in the mountain fastnesses of this State, in some of which the writer figured most conspicuously, he is carried back to what is called the "flush times," when, to use the expression of some peculiar individual, "every other man apparently had plenty of money, while the next one seemed to have just as much." At that time traveling in the mountains was in very many places attended with the greatest difficulty, and many obstacles were overcome by the pioneers, which seem as astonishing as they are true. Deep mountain

gorges, cañons, so thick with tangled brushwood as to be seemingly impassable, were penetrated by the hardy pioneer in his search for gold; rocky mountain passes, where never foot of man had pressed the ground before, then echoed to the tread of man, in pursuit of the treasure which had led him to endure hardships and surmount difficulties otherwise unthought of, and massive hills, rude as when left by nature's hand, catching the sound, would re-echo it to mountains, from whose lofty peaks it floated forth on the mountain air. Rude as were these places when first beheld by the traveler, there was a something of beauty and loveliness that lingered about them. The wild mountain flower, fragrant and beautiful, blooming around them on the mountain side, and down, deep in the mountain recesses, where the rivulet rippled along with a gentle murmur; the fresh mountain air, laden with the sweet perfume of flowers—the glad songs of birds singing from the towering pines—these, with much else that was pleasant, made mountain life agreeable to the daring adventurers. Amid all this the pioneer selected a home, and cabin after cabin "cluster'd o'er the vale" and on the mountain side. Places where the grizzly bear had made his home became the abodes of the white man, while the lair of the California lion was broken in upon by the adventurous miner, and strange indeed must this have seemed to the prowlers of the forest when thus disturbed by those they knew not.

At the early day alluded to the writer was witness to an incident so ludicrous and interesting as to be well worthy of recital at this day. He who is familiar

with mountain life is aware that at the time referred to "the ups and downs" of such life formed the almost universal topic of conversation, especially among those who had to travel to any extent. In those days the various mountain trails were very rough, and to the eye tracing objects adown their windings appeared, in many instances, quite precipitous. To follow these trails upwards was what might be called labor, to an industrious man, while to those of the opposite class it was terrible work. Frequently the descent of these trails in places was exceedingly dangerous, more particularly if the persons were on mule back, for, if "mulee" missed footing and threw off its load of human freight there was no telling where the cargo would stop, nor how sound would be *flesh and bones* at the termination of the unanticipated journey. Sometimes such accidents as these would occur when ascending these "zigzagging one-horse roads." Poor Spikings! He was going over one of those mountain trails in Trinity county, in the spring of '51, where, as he remarked, "the infernal mountains grew as fast as you went up them." Spikings was accompanied by a good-natured friend, and each had their mule laden with provisions. Winding around the mountain, going first one way and then another, traveling very much in the shape of a letter *W*, he succeeded, after four hours' weary travel, in getting a sight at the "some-it," as he termed it. Beneath him was a dark roaring river, sweeping along in the misty distance, and around him clouds were flying, spreading a thin gauze over the noonday sun as they in their white mantle swept by. Spikings was a good-natured fellow, and not wishing to tire the animals, he sang out to his friend to "stop the 'mulee' and take one more rest before going to the top." Accordingly the mules were stopped, and the two "chums" sat down to rest. A

few moments elapsed, during which they cursed the trail and California in general, saying that the latter "was the roughest critter they had ever tackled," and they gave the order for the mules to start. "Hipa, hipa, mula," echoed both voices, and as the word was given off they started, when, oh, fate! at the very start something gave way, and the cargo of Spikings' mule on the "leeward side" moved, and there was a general bang and clatter of dry goods and groceries as "they burst their cerements" and tumbled rather suddenly down the mountain.

Spikings swore—his friend laughed and wore a sober face alternately. Spikings made a jump—a fearful leap, considering the place—shouting as he went, in his flying career, "Oh! G——, there goes all our whiskey;" at the same time making a fruitless effort to grasp the traveling demijohn. "D——n the whiskey' and you too," exclaimed his friend, "my arms are almost pulled off holding this all-fired big box; come quick—I can't hold on much longer. For God's sake let the whiskey go, for this is going to;" and go it did, jump after jump, down, down, in the direction of poor Spikings, who, beginning to feel alarmed, made a desperate spring, hoping thereby to dodge "the moving dry goods shop," as he stated it to be. The frightful looking object made an almost incredible leap, going directly over his head, and striking a large and shabby rock dashed itself into fragments, scattering shirts, drawers, pants, boots, and sundry *etceteras*, in rather promiscuous profusion, or "confusion," to quote Spikings' words. Poor Spikings, tired and frightened so much as to make each particular hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," crept down the mountain side for about a mile, picking up things as he went along. The majority of the load, however, had reached the bottom, some of it never to be recovered, at least not by the loser, as they

had plunged into the river and were borne down by Trinity's swelling tide. It was in the middle of the summer, in July, the very hottest time of the season, yet at that early period Trinity river was not turned from its bed in very many places. Poor Spikings, thinking a mile of travel straight down the side of so steep a mountain, in addition to his former progress, was quite sufficient, sat down to rest, while in the mean time, his partner busied himself in looking after the mule and gathering up the goods. After following the intricate windings of the trail he at last approached Spikings, finding him slightly bruised and scratched in various places, and his clothes torn in sundry ways. Spikings felt some conscientious scruples about moving around a great deal in his dilapidated apparel—not that he was over modest, but he thought his condition was most too ludicrous for a man that owned a good claim in those flush times, and he thought if he should meet any of his friends, they might be disposed to laugh at him, which would be anything but pleasant to the feelings of a descendant of the Spikings family, who frequently made boast of his distinguished ancestry. Accordingly he concluded to change his dress without "moving a peg" regardless of the persuasions of his friend to the contrary. Joe, finding Spikings determined, assisted him in donning a new suit of clothes, including shirt, pantaloons, etc.; as to his hat, to use a legal term, it was *non est*. Immediately after attiring himself in his new suit, he accompanied Joe in search of the rest of their missing stores.

The patient spectator said not a word about the troubles of the packers, but looked on, witnessing the scene with a suppressed laugh, endeavoring at times to put on a sober face, when the eyes of the unfortunates were turned towards him, which was not unfrequently the

case, for the reason that he was seated to rest, within a few yards of them, he having ascended the mountain by a circuitous route and in a different direction than that by which Spikings and his friend made the descent, at times deviating from the trail in the hope to remain unseen by dodging around the bushes. For this indiscretion he suffered considerably. Besides being seen a number of times, his hands and face were scratched and his clothes much torn by the scraggy brush through which he had to pass. After resting a while, he arose and started on his way in the direction of the summit, hoping to reach the village, some three or four miles distant, before sundown, when he was startled by a shout away down the mountain, so far as to be scarcely audible, and tracing the sound learned that it was an appeal for help from the parties below. Here was a dilemma. To go clear down to the foot of the mountain seemed too much of a task to undertake late in the afternoon, especially when the party was to derive no benefit whatever from such undertaking. While studying what was best to do under such peculiar circumstances, poor Spikings was shouting at the top of his voice for assistance, occasionally crying out, "why don't you come down and help a poor fellow?"

Having determined to do so—for the writer could not well know that parties were in distress and not proffer any relief, in such an extraordinary case, at least—down the mountain he started, but had not got more than ten steps, when he was startled by a hoarse, rough growl. Casting his eye around he discovered a grizzly within a hundred yards of him, and a little too close to be agreeable, coming across the side of the mountain. Who now needs assistance? was the thought uppermost in his mind. Forming a conclusion that he was as much in need of help as the lower party,

and being unarmed, sought the nearest tree for a refuge from the ugly-looking customer. Fortunately the bear made no effort to climb the tree. He had from his cover scented the meat the parties had brought from the town, in a flour sack, and this lay directly in his course when making for the tree. With this he was content to make his meal, which fact pleased one party exceedingly well. It is needless to inform the reader who that party was. Spikings and his friend both saw the approaching trouble, but being well armed, they felt no concern about themselves. After picking up what stray articles they could find, they started for the second ascent. Shortly after sunset they had followed up the trail to opposite where the treed party was waiting their arrival. In the meantime Bruin had eaten his meal and walked quietly away. Descending the tree the writer aided them to repack their load, when all started together for the village. The summit reached, we sat down to rest; but had scarcely got seated, when along came our distinguished friend, the grizzly, licking

his huge jaws, evidently well satisfied with his evening meal. Spikings was greatly incensed at the beast on account of the appropriation of his fresh supply of beef. He therefore resolved to have satisfaction; so, when Bruin got near enough, he raised his trusty rifle and fired. Spikings had been for years a trapper on the Mississippi, and was what is called a "crack shot." He often said that "he never missed fire, and if he called his game, it was sure to come." The bear fell before his unerring aim, and was promptly dispatched by the aid of a large bowie-knife, which he always carried in his belt. The "chums" had many yarns to spin on reaching home, and some of them were spun out pretty long. It was natural for both of them to exaggerate when relating adventures such as they had experienced during the day.

"Joe" has since "made his pile" and gone to the Atlantic States. Spikings has done well, but is content to remain here yet.

THE SLEEPERS BY THE RIVERS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

They are sleeping by the rivers,
 And where the streamlets flow,
 And where, by mossy fountains,
 Purple violets grow.
 They are sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
 Where the flowery valleys lay,
 And where the dancing rivulets
 Go singing on their way.

They are sleeping by the rivers,
 Beneath the tall old trees;
 And summer winds are sighing
 Their requiem in the breeze;
 And forest birds are chanting
 Above the early dead,
 And holy stars are watching
 In silence o'er their head.

They are sleeping by the rivers,
 And hearts are aching now,
 For the loved, gone down in silence,
 For the high and manly brow;
 For the strong and generous-hearted,
 Who have sadly passed away;
 For the lovely and the beautiful,
 Gone to their homes of clay.

They are sleeping by the rivers—
 Ye may not break their rest;
 Summer may bring her roses,
 And strew them on their breast.
 And Winter, old and hoary,
 His crown of snows may wear—
 They are sleeping by the rivers—
 Ye cannot wake them there!

FARTHER FROM HOME.

BY "SISTER MAY."

FARTHER from home!—how my heart breaks at the thought! See yonder man, a stranger in the city, how he walks through the busy streets! Let us follow him: he stops at a hotel—enters—soon is in his room—throws the window up—leans against it, and, with a sorrowing heart, looks over the city and bay. The excitement of the day has passed; he is, though, listening to the wonderful tales regarding the new gold region, and night comes, bringing rest and quiet to all around, but not peace in his breast, for his head is bowed upon his hands and thoughts of his intended departure for the north come upon him. Gold—wealth, if Fortune only smiles—how glorious! but farther from home! Oh, why does that dream of home linger in the heart? can not the *precious metal* drown it altogether? And it comes stealing upon us so softly, like golden sunlight in the gloom—loving eyes look affectionately but mournfully into ours—for we are absent. There is everything to woo us back—flowers are now carpeting the whole land—soon they may wave over all that we there love. The spirit of beauty lingers in that spot.

The wind wafts from the east and passes over his brow like a mother's gentle hand. Perhaps it bears to him a mother's prayer. The same breeze may have played around her as holy words were raised to *Our Father* in his behalf—and may have borne them across the sea to calm his spirit. It may bear the perfume of flowers tended by their hands. It comes over the waves like a song from home!

Looking up into the heavens he sees a bright, shining star, with its steady light

shedding beauty on all around it. Farther on, as his eye wanders, it falls upon a dim, restless, twinkling star, away from all brighter ones—and he compares the first to his home with its holy influences and its steady, beautiful light, fit for a heavenly place; and the dim little star is himself, as he tremblingly looks forward to the "uncertain future," and tremblingly wanders back memory's path to the bright one. He stands alone and far away, but the light of the undimmed star reaches him yet. When hope grows dim—when his soul sinks low, and those near turn cold, his poor, weary heart can turn and rest there. He knows that fond ones at home will never cease to love him—and how precious the thought that we are beloved—that even tears fall because we are absent.

His spirit goes back to the time when he lived with brothers, sisters, butterflies and flowers. No one now sings him a song; no sunny-hearted sister brings perfumed flowers and lays them on his pillow against his cheek when a bad fever forbids his gazing upon them as they grow in freshness and in beauty. Farther from home!—farther from their love—their songs—their prayers! Oh, stay! brothers, stay!—and yet, go! *America must lead!* Those who have so nobly built up California will make the North what it should be. Go, brothers! but forget not the *Star of Home*, with its light and love.

Remember mother's Bible that was given with her love—her farewell kiss. Let no great wickedness come into your hearts; for if you do, you are unworthy of such love.

THE GIPSY GIRL OF MADRID.

Translated and altered from the Spanish of Cervantes, by JOHN S. HITTLL.

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—Cervantes, though known to the reading public generally, at home as well as abroad, only by his *Don Quixote*, wrote many other works, and among them some tales which he called "*Novelas Ejemplares*"—Model Novels. These tales are beautifully written, but the plots are so confused, and, according to the current ideas of what novel plots should be, so improper, that it was not until very lately that any translation has been made of them into English. I believe the translation published by Bohn, about two years ago, was the first one. I have not seen it. The best of the "model novels" is *La Gitana*, "The Gipsy Girl," or, as I translate it, "The Gipsy Girl of Madrid." My translation was written before Bohn's was published, and I have made many changes in the original—chiefly by cutting out episodes, which, however beautiful in themselves, injured the effect of the work as a whole. It deserves to be mentioned here, that important portions of the plots of Longfellow's "*Spanish Student*" and Victor Hugo's "*Esmeralda*" were suggested by *La Gitana*.—J. S. H.]

It seems that Gypsies are born but to be thieves. They are born of thievish parents; they are brought up with thieves; they study to be thieves; they finish by being thieves from the beginning to the end of their career: and theft and the thirst for thieving are to them as an inseparable chaff, which can be thrashed off by death only. There was one of this people, an old Gipsy woman, grown gray and skillful in the thieving art, who reared a girl under the title of her granddaughter, to whom she gave the name of Preciosa, and whom she taught in Gipsiosophy and all the tricks and rogueries of thieving. Preciosa grew up the most rare dancer in all Gipsydom, and the handsomest and most discreet maiden that could be found, not among the Gypsies only, but all the handsome and most discreet that fame could boast. Neither

the sun nor the wind, nor all the inclemencies of the weather to which, more than all other people, the Gypsies are exposed, could tarnish her face or tan her hands: and what is more, with all her rude education, her conduct and deportment might have done honor to a rank far above that of the Gypsies, for she was polite in the extreme, well spoken, and withal somewhat bold, though she showed no kind of immodesty; rather, with all her acuteness, she was so pure that in her presence no person, old or young, ventured any improper word or action. At last her grandmother discovered the treasure which she had in the child, and then the old hawk determined to bring the eagle to the light and teach it to live by its talons.

Preciosa learned many odes, romances, songs and other verses, but particularly ballads, which she sang with a peculiar grace: for the old woman noticed that such accomplishments in the youth and extreme beauty of her grandchild would be most happy attractions to increase her treasure. Therefore, she sought for lively pieces of poetry on all sides, and there was no rhymist neglected: for there are poets who deal with Gypsies and sell their works as there are for the blind. There is a little of everything in the world, and this thing of hunger sometimes drives ingenuity to dash at things not dreamed of in ordinary philosophy. Preciosa was reared in various parts of Castile, and when she was fifteen years of age her grandmother returned with her to the Capital—which was her ancient home—thinking to sell her mer-

chandise at the Court; for at Court everything is bought and sold. Preciosa, immediately upon her entrance into Madrid, went about the city with other Gipsy girls, singing and dancing in the streets, according to Gipsy custom. She soon attracted universal attention by her youth, beauty, sweet voice, grace in the dance, and discreetness. During the sound of the tamborine and the castanets and the vigor of the dance, murmurs in praise of the beauty and grace of Preciosa would arise, and the boys would run to see her and the men to admire her. By common consent she was declared to be the gem and ornament not only of the dancing and singing Gipsy girls, but of all the dancers and singers of Madrid. She went into the city three successive days, returning every evening to the Gipsy camp; and in those three days she became famous.

Two weeks afterwards she again returned to Madrid, as was the Gipsy custom, with three other girls, with tamborines and a new dance, all provided with ballads and new songs, but none immodest: for Preciosa would not consent that those who went in her company should sing improper songs. Many persons observed this in her and esteemed her for it. Her grandmother, now become her Argus, was never separated from her. After the dancing and singing, the old woman always went around with the tamborine, which was sure to be filled with a hail of copper and silver.

It happened then that one day as they were on the way in the morning to Madrid, in a little valley which is about five hundred steps beyond the city limits, they saw a young man well formed and richly dressed, who wore a sword and dagger brilliant with gold, and a hat adorned with fine feathers of various colors, and a band sparkling with pearls. The Gipsy women stopped, upon seeing him, wondering that so handsome a young

courtier should be at such a time and such a place afoot and alone. He came up to them, and speaking to the old woman, said:

“Señora, do me the favor to step aside with Preciosa and hear me say two words, and it shall be to your profit.”

“So that we shall not go far out of the way nor delay long, I am content,” said she; and calling Preciosa, they went about twenty steps from the road, and standing as they were, the young man said:

“I come surrendered, in a manner, to the beauty and discretion of Preciosa, for, after having striven much to avoid coming to the present point, at last I have become only the more enslaved and less able to avoid it. I, my ladies—for I shall always have to address you thus if Heaven should favor my pretensions—am a nobleman, as my dress can show,” and he, opening his mantle, they saw upon his breast the cross of one of the most noble orders of Spain. “I am son of Don Francisco de Carcamo, and am under his guardianship and care. I am his only son, and can expect a large patrimony. My father is here seeking an office and has had audience of the King, and has almost certain hopes of succeeding in his desires; and though I am of the quality and nobility which I have shown you, with all this, I would wish to be a prince, to raise to my greatness the humility of Preciosa, to make her my equal and my lady. This wooing is all in earnest, nor in the reality of the love which I feel, is there room for any deceit. I wish only to serve her in the manner which may best suit her—her will is my law; in her hands my soul is wax, upon which she can put whatever impress she wishes; and to preserve the impression, it will not be as wax, but as marble, which defies the attacks of ages. If you believe in the truthfulness of my profession, then my hope will know no faintness; but if

you do not believe me, my heart will grow sick. My name is Don Juan de Carcamo; that of my father I have already told you; the house in which I live is the one with a balcony just opposite to the Royal Treasury in the street of Santiago; you can learn the truth of what I say from the neighbors, or even from others, for the name and rank of my father are not so obscure as to be unknown. I bring you a hundred crowns of gold as earnest money and sign of what I think to give you hereafter, for he who surrenders his soul must not hold back his purse."

While the young man was saying these things Preciosa was eyeing him attentively, and she had no reason to find fault with either his reasoning or his person: and turning to the old woman, she said:

"Pardon me, grandmother, for taking the liberty to answer this love-sick gentleman."

"Answer what you please, grandchild," said the old woman; "I know that you have discretion for everything."

And Preciosa said: "I, Señor nobleman, though a poor Gipsy girl and humbly born, have here, within, a certain ambitious little spirit, which inspires me to great things. Promises do not move me, nor can gifts seduce, nor can submission deceive, nor lover's tricks frighten. Although only fifteen years of age, according to the reckoning of my grandmother, I am much older in thought, and, rather by nature than by experience, know more than my age would promise. By both nature and experience I know that the amorous passions in the newly enamored are as indiscreet impulses, which throw the will from its proper track and overleaping its ordinary bounds, it rushes after desire, and thinking to reach the heaven of delight, it falls into the hell of sin. If the lover obtains his wish the desire decreases with possession, and perhaps then, opening the eyes of his un-

derstanding, he finds out that he really hates that which before he adored. This knowledge engenders in me such a caution that I trust no words and doubt many works. I have one only jewel, which I estimate more highly than my life, and that is my maidenly modesty and purity. I have it not to sell for promises or gifts, for then it would be but sold, at last: and if it could be bought, it would be of but little value. I will yield it up to no roguery or deception, but rather I will take it with me to the grave than expose it to danger from insincere oaths and empty promises. Maidenhood is a blossom which, if possible, should not permit itself to be offended, even in imagination. The rose once cut from the stalk, how soon is it gone? This one touches it, that one smells it, another plucks the leaves, and at last, among many hands, it is gone. If you sir, come for this prize alone, you cannot obtain it except under the chains and bonds of matrimony. If my virginity must yield, it shall only be under this holy yoke: for that would be not to lose it, but to place it out at a happy interest. If you wish to be my spouse I will be yours, but many conditions and investigations must precede. I must first know whether you are what you pretend to be: and then, if I find this true, you must leave the house of your father and join our camp; and, taking the garb of a Gipsy, pass two years in our schools, in which time I will satisfy myself of your disposition and you can satisfy yourself of mine, at the end of which time, if you are satisfied with me and I with you, I will become your wife; but until then, I can be nothing more to you than your sister, under the agreement, and your humble servant. And you must consider that in the time of this noviciate you may recover your sight, which is now perhaps lost, or at least perverted; and you may see that it will suit you to fly from that which you

now follow with so much vehemence. If under these conditions you wish to enlist and be a soldier in our militia you can do so, but one of them neglected, you shall not touch the end of my finger."

The young man was astonished at the words of Preciosa and stood as though enchanted, looking upon the ground and apparently considering what to answer. Preciosa noticed this, and said :

"This is not so unimportant a matter that it can or ought to be determined in the little time which we now possess ; return, Señor, and consider at leisure what may suit you best, and in this same place, on any holiday, you may speak to me going to or coming from the city."

To this the young man replied : "When heaven disposed me to cherish my love for you, my Preciosa, I determined to do for you whatever your will should wish ; although I little fancied that you would demand of me what you have required. But since it is your pleasure that my will should adjust and accommodate itself to yours, consider me a Gipsy from now henceforth ; and make every trial of me that you wish, for you will find me always the same. Consider when you desire me to become a Gipsy, which I wish to be soon : for, under pretence of going to Flanders, I will deceive my parents and draw money to spend some days. There will be eight days that I can delay my departure, and those that should go with me I will manage to deceive. I beg of you, if I can so soon venture to ask and beseech anything, that you will not go more into Madrid, except to inform yourself of the quality of my family and of myself, because I do not wish that any of the numerous occasions that may offer themselves should rob me of the happiness which costs me so much."

"No, sir gallant," said Preciosa, "know that with me joyous liberty must ever go, untroubled and undisturbed by jealous thoughts ; but let it be understood that I

will use my liberty in such wise that it may be seen from afar that my freedom does not exceed my virtue. The first charge which I have to give you is to make yourself whole in the confidence which you must place in me. Consider that the lover who is jealous, ought either not to be jealous or not to be a lover."

"Girl, you must have Satan in your heart," said the old woman ; "look you, you say things that a doctor from Salamanca would not say. What do you know about love ? What do you know about jealousy ?"

"Be still, grandmother," answered Preciosa, "and know that the words which I have spoken are but trifles in comparison with the deeper truths that remain unspoken in my breast."

All that Preciosa said and all the discretion which she showed was oil to the fire that burned in the bosom of the young nobleman. Finally, it was agreed that he should meet them in the same place eight days afterwards, when he should come to give an account of the condition in which his affairs were, and they should have had time to inform themselves of the truth of what he had told them. He then drew out a silk purse in which he said there were a hundred crowns of gold, and he gave them to the old woman, who, when Preciosa objected to her taking them, said :

"Peace, child ; the best sign that this gentleman has surrendered, is that he has given up his arms. Giving, under any circumstances, is an indication of a generous heart ; and moreover, I do not wish, that through me, Gipsy women should lose the reputation, which they have had through many ages, of being selfish and avaricious. Do you wish, Preciosa, to reject a hundred crowns that can be hidden in the seam of a petticoat not worth two *ochavos*, and where they will stay as snug as a gnat in the weeds

of Estremadura? And if by chance any of our relatives should fall into the hands of the law, would there be any argument so convincing to the ears of the judge and clerk as these crowns? Three times, for three different misdemeanors, I have seen myself almost placed upon the ass to be scourged*: and from one a jug of silver freed me; from another a necklace, and from the third twenty doubloons. Consider, my child, we lead a life very dangerous and full of stumbling blocks; and there is no defence so complete as the arms of the great Philip, whose *plus ultra* is unsurpassable.† For a doubloon the sternness of the prosecutor and all the ministers of justice relaxes into kindness; but they are a set of vampires to the poor Gipsys, and they are keener to peel and flay us than highway robbers. Never, no matter how broken and unfortunate they see us, will they believe us poor, for they say that we are fuller of doubloons than purgatory of fiddlers.”

“By your life, grandmother, do not say more, or you will allege more reasons for keeping the money than there are laws in the imperial code. Keep them, and may they profit you; and God grant they may be buried never to see the light nor to be needed. We must give part to our companions here, who have waited for us a long time and have cause to be angry.”

“They will see no more of this money,” said the old Gipsy, “than they see of the Grand Turk now. This good gentleman has some silver or copper money to divide among them, for they will be content with little.”

“Yes, I have,” said the gallant, and

* It was the Spanish custom to place the petty criminal upon an ass and scourge him through the streets.

† The ancients called the Straits of Gibraltar the *Ne plus ultra*, the farthest point to the West worthy of attention; but Charles the Fifth, proud of the discovery of the New World by Spanish enterprise, had struck upon the Spanish coin two pillars, representing the opposing rocks of the Straits—the pillars of Hercules—with a winding motto of *Plus Ultra*, “Still farther.”

drew from his pocket three reals, where-with they were in a better humor than an author upon the success of his comedy. They agreed that when the *caballero* became a Gipsy, he should be called Andres Cavalier; for there are families of this name among them. Andres—for thus we will hereafter call him—did not venture to embrace Preciosa, but rather, if I may so venture to express it, sent his soul to her through his eyes, and without it, left them and entered Madrid; and they most content, did the same. Preciosa, somewhat interested already, desired to inform herself whether Andres was what he represented himself to be. She had gone several squares, when she encountered a young poet of noble family, who once before had given her a letter containing some verses and a gold crown. When he saw her, he approached and said:

“You come in good time, Preciosa; did you read the couplets which I gave you the other day?” To which Preciosa replied:

“Before I answer a word, you must tell me one thing.”

“I swear it, though it cost my life,” answered he.

“The truth which I wish to know is whether you are, by chance, a poet.”

“If I am a poet, I must be so by chance,” replied the young man; “but you must know, Preciosa, that very few merit this name of poet, and thus I am no poet, but only a lover of poetry. When I want verses I never apply to others for them: those which I gave you were mine, and these which I give you now are mine; but for all this I am no poet, and God forbid that I should be one.”

“Is it, then, evil to be a poet?” asked Preciosa.

“It is not evil,” replied he, “but I do not consider it to be very good to be poet only. Poetry should be considered as a most precious jewel, whose owner does

not wear it every day and does not show it in every place, nor to all persons, but only at proper time and place. Poesy is a most handsome virgin, modest, pure-hearted, discreet, acute, reserved, and she guards herself with the highest prudence. She is a friend of solitude; the fountains entertain her, the meadows comfort her, the trees amuse her, the flowers give her joy, and finally she teaches and enchants all who listen to her divine voice."

"But I have heard," said Preciosa, "that she is very poor and somewhat of a mendicant."

"Rather the reverse," said the poet, "because there is not a poet who may not be rich, since the true spirit of poetry teaches that all should be content with their condition, and content is equivalent to riches; but this is a philosophy that few attain to. But what has moved you, Preciosa, to make this question?"

"The thought," answered she, "that all poets were poor caused me to wonder at that crown which you gave me, wrapped up in the verses, though now that I know that you are no poet, but only a lover of poetry, it may be that you are rich: yet the same talent that leads you to make verses would lead you to waste your estate. They say that there never was a poet who knew how to preserve the wealth which he had, or to gain that which he had not."

But I am not one of these," replied he; "I make verses, and I am not rich, nor am I poor; I can give a crown or two to whomsoever I please, without feeling the loss. Take, precious Preciosa, this second ballad and this second crown within it, without stopping to think whether I be poet or not; only I wish you to think and believe that he who gives you these would wish to have the riches of Midas to give them to you," and with this he gave her the paper.

Preciosa feeling it, found that there was

a crown inside, and said: "This paper shall live many years, because it has two souls: the one of the crown and the other of the verses, which are always full of souls and of hearts; but you, sir poet, must know that I do not wish to have so many souls about me, and if you will keep one, I will receive the other. I like you for your poetry, and not for your crowns; and in this manner we will have a lasting friendship."

He replied: "Since it is so, Preciosa, that you wish to compel me to take back the crown, I will; but do not reject the verses. Return me the crown, and after you have touched it, I will keep it as a holy relic."

Preciosa gave back the coin, and the poet took leave highly contented, believing that Preciosa was in love with him, from the affability with which she had spoken to him. She then sought the house of Andres' father, and without stopping to dance in the street, she went on till she saw a balcony, which Andres had described to her. On it she saw a gentleman about fifty years of age, of grave and venerable presence, with a red cross upon his breast. When he saw the Gipsy girls, he called:

"Come up, girls, here you can get alms." At this a number of gentlemen came out upon the balcony, and among them the enamored Andres, who, when he saw Preciosa, such was the tumult in his blood, lost his color, and almost his senses.

"If you wish to go up, Preciosa, you may," said one of the three Gipsy girls, "but I do not think of going where there are so many men."

"Look you, Cristina," answered Preciosa, "what you have to fear is one man alone, and not so many together, because the multitude form a mutual constraint. Consider, Cristina, one thing is certain: a woman that is determined to be virtuous, may be so among an army of sol-

diers. It is proper to avoid opportunities, but the secret opportunities rather than the public."

"Let us go up, Preciosa," said Cristina, "for you are wiser than a padre." All the Gypsies went up except the old woman, who remained below to question the servants about Andres.

While the girls were on the stairs the old gentleman said: "This is beyond doubt the handsome Gipsy girl, of whom all Madrid speaks."

"It is she," replied Andres, "and she is the most beautiful being that I have ever beheld."

"So they say," said Preciosa, who just came in and had heard all, "but, in truth, they are wrong; good-looking I may be, but, as handsome as they say, I by no means believe."

"By the life of my son, Don Juanito*, you are more beautiful than they say," said the old gentleman.

"And who is your son Don Juanito?" asked Preciosa.

"This young buck at your side," answered the old knight.

"Oh! I thought that your Mercy was swearing by some child of two years," said Preciosa; "look what a Don Juanito, and what a little jewel he is! By my faith he is old enough to be married, and, according to the lines in his forehead he will be in less than three years, and that very much to his taste."

"Enough!" said one of those present. "What does a Gipsy girl know about lines?"

During this conversation the three Gipsy girls that came with Preciosa were in a corner and put their heads close together, so as not to be heard. Cristina said: "Girls, this is the *caballero* that gave us the reals this morning." "It is

true," they answered, "but let us not say anything about it, for perhaps he does not wish it known."

While this was passing Preciosa answered him of the lines: "That which I see with my eyes I divine with my fingers. I know of Don Juanito, by the lines, that he is somewhat amorous, hasty, quick, and a great promiser of impossible things, and please God that he may not be deceitful, which would be the worst of all. He has sworn to make a distant voyage, but the bay horse thinks one thing and he who saddles him another. Man proposes and God disposes; perhaps Don Juanito will start for Brazil and land in India."

To this Don Juan answered: "In truth, little Gipsy, you have guessed several things of my condition rightly; but about my deceitfulness you are far from the truth, to which I adhere as my constant guide. As to the long voyage, you are right. In five or six days, if God be willing, I shall start for Flanders; and though you threaten me with a different journey, I pray that I shall meet with no misfortune."

"Silence, little sir," answered Preciosa, "commend yourself to God, and all will be well. I confess that I know nothing of what I say, but since I speak much and at random, it is no wonder that I should be right occasionally. I would like to succeed in persuading you not to go, but to calm your breast and to remain with your parents to comfort them in their old age. I am no friend to these voyages to and from Flanders, especially in young fellows of such tender age as yours. They should have time to grow, so that they could bear the hardships of war; and much more, when they suffer from an internal war, such as is raging in your breast, and there are so many amorous assaults upon your heart. Calm yourself, calm yourself, confused little fellow, and consider before you marry;

* It is not uncommon among the Spaniards for them to swear by the life or soul of a person held particularly dear.

Juanito is the endearing diminutive of Juan, and Don Juanito is equivalent to Master Johnny.

and give us alms, for the love of God, and in credit to your rank, for I believe that you are well born, and if to this is joined truthfulness, I will sing in praise of my success in guessing the truth."

"I have before told you," answered Don Juan, who was to become Andres, "that you were right in all except the suspicion that I am deceitful, wherein, beyond doubt, you deceive yourself. The word which I give in the field I will fulfill in the city and everywhere else, without being sought thereto. He can be no gentleman, who is tainted with the vice of falsehood. My father will give you alms for God's sake and mine: for indeed I gave this morning all that I had to some ladies, and I do not regret it, since they were as flattering as they were beautiful."

Cristina hearing, said, with her former prudence, to the other Gipsy girls, "Oh, girls, I'll be hanged if he is not speaking about the reals he gave us this morning."

"No," replied one of them, "because he said they were ladies, which we are not, and being so truthful, as he says, he could not deceive in this."

"That is not a lie of such importance," said Cristina, "which is to the discredit of no one, and to the credit and profit of him who speaks; but, with all that, he does not give us anything or ask us to dance."

Just then the old woman came up, and said: "Come, girls, we will go."

The old knight said: "Ho! by your life, Preciosa, you must dance with your companions before you go, and here I have a doubloon for you."

When the old Gipsy heard this, she said: "Yes, girls, dance for the gentlemen."

Preciosa took the tamborine and gave her flights, and did all her dances with such ease and grace that she bore away with her feet the eyes of all who saw

them; particularly those of Andres', whose eyes were so fixed between her ankles, as though his hope for salvation had lain there. But fate disturbed him, and turned his heaven to a hell; for, in the height of the dance Preciosa dropped the paper which the poet had given her, and immediately one who had no good opinion of the Gipsy girls picked it up, and said: "Good! lines to Preciosa. Stop the dance and let us hear them, for, to judge by the beginning, it is not bad."

This grieved Preciosa, because she did not know the contents of the paper, and she begged that they should not read it, but return it to her; and her earnestness was a spur to the desire to hear it. Finally, the man read as follows:

When Preciosa strikes the tamborine,
And fills with song the all-enraptured air,
Her tones are like sweet wreaths of roses rare,
The notes she strikes like pearls of sparkling sheen.
That voice inspires new life within my soul,
And frees my spirit from earth's base alloy,
But Cupid chases, snares it, cruel boy,
And wreaks his vengeful spite without control.
Oh, Preciosa, fairest gift of Heaven,
In thy sweet toils my soul's forever bound,
For love to thee hath charms unnumbered given,
Thou, dearest prize, in all his realm's wide round.

"By my faith," said the fellow who read it, "that poet is no fool."

She answered: "He is no poet that wrote it, but a very gallant and honorable man."

"Look to what you have said, Preciosa," whispered the old woman, "and to what you are about to say. These are not praises of the poet, but daggers which pierce the heart of Andres. Do you not see him, child? Turn your eyes and you can see him fainted upon the chair, with a deadly sweat. Do not think that Andres loves you lightly, or that your indifference does not wound him; go up to him in time and speak some words in his ear, which will go straight to his heart and drive off his despair."

All this was true, for a thousand jealous fancies attacked Andres when he

heard the sonnet; he lost his color in such manner that his father, seeing him, said: "What is the matter, Don Juan? you look as though you would faint."

"Wait a little," said Preciosa; "let me speak some certain words in his ear, and you shall see how he will recover;" and going up to him, she said, almost without moving her lips: "A fine spirit for a Gipsy! How would you, Andres, bear the torment of the rack, since you cannot bear that of a paper?" She then made half a dozen signs of the cross upon his breast, and, as she stepped from him, he breathed more freely, and it was plain that the words of Preciosa had relieved him.

Finally the knight gave the doubloon to Preciosa, and she said to her companions that she would divide it with them. Andres' father said to her that for God's sake she should leave in writing the words of the charm which had cured Don Juan, so that he might know them in every case.

She said that she would willingly tell them, but that they must understand, though it might appear ridiculous, they had an especial grace to cure the headache and dizziness, and that they were:

Have patience, courage, faith divine,
And health and peace shall e'er be thine.

"With these words and with six crosses upon the heart of the person that is dizzy-headed," said Preciosa, "he will be sound as an apple." When the old Gipsy heard the charm and the deceit she was astonished; and still more Andres, who saw that it was all the invention of her ready wit. They kept the verse, because Preciosa did not wish to give Andres another fit of jealousy. The Gipsys took leave, and as they were going, Preciosa said to Don Juan: "Look you, sir, every day of this week is propitious for starting upon journeys; none are unlucky. Take your departure as soon as possible, for you may expect a life free,

untrammelled and full of enjoyment, if you will adapt yourself to it."

"It appears to me that the life of the soldier is not so free," answered Don Juan, "it has more of subjection than of liberty; but with all this I will do as you shall see."

"Look well to your thoughts," answered she. "God guard you as your rank deserves." With these last words Andres was content, and the girls went likewise content. They had the doubloon changed and shared it equally.

At last the day arrived when Andres, in disguise, showed himself at the appointed place, upon a hired mule. He found Preciosa and her grandmother there, and they, recognizing him, received him with much pleasure. He wished to go to their camp immediately, and they went. Andres entered one of the largest huts in the camp, and soon ten or twelve Gipsys came to see him; all young, active and well made, to whom the old woman had already given an account of their new companion, without its being necessary to enjoin secrecy, for that they preserve in all their transactions with a wonderful sagacity and strictness. The Gipsy men soon noticed the mule, and one of them said:

"We can sell this mule in Toledo, on Thursday."

"Not so," said Andrés, "because every mule for hire is known by all the muleteers throughout Spain."

"For God's sake, Señor Andres," said one of the Gipsys, "although the mule had more marks than will precede judgment day, here we would transform him so that the mother which bore him, nor the master who raised him would not recognize him."

"With all this," answered Andres, "this once you must take my counsel; this mule must die and be buried, so that not even his bones can see the light."

"O, good sir! to take the life of an innocent!"

"I will in no wise consent," said Andres, "that the mule shall live, no matter how transformed. I would be in constant danger of being discovered if he were alive. If you are interested for the price, I do not come so empty-handed to this brotherhood but that I can pay the price of four mules as initiation fee."

"Then," said another Gipsy, "if Señor Andres Cavalier wishes it, let it die without sin, but God knows it grieves me, as well for its youth as for its being a good traveler, which it must be, having no sores in the flanks, nor spur-marks."

Its death was postponed till night, and in the meantime the ceremonies for the admission of Andres to be a Gipsy were held. One of the largest huts was cleared out and adorned with laurel-branches and butter-cup flowers, and there they danced and sung with joined hands. Preciosa, with many Gipsy women, old and young, were present, some of whom loved Andres, and the others admired him; and such was his generous disposition, that all the Gipsy men liked him. These ceremonies being over, an old Gipsy man took the hand of Preciosa and placed her before Andres, saying:

"We deliver to you this girl, who is the blossom and the cream of beauty among all the Gipsy women in Spain, as a spouse or as a friend, whom you can use according to your own pleasure. Our free and easy life does not admit of affected delicacy or of many ceremonies. Observe her well, and see whether she please you; for if you see in her anything disagreeable, you can choose from among the damsels here, one who may please you better, and whomsoever you choose we will give you; but you must know that once chosen you cannot abandon her, neither must you interfere with either married or unmarried women. We preserve the laws of friendship inviolate; no

one solicits the treasure of another; we live free and exempt from the bitter pestilence of jealousy; there is among us no adultery, and when we discover any roguery in a woman, we do not go to courts to get justice. We are the judges, and we execute the sentence against our wives and relatives; with the same ease we kill them and bury them in the mountains and deserts as if they were noxious animals; and with this fear they remain chaste and we live in security. We have but few things except our wives, which are not common property. With us age is a ground for divorce, as well as death; he who wishes may leave an old woman, provided he be young, and he may choose a younger wife. With these and other statutes we preserve our separate existence and live cheerfully. We are lords of the meadows, of the fields, of the woods, of the mountains, of the springs and of the rivers. Without charge the mountains offer us wood; the trees fruit; the vines grapes; the gardens vegetables; the fountains water; the rivers fish; the parks venison; the rocks shade; the breezes fresh air, and the caves furnish us with homes. For us the inclemencies of the weather are zephyrs; the snows are our refreshment; the rain our bath; the thunder our music and the lightning our torch; for us the hard clods are soft feather beds; the tanned hide of our bodies serve as an impenetrable harness for our defense; to our agility neither bolts nor bars, nor walls are impassable; and when we get into difficulties we take more pride in martyrdom than in confession. For us the beasts of burden are reared in the plains, and for our benefits pockets are sewed in the cities. There is no eagle or hawk that darts upon its prey with more celerity than we; and finally, we have many talents, which promise us a happy end. For, in prison we sing; upon the rack we say nothing; by day we work and by night we steal—

or, to speak more properly, we take care that no one shall with impunity lay down his property carelessly. The fear of lost honor does not terrify us, neither does the ambition for a reputation disturb our slumbers. We are supporters of no faction, neither do we fawn upon princes to solicit favors. These huts and tents are our sumptuous palaces and gilded ceilings; for cartoons and Flemish landscapes, nature has furnished us with the deep gorges and snow-capped peaks, the outstretched meadows and shady groves which she unfolds to us at every step. We are rude astronomers, because, as we sleep under the open heaven, we know at all times the hour of the night or of the day; we see how aurora steals the trade of the stars in heaven, and how she, with her companion, the dawn, appears, giv-

[*Concluded in our next.*]

ing joy to the air, cooling the waters and bedewing the earth; and soon after them the sun gilding the mountain tops. We do not fear the cold when the sun strikes us aslant with his rays, nor the heat when the dog star rages; we present the same front to summer and winter, to want and to plenty. In conclusion, we are a people that live by our industry and cunning, and, without troubling ourselves about the three roads to fortune, mentioned in the ancient proverb of "Church or sea, or royal service," we have that which we want, and are therefore content with what we have. All this I have said to you, generous young man, that you should not be ignorant of the life before you, or of the business that you are to profess, which I have thus sketched out for you."

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good, for all that, and you too. There are many women to-day, thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. But so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands, become to their monotonous duties, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising sun, and its daily going down. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense at home, has been produced by constant work, much thought, great and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally. It is not that many men do not appreciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon

them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and then come home, tip their chair back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to do anything, scold if the fire has got down; or, if everything is just right shut their mouths. I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of housekeeping, your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

L I N E S ,

Written at Midnight, when taking a final departure from land, to return to California.

[We publish the following episodical Poem as a suggestive illustration of those painful occurrences which have so often disgraced certain portions of our State, and as an affecting warning of consequences, where, as has been too frequently the case, the generous errors of man and the weakness of woman have been taken advantage of by some artful "friend of the family," too often aided in his designs by an unthinking and reckless crowd, worked upon by calumnies, whether against man or woman. In this case, when the Poem was written, the usual denouement had not occurred, but the writer was full of hope to regain happiness and peace with those he loved. Unfortunately, he has since found that he was too truly prophetic, and that his worst suspicions have been realized. No one but a keenly sensitive, earnest, loving nature, could have comprehended the depth of feeling the author has given expression to. If our advice could reach him, we would urge him not to allow the double treachery to sink him into despondency—which is too apt to be the case with such natures—and our pity would extend no less to the frail one, for she will probably need it most.—EDITOR.]

As, gazing o'er the vessel's side,
 My straining eyes just catch the glimmer
 Of yonder waning light, whose sheen
 Beams every moment, fainter, dimmer ;
 And, as it slowly sinks from view,
 Behind the midnight, silent main ;
 What thoughts of other days, and scenes,
 Rush swiftly thro' my troubled brain.
 Thoughts! teeming with sad memories
 Of hopes, now blasted : cherished, when
 I call'd my home that isle—whose bound
 Thou'rt set to mark. Bright denizen
 Of yon lone rock ! Now, o'er the land,
 Soft slumber holds its peaceful sway,
 And all is hush'd ; save as the tide
 In rippling cadence tells our way.
 My aching eyes intently watch
 The last reflection from that shore ;
 Which now, with scarce one fond regret,
 I leave, to see again—no more !
 No heart affection now doth cling
 To thee, tho' thou'rt my native land :
 But few within thee claim a tear,
 Or can a parting sigh command.
 Scatter'd, and scarce are those, who now
 Will faintly own cold friendship's name :

And kindred's ties but weakly bind,
 When most it needs to urge the claim.
 Yet, far within that dormant isle,
 Beneath a church-yard's solemn shade,
 Two grassy mounds denote the spot
 Where those who gave me birth are laid.
 And hence, shall hallow'd thoughts arise
 Of thee : and memory oft shall give
 A tribute, from a lonely heart,
 To the lov'd dead : to none who live,
 Except that faithful remnant who,
 With " old times" welcomes, greeted me ;
 And, most to women ;—generous—true :—
 Whose knowledge rous'd their sympathy.
 And, chiefly, where a modest roof
 Shelters an aged matron's head,
 Now slumb'ring by her daughter's side
 My grateful thoughts shall e'er be led.
 For oft, while in that cold, proud isle,
 Their gen'rous care hath sooth'd my woe ;
 And cheered my drooping heart with hopes
 Of brighter days, I yet might know.
 No Herald's list their birth proclaims ;
 But I, with England's Poet, would
 " Prefer kind hearts to coronets,
 And simple faith to Norman blood."

And there's another, dearer link,
 My desert heart to them doth bind;
 The kindred which they own to one,
 Whose image ever fills my mind.

When last I left you fading shore,
 And gazing, stood, as now I stand;
Her hand was fondly link'd in mine;
 Both said, "Adieu, my native land."

And thoughts of her bring one regret,
 That they are not now by my side;
 To be companions of my way,
 As o'er the broad Atlantic's tide

I bend my course to that bright land,
 To which our hearts united tend;
 Where kindred, their affections draw
 To her, in whom my love doth end.

For, far away, where the orb of day
 Is now just sinking in the sea;
 Beyond yon pathless ocean's bound,
 My heart's deep feelings turn to thee.

"Star of my life!" where waving pines
 And rugged peaks 'midst cañons roar;
 And, dark Sierras, capp'd with snow,
 Mark California's golden shore.

—

But half an eventful year has pass'd,
 Since that *seductive* land I left;
 Then, wildly pacing o'er the deck,
 My lone heart felt of all bereft.

And truly did I then presage
 The end of that unwise beginning,
 Which specious pretexts justified
 In frauds, 'gainst truth and nature sinning;

And ever did my sense recoil
 From such dissembling "moral beauty;"
 But, sophistry prevail'd, and I
 Succumb'd, to tread "the path of duty."

A canting phrase of solemn knaves, [ties;
 Whose walks oft shew strange incongrui-
 Austerely sly:—a paradox—
 Their love for carnal superfluities.

A phrase—misus'd by honest fools;
 Who in one line think each man's place is:
 Vain Empirics! whose nostrums kill
 When "circumstances alter cases."

Some say that "absence conquers love,"
 But ever yet th' attempt has prov'd
 That *true* hearts but the fonder grow,
 When sever'd from the dearly lov'd.

Cheats, counterfeits, *coquettes*, may thus
 Malign God's holiest gift to man;
 But thro' all time have *honest* minds
 Disprov'd this libel on his plan,—

That ne'er embraced so false a maxim;
 It came not from those courts above,
 Which shew, in highest, purest sense,
 That "God is heaven and heaven is love."

A "Pedlar's" view of "human natur"
 May suit for selfish ends, who try;
 And "Fern Leaves," artfully decocted,
 May lull quick shrinking modesty.

But truths, learnt at our mother's knees,
 Such novel-ties can't displace as yet;
 They fail to "still the heart's affections,"
 Nor can they "banish its regret."

Like he who rashly touch'd the ark,
 Some rush "where angels fear to tread;"
 And rend, with sacrilegious hands,
 Ties, sacred as their *father's* bed.

But "vulgar natures" e'er are rude;
 Impell'd by their own groveling senses,
 Instinctively, they strive to wound
 All finer souls, which their offense is.

Small villains keenly watch the chance
 To "hound" a nobler mind in error;
 Their vanity, or lust, would make
 Of social life a "reign of terror."

Oft ignorance to their cunning yields [it;
 The "gaping crowds," brute-force to back
 Their courage then discreetly shews
 Such "men of mettle" never lack it.

With artful tongue they will distort
 The holiest truths, by smart quotations,
 Stolen from stacks of musty wit,
 T' express their scheming cogitations.

Their lives are one dissimulation,
 Their course a locomotive lie;
 Assuming virtues ne'er possess'd,
 Practising what they most deny.

"Such," Paul says, slyly, "creep round houses,"

Where "silly women" they beguile :
Traitors to manhood, truth and honor,
They all that's sacred would defile.

The darkest corners of the earth
Suit best their scheming operations ;
Its lucid centres would expose
Their flimsy arts and machinations.

In such nooks, like the fabl'd frog,
Their bursting greatness causes wonder ;
As stupid stagers see them strut
Big with their little "stolen thunder."

If this were all 'twould naught avail,
But, when low cunning influence gains,
'Twill ravage life's most sacred shrines,
And hail success, whoe'er it pains.

For, sure as time brings truth to light,
Will their deluded victims prove
Their arts are knavish : false themselves,
In friendship, politics, and love.

Reflection forc'd this moralizing ;
For, as I mus'd o'er my "position,"
There came some memories of past scenes,
When acts ambiguous rous'd suspicion.

And, if thro' any faults of mine
Such base schemes have been promoted,
Exposure may aid to advance
An end, to which *my life's devoted*.

But, no injustice would I do ;
For wrongs in thought I'd feel contrition ;
Would humbly bow to chastisement,
Retributive for *false suspicion*—

Whate'er "conspiracies" were form'd
To force me o'er the world to roam,
I've faith to think will be o'errul'd,
To yield me back my *only* home.

"Time proves all things," to quote a stanza
Which may some morbid senses shock ;
But fate will watch o'er its own issues,
Inexorably stern as rock.

"For time at last sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,

The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a *wrong*."

So wrote a bard, whose lonely fate,
Aside from difference of station,
My own bears some resemblance to,
And *facts* have but *one* application.

Base interlopers in his shrine,
First wrought his home's sad desolation,
And then, "the world's tired denizen,"
He vainly sought its consolation.

And what of her, whose weakness yielded
Up to his foes his last defense ?
Was she so right, that there arose
No conscience-stricken penitence ?

Witness the "charities" she's founded,
Of keen remorse the late oblation,
Th' ascetic gloom ; vain penances,
All seeking peace by expiation.

Sad was this sequel of false pride :
Not her's so much as of her friends (?)
Which, if indulg'd on either side,
In wreck of home, love, children, ends !

Often revenge usurps the place [it :
Which love had fill'd. Oh ! sad to know
Pride's triumphs then their blight reveal ;
All lov'd things victims ! Thus said the
poet :

"I am too well aveng'd ! but 'twas my right,
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not
sent

To be the Nemesis who should requite,
Nor did heaven choose so near an instru-
ment.

"Mercy is for the merciful ! If thou
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.
Thy nights are banished from the realms
of sleep !

Yes ! they may flatter thee, but thou must
feel

A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep ;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must
reap

The bitter harvest in a woe as real !

I have had many foes, but none like thee,
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,

And be aveng'd, or turn them into friend ;
 But thou, in safe implacability,
 Had'st naught to dread—in thine own weak-
 ness shielded,
 And in my love, which hath but too much
 yielded."

Oft hidden facts in such " affairs "
 Arouse so keen a sense of wrong,
 That tender hearts, which pin'd for love,
 Become in their own injuries strong.

Some ties too, hold such fearful issues,
 That breach of them is deem'd to be
 So vile, it can but be express'd
 By emphasizing INFAMY.

For on their faith confiding love
 It's *all* for happiness has placed :
 A life's hopes on that altar laid,
 By acts which *ne'er can be retraced*.

Unregister'd those vows may be,
 Elsewhere but in each conscious breast,
 Which adds a damning meanness, by
 Inflicting what *can't be redress'd*.

Such treason of the heart doth ever
 Most fatal to the traitor prove,
 Whether to friendship's claims 'tis false,
 Or the more sacred ties of love.

Despair before, regret behind,
 The present, reckless mirth or gloom,
 Life, but one long enduring curse,
 As outraged love inflicts its doom.

Oh, holy love! how fearful, when
 Such retribution shews thy might!
 Oh! may I never prove thy power,
 When treach'ry has put out thy light.

I've bitter thoughts o'er many errors,
 Their consequences I endure ;
 But, by all that it involves,
 Oh, God! that faith of love assure,

Tho' all be lost. This theme, to me,
 Does some sad memories recall ;
 Fast rising from my bursting heart,
 Hot tears o'erflow my eyes, and fall

Unheeded on the vessel's deck ;
 A silent tribute to that power,
 Which I've so fondly, madly prov'd,
 And deeply feel this lonely hour.

With chasten'd thoughts my vagrant mind
 Reverts to scenes 'mid which doth dwell
 The one I love first, last, and best,
 And thinks of those we both love well.

For, cradled there, 'midst mountain storms,
 And nature's wildest forms, and rude,
 Two cherub boys attest that love,
 Whose influence both our hearts subdued.

Oh! little do you know, my treasures,
 How my fond love still yearns for you ;
 Ah! prattling tongues and pattering feet,
 Do e'er with tears my eyes bedew.

By night your blue eyes look in mine,
 As round my neck your arms are twin'd ;
 Morn echoes your lisp'd greetings ; and
 Joy gleams brief o'er my waking mind.

Where'er I be, fond fancy views
 The home-flower of my heart, and still
 That rose, and its sweet pendant buds,
 With fragrance all my senses fill.

Oh, loved ones! with a father's pray'r
 That surely will not rise in vain,
 I leave you to God's holy care,
 While I speed to you o'er the main.

For now the beacon's lost to view,
 And, as the vessel slowly sails,
 I scan th' impenetrable gloom,
 Which all the face of nature veils.

Beyond yon dim horizon's bound,
 What raging storms may lie conceal'd,
 What tempests there may hidden lurk!
 Till, by the electric spark reveal'd,

Their slumb'ring forces gather'd might,
 Full on the struggling bark is thrown,
 Whose groaning beams and trembling spars
 Do its resistless fury own.

Deep shadows o'er thy bosom lie,
 Dark emblem of my dubious fate ;
 Yet may thy waves propitious prove,
 And bear me to a happier state.

And as thy depths to daring men
 Yield costly gems from jewel'd caves,
 So may thy op'ning gloom reveal
 The bliss for which I brave thy waves.

Mysterious sea! o'er whose expanse
The midnight zephyrs gently ride,
And softly fan thy heaving breast,
O'er which we now so calmly glide,

Oh! bear me swiftly, safely on
To those who, far across thy billow,
Unconscious are, that now I seek
Within thy arms my lonely pillow.

But ere I rest I'll breathe a fervent prayer
To Him whose influence in this solemn hour
My heart responsive owns—as the still midnight air
Low whispering speaks his presence and his power;
Whose unseen force no limit knows, or bound,
While goodness tracks its course creation round.

As on the quiet deck I stand, alone,—
Surrounded by his works—sky, sea, and air—
I suppliant raise my eyes to that gemm'd dome,
Where "Heaven's first law" His goodness doth
declare;

(No rash presumption prompts my earnest prayer,
But a meek trust that His great power will prove
Auspicious to my suit, Omnipotent for love.)

Thou, great eternal Being! in whose hand
Our destinies are held; whose eye omniscient sees
Each consequence remote;—at whose command
Light out of darkness shines upon life's mysteries;
Who comprehendeth all my heart-wrung feelings,
Which fail in speech t' express their sad revealings,

Oh! may thy ever present, all-pervading might
Those lov'd ones fold in everlasting arms;
Their paths by day, their sleeping forms by night
Surround securely from whatever harms,
And thus envelop'd, safe from rude alarms;
Oh, God! within their hearts revive that light of
love,
Whose glowing radiance illuminates Thy courts
above.

Thou! thro' long distant future seest the end
Of human actions, and all motives scans;
Thou justly knowest to what effect they tend,
And wisely o'errules to work Thy sovereign plans;
Oh! may Thy providence all obstacles remove,
And join once more two sever'd hearts in love.

Thou! all those dark despairing thoughts of woe,
Which oft hath crush'd to earth my burthen'd
soul,—

The conflicts which my heart hath borne, doth know,
Mark'd well each struggling effort to control
Love's deep, strong feelings, to check each fond de-
sire;

But vain th' attempt to quench the ardent fire,
Which doth, and ever will, my constant heart inspire.

Whatever that mysterious power may be,
Which flashes thro' all space the soul's emotion,
Oh! may it now convey to her, from me,
As it is known to Thee, my heart's devotion,
Interpret in her breast, as Thou canst do alone,
Those earnest, stifling yearnings, which no language
own.

It cannot be irreverent thus to call on Thee
For aid to re-unite to her my longing heart,
To re-instate a home of mutual love, where we
May true domestic bliss, reciprocally impart;
That bliss of trusting faith, and to our children
shew
The peace and harmony of heaven begun below.

For is not this, my all-absorbing love,
And nature's holiest myst'ry deriv'd from Thee?
Now, by deep suffering purified, oh, God above!
Grant its fruition in that lov'd home, to me
The goal of ev'ry hope, where, from Thy throne above,
Thou may'st see reflected Thy own pure, holy love!

While humbly thus these blessings I implore.
Oh, let Thy mercy overlook the past;
My penitence accept, oblivion's shroud spread o'er
Those baneful errors, which our peace o'er-
er-
cast, Whose mem'ry still o'erwhelms me with regret,
These, if *Thou dost forgive*, oh, teach us to *forget!*

H. E. R.

HOME.—How sweet a thing is a love of
home! It is not acquired—it is a feel-
ing that has its origin elsewhere. It is
born with us, brought from another world,
to carry us on with joy in this. It at-
taches to the humblest heart that ever
throbb'd.

TRUE.—The good heart, the tender feel-
ing, and the pleasant disposition, make
smiles, love and sunshine everywhere.

STAND FIRM.—Should a stroke of mis-
fortune come upon you in trade, retrench,
work harder, but never fly the track;
confront difficulties with unflinching per-
severance and they will disappear at last;
though you should even fall in the strug-
gle, you will be honored; but shrink from
the task and you will be despised. These
are valuable suggestions, which it would
be well to observe.

SOLITUDE.

BY ALICE.

This maid of beauty and loveliness lived in a crystal cave upon a sun-girt isle of the ocean, where the laughing sunbeams came to play with the shadows, "and flowers of every shade and hue had nothing else to do" but to bloom perennial in their Eden of earthly content. The very wings of the breeze were laden with music so sweet and soft as to melt the passions of the human soul, and fall upon the listening air like dying odors, wafted incense burning at the Savior's tomb, or sweet-scented spices blown from the gardens of Araby the blessed.

Diana, the shepherd's deity, and other woodland zephyrs, peopled the sybaritic shades of Happy Island, where cold distrust, painted flattery, frowning hatred, lofty ambition, and cankering care came not; and lonely Grief retired under Heaven's hidden ways to weep alone. The clinging quietude and sadness of a hermit's cell fell on every object, and such an audible stillness prevailed that an angel, wandering from another sphere, *might have* been heard to wing the silent air. Here unalloyed happiness and cottage content held their yearly festivals—the dove and serpent became mated, and the wolf and lamb laid down together.

There was so much love and sunshine in Solitude's heart that the shrill sea-wind slept in its wanderings, and the sighing leaves and the murmur of the salt sea billow chanted its gentle lullaby at her small feet while she slumbered.

Then came beautiful mermaids, shining fairies' spirits and Naiads, to play with her clustering ringlets, which was spun of the finest gold. Here, were the bright and shining butterflies and insects

died of satiety by drinking odors from the rose-tree of life, which bloomed and blossomed forever, away from the eager gaze of man. Here, the bird of Paradise sat upon the rim of the rainbow, which was braided with the seven most harmonious colors the hand of God hath painted.

Ah! why then marvel that this maid be more beautiful than the wildest imagination of a poet's dream? The sea-gods loved her and came at nightfall to sip the nectar from her fragrant lips, for she drank the sweet elixir of many flowers from the lethean cup of joy. Her step, as the light gazelle, the bloom of a peach rested upon her lips, and her cheek was like the inner lining of a sea-shell. Upon the pale, noble brow sat a wreath of undying laurel, and the pearls that hung like stars upon her spotless bosom were dew drops gathered from the red heart of the timid rose at the early blush of dawn. Solitude's bower of enchantment was built by bright coral branches and rarest sea-shells, which the floods of eternal years had thrown upon these shores of contentment and bliss. The starry dome that expanded above her was gemmed with gold and diamonds—the immeasurable halls and crystal columns were resplendent with light and color borrowed from Heaven. The portals of this solitary fane were entwined with the jasmin and arbor vitæ, whose soul-dissolving odors rested upon a throne of pearly whiteness, radiant with soft sunlight and crystallites drooping from the broad roof above it—here in this Elysian bower Solitude worshipped at Nature's inner shrine. * * * *

One night, when the sea-bird dipped itself into the ocean, and the mist of evening was twining its dim woof around the sinful earth, and the full round moon looked mysteriously over her pale disc to hear the bright stars ripple in the blue wake around her, Solitude stepped forth. After the sun had drawn "its last magic circle" over her unbroken solitudes, she watched its dying rays, which fell like boiling gold upon bright crested waves and leaped up ever and anon to whisper good night to the retreating one, and clasped it in a last fond embrace.

She was startled at her own wild thoughts as she saw the dark shadows of the green cypress and ebon-colored pine weaving their fantastic, weird-like shapes under the starlight canopy above them. The moon looked so cold in the tall heavens that she shuddered when she saw it disentangling its silver horns from a dark fleecy cloud and looking down with a knowing wink of its cruel eye upon her. The pale Cynthia, half ashamed of her rudeness, partly veiled her face and smiling thoughtfully over this mundane sphere, which sin and folly claim for their own—laughed at the great cities with their poverty and magnificence—played with dizzy turrets—looked in at the window of rude hamlets, and held her lamp so near the marble pyramids along the Nile, grouped with sculptures large and rare, that even the heavenly muses might decipher those hieroglyphics—the finger-print of man—from their own exalted homes.

Still Solitude kept her vigil 'till she saw "the starry giant dipping his zone in the dim sea," and the stars on the brow of night grow more cold and pale, and something like the breath of a si-moom breathed its deadly odor upon the birds and flowers that were sleeping in her islet home—the bolts of nature seemed riven asunder and the angry demons living down in the briny deep came up

"to war with the waves," for the mariners' God had caused a terrible storm to sweep the wilderness of waters, whose hoarse howlings were mingled with the moanings of the blast. The cautious seaman who had been led over the trackless waste of waters "to seek strange truths and undiscovered lands" now becomes frightened and his bold heart stands still with awe and fear, for the love of "the filthy lucre" had turned his fearless footsteps in quest of gain and priceless gems. Now he treads his noble deck with solemn fear, while the surging billows toy with the gallant bark, and the sailor boy turns his eager gaze homeward, only to see the lamp of Hope go out. The voice of earnest prayer to Heaven is now mingled with the hoarse growling of the warring elements, a sudden burst of the ill-fated vessel and the shrieking, struggling mass of human freight go down, there to sleep among the coral groves until the sea shall give up its dead, and all earth-born be awakened by the angel of the Resurrection from the dark slumbering of the tomb.

And then, for the first time, Solitude's bosom began to swell with nameless fears, and strange disquietudes took possession of her bewildered fancy. And tears welled up from the fountain of sorrow as she saw Helen lean over the stark and rigid corpse of her Lionel, sitting in mute despair, gazing with agonizing frenzy at the humid eyes and pale lips and face which death had now adopted as his own.

Solitude's heart was melting with soft pity at this fearful scene; and could this be love? Oh, what a delightful sensation, strange and new, now began to creep down the avenues of the heart, when she turned her head and saw in another direction an avaricious sailor, with a hellish mockery stamped upon his hardened visage, robbing the dead of gold and jewels which lay scattered here and there. And when she saw him lift the long wet hair

from the face of a saintly maiden to pilfer her costly ear-drops, a look of fiendish joy overcast her features, and she would have been happy to have joined him in this unholy sacrilege.

How the newly found passions were changing, swaying as she gazed from object to object, for the first time, she saw confusion. Ambition on its slippery verge—sorrow's weeping train—boasted grandeur—corroding care—haggard hate—soaring fame and bright-eyed science, She tossed her hands wildly and fled from these accumulating miseries, and when the blue moon died out in the low,

pale west, and before the golden gates of dawn were opened to Aurora's red light, the water-nymphs came with a silver car, drawn by a sea-lion, to take her to their happy grottoes under the voiceless waves, and a Naiad held the lion with one hand by a bridle of shining rubies, while with the other she gently patted his long mane to calm his excited fears, and when seated, the mermaids sung their night song till they passed over "the treasures of the deep," down, down to their pearly homes, away from all the noise and folly of this babbling world.

A BOON I WOULD NOT GAIN.

"Oh, would the past were all a dream."—OLD BALLAD.

I would not have the Past a dream !
 Its withered bud and flowers
 A radiant halo ever seem,
 To gild my weary hours :
 Though leaf and blossom each may fade,
 They leave a soothing token
 Of fragrance ling'ring 'mid the shade,
 To cheer the heart that's broken !

I would not have the Past a dream—
 For memory's hallowed light
 Is like a glorious morning beam,
 Twined round the brow of night :
 And though the night is dark and chill,
 And starless is the sky,
 A flash from memory's torch may still
 Bring back the joys gone by.

I would not have the Past a dream !
 Like jewels on a pall,
 The hopes and joys still brightly gleam,
 Which come at memory's call :
 And when we feel again the power,
 The magic and the bliss
 That charmed youth's glad some happy hour,
 We lose the pain of this.

I would not have the past a dream—
 And in my weary heart
 I'll treasure up each fairy beam,
 That forms its better part :
 And when the world is dark to me—
 And naught is fair or bright—
 I'll fill the cup of memory,
 And quaff its golden light ! E.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee, I think of thee,
 Though we are parted now ;
 And heavy is my lonely heart,
 And faded is my brow :
 I think of thee, I think of thee,
 At morn, at noon, at night ;
 And thoughts of thee oft lend a glow
 To memory's mournful light.

I dream of thee, I dream of thee,
 And oft in fancy's bowers
 I hear thy soft, deep tones of love,
 As glide the golden hours !
 I dream of thee, I dream of thee,
 Awakening or asleep ; [watch
 And bright-winged mem'ries keep their
 Among my heart-strings deep. E.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY LUNA.

The mind of man seldom or never rests satisfied with its present condition, but is ever sending forth the fond desire for something beyond what is at present enjoyed. That *something* I will call HAPPINESS; but it is obtained by few, because we are ignorant of the laws on which it is based. Man must understand himself before he can hope to attain to any great degree of true and lasting happiness. Let him study well his physical, mental and moral faculties. Excellent works have been written upon all these subjects—works containing the thoughts and experience of wise men in the different ages of the world. These works will assist us in the investigation, and enable us to understand the injunction, “Know thyself.” Strive and struggle as we may, we must know ourselves before we can be really and truly happy. Unless man understand the laws of his own being, he will often ignorantly violate them. Misery is the natural consequence.

There is one violation of Nature’s laws which has been, and still is, the cause of much misery. God is Love. His Law is Love. Heaven is Love; and all who are not united by this Law of Love, *God has not joined together*. All the sanction of human laws will never make them *one*. Whenever harmony does not prevail among those united as partners for life, they violate a great law by living in that relation. They are far better apart. It were better if human laws were reversed, and those who are about to marry made to prove why they loved each other before marriage, instead, as is now the case, being compelled to prove why they hate

each other when they wish a separation. These are sad reflections. When we look society full in the face, we behold a painful state of things. We should even

“Take Nature’s path, and mad opinion leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.”

What is oftentimes termed disorder, is but the resistance of natural laws to artificial restraint; the principles of our nature contending with a perverted conscience, rendering us unhappy, so long as they do not harmonize. For conscience, after all, like the mariner’s compass, will ever point to the true pole, if uninfluenced by local causes, even approving all things enacted according to natural laws.

The harmony of the whole universe is in obedience to this Law of Love. Its influence extends alike from an atom to a world—from the lowest created being up to God. Many who formed the contract to “love, honor and obey till death,” etc., are ignorant of the real nature and disposition of each other, and have often bitterly repented when they found them to be directly antagonistic. Such natures can no more unite than oil and water, or any other *opposites*. Love between individuals, in order to be lasting, must be “like a three-fold cord, which is not easily broken;” having its power of attraction in the mental and moral faculties, as well as in the physical: appealing to our inner perceptions as well as to the outward sight—for we must remember, kind reader, that mere physical attachment “is no more *love* than angel’s harps are discord.”

Our Social Chair.

THERE is such a place as "Deadwood" in California. A friend of ours passed through the town, the other day, but stopped long enough to witness a trial before the chief officer of the law, vulgarly called a Justice of the Peace.

The case was "Hanks *versus* Breese," and the facts were—*First*, that the parties had violated the law by playing "poker" on the Sabbath. (It is, perhaps, proper to state that the good folks of Deadwood had not seen the Supreme Court decisions.) *Second*, that Breese played very "low down," or, in other words, cheated plaintiff. *Third*, that the game broke up in a row, the parties being arrested by the Justice, who happened to be present. It was an important case. Both parties were well known, and had hosts of friends. The defendant, through his attorney, a sharp little man, demanded a jury. The people of Dead-Dog never go to trial without a jury.

The legal preliminaries having been properly arranged, the case was called. Twelve of the best men in the locality formed the jury. The attorneys were big with the event of the hour. At length an odd looking genius, named Stephen Lick, was placed on the stand by the prosecution. The case proceeded.

"You said you were present during the game between the parties. Did we so understand you, Mr. Lick?"

The witness nodded in the affirmative.

"Did you observe the progress of the game with any interest?"

"I reckon I did—licker was penden' on it."

"What was the amount at stake, at the time the row occurred?"

"Well, the anti was two bits, and Lem. Hanks bet a haf on his little par. Then Bill he went in——"

"Never mind the details," interrupted the lawyer, impatiently, "answer my question."

"That's what I'm going to do," replied the witness, drawing a large black plug of tobacco from his pocket. "You see when Lem. dropped his haf on the pot, Bill he kivered it with a big dollar, 'cause I stood jest whar I could see that he helt a little par, too. Lem. he then tuck a drink and 'peared sort o' keerless——"

"Come, come," again interrupted the lawyer. "Tell us the amount of money at stake at the time the quarrel commenced."

"Steve," said the Judge, familiarly, "you say that when Bill Breese shoved up his dollar, Lem Hanks tuck a snifter and 'peared sort 'o keerless. *What did he do then?*"

"Why he seed Bill and lifted him two scads. Bill he 'peared a little uneasy, but raised Lem a five. Lem he tuck another drink and said the game was gettin' interestin', at the same time shaking a ten dollar piece out on the pot. Bill he then said 'Lem, you kinder suit me,' and called out 'twenty better.' Then——"

The lawyers here protested against this manner of giving evidence, but they were overruled by the Court, who asked the witness what the parties did *then*.

"Then we all tuck a small drink, and Lem spread himself. 'I see that matter of twenty dollars,' said he, 'and go you thirty better.'"

By one of the Jury.—"Will the Constable please keep order in the Court room, so that the Jury kin ketch all the words."

The witness proceeded: "Bill he then got down to scratch his foot, and when he got up he lifted Lem twenty more. Then Lem begin to look distressed, and pushed his shirt sleeves up to keep it

from gettin' dirty, I spose, but cum up bime by like a man, with—"

"Stop, stop, stop," shouted one of the lawyers, whose patience was exhausted. We do not care about so much detail, but desire simply to know what amount of money is in dispute.

"Mr. Constable," followed the Judge, who was deeply interested in the witness' story, "do your duty." Then fixing his eyes upon the witness, he asked; "Steve, my boy, when Bill pungled his thirty better, *what did Lem come up with?*"

"Why Lem he lifted him a cool fifty."

The judge collapsed "Gentlemen of the jury, that's so, for I was thar and seen Lem do it."

By one of the Jury—"What did Bill do then?"

"Bill he tuck another look at his hand, and then got down and scratched his foot agin. When he come up, he said to me, said he, 'Steve, lend me a hundred dollars.' Says I, 'what fur?' He said, 'to clean out Lem Hanks.' I said, 'it can't be did on your par of juces, for he's got bully sixes.' 'Good thing,' says he, giving me a wink. 'Kiver his pile, and and I'll call him.' I—"

"Never mind what you did," said the lawyer for the defendant, "that has nothing to do with the merits of the case."

The Judge gave the lawyer a terrible look. Then, turning to the witness, he said, "Steve, if the Court recollects herself, then you come up with the spondulicks, and Bill Breese tuck down Lem's pile."

This announcement was followed by murmurs of dissatisfaction. The attorney for the plaintiff was the first to speak.

"Now, if your Honor pleases," said he, "I would ask one question. How comes it that the defendant got that money, if he only had a pair of duces against my client's sixes?"

"Yes," chimed in several members of the jury, "how *could* that happen?"

"Bill did have juices fust—I'll swear to that," resumed the witness, "but somehow when it come to the last, he was stronger."

The lawyers, thinking he was about to continue the story to an endless length, requested him to be brief. Taking a fresh "chaw," Steve said:

"The way of it was this. When I kivered the pile, Bill called Lem. Says he, 'Lem, what have you to say fur yourself?' 'I have three of 'em,' says Lem., reaching out his arm. 'Three *what?*' says Bill. 'Nice little spots, all in the middle of the keerd,' says Lem., laying his fist on the money. 'Show 'em,' says Bill. 'Thar they be,' says Lem. 'That's clever,' says Bill, 'but they can't win this pop.' 'How so?' says Lem. puttin' his hand on his revolver. 'Cause here's *four of the same sort,*' says Bill, puttin' one hand on the money and tother on his revolver.' All I know is, Bill got the pot before he was arrested."

The lawyer for the plaintiff intended to have made a good case in relation to the manner in which defendant's hand became strengthened from a little pair of "juices" to four aces; but to do so, he would probably have been called on to explain how Lem. got his *three* "spots."

The Judge saw through the case at once. He charged the jury that if they thought there was anything wrong in a man scratching his foot during a game of poker, they could so find; but if they thought such a movement was on the square, they would also be likely to pass over the act of fumbling with shirt sleeves, committed by plaintiff.

The "charge" was followed by loud demonstrations of approval, such as yelling, throwing up hats, etc.

The jury, after being out three minutes, brought in a verdict to the effect that it was a "draw game," and the Judge thereupon dismissed the case.

AMONG the few good things which we have in store, is a promise to treat ourselves to a ride to Fort Point, during the approaching summer season. The beautiful moonlight evenings will soon be upon us, and *then* we shall be off for the promised pleasure. Old Ocean by moonlight for us! Why, the very thought is glorious. While we, however, have been thinking of the beauty and grandeur of the scene which will meet our eyes on reaching the "Point," friend FITZGERALD, of that excellent paper, *The Pacific Methodist*, has been out there "taking notes." In his issue of July 16, he makes his visit the subject of quite an interesting article. We have thought proper to preserve, in the third volume of our Magazine, the following eloquent extract:

"What an appearance of majestic power these heavy breakers have, when the sea sinks back silently from the beach until, meeting an advancing wave, the waters join forces, and lifting themselves up, they come with a rush, a roar, and a reckless dash upon the rocks, and are shivered into foam! We stood, and gazed, and listened to the deep, sullen roar of the Ocean, thrilling the soul with a mysterious awe, suggesting its dread tragedies and terrible secrets. In that roar we hear the shrieks of drowning men and women; the pitiful moanings of starving ones drifting upon the wild waters after shipwreck; the hoarse shouts of excited mariners battling with the tempest; the booming of artillery and the clashing of sabres on hostile decks. As we listen and muse, the voice of Ocean brings the tones of dear ones that sleep beyond its floods, and of noble spirits buried in its depths. It speaks of the happy and mournful past, and looking far, far out upon the waters until the vision is lost in distance, it speaks of the Infinite Future, of that ETERNITY upon whose solemn shores we are even now walking. The city, the busy world seem far off; its restless tides of human hope and passion flow on, but are forgotten for the moment, and the soul

holds intimate, holy communion with Nature and with God."

It is not at all strange that the author of the above should have been selected by the recent General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, as editor of *The Pacific Methodist* for the term of four years. The man who can write like neighbor FITZGERALD, should never be removed from the editorial room.

When McDONALD of the *Trinity Journal* throws out a suggestion in literary matters, it is apt to be a good one. Here is his last:

"Northeast of Downieville, about thirty miles, there is a beautiful valley, named Sierra. It is a miniature of Great Salt Lake, and contains a thriving settlement. The basin, nearly circular, has evidently been the bottom of a lake, which some natural convulsion has drained. The valley is the most beautiful that we saw in crossing from the Atlantic. A lady of considerable literary capacity resides there—'Alice,' of Hutchings' Magazine—and the wonder is that she has not made the grand and beautiful surroundings of her home subjects for her facile pen."

We are happy to inform our Weaver-ville friend that "Alice" will give the subject in question her earliest attention. Meantime, while our scissors are operating, we take some beautifully expressed thoughts from the *Journal*. It is after drinking in such soul-inspiring sentiments as these that we feel so deeply impressed with the great truth of a higher and more glorious destiny than that of Earth. The very words fall upon our ear like a song from Heaven:

"It was very dark when Lily quit the world. The stars, in a glorious, silent train, were moving towards the west, but infinite distance had shorn off their beams, until to mortals looking upwards, they seemed like distant watchfire on heights to which pilgrim souls have been journeying since the first morning herald proclaimed

the existence of Creation. But dark as the night was, there came a knock at the door, and a little soul, just born of clay, stood forth and said: 'Here am I, thou callest me?' We know not how it may be with others, but with us an infant conception of Heaven still lingers. The place of sanctuary is upward, upward, an eternity of miles beyond the dimmest star that peeps, at intervals, from the etherial shrouds of the Invisible. Despite the multiplied pages of philosophy, the sarcasms and syllogisms of infidels, that childish theology still lingers with us, and in moments of danger or despair we have looked upward, as the drowning swimmer grasps at some intangible, immaterial safety, in the upper air. Through that immeasurable space, up that viewless trail, untracked by mortal feet, Lily made her pilgrimage in the night. Beyond and upward, measureless leagues, but within the strengthening vision of a new-born soul, Lily beheld her little playmate, Mary, sitting by the way to rest. She had heard that her friend was coming and had gone out to meet her, and descriing the flash of white wings away down close to the silent night of time, she had stopped to tune her harp and plume her wings for a lighter and swifter flight back to Heaven. Then the Everlasting gates were lifted up, and the two little pilgrims were heralded by St. Peter, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" Who will describe the vision range of a new-created angel? What imagination will follow her along the resplendent paths that lead forever beyond the throne of the Eternal? What eye of faith will pursue her infant soul, unstained by actual sin, as she goes out to explore the limitless fields made luminous by the sheen of golden crowns, and vocal with the hymns of children who worship at the judgment seat of Christ? Beautiful and glorious is the Christian's conception of Heaven. Let not Reason or Philosophy seek to destroy the fabric of his hopes. Let the first picturing of infant imagination linger with him until he goes down to the bottomless, shoreless stream, whose silent waves have

eat away the little island which stood in the river of Time."

THE charming little poem below is the production of a young gentleman of San Francisco, who has in many other instances given evidence of the poetic fire burning in his soul. Though his occupation—(that of a compositor on a daily morning newspaper)—is not calculated to arouse those tender passions which we imagine to belong to poets, our young friend pours forth his thoughts smoothly, and with the grace and beauty of one who courted the Muses "amid showers of heavenly blessings."

LOST TO SOCIETY—LOST.

BY JAS. B. M'QUILLAN.

Touch not the fallen one—drive her away,
 Guilty and soulless, but beautiful clay;
 Though her heart's bleeding, hear not her pleading
 At any cost; [her
 Forget what is good of her—speak, if you would, of
 As lost—to society lost.

So sad and dejected, the poor broken-hearted—
 Love, honor, and all, save life, have departed;
 None proffer relief to heal her heart's grief—
 Oh! fearful the cost;
 No one befriends her, fashion condemns her
 As lost—to society lost.

Heed not her sighs, her entreaties or tears—
 Spurn her as one for whom nobody cares;
 Lost and degraded, to memory she's faded—
 Trifling the cost; [her,
 Forget you e'er blessed her, e'er kissed and caressed
 She's lost—to society lost.

Oh, pity her not—she has fallen from place;
 Applaud her betrayer—receive him with grace;
 Smile on her deceiver, but do not relieve her
 At any cost;
 For that is propriety in Christian society,
 When lost—to society lost.

Innocent, loving—betrayed and forsaken—
 Guilty and fallen—by vice overtaken;
 Let society blame her—try not to reclaim her
 At any cost;
 Forget all her beauty—do society's duty—
 She is lost—to society lost.

Oh, merciless Fashion, why do you nurture
 Hypocrisy's laws and assassinate virtue?
 Bow to the false text, oh, immaculate sex,
 At any cost; [done—
 Frown on the fallen one, then your proud duty's
 She is lost—to society lost.

It affords us pleasure to comply with the request contained in the subjoined note :

Marysville, July 22, 1853.

EDITOR HUTCHINGS' MAGAZINE—DEAR SIR: In looking over a file of old newspapers, the other day, I found the enclosed piece concerning "Old Hundred." Will you be so kind as to reprint it in your pages. By so doing you will oblige

MANY SUBSCRIBERS.

"OLD HUNDRED."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration, "They are singing Old Hundred now." The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die. Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion. Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mother rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with endless congregations where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on the sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tombstone told of sixteen summers—she whose pure, innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty—loved "Old Hundred;" and as she sang it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of God, and he who with the white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips

only move, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred!" Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his hands crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear stealing down his furrowed cheeks, that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years service in the master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody. You may fill your choirs with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by old and young together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar, where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top—the air is haunted with its spirit. Think a moment of the assembled company who have at different times and in different places joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the strong, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds. "Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of "ancient airs!" Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us, may be—

"Be thou, O God! exalted high!"

A "RETURNED CALIFORNIAN," who has been rusticated for several months in the Atlantic States, sends us the following amusing incident: "Last month, as we were traveling westward on the New York and Erie railroad, at a place called Owego, my friend Bob S. and I, not

promptly heeding the conductor's deep toned summons, "all aboard," failed to get in the cars till the train was in motion. Finding our seat in the possession of an old lady, we dropped into one immediately in front of, and facing her. The lady, though so far down life's journey as to have lost her teeth, which affected her speech, it soon appeared had never been on board the cars before that moment. She was giving considerable attention to our movements, when, by some neglect of the switch-tender, the train, now pretty well under way, ran on the wrong track and came thump up against some standing dirt cars. The concussion was tremendous and the stopping of our train so sudden, that the old lady was precipitated headlong at our feet. No one was seriously hurt, but Bob was, and is yet when he thinks of it, amused at the innocence of the old lady, who as she was being picked up, with much sincerity asked: "*Gentlemen, do the cars always stop so suddenly as this?*" Though assured by both Bob and myself that they did not, she manifested her incredulity by holding firmly on to the seat with both hands, till we had passed two or three stations.

WE heard a good thing the other day of a little four-year-old. The aunt of the flaxen-haired niece was confined to her bed with a sick headache, exhibiting signs of great suffering from this malady. The 'little 'un,' who had been romping about the room, creating considerable "noise and confusion," walked to the bedside and taking the hand of the old lady, tenderly asked—

"Aunt Jane, do you want anything?"

"No, Jenny," was the reply, "only a little peace and quietude."

"Oh, if that's all," responded little pertness, "you'll soon have it, for I was down in the kitchen just now *and seen mother a puttin' it in the pot!*"

The old lady is getting well.

THOUGH we never enjoyed a very flattering opinion of the taste or ability of the individual employed to furnish matter for this department of the Magazine, he yet appears to know a really good thing, when he sees it. He knows too much to permit a happy allusion to the editorial fraternity to pass unscissored. Here is a case in point:

"The realm of the Press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has given utterance to a sentiment that has cheered somebody's solitary hour; made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or a hope in a heavy heart. He may meet with that sentiment months, years after; it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders indeed if he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to that sentiment now; perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of his former self calling to his present, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think, to remember; remember when he wrote it, and why; who were his readers then; and how much he has changed. So he muses till he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float after he is dead, and whether he is really looking after something that shall survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentiment he could wish had been unwritten; that it is the better part of him; a shred from the garment of the immortality he shall leave behind him, when he joins the innumerable caravan, and takes his place in the silent hall of death."

Who the good friend is who thus illumines our sanctum, we cannot say—and this is cause of regret. But whoever and wherever he is, he can number us among his warmest admirers. Since we fell in with his consoling words, we have experienced an increased appetite. Of course we sleep better.

Our friend SPROAT, to whom our readers are indebted for many pleasant offerings, sends us the following. The picture draws is to the very life, and will revive a host of heart-gladdening recollections:

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME.

He sits where the evening fire
Flickers with fitful blaze;
And near him his comrades tell their tales,
With mirthful jests and lays;
He hears them not—away,
His thoughts, like wild birds, roam;
Away, o'er mountains and stormy seas,
To the blessed ones at home.

There's an old house by the brook,
With woodbine covered o'er;
With its towering elms, and garden walks,
And mossy seats at the door.
There are voices in the porch—
Ringlets and golden hair;
And light feet tripping, and faces bright
With gleams of sunshine there.

There's an aged form, all bowed
With the weight of sorrowing years;
And a meek, mild eye, and a placid brow,
Seen through a mist of tears.
There's another—looking out
Through the still, solemn night—
What seeks it there, through the deepening
gloom,
That face—so thin and white?

He wakes—it is a dream—
A dream of the shadowy Past!
Would that it had never come,
Or could forever last!
Calling the dead Past up—
Where thoughts, like spectres, roam;
Filling the heart's deep chambers with
The memories of home.

A FRIEND and well-wisher up in Shasta sends us an ingeniously constructed poem, entitled "49 Miners." It runs through some ten or twelve verses, but the following, according to our way of thinking, contains the concentrated "sweet" of the whole effort. We present it with

the most grateful remembrance of the author:

"We have roamed o'er valley and mountain,
And the wonders of California we have seen,
And we have been cheered on by the pure flowing
fountain
Of Hutchings' California Magazine."

Pure flowing fountain of Hutchings' California Magazine is good.

We are willing to suffer any penalty—no matter how severe—that may follow the telling of this story:—

A weak, emancipated specimen of humanity was accosted by a friend on Montgomery street, the other night, with—
"Hello, Sam! still sick, eh? I'm sorry to see you looking so bad."

"Yes, murmured Sam, in a voice that could scarcely be heard. "I'm nearly gone in."

Here the sick man threw himself on a door step, and groaned. His friend, becoming alarmed, took him by the arm and endeavored to raise him to his feet.

"See here, old fellow; this won't do! you don't intend to die here in the street?"

Sam mustered energy enough to speak, but it was with quite an effort.

"I feel like I was ready to go, said he, and I wish it was over."

"But to die here in the street is awful to think of," answered Sam's friend. Tomorrow I could put you in a way to die easily, and comfortably, and by degrees, that is, if you are determined to die."

A smile of satisfaction lit up Sam's features.

"I want to die easy," said he, "but sure. What is your plan?"

"Why," replied his friend, with an air of seriousness, there are two modes, both slow and pleasant deaths, but very sure. I never knew them to fail."

"What is it?" asked the sick man, whose suspense was painful.

"Well," continued the other, "you can either start a newspaper or turn actor!"

This produced a re-action, and springing to his feet, Sam walked off a well man.

Editor's Table.

"THE CALIFORNIA AND NEW YORK STEAMSHIP COMPANY" was organized in San Francisco about one year ago, with Capt. R. M. Roberts as President, and more recently revived under the Presidency of Joseph P. Hoge, Esq. The objects of the company are eminently popular, and if carried on to successful results, will confer great benefits upon the State of California. This Company was organized for the purpose of building mammoth steamers, capable of making the voyage from New York to San Francisco in much less time than is now occupied, and with accommodations for three thousand passengers. They are also intended to carry one thousand tons of freight. The boats are to be constructed according to plans invented by Capt. Henry Randall, and are to be four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, with fifty-four feet beam; and, for greater security, are to be strengthened with iron diagonal braces and iron bulkheads, dividing the ship into four water-tight compartments, thereby securing it against the possibility of accident. Each of the steamers will be propelled by two engines, with two sets of wheels, each of which will drive them as snugly and with as much speed as any of the ships of the Pacific Mail Company. The price of passage in these ships is fixed at \$150 for the first cabin, and \$50 for the second, and can never, under the act of incorporation, exceed that amount. The great feature of the scheme is in the fact that the holder of three shares of stock is entitled, once a year, to a passage in the first cabin to or from New York; and the holder of one share, in like manner in the second cabin; or they may, if so disposed, sell their passage tickets. The right of passage does not interfere with the right of the stockholder to a share of the profits. If this line is placed in successful operation it will prove destructive to that heartless monopoly, the

Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and in addition thereto will furnish a perfectly safe conveyance—something which is very much needed just now. There is no doubt that the steamers of the "California and New York Company" will be placed on the route. A friend who is in constant correspondence with a gentleman now in the city of New York, largely interested in the enterprise, informs us that a contract has been closed for the building and equipment of one of these ships, and that in the meantime efforts are being made to place vessels temporarily on the route until the regular steamers intended for the line are built and equipped. This is glorious news for our long-abused State. The people of California are under many obligations to Capt. Randall for his energy and perseverance in forwarding this enterprise, and we take occasion to say, without reservation, that the line will be established beyond all doubt. We believe the steamers Washington and Herman have been purchased for temporary use by this company. Our advice lead to this conclusion, as some time before the sale, we were informed that such would be the fact, and that every arrangement had been consummated to bring about the result. We congratulate the people of California upon the speedy prospect of relief from the exactions of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

WE are a great people—that's a fact. Who but a live American would have dared to shout on British ground, "D—n the Queen—hurrah for old Buck!" There is no question but the American people—men, women and children—are a nation of Filibusters. Show one of the universal Yankee fraternity where the almighty dollar is planted, and he's after it hot foot, no matter if he has to dig clams and scalp Indians in the chase. He is bound to have it. Jon-

athan is no respecter of persons, and would just as soon kiss a Queen as to "kill a King and marry his widow," as the man in the play says. On a recent festive occasion at Victoria, "up North," some legal Britisher cheered Her Majesty. "D—n the Queen," sung out a representative of Pike, "Hurrah for Old Buck!" Our enthusiastic friend, who was a Phifty-four-Phorty-or-Phlight man, was arrested and fined a small sum, which he cheerfully paid, made an apology to the prolific ruler of the British realm, through her agent, and asked all hands to join him in a glass.

OUR readers will look in vain, in this issue, for an article on the Frazer river mystery. We have had something to say on the point, but before proceeding further we ask time for reflection. We will not say that we have been "sold"—oh, no; not for the world. *That* would be too startling an admission. In the June and July numbers of our work, we put forth what we fancied at the time to be some very learned opinions on the subject; but we are very much afraid, if that famous river up north doesn't soon fall, your views will go down to posterity only as so much *gammon*. This is a painful thought, but it must be printed. If we remember rightly, we gave it as our opinion—that's all—that gold existed in great abundance in the region of country to which our people were rushing; but, in the name of all the streams that ever flowed, how is the fact to be definitely known, if the rivers up north persist in their obstinate refusal to fall? As the poet touchingly observes,

"Here's the point on which we stick."

Well, our course is as plain as the water in a quart of "pure milk." We shall drop the exciting subject. The newspapers may continue to load their columns with "news from Frazer," but we'll no more of it. The pretty stories from the North have lost their romance. We have done with them. The California mines forever!

EDITORS, like other mortals, have their disappointments. They cannot always do as they would wish—and more's the pity. The very entertaining and instructive article, describing a journey from Acapulco to the city of Mexico, is "continued" much against our desire. It is not a very lengthy article, and we had intended to give it entire in one issue; but owing to the urgent request of many of our readers in various parts of the State to present our engravings of scenes in the North, we were compelled to crowd out some of the matter prepared for the first "form," (or sixteen pages,) of the Magazine. The remainder of Mr. EDWARD VISCHER'S pleasant narrative—to which gentleman we beg leave in this connection to tender our thanks—will appear in the September number, accompanied by several spirited engravings.

A FEW of the better looking editors in our State appear determined to get up an Editorial Convention. We do not allude to the matter for the purpose of raising an objection. We are rather inclined to favor the movement. Other fraternities have their conventions and "happy times," and we see no reason why editors—poor, modest, self-sacrificing, unappreciated souls—should not occasionally meet together around the jovial board, and take a good long whiff at the pipe of peace. Joy would attend the meeting. But apart from the pleasure of the hour, such a convocation, in our humble opinion, would be productive of great and lasting benefit to the profession. Editors should be better acquainted with each other. A personal recognition—a friendly meeting—a warm grasp of the hand—a sunny smile—would wear off from editor's pens the rough, harsh edge which has so long grated upon the public ear. We vote for the convention.

THE arrival of the overland mail, in less than one month's time, from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Placerville, has been hailed with demonstrations of joy all over the State. This act alone covers a multitude

of the sins of the present administration— if it have any sins to cover. Our people certainly have great cause of rejoicing, for the new mail route is bound to be of incalculable benefit to the State. We look upon the establishment of the line of stages from St. Joseph to Placerville, as the pioneer of the Pacific Railroad, which is to be the salvation of California, if not of the Union. It is expected that the next trip will be accomplished in twenty-five days.

—

WE are going to the Fair to be held at Marysville during the present month. Judging from the extensive preparations being made, it will be the finest exhibition of the kind ever witnessed in the State. At one time it was thought that the alarming exodus of so many of our people for the Frazer river country, and the consequent unsettled condition of the public mind, would have an injurious effect upon the Fair; but we have seen enough recently to dispel all such apprehensions. We are prepared to say, in advance, that the enterprise will prove an honor to the State, reflect the highest credit upon the citizens of Marysville, and be pronounced by visitors the most agreeable entertainment ever presented to them. We know something of the Marysville people, and are sure we are not far from the mark when we write them down a noble, big hearted, intelligent community. The only contest among them will be as to who can be the most active in providing for the pleasure and comfort of strangers. The arrangements for the Fair are being conducted under the personal supervision of such men as JOHN C. FALL, GEO. H. BEACH, Gen. JAMES ALLEN, JOHN R. RIDGE, and other equally competent heads—which alone is a sure guarantee that the result of the undertaking will be what could be desired by the most extravagant well-wisher.

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How very amiable some people become just about election time. We can tell a candidate by his "smile." We can tell him by his elastic step. The grasp of his hand

is different from that of ordinary people. It is heartier, and more vigorous. He squeezes your paw with an affection fairly bordering on brotherly love. One of these good-natured creatures button-holed us the other day and almost "died to see us," but when we informed him that our publication appeared monthly, and could not, under any circumstances, dip into politics, a cold chill came on and he left us abruptly to fill an appointment with a friend on the opposite side of the street. A wise man has said that we could not get along without politicians. We will not discuss this point. All we have to say is, that if the interests of our State are not well cared for during the next year or two, it will not be owing to any lack of disposition on *their* part, to act as "public servants." Indeed, it is really astonishing to see the anxiety manifested to serve us. There are those who appear willing to fill any position, from Supreme Court Judge to constable. Happy country!

—

WE begin to see day-light. A new and brighter day is dawning upon our State. We have mentioned elsewhere the arrival of the overland mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Placerville, California. Since our paragraph on the subject was written, other important "items" in connection therewith have reached us. We see it announced that upwards of one thousand letters went to the Atlantic side on the return trip over this route. A large number of passengers were also accommodated. The road is said to be well stocked all the way through, and those who came over on the first trip—which, by the way, was performed in excellent time—have no complaints to make. On the contrary, they are loud in their praises of the style in which the journey was accomplished. We have conversed with many who intend going East; shortly, by the new route, which we will not be surprised to find the most popular in the State before the lapse of a year. Apart from the pleasure to be derived from the overland journey, the expense is said to be less.

THE HORSE TAMER IN SAN FRANCISCO.



Mr. Fitzwiggles having read "Rarey on Horse Taming," flatters himself that he is able to control the most vicious animal. He finds one to suit his purpose, and in the above engraving it will be seen how he starts in.



Having entire confidence in his "recipe," our friend Fitzwiggles insists on giving his animal the rein. He, however, no sooner does so than he is elevated several feet above his saddle. Such a result was entirely unexpected.



The animal being in fine spirits, tries himself on a leap. The top of a house receives him, and he endeavors to get down through a glass window.



Having reached the ground safely, Fitzwiggles tries the speed of his animal on Telegraph Hill. Strange results. The horse backs out but the rider continues his course.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

- L. H. Sherwin, Sonora.*—It is impossible for us to return the MMS. of your article, the greater portion having been destroyed after being placed in type. Will look up your original sketches at the earliest moment and forward them.
- W. B. Stanley, Pine Grove.*—Send along your "tale." Will give it our earliest attention. Your friend Hutchings is absent from the State.
- D. W. M., Columbia Hill.*—Will endeavor to gratify you in our September issue.
- Wm. Henderson, Placerville.*—If you will send us the "4th column of the first page of the Sacramento Union, Nov. 30, 1857," we will look over the matter to which you refer, and if it prove good, will publish it.
- J. H. Lick, Fredericksburg. Pa.*—Money received. Thanks for kind attention.
- Actor, Sacramento.*—We know nothing of the matter to which you allude. Why trouble us with such queries?
- L. P., San Jose.*—Why will you persist in writing that abominable back-hand. On this account you suffer. "Crowded out."
- James Enson, Oroville.*—We refer you to the issue of our Magazine for February, 1858, for a well illustrated article on the subject.
- Anonymous, San Francisco.*—Your story, "Courting by Steam," doesn't begin to approach an incident which came to our own knowledge recently. Your couple managed to form an alliance in the space of "one week after sight." Ours beat that. They met for the first time on Monday. On Tuesday they "sat up to each other." On Wednesday the question was 'popped,' and on Thursday the holy knot was tied. All this occurred in our own city a short time since.
- T. E. F., Marysville.*—Your favor received. Will examine it soon.
- Ella, Sacramento.*—Would like to oblige you, but we fear your "Letter" would prove uninteresting to the majority of our readers. Declined.
- "Progress," Columbia.*—Your contribution is of such a character that we cannot publish it without the real name of the author. We trust before you again address us, you will have "progressed" far enough to know that editors should, as a matter of simple justice, be entrusted with the real names of their correspondents. We have a rule to this effect, from which we dislike to depart.
- F. P., Oakland.*—You can procure our second volume, neatly bound. Price, \$5.
- G. H. M., San Francisco.*—No more about Frazer, if you please. We have had quite enough of it. Declined.
- B. F., Placerville.*—We have read your "adventures." Your life has been full of ups and downs, but we hardly think it would do to publish. Upon a closer examination of your "adventures,"—which we return—you will observe that most of the occurrences narrated are very common ones, especially for California. We find no fault with the style in which the thing is written.
- D. J. A., Shasta.*—Should be glad to accompany you on the proposed excursion, but will not be able to do so. May not we look for some admirable sketches from you?
- Phillip B., Los Angeles.*—Order and money received. Thanks for your efforts to circulate our Magazine. You are just the friend we have been looking for in that locality.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER, 1858. No. 3.

JOURNEY FROM ACAPULCO TO THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO, BY WAY
OF TASCO, SUMMER 1849.

(Continued from August number.)



GRAND PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

The climate of Tasco is delightful, and the temperature remarkably even throughout the year, the thermometer varying merely from 15° to 21°. Humboldt mentions this particularly in his work. I found the air delightful, and remember but one other spot—Paita, on the coast of Peru—which so immediately

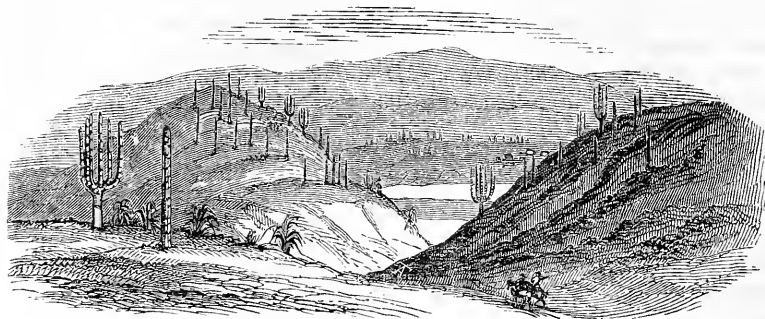
impresses the new comer with the buoyancy of an atmosphere at once invigorating and balmy.

After a very agreeable sojourn of one day, I took leave of my kind host, Don Francisco de Aramburu, who, being prevented by urgent business from leaving the place, commissioned his two sons—two very agreeable lads of eighteen and twenty—to act as guides, in order to aid my further researches in that vicinity of wonders. Two other youths—likewise brothers—volunteered for the same purpose, increasing our party to the number of five. We left Tasco in the afternoon of the 1st of August, and starting in a northeasterly direction, followed the course of a verdant valley, watered by a clear stream, overhung with the branches of luxuriant sabino trees. After a delightful ride of two hours, we turned into a valley on our right, and found ourselves in the mine of San Agustín, now in productive condition, from which I was presented with a pretty specimen of native silver. Close to the entrance of this mine there is a beautiful cascade, “el Salto del Santo Niño,” from the rocky brink of which one looks down into a fearful chasm. The hill-sides were so variegated with flowers that I could only compare them to the richest Turkey carpet. Another half hour brought us to the “Hacienda de Beneficio,” as the establishments for extracting the silver by way of amalgamation are called;—and subsequently we visited the foundry, or furnaces, a mile further on, and spent the night in the house of the owner of the mine, Don Timoteo Retequi, where we were shown beautiful specimens of native silver.

Thence to the village of Acuitlapan, leads a very rugged calzada, or paved way, of about three miles—one of the works carried out by the active Borda, which, however, like many other improvements of the same kind, was de-

stroyed by the insurgents and converted into a complete chaos of rock. When, after much climbing, we at last reached the summit, the splendid sight of the distant volcanoes of Puebla, Iztaccihuat and Popocatepetl, burst upon our view; and but a few moments later, by a sudden turn in the road, the volcano of Toluca, with its craggy snow-capped crest, stood before us, and seemed to replace them as if by magic. We took a guide from the village of Acuitlapan to Cacahuamilpa, and there refreshed ourselves by breakfast and rest, while preparations for our visit to the celebrated cave were being made. On, then, we started, accompanied by half a dozen Indians, as guides and torch-bearers, and soon gained the entrance, of nearly oval shape, a superb and fitting portico to that wonder of nature, showing off to great effect the dark abyss, into which we were about to descend.

The cave of Cacahuamilpa was not brought into notice until some twelve years ago. A land-owner in the neighborhood, persecuted on account of political intrigues, selected it for a hiding-place, to which his tenants, for a length of time, brought him his food. The Indians regarded it always with secret awe, from a legend hanging over it of a sacred spell, and used only during the revolution, the first of its many vaults, as a depository for the ornaments of their church. At last the visit of the French Ambassador, Baron de Gros, unveiled the mystery of this cave, which, subsequently, has been inspected by almost every distinguished foreigner who has sojourned in the capital, and is considered as a *sine qua non* for scientific visitors. The cavern is of immense capacity, and nobody has ever yet explored it to its full extent. The accessible part consists of a succession of vaults, some remarkable for their vast dimensions, and connected by passages, more or less characteristic in shape



DISTANT GLIMPSE OF THE VILLAGE OF MESCALA.

and drapery, and of rare beauty of stalactites, forming fantastic figures of endless variety, cascades, trees, altars, veiled statues, etc.; the most prominent of which have given their names to the different vaults. Notwithstanding the rainy season, which, by uninterrupted filtration, had rendered the ground damp in many places, we penetrated to the furthestmost end of the third vault, called the "Pantheon," on account of an immense monumental pile, surrounded by smaller ones, and shrouded figures. It contains also a pond of water of crystal clearness, and terminates in a chaos of pointed and rugged mounds, like frozen waves, obstructing progress; though we were told that these followed two other large saloons, and that a similar stony desert led to the innermost recesses, the extent of which no living soul had ascertained. In the space beyond, one party that ventured so far as to hear the rushing of a brook that crosses the path, found the skeleton of a man and a dog by his side, apparently of an Indian, who, bewildered, must have suffered the dreadful death of starvation. There is no bad air in this cave, and judging from the well-ventilated atmosphere, there must be an outlet on the other side of the cave. A continued variety of new objects kept up such a lively interest, that we all regretted when the too low state of our torches (of which we brought but few in reserve) warned us

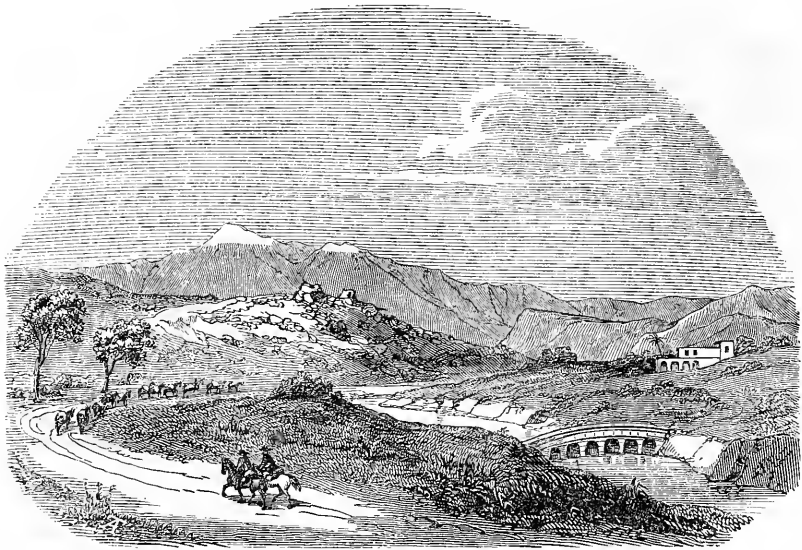
that further delay would be imprudent.

There is another wonder of nature in the vicinity of Cacahuamilpa, which, if not so generally visited, deserves, nevertheless, the greatest admiration. It is the junction of the rivers Tenancingo and Huajintlan, the first coming from the upper range of mountains and forming a beautiful cascade; the second issuing from a cave of almost as singular formation as the large one, the portico being even superior in the beauty of what might be taken for architectural design. There are persons who have penetrated into this natural channel (practicable only in the dry season) to a considerable distance, and they assert that its hidden recesses rival with the Great Cave, if not in spaciousness, in the rare beauty of its stalactites. To arrive at the point of junction, one has to follow the course of a rivulet that turns into a ravine, and leads the tourist suddenly to an almost perpendicular descent, and it is only by availing oneself of the fissures in the rock, the creepers and the overhanging branches, that the bottom may be safely reached. One false step would be fatal. The bottom gained, after toiling through bulrushes, over rocks and fallen trees, piled up to an amazing height, one arrives at last at the termination of the ravine, where the rocks form perpendicular walls. And there, on one side, presents itself the cascade of the Tenancingo from

lofty height above, and on the other the yawning mouth of the cave throws forth the Huajintlan, the waters of both commingling right before you in whirling eddies, forming the river Alpuycca, one of the tributaries of the distant Mescala and Zacatula. Difficult as the descent had been, I found the ascent yet more fatiguing, though less hazardous; and I felt fairly exhausted, when we at last regained the spot where we had left our horses. There I separated from my kind friends, who forthwith returned to Tasco; while I, accompanied by the Indian

guides, reached Cacahuamilpa just before the outbreak of a tempest of thunder and lightning, followed by torrents of rain, that for several hours kept the elements in a complete uproar. I had fortunately bespoken comfortable night quarters in the Alcalde's neat little verandah; else, while searching for a place of shelter, we should certainly have been thoroughly drenched by the deluge.

The next morning we set out for the high road to Mexico; passed, at an early hour, the neat little town of San Francisco de Tetccala, situated on a river which



FIRST VIEW OF THE VOLCANO OF TOLUCA, NEAR THE VILLAGE ACUITLAPAN.

we had to ford, with the water up to our horses' necks;—further on, the Hacienda de Miacatlan, where we breakfasted, changed horses and guides, and in the course of the afternoon reached Cuernavaca.

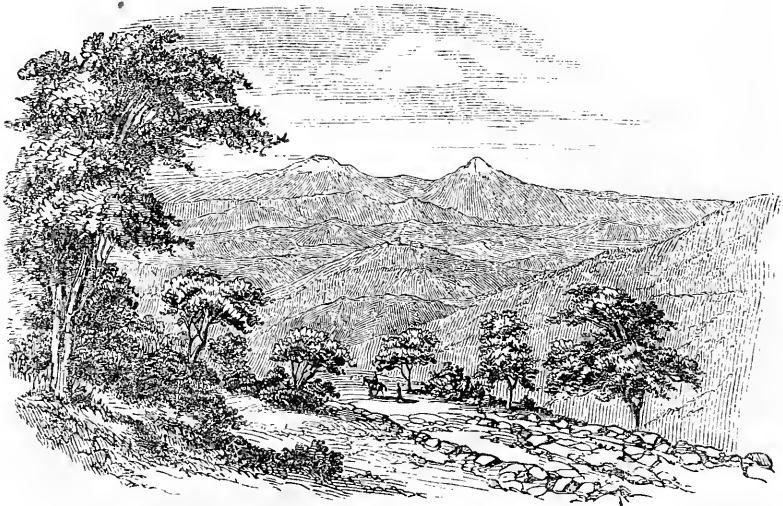
This latter place I before mentioned as a pretty town of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, (at a distance of sixty miles from the Capital,) which, the last time I visited it, had a garrison of two

thousand Americans. Cuernavaca is named after the ancient Quaunahuac, which played a conspicuous part in the conquest of Mexico. It has a very ancient building, the foundation of which was laid at first as a stronghold by the Spaniards, on which solid base was afterwards erected a temple, the present cathedral. There is another very neat and richly-endowed church, a monument of Borda's pious liberality, and a convent,

connected with an extensive garden containing several immense tanks, or small lakes, with "floating gardens," or "chinampas," as are called these enameled flower-beds of Mexican invention, (plantations of tangled rushes, upon which earth and sod have been laid and every variety of flowers planted,) springing fountains and all kinds of water-works. The whole is laid out in a very old-fashioned style, but as the platforms had to be gained from a ravine, by filling up great depths with earth cut away from both sides, (and this a century in advance of our era of San Francisco,) one can

imagine what difficulties had to be overcome in the execution; in which, no doubt, devotion was blended with charity, inasmuch as it afforded occupation to thousands of indigent persons. The walks, as they are, are very pretty, and especially the lower grounds of the garden, are pleasantly shaded by lofty trees. From the end of the avenue there is an exquisite view of the valley. This garden now forms a very agreeable appendage to the Hotel des Diligences, where we spent the night.

The day's journey from Cuernavaca to Mexico undoubtedly presents the greatest



FIRST VIEW OF THE VOLCANO DE PUEBLA.

and most sudden transition of elevation of any upon this route. We left Cuernavaca at 4 o'clock, passed at daylight the pretty little place of Tlaltenango, and thence ascending for a couple of hours through dense pine forests, gained the Indian village Huichilaque in time for an early cup of chocolate, tendered to us by the good hostess, a handsome young Indian woman, whom, from her characteristic physiognomy and goodly carriage, I looked upon as a fair representative of the Malinche, the Carique, or

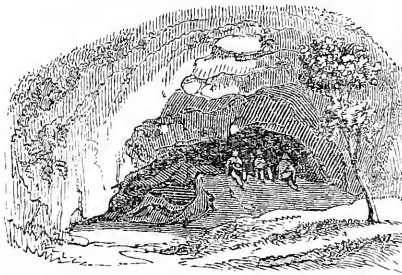
Cortez's tutelar angel. I had just inquired after the good old Curate, who, on my last ascent, when overtaken by a hailstorm, had offered me hospitality, when the good man himself, lightly tapping me on my shoulder, wished me a very good morning, with all kinds of friendly demonstrations.

The further ascent from Huichilaque to Cruz del Marques, the highest part of the road, (some 10,500 feet,) is truly picturesque, and offers a splendid retrospect towards the valley of Cuernavaca. From

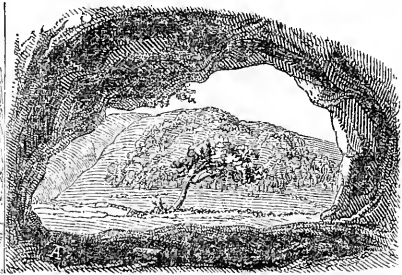
Cruz del Marques to "el Guarda," where we halted for our noonday's meal, the road runs almost level through verdant meadows, at the foot of pine-crested hills of conical shape. Here the descent begins, and from Ajusco, a nice little village on the northern slope of the Cerro Gordo, (as this mountain range is called,) the first sight of the valley of Tenochtitlan (Mexico) is obtained, with its lakes and volcanic hills, owing to the distance, resembling a moonchart, showing only a pale and indistinct tracery of land and water. But a more conspicuous object

claims attention: the splendid mountain scenery in the east, the snowy peaks of the volcanoes shining forth in silent splendor on the azure sky, filling the mind with wonder and admiration. And then, right at your feet, like a green laughing Eden, the villa of San Agustin, with its white turrets and flat roofs, and its beautiful garden-grounds; the favorite resort of the families of Mexico, and during the Easter holidays a general rendezvous of gay assemblages.

From San Agustin, the last station, the road is perfectly level, passing the fine



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT CAVE OF
CACAHUAMILPA.



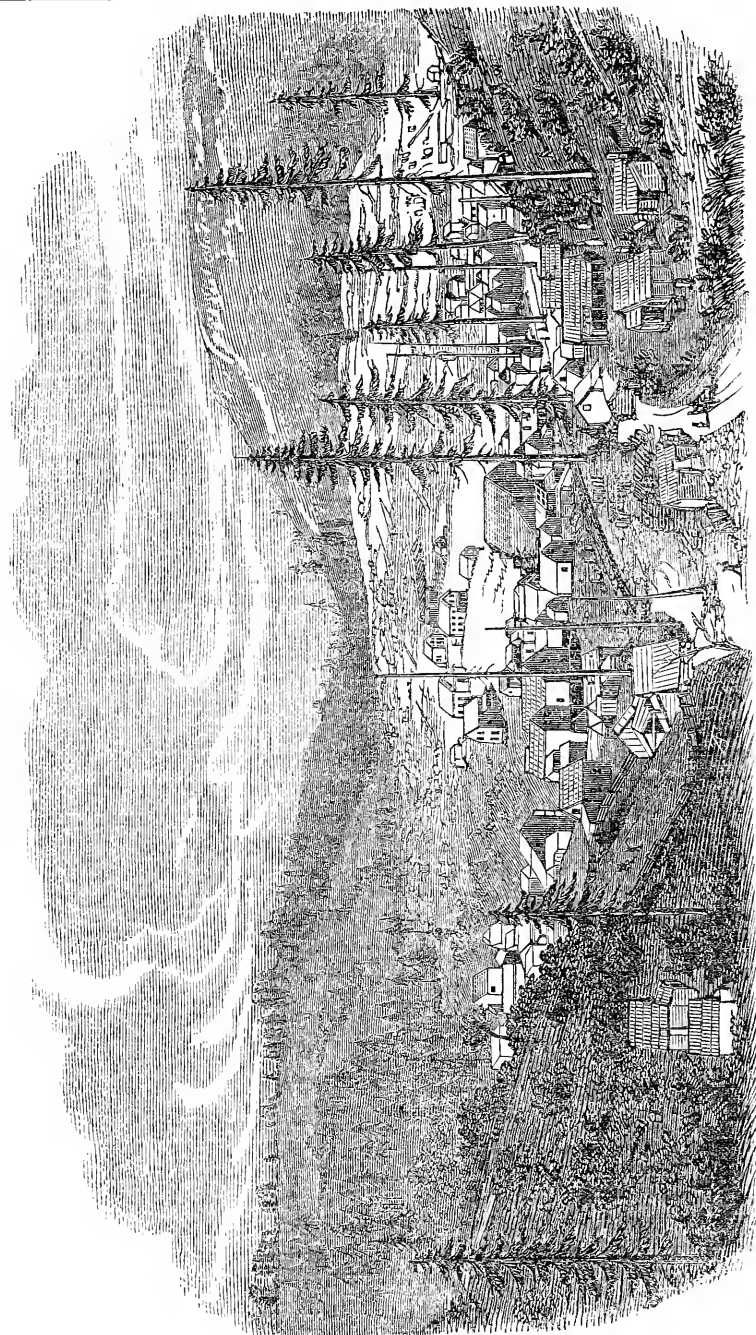
THE RETURN TO DAYLIGHT.

Hacienda de San Antonio, (let me not forget to mention the worthy matron, Doña Luisa Vicario y Moreno, and her hospitality and kindness towards Rugendas and myself,) and further on the Convent of Churubusco, the main building and environs of which were the scene of the last decisive action before the American army entered the capital of Mexico. In the preparations for the defense of the city, blind military zeal (so far from being maintained during the subsequent events of the siege) caused the beautiful

trees on both sides of the avenue to be cut down to the root; else, the entry by the Calzada de San Agustin (betwixt the Paseo de la Piedad and the Canal de las Chinampas) would be one of the finest avenues to the Capital. The outskirts are certainly far from prepossessing; and not till you reach the Grand Plaza, with the Cathedral and Government Palace, are you aware of being really in the centre of Mexico, the **QUEEN OF SPANISH AMERICA!**

A PARENT who sends his son into the world uneducated, and without skill in any art or science, does as great injury to mankind as to his own family: he defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance.

LIFE is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guests to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.



FOREST CITY, SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

FOREST CITY, SIERRA COUNTY.

We present, on the preceding page, a view of Forest City, which, it will be remembered, was recently destroyed by fire. The view represents the town as it appeared previous to the fire. It is situated at the junction of the north and south forks of Oregon creek, about eight miles southwesterly of Downieville, the county seat of Sierra. The public buildings consist of a Methodist Church and Odd Fellows' Hall, in which, also, the Masonic and Temperance organizations meet. The Masonic Fraternity are now building a fine Hall, for their own use.

The character of the mining is what is termed, "Tunnel Diggings," and is on the "Great Blue Lead," the richest probably in the State, and very extensive; having been traced already from twenty to thirty miles in length, and nearly a mile in width. It is supposed to be the bed of a large and ancient river. The tunnels are works of considerable magnitude, some of them being over two thousand feet in length, and worked by steam engines. There are over twenty companies in all, some of them having been profitably at work over four years, and their claims still paying well.

FAMILY PICTURE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The husband set by the parlour fire,
The babe upon his knee;
While puss upon the hearth-rug slept,
So warm and cozily:

The old house-dog lay dozing there,
Beside his master's chair,
And heeded not the playful tricks,
Of children romping there.

The old clock in the corner struck
The early hour of seven:
The stand was drawn before the fire
On that bright winter's even;
The young wife sat beside it there,
Her sewing in her hand;
Her work-box and her work were laid
On the old household stand.

The grandsire sat in the easy chair,
His locks were thin and gray;
He talked and smoked his pipe by turns,
Chatting the hours away.

Of the revolutionary war
He loved the most to tell;
How the old patriots conquered there;
What mighty heroes fell.

The grandame sat beside him,
Turning her needles o'er;
She smiled and listened to his talk,
Though often heard before,
It never was one word too long,
For in that old man's strain,
She heard the story of her life,
And lived it o'er again.

The pitcher stood upon the hearth,
With well-pressed cider filled;
And russet apples, by its side,
Upon the hearth were piled. [passed;
The clock struck nine—two hours had
That circle gathered there;
The grandsire reverently knelt,
And closed the hour with prayer.

THE GOLDEN CYCLE: A DREAM OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY MILLIE MAYFIELD.

The index on the gray dial of Time, guided by the pendulum of rolling centuries, had reached a magic point; and, with a sweet cadence inaudible to mortal ears, the silvery chime vibrated along the golden bridge that spanned the broad Pacific from the borders of our lovely land to the amber-terraced battlements of the setting sun, whose crimson palace-walls gleamed from the cloud-land shore with unwonted splendor.

It was a gala eve in those airy towers—being the inauguration of the spirit, to whose charge was consigned the keys that locked the sparkling caverns of the Western lands of earth—and the time had arrived when his duties should assume tangibility; and, clothed with the panoply of power, he must forth to earth upon his mission, to rouse the heart of man by visions of the yellow ore that rested in the mine's rough bosom. Dreariness had been his initiate during the long years when the Red Man was monarch of the soil; when the clear lakes, from their liquid aqua-marine depths reflected the birch canoes, suspended, as it were, between two armaments—the one above, the other below—and the dense forests and wide-spread plains of the El Dorado of the West remained in unbroken silence, save when the twanging bow of the Indian hunter echoed through the everglades, startling the timid herds, and sending flocks of feathered warblers from their leafy retreats, to whirl in fantastic circles above their invaded premises, and after a few agitated sweeps, to settle once more upon their emerald couches.

That day was over. A new era dawn-

ed upon progressive Earth, and the fashion of old things had passed away. The ringing axe of the early settler had cleared broad vistas in the dense shades, and the tide of emigration flowed towards the setting sun. The time had come when the buried wealth of untold ages must be laid bare—and crowned and sceptred, wearing at his jeweled girdle a bunch of golden keys, and hallowed with a rainbow formed by the scintillations from his prismatic wings as they parted the sun-flooded atmosphere—down, down through the evening twilight like a meteor, sped the bright spirit on his golden mission.

And at the "open sesame" of his power, back upon their ponderous hinges rolled the massive doors that guarded the dower of the Western Bride—while, at the summons, forth to the wedding feast came the expectant guests. From the regions of the Ice-King and the Isles of the Tropic balm—from the Atlantic's far-spread shores, and from the green prairies of Oregon—from the Rocky and Alleghany mountains' fastnesses and from the great Mississippi valley came the pioneers, as the Golden Cycle chimed its mystic numbers through the reverberating Halls of Space.

Turn we now to a little cottage, situated in the suburbs of the city of New Orleans.

The house is one of a row of six-by-ten-footers, that are built to accommodate the greatest amount of the human family in the smallest possible space—each tenement being divided into two apartments, one opening on the street and the other into a small, square patch or yard-room,

over the rough picket fence of which you have a fine view—a broad sweep of cypress swamp, tenanted by croaking frogs and less demonstrative craw-fish! But into this humble habitation, built of boards that once floated upon the yellow bosom of the Mississippi as stately *flat-boats!*—and within those thread-bare apartments, where life's comforts have seldom entered and its luxuries are a forbidden theme—has the Dream of Gold floated over the hard pillow, and visions of a brighter future intruded.

The occupants of the cottage are gathered around the door of the front apartment on this lovely July evening; and the panorama of gilded clouds in the western sky, changing from the most delicate straw color to the glowing fire of the carbuncle, rival not the sanguine hues of the mental kaleidoscope mirrored from the sunset hills of the land of promise, to the dreaming man who sits on the lowly door-step.

"I must do it, Alice," he replies, to something urged by a delicate, fair-browed girl at his side, who, although a wife and a mother, looked too fragile and youthful to be called matron.

"I *must* go. An invisible hand seems to beckon me on; and I must follow its guidance. Think, how meagre is the stipend that I have to content myself with here, and how illy it supplies our wants, when, by a little exertion, and perhaps some hardships, I may be enabled to place you in a position befitting your station and merits."

He was excited; and the fire of enthusiasm burned in his dark eyes and lighted his expressive feature with a hopeful glow.

The young wife's cheek grew a shade paler, as she clasped her infant closer to her bosom, and, in an almost inaudible whisper, spoke:

"But, Arthur, should you *never* come back?"

"Pshaw! darling! why conjure a demon to torment you, when angels are pointing the road to prosperity? Be sure I *shall* come back—and be thou faithful unto the end," said he, for a moment tightening his grasp upon the blue-veined, delicate hand, that rested confidently within his own.

"O! be sure of *that!*" was the reply; but a strange feeling of despondency weighed down the speaker's heart, and a scarcely perceptible shudder ran through her frame.

It was not noticed by her companion, as his faculties were absorbed in the all-engrossing images called up by the whisperings that had reached his ears of the glittering ore in the underground palaces, to whose access the Genie of the Lamp of Perseverance was alone necessary.

Alice Norton had eloped from a boarding-school in one of the northern cities, with Arthur Leyton, who, finding it impossible to reconcile her parents, had brought his young wife to New Orleans, and upon his small salary, as a clerk, they lived; managing, by the strictest economy, to lay up a little sum every month, with the hope of, at some future day, investing it in a humble home of their own; and this accumulation of two years' deprivations Arthur now proposed should be applied, jointly, in transferring him to the auriferous regions of California, and to the support of his wife and child until he should be able to send them some of that wealth that only awaited his earnest seeking.

To Alice's prayers to accompany him and share his peril, he would not listen; but leaving her in the possession of two hundred dollars, and the promise of a speedy addition to her purse, he embarked for the Canaan that was to yield him future milk and honey.

Four years have rolled away since the

adventurous bark that bore Arthur Leyton on his search for wealth spread its white sails over the broad Pacific—and four years have rounded the girlish form of Alice into more perfect womanhood and beauty.

Four years! a second on the dial of Eternity, but fraught with good or evil, weal or woe for mutable mortality.

Again will we visit the row of cottages on the plank road of—— street, in the Crescent City.

No flashing sunlight fires the interstices of the cypress swamp and plays in golden ripples over a glowing tropic sky—but dark clouds shroud the heavens in gloom, and drop their ragged fringes over the city, while the hoarse thunder and deluging rain are no impediments to the winding funeral procession, from the plumed hearse bearing the fever-stricken form of the millionaire to the home of all—to the rumbling death-cart, piled with its rough coffins of every size, conveying the paupers' remains to their last resting place.

The year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, was wailing its mournful dirges in the land of the orange and magnolia; and the death-watch had ticked in the cottage of Alice Leyton. Her boy—her golden-haired little Charlie—must die! The last remaining link between her and her long-absent husband—never heard from since the sad parting-hour—must be severed.

Tearfully the poor mother bends over the humble couch, trying to soothe the wild fancies, bred in the heated brain, that harrow the little sufferer; while she feels, every moment, that she must succumb herself to the tyrant, who already has folded his searing arms about her.

Poverty, pain, disease and death!—How can she battle, *alone*, with the dark night of despair closing around her?

No tidings of the wanderer had ever reached her; yet she hoped through all,

and by the aid of her needle, had managed to live—if that can be called *living*, when the very soul is harnessed to supply the body's wants!

But now—her only solace, her joy and comfort is fluttering and pluming his wings for a far sweep beyond the lightning's home—and she will be desolate!

"Mamma, is it night?" asked the dying child. "I can't see you, mamma; is it night?"

Night? yes, endless midnight for me, internally spoke the agonized parent, but with an effort she commanded herself, and answered:

"No, darling—it is storming, and very dark and cloudy; but mamma is here," said she, passing her arm under his light form, and pillowing his hot head upon her bosom. "You can feel her, if you can't see her; can't you, my precious one?"

"Yes, mamma; but hold me fast—hold Charlie very fast, mamma. Don't you hear how they call? 'Come! come!' Charlie don't want to leave you in the dark, mamma. Oh! hold me *very* fast!"

Closely did the poor mother strain her dying child to her bosom; and, as the fever in her own brain mounted higher and higher, wildly did she scream to the fiends to leave her, leave her poor boy, or take her, too. And when the wild storm had spent its fury, and the subsiding elements permitted a human tone to be heard, the dwellers in that humble row were thrilled by the shrieks resounding from the cottage, and rushed in, to find the frantic mother with the little corpse, already dark and discolored with approaching decomposition, clasped to her burning heart, and the fires of delirium flaming in her large wild eyes.

For ten days the sufferer was unconscious of either grief or danger, alternately raving or muttering, or lying in apparent lethargy; but the crisis was past, and after a deep sleep of many

hours' duration, she opened her eyes, first with a bewildered look, and then, with returning consciousness, finding herself in a strange place, she feebly uttered—

“Where am I?”

A cool, light hand was laid on her brow, and a pale but sweetly benevolent face, framed in the delicate tissue border of a matronly cap, bent over, and a low, gentle voice said, “Do you feel better, dear?”

“Better? yes, I suppose so; but tell me, tell me what all this means? and how I came here?” said Alice, more and more bewildered; for she found herself in a cool, airy apartment, the glare excluded by closed blinds and delicate muslin curtains draped over the windows; while a network of lace hung from the tester of the bedstead to shut out the mosquitoes, and the marble-topped, polished rosewood furniture, with the crystal paraphernalia of the toilette, bespoke the abode of wealth and luxury.

“What does it all mean?” continued Alice, passing her hand over her brow as if to sweep away the mists from her brain.

“No matter, dear,” said the old lady, bending down and imprinting a motherly kiss on her brow; “you shall know, when you are stronger. You have been very ill, and you must not excite yourself. Rest assured that you are with friends, and that you will want for nothing.”

“Ill? ill, did you say? Have I been delirious?” asked she, with sudden excitement.

“You have,” replied the lady, “and you must keep quiet, or I will not answer for the consequences.”

“Oh! then, it was only a wild fancy of my brain? Thank God! thank God!” said Alice, fervently. “Do you know,” she added—turning to look at her companion—“do you know that I thought

my boy, my little Charlie, was dead? Oh, God! what a fearful dream it was!” and she shuddered and covered up her eyes as if to exclude the picture.

Her listener thought it was best not to undeceive her for the present, and answered her, gently: “Well, well, dear, you will have no more wild fancies now, if you will only be tractable and do as you are bidden. So, take this composing draught and try to sleep again.”

Her patient obeyed; and while the narcotic is doing its duty, we will do ours, and explain how Alice came to be in her present comfortable quarters.

All-honored be the name of Howard, the philanthropist! And all honored be the noble body of good Samaritans, known as the “Howard Association, of New Orleans!” If deeds of mercy go upward to the Throne of Grace, truly will the bread they cast upon the waters return to them laden with blessings from the Fountain of Beneficence!

A member of this benevolent Association was Harvey Allison, a man of wealth and standing, who had passed the rubicon of manhood with his bachelor peace uninvaded. His widowed mother was at the head of his elegant establishment, and in her was centred his dearest hopes—to promote her happiness his chief aim—this, with a wide diffusion of unlimited for the benefit of suffering humanity, was his dear privilege and pure solace. And so, in his rounds of mercy, seeking for the sick and destitute, he discovered Alice in the poor cottage that formed her home.

Struck by the air of delicacy and refinement that, in spite of privation and disease, shed a halo around her—and learning her history from some of the neighbors, he immediately enlisted the sympathies of his kind mother, to whom his wishes were laws, in behalf of the sufferer, and she was removed to their own luxurious home, instead of being conveyed to the hospital provided by the

Association for the reception of the ill and destitute.

Here, with tender nursing and care, was she rescued from the jaws of Death; and as she rapidly convalesced and gained strength, her loss was made known to her by one who endeavored with motherly affection to supply the place of the childish prattle and innocent caresses of the now bright-winged dweller of a better land! She was told that she should want no more—that this should be her home, as a daughter's love was all that was needed to complete the happiness of the good Mrs. Allison. The conviction had resolved itself to certainty, that the husband of her youth was no more, else, whence his ominous silence? Her new friends did not attempt to conceal their belief that such was a mournful fact—and thus all ties of nature's forming rent in twain—her heart, like the vine severed from its native tree, wound its tendrils around the first friendly branches that it could—

“Twine with itself and make dearly its own.”

The New Year has dawned—clear, bright, sparkling and joyous—burying the dead past, with its trappings of woe, in the vast Mausoleum where hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, loves and hatreds, friendships and animosities must all find a tomb, sooner or later.

The mansion of the Allisons is thrown open for the reception of their friends on the merry New Year's Day, and the wonder-loving public are to be permitted, for the first time, a glimpse of the *rara avis* that has succeeded in making an impression upon the hitherto adamant heart of Harvey Allison; for the character of his affianced bride has Alice Leyton sustained for some weeks—and this bright New Year's morning is to witness the plighting of their vows.

Gratitude, respect and esteem induced her acquiescence to the proposals so deli-

cately tendered from one to whom she owed so much—but draw the veil from the inner sanctuary of her woman's heart, and there, enshrined as a holy thing, is the picture of a lonely, neglected grave, in the far wilds of the West, with no kind hand to rear a single bud to mark the miner's resting-place, and no tear to moisten the sod where her poor Arthur “sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.”

Yet she did not feel that she would be taking upon herself “false vows” when before the altar she should promise to be a faithful wife to the generous man that had befriended her; no, no—but the glow, the fervor of her young heart was quenched forever; and the calm, passionless, but still gentle woman, remained to go through life's duties soberly, and with the ever-recurring conviction, that “to everything there cometh a last day!”

The mystic hour of ten had chimed from the tiny time-piece in Alice's boudoir, and the bridemaids had arranged the fleecy veil for the twentieth time in as many seconds—when Mrs. Allison entered to announce the arrival of the minister, and that the important moment had at last dawned that would truly give her a mother's claim upon the affection of the gentle being that had so wound herself around her heart.

A few friends were assembled in the parlors to witness the ceremony, and the rest of the day was to be passed in receiving the many calls that New Year claims, and presenting the young Mrs. Allison to the visitors.

Pale, almost to ghastliness, was Alice, as she stood before the man of God to plight again her vows at an earthly shrine; but no other emotion did she show—and as the impressive words of the Episcopal marriage service sounded through the room, a hush pervaded the assembly, and all eyes rested upon the cold, calm, pallid face of the bride.

The minister, in a slightly elevated

tone, and with a solemnity befitting the occasion, was propounding the charge—"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace"—when a sudden stoppage of hurrying wheels, before the mansion—a jerk of the door-bell, and quick footsteps breaking through the gaping crowd of domestics that were gathered in the hall to view the ceremony—and a sun-burned, travel-worn man, whose heavy black whiskers and uncut elfin locks almost concealed his face, but not a pair of dark, luminous eyes, burning with a strange light, burst in upon the astonished guests, and in an agonized tone that thrilled upon *one* heart, at least, exclaimed:

"Stop! stop, I command you! What *would* you do? I forbid the proceedings."

"By what right, sir, have you perpetrated this outrage?" demanded Harvey Allison, catching the fainting form of Alice to his heart, and with a flashing eye and a quivering lip, turning to the intruder for an explanation, while several of the gentlemen guests stepped forward to eject him forcibly, if necessary.

But very mournful came the reply from the blanched lips of the now trembling man, who seemed to have suddenly forgot his fierceness:—

"Alas! a *husband's* right! tho' perhaps, forfeited. O Alice! Alice! that it should come to this!" and bowing his face in his bronzed hands, the strong man wept tears of agony wrung from a breaking heart.

With a discrimination, the result of good-breeding and delicacy, the guests silently withdrew from the house so suddenly changed from one of rejoicing to the abode of consternation and horror; and in the deep silence that followed their departure—a silence broken only by the sobs of Mrs. Allison from the back parlor, where the terrified bride-

maids were trying to revive the insensible Alice—sat the two men, regarding each other with bewildered looks; the wedded husband of other days, and the plighted one of the present!

A struggle was evidently going on in the heart of Harvey Allison—a struggle between the powers of good and evil—but his better nature triumphed. With a generosity of purpose that was truly magnanimous, and showed the nobility of the man, who could so unshrinkingly put his heel upon SELF—he stepped forward with extended hand, and said:—

"If you are Arthur Leyton, and can prove that by no complicity of your own you have so long withheld your protection from her, who has been—however circumstances may appear to the contrary—faithful to your memory, there is my hand, and let there be peace between us for the sake of her, whom we are *both* bound to protect."

"Sir, you have pierced my heart by your generosity, deeper than if you had planted a dagger there—and you have bound it to you with chords of friendship and respect, stronger than bands of steel could have done," said the wanderer, wringing the hand of him who, no longer a rival, shone forth the true and steadfast friend. "When you have heard all, you will not regret having bestowed your confidence on one who, though unfortunate, has never been dishonorable."

"From my soul, I am glad to hear it," said the generous man, returning the warm grasp of the other; "but see, my—no, no; no longer *mine*—*our* poor Alice is reviving; let me conduct you to her, and in her ear, alone, shall you pour forth the story of your sufferings; and *she* shall decide what shall be their reward."

Carrying out his noble resolve, he led the trembling husband to the side of the corpse-like woman in her bridal robes, and placing her hand in that of his to

whom her virgin vows were plighted, he imprinted a *brother's* pure kiss upon her brow, and beckoning the rest to follow, left the re-united pair to their own communings.

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We will turn the scroll of another cold, bright morning, a few days later in the same month of the same year.

A clear, deep blue sky and sparkling sun shine above, and a bracing "norther" tossing the white-caps in the Mexican Gulf, where a noble steamship ploughs the watery field, on its way to the golden shores of California.

Leaning over the gunwales of this moving, breathing monument to the power of steam, is Arthur Leyton; somewhat more *humanized* than when we saw him a few days since, being shorn of his hirsute crop, and otherwise re-fashioned in personal embellishments to comport with the requirements of civilization and refinement—and by his side, his sorely-tried, long-suffering but faithful wife; ay, faithful, even while contemplating another union; for *friendship* was all she had ever felt for Harvey Allison; and a gratitude that prompted her to make the only return in her power, combined with a determination to do her duty faithfully, to insure the happiness to the man to whom she owed so much.

But the husband of her heart's young hopes returned, alive! Ah! the "old love" with its "master-spell" came back; and when she listened to the tale of his long captivity among the Indian hordes of the far West—when she heard how he had, unintentionally, and lured by a lovely prospect, wandered away from the emigrant train which he had joined on arriving, and being overtaken by night, and overcome by exhaustion in endeavoring to find his way back to his companions, had lain down for a few moments' repose, under the sheltering branches of a huge tree, and was awakened by the

red glare of the savages' camp-fire, and found by their gestures and motions that they considered him their lawful property, (two were sitting keeping guard over his person while he slept), and would treat him with kindness so long as he did not attempt to escape, but, (with a significant flourish of the scalping-knife in the region of the cerebrum), on the slightest intimation of such an intention, another trophy of gory hair would grace the wampum of their chief—she shuddered, and folded her arms tighter around him, as her head rested upon his bosom.

And then, the recital of the days and nights, and months, and years passed in torturing dreams of home, wife, child, and all the ties that bound him to life—and, finally, the unhopd for sight of a company of miners, through the hazy glow of an Indian summer evening—and the desperate resolve, at all hazards, to reach them in spite of the strict watch kept upon his movements—the chase for life or death—and his final escape, tho' flights of arrows whistled fearfully close, and one did take effect in his left arm, the wound of which was scarcely healed as yet—awakened in her heart the keenest anguish, that she should ever, even in thought, have accused him of neglect; and bound her to him with renewed love and unshakable confidence.

More than this did he state: How, immediately upon his return to civilized life, he had written to her—but the letter, alas! never reached her—telling, that as soon as he had amassed sufficient to bring him home, (for the savages had appropriated all his money, which he wore in a belt around his body), he should seek and find her, dead or alive. And, that fortune, as if to make amends for the scurvy trick she had played him, opened to him unlooked for success; and in a few weeks his golden dream was realized—the wealth he had coveted was his—and he could fly to bring his heart's idols

to share it with him in the land of his adoption.

The rest of his story was soon told. Hastening to the humble tenement in which he had left her, he learned from the neighbors the state of affairs, and rushed frantically, almost unconscious of what he was about, to the spot which he feared would prove the tomb of all his hopes, but reached it in time to revive his dying happiness.

Their home was reached—and the “golden cycle” of their lives complete, and when another New Year’s day added a second little “Charlie,” and a “Harvey”—twin rose buds on the tree of Love—to their happy household in the bounteous land that so generously yielded her

stores to add to their blessings and comforts.

As for Harvey Allison, the noble man, who, at the call of Duty had immolated Self!—can we doubt his happiness? Verily, virtue is its own reward! To such as he, *life* is a Golden Cycle from the cradle to the grave; its numbers told in deeds of justice, mercy and love, that roll over stellar heights, and ring with silvery cadences upon the great time-piece of Eternity, where Seraphs make a record of the chimes within the Book of Life!

“To him that *overcometh*, will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, that grows in the midst of the Paradise of God.”

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

BY GEORGE N. ALLEN.

“O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea;”
The words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On his cabin couch at close of day.
He had wasted and pined ’till o’er his brow
The death-shade had slowly passed, and now,
When the land and his fond loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around him to see him die.

O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll over me,
Where no light will break through the dark, cold
And no sunbeam rest upon my grave. [wave,
It matters not, I have oft been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold,
Yet grant ye, O! grant ye this boon to me,
“O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.”

For in fancy I’ve listened to the well known words,
The free, wild winds, and the songs of the birds;
I have thought of home, of cot and bower,
And of scenes that I loved in childhood’s hour.
I had ever hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the church-yard there, on the green hill-side;
By the bones of my father’s my grave should be,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

Let my death slumbers be where a mother’s prayer
And a sister’s tear shall be mingled there;
O! ’twill be sweet, ere the heart’s throb is o’er,
To know when its fountains shall gush no more,
That those it so fondly hath yearned for will come
To plant the first wild flower of spring on my tomb;
Let me lie where those loved ones will weep over me,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

And there is another; her tears would be shed
For him who lay far in an ocean bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now, [brow.
She hath twined these locks, and hath kissed this
In the hair she hath wreathed, shall the sea-snake
hiss? [kiss?
And the brow she hath pressed, shall the cold wave
For the sake of that bright one that waiteth for me,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

“She hath been in my dreams”—his voice failed
They gave no heed to his dying prayer; [there;
They have lowered him slow o’er the vessel’s side,
Above him has closed the dark, cold tide;
Where to dip their light wings the sea-fowls rest
Where the blue waves dance o’er the ocean’s crest;
Where the billows bound, and the winds sport free;
They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea.

THE GIPSY GIRL OF MADRID.

Translated and altered from the Spanish of Cervantes, by JOHN S. HITTELL.

Continued from the last Number.

Having spoken thus, the old and eloquent Gipsy was silent. The neophyte said that it pleased him much to learn such praiseworthy statutes, founded in reason and wise policy; that in obedience to them he would make his profession, and it grieved him not to have come earlier to the knowledge of a life so joyful, and that from that time he renounced the profession of a nobleman and the vain glory of an illustrious lineage, and placed it all under the yoke, or, to speak better, under the laws with which they lived: since with such high recompense they rewarded him for his desire to serve them, delivering to him the divine Preciosa, for whom he would leave crowns and empires, and only to serve her, would desire them.

To which Preciosa replied: "Though these gentlemen lawgivers have found by their laws that I am yours, and as yours have delivered me over to you, I have found by the laws of my will, which are stronger than all, that I do not wish to be yours except under the conditions we concerted before you came hither. Two years you must serve in our association before I am yours; so that you may not repent from fickleness, nor I be deceived through haste. Conditions break laws: those which I have placed upon you, you already know, and if you wish to observe them, it is possible that I shall be yours and you mine: and if not, the mule is not yet dead, your clothes are entire, and of your money there is not a cuarto lost. Your absence has not yet been for a whole day, and of the remainder of it you can make use, and consider what you will do. These men may easily deliver you my

body, but not my soul; that is free, and shall be free to the extent that I desire: if you remain, I will esteem you highly: if you return, I will not think less of you. It seems to me that the amorous desires run with a loose rein until they meet with reason or are undeceived, and I would not wish that you should act towards me as the hunter with the fox, for he having caught it, leaves it to chase another. There are eyes to which all that glitters is gold, but they soon know the difference between the true and the false; this, my beauty, which you say that I possess, that gladdens you more than the sun, and which you value more than gold, this, I know, near at hand, will appear but as a shadow, and once touched, its alchemy will be gone. Two years' time I give you to consider what you will choose and what you will reject. The partner that can be divorced by death only, should be examined and re-examined in the shade as well as in the light: for I do not govern myself by the barbarous and insolent license, which these my relatives have taken, to leave their wives or to chastise them at their caprice, and as I have no thought of doing anything which may deserve punishment, I do not wish to bind myself to one who may chastise me or cast me off at pleasure."

"You are right! O, Preciosa!" said Andres, at this point, "and if you wish that I should secure your fears and allay your suspicions, by swearing that I will not overstep the orders which you may impose upon me, tell me what oath I shall take, or what other security I can give you, for you will find me disposed to everything."

"The oaths and promises made by a captive to obtain his liberty are seldom observed," said Preciosa; "and I think it is the same with those of a lover, who, to attain his desire, will promise to get the wings of Mercury and the lightning of Jupiter. I wish no oaths, Señor Andres, no promises: I desire only to refer all to the experience of this novitiate, and to me shall be left the charge of guarding myself if you undertake to offend me."

"Be it so," replied Andres; "one thing alone I will ask of these gentlemen, my companions: that is, that they shall not force me to steal anything during the space of one month: for it appears to me that I cannot be expert until I have taken many lessons."

"Silence, my son," said the old Gipsy; "here we will keep you busy, so that you shall come forth a hawk in your profession, and once learned, it shall be your greatest delight. It is not bragging to speak of going out empty-handed in the morning, and returning loaded at night to camp."

"I have seen some of these empty-handed return loaded with lashes," said Andres.

The old man replied: "All the affairs of this world have their difficulties, and the career of the thief may stop at the gallows, the gibbet or the whipping-post: but because one ship may be dismasted, or another wrecked, is no good reason that other ships should abandon navigation. It would not be well, because war devours men and horses, to have no armies. The point of merit is not to abandon mother earth in the flower of our youth, nor upon the first offense; for the lashing upon the shoulders and rowing the water in the galley we do not consider in the least. Son Andres, repose for the present in the nest under our wings, for at the proper time we will take you forth to steal, and in such place that you shall not return without booty."

"Then," said Andres, "as a recompense for what I might be able to steal in this time for which you have excused me, I wish to share two hundred crowns among all in the camp." Scarcely had he said this when many Gipsys seized him, and raising him upon their arms and shoulders, they shouted, "Victor! Victor! the great Andres!" and some added, "long live Preciosa, his betrothed." The Gipsy women did the same with Preciosa, not without the envy of Cristina and other Gipsy girls present, for envy dwells alike in the wigwam of the savage, the hut of the shepherd, and the palace of the prince. This done they ate slowly, divided the promised money fairly, renewed the praises of Andres, and exalted the beauty of Preciosa to the skies. Night came; they killed the mule and buried him in such manner that Andres felt secure from danger of discovery, and at the same time they buried his trappings with the mule after the manner of the Indians, who bury with a person all his wealth.

Andres was astonished at what he saw and heard, and at the acuteness of the Gipsys, and he fortified himself in his resolution to carry out his undertaking without intermeddling with their customs, or at least to excuse himself as much as possible, thinking to exempt himself at the cost of his money. The next day Andres asked them to change their camp and remove from Madrid, for he feared to be recognized if he stayed near. They answered that they had already determined to go to the mountains of Toledo, and from there to overrun and plunder the neighborhood. They then started and offered a mule to Andres, but he preferred to go afoot at the side of the jenny upon which Preciosa rode. She was happy to see what a dominion she had over her esquire, and he was no less happy to see himself so near to her whom he had made the mistress of his soul.

O, mighty power of Him whom they call the sweet Divinity of bitterness! with how little respect thou treatest men! Andres was young and a nobleman of good understanding, educated at the Court, the darling of his rich parents, and in one day suffered such change that he deceived his servants and his friends, defrauded the hopes that his parents had in him, left the road to Flanders where he was to have tried the valor of his person and to have increased the honor of his lineage, and has come to prostrate himself at the feet of a girl and to be her lackey, who though beautiful, yet was only a homeless Gipsy. Wondrous privilege of beauty, to pull the wool over a man's eyes, and force him against the grain, to kneel and surrender his independence.

Four days after leaving Madrid the Gipsys arrived at a village two leagues from Toledo, where they fixed their camp; first giving to the Alcalde of the place some deposits of silver as security that they would not steal in his district. This done, all the old Gipsy women and some of the men and girls scattered themselves through all the country within four or five leagues of the camp. Andres went along to take the first lesson in thieving; but although they gave him many in that excursion, none of the opportunities suited him: rather following the dictates of his honorable blood, his soul was wounded at every theft committed by his new friends. Sometimes he even paid the value of the things stolen, moved to pity by the complaints of those despoiled; at which the Gipsys despaired, saying that it was against their statutes and ordinances to permit charity to enter their breasts, for it would drive out the propensity for thieving and deprive them of their means of existence. Andres then, seeing this, said that he wished to steal by himself, alone: because he had activity to escape from danger and boldness to

venture, so that the reward or the punishment of his stealing might be for him alone. The Gipsys tried to dissuade him from this thought, telling him that occasions might happen when it would be necessary to have company, as well to accomplish an undertaking as for self defense, and that one person alone was not able to take any great prizes: but Andres persisted, and practising upon this plan, he bought articles from the country people and brought the company more profit than four of their most accomplished thieves. Preciosa was highly pleased to see her lover become so active and expert a thief: but with all this she was fearful of some misfortune, for she would not have wished to have seen him in infamy for all the treasure of Venice, compelled as she was to hold him dear for the many services which he did for her and the many presents which he made to her.

In the environs of Toledo they stayed about a month and gained a plentiful harvest, and thence they went to Estremadura, a warm and healthy land. Andres entertained Preciosa with modest, discreet and enamored conversation; and she, little by little, fell deeper in love with the discretion and good conduct of her lover; and he, in the same manner, was, if possible, becoming more enamored with the good sense, modesty and beauty of Preciosa. Wherever they arrived he received the applause and the prizes at running and jumping: he played ball extremely well: he cast the bar with force and singular dexterity: finally, in a short time, his fame passed throughout Estremadura, and there was not a village where they did not speak of the accomplishments of Andres Cavalier, the Gipsy; and at the same pace ran the fame of Preciosa, so that there was not a city, townorhamlet to which they were not invited to enliven the public festivals. In this manner the tribe became rich and

prosperous, and the lovers were delighted with their mutual company. After traveling in Estremadura about two months, they went to Murcia, and after having been in that territory for about six weeks, they stopped at a village, where a misfortune happened to Andres, which almost cost him his life. Up to this time Andres found the Gipsy life to be a Paradise; he was the most influential man in the tribe; the strongest in the wrestle and the swiftest in the race, and Preciosa returned his love with tenfold interest, so that she could never rest if he were out of sight. Andres had made this discovery with the greatest pleasure a short time before arriving at this village, where, after giving some vases and valuables of silver in security according to custom, a party of Gipsys, including Andres and Preciosa, stopped at the house of a rich widow, who had a daughter of seventeen or eighteen years of age, more bold than handsome, and named Juana Carducha. She having seen the Gipsys dance, was seized by the devil, and fell so in love with Andres that she determined to declare herself and take him for a husband, if he wished, though it should grieve all her relatives. She then sought an opportunity to speak to him, and she found it in the corral, whither he had gone to catch a couple of chickens. She went up to him, and in haste, so as not to be seen, said to him: "Andres," for she already knew his name, "I am a rich maiden; my mother has no other child, and this house is hers, and she has, besides, two others like it, and vineyards. You have pleased me: if you wish me for a wife it is for you to decide; answer me soon, and if you are prudent, wait, and you shall see what a life we shall lead."

Andres was astonished at the boldness of Juana and in the haste which she sought, he answered: "Señorita, I am already betrothed, and the Gipsys marry only in their own nation. God bless you

for the mercy which you would do me; I am not worthy of it."

Juana was upon the point of fainting at the short reply of Andres, whom she would have solicited farther, had not other Gipsys appeared. She went out disappointed and angry, and desirous of revenge. Andres prudently determined to avoid the occasion which the devil offered him: for he easily read in the eyes of Juana that she would deliver herself to him to the extent of his will without any matrimonial ceremonies, and he did not wish to be alone with her again within that corral. He therefore besought the Gipsys to prepare for going away. They, who always obeyed him, agreed, and getting back their securities, they started. Juana, who considered the departure of Andres equivalent to the loss of half her soul, and saw that there was no time to solicit the fulfilment of her desires, managed to detain him by force, since she could not by love. With the cunning and secrecy which her evil intention taught her, she placed in the knapsack which she knew to be his some rich corals and two silver medals, with other articles; and scarcely had the Gipsys left the house when she cried out that they had stolen her jewels; whereupon the officers came, and all the people in the village. The Gipsys stopped and all swore that they had stolen nothing, and that they would expose for examination all the property of the tribe. At this the old woman was much troubled, fearing that in that scrutiny the jewels of Preciosa and the clothes of Andres would come to light, for she had preserved them carefully: but Juana Carducha prevented all that, for at the second bundle which they examined, she said that they should ask which was that of the great dancer, for she had seen him go into her room twice, and perhaps he had taken them.

Andres understood that she was speaking of him, and laughing, said: "Dam-

sel, this is my donkey and this is my wardrobe; and if you find about either anything of yours, I will pay you for it sevenfold, besides suffering the punishment which the law gives to thieves."

The officers of the law hastened to unload the donkey, and soon found the missing articles. At this Andres was so astonished and frightened that he resembled a statue of stone.

"Did I not suspect rightly?" said Miss Carducha, "see what an innocent face for so great a thief."

The judge, who was present, began to call Andres by a thousand insulting names, and cursed all Gipsys for thieves and robbers. To all this Andres said nothing, for he did not understand the meanness of Miss Carducha. Then a soldier, nephew of the judge, came up to him, saying, "Do you not see what Gipsys are? I will bet that, with all his rascality, he will deny the theft, though taken in the act: lucky for him if he do not get to the galleys. Why would it not be better that this scamp should be there serving the king, rather than dancing about from village to village and stealing from mountain to valley? By the faith of a soldier but I will give him a box;" and saying this, without more ado, he raised his hand and gave Andres such a blow that he was waked from his revery, and caused to remember that he was not Andres Cavalier, the Gipsy, but Don Juan, and a nobleman: and leaping at the soldier, with much haste and more wrath, he wrested his sword from its sheath and killed him at a thrust. Then the people cried out, the judge raved, Preciosa swooned, and Andres was frightened at seeing her fall: then there was a hastening of all to arms and a rush to seize the homicide. Amidst great confusion Andres was soon taken and loaded with heavy chains. Indeed the judge would have liked to have had him executed immediately, had it been in his

power; but he had to send persons accused of high crimes to Murcia, the nearest seat of a high court. They did not take him until the next day, and in the meanwhile he suffered much inconvenience and abuse which the angry judge and his relatives and all the people of the village heaped upon him. The judge took all the Gipsys he could catch, but the most of them fled. Finally, provided with a summary of the case, and a great crowd of Gipsys, the judge, his officers, and many other persons, entered Murcia. All the city came out to see the prisoners, for they had already heard of the death of the soldier; but the beauty of Preciosa that day was such that all who saw her blessed her. The report of her beauty reached the ears of the Superior Judge's wife, who, for curiosity to see the Gipsy girl, induced her husband to command that Preciosa alone should not be imprisoned. They placed Andres in a narrow cell, the darkness of which, with the lack of the light of Preciosa's eyes, affected him so much that he really expected to never leave the cell except for his grave. They took Preciosa, with her grandmother, that the judge's wife might see her; and when they met, the lady said, "You are indeed beautiful," and going to Preciosa, embraced her tenderly, and did not tire with gazing at her. She then asked the grandmother what was the girl's age.

"Fifteen years and two months," answered the old Gipsy.

The lady spoke sadly: "The same age which my poor Constance would now have had. Oh, my friends, this child has renewed my sorrow."

Preciosa took her hands, and kissing them many times, she bathed them with tears, and said: "Kind lady, the Gipsy that is a prisoner is no criminal, for he was attacked: they called him a thief, which he is not: they struck him first in the face, which is such that you can discover his honesty in it. For God's sake,

use your influence with the judge to delay his trial and punishment, and if my beauty has given you any pleasure, favor me by shielding the prisoner, for with the end of his life there will be an end of mine likewise. He should have been my husband, but honorable and proper impediments have prevented our marriage. If money be necessary to obtain a pardon, our whole tribe will sell itself at auction. Oh, Señora! if you know what love is, and if you have at any time felt its influence, and if you now have any love for your husband, pity me, for I love mine tenderly and honestly."

All this time Preciosa had not let go her hands, nor stopped looking at her attentively, shedding bitter and pitiable tears in great abundance. In the same manner the lady held the Gipsy girl's hands, looking at her no less attentively, and shedding tears no less. Whilst in this position the judge entered the room, and finding his wife and Preciosa so weeping and occupied, he was astonished at her tears as well as at her beauty. When Preciosa saw him she left the hands of the lady and seized the feet of the judge, saying to him, "Pity, Señor, pity, if my betrothed die, I die likewise: he is not in fault, but if he be guilty, then punish me, or if that cannot be, then put off the trial until the proper means for his defense can be sought and found: for it might be that Heaven would send gracious safety to one who did not offend in malice." The judge was anew astonished to hear the discreet words of the Gipsy girl, and had it not been for his pride, would have accompanied her in her tears.

In the meantime the old Gipsy was considering many great and intricate questions, and at the end of her suspense and study, she said: "Wait for me a little while, and I will cause this weeping to change to joy, though it cost me my life," and then she went out of the room with

a light step, leaving them in ignorance of her meaning. While the old woman was gone, Preciosa did not abandon her prayers and tears for the postponement of the trial of her betrothed, with the intention of informing his father, that he might come to defend Andres. The Gipsy woman soon returned with a little box under her arm, and requested the judge and his wife to go into a room where she could be alone with them, for she had great things to tell them. The judge, believing that she wished to discover to him some thefts of the Gipsys, to render him propitious in the case of the prisoner, immediately went with his wife and her into his cabinet, where the old woman, placing herself on her knees before them, said: "If the good news which I am about to give you does not merit, as a reward, the pardon of my great sin, here I am to receive the punishment which you may see fit to inflict; but, before I confess, I wish that you may tell me whether you recognize these jewels:" and opening the box where she had those of Preciosa, she placed them in the hands of the judge. He looked at them, and he saw that they were the ornaments of a child. When the lady saw them she seemed very much excited, and she asked, "Whose are these jewels?"

"Here in this folded paper," said the old woman, "is the child's name."

The judge took the paper and read: "The child's name is Constancia de Acevedo, her mother is Doña Guiomar de Acevedo, and her father's name is Don Fernando de Acevedo, Knight of the order of Calatrava. She disappeared on Ascension day at eight in the morning, in the year 1595, and she wore these ornaments in this box."

Scarcely had the lady heard the contents of the paper when she took the ornaments, placed them to her mouth and giving them a thousand kisses, fainted and fell. The judge hastened to

sprinkle some water in her face and place her upon the sofa, and when she came to herself, she said, "Good woman, rather angel than Gipsy, where is the child—the owner of these jewels?"

"Where, lady!" exclaimed the Gipsy, "in this house you have her; that Gipsy girl who drew tears from your eyes is their owner and your child. I stole her from your house in Madrid the day and hour here written."

The excited lady jumped almost out of her shoes when she heard this, and ran to the hall where she had left Preciosa; and there she found her yet weeping, surrounded by the servant girls; she rushed up to Preciosa, and without speaking, in great haste, opened her dress and looked under her left breast, and there found a mole with which her child had been born, and the mole was already large for it had grown with time. Then with the same haste she took off the shoe of Preciosa's right foot and discovered a foot like polished ivory and saw upon it what she sought, which was that the two last toes were united by a small web of flesh. The breast, the toes, the ornaments, the specified day of theft, the confession of the Gipsy, and the surprise and pleasure which she felt when she saw the Gipsy girl, confirmed the truth that Preciosa was her daughter; and then seizing her in her arms, she returned to where her husband and the Gipsy were. Preciosa was confused, not understanding what was meant, and still more when the lady took her in her arms and covered her with kisses. Doña Guiomar soon arrived with her precious burden to the presence of her husband, and transferring it from her arms to his, said:

"Receive my lord, your daughter, Constanca, for this is she beyond a doubt, I have seen the mark of the joined toes and that of the mole on her breast; and besides, my soul has been

saying so to me since the moment that I first saw her."

"I do not doubt it," answered the judge, "for I have had the same thoughts, and all put together it appears like a miracle."

All the servants in the house were wondering, asking each other what it meant, and they all guessed wide of the mark; for none could have thought that the Gipsy girl was the daughter of their mistress. The judge said to them that they should keep the secret, and at the same time he told the old Gipsy that he pardoned her for the theft of his daughter, but that it grieved him that knowing the quality of Preciosa, she had betrothed her to a Gipsy, and he a thief and a murderer.

To this Preciosa said, "Oh my lord! he is not a Gipsy nor a thief, although he killed a man, but it was one who gave him a great insult, and he could not do less than show who he was, and kill him."

"How! he is no Gipsy, my daughter?" said Dona Guiomar.

Then the old woman related briefly the story of Andres Cavalier, and how he was son of Don Francisco de Carcamo, Knight of the order of Santiago, and that the son's name was Don Juan de Carcamo, of the same honorable order, as his ornaments which he had would show. She told at the same time of the agreement between Preciosa and Don Juan, of the two year's probation before marriage, and praised the chastity of both and the honorable disposition of Don Juan. At this they wondered as much as at the finding of their daughter; and the lady ordered the Gipsy woman to bring the clothes of Don Juan. She went out and soon returned with another Gipsy, who carried the clothes. While she was gone the parent put a thousand questions to Preciosa, which she answered with such discretion and grace that they would have loved her if they had

not known her to be their daughter. They asked her if she had any affection for Don Juan. She answered, no more than that she was compelled to be grateful to a person who had humiliated himself to be a Gipsy for her sake ; but that her thankfulness should not extend beyond the bounds set by the wishes of her parents."

"Silence, daughter Preciosa," said her father, "for I wish you to retain this name of Preciosa, in memory of your loss and recovery ; for I, as your father, will undertake to place you in condition to do no discredit to your quality."

Hearing this, Preciosa sighed, and her mother, as a sensible woman, knew that she was sighing out of love for Don Juan, and she said to her husband. "Señor, since Don Juan de Carcamo is so noble and so enamored of our daughter it would not be evil to give her to him as a spouse."

He answered, "To-day we have but found her and you already wish to lose her? Let us enjoy her company for a short time, for when she is married she will not be ours, but her husband's."

"You are right, my lord," answered she, "but give orders to free Don Juan, who is in the dungeon."

"Yes, he is," said Preciosa, "for to a homicide and a thief, and above all to a Gipsy, they would give no better place."

"I will go to see him as though I were going to take his confession," answered Don Fernando, and embracing Preciosa, he immediately went to the dungeon of Don Juan. He found him manacled upon hand and foot in a dark cell, and he said, "How do your wristbands fit? I wish that I had all the Gipsys in Spain thus hand-cuffed that I might finish with them in one day. Know punctilious thief, that I am the judge of this city, and have come to learn from you whether a Gipsy girl that came with you is your wife?"

Andres answered, "If she has said

that I am, it is true ; and if she has said that I am not, it is likewise true : for it is impossible that Preciosa should speak falsely."

"So truthful, is she?" said the Judge, "that is extraordinary in a Gipsy. Now young man, she has said that she is your spouse, but has never given you her hand. She has learned that on account of your crime you must die, and she has besought me to celebrate the marriage before you die, because she wishes the honor of being the widow of so great a thief."

"Then, your honor, do as she prays, and I will go, contented, to the other life."

"You must love her deeply," said the Judge.

"So much," said the prisoner, "that words are nothing. I have only to say, I killed a man who insulted me ; I love this Gipsy girl ; I will die contented if I die in her favor, and I know that the mercy of God will not be wanting to us, for we have kept our promises, honestly and strictly."

"Then I will send for you to-night," said the Judge, "and in my house, you will be married to Preciosa, and to-morrow at noon you will be upon the scaffold ; and therewith I will have complied with the dictates of justice and your desires."

Andres thanked him, and the Judge returned to his house, where he related to his wife what he had done. In the mean time Preciosa had related to her mother the whole course of her life, and how she had always believed that she was a Gipsy, and grand-daughter of the old woman, but that she had always respected herself more than was to be expected of a Gipsy girl. Her mother told her to tell her the truth, whether she loved Don Juan de Carcamo. She with bashfulness and down-cast eyes said, that having considered herself a Gipsy, and that she would better her condition by marrying a knight, and great noble like Don

Juan de Carcamo, and, as she had learned by experience, a man of such good and honorable disposition, she had sometimes looked upon him with eyes of affection, but that she had already said that the will of her parents was her law.

Night came, and about ten o'clock, they took Andres from the prison, loose, except one large chain around his waist. They arrived, unobserved by any one save his conductors, at the house of the judge, and in silence entered a room where they left him alone. Soon after a priest entered and told him to confess himself, for that he had to die on the morrow.

To which Andres answered: "I will confess very willingly, but why not marry me first, if I am to be married, the honey-moon will be short enough at best." Doña Guiomar, who heard all this, said to her husband that the fright might be too great for Don Juan, and cost him his life. The counsel appeared good to the judge and he went in to call the confessor and said to him, that, first he should marry the two Gipsys, and then hear the man's confession afterwards. They then took Andres to a large room where the only persons present were the judge, Doña Guiomar, Preciosa and a couple of servants; but when Preciosa saw Don Juan in chains, she threw herself into the arms of her mother and wept.

Doña Guiomar said, "Do not grieve my child, for all this shall redound to your pleasure and profit." She, fearful, did not know how to console herself, and the old Gipsy was frightened and the servants in suspense.

The judge said, "Sir Curate, these are the Gipsy man and woman that you are to marry."

"This I cannot do until the legal formalities have been complied with; where were the banns published? Where is the permission of my superior?"

"The inadvertence is mine," said the judge, "but I will manage it right."

"Then until it may be right, please excuse me," and without saying more he left the house.

"The curate has done right," said the judge, "and perhaps it was a providence of Heaven, that the punishment of Andres should be postponed, for indeed he must be married to Preciosa and the banns must be published; whereby time will be gained, which often gives sweet issue to bitter difficulties; and with all this I should like to know of Andres, if fortune should change its course and he should become Don Juan de Carcamo, whether he would consider himself fortunate in being the husband of Preciosa."

When Andres heard himself called by this name, he said, "Since Preciosa has not contained herself within the limits of silence, and has made known who I am, though the good fortune of her love should find me monarch of the world, I would esteem her so high that she should bound my desires, and I could hope for nothing more save Heaven."

"Then for the good intention which you have shewn, in proper time I will see that Preciosa shall be your lawful wife and now I give and deliver her to you, in hope, as the richest jewel of my house and of my life, and of my soul, for in her I give you Señorita Constancia de Acevedo, my only daughter, who if she equals you in love is not inferior in lineage."

Andres was astonished, and Doña Guiomar told him briefly the loss and recovery of her daughter. The secrecy was soon broken; the servants spread the news, which being heard by the judge, the uncle of the dead man, he saw his vengeance failed, for the rigor of justice could not be expected to fall upon the son-in-law of a superior judge. Don Juan dressed himself in his habit which the Gipsy woman had brought. The prison and chains of iron were changed for liber-

ty and chains of gold; the Gipsys were liberated; the uncle received the promise of two thousand crowns, in consideration of dropping the quarrel, and a servant of Miss Carducha swore to having seen her conceal her trinkets in Andres' bundle while Andres was away. Don Francisco said to Don Juan that he had learned that his father Don Francisco de Carcamo was appointed judge of that city, and that it would be well to wait for his arrival. Don Juan said he would be ruled, but that before all things he should be married to Preciosa. The archbishop gave him license to be married with but one bann. The Judge being very much beloved, the city made a celebration, with illuminations, bull fights and rockets,

upon the eve and day of the marriage. The news of the adventures and marriage of Don Juan and Preciosa reached the court, and the beauty and quality of Preciosa secured the pardon of Andres from his father, for his son's spirit of adventure. It was no little gratification to him to find the son, whom he had supposed to be lost, and to know that he was the son-in-law of so great a nobleman as Don Fernando de Acevedo. He hastened his departure to see his children, and within twenty days he was in Mercia. Upon his arrival the festivities were renewed, and the poets of the city celebrated the singular adventures and the discretion and grace of Don Juan and Preciosa.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

BY MILLIE MAYFIELD.

Mad! mad!
 When the thunder calls to the deep, I'm glad!
 When the storm's black bark unfurls its sail,
 And Death rides out on the fearful gale,
 I am glad! glad!

Sad! Sad!
 'Twas to see my Willie drown. Too bad,
 That the glittering threads of his golden hair
 Should hold him fast in the Siren's lair—
 Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!
 They call me mad, when I am but glad,
 As I shout his ever blessed name
 To the lightning's telegraphic flame,
 I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!
 No answering message comes back; too bad!
 The lightning's chain in the surging seas
 Breaks near the Hall of the Nereides—
 Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!
 There's a lurid light in the cloud—I'm glad!
 Yon sea of fog the stars will drown,
 I saw the moon's white face go down—
 I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!
 I shall be if no shipwreck's near—too bad,
 If there goes not a goodly company
 To meet him under the stormy sea;
 Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!
 Hurrah! there's a crash! I'm glad! I'm glad!
 The wind's sharp plow turns up the deep
 And furrows the beds where the sea-gods sleep,
 I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!
 Bound down like a felon—too bad, too bad,
 That I can't escape this torturing chain,
 And join my love in the foaming main—
 Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!
 When I hear the tempest roar, I'm glad;
 For I hope the storm-king will hear my cry
 And clip my cords as he thunders by—
 I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!
 His chariot's wheels drown my voice—too bad!
 I must wait for the tardy jailor, Death,
 To close the gates on my trembling breath,
 Too bad! too bad!

EXCURSION TO THE BUTTE MOUNTAINS.

BY GROVE K. GODFREY.

One morning, before the sun rose over the summits of the Sierras, I set out on an excursion from Yuba city to the Butte Mountains. All nature was calm and hushed to repose. The busy hum of day had not commenced, save by Heaven's own choristers that were offering up to God their songs of praise, making the groves vocal with their music. It was a lovely morning. The atmosphere was soft and balmy, and the sky beautifully blue. I started early to avoid the heat of the day, for experience had taught me that the delightful air I inhaled would become hot in a few hours. A belt of trees along Feather river covers the luxuriant bottom land, and they were mostly oak and sycamore, low and wide spreading, affording shades of the finest kind. Here were to be seen splendid trees clad with a gorgeous livery of foliage growing with all the luxuriance in which nature delights in these solitudes.

The festoons, draperies and trestle work of vines as they clung from tree to tree, presented a most graceful and attractive sight.

Birds too, of rich and varied plumage, having most sweet and liquid notes, made the landscape vocal with their songs; while the chattering magpie and blue jay, with an occasional whistle or peculiar call of the California partridge, and the lonely sound of the moaning doves as they could be seen playing among the dense foliage or on the tops of sycamore trees, gave additional interest to this animated and truly magnificent scene. As I emerged out into the open plain, the lofty, snowy peaks of the coast

range mountains just began to glitter in the first rays of the morning sun, which had not yet reached me. I turned to witness a sunrise over the peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains. A long wall to the eastward rose thousands of feet abruptly from the plains. As the sun continued to rise higher, the scenery became hourly more grand and interesting, and the view here was truly magnificent.

When the sun had fairly ascended above the wall, it made several magical changes. Its first rays gave the mountains the appearance of gold, and as it moved higher still, its beams struck the mountains in a different position, and they presented a deep rose color which contrasted beautifully with the blue sky above, and, finally the whole range of peaks capped with eternal snow, were gleaming like burnished silver, while a sea of summits flowed along the distant heavens. What a rich scene was presented to the admiring gaze in all its grandeur and sublimity. Never had I seen such gorgeous tints, such fantastic shapes among the clouds, and such blending of colors reflected in a thousand lovely tints on mountain and sky, as I here witnessed; earth, air and sky were lit up with the splendid spectacle. Though the scenes are not of the Alps, nor the Andes, yet they have their own peculiar character of grandeur and magnificence. Truly the sun rose with unusual brilliancy, and a soft and gentle breeze filled with the balmy fragrance of the thousand flowers of the plains, made the morning as delightful as the heart could wish. The singular beauty of the plains is delightful to the eye, and the

purity of the atmosphere in this region s bracing to one's constitution. As I proceeded on my journey, I heard the confused hum of the thousands of insects, now and then broken by the sharp chirping of a cricket.

The golden butterflies were seen flying gracefully in the air, and now and then I started up a wild lizard and a horned frog.

In the distance above the wide-spreading oak groves stands the Butte mountains, their sides glowing in the sunbeams. The green verdure of the lofty summits and the bright flowers of every hue which dotted the long stretch of open prairie land, tinged with the sun, contrasted beautifully.

As I advanced, both presented an attractive and invigorating landscape. I continued over loose soil and fine dust in some places, which made my journey exceedingly toilsome and unpleasant.

After walking about four miles over a parched and arid plain, occasionally relieved by a few trees or shrubs, covered with different kinds of flowers, as if in mimicry of the desolate and arid plain, I reached a belt of timber—a fine grove. Here I tarried for some time beneath the welcome shades, being a little weary.

As the day advanced, the rays of the sun were most intense, with but a little shade here and there to protect me from its beams in crossing the open prairie. As I entered the groves, the way rejoiced with the music of the bobolinks and of many little warblers that would join in their chorus.

The blue bird was there, with his sprightly notes, and the meadow lark perched upon a weed caroled forth his song of love.

There was a grandeur and beauty in the scenery that was truly enchanting. The day was clear and bright, and the atmosphere mild and serene, while the gentle air that wafted over the plain was

refreshing and invigorating. But the hum of the insects and songs of the birds, and gay profusion of the trees, plants and flowers, absorbed every sense in my admiration of the new and varied picture continually presented.

I passed through beautiful groves of white, live, and evergreen oaks, often six and eight feet in diameter, that grow to the height of fifteen to fifty feet, and then spreading out, forming a large top and covering a considerable space of ground with rich foliage. One is struck with the great regularity of those forest trees. Generally, the space between is from four to ten rods, and the boughs branching off from the main trunk with as much uniformity as an old apple orchard.

The ground which I have passed over is what is called rolling prairie, of exceedingly small and gentle curves, one swell melting into another. It is one of the most lovely and fertile portions of the plains in the whole valley of Sacramento. The soil is a black loam intermixed with sand, and can be plowed with great ease. Almost every acre is susceptible of the highest state of cultivation, and will reward the husbandman for his labor, more richly perhaps than any country on the globe. The soil here will produce more and with less labor than any portion of the older states, and the products must always command a much higher price. Already has this portion of the country begun to attract the attention of the agriculturist, and many are now preparing to open large farms for the coming season. A few years, and the thousand little valleys of California will bloom as the rose, and the products of the north and south will be growing in abundance. A happy future awaits her, and there are none so bold that dare attempt to foretell her greatness. About two miles from the base of the Buttes, the ground commences gently to roll;

still it becomes undulating, and the hills gradually grow larger till they reach the base of the mountains. These hill tops are carpeted with wild oats, interspersed with wild mustard, and in the valleys the wild roses are in full bloom and mingle their pink, red, and white flowers with the clusters of violets and various other kinds of flowers of every inimitable tint and hue. In the course of my excursion I counted one hundred and fifty distinct varieties of flowers in full bloom either on the plain or along the ravines and slopes of the foot hills and higher steeps of the Buttes. It is a glorious sight, those wild flowers. I reached the base at the east end of the range. The Butte mountains are situated between the Sacramento and Feather rivers, twelve miles west of Yuba city, which is located at the mouth of the Yuba river. The verdure of the mountains above me and the green valleys below, rendered the scene around me grand and picturesque. From the base of the mountains, there is a slight descent after leaving the foot hills; and streams of pure water gush from the mountain sides in all directions, forming little rivulets, some reaching a few miles beyond the hills; the springs which supply them, not being copious enough to carry them across the plain, whilst others traverse the valleys and finally empty themselves into the rivers. The most of these streams are plentifully supplied with fish during the whole year.

I wound around on the north side of the mountain for about three miles, and commenced the ascent. Whilst moving up between the mountains, leaving two on my right hand and two on my left, I came to a placer where men had been engaged in mining on the banks of some of those mountain streams and in ravines. From these old diggings my progress was uninterrupted in climbing till I reached a ravine, where a stream of pure and

limpid water had sprung to life far above in the tall cliffs, and leaped and dashed over a rugged mass of rocks, and finally wound around the foothills and lost itself in the plains. Here the wild flowers of all dyes bloom in their native luxuriance, and waste their fragrance on the mountain air.

From thence I continued my stroll in climbing up the mountain sides. There were patches of green tufts to be seen here and there, and occasionally a grass plat broke upon the sight.

Further along in places a tall clump of trees would spring up, bearing aloft a graceful top of foliage, affording a delightful shade, under which I sat me down to rest, for the sun poured down his intense heat and cast his lengthened shadows down along the mountain side below, and brightened all the highest peaks with rays of golden light.

I came unexpectedly to an enchanting spot, a mountain streamlet, which, descending from above in mountain cascades, plunging and foaming over cliffs and precipices, had worn deep and round bowls in the solid rocks, forming limpid pools of cool and delightful water of crystal purity, and finally winding and forming a most beautiful little lake, set like a gem in the mountains. The sheet of water lay transversely across the direction I had been pursuing. Here a view of the utmost grandeur and magnificence burst upon my eyes between two ridges covered with dark pine, which sweeps down from the main chain to the spot where I stood. Here the lake glistened in the open sunlight; its banks of yellow sand and the green foliage of the aspen groves contrasted beautifully with the gloomy pines. Never before, in this country or in South America, or the Islands of Oceanica, have I seen such grand rocks and magnificent landscape.

Proceeding a little further, I came to the outlet of the lake, where it found its

way through a narrow passage between an accumulation of rocks, boulders and broad slabs, and large angular fragments. Dark pines which overhang the stream, and masses of rocks where the water foamed along, gave it a romantic beauty. It fairly brought to my mind a beautiful romantic spot in my own dear native State, near sweet Auburn, the loveliest village of the plain, where a gurgling rill leaped joyously down the hill and through the vale, and where I had passed many a happy hour. Here in this sweet retreat I tarried for a long time beneath the welcome shade, enjoying the pleasure of the mountain scenery.

Winding my way in a zigzag course up this wide and long ravine for some distance, I came to the fork, where it branches off into two beautiful arroyas. A few yards below the junction the rivulet takes a precipitous leap over craggy rocks, and rushes onward, bounding, chafing and frothing as if it were doing a match against time and were in danger of losing the race. Here in this delightful place the song of birds was the only sound that interrupted the faint rush of the rapid stream, which came more clearly on the ear, now that the babbling stream had yielded to the stillness of the mountain. I followed up the dividing ridge that rose between the ravines, till I scaled one of the summits. Walking along on the top ridge till I joined the most easterly peak, I finally succeeded in gaining the highest of the four peaks, two thousand feet above the level of the plains of Sacramento.

These mountains stand northwest and southeast, and the whole range is six miles in length. They bear the appearance of lava, and probably have been upheaved by some subterranean convulsion of nature. The different peaks stood before me in the distant prospect, and parallel to its length the ridges are split up in chasms of fissures, between which rose

not so high the lofty walls that terminated with minarets and columns. These mountains, serried by deep chasms and rugged ravines, and often broken into abrupt terminations by steep, precipitous crags, looked very grand and imposing, as one bench after another fell off into undulating hills, till they became a level plain. Among these hills beautiful smiling valleys would present, all uncultivated, but clad with a livery of foliage, and here and there intersected with numerous streams, forming large and very beautiful bottoms of fertile land, wooded principally with oak groves of handsome trees, and open prairie. There were patches of green tufts to be seen here and there, and occasionally a grassy plat of green verdure broke upon the sight along the sides of the mountains, whilst over all the summits of the range extends a wide and uncouth aspect of desolation. How sublime they stand in the midst of the great plain of Sacramento.

I am now upon the highest summit of the Butte mountain. What endless food for memory and association is presented! This sight is unrivaled in beauty and magnificence. Looking from this summit, the main feature presented is the long, broad valley of the Sacramento; bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevadas and on the west by the coast range mountains, which separate it from the Pacific Ocean. My position commanded a wide sweep of the surrounding country.

The view towards the west presents the long and lofty wall of the coast range, extending north and south as far as vision could extend, and in some places capped with perpetual snow. Stretching between me and those distant mountains two-thirds in width is the great valley of the Sacramento, through which can be seen the ever memorable Sacramento river of the El Dorado, winding its way to the waters of the Pacific, whose banks are defined by a long line of oaks and sycamores.

At my feet lay the valley dotted with a long and rich growth of timber, which gives it more the appearance of an old cultivated park than the forests of nature, while on the other side of the mountain the Feather and Yuba rivers wound along the valley over which I had just made my way, and entered the Sacramento to the south, which passes through this valley, till it was dimly lost on the swell of the expansive plain. The bends of the river, as they sweep around in graceful curves, present a beautiful appearance, with ranches scattered along at various distances, half hid in the dense green-robed forests. The foothills of the Sierras is a wooded country, diversified with undulating ground and pretty valleys, and watered with numerous small streams, some extending a few miles beyond the hills, whilst others reach the other rivers. The eye now glances upwards, over the flanks of the Nevadas. Thousands of mountain peaks take their rise one range and tier above another, stretching north and south as far as the eye can reach, till they reach the highest summits, many of which are displayed with all the brilliancy of glacier rocks.

To the north a remarkable peak looms up to the eastward, and is called Lassen Peak, and nearly opposite, in the coast range, stands a prominent summit, called Mount Lynn, whilst far beyond these two ranges of mountains unite and become more elevated, and Mount Shasta enters the region of eternal snows. The mountain ranges on both sides of the valley are high and rugged, being capped in places with snow the year round. What a prospect presents itself in all its grandeur! Never could the atmosphere be more clear and the sky painted with a brighter azure, and at no time could my eyes have traveled over a greater space.

It was a beautiful afternoon in April, the light breeze played through the valley, gently waving the trees in a most

graceful manner, and filling the air with the balmy fragrance of the thousand flowers of the plain.

As I stood upon the summit looking around me, the Buttes presented one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion.

The eye rests upon the green valley spread out in all directions, carpeted with green as far as vision could extend, and flowery pastures here and there dotted with groves of oak and sycamore. The eye wanders with delight over the rivers deep and wide, those mighty streams that seaward glide, to seek the ocean's breast, and those mighty chains of mountains on either side of the valley stretching from north and south so massive, yet so shadowy and so ethereal.

The whole scene was wild and romantic. There were to be seen deep chasms, yawning abysses, rugged ravines, narrow defiles, and on some peaks of these mountain chains spring up tall trees of fir, oak and cedar, yet they were often broken into abrupt terminations by overhanging crags. Over all a lonely aspect and a peculiar cheerless desolation extended as the shades of evening approached. The whole range of peaks stretched out into a sea of summits, on which the last rays of the setting sun yet lingered as it went down beneath the western horizon; all description of it failing to convey to the mind an adequate impression of its beauty and grandeur.

When the sun had fairly set, the whole coast range contrasted beautifully with the golden sky lit up by the last rays of the departing sun. The scenery was the most grand and picturesque I ever witnessed. While I stood here looking down upon the vast plain and the mountains that surrounded me, a stillness the most profound and terrible forced itself continually upon my mind as the great feature of the scenery. Here I was alone in a strange place. The still-

ness of the place cannot but strike the traveler with a kind of solemn awe. The solitude is complete and unbroken by any living thing save the yell of the solitary eagle circling around some lofty crag. I gazed with wonder, admiration and astonishment, drinking in the beauty and the strangeness of the scene till my heart staggered under the emotions that crowded it, asking in vain for utterance. Its grandeur, its variety, its romantic character and its splendid beauty are incomparably magnificent. In the midst of what a scene was I now standing! Eternal silence reigned around me, and solitude, deeper than the forest, first embraces the subdued and humble adventurer.

There was much around me to inspire vague and visionary fancies. It was here that I could cast a retrospective glance at my past life and set a true estimate on the value of friends.

Here it was that I held sweet commune with nature and with nature's God, and welcomed the associations and influences of the hour when the great orb of day is sinking to his rest behind the western waves of the Pacific. When his splendor rests down upon the distant mountain tops, tinging them with his golden hues; when the beauties of Heaven seem blended in the sky and mirrored on the landscape, there is a language in the

scene which the heart can read and understand. It is then nature follows after us in the soft persuasion of her still small voice, then she unfolds before our vision the most captivating features of her loveliness, her sweet harmonies, which, like the symphonies of angelic notes heard from afar, linger in our dreams and pervade the first issues of the mind.

Truly, this is an hour that exerts its mild influence over all, like evening deep upon the tender flowers, bidding the unhalloved passions of men to sleep while earth communes with Heaven.

Adieu, lovely Butte mountains, adieu! Happy and blythe have been the hours which I have spent around thee, and it may well be I shall never visit you again, whether reflecting the full fresh green of spring, or rich hues of golden autumn; but never, lonely mountains, never will thy remembrance fade from my bosom while one drop of life's blood warms it. Long may it be before these grand old trees fall before the woodman's axe, or the groves of the mountains be disrobed of the foliage. For truly thou, in this late age, art young and innocent, and unpolluted, as when the red man drank of the pure water that gurgled down thy mountain sides, long centuries ere he dreamed of the pale faced oppressor.

FLOWERS.—The most humble abode is made pleasant to the sight of all persons of good taste and refined feelings, when it exhibits flowers in its surroundings, or plants peeping out of the windows. Flowers are a luxury that the poorest may enjoy—the most common are among the most beautiful—and a few seeds sown in the garden patch, however small it may be, or in a pot or a box, will in a short time gladden the heart of the sower, and all who look upon them, in the spirit of love, with a beauty and fragrance too exquisite for description.

THE LOVE FOR A SISTER.—Some one has appropriately said that there is something lovely in the name of sister—its utterance rarely failing to call up the affections of the heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noonday sun; a sister the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

A CALIFORNIAN BLOOD-STAIN.

I am blood-stained; and I shall tell how it came. In March, 1850, I was mining at "The Middle Bar of Clear Creek"—now known as One-horse Town—in Shasta county. Bill Fopp, who had been a sail-maker's assistant on the U. S. Frigate Constitution, was my partner. He was a very large, strong and active man, and a first-rate fellow. The Middle Bar lies at the mouth of a cañon, the sides of which rise to mountains several thousand feet above the level of the stream. On the sides of these mountains there are numerous gullies, some of which were very rich in gold when first discovered.

One of these gullies, known as "Sheets' Gulch," about six miles north of the Middle Bar, had been twice "worked out" during the winter of '49 and '50; but Bill and I prospected it in March, '50, and found it still rich. So about the middle of the month we packed up all our worldly goods and took up a claim on the gulch. A little current of water was running through it—about five gallons per minute—just enough to supply one rocker. Our claim was on a little bench on the mountain side, where there were beautiful grass, timber and shrubbery, while in the distance were grand mountain peaks, and about five hundred yards west of us was the cañon of Clear Creek, perhaps nearly one thousand feet deep.

It so happened that our claim lay very near the Indian trail from Cottonwood Creek to "The Springs"—as what is now Shasta City was then called—and Cow Creek; and the Indians frequently used the trail. At that time the pale faces and the red men were at war. The latter had been driven away from their

ancient homes, cut off from access to the salmon fisheries, deprived of the stores of acorns and horsechestnuts which they had laid up in their rancherias, and having no other means of sustaining life, they drove off horses, mules, horned cattle, and stole flour and other articles of provision from the miners.

These thefts, when horses were worth \$200 each, and all kinds of provisions \$2 per pound, caused severe losses to the whites, and they could not submit to them; they had either to abandon the mines and leave the country to the savages, or they must punish the thieves so as to prevent the repetition of the thefts. The method of punishment, often resorted to, was a very simple one. About twenty or thirty miners, all armed with rifles, revolvers and bowie knives, would start out on a road into the Indian country, discover a rancheria, take it by surprise, rush upon it, and shoot, stab and kill every buck, squaw and pappoose. Of course the Indians would retaliate by shooting down the whites, whenever they could take them by surprise or at a great advantage.

There were no miners within two miles of Sheets' Gulch, and none nearer than "The Middle Bar" save Ben Wright and Olney with a party of Wallawalla Indians; and as we were only two, we were advised by all our friends not to remain there alone, where we might be surprised and murdered by the hostile Indians at any time of the day or night. We determined, however, to risk our lives for the sake of the gold—and we staid. All that month of March we worked there more arduously than any slaves. And we had encouragement. We were making about \$30 per day in beautiful

coarse gold, and our claim promised to furnish us with occupation at those wages for some months.

One day when we went up to dinner we found that all our provisions of every kind, amounting to about 100 pounds in all, had been stolen from our tent. The theft was a very bold one, for our tent was not more than one hundred yards from where we were at work, and we could easily see it when standing erect in our claim. The loss was a very severe one to us, pecuniarily, and as we thought over it on empty stomachs, we vowed vengeance on the thieves if we should catch them. Bill went out with rifle, with the hope of discovering the offenders or getting some game, while I went off to Ben Wright's camp to borrow some flour and pork for supper. Thus we lost all that afternoon. The next day I borrowed one of Ben Wright's horses and went over to the Springs and bought about \$150 worth of flour, pork, sugar, beans and rice. These I packed upon the horse, they did not form a heavy load for him either, and started home. I attempted to take a straight road, but soon found myself on a very high and rugged peak, the descent from which was extremely crooked and difficult, and it was only by very great exertion that I managed to reach home that night. In my anxiety I overworked myself and the next day I was "taken down" with the ague and could do nothing. The day was a beautiful one; I made my bed out under a large live oak tree, and lay there while Bill rocked the cradle. At noon he came up, made dinner, and then lay down to take a little nap. About one o'clock I awoke from a short sleep and found that by the motion of the sun I was no longer in the shade; and I raised myself upon my elbow intending to get up and place my bed in the shade. As I raised, I heard a rustle behind me, and looking back I saw a naked Indian jump from behind a

buckeye bush, some twenty steps distant, and run down towards the cañon.

I shouted, "Bill! Bill! Indians! Indians!" Bill rushed out of the tent, and with popping eye and flying hair, demanded "where? where?" while he jumped up about six feet perpendicularly looking down the cañon in the direction I pointed. The next moment he was making ten feet strides after the Indian; and I rose and limped to the tent for Bill's rifle, knowing that he had started without any arms save the butcher knife which he always carried at his side, supposing that the Indian might return.

Still I hurried to follow them, so that if I had a chance I might assist my partner, or perhaps pick off the red-skin as he might ascend the rocks on the other side of the cañon. However, I had not gone more than forty steps, before I saw Bill come out from among the rocks and bushes leading Mr. "Ingun," a young fellow, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, by the hand. I was so much excited that I drew up the rifle for the purpose of shooting him in Bill's hand; but Bill protested, and as the distance was about fifty yards, it would not have been a very safe experiment for a man with the ague. So I dropped the rifle and Bill came up. The Indian was perfectly naked and savage in appearance. What to do with him? That he must die we were both agreed. It was plain that he had robbed us the other day, and that he had come intending to rob us again. We presumed that he had accomplices in the vicinity. We must make it a matter of life and death. Bill proposed that the prisoner should be given to Ben Wright's Wallawallas, who hate the ignoble Diggers, and would have delighted in killing this one. I objected, that the Indian if entrusted to third persons might escape, and that if he had accomplices watching us, we ought to give them a proof of how soon we could

execute fatal judgment, and that if the Wallawallas should kill him they would probably use wanton and revolting cruelty. Said I, "Bill, that Indian must be shot here and now, and if you don't want to do it, I'll spare you the trouble."

"No," replied he, "if it must be done, I'll do it myself; you had better go and lie down."

I neglected his advice, however, and examined his rifle for him to see that it was in order; and finding it was, gave it to him.

He led the Indian away to a spot about two hundred yards from the tent, to a little clear knoll, which could be seen from all the surrounding hills and mountains. When he arrived at the place of sacrifice he pushed the savage down. When the intended victim saw what was to be his fate, he curled his face as if to cry like a child, but it was only for a

moment. He then put on a stiff upper lip, looked bravely at Bill's stalwart form and at my drawn pistol, concluded that escape was hopeless, spoke a few words in his native tongue—to the effect, as is supposed, that he had not stolen from us, but that another tribe beyond the Clear Creek Mountains were the offenders—and seeing that his pleadings would be of no avail, he lay down, crossed his arms, doubled up his legs as Indians sleep, and shut his eyes as though he were content to have seen the last of earth. The next moment a bullet from Bill's rifle pierced his brain.

I shall only add that we made no secret of what we had done, and our conduct was universally approved. Had we allowed our prisoner to escape, we should have exposed ourselves to the ill will of most of the miners in our vicinity.

THE HOME AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

The philosopher, the scholar, the student, or the votary of pleasure, alike derive manifold gratifications from foreign travel, but among them there is no circumstance so pleasing, so heart-warming to an American, as the universal admiration, even reverence, everywhere felt and expressed for the name, the character of Washington. "If I ever visit America, the first spot I shall seek will be Mount Vernon!" How often this sentiment has been uttered by foreigners, every American who has traveled abroad can tell. Yet we, at home, inhaling every hour the moral vitality which his virtues, wisdom, patriotism, and toils, have infused into our daily life throughout the land, from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the ice-bound North to the climate of "the orange and the myrtle," for years supinely suffered that household shrine to fall gradually to decay. To the honor of American ladies, be it said, they have arisen to efface this blot upon our national gratitude. The "Southern Matron," a lady as eminent for her private worth as for her social position, enrolled under her banner associates equally worthy of honor, for a purpose truly feminine and noble: To make a free gift to the American people of the Home and Tomb of Washington! From a small band the association has, like the grain of mustard-seed, increased to a legion. The fire that burned in the

hearts and was visible in the deeds of the heroic women of the revolution, has been rekindled in their posterity, and the ladies of America have vied with each other in laboring for this cause. By their endeavors, and, above all, by the exertions of the Honorable Edward Everett, whose genius, eloquence, scholastic research, extraordinary appropriateness and aptitude of illustration and anecdote never were more nobly devoted, the work is approaching its completion. The 22d of February next, the anniversary of the birthday, not of a Man only, but of a nation, has been justly and beautifully selected as the day on which Mount Vernon shall become to *us* and to *ours forever*, a cherished spot, guarded from the decaying influences of time, and standing, among the tottering gods of party strife, local dissensions and petty jealousies, the Ark of Liberty and National Honor.

Ladies of California! Let me address you, not only by the conventional term which marks a class of society, but by that generic name, that noblest name of all, the only one which the Savior of the world bestowed upon the Virgin Mother, — *Women of California!* will you not, by such a trifling gift as is daily wasted upon mere ephemera, aid in a worthy, a patriotic, a womanly cause? Though your homes are here, do not your thoughts often travel back to your birth-place, to parents' dwelling on the Atlantic continent, where the name of Washington was so familiar and revered? Do not those old associations, "like to a gentle music heard in childhood," prompt you to contribute to this work? As wives, as daughters, as sisters, and as friends, is not the Home of Washington equally as dear to your hearts, as to the hearts of the men you love? And as mothers, how can you more surely, more worthily make your children "polished stones" in the Temple of Liberty, than by practically illustrating your reverence for its great advo-

cate? Recollect, also, that your names will be registered as assistants in this "labor of love;" and that your children, with *their* children's children, when they make in future years their pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, will turn to the volume and proudly say, pointing to the name: "That was my mother!"

The annexed letter, though not intended for publication, written by Mrs. Ritchie, formerly widely known as Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, contains so much of interest that we cannot better serve the fund than by inserting it:

RICHMOND, June 7, 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Conner,—Your letter of May 4th, addressed to the "Southern Matron," was duly received by her. The lady who formerly headed the Mount Vernon Association, under that title, (which she has been induced to drop,) is Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, Regent, by the new constitution, of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Her severe indisposition, and the illness of her private secretary, made her request me to reply to your letter, though my own correspondence, as Vice Regent of the Association for Virginia, is necessarily very large. I do not address you as a stranger, as we have been both members of the same profession, and are now engaged in the same holy cause,—rather, as a *sister*, I welcome you among the patriotic sisterhood who have resolved to save the home and grave of our beloved WASHINGTON from desecration, and consecrate it for all time, through *woman's devotion*. All I have ever heard of you prevents my being surprised at your so promptly and so warmly espousing this cause. The two California papers received by the Regent, (which the Richmond *Enquirer*, my husband's paper, will copy,) show that you have already gone to work with heart and might. The Regent charged me to say that she "is deeply touched when she feels she is the humble instrument of awakening a patriotic chord in the breast of a true-hearted woman, and that your letter gave her infinite satisfaction." We are making the most zealous efforts to raise the whole of the two hundred thousand dollars, which we have contracted to pay for Mount Vernon, be-

fore the next 22d of February. Send us all the *golden aid* in your power. Do your utmost to interest other ladies, and to induce them to join us and collect subscriptions. The names of the purchasers of Mount Vernon, with the amount of their contributions, will be inscribed in the archives of Mount Vernon, to be kept there forever. *One dollar* makes every American citizen a member of the Association. You have doubtless heard that the noble and patriotic Edward Everett has already contributed fifty thousand dollars to our fund by the delivery of his oration, and he will, no doubt, double that sum before long. Other patriots have followed in his steps. I visited Mount Vernon a few days ago to examine the two hundred acres which Mr. Washing-

ton sells to us. They comprise the most valuable and most picturesque portion of his estate, including the mansion, tomb, gardens, pleasure-grounds, &c.

With the assurance of the full appreciation of your efforts by the Regent and her associates,

I am, dear Mrs. Conner,

Yours with high esteem,

ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Subscriptions for this noble work are most respectfully solicited, and should be sent, with the name and address of the contributor in full, to Mrs. F. H. Day, Editress of the *Hesperian*, or to Mrs. E. S. Conner, San Francisco, Cal.—*Hesperian*.

GRAVES OF THE FORTY-NINERS.

It may be that the heading of this article will excite the curiosity of some. There are those who will wonder why those who passed from life in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine, should be taken more notice of than others who left us in succeeding years. To those whose names are associated with the early history of California—who marched hand in hand with the early settlers, and with them endured hardships, privation, and suffering—there is something in the words "*Forty-nine*" that arouses the deepest, tenderest feelings of the heart, and often calls up a tear. Well do the old pioneers remember the cold, rainy winter, the scarcity of provisions, the high prices, and the short time allowed for making the scanty preparations for the dreary season. Is it to be wondered at that there was much sickness, suffering and death in '49? Many of the graves scattered over our hills have a board or block to mark the spot, bearing the date of that eventful year. These simple

signs point to the last resting places of those hardy, adventurous, daring men who first prospected our gold mines, and cleared the way for the great emigration that followed. In the few years that have passed have disappeared nearly all of the forty-niners. Many secured enough of the yellow dust to justify them in returning to the Atlantic States; but many—very many—lie cold and pulseless in the bosoms of the hills. A few yet remain amongst us. Some are still engaged in tearing up the river beds or boring the hills, in search of the precious metal. While, probably the most fortunate of all are those who have been joined here by their families, and who may now be found cultivating the rich soil of our beautiful valleys

I always had a strange love for visiting the graves of the dead forty-niners. I love to read their names and learn their history. Near where I reside are the resting-places of three that have long attracted my attention, perhaps from the

seeming mystery that enshrouded them. One is that of a young man with whom I was acquainted before coming to California. He sleeps on a beautiful ridge on the northern bank of Dry Creek—a rough board marks his lonely bed, and the following words are marked thereon:

Sacred to the Memory
of
Julius Bulkley.
Died
December 27th,
1849.

This was a young man from Illinois. The hardships he endured crossing the plains, together with the privations he met with here, was too much for his delicate frame to bear. He was taken with a lingering fever, and never recovered. His relatives, if he have any still living, will be glad to learn that kind friends were near to administer to his wants until called upon to perform the last sad office—the burial of the dead. Near the grave of this young man was that of another forty-niner. No mark or inscription tells his name—no block or stone is

at his head. Nought but the narrow ridge of earth informs us that it is the resting-place of one who in life shared the dangers and hardships of a pioneer. The oldest inhabitants can tell nothing of his name or history. All they know is that he was buried there in '49. The rest must remain a mystery, perhaps, forever. What pen can write, or tongue tell, the heart-melting sorrow of this young man, as, surrounded by strangers, he felt the approach of Death! How painful the thought that no one was near to whom he could communicate his dying wishes, to be conveyed to a mother, sister, brother or friend far away! Yet such was his fate, and such has been the fate of many forty-niners. The third grave is beneath an old oak tree, upon whose trunk is carved, with much care, the following:

Here Lies
Nicholas Downing,
Of Missouri.
Died
Oct. 29th, 1849.

A SINGULAR BIRD OF CHINA AND JAPAN. —There is a bird called the "Slenhoh," on the crown of whose head there is a beautiful scarlet tuft of down, or velvet skin, to which the natives believe the poison of a serpent it is fond of eating determines. This downy crest is often formed into a bead, and that bead is concealed in the ornamental necklace of the high officers for judicial purposes in case of imperial displeasure, which, as report goes, is easily effected by merely touching the venomous bead with the tip of the tongue, when death follows instantly. I saw a pair of the ornithological curiosity at Ning-pot, they were natives of Siam, and resembled the crowned crane. They were both young, male and female, near-

ly of a size, and had very long legs. The head was of a most handsome black, forking behind, having on the crest a scarlet skin. The rest of the body is white except on the secondaries of the wings, which are not red, as represented in some Chinese drawing, but black and overlapping the tail. On the embroidered breast-pieces of dresses worn by the highest nobles of the State, there is a copy of this bird elegantly worked. A native work on the ornithology of China gives some curious and prodigious stories about this fowl—that it can live 1,000 years; that at 60 years of age it can sing regularly and beautifully every hour of the day; that on reaching its 1,000th year it can mount trees, but never before that.

Our Social Chair.

THE expected advent of a distinguished African pulpit orator, from the East, in this city some three weeks since, has been the theme of discussion among the sable sons and daughters of Africa thro'out the city ever since his arrival. He has been made a perfect demi-god among the colored denizens of Kearny and Dupont streets, and all were anxious to hear him hold forth in that touching strain of eloquence for which he was said to be noted. To expedite things, a committee was appointed from among the leading knowing darkies, who hit upon the glorious idea, after several days' jollification, to have a camp-meeting across the bay—the distinguished speaker to officiate on the occasion. This appeared to be agreeable to all. On the day appointed for the holding forth, the pulpit stage erected between two venerable oaks was crowded with the colored heralds of “de Mefodist Piscopal church,” while beneath and around it, lay a darkness which, like that of Egypt, might have been felt. After the opening prayer by a venerable prelate, upon whose sconce the white wool lay in patches like hoar frost, a young athletic negro, with a black face and a crisp, short curl of the wool, only to be seen in the real genuine breed, advanced to the pulpit desk. This was the great orator. All eyes were turned towards him. A rustling of dresses among the crowd—two or three suppressed giggles, and an innumerable number of “a’hems” and slight coughing, made it plainly visible that the distinguished oracle had made a sensation. He evidently felt that his fame had preceded him, as he looked over that darkey mass, now hushed to admiring silence at his presence. He

threw himself at once into position, more like a Damon at the non-arrival of his Pythias than a divine, jerked his head back, rolled up the white of his eyes, and extended his arms. This sable Demosthenes then took for his text, “*Put not your trust in Princes.*” And after a glowing exordium, explaining the meaning of the sacred writer, he informed his audience that there were but two kinds of great men—*holy princes* and *political princes*. “In de last,” said he, “my bruddereren, de world must nebber put its trust. Kase why? Becase deir ways become corrupted on de yearth, and dey hab no faith. Dere was Hannibal and Ephraim, two ob de greatest gineral and princes dat eber libbed in de tide of—times—de former wid his foot stretched from ocean to ocean, and de latter in—” Here he was suddenly interrupted by one of his auditors suggesting—“in—in—a Horn.” “No, bruddereren, I had no allusion to de nigger singers ob de white folks; but eben dey, when dey appeared in public capacity—like de two great princess—were *cullerd pussens for dat*. Why, I am told dey understood tic-tacs better dan any gineral ider before or since. Nuffen could stop deir names. Dey laffed at de Alps when dey shook deir frowning awful brows at dem, an dey grinned at de ocean when it tried to drown em, an dey an deir sogers walk right ober dem easy as nuffen. But den no body could put any faith in em. Kase why? Becase dey cheated ebbery body as soon as dey got a chance. An den what become ob all deir glory when de Lord struck em down? *Weni, widi, wici*. Oh! my bruddereren, it was no whar! An dere was Julius Cæsar, one ob de greatest

ob de yearthly princes. De shake ob his foot make de whole yearth collapse. Wid all his greatness nobody trusted him. Dey thought he was a friend ob de people, but he was deir greatest enemy—he wan't no whar, too. Let de awful groan dat went up from de feet ob Pompey's statue, whar he fell, answer. Coming from de East an de West, from de Norfth an de Soufth—de answer will be *no whar!* An den coming down to de middle ages, dar was General Buckanam, bless um, de great American Prince—de great hero ob de American people. Dey made dis "man ob war" President ob dis great nation, an his heart swelled big wid pride, an like Nebucudnezza—ha—he said, "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I'm boss ober—dat I treated for in de offset ob life among my friends," an echo answers from de four wind of heaven—"Y-a-a-s." Could his friends trust um? Let de disappointed applicants for orfice answer dis pregnant question. Dey who he promised eberyting too, yet he guv 'em nuffen. An how did de Lord sarve 'im? Why, he busted up de Kansas constitution an de party dat elected 'im has all gone to smash. When he said in his sanctotum in de eulogistic language ob Massa Spokeshare, "Dat he lafft to scorn de powers ob man," twenty-five million thunderbolts war dashed at his head, but he dodged um all, an landed safe in de fight. But dat aint de question. De question is—"Put not your trust in Princes." If you see a politician hereafter, an he wont do to *bet* on, brudderren, an de atmosphere gits too heavy for 'im, an he tries to swell out bigger dan all men on yearth—beware ob 'im. Dems um. Dare lost on yearth an made up ob sin an selfishness, iniquity and wire-pulling.

Dare for de Soufth, or for de Norfth
For one extreme or udder.

Darefore, beloved brudderren, "*Put not your trust in Princes.*"

THE late Sidney Smith made a calculation, by which he found that between the age of ten and seventy he had eaten and drunk forty four-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health! "The value of this mass of nourishment I considered," he says, "to be worth £7,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true." On this text Mr. Alcott, the well known writer on dietetics, discourses as follows:

It is a generally conceded fact, among those who are best qualified to judge, that we of the United States, as a general rule, eat about twice as much as the best interests of our systems require. My own observations, which I think have not been behind those of other men, either as regards extent or accuracy, go not only to confirm this long-asserted fact, but somewhat further. I believe we eat, as a nation, MORE than twice as much as we ought; and hence, as there is a vast difference, and one large portion (the slaves) do not greatly exceed their real wants, it follows that some of us waste much more than one-half of what we really consume, perhaps more, nearly two-thirds. Further than even this I am compelled to go, and to say most unhesitatingly and unequivocally, that much less than half the money we actually expend for food, if expended as the best interest of health and economy clearly dictate, would, taking life together, greatly increase our present aggregate of mere gustatory or animal enjoyment.

As to the bulk of this enormous waste, he makes the following calculation:

If the loaded wagons of food which the twenty-five millions of the United States would waste in sixty years, according to the above estimate, were placed along so many turnpikes around our globe, each horse and wagon occupying, for convenience sake, a distance of two rods, they would form two hundred and eighty rows or circles, encompassing our globe! Our readers may calculate for themselves, and see whether the deduction, if not the data, as far as they are ours, are not, and must not be "irresistibly true."

THE editor-in-chief has gone to the Fair, and during his absence the presiding genius of the scissors and paste-pot has been left to occupy his place *pro tempore*. The air of mystery and romance which surrounded his *sanctum* has entirely vanished, and with it the *odoriferous* smoke which daily issued from the editor's old black pipe. Since his departure for the spot where the big turnips and squashes and big beets are displayed, a desperate effort has been made to fumigate the place with, alas, only partial success. The editor has an idea, too, that he sees all sorts of beautiful things through the smoke of his old black pipe, and his imagination loves to linger for hours together on tales of love, poetry and delightful fiction, bright reminiscences of the past and glorious prospects of the future, as the vapor lazily curls itself up in huge gray wreaths and gradually expands and fills the apartment. He has great affection for that pipe, or it would have been smashed into a thousand fragments long ago. He puffs and whiffs—and whiffs and puffs at it from early morn until late at night. He is inspired by its odor. Without it he would be lost in such immunity of thought, that the doctors think he would become confused, and congestion of the brain might follow, ending in premature death; therefore, they have advised him to continue its use. He dispense with it? why, as well might a starving man do without eating before a rich repast. It would be impossible. Since he has mizzled, the old arm-chair, which he so knowingly descanted upon in such glowing terms, has turned out to be nothing more than an empty nail-keg inverted. The editor's table is a pork barrel sat upright with a plank laid across the top, and our "fair contributor" which he so frequently enulogized as a charmingly witty and talented lady-writer, and withal so handsome, is only the daguerreotype of some homely young woman

about nineteen years old, which he purchased one day at a pawnbroker's sale some thirty years since. There could be other secrets divulged about this "delightful retreat" of his, as he so often very facetiously styles it, but as he is a large, heavy man, with a ponderous pair of fists, and we are naturally of a delicate constitution and light weight, we fear his wrath if this should come directly under his eye, so we let up on him. At all events, to be prepared for emergencies or a sudden attack, we have provided ourselves with some of the best deadly weapons in a gunsmith's shop round the corner, and will await the result and bide the issue. Our editor-in-chief is not what might be called a handsome man, but he is most decidedly eccentric. Many people suppose he is crazed on various subjects, but this is not so, as we can safely assure them. The only thing he appears insane about is the old black pipe, for to touch that would excite in him the most demoniac rage, never to be forgotten—always to be remembered. He carries it with him in his side pocket; so, reader, if you come across him in your rambles, beware of him. We write this explanation so that our readers may not be imposed upon by him hereafter, either by the remarks about his beauty, his elegant personal appearance, or his youthful age. He is possessed with fine social qualifications, however, can smoke to excess, out-drink the most inveterate drinkers in the State—though, strange to say, he is not given to intemperance—and out-brag any person on earth when speaking of himself. In every other respect he is like any ordinary human being that is big and clumsy, tall and gawky. If he should be lost, strayed or stolen in the interior, he may be known by the above description and the old black pipe sticking out of his side coat-pocket. If, after a reasonable time has elapsed, and he does not make his appearance, a liberal reward will be made for his return to the sanctum.

LOVEJOY, of the lively village of Quincy, Plumas county, is a great wag. He recently received from the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society a circular containing numerous questions, to which he begs leave to return the following answers:

Ques. What is your locality?

Ans.

Our home is on the rolling deep,
We spends our time a feedin' sheep;
And when the waves are high a runnin',
We takes our dog and goes a gunnin'.

Q. What is your climate?

A. A combination of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, electricity, spiritualism, Buchanan Democrats, frosty, cloudy, foggy, dry, hot, wet, and cold.

Q. What are the native productions of the soil in your neighborhood?

A. Diggers, grasshoppers, whisky-toddy and dried codfish.

Q. What is the character of your soil?

A. Desperate, quite so—the frost *kills* on it, the grain *shoots*, a species of worm *cuts* on it, and vegetation *dies* on it.

Q. What is your method of cultivation?

A. Principally with sharp sticks.

Q. What grains, grasses and fruits do you raise?

A. Hoop-poles, pumpkins, can-oysters and tickle-grass.

Q. What vegetables flourish best on the different soils?

A. Big dornicks and scrubby cedars.

Q. What fruits do you find adapted to the different soils, as alkaline, loamy, sandy, clay, &c.?

A. Certainly we do, and always did.

Q. What are the results of irrigation on fruit trees, &c.?

A. It has a tendency to wet 'em.

Q. What is the best method of making wine?

A. Port wine is made, we believe, from bad whisky, logwood, and dirty molasses;

and claret from vinegar and bar slops.

Ever prayful for the success of all beneficial enterprises, I remain yours, *till death.*

Not long ago, while residing in a cabin in one of the deep cañons of the Sierras, looking over, one day, some books and papers, on a shelf, that had been left there by former occupants, I found several numbers of Hutchings' Magazine, and soon I was holding sweet converse with "Alice," "Bessie," and "Carrie D.," the latter portraying to the life the scenes at the San Francisco Post Office, while "Bessie" was telling of her pleasant visit to "Alice," and of honest little "Frank," when I was aroused from this pleasing communion by some one putting their head in at the door, and saying, "You must be very lonesome here, I should think." At first the remark seemed absurd; for, was I not holding converse with congenial and intelligent minds? nor had I thought but that they were personally present. But, on looking up, distance instantly intervened, and I was truly alone; but returning for answer that I did not feel very lonely, he passed on to his work, and I was soon again oblivious to all around, and felt I was not alone.

Have you not seen persons sometimes sitting and gazing into vacancy, deep and insensible to all around, while faint shadows of grief and joy flitted across their features? And when you have repeated their names, perhaps for the third time, seen them start as from a dream, and with an effort regain their composure and resume the conversation interrupted by their abstraction? If questioned, they would tell how vivid some scenes, of former times, had passed before them? But, call it memory, or what you will, it is one of the greatest blessings of Heaven, that the spirit can never be chained or held captive, even though

the body be immured in a dungeon, where the light of day is not permitted to enter. The mind is free and unfettered, and roams at will over every loved spot dear to memory; and in sleep, the poor convict in his cell is as free as the king upon his throne. And, can the spirit ever be said to be alone, since each is a link in the great magnetic chain of mind, reaching from the lowest order of created intelligence up to the eternal fountain of wisdom, every electric thought vibrating through the whole? LUNA.

McDONALD's paper, the *Trinity Journal*, always brings us something fresh and good. "Mary Brown," which we find in a recent issue, is really a gem. The *Journal* truly says, that "if such poems appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, they would speedily find their way to the ears and hearts of thousands, who would pause to listen to the musical footsteps that go out from the mine.

MARY BROWN.

BY L. F. WELLS.

She dwelt where long the wintry showers
 Hold undisputed sway,
 Where frowning April drives the flowers
 Far down the lane of May.
 A simple, rustic child of song,
 Reared in a chilling zone,
 The idol of a household throng—
 The cherished one of home.
 None sang her praise, or heard her fame
 Beyond her native town;
 She bore no fancy-woven name,
 'Twas simply Mary Brown.

Her eyes were not a shining black,
 Nor yet a heavenly blue,
 They might be hazel, or alack!
 Some less poetic hue;
 Indeed I mind me, long ago,
 One pleasant summer day
 A passing stranger caught their glow,
 I think he called them gray.

Yet when with earnestness they burned
 'Till other eyes grew dim;
 Their outward tint was ne'er discerned
 The spell was from within.

A novelist with fancy's pen
 Would scarcely strive to trace
 From her a fairy heroine
 Of matchless mein, and grace.
 A model for the painter's skill,
 Or for the sculptor's art
 Her form might not be called; yet still
 It bore a gentle heart;
 The while it fondly treasured long
 Love's lightest whispered tone,
 In other hearts she sought no wrong—
 She knew none in her own.

Though never skilled in fashion's school,
 To sweep the trembling keys;
 Or strike the heart by studied rule,
 A listening throng to please;
 Yet still when anguish rent the soul,
 And fever racked the brain,
 Her fingers knew that skillful touch
 Which soothed the brow of pain—
 And widow thanks, and orphan tears
 Had owned her tender care,
 While little children gathered near
 Her earnest love to share.

I might forget the queenly dame
 Of high and courtly birth,
 Descending from an ancient name
 Among the sons of earth;
 I scarce recall the dazzling eyes
 Of her, the village belle,
 Who caused so many rural sighs
 From rustic hearts to swell;
 Yet never can I cease to own
 While future years shall roll,
 Thy passing beauty, Mary Brown—
 The beauty of the soul.

HE who writes what is wrong, wrongs
 what is right.

LEARN to govern thy tongue. Five
 words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.

WHEN is the weather favorable to hay-
 makers? When it rains pitchforks.

WHEN are writers like cattle? When
 they are driven to the pen.

Editor's Table.

THERE are probably as many different inventions or plans adopted in this State for getting a living without daily labor as in any other place of double or quadruple its size. It is amusing to see the resorts of human ingenuity. The mind seems to be continually upon the utmost stretch to find something new to attract attention—with which to acquire money—the great object, of course, which, when honestly got and value given, is right and honorable; but here every manner and kind of “dodge” is resorted to—no matter how dishonest may be its aim—if it will only bring to the inventor *money*. If he succeeds in acquiring a competency, he is extolled as being a shrewd, smart man, and receives the congratulations of “toadies” and sycophants accordingly; if he fails in his dishonest practices, justice is not slow in ferreting him out and sending him to the State Prison. There is no disguising the fact that our great prosperity in former years was unreal and made us all reckless—led to extravagance, to rampant speculation and a fictitious idea of prosperity. Real estate advanced to enormous prices; every man expected to make a fortune in a day; money was plenty and credit still more so. Under this state of things every class of people rushed madly into speculation and trade, purchased property at enormous prices, erected houses on credit, borrowed money at an enormous rate of interest, rode “fast horses,” gave champagne parties, and in many other ways lived and fared sumptuously. Such a state of things could not last long. It was a fictitious and unreal prosperity, and when the bubble did burst, it was but natural that the country would feel the dread effects of it. From several gentlemen who have recently been through the interior of the State, we learn that the preparations for mining is on

a more gigantic scale this season than on any preceding one. There is no complaint of hard times with them as with us. The quartz mines now in operation in the State yield a handsome profit on the amount invested, and the rich placer diggings still continue to contribute their full supply to the golden stream. The interior country has resumed its prosperous condition, but we cannot say as much for its commercial emporium. The city has never fully recovered from the great financial shock it received in 1854 and subsequent years. Our citizens still harp on hard times, and in the rush and scramble for gold, far too many of them appear lost to the means by which it is acquired, so it is obtained. If we would advance again in social and commercial prosperity, we must not altogether lose sight of those cardinal principles of honor, truth and justice between man and man in their daily intercourse in business life, the real and essential requisites to a sound, healthy social condition. Without them we shall retrograde. With them we have much to hope for in the rising grandeur of our emporium, and shall have no occasion to complain of hard times in the future. A man of modest merit will find amplitude of space in the interior wherein to exercise his abilities; a man of industry, firmness and rectitude of principle will see spread before him scope and channels sufficient to satisfy. The emigrant, the day he arrives, should seek employment in the mining districts. If he does not wish to mine—if he is a mechanic, he will there find field enough to occupy his attention and well repay him for his labor. By far the best class of our population are in the mines, and if the “new comers” would hope to succeed in this country they should make up their minds, before starting from their homes, to go to work immediately

upon their arrival, in preference, as is very often the case, of hanging around cities, Micawber-like, waiting anxiously for something to "turn up" in their favor. Much of the destitution and poverty which prevails in this city is owing more to laziness than anything else. Merchants, fresh from college—who have been found incapable of doing anything for themselves elsewhere—have been shipped off by relatives and friends to California to *make a fortune!* When they arrive, what is their astonishment to find cities, towns and villages built, roads laid out, canals dug, immense aqueducts conveying water to the miners, while the sound of busy labor reaches them on all sides—every occupation in life filled up by men of indomitable energy and enterprise. How soon their new fangled notions in regard to the wants of the country vanish! They prefer waiting until an opportunity presents itself to practice their professions and habituate themselves to the cities, with its gay and fashionable life, rather than work. In an expensive country like this, without a sufficiency of means, want soon overtakes them; labor and enterprise never enter into their minds; they have heard that to be frugal and industrious is the economy of wealth, but they look upon such sentiments as being merely figurative parts of speech—to plan is easy, to adopt, is to do!—is a chimerical idea in their estimation. Their golden dreams of California must be realized—to work, to labor, as did the early pioneers and as thousands do now by delving for gold, was not what they anticipated; and hence we hear their frequent complaints of hard times. Fortunes of to-day are not so easily acquired as in the flush times of California's greatness, and to obtain one now must be done at the sacrifice of years of honest labor and by strictly adhering to the path of rectitude, principle and honor.

THE political horizon looks dark and threatening. For the past fortnight the oracles at stump-speaking and the skillful adepts at wire-pulling have been unable to

foresee how the election would go. These prognosticators have been entirely lost in their mode of calculation. They have endeavored in vain to sum up the result beforehand. One goes his pile on Curry—not the "Frazer River Elephant" man—and another seems determined to back Baldwin. Curry and Baldwin. Baldwin and Curry has been on everybody's tongue until their names are as familiar to the reader as old Buck himself. The great State steeplechase race for the Supreme Court, even, occupies more attention than the Kansas imbroglio, which has tended to distract the dominant party of the Union and divided it into discordant factions past all hope of its being again united for some time to come. Who is to be returned elected will be known in a few days. Whoever it is we opine that the country will be safe and the Union still hang together. Until then we'll hope for the best.

THE quiet denizens of San Francisco were considerably alarmed on the night of the 18th August, by a sudden and violent shock of an earthquake, which caused a general *stampede* among the inmates of nearly all the lofty buildings in the city. A few minutes before 11 o'clock, P. M., on the eventful night, there was a loud rumbling noise heard, not unlike the rolling of a heavy baggage-wagon, or "Pike county clipper," over the streets, immediately followed by an oscillating movement of the earth, evidently proceeding from south to north. There were several vibrations, sudden and distinct, as if nature, muttering and growling at her long pent up confinement, was determined to shake herself loose and have a little sport on her own account, at the expense of the peaceful dwellers on the earth's surface on this part of the globe. Those who had retired to rest, after the labors and cares of the day, beat a hasty retreat from their bed and made a sudden exit into the streets, dressed in all sorts of habiliments, many of them almost in a state of nudity. It was extremely ludicrous to notice the chagrin and mortification of some

of these persons as they stood quaking and shaking in the midnight air, when the first unexpected shock to their nerves had passed, and they realized their unpleasant predicament. In the language of an obscured "poick,"

"As dressed in neither broadcloth, silk or hose,
Hat, car—nor boots, nor any other clothes,
Yet in full Nature's raiment,"

they presented a picture fit only for the pencil of a Hogarth or the immortal Cruikshank. Many laughable incidents are related:—of how nervous old women and bashful maidens sought the protection of sober-minded bachelors and staid young men, for fear some unaccountable, unforeseen danger was to be apprehended, and they had been selected as the victims. Of course the males did all that laid in their power to comfort the weaker sex. An inebriated individual imagined that the long looked for millenium had at last arrived, and that those who were flitting and dodging about the streets and doorways, dressed in their night-clothes, were resurrectionists, or spectres of the dear departed, robed in the sacred vestments of the grave. The individual in question was only reminded of his error by feeling a "brick" about his head, but whether it was one in his hat or came toppling down from a chimney, we were unable to learn, but very likely it was the former. To an observation addressed to him by a by-stander as to how he felt, he replied he "felt kinder quakey," but whether it was an earthquake, "or a weakness about his knees, he couldn't exactly say." He was used to seeing the lamp-posts and houses dancing around him nightly, but he attributed that phenomena to deep potations of "old corn;" he, however, had never seen before the entire people of San Francisco laboring under a similar impression. Another unfortunate individual thought, by the vivid flashes of lightning which preceded the shock, that that fell destroyer, "the comet," had at last arrived, and was about to smash up all sublunary things and come-it over him, among all others. He was supposed to be

insane. Others, too, believed that the hour of their last reck'ning had come, and sought to make atonement for their sins by muttering a hasty prayer. The "break-o'-day boys," and those whose business requires them to be up late o' nights, enjoyed the fun amazingly. Some rich scenes transpired in several of the hotels, of persons dressed in female apparel taking a hasty departure from the wrong room, while their liege lords were absent, but it will scarcely do to relate them. After the trembling had subsided, and vaunted courage taken the place of fear in the minds of those who had rushed affrighted and impetuously into street, they all sought their way in doors again, and the city by gas-light once more resumed its wonted quiet.

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WE introduce to our readers in this issue a new contributor—"Millie Mayfield." We make this announcement with no ordinary degree of pleasure. The productions of this child of genius have long since attracted the attention of the literary world, and certainly her efforts in this number of our Magazine are not inferior to anything that ever emanated from her sparkling pen. Her recent charming volume, entitled "Sketches in New Orleans," stamped "Millie Mayfield" as one of the leading writers of the age.

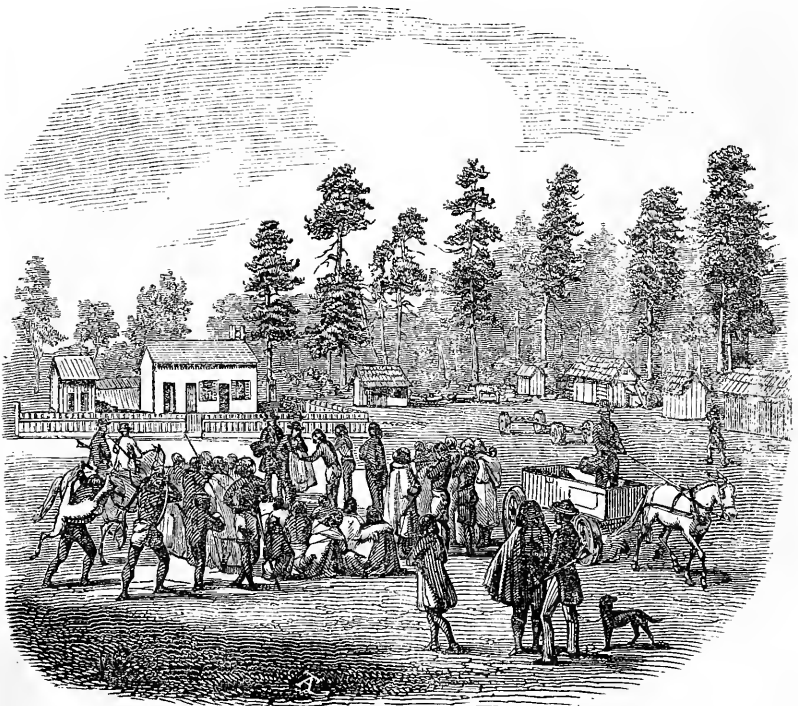
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WE heard a serenade a few evenings since, which went far to support the Sicilian theory of a *hoarse voice*. A seedy-looking individual, rather the worse for liquor, was singing "I would I were a boy again," with a melo-dramatic effect, about midnight, under an old woman's window, on Powell street. He only got through the first verse, when out popped a head with a night-cap on from a window, and a weazel voice asked, "Young man, if you can't sing any better than that, you'd better leave. I don't like *shrieking* at this time of night." "Oh, yes, marm—hic—anything to oblige you—hic," replied the serenader. To get rid of him she called a policeman, who took the *lover* into custody.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION. DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS TO THE INDIANS.

REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

Extracts from a Manuscript in German, entitled "TEN DAYS IN MENDOCINO."

On the mountains is freedom! the breath of decay
Never sullies the fresh flowing air;
Oh! Nature is perfect wherever we stray;
'Tis man that deforms it with care.

[SCHILLER'S *Bride of Messina*.]

PART I.—TRIP FROM PETALUMA TO THE COAST STATION OF THE INDIAN RESERVA- TION.

In the early part of 1852, three friends, visiting Clear Lake Valley, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the beauty of the country north of the Bay of San Francisco.

They would have found sufficient inducement for a second excursion in their impressions of the first trip; all that they had enjoyed of nature in its silent grandeur and charming contrast; the picturesque character of the mountain region, crowned by Mount St. Helen, (on the summit of which stands a cross of bronze, erected there by a Russian surveying party from Bodegas); but more especially the sudden transition from the volcanic chaos of the declivities of Black Mountain to the park-like Eden of the shores of the Lake yet lying in almost the same quiet repose as in the early days of the Spanish conquest, when it was known to but a few as the "Laguna Grande de Napa;" but, moreover, the exciting adventures connected with the first visit; the acquaintance formed with several of the Nimrods of that mountain region and their glowing descriptions of the hidden beauties of the adjacent country and the abundance of game, proved irresistible to the early visitors and several other friends, to escape at least once a year from the wearing excitement of a business life in San Francisco, and to dedi-

cate a couple of weeks to the further exploration of that region.

As the country around Clear Lake had lost all charms of a *terra incognita*, since it had become peopled by settlers attracted from all parts by its advantages for farming, it served but as a place of rendezvous for wider excursions; for the delights of the wilderness had to be sought in other directions, more remote from civilized life, even in the almost inaccessible haunts of the Red man himself.

Mendocino, the mountainous region south of the cape of that name, discovered in 1543 by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, and by him named after Don Antonio de Mendoza, then Viceroy of Mexico, was the rallying cry of the hunting party of 1857.

The trio of horsemen who first threaded their way through the mountain passes to Clear Lake, had annually gained in number, until the present company amounted to fifteen persons, but mostly comprising employees of the federal government and members of the bar. Three or four of the party, either from changes incident to life in America, or by their own roving dispositions, were enthusiastic amateurs of the noble art of woodcraft; and some had passed a great portion of their lives in the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains. Though so many professional men were of the party, and there was no lack of varied knowledge,

yet there was no pretension whatever to scientific pre-eminence.

In point of practical aptitude and complete provision for improvement and enjoyment both mental and bodily, the party could not easily be surpassed. Mons. Edouart, the artist, had with him his sketch-book; several amateurs brought with them their musical instruments, which, as an orchestra to the merry choruses, tended not a little to increase the conviviality of the party.

All being animated by the resolve to forget for a while the cares of existence, everything was left to the star of good luck; trusting to the good understanding between the members and that festive humor which is sure to develop itself in the happy freedom of the mountains.

As the present excursion, planned for a wider circuit, would require at least three weeks, I was forced, though reluctantly, to decline a friendly invitation extended to me. However, when the day of departure had arrived, I could not refrain from accompanying the party for a few days, at least, at their outset. I was thereby made a participator in some very amusing events.

The subjoined sketches of what came under my own observation may give some little idea of the enjoyment of my more fortunate companions after they reached the distant hunting grounds.

On looking back to the few days passed in such happy companionship, each member must consider it as one of great satisfaction. The invigorating effect of the mountain air and scenery tended so to refresh the energies of the mind and body, that all returned to their occupations and duties with redoubled power and cheerfulness.

The groupings of the several camping

grounds, offering the richest variety of the attractions of nature, furnished subject for the artist, seldom, if ever surpassed: Now in some secluded valley on the banks of a murmuring brook, surrounded by grotesque rocks; now on the green sward of some splendid forest, under the protection of a lofty pine or wide spreading oak; now on the shores of the Pacific, whose waves, with mysterious and never-ceasing music, lulled to a repose as quiet and refreshing, as could have been obtained on beds of softest down. Sometimes it chanced that the party should be suddenly overtaken by night. Then camp would be made at the first spot affording water and pasture to the animals, and to the men sufficient space to stretch their limbs.



PAECHTEL'S FARM, AT THE HEAD OF
LITTLE LAKE VALLEY.

At the various camps frequent visits were received from the hardy pioneers of those regions. Shouldering their rifles, they would accompany the party a day or two for the purpose of pointing out spots where game was abundant and of enjoying the conviviality of the camp-fire. By a recital of their adventures with that mingling of romance and reality for which mountain men are famous, they would add greatly to the general entertainment.

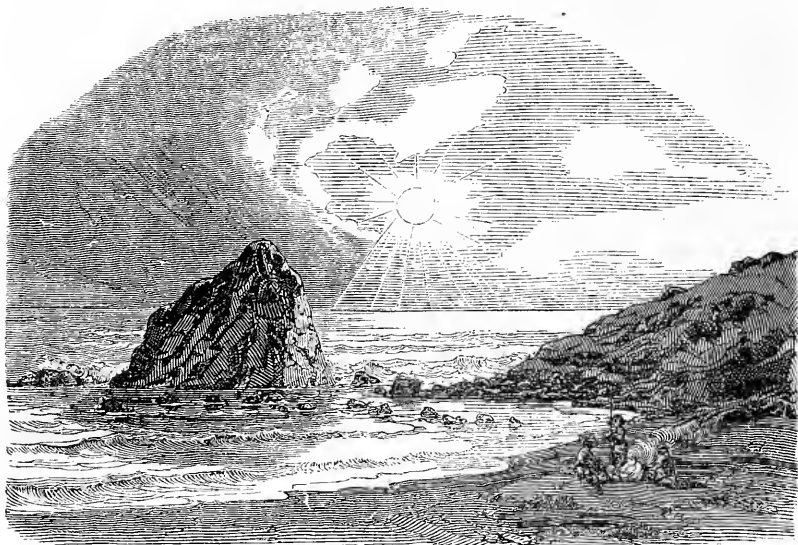
The Indians, too, with whom we chanced to meet, were always ready to become our followers. They considered themselves amply repaid for any drudgery they might

undergo by receiving the cast-off clothing of the members of the party, and a liberal supply of substantial food, to them an unaccustomed luxury.

Bountifully provided as were the party with a variety of good things from the city, and almost daily receiving a fresh supply of game, fish and other luxuries of the wilderness, "Plenty" was the prevailing feature of our camp. Although vieing in keenness of appetite with the mountaineers themselves, there was always a sufficiency to satisfy all. No one

was called upon to test his powers of abstinence in the way of eating or drinking.

The outfit was excellent—probably a little too complete—requiring, as it did, the use of a number of pack animals, which often delayed our progress. However, viewed in the light of a running picnic, all was marvelously well arranged. Besides, while traveling through a region yet so little known, there was pleasure in the novelty of exploration; and delays, which might otherwise have



VIEW OF CAPE MENDOCINO.—THE CAPE ROCK, INDIAN FISHING CAMP.

proved vexatious, afforded opportunities of indulging in predilections for natural study, richly compensated by a variety of objects, and especially the floral beauties of the hills.

The incidents relating to one night's resting place deserve more than a general notice, on account of the hospitable reception given to a portion of the party—a reception as unexpected as it was welcome.

On the way out of what is called Ukiah Valley, owing to some detention of the

pack-animals, the party became separated. The greater portion took a trail leading to a high range of mountains on the right. The remainder, some half-dozen in number, deceived by numerous tracks, took a trail leading in a different direction. The latter, supposing their companions to be ahead, hastened forward to overtake them and reach the place appointed for that night's rendezvous, before dark. After following the tracks for some distance, they found that they were becoming fewer and fainter. At last, nothing was

left to guide them but the general direction of the ridge, which ran towards the valley they were anxious to reach.

Twilight was fast yielding to the deeper shades of night, when, hearing the crack of a rifle near at hand, they felt confident that at last they had reached their companions. But for some time no living soul was met; and it was long after dark that, desecring a bright light and hastening forward, they soon reached a large log-house. The brothers Paechtel, the owners, attracted by the noise of arrival, welcomed the weary travelers with all the heartiness characteristic of mountain settlers.

The genuine spirit of hospitality, which is the never-failing accompaniment of true independence, is sure to make a stopping place in the mountains one of the most pleasing recollections of a man's life.

On the borders of the wilderness the tourist has the best opportunity of enjoying hospitality in the fullest acceptation of the word. This virtue exists, no doubt, among the farming class in the valleys; but, as the settlements increase, inns and places of refreshment are opened, with all the accompaniments of traffic and travel. Genuine hospitality, then, retires modestly to the log-cabin of the pioneer, in the more remote districts.

The brothers Paechtel, three in number, are of German descent. They are in the prime of life, with intelligent and interesting features, and, as yet, unmarried. By dint of industry and economy, they have built up quite a snug establishment. A comfortable, spacious log-house, surrounded by several out-houses, serves as a dwelling for themselves and accommodation for their help. Although devoting considerable attention to agriculture, their main object is the raising of cattle. Having the advantage of an extensive range and abundant pasturage all the year, their stock, of which they have

several hundred head, is in excellent condition.

On returning to the house, after providing for the horses in an excellent pasture, well enclosed, we met a relative of the Paechtels, who had just come in from his evening hunt. It was then ascertained that it was the report of his rifle that had been heard in the early part of the evening. As a trophy, he had with him the quarter of a fine, fat buck—leaving the balance to be brought in by the Indians.

Ablutions in the neighboring brook having greatly tended to our comfort, seats were taken at a bountifully-spread board. The abundant supply of warm bread, (made by one of the brothers himself,) broiled venison, fresh milk and butter, disappeared almost as rapidly as it was provided.

After satisfying our almost ravenous appetites, pipes were lighted and seats taken around the huge fire-place. A number of large logs had been brought in, and soon a bright fire was burning, which added not only to the cheerfulness, but also to the comfort. The company gave themselves up to social converse, alternately listening to and recounting whatever of interest or excitement occurred to each one.

The groupings of the party, with the addition of the dusky Indian attendants, lighted up by the glare of the blazing fire, formed a picture as original as it was complete.

Some cattle-dealers arriving in the early part of the evening, had been received with the same hospitable welcome as was the lot of the later guests. To them had been assigned all the regular sleeping accommodations of the house. Not at all at a loss, however, the worthy entertainers, bringing from the storeroom a bale of new blankets, opened and spread them upon the floor.

The party would have been in a sorry

plight to camp out that night, having left everything on the pack-horses. The idea of being separated from them never once entered the mind of any one. At last Morpheus claimed his votaries. One by one emptying his pipe, retired to their blankets. The large room, occasionally illuminated by the rekindling flame, offered a tableau of a within doors camp.

To one of the party the balsamic moun-

tain air had become a luxury, nay, almost necessity; so, arranging his bed a short distance from the house, he slept soundly in single blessedness 'till dawn. A motion at his side having awakened him, on looking up, he found himself surrounded by the three dogs of the farm, having unconsciously enjoyed their company during the night. On seeing the lonely sleeper, imitating the hospitality



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE. CAMP BELL, MATOMKA VALLEY.

of their owners, they had undertaken the friendly task of watching over his safety and warming themselves at the same time. Had he been at all susceptible to visions, he might have imagined a visit from three young bears; and with as much reason, too, as one of the prominent members of the party thought he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, a few nights previous—his faithful dog, induced by the chilliness of the night, having crept between the blankets of his master, and applied his cold nose to some uncovered part of his person, which invited that canine homage. Being much startled,

he jumped up with a shout, supposing that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake; notwithstanding the precaution he had taken of surrounding his couch with a rope of hair, as the most effective scarecrow to the reptile.

The following morning, while at breakfast, the remainder of the party made their appearance. It was then learned that they had camped several miles back on a plateau on the mountains. They, of course, were well provided with everything to make themselves comfortable, having with them all the camp equipage.

At sunrise, from their lofty resting

place, they were regaled by a magnificent panorama, extending from their feet as far as the eye could reach.

Next morning, about breakfast time, the cavalcade of our companions having come up, all were in high glee to avail themselves of the kind invitation of the Paechtels, who, to do honor to the chief personages of our party, readily consented to make a holiday, in order to accompany us to a famous hunting ground, which, by general selection, was to be our halting place for several days.

We had an agreeable ride of a few hours, chiefly through underwood, interspersed with the manzanita tree, and alternately through chapparal of miles in extent, a favorite resort of bears; though, notwithstanding abundant evidence of bruins' proximity, we only caught sight of two, of a cinnamon color, far beyond rifle-shot distance.

Traversing a ridge, we descended into a deep valley, literally studded with isolated rocks. Several of these rocks, towering above the rest, vied in elevation with the sides of the cañon itself, their lofty pyramidal peaks emerging from the wilderness of exuberant vegetation, which covered the whole bottom of this ravine, forming a dense dome of verdure beneath the shade of which a brook of clear mountain water, leaping from basin to basin and bordered with green sward, seemed to invite us to a real hunter's paradise.

But our prospective resting place was a few miles higher up on the opposite ridge. Pursuing our course in that direction we entered a magnificent forest of noble oaks, intermixed with pine and fir; the luxuriant growth of underwood rivaling the former in beauty and variety.

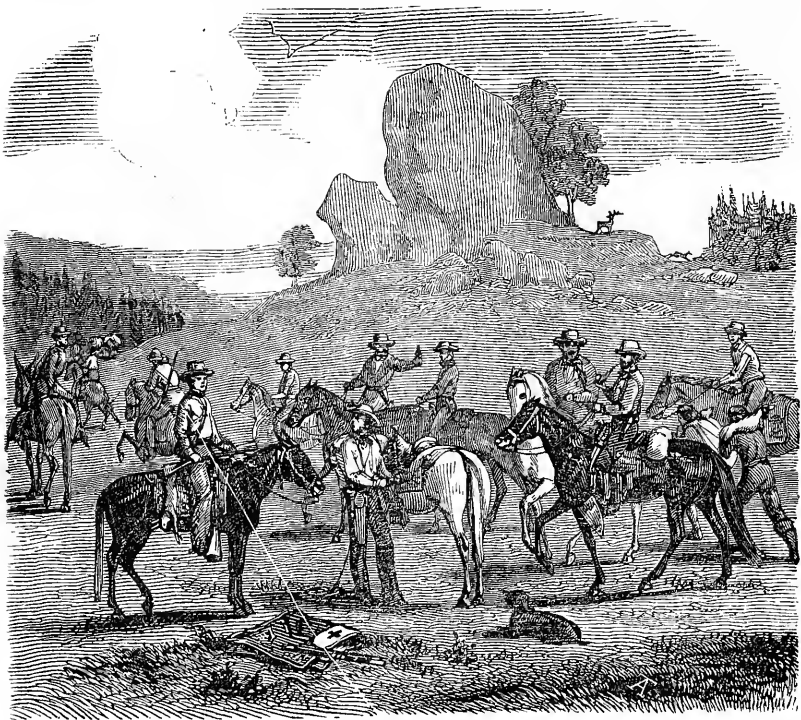
Here we halted and selected a spot unobstructed by bushes for our camping ground for several days. Our pack train had come up, thanks to the good care of our excellent Chileno, in spite of impro-

vised roads; in less than a quarter of an hour the kitchen apparatus was set up, the kettle on the fire and our black cook in a state of bustling activity. At a short distance from the fire, each one, following his fancy, selected the foot of some lofty tree for his anchoring place. Our animals, as if aware of the prospective rest and leisure, scampered off briskly to the neighboring glade; a few of them only were staked out on long ropes, so as to afford a kind of rallying point for the rest, who were soon enjoying unbounded freedom and all of them luxuriating in the waving sea of wild oats. With the help of so many hands all arrangements were soon completed. No one was more indefatigable than the Paechtels themselves, who, in order to come to the aid of our committee for firewood, with the help of their reatas and the combined strength of their horses brought branches and limbs of an immense size in sufficient quantity not only to provide us for several days, but also to surround us on the windward with a huge rampart of logs, affording us a most comfortable shelter.

It being yet early, there was for us ample scope for roving about, which all of us availed ourselves of, especially the hunters, who soon gave evidence of their pursuits by the report of their rifles. As to myself, taking the course of a ridge, I enjoyed a beautiful panorama of the surrounding valleys. On returning to camp I found all in bustle and high glee. The game brought in by the hunters was made over to the cook and the gentlemen who volunteered to assist him; and soon, in the midst of the plates and covers laid on the green sward, the most delicious meal was spread that ever tempted sharpened appetites. It is superfluous to mention that our cooking committee were gratified in finding love's labor *not* lost on this occasion, and that there seemed no end to new editions.

We were yet in the midst of our social meal (and what more delicious morsel can there be than venison broiled after the fashion of California hunters!) when three dusky figures, enthusiastically welcomed, made their appearance. It was easy to see that this welcome was tendered to personages of mountain celebrity, who had left impressions not easily to be forgotten; the intrepid Ben, chieftain of the Shewallapanees, one of the

wild mountain tribes, known to all who had been there before as the redoubted bear-killer, whose last victory had been purchased with the loss of his left eye—the right one being also distorted, and his face lacerated to an extent that hardly permitted any recognition of the features of the human race. Though welcomed at once by half a dozen of our company, (for strangers must be shocked by his appearance,) he never for a mo-



SHERWOOD VALLEY. THE HUNTING PARTY EN ROUTE.

ment lost the calm and dignified manner that characterizes an Indian Chief. He had returned only three days previous from the war-path against the Kamelponees, with whom there existed a feud since the assault and murder of several of his tribe. With the moderation for which he was proverbial, he left them

the choice between contest and an amicable settlement, which latter was accepted on conditions to offer "compensation for the past and guarantees for the future."

To our party the apparition of Ben and his followers was welcome also in point of information with regard to game in

the mountains; as to myself it offered a welcome opportunity, through recommendation of Tobin, to obtain one of his Indians as guide; and furthermore, it was Ben's fertility of invention that provided bearers for our dogs—the poor animals being by this time so thoroughly exhausted, that they must have been left behind, had we not been able to find people to carry them.

While Ben and his people were extremely reserved in demonstrations of enthusiasm, they were by no means backward in availing themselves of the good success of our hunters, leaving nothing but skin and bone of all the venison they found on hand.

It was in this night's camp, for the first time since starting from San Francisco, that the true spirit of conviviality broke forth, which, during the first few days' marches find a drawback from the fatigue of some members of the company. By this time every one seemed to have awoken to the true independence and freedom of the mountains. A couple of violins and a flute were started from their cases, and soon all was set into electric movement; and with music and dancing, choruses and burlesque speeches, a couple of hours passed pleasantly before any one bethought himself of retiring; then a few at a time, grouped by predilection or the promptings of the moment, retired to the quiet of their lairs in that abandon of conversation which is never to be found in towns, and which inadvertently gleams, even from the most reserved, occasional retrospective glimpses, such as afford the most racy reminiscences of these bivouacs.

The life of men like Jack Hays and Caperton, who have gone through the most daring tasks as well in guerilla war as in difficult reconnoissances, proving their valor on the field of battle as well as in the most desperate conflicts of the wilderness, but whose modesty and un-

pretending manner is the very stamp of true merit—is a living book, that, however, only opens under congenial circumstances.

Besides, there was abundance of topic for interesting discussion, an inexhaustible source of material, which, under the clever polemic and acumen of our legal stars could not fail to create enthusiasm; albeit, their discussions never suffered by pedantic display, and the material for such rhetoric generally obtained healthy nourishment from the immediate accompaniments of scenery, groupings, etc.

For me this was the greatest attraction of those evenings under the starry canopy of heaven; and often, after having for a while enjoyed the conversation of my friends, on retiring to my couch, a world of reminiscences of the past rose up to commingle with the rich impressions of the day's journey.

On that evening there was certainly enough in the natural excitement of the scene to keep my thoughts riveted to our entourage. The effect of the camp-fire—which, to enliven the banquet, was fed with huge logs—was splendid. Obscured for a while, whenever a fresh supply of trees and branches subdued the glare and circumscribed it to the immediate group of our bivouac, the flames broke forth again with redoubled force, and illuminated the lofty dome of branches over us, enabling us to trace out each branch and cluster of foliage; and sending its lightening flashes far into the labyrinth of reddened colonades, whose magic effect filled our minds with the interminable extent of the virgin forest.

At length quiet prevailed, and the crackling of the charred trunks and rustling of the wind in the lofty crowns of trees were the only sounds which disturbed that majestic solitude.

From Sherwood Valley, the scene of Mr. Edouart's spirited tableau, we gained the first view of Bald Mountain, tow-

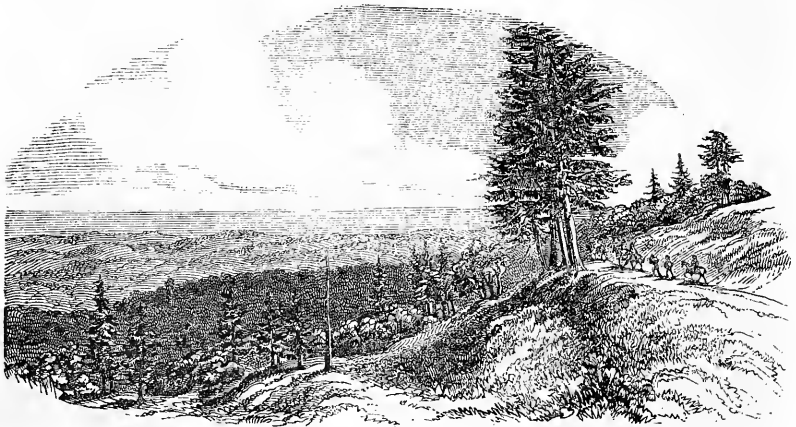
ering over the coast range, which has to be traversed to enter the district along the sea-coast forming the Mendocino Reservation.

When, after a toilsome ascent of a couple of hours, we reached the summit, a panorama burst upon our view, which every one of our party must ever remember as an object of sublime grandeur.

Our range of view over a vast segment of the Pacific Ocean, and a corresponding extent of some fifty or sixty miles of sea-coast before us, considering the distance yet separating us from it, must have comprised an area of at least 1,000 to 1,200

square miles; and yet, as far as the eye could reach, a seemingly interminable forest lay at our feet. A forest covering ridges and valleys in all the natural undulations of that mountain region, and receiving from the inequalities of the ground such lights and shades that, agitated by the breeze, it seemed a sea of foliage, and contrasted beautifully with the deep blue ocean fringed with its silvery surf.

Each and every one of us was impressed with the grandeur of this scene; and yet only a part—a very small part—of the Mendocino Coast Range lay before



VIEW OF THE COAST RANGE, FROM THE SUMMIT OF BALD MOUNTAIN.

us. It was sufficient to convince me that California will for centuries have virgin forests, perhaps to the end of Time!

An Indian trail, the only practicable path, follows the course of a mountain ridge running west, over gently undulating, yet never broken ground, though deep ravines lay on either side. Whenever the position of the trees offers an opening there are magnificent views, with sea and forest as the only object for the eye to rest on; scenes comparing in extent with that of the sandy desert, only that inexhaustibleness of matter is here combined with richness in form and color.

These Redwoods of themselves are a fit subject for contemplation: trees of immense size that, combining strength and elegance, rise to the skies; and some of which rival the cedars of Calaveras in age, attaining, when full grown, an elevation of three hundred feet, and a diameter of twelve to fifteen feet near the root.

The base of most of these trees show the effects of the conflagrations which year after year devastate the undergrowth of these forests, and to which one of these giants occasionally falls a victim; but many, in spite of large excavations in the trunks, capable of affording shelter to a

horse and his rider, stretch their victorious crowns to the clouds, and in others the reproductive power of nature has obliterated all traces of such fires by reclothing them with rind. Here and there the offshoots of trees (fallen centuries ago) have formed a rotunda or colonade of eight or ten independent trees round the centre of the old root, each of them of full height; and the space in the centre is wide enough to serve as encampment to a caravan. Among the many bushes that form the undergrowth there are ferns of gigantic size; one species, by its overhanging wings, reminding one of the palm of the tropics, luxuriates profusely on the Medusa heads of the roots of up-torn trees. Owing to an optical deception not unusual in mountain scenery, it seemed as if we were advancing on a parallel with the sea-coast instead of traversing the intervening ridges; although gaining a free view, I could not doubt our progress—the sea being nearer—and we seemed to be equally surrounded by forest in advance as well as in the rear.

A deep gully of barely sufficient capacity to afford passage to Ten Mile River, separated us from the next ridge, which, by an ascent of similar steepness, receives the continuation of this trail. This is Strawberry Valley, if a ravine deserves the name of a valley. The stream glides in crystal clearness over a bed of pebbles clothed in delicious *clair obscure* by the overhanging branches, which only permit access to the meridian sun. A number of dead giant trees of sufficient circumference to appear like the ruins of some antique castle, stand as remains of by-gone ages in the depth of this gully, forming a venerable contrast with the exuberant growth of the new generation, by which both walls of this secluded spot are covered from the depths to the very summit.

About sundown we reached a small

valley in the shape of a delta, with fine bottom land; the first clear spot this side of the coast range, and the only place since leaving Sherwoods, that exhibited any signs of cultivation.

Here we halted for the night; and all of us, overwhelmed by the grandeur of the scenery we had passed, as well as satisfied with the exercise of the day, were glad to stretch our wearied limbs upon the green sward. We enjoyed an unbroken rest in anticipation of a pleasant morning ride, to take us to the Mendocino Reservation.

PART II.—INDIAN RESERVATIONS AND THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION.

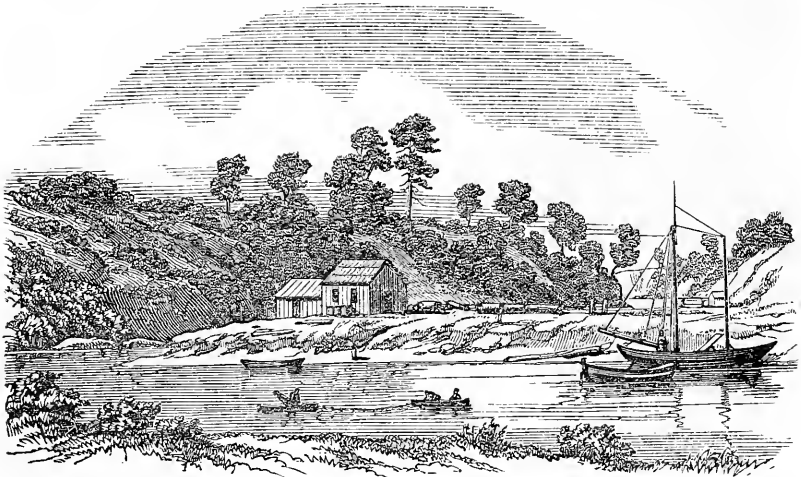
The term "*U. S. Reservation*" (Government Reservation) applies, in the United States of America, to tracts of land selected from the general mass of the domain and set apart for special purposes by the administration; all the land not covered by private claims, and therefore called "public land," remains open to settlers, at fixed prices, under the Pre-emption Law.

Indian Reservations are districts by act of Congress made over to the Department of Indian affairs, for the carrying out of special purposes, more fully explained in the following pages.

The system of these institutions, under the direct control of the Federal Government, and managed by U. S. officers, under the denomination of Indian Agents or Superintendents, is highly praiseworthy, and based on principles as humane as they are liberal. It is intended to accomplish a double purpose: to assist the growing requirements of the steadily progressing colonization, by removing the Indians from those districts where the white settlements have already increased to such an extent as to make the presence of the Aborigines a serious drawback and an increasing source of annoyance; and to concentrate in other remoter dis-

tricts, best suited to their wants, the straggling tribes, already greatly reduced in numbers, to make for them a new home, where the natural elements of their subsistence are sufficiently abundant to ensure to them, under moderate labor, a maintenance from the farming establishments formed for that purpose, and liberally aided on the part of Government. The Indians are thus protected and provided for within the limits assigned to them, under a salutary control, while, by their removal, the white settlers, secured from their incursions, have

free scope for extending their improvements. Thus have favorable results been generally obtained in the Atlantic States; and though, with the exception, perhaps, of the Cherokees, (where, by the mixing of races, a prosperous nation of agricultural half-breeds has sprung up,) I know of no instance of the difficult problem of conservation and civilization of the red men having been solved; their lot, considering the circumstances, has been very much alleviated, and their transition to a kind of industrial existence has stayed the annihilation of the race.



THE FISHING STATION ON THE RIVER NOYO, MENDOCINO.

The system, in itself, is comprehensive and highly beneficial; though it has been asserted in this respect, as in other branches of public service, that practice falls short of theory, and that the Indian appointments, through the management of Uncle Sam's farms, are some of the richest morsels in the gift of the leading party, to reward political merit. It is to this source (the envy arising from such assertions) that most of the invectives, and even vile aspersions, are to be attributed which repeatedly have been heaped upon Indian Agents.

Considering the remoteness of the field of action, the large contracts to be carried out for supplies of every kind to large communities, at first wholly dependent on them; the management of rations; the providing materials for buildings, bridges, and unlooked-for emergencies; the position of an Indian Agent certainly embraces a large scope for action and power, in which control is almost impossible; the more acknowledgement is due to the faithful fulfillment of the arduous duties in this particular branch of the public service. For the welfare or

suffering, the comfort or misery of this mute community, as well as the preservation of the stations themselves, depend entirely on the aptitude and trustworthiness of the Indian Agents; and the fulfillment of so important a trust requires a great capacity for business, a thorough knowledge of details, untiring activity, disregarding fatigue and danger, and, above all, moderation and self-command, the indispensable qualifications for managing the rude elements of a settlement in the wilderness.

The doom of the red man is once for all irrevocably sealed, as soon as the white pioneer sets foot upon his hunting grounds. And it is difficult to say, with regard to California, whether more victims have fallen to the barbarous, half-fanatic, half-military expeditions of the Californians during the Mexican times, (to subdue certain tribes, and capture their women and children for menial service, under the pretext of Christianization,) or to the irresistible wedge of the American settler who, impatient of restraint, in his contempt for other races, remorselessly scatters all that stands in his way; or, lastly, whether deeper injury has not resulted from apparently friendly intercourse, which has introduced to the tribes the evils of intoxication, small pox, and many other diseases previously unknown to them. Compared with the misery and abjection into which most of them have sunk, by being deprived of or disturbed in their hunting and fishing grounds, and even made dependent upon their ruthless intruders, by wants they have introduced and accustomed them to, their removal to the protection and discipline of the Reservations is to be considered a great blessing!

The system is not one of compulsory labor, nor forcible conversion; and there is little if any restraint as to the exercise of their primitive rites; but the most stringent measures are taken against in-

toxication. The able-bodied men are kept to regular employment, while provision is made for instructing the rising generation. A small military force, to represent the mighty arm of the Federal Government, is sufficient to protect the establishment and to avoid conflicts, which, left to the workings of human passions, would, as they have done in other parts, involve whole districts in devastating warfare.

The institution of the Reservations seems to be the best mitigation under existing evils. It provides a refuge for the hunted-down sons of the wilderness; and if a prosperous future cannot be built up for them, their actual wants are at least provided for. But, within half a century, the existence of the red race will be reduced to an object of historical retrospect!

THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION.

This Indian Reservation, the largest of California, fully deserves a circumstantial description. Its principal station is on the sea-coast, near the river Noyo, which, for the first few miles from its mouth, is navigable for small craft. The outlet of this river presents a double harbor. The outer one is sufficiently sheltered, during the greater part of the year, by almost parallel promontories, projecting on both sides. Above it, a sandy spit of land, extending from the north bank nearly to the opposite shore, leaves a narrow entrance to the inner harbor, which is the usual place of anchorage for the little schooner belonging to the station. This schooner serves for fishing, and for communication with the harbor of Big River, situated about ten miles to the south.

The buildings of the station stand on a slightly elevated plain, about a mile from the sea, and nearly the same distance from the mouth of the Noyo; they consist of a spacious store-house, offices

and mess-rooms, the dwelling of the Agent and some smaller cottages for the employees. There is also a physician's and apothecary's department, and a number of work-shops. The Indians regularly employed, together with their families, live close by in block-houses, arranged in an open square. In the midst of this rises what seems to be a large mound. It is a mud-plastered roof, covering a round excavation, and the whole is a good specimen, though on a very large scale, of the usual Digger Indian style of architecture. On one side is a small hole, for entrance; and another hole in the roof serves for a chimney. The Indians use this wigwam as a Temascal or sweat-bath, in which they shut up their sick to pass through an ordeal of heat and smoke, sometimes for hours on a stretch. It also serves as a council-chamber and as a banquet-hall, and for the performance of their religious rites. In it the bodies of the dead are reduced to ashes, the whole community keeping up a most doleful howling meanwhile.

Not far from the buildings, on the edge of the woods, are the Rancherias of those tribes which still live in their primitive condition. Each tribe has a separate camp, and some of their wigwams are so hidden in the bushes, that their whereabouts is only betrayed by the smoke.

Two miles further on is an outpost of about 20 soldiers, whose duty it is to aid the Agent in maintaining order. They would have an easy life of it, indeed, if they had nothing else to do. But, unfortunately, their services are very frequently required to protect the Indians against the cruelty and oppression of the white men who have settled on the outskirts of the Reservation.

The Indian tribes of the Reservation chiefly belong to those generally known in California as "Diggers." They lead a roaming life, and their temporary dwellings are circular excavations, cov-

ered with a roof of rushes, plastered over with mud—the whole looking like a hillock.

In disposition they are more peaceable than warlike, although petty feuds are continually kept up between the tribes, and they have their fighting-men and war-chieftains. They subsist chiefly on roots, acorns, seeds, grass, earth-worms, ants and grasshoppers, according to the season; but their principal food is fish from the sea or rivers. They are good fishermen, very expert in the use of spears, nets and fishing-baskets.

Their arms are too imperfect to allow them to kill game, except at a short distance; this is therefore only an accidental source of support. The mountain tribes, however, taking advantage of ravines and gullies, sometimes manage to drive a large quantity of game into some corner, from which there is no escape, and thus slaughter great numbers, and for a while revel in abundance. But the supply does not last long, as the power of the Indians to dispose of meat and to gorge themselves is truly astonishing.

The Indians, when brought into the Reservation, deliver up their arms, and they are not allowed to carry any, except when on a temporary furlough in the mountains.

The tribes of the valleys of Sonoma and Napa, and those who lived near Clear Lake, have held intercourse with the settlers for the last thirty years, or since the first settlements sprung up north of the Bay of San Francisco. Food and covering was a sufficient inducement for them to help the Spaniards during harvest. An imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language is therefore common among them, though, latterly, English has begun to take its place with those who have come in contact with American settlers.

Among the tribes of the North, which have had but little intercourse with the whites, the number of idioms is very

great, and the diversity is such as to preclude almost entirely all verbal communication. But it has been proven by the philological investigations of the Jesuits in Lower California, that the divers manners of speech of the Indians were nothing more than dialects of a few stock-languages, and it is therefore a fair inference that the same will be found to be the case in the northern part of the State, though it would require laborious research to prove the fact.

The tribes living on the borders of Oregon are more athletic and warlike, a fact which they have proved on several occasions, when their resentment has been provoked by outrages committed on them by the white settlers.

Hitherto, the Reservation has received only peaceable tribes, and those which were closely pressed upon by the advance of civilization; but all the tribes now living in the north of California will, sooner or later, be induced to seek refuge under its protection.

The Mendocino Reservation, favored in many respects by nature, possesses abundant elements for the maintenance of the Indian tribes. Two other stations exist in the interior and further to the north—Nome Lakee and Nome Cult—which I purpose to visit at some future time.

The latter possesses excellent pasture land, and a stock of cattle has already been placed on it. The usual rate of increase in California is such that it will soon furnish beef cattle enough for all the stations of Mendocino—thus affording one of the principal means of supporting the Indians.

Game, though abundant, cannot be relied upon as a means of subsistence. A single hunter, roaming through the woods with his rifle, can live on the fat of the land. But a wider tract of country has to be scoured to furnish a large settled community with game; the transporta-

tion becomes onerous, and the thing is found to be impracticable.

The Reservations mainly depend for subsistence upon agriculture. The rolling lands between the coast and the mountains are covered by an abundance of wild oats, beans, clover and other nutritious grains, affording excellent pasture.

The bottom lands, along the water-courses of the valleys, are eminently adapted for cultivation. The working force of the station, under judicious direction, will soon bring out the producing qualities of these lands, which have an advantage over the heavy clay soils bordering the Bay of San Francisco, in so far that they can be ploughed at almost any season. Large tracts are already prepared for sowing. Potatoes yield abundantly, and are one of their principal resources.

The sea-fishery furnishes another main element of support. Every morning the schooner is sent out with an Indian crew, commanded by an employee. It returns towards noon with several tons of cod, rock fish, etc., together with a number of nondescript fishes—strange, uncouth denizens of the deep. The river also affords its quota as well as the sea.

The Indians are very dexterous in fishing with nets within the bar, so that the supply of fish never fails.

Our bivouac at Ten Mile River was shared by Col. Henley, the Indian Superintendent, by Lieut. Gibson, Commander of the post, by several attaches of the Reservation and by some hunters who had determined to join our party. A strong fog came in from the sea, and the atmosphere was by no means as agreeable as the balmy air of the mountains; but a good fire, aided by inward applications of "anti-fogmatics," enabled us to forget the chilliness of the nights. We had become accustomed to exercise in the open air, and, in a measure, indif-

ferent to changes of temperature. An hour's ride in the morning was sufficient to drive away any feeling of stiffness.

While at the Reservation, we enjoyed the warm hospitality of Col. Henley, who, as far as his manifold occupations permitted, made our stay very agreeable. He gave us a hearty welcome, and afterwards, in his turn, called at our camp to participate in our convivialities.

Curiosity attracted many of the Indians from their wigwams, and the groupings of their dusky forms afforded a novel and interesting back-ground to the tableau of our camp.

The number of Indians on the Reservation is about 4,000, but, at the time of our visit, it was considerably reduced. It was their harvest season, and most of the able-bodied men had received leave of absence to collect seeds and to gather their crops, while others had gone on fishing expeditions. In this manner, by allowing them, occasionally, to return to their old mode of life, they feel less sensibly the subordination and restraint under which they necessarily live on the Reservation, and they also, without perceiving it, contribute to lessen the burden of the administration.

The many camp-fires we passed in the mountains bore evidence of the temporary scattering of the Indians.

The Reservation was, therefore, not as animated as it is usually, but there was still evidence enough to show the improvements which the Indians have received. There is a striking contrast between their former rude and almost animal state and their present improved condition. Instead of roaming about, listlessly, in the woods, and eking out a precarious life, they are now occupied in agricultural pursuits—have become acquainted with many of the usages and objects of civilized life, and no longer depend for sustenance on the uncertain results of the chase or on the scanty pro-

duce of the wild vegetation of the mountains.

The guide I had brought from the mountains could not converse with the Indians of the station; his native language was entirely different. As a free and independent son of the wilderness, he looked somewhat superciliously at the doings on the Reservation. I had promised him a shirt and a blanket, as a reward for his services, and he was only waiting for them to return to his brother, the bear-fighter, Ben, in Matompka Valley. His aged father now made his appearance, and he was soon put in good humor by partaking of some of the good things at our camp. Standing upon the stump of a tree, he began talking to the winds, and gave us a specimen of Indian speech-making. He was asked to give an Indian name to the several members of our party; complying, without hesitation, he began the distribution of names, all expressive of some peculiarity of dress, voice, appearance or manner, which he caught with wonderful readiness. Some of them were translated to us, and they were appropriate and droll enough to afford us amusement at the expense of the recipients of this gratuitous baptism. He was rewarded with a black dress coat for himself, and a pair of kid gloves for his son, the bear-fighter, and perfectly satisfied with this compensation for the trouble of two days' march. An Indian will at no time shun fatigue, if it enables him to partake of the game and receive some of the cast-off clothes of the white men.

A fine specimen of the Indian was old Antonio, chief of one of the half-domesticated Bodega tribes. His four daughters—very fair specimens of young squaws—had all formed alliances with white men, and the old chief appeared to be very proud of their exalted fortunes, and to discern in perspective the perpetration of his race in a long succession of half-breeds.

[Continued on page 177.]

GOLD LAKE: A TALE FOR THE FRAZERITES.

BY MRS. L. FOUTS.

"Philosophizing, poetizing, or regretting—which, my pretty cousin?" said young Frank Besoir, as he emerged from the luxurious depths of a crimson easy chair, and approached the vine-clad western window. The fairy form of seventeen and the infantine dimples of Clare did not belie her words.

"You are pleased to be ironical in your two first accusations, Mr. Frank, and to pay you for it, I can assure you I was not indulging in the latter mood. No; I was castle-building, as usual"—

"Laying the foundations of those invincible towers in California, I'll wager," interrupted Frank.

"To be sure; where else should I locate them, unless I took a contract for you? How stupid for you to stay in this country of drones, and not be married, either! now own up, Frank, ain't you envious, to think that I have made a match first? you wear such an 'all-alone' look since you came back."

"And shan't I be all alone for friends when you leave, Clare?"

"Oh, fie! don't look so sad! I will bequeath you the valued friendship of all the old and young maids of my acquaintance, who will not give a thought once a year, after the wedding is over and the steamer sailed, though now they tire me to death with their alternate condolence and croakings. That reminds me, as you came, I was wishing that Oscar and I could charter yonder fleecy cloud for our bark; I know where it is bound, by the golden banners furling towards the setting sun. How deliciously could we rest 'mid its downy depths—how swiftly sail

over mountain and sea, until it softly descended through the realms of air upon some lovely vale of our El Dorado, where the last burning rays of the sun have lingered and turned to gold!"

"Beautiful! Clare, Oscar will make you a poetess, yet," and Frank stood for a moment, his ardent eyes drinking in the fresh beauty of the young enthusiast. But his expression of almost idolatrous admiration suddenly changed to one of deepest sadness: as the sparkle of the sun-loving wave is darkened by the swift storm-herald; as our own hearts, 'ere now, even as they stood in youthful love on the pinnacle of Happiness, have turned faint and dizzy, to mark that on one side was a precipice, and its dark abyss was Misery. "Clare, dear Clare," he said, "but whither is this wild romance leading you? will not the syren lure you into a desert from which there is no retreat? But I need not use metaphor—are you not, indeed, resting all your future, all your young hopes as on a cloud—on the vague tales of gold-crazed men—substantiated only by the restless aspirations of your restless lover? What surety have you that, when that cloud disperses, it will not lower you to poverty, sickness and death on that strange shore?"

"Now, Frank," replied the sweet saddened voice, "this is not only unkind of you, but unwise. You know my heart is irrevocably claimed, my destiny irrevocably written, and no thought of mine can change it."

"And so Oscar has imbued you with his wild fatalism, too!" cried Frank.

"Clare Mordaunt, as to the election of your heart, I would have it pure and irrevocable; but, believe me, your future is in your own hands. If Oscar loves you, why should the sacrifice be all on your side? If he loves you, why does he implant in your pure heart the seeds of distrust and scepticism?—why drag you from a luxurious home—from a circle refined and appreciating—a victim to his unbridled fancies? No, Clara; if he loves you, bid him consider *your* happiness, and if he flies from the hearthstone of your gentle sphere, seek not to mate with his flight, and leave the schemer to plot his own ruin!"

"Now, Frank, if you were not my own dear brother, you should repent those bitter words of poor Oscar, just because he is not disagreeable and hum-drum. And besides," she continued, rallying, "you are an artist, and poet, too, and I never saw *you* sad in my life, until you talked of parting with your pet cousin."

"I might have been happy," said Frank, "had I seen your happiness insured; but though I left the sick bed of a mother, and traveled hundreds of miles without rest to meet you, it is only to spend a few days in bidding a sad adieu. How little did I think, when, six months ago, you pronounced Oscar Moreland's name after me for the first time, that I was introducing to you the arbiter of your happiness! that this reckless enthusiast, whose vagaries had so often enlivened our college-days, was to victimize the fairest and purest in his snares of accursed fatalism!"

"Frank Besoir, are you insane, to address such language to me, and on the very verge of marriage, too!" exclaimed Clare, her great brown eyes flashing anger.

"Forgive me, forgive me! perhaps I *am* insane. Listen, Clare: you say I am a poet; every poet has his idol, whose divine inspiration tunes his lyre. I had

mine. You say I am an artist; the same idol was there enthroned queen of beauty, and mocked the creations of my pencil. She was my world—my thought—and look at me! am I now happy?" And the girl's gaze fixed in mournful wonder on the mighty sorrow of that face; the eyes she had ever seen sparkling with rich quaint fancies were now piercing hers. darkened with a fathomless grief; the lips, formed like her own, to express the sunniest and brightest emotions of the heart, lost their soft outlines in the firm pressure with which the strong man crushes his weakness. "No," he continued, vehemently, "my darling hopes so tenderly cherished, my beautiful dreams so fastidiously painted, are rudely trampled and tarnished—my world, my all—gone in one hour!"

"Poor dear Frank," murmured the pitying voice, artlessly; "have you indeed been so miserable, and your own Clare not knowing it? how I have mocked your sorrow with my wild gayety! Why did you not tell me before, dear cousin?"

"I never meant to tell you, Clare; honor and generosity alike forbade me, and it would have passed in silence, had I been sure of your welfare; but to lose you"——

"Me! me! oh, do not say you mean me!" cried Clare, clasping her hands in woe. She saw the truth in Frank's downcast face. "Oh, Frank, this is dreadful! you, that have always been a brother to me, why did you tell me?" and she sobbed in mingled grief and shame.

"Clare," said the young man, bitterly, "I am now unworthy even of your sisterly love. I have been ungenerous, selfish and ungrateful; but the fear for your happiness, and the sudden death of mine own, drove me beside myself. Forgive me, some time, and then forget me; for, when you are gone, I shall be yet more unworthy and lost." He turned to go, but she recalled him.

"Stay, stay; we will both forget all that is sad. I am an orphan, and your love has supplied the place of all to me. You are noble, Frank; be still my brother—my ever true friend!" and she held her little snowy hands pleadingly to him, like a child.

"God bless you, Clare! you are an angel. I will never, never leave you; and when all forsake you, I will be your savior!" cried Frank, embracing her.

"Most an enchanting tableau," sneered a low voice beside them.

"Oscar!" exclaimed Clare, and both starting, turned to see a splendid young man, his majestic figure drawn to full height. Mingled rage and scorn flushed the classic features and curled the crimson lip; over the lofty forehead fell masses of light locks; but the power of that striking face was centred in the large, expressive eyes, that now gleamed like fiery balls as they scanned Frank's averted face in contemptuous scrutiny. He continued in a voice of concentrated scorn:

"Dear brother of my college days—faithful friend of youth, and most esteemed cousin in future—allow me, in the name of my affianced bride"—and he took Clare's trembling hand—"to thank you deeply for the flattering interest in her welfare and highly honorable protestations; but, allow me, sir, for myself, to add, that, though *astounded* at your matterly sketch of my character, I must decline all assistance in the care of my wife, or any other equally delicate tokens of regard. But, to terminate this touching scene," he added, hastily, as Clare sank almost fainting on his arm, "we will unite in a last adieu; after this occurrence, your friendship and presence are equally disgraceful."

"S'death, sir," retorted Frank, roused from his confusion by this bitter taunt; "because I have erred in a rash moment, I have yet to learn your right to order me from my Uncle's house."

"Oh, Frank, go! go!" almost shrieked Clare, as she caught the angry defiance of each brow. Her piteous tones pierced his heart, and with a lingering look at her pale, fear-stricken face and trembling form, he left that room for ever. For many minutes Oscar held the weeping girl in his arms, vainly endeavoring to assuage her grief and excitement with the fondest regrets and tenderest endearments. And what woman's nature shall resist the tenderness of love? there is a magic choral in her heart that will ever, through time and change, and alas, even through coldness and cruelty, still respond to the master's hand.

Clare's first words were: "Oscar, for my sake, pardon poor Frank; he was wild—he knew not what he said; he has ever been the kindest, dearest brother to me."

"For your sake I forgive him, my darling; but his dastardly attempt to snatch you from me, and his reproaches of my poverty, I shall never forget. Poor fool! does he not know that ere the light was born to earth the angels had sent you from their throng to be my gentle spirit my better nature? and that we, wedded in immortality, *he* cannot sever in the cycles of time? United we will follow the voice of fate, and then united we will rise to some brighter sphere. But come, little Clare, I would fain 'wipe the tear from the eye of beauty;' let us drown this sadness in the music of your harp, and then I have a splendid poem for you." Contrast the strained, stiffened sinews of old age with the pliant elasticity of the dimple-bounded muscle of youth, and you shall mark the distance wider between the poor old heart, where sorrow cankers unpulsed, and the joyous rebound from youthful grief. Ah, surely,

"There never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When Hope, like a child, lay down to sleep
Amid the folded flowers."

Clare Mordaunt was orphaned so young

that she remembered neither of her parents; but a wealthy bachelor uncle received the child to his solitary home, and of the actual cares and sorrows of life she had heard as of a fable. Her uncle's heart was divided between two pursuits—business and his laboratory—and as each, in its turn, asserted an absolute monopoly of his time, he had no thought of little Clare, beyond supplying her with the best of masters and shielding her from any evil influence. So the child's life passed monotonously amid the grandeur of the old house, and the flowers of her heart unfolded not their fragrant petals in the absence of the sun of domestic love. When she was nearly twelve, a brighter era dawned upon her. Frank Besoir, her cousin, came from his rich southern plantation to prosecute the study of law at his uncle's house. The native kindness of the boy's heart (for he was only twenty) instantly felt for the lonely situation of the lovely orphan; but this principle of pity soon grew into a most earnest devotion. The uncle, knowing well Frank's noble nature, was but too glad to let the young people take their own course. Clare's life was now as bright as youth, beauty and wealth could make it. She had some one now to listen to her harp, to criticise her drawings and to discuss with her the "airy nothings" of the poet. Each feminine grace and gentle charm flourished—for Frank had an artist's eye and a poet's pen—his sunny nature naturally reflecting the beauteous things of earth. But, to Clare, he was only the dear brother. Even after her *entree* into the gay world, when the old uncle querulously insisted on the closing of inner doors to exclude the sounds of the light laughter and dancing of the parlor from the gloomy laboratory, it never entered the gay beauty's head to class Frank among her troupe of adorers. Nor was he in the least her ideal; for, though his features were by no means

plain, and his sparkling eyes looked a jest and his delicate lips curled a satire, in statue he was small, and Clare, with the perversity of little women, admired tall men. Her hero must be gigantic, both in soul and strength. Nor did Love lay siege to the pretty maid till, on the last "New Year's Day," Frank introduced the splendid Oscar Moreland, with many a tale of his fitful fancies and eccentric genius, as he had known him at a southern college. Oscar, with his handsome face and irresistible address, scarce needed Frank's warm recommendations to secure him immense popularity in the social circles; though it was known that already he had squandered two inherited fortunes in travels and extravagant luxuries, and was almost even with the world again. Of course a ready friendship was established with Clare on the ground of Frank's regard for him; and this deepened into a warm intimacy, when in February, her cousin was called home by his widowed mother. And now, we would fain trace the progress of awakening love in those two hearts—as we love to watch the first pale pink of morning deepen into crimson glory—as we linger over the bursting buds of our favorite flower. But, suffice it to say, that the love of Oscar and Clare was as beautiful as these, and pure and deep. So fascinated was her ardent imagination with his witching eloquence, and so completely did he enthral her gentle spirit with the power of his love, that she consented to bid adieu to the harvest moon of her native home, and accompany him in his wild search for wealth in the far regions of gold. Her uncle, in his faint objections, was vanquished to his counting-room with a few tears and by a strange fatality. Frank only received Clare's last letter on the subject, which was an invitation to the wedding.

For the far future Oscar drew, with burning words and thrilling voice, the

glowing picture of some southern Eden, where their souls, elevated through the medium of the senses almost to Paradise, would revel in a foretaste of joys immortal. It was not strange that his lady-love's fancy loved to roam amid his splendid creations and wrap the web of his beautiful dreams round her heart, until they became to her the mirroring of a certain future. Then wonder not if, in the charmed society of him she adored, her laughter rung in mellow peals on the moonlight, where, an hour before, she had wept away the twilight. Nor did she give one thought to poor heart-broken Frank until, in her own room, she watched the setting of that moon for the last time as Clare Mordaunt.

Now, shall we paint you a picture of the brightness of the wedding sunshine—the bride's brilliant beauty in her airy robes and gleaming jewels—of the bridegroom's joy and pride—of the solemnity of the ritual that cemented those two lives forever? No; we would rather send some hearts back to the time when, with like trembling earnestness, they gave the same heart-pledge, and some forward to the fond dream of that golden bridal season, that ever haunts the young. If one sad thought divided the joy of the bride and groom or the admiration of the assembled guests, it was the mysterious departure of Frank, without a single adieu, the day before. And soon Clare and Oscar dropped a few parting tears over the hand of the old uncle, and embarked, with a thousand others, on their watery path to the Land of Gold.

Two weeks later they were ensconced in an old hotel in the ancient city of Panama. Here they were detained a few days, much to their delight, for the moss-grown ruins of the monasteries, the gorgeous scenery of the tropics, with brilliant-hued flowers and endless vistas of verdure, were to them never-failing subjects of admiration. Charmed were the

hours spent beneath the palm trees, feasting on the luscious fruit, and amusing themselves with the natives, monkeys and parrots, equally grotesque. Here, too, they formed more intimate acquaintance with their fellow-passengers. They were a motley crowd, representing almost every people on earth, and varying as much in degrees of intellect. Among the most interesting to Clare were two Indian youths, said to be twins, the sons of a western chief, and inheriting their French speech and lightened complexion from their mother. As they only spoke that language they were excluded from general intercourse, while Clare, amused with their naive manners and quick observations, soon learned to call their names—Sago and Comanche—and quite won their hearts, by the present of a pair of coral bracelets, which they wore on their brawny arms with pride. They were familiarly known as the "half-breeds," and won the respect of all by their modest independence.

But the most intimate friend of the Morelands was a lawyer—Mr. Cole—who appeared to be partly the guardian of the Indians. He was lively and intelligent, so he made a most agreeable companion.

The evening before the steamer sailed, after a supper of rich fruits, Oscar complained of being chilled; on retiring to his room he was violently sick, and then fell into a deep stupor, with his eyes half opened. For hours his bride anxiously watched him, vainly essaying to rouse him at intervals, when, becoming alarmed, she determined to send for Mr. Cole. A tall Spaniard answered her ring; but, on hearing her errand, to her dismay, he pushed past her into the room and snatched Oscar's rich gold watch that laid on the table. Naturally intrepid, Clare sprang for the bell-rope as he turned to leave, but his quick eye detected the movement, and he dealt her a sav-

age blow, which made her shriek and reel. Then she heard, faintly, the clash of knives and a scuffle, and when she aroused, Mr. Cole was bending over her and the Indians were holding the thief, who Sago had disabled by a well-aimed blow, as he chanced to see him escaping from the window. Mr. Cole had no difficulty in recognizing in Oscar the symptoms of a virulent attack of the Panama fever. Enforcing upon all the necessity of keeping it secret, or he would not be admitted on ship-board, he diligently applied all the remedies within his knowledge; still, on the morrow Oscar was almost carried on board, only half roused from his stupor. For days his kind friend nursed him with the devotion of a brother, when he too sickened, and then the Indian brothers divided their time between the invalids. Clare's fortitude through this was heroic; not a tear fell as she bathed the fevered brow of her adored husband and heard his incoherent words; nor did physical weakness triumph till on the fourth morning of Mr. Cole's illness, she was summoned to his death-bed. As the waves closed with a mournful roll over the form so lately replete with health and goodness, the first bitter tears gushed from her eyes; for she felt that, though many were kind, he was their only friend, and the loss of a friend she had never known before. It was then that the Indian brothers besought her to take that needful rest which anxiety had long driven from her pillow; at last, representing that for her husband's sake she must keep her strength, she yielded to the deep sleep of intense fatigue, and when she awoke, late the next day, the faithful pair still kept watch. Thenceforth on these rude sons of the forest Clare looked as her kindest aids, and their devotion as unequaled.

Just as they began to hope for Oscar's recovery they entered that gulf of storms, "Tehuantepec," and his fever increased

to an alarming degree, amid the horrors of the tempest at sea. Ah, those were sad days; wild waves tossed the ship unmercifully; from pelting rains they closed the port holes and excluded fresh air; their water grew scarce, till at length the little given was thick and warm. During the long days and dark nights, varied only by the occasional jerk of the steamer, as she paused for an instant to lower a corpse to the water, Clare sat patiently by the couch of pain, when all other women sought their berths in fear and sickness. One awful night, when every heart was panic-stricken, and every strong arm called to save the ship from its threatened doom, the brothers disappeared from their station by her door, and she was left, for the first time, alone. Oscar was in high delirium; his cries for the "water, water—just one drop of water" she had not for him, were heart-rending. Twice did the fragile creature creep the length of the rocking vessel to beg for a little water or tea, ere she obtained the half-bowl of tea. Oscar seized it wildly from her as she entered, and drank it almost at one swallow; then, in the midst of that fierce storm, sank into a deep sleep. Clare was not skilled enough to know that the disease was at its crisis, but, utterly exhausted, slept by his side. Next morning the tempest cleared, and when Sago awakened them with breakfast, he told them, with saddened voice and downcast head, how Comanche, his brother, had been swept away by a mighty wave, and how, in trying to save him, he nearly lost his own life.

Oscar awoke that morning, for the first time in many days, to reason and returning health; and when they at length entered the famous "Golden Gate" he brought the smile again to Clare's dimpled cheek, with his whispers of hope and love, as they stood in the breeze and sunshine. In their joy, Clare espied the Indian Sago, sadly listless when all others

were excited, gazing into the waves of the wake, which had received the form of his brother. In the earnest gratitude of her heart, she tried to cheer him with her own drawings of hope, but he only looked mournfully into her face, and when they stepped on the wharf at San Francisco he fervently pressed her hand, and they saw him no more.

For many succeeding months the life of the Morelands is told in the oft repeated tale of fortune and privation that marked the history of the miners of that period. Gold they found, but oft times the mere necessities of life took it from them, for in the long rainy season, Clare's health obliged them to leave their tent and seek boarding. Friends they made, too, as Oscar was ever generous, and Clare's angelic beauty was almost worshipped by the miners, who saw but few women, and those generally of the most hardened stamp. But, alas! when the God of a people is "gold," their hearts hold but little sympathy for the unfortunate.

Many times had Oscar's speculative spirit led him to abandon good mines, and make the rash investment of his hard earned means, in experiments and adventure, and almost as often had they proved unfortunate. It was after one of these failures, that even his hope bowed, as he sat at Clare's feet and marked the constant paling of her cheek, and the slow, painful fitting of her smile. Tears of despair and remorse suffused his splendid eyes. "Oh! my poor darling," he said, "how I have darkened your young days, when I would lay down my life to make you happy. Why do you not reproach me, and tell me that your cousin's love saw with prophetic eyes my folly and misfortune?"

"My dear husband," replied Clare, sweetly, "what a poor compliment you pay to woman's love, and my heart. My rash cousin might convince you of an er-

ror, but never me, that you were erring. Don't you know that we women only see with heart eyes?"

"Alas! Clare, I have done but little to merit this devotion, except that you are more to me than life, which God knows, and with His will, I will earn enough to take you to your own home, and there expiate my errors, if devotion can do it."

A shadow falling across the door, prevented Clare's reply, and with a half cry of delight she clasped the hand of Sago, the Indian.

"Welcome, welcome, Sago!" exclaimed Oscar, and warm greetings passed between the three, who mutual peril and suffering had once united. It seemed as if Sago could never cease gazing pityingly on Clare's pale face.

"Your pretty red rose is fading in this country," he said, reproachfully, to Oscar.

"Aye! true, Sago, I know it but too well: how blooming she was when you first saw her!"—and Oscar sank into a train of remorseful reverie.

"You always appear in our hour of trouble, Sago, and perchance relief will accompany you, as it did twice before," said Clare, soothingly.

"It is I that am the weak one now," replied he, displaying a wounded, bandaged foot: "This was hurt in my mining, and the white men are not all kind to the Indian."

"Poor Sago! have you been unfortunate?" said Oscar, warmly, "you shall live with us always, and share the little we have; we can never forget your kindness in the dark hour."

"I have made much money—more gold than I shall ever use," said Sago, throwing an Indian purse full at Clare's feet; "but I am feeble now—I heard of your cabin, and the 'Great Spirit' sent me hither."

"Ever welcome, good friend," replied Clare, "we will all go home together, if fortune ever favors us again."

The Indian turned distinctly to Clare and said: "I left a place yesterday where the white brother can make heaps of money, if he will go."

"Heaven bless you!" cried Oscar, fervently, "tell me where it is, and I will work night and day, but that poor angel shall see home and health again—and God's wrath be upon me if I waver in my purpose."

"*Amen!*" This English word came in a deep voice from the Indian. Their previous converse had been, as usual, in French, and both started to look at him, for the emphatic utterance made it sound as a malediction; but Sago was looking at Clare with the same earnest pity. Arrangements were made on the spot, for it was found that Sago was the owner of the lucrative situation he had been forced to abandon, and the Indian was to live with them. Thenceforth Clare's household cares were light, for he assisted her with the aptitude of a woman. He told her how he had often done the same for his white mother in the wild woods, and of his deer hunts with Comanche, and then they would speak of his untimely end. And Clare, happy because Oscar's fortune smiled again, loved to picture to her humble listener her once happy, luxurious home, and her kind uncle and cousin brother. When they dwelt on fraternal love, Sago would grow sad, and Clare would think she had been cruel to thus remind him of his lost Comanche.

About two months after Sago's appearance he brought Clare a letter from her home, and, with eager delight, watched the smiles and tears of joy chase each other over her lovely countenance.

"Oh, kind, faithful Sago!" she cried, "rejoice with me. My good old uncle, who I supposed had long forgotten me, writes that his dearest wish is to see his children, Oscar and I. Yes, yes; we will go home to him immediately, and devote ourselves to cheering his last days. Os-

car, dear Oscar," and she sprang to meet her husband at the door, "I have such a splendid letter from home!"

"Mrs. Moreland, this is my friend Mr. S——," said Oscar, presenting a swarthy man of medium stature, who Clare recognized as a miner she had met some months before, while visiting a sick man.

"Fine days now, Mrs. Moreland," remarked the miner, seating himself.

Clare's heart was full of home; she longed to tell Oscar of their good news, but seeing their visitor was determined on a chat, she thought the easiest way to shorten his visit was to introduce at once the favorite topic of the miners, and that exhausted, he might go.

"Yes, very pleasant, sir; but you seem to have abandoned your good claims here."

"Forever, Mrs. Moreland, I don't work such diggings as them," said the miner, crossing his feet.

"Why, I thought they were excellent," rejoined she.

"They might be for the uninitiated; but I don't suppose *you* would work them, if you could pan out a thousand dollars an hour."

"Indeed, no," laughed Clare, with a curious glance at their speaker. He was dressed in the common mining costume; his face wore a strange look of candor and earnestness, but his eyes were bright and restless, and the continual motion of his fingers indicated excitement.

"Mr. S—— has just returned from a trip north, my dear," remarked Oscar.

"Yes, ma'am, I have been north, and I don't suppose you will believe it, but I own a secret that is worth thousands, *millions*, to you or I, or him, or any one that knows it; that's so."

"Why, you must be a magician; an I am afraid the price of this mighty secret is a soul," said Clare, now amused, for she was convinced that their new friend was slightly deranged.

"No, I aint no magician; I am nothing but plain 'Old Kentuck,' and all the price is—is confidence; but you don't believe me—no one will," excitedly returned he, rising to his feet.

Clare was astonished to see Oscar look perfectly serious and interested in spite of herself; she urged their guest to sit down and tell them of this wonderful secret.

"Yes," said Old Kentuck, "I come in to tell your husband. Well, there is just acres and acres of gold out where I was; I saw it with my own eyes."

"What, on the surface?" asked his listener.

"No—not on the surface exactly."

"Well, is there water near?"

"Yes, *sir*; God Almighty has put a big hydraulic basin right over. It's a lake, madam, and the gold is on the bottom!"

"What! is the water clear—did you see it?"

"Clear! the prettiest clear crystal water you ever saw; just such a lake as my old mother lived on, at home, only here the bottom just glitters with lumps of gold. Oh, do you suppose I'de sit here and lie to you?" and his eyes grew intensely brilliant.

"How far is it from here?" they questioned.

"I was two weeks coming, and marked the way well; I'll show twenty men the path, step by step, and we will be millionaires. I could do nothing alone."

In her excitement, Clare had dropped her uncle's letter, and Sago now replaced it in her hand, with a meaning look; it recalled her to herself.

"Oh, Oscar, don't go!" she cried, impetuously.

"Well, if he don't, others will—and he'll lose his chance, that's all," said old Kentuck, marching off.

She read her answer in her husband's face, for his strange eyes were lighted

with that weird future look, as if gazing at some charming object in the far distance—that fatal expression that had so captivated her girlish heart. Yet she used reason, prayers, tears, to dissuade him, but she might as well argue with a madman; for, with hundreds of others, he had all day been listening to Old Kentuck's wonderful reports, and the contagious gold fever was sending his blood thrilling through his veins.

"Oh, let us go home," sobbed Clare. "We have wealth now; our uncle has just said all his fortune was ours. Dear husband, do take me home!"

Vainly, in return, Oscar endeavored to mirror his hopes in her heart. In vain painted lively pictures of that fairy lake—"how the gold rays would dart up through the crystal waves and wage war with the sunbeams, and how the stars would look down and find themselves rivaled in number and lustre."

The Indian, who had been sitting with his head bowed between his hands, rose, and drawing purse after purse of gold dust from a concealed hole in the floor, handed them to Oscar, saying, briefly: "Take them—they are yours, if you will not go."

"My good friend Sago," said Oscar, rising, with the native dignity so noble in him, "I cannot degrade myself by taking from any man gift gold. Stay you here with my wife while I am gone. Clare, I do not ask you to accompany me; but to return to our friends penniless, and be a scoff and derision when this fortune is offered by fate, I will not refuse it."

"Then, my own dear husband, I will go with you," said Clare, drying her tears and reaching up to embrace him. "You have said that nothing should separate us."

"And I will go too, for I will never leave you," spoke the Indian.

The rapid accumulation of wealth, and

sudden "great freaks of fortune" peculiar to California, alone justified in any degree the intense excitement that filled the hearts of hundreds with regard to the "Gold Lake." Soon they formed into trains, packed tools and provisions on their hardy mules, and piloted by "Old Kentuck," were climbing the mountains towards their El Dorado. It was a strange sight to see that multitude traveling the unbroken wilderness, climbing rocky steeps in the burning heat, and to know that their pulses all throbbed to the same mad worship of Gold, Gold. Ah, where shall we find another shrine with devotees like these? To their impatient steps the days of travel seemed long and weary, and Clare was wasting to a shadow with fatigue, but "Old Kentuck" confidently urged them on, as he would meet with some of his land-marks. at length they reached the summit of a splendid hill, and there burst upon their view the refreshing scene of a sheet of limpid water, environed by fine hills and lofty crags, that cast the shadow of their frown over the laughing waves. Their leader, in ecstasy, pronounced it to be the—*Gold Lake*.

It was determined that the main body should camp where they were, and a party of the least weary press forward to explore.

Clare, forgotten for an instant in the excitement, was attempting to dismount from her horse, unassisted, upon a great log, when the accidental firing of a pistol near his head startled him, and she was thrown violently forward upon the sharp, broken branches. They raised her and were in vain applying the usual remedies, when from her pale lips there burst a small, crimson stream. "Great Heaven, she is dying! Clare! Clare!" shrieked the Indian in English, throwing himself wildly by her side. That voice paralyzed Oscar's heart, and roused Clare to life. "Frank," murmured the dying woman,

choking with blood, but fixing her languid eyes on the Indian, who, after a moment's hesitation, tore off the coarse black wig that concealed part of the forehead and the brown curls of Frank Besoir. "Do not curse me," faltered Oscar. Clare looked at him with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and joined their hands. The bleeding ceased for a few moments, and she revived sufficiently to hear Frank's brief story:

When he rushed from his uncle's house, almost broken-hearted, he was accosted by Comanche, an Indian boy he had attempted to educate. The youth had run away from college and now appeared before his benefactor to beg for money to take him to California, promising never to trouble him more. Comanche, though several years younger, was just the size of Frank, and governed by one of those wild freaks that come to the reckless, he determined to assume the character of the Indian's brother. They imparted the secret to no one but Mr. Cole, and by constantly speaking the French language, the disguise was perfect. Fortune, with her usual caprice, had showered wealth upon him who cared not for it—for his only object was to be near Clare, whom he had never lost sight of for a single day.

Just as he was concluding his tale, several men rushed to them with the intelligence that there "was no gold in the Lake, or about it, and that "Old Kentuck" was beside himself, declaring that he had lost the way, and pleading for his life, as the great cry was 'Lynch him, hang him on the spot, who has so betrayed us!'"

Clare looked at Oscar, but so filled was his heart with remorse and anxiety for her, that he scarce heeded their words, "Oscar, Frank," said she, "hear my last request. Go to those frantic men and tell them poor "Old Kentuck" is a lunatic. I ever felt that he was. Save him

from this brutal death." With this purpose the two went among the excited crowd. The humane willingly adopted their belief, and at length, by their earnest representations, he was pardoned by the majority and led away in sullen silence.

When they returned to Clare with this cheering intelligence, she desired them to raise her that she might see the "Gold Lake." It was, indeed, a lake of rare beauty, and in its lucid waves they told her that myriads of shining fish turned their golden sides mockingly to the gold-hunter, as if they triumphed in having duped "Old Kentuck." "It is a lovely lake," she said, "and if not filled with gold, Heaven may send the wealth of health and content to those who dwell on its borders—those blessings which money cannot buy. Oh, my dearest husband, I feel now in my dying hour, that the wild fatalism we embraced was mockery to the Supreme Being—instead of seeking His service and glory, we have been wrapt in a mad human worship.

God is taking me from you now, Oscar, because my heart made you its idol. Dear Frank, Heaven will reward your devotion. Oh, God, forgive ——" and her faltering prayer was checked by the life current in rapid tides from her mouth.

For some moments they caught her whispered ravings of home, love, gold, mingled with prayers. Then suddenly she raised and exclaimed, "Oscar, Frank, let us go—I see the city with golden streets!" and her gentle spirit thither winged its flight.

Sadly they laid the pure, the beautiful, the devoted, in her lonely grave, in the pine shade, on the shores of that fatal lake, and the two mourners parted without a word. The splendid Oscar Moreland, broken-hearted, lives the lonely life of a miner. Frank Besoir, the embryo artist and poet, roams over the mountains preaching the truths learned from Clare's dying lips. Yet, on the anniversary of her death, they meet at the little green mound, where their earthly idol sleeps, the three victims of—"Gold Lake."

THIS LITTLE LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

This little lock of golden hair!

'Tis all that's left me now,
Of one that was so dear to me, [glee,
With his light blue eye and his laugh of
And polished and ivory brow.

This little lock of golden hair!

Oh! how it speaks to me!
Of prattling lips, now heard no more,—
Of light feet skimming the nursery floor,
In merry and childish glee.

This little lock of golden hair!

I sit o'er it and weep; [fast
And thoughts come thronging thick and
From out the darkness of the Past,
Where silent memories sleep.

This little lock of golden hair!

'Tis changed an angel's now!—
How beautiful the gems are set
Within the sparkling coronet,
That glitters on his brow!

PROFESSOR C. C. SHELTON.

Turning over a file of "Gleason's Pictorial, for 1854," in the number for September 16th, we observed an excellent portrait and a brief sketch of the distinguished California botanist and geologist, whose name stands at the head of this communication. His death had occurred sixteen months previous, but was probably unknown to the editor. It is believed some further particulars of this gentleman will be read with interest, by the numerous friends he made in this city, during his visit in the winter of 1852.

It was impossible to be much in his society and not become deeply interested in the man; and in his projects for the agricultural improvement of California, he always spoke with remarkable ardor.

In stature he was of medium height and of slender form; but the enthusiasm of his spirit sparkled in his bright black eye, and infused itself in every limb and muscle; he did not speak or act as other men do, especially while descanting on his favorite theme; then, his language was uttered in a voice often unconsciously, as it seemed, above an ordinary tone, and was accompanied by earnest, and even violent gesticulation.

He was a passionate lover of nature. The natural sciences, especially horticulture and agriculture, had been the study of his life; and the years he had spent in California he had employed not in digging for gold, but in learning, by observation and experiments, what might be expected from the cultivation of its soil; the results had been so satisfactory, that he was far more sanguine of reaping a golden harvest from such labors than is the most successful adventurer in the mines, with his shovel and pick.

He had come East, filled with eager

enthusiasm on this subject, and certain that he could make others realize, as he did, its importance, and enlist other persons of ample means to co-operate with him in carrying out extensive schemes for the agricultural improvement of California. He saw, but a little way in the future, an immense State, densely populated, depending on Chili, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, Oregon, and even the Atlantic States, for produce to sustain life, which, with little trouble, could be raised, of better quality and far cheaper, at their own doors; he brought with him numerous well attested proofs of the peculiar excellence and extraordinary size of a variety of vegetables, grown in that virgin soil, which scarce needed to be turned with the spade before receiving the seed.

Shelton had spared neither pains nor expense to acquaint himself fully with the agricultural resources of California; he had traversed much of its extent on foot, leisurely examining and comparing its various soils, and collecting specimens of plants and other natural products. The rare and beautiful flowers which everywhere grew spontaneously, especially excited his admiration; he worshipped flowers, and as he could not, in his Herbarium, preserve their beautiful tints, part of the time he employed an artist to become the companion of his lonely wanderings, who, with superior skill, copied their beauties on paper.

He favored us with frequent opportunities to examine these pictures of flowers, many of them surpassingly beautiful, and unlike any seen on this side of the continent. In many sections these flowers grow so profusely that they resemble vast gardens, laid out with every

variety of plant, though the handiwork of Nature has only been employed; nor are flowers the only spontaneous production of this wonderful soil; hundreds of leagues together are covered with a luxurious growth of oats, which, though wild, are excellent food for the numerous animals that roam at liberty among them.

Shelton's researches in California were attended with much toil and many hardships, and frequently with imminent danger from hostile Indians or wild beasts, and they were prosecuted without the powerful incentive which prompted some to brave as much for pecuniary gain. Beauties of nature and the welfare of the State were the nobler motives which inspired him to labor and endure. Though Shelton was among the first to visit that far-famed land, and had peculiar opportunities for gathering the gold which lay hidden at his feet, this attraction was quite eclipsed by those more congenial to his nature, and which, by most persons, were wholly overlooked; consequently, he was poor.

When San Francisco had become a populous city he founded a museum of natural curiosities, gathered from that and neighboring counties, which ought to have been considered an invaluable acquisition to the State; but gold, gold, gold was the engrossing thought of the people then; they could appreciate nothing else, and Shelton's museum did not attract sufficient patronage to pay expenses; his sordid landlord seized the collection and sold it for the rent, recklessly scattering to the winds the treasures he had so laboriously obtained; this ended his principal, perhaps his only money-making operation in California.

While in this city also his sanguine hopes were doomed to serious delay; he was introduced to many individuals who favored his plans, but who were not ready at once to aid them; and thus the

weeks passed on in fruitless efforts to interest persons who could, had they been so disposed, have assisted him, until the time fixed for his return was near at hand. His funds were exhausted, and most men would have been discouraged; but undying hope sustained him still. Fortune at length smiled auspiciously; by advice of friends he visited a gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and submitted his views to him in detail. This gentleman owned a large tract of land in California, and had himself noted the peculiar fertility of the soil. He regarded Shelton's plans favorably, and having had some personal knowledge of him in California, had full confidence in his ability to execute them, if properly assisted; he corresponded on the subject with another large California landholder, living in New York city, and they, together, entered into a very liberal arrangement with Shelton, allowing him unrestricted permission to cultivate their land for five years, in the manner he judged best. They advanced means for the purchase of large quantities of seeds, roots and trees to carry there; paid his expenses back, and those of an experienced farmer to assist him, and were to defray all subsequent expenses incurred for labor and other incidental items, and Shelton was to have half the profits.

This arrangement promised much for Shelton, and was so much better than he had expected to effect, that he was greatly elated by it. The necessary purchases were soon made, and all preliminary matters adjusted, and a few days were still on his hands before the sailing of the steamer; then he just awoke to the fact that two favorite objects which he had in anticipation in coming to the States, were unattended to: the one, to visit a dear sister in Texas, and the other, to get a good wife. The first he must now abandon, for he must take the steamer to be in time for the Spring

planting; the other, he was so enthusiastic as to suppose he might yet effect, and seriously solicited the agency of a friend to introduce him to some worthy young lady, who might listen favorably to his proposal. He very reluctantly abandoned it on her representations that no young lady who was worthy of him would accept him on so short acquaintance. He decided, finally, that he would come back in a year, and then he would take time to attend to these matters.

Being at leisure now, he entertained us occasionally with an episode in his eventful life. We give one here, as near as can be remembered, in his own words:

"I was residing in Texas when gold was discovered in California, and many of my friends and neighbors were induced to leave their homes and travel to that far-off land, by the brilliant prospect of speedily amassing wealth. I was often solicited to join these expeditions, but my much-honored, widowed mother and sister were residing with me, and dependent on my protection. My sister had recently lost her husband, and her little fatherless boy I had adopted; and I loved him, even as my own life.

"By an inscrutable Providence, my mother and this dear boy suddenly fell victims to cholera, which had broken out in our locality. This blow fell so heavily upon me as almost to deprive me of reason. Home seemed home to me no longer, unblessed by their presence; and I wandered forth, scarce knowing or caring whither I went. I made my way into Mexico, and there formed the purpose to earn the means, if possible, and take passage in a vessel from Mazatlan for California.

"I found means to bring my skill in gardening into notice among wealthy Mexicans, and soon had as much demand for my services as I could meet, and was well remunerated. Consequently, in a few weeks I was prepared to start for

California, and scarce knew why I was postponing my departure, when suddenly, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the cholera broke out with fearful virulence in the town where I was stopping, and in adjacent towns and villages.

"I remembered now a circumstance which I had well nigh forgotten. Just after my mother's death, a soldier who had been in the East India service, and who had seen much of the ravages of cholera in the East, gave me a prescription which had there proved very effectual in curing the disease. I procured the medicine, had it compounded into pills and laid them in my trunk, but I had never had occasion since to try their virtue; I resolved to do so now. Accordingly, I put the medicine in my pocket and went out, purposing to go to the suburbs of the town, where I might probably find some unfortunate, neglected sufferer on whom I could test my remedy.

"I had scarce reached the street, when a man accosted me, in Spanish, as '*Medico Americana*,' and begged me, in most imploring terms, to go with him to his wife, who was just attacked. It was in vain that I protested I was '*no medico*,' and directed him to the hospital across the street to find a physician; he would not let me off; he wanted '*none but Americana medico*;' so I suffered myself to be hurried along by this poor man. But, strange to say, before I reached his house, which was in a remote part of the town, I was addressed by forty as urgent petitioners for medical service for their suffering friends, and could only get off with promises of immediate attention to their wants.

"I approached the bedside of the sufferer, took her cold hand, bade her be of good courage, for she would soon get well, administered the pills, set the wailing by-standers to rubbing her limbs and abdomen with warm liquor—keeping up

a rapid but gentle friction—and stood by, encouraging the sick woman and watching the effect of the medicine ; and I soon had the gratification to discover an improvement in her symptoms.” (Those who knew Professor Shelton can well understand how his inspiring words and manner—so peculiar to himself—might infuse new life, as it were, into the desponding one ; and very likely to this characteristic of the man, as much as to his remedies, may be attributed his marvelous successes hereafter related.) “The medicine was repeated, and a few hours saw the poor woman convalescent.”

“Numerous opportunities offered in all directions for my services and medicine ; and almost invariably, a rapid cure was the result of my treatment ; my fame spread throughout the town, and neighboring towns, until I had far more patients than I could attend to, day and night, for many weary weeks, scarce allowing myself time to eat or sleep ; arduous as these labors were, and harrowing to the mind, this constant exhibition of distress—the good, which, by a kind Providence, I was permitted to effect, wonderfully sustained me ; finally I was attacked, myself, with the disease ; but, through the blessing of God, the medicine speedily triumphed in my own case, even as with others.

“The poor Mexicans, at length, came to look upon me as something more than mortal ; and crowded round me as I was walking or riding through their streets, prostrating themselves before me, and rendering thanks, and worship, which I tried to convince them was due only to God.”

This marvelous statement, was corroborated by numerous certificates, which he showed us, given to him by the “Alcaldes” of the towns where he had been, and bearing their official seals ; each certificate stated the number of cures he had effected ; the numbers ranging from one

hundred to five hundred in a town, until in the aggregate they reached thousands ! Efforts were made to convince him of the importance of making this remedy public ; but as he had encountered much opposition, and even persecution from physicians, and as there was no present fear of cholera, he had very little faith that it would be received with favor, and therefore did not yield to our suggestions.

The time for Shelton’s departure arrived ; the evening previous, he came in, bringing a characteristic parting gift ; two flourishing, beautiful plants, in pots, for his hostess and her daughter ; (his gifts were always bouquets, or growing plants,) and his last, in their brief existence, proved painfully emblematic of his fate. Adieus were spoken, and promises exchanged to correspond ; he was to send early information of his arrival, etc. A first and second steamer came, bringing no tidings ; the third brought us the melancholly intelligence that Shelton was among the victims that were hurried to an untimely death, April 11th, 1853, by an explosion on board the *Jenny Lind*, which had been plying between San Francisco and Santa Clara. This sad catastrophe happened about six weeks after he landed in San Francisco, from New York.

Alas ! Poor Shelton ! His glowing plans and prospects he buried with him in the dust, when life was just opening before him, with fairest promise ; and he seemed about to realize the fulfillment of his cherished hopes, and to reap the reward of his persevering efforts ; suddenly, the pall of death covers all ! How mysterious are the ways of providence ! How calculated to hide pride from man, and teach him that earth is not his home !

A gentleman who knew Prof. Shelton in California, has added the following interesting particulars of him :—

The first time I met Mr. Shelton was

in the fall of 1851, at Sacramento City; he, as well as myself, had just returned from a tour in the mountains; we met at a late breakfast, both of us being pretty well used up by our tramp. We were introduced by our host, Mr. Paul Emert, who was then proprietor of the "Bear Hotel" in Sac. City, and who subsequently became his traveling companion, and artist, to sketch the beauties of California horticulture. Like all active Californians, he was uniquely costumed, sunburned and ragged, as well as somewhat begrimed; he appeared excited and full of business, but while at table our host asked him a few questions which awakened his enthusiasm and our interest to such a degree, that, before we had concluded our meal the servant commenced preparing the table for dinner,—with a gentle hint for us to withdraw to the sitting-room, to continue our conversation.

To this proposition he dissented, but invited me to take a look at his "recent collection," which comprised plants, flowers, roots, seeds, grasses, grains and vines. To say I was astonished, would be saying little; I felt that I was in the company of a man of no common character: one of those rare men who have genius, perseverance, and penetration to discover, and make known to the world many of its hidden mysteries, as well as its revealed beauties; but who had not a particle of that tact which could turn his discoveries to pecuniary profit to himself.

He had, in the course of about six weeks, collected hundreds, if not thousands of specimens of the different natural productions of California; one room he had as completely filled as it could well be, but in the most glorious confusion. After we had spent an hour in examining them, we retired to the yard, where he had barrels, boxes, bags and piles of plants, which his room would not contain, and which the landlord would not make other provision for, on

account of their bulk and dirt. All these, and many more that he had at other places of deposit, he told me he intended to "arrange, select, assort and classify, and then exhibit to the public."

The dinner-bell now sounded, and reminded him that he had an engagement at 9 o'clock, A. M. So intent and eager had he been to explain his object and wishes to one who was interested in the productiveness of the soil of California, that all other matters were for the time forgotten by him.

At this time he had not a dime in his pocket to meet his expenses; and although he had been in the locality of the diggings, where men were taking out gold at from ten to fifty dollars per day each, he did not look for gold, but would gather the beautiful floral specimens abounding around him, until he had accumulated as many as he could convey to his depot; and as he had to climb the hills or descend to the valleys, where he could not drive a mule, he would carry back-load after back-load to him, until the overloaded animal would resemble a mammoth bouquet, and still much would be left behind, to his regret, for which, however, he always purposed to return.

He found some few men who entered into his views and afforded him means to continue his investigations. Then he employed an artist to accompany him, to make drawings of the beautiful flowers he met with in his explorations, which were too delicate to preserve in his crude method of gathering them. He was so completely captivated by the beauties he met with, that he could not resist the desire to let the world know of them—believing he would then be richly paid for all his trouble and expense, and acknowledged as one of the benefactors of mankind. After three days' tarrying in Sacramento city, he again started on his explorations for farther discoveries. This was the last I saw of him until I met him in the subsequent year in San Francisco, making arrangements for a "State Agricultural Fair." Our next and final interview was in New York city, in 1852, when, poor fellow, he seemed beginning to realize the fulfillment of his buoyant hopes. Alas! poor fellow! M. D.

NEW YORK, June, 1858.

REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

[Continued from page 160.]

These half-breeds seem intended by nature for a life in the wilderness. They are expert hunters and horsemen; they combine the energy of the American back-woodsman with the intuitive sagacity and stoical endurance of the Indian; they are very Nimrods by nature. As good specimens of this race I may mention the brothers Greenwood, sons of an Englishman by an Indian mother; they are young men of stalwart figure, and their manner is pleasing in its frankness. One of them served as guide to Godefroy's party; he was proud of his rank as a free American citizen.

I found a kind of acquaintance at the Reservation in a young Indian from Clear Lake, who for a long while observed my wild guide with looks of curiosity, and then invited me to his wigwam to show me his young wife. He was employed as an aid to the blacksmith, and seemed not a little proud of his position as one of the employees of the station. As I was saddling my horse to depart he presented me with a fine nosegay of choice wild flowers.

The officers of the Reservation govern the Indians in a lenient manner. The able-bodied men are occupied by turns in labor for the benefit of the establishment. When not employed in agriculture, fishing, or as herdsmen, they have reasonable liberty to indulge in their roving habits, and to dispose of their time as they please. The old and infirm, as well as the women, are exempt from labor; but they enjoy no similar privilege on the part of their own younger generation, being saddled with all the household drudgery.

The labor imposed on the Indians is

light. Their number is so great, that many of them may be employed upon an undertaking which, in other parts of the world, would be accomplished by a few hands; and the work is greatly facilitated by a proper distribution and intelligent direction of the forces. Their exertions for the Reservation are incomparably less than those they had to undergo in their savage state, when, besides defending their lives against the attacks of enemies, they had to subsist on the scanty and uncertain resources of the wilderness.

Their physical conformation fits them for labor. They are strong and active; an Indian easily carries a hundred weight for twenty miles over a rough mountain path, or a dead elk for miles into camp; and some of them are so fleet of foot that they can run down a deer on the plains. The chiefs sometimes dispatch Indians on messages to incredible distances; it is said that on such occasions they eat or chew certain narcotic plants, which have the effect of conquering fatigue and allaying hunger. Their power of enduring fatigue without food is in curious contrast with their listlessness and voracity when they have nothing to do and plenty to eat. They sometimes pass several days alternately eating and sleeping, until the venison gives out and hunger compels them to new exertions. To serve as guides to hunting parties is therefore to them a pleasure, and in occupations suited to their own inclinations they become eminently useful to the Reservation.

Their deference towards the whites is not abject, and it is therefore easily seen that the manner of governing them on the Reservation is not despotic. It is sometimes amusing to observe the con-

trast between the stoic apathy of the newly arrived Indians and the unwearied patience and activity of Colonel Henley. Sometimes he takes a plough or a spade into his hands; or jumps into a saddle or into a skiff, endeavoring, by personal example rather than by commands, to incite the Indian to imitate his efforts. He mentioned to me with visible gratification the progress which some of the tribes have made in the several departments of field-labor.

He also extolled their skill in fishing, and offered to us an opportunity to witness the deep sea fishing with ground lines; but I could not, unfortunately, avail myself of the offer. The schooner was to start at 3 o'clock the next morning; but this was rather too early for the Isaac Waltons of our party, whose habits were not as early as those of our Nimrods, and who, when roused in time for embarking, objected strongly to leave their warm bear-skins. The suitable moment for crossing the bar was thus lost, and the fishes may thank our indolence for a respite.

We therefore made up a fishing party to the River Noyo. A road newly cut through the underwood brought us to a charming spot in the wilderness about three miles from the mouth of the river. Here we found the remains of a mill, partly carried away by the floods; and the old mill-dam afforded an excellent spot for angling. A huge raft of driftwood, brought down by the powerful spring floods, had lodged between the banks of the river. The trunks of enormous trees, whitened by the sun, were heaped up in picturesque confusion, and the skeleton of one of these giants of the forests stretched across this chaos, forming a bridge from shore to shore. The anglers remained on the northern bank, and crossing the raft, I amused myself in gathering the beautiful ferns and mosses, which grew in profusion among the fallen timber.

Col. Henley had been saying that he would like to remove the obstruction caused by the raft, and that he thought the wood dry enough to burn. I had forgotten this; nor did he remember my position, and so he leisurely began to start half a dozen fires among the logs. A light breeze springing up soon fanned the flames into a roaring blaze, and the noise and smoke suddenly drew my attention to the fact that if I wished to reach my companions, I would either have to jump into the river, or else make a rush through the flames. I chose the latter, and barely got across the burning bridge without sustaining any damage, and after joining the party I sat down comfortably to enjoy the spectacle of the conflagration.

The anglers were sorely disappointed; their lines hung quietly in the water, and not a single bite could they get. One of them, J. K. Rose, the captain of our party, more knowing than the rest, put up his tackle after a short trial, and lighting his pipe, sat down quietly to enjoy the vexation of the impatient anglers, and a full view of my compulsory performance on the burning bridge. He had immediately discovered that the tide was coming in, and that the brackish water had driven the trout higher up the river. But it was only on the way back, and under the exhilaration of a brisk ride on the excellent horses furnished us by Colonel Henley, that he let out the secret, which was the cause of much merriment at the expense of the discomfited anglers. Those of our companions who had remained in camp rather suspected what would be the result of the trouting expedition; so they had prepared a supper of excellent sea-fish, and the three principal stars in the cooking department had done their best to out-do each other in the performance.

Our ride to Ten Mile River, after leaving the Station, was extremely pleasant. We first passed many picturesque groups

of rocks, festooned with climbing plants, and then came out on a sandy beach. It was rather uneven and soft in the beginning, but it soon became smooth, compact and elastic, echoing under the tread of our horses. The waves of the Ocean rolled on our left; on our right rose the green hills of the coast, and this pleasant afternoon's ride brought to my mind many recollections of previous travel.

We found the waters of Ten Mile River very high, on account of the rising of the tide, and the getting across, though not without danger, afforded us much merriment. The first misfortune fell on the devoted head of our zealous and ever ready friend Carney, who managed to get himself into considerable danger among the quicksands, but escaped with a good ducking. Then came a comical wager between Major C. and Gen. A., who generally outdoes everybody in bantering and fun; but this time he had to pay forfeit in an icy bath. At last the Indians in charge of the ferry came to our relief in their canoes. In the meanwhile worthy Col. Hays quietly went up the river some 150 yards. Here he found a favorable place for crossing, where the current was less rapid, though the depth was greater. He tied up his clothes in a bundle, and holding them, together with his rifle over his head, gained the opposite shore by swimming his capital mule across the stream. On our arrival at the camping ground he surprised us with a fine buck which he had killed on the way, and which, under the care of our black cook, soon tempted our hungry party with its delicious fumes.

A new settlement, belonging to the Reservation, has been commenced at Ten Mile River, and we found a number of Indians encamped, with some wagons. A force of ten of them was forthwith detailed to escort our hunting party. These Indians made a favorable impression on us; they were distinguished for athletic forms and good physiognomies.

Next morning I took leave of my companions, and an hour later they disappeared in the deep shade of the forest which crowned the chain of hills.

Col. Henley spent some time in inspecting the farm-labors of the new settlement, and then he led me back to the Reservation by a different road, ever varied by a succession of contrasting views, sometimes of far-stretching panoramas of the coast, and again of shady glens in the depths of the hills, where the exuberant vegetation recalled the jungles of the East or the tropical forests of Mexico, while a many-colored carpet of flowers, such as is only to be seen in California, covered the country far and wide.

We reached the Reservation in time for dinner, which was excellent, though composed entirely of vegetables, as neither the schooner nor the hunters had returned, and all the venison had been eaten up the day before.

An hour later the schooner discharged several tons of fine fish on the beach, and the next day the hunters came in with forty-two deer and elk, both men and beasts staggering under their loads.

These sudden alternations between scarcity and plenty are one of the peculiar features of life in the wilderness, and agriculture and cattle-raising must take the place of the uncertain pursuits of hunting and fishing, so as to insure regularity in supplying food to the large number of people collected on the Reservation.

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PART III.—HARBOR OF MENDOCINO—THE STEAM SAW-MILLS—VISIT TO THE UPPER RIVER CAMPS—RETURN BY MOONLIGHT—MOONLIGHT VISIONS AND THE ÆOLIAN HARP OF THE WILDERNESS.

An easy afternoon's ride brought me from the Noyo Station to the harbor of Mendocino, at the mouth of Big River, where a vessel, bound for San Francisco, lay at anchor.

Mendocino City owes its existence to

the abundance of fine timber on the shores of Big River, and to the large steam saw-mills there erected, which give life to the whole neighborhood.

The bay of Mendocino is of considerable extent, the coast on both sides receding so as to form an almost semi-circular bight, and presents the appearance of a spacious harbor; but it is partially obstructed by sunken rocks, which, combined with the strong currents, (prevailing especially in the winter season,) reduce the room for maneuvering, and even for anchorage. However, by suitable arrangements and heavy ground anchors and chains, half a dozen vessels at a time may ride in safety during the summer months, when most of the lumber shipments take place.

The harbor or anchorage itself is protected by a promontory on the north side, terminating in an almost perpendicular bluff of singular formation. Perforated in several directions it has a natural tunnel at its base, through which the sea on either side communicates, and all times flows to and fro with considerable force. But in stormy weather, particularly under the influence of a southwest gale, the mighty billows, dashing against the outer wall and rushing through the cave with unabated fury, are forced upwards thro' a perpendicular opening connected with the surface of the rock, similar to the blowing of a whale. The noise then becomes overpowering, resembling the thunder of heavy artillery; and the great body of water thus periodically spouted up twenty feet in the air, covers the top of the bluff with its angry foam.

The view of the bay, with its rock-bound coast and its many caves, and the fine background of the densely timbered shores of the river is very picturesque, and the scene is enlivened by the steam saw-mills and the great number of workmen, whose accommodations in barrack fashion present the aspect of a small town.

The vessel being detained, I had time to dedicate an entire day to the exploration of the river, and proceeded in a skiff to the uppermost camp, about ten miles from the mills. The favorite spots for felling trees are alluvial flats. A gang of fifteen or twenty men, furnished with the necessary oxen and implements, erect their log cabins on one of these flats and remain there until all the available timber is cut. This branch of the business is almost entirely entrusted to western men, who, reared in the best school, have made it their regular profession. They are extremely expert in guessing at the probable yield of a tree, and on felling one, know exactly how to make it fall to the best advantage for access and preservation of the timber. The logs obtained from the tree, cut into convenient lengths, are then hauled to the river's bank, and from thence rolled into the water, where, arranged into rafts, they are floated to the mills. It was not my good fortune to be present at the downfall of one of the real giants of the forest, but the immense *fracas* of the fall of one of the smallest size (only about 4000 feet) gave me some idea of the earthquake which must follow the laying low of one of the largest size; the concussion, I was told, can be felt for miles.

The river is in many parts obstructed by sunken logs and broken limbs, which only are cleared away by the high spring tides.

The forest scenery of the upper camp, where I tarried a couple of hours, is truly magnificent; and I was sorry indeed not to be able to delay my return until the next morning, so as to spend a night in that sublime wilderness.

The beauty of the evening made the return delightful, gliding down stream in our light skiff. The effect was enhanced when the soft tints of the setting sun were merged into the magical light of the young moon. On either side rose

the dark forests which covered the banks of the river from the water's edge to the very top of the hills, only broken at intervals by some dark recess, the mouth of some mountain rivulet, overhung by the fronds of gigantic ferns, and by the graceful tapestry of the convolvulus. It was under the softening influence of twilight that the first strains of the æolean harp of the wilderness reached my ears.

This phenomenon, peculiar to the river Mendocino, has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. It is confined to a locality of about half a mile in extent, nearly half way between the upper camp and the mills. Those mellow, softly vibrating accords, resembling the symphony of the music of the spheres, are confined to the borders of the river, and chiefly heard after sundown, or during the stillness of the night. This aerial music is heard with wind from all points of the compass, and also when there is no breeze stirring. It cannot be ascribed to the echo of the distant surf, as in that case it would be common to all portions of the river, and particularly audible in the lower part of it, near the harbor. The most natural explanation would be the playing of the winds in a certain angle of the trees; but being heard in perfect calm as well as in the breeze, this hypothesis will not stand its ground.

My friend once dedicated a whole bright summer night to the enjoyment of this wonderful phenomenon, the spot, in point of landscape alone, being framed for a fairy bower. He listened to the sublime accords, as with the fragrance of a thousand blossoms they were borne on the gentle breeze of the night, and he was well rewarded for the trifling sacrifice of passing a few hours in the open air.

His boat was rocked, gently as a cradle, by the rippling current, and the various denizens of the river and forest seemed to have banded together for the purpose of beguiling the hours of the lonely watcher. A sea-lion, enticed in the pursuit of his finny game from the briny sea into sweet water, displayed his huge maimed neck above the surface of the water; and the fish he was pursuing in vain tried to throw its enemy off the track by running up stream and by leaping high out of the water. On the green sward of the river bank a bear and her cubs were merrily rolling about in nocturnal gambols; and a majestic stag, traversing the river, proudly parted the current of the limp stream.

A night thus passed in communion with Nature in all her primitive freshness, how sweet a relief from the pressure of worldly cares!

HISTORY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

Next to the invention of the electric telegraph itself is the success which has attended the laying of the great Atlantic cable between England and the United States. We feel assured that we can present nothing to our readers of greater interest than the history, from an eastern exchange, of this glorious wonder of the age:

Electro-magnetism was discovered by Prof. Oersten, of Copenhagen, in 1819. Although its applicability to the transmission of telegraphic messages was sub-

sequently conceived of and established by others, it was reserved for our countryman, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, to make the grand and crowning discovery, which was patented in France in 1838, and in this country in 1840, by the name of the "American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." Subsequently, Mr. Alexander Bain patented, in England, his claim for an improved electro-chemical telegraph, where the message was recorded by electricity upon paper chemically prepared; and in

1848-9, Mr. Royal E. House, of New York, obtained an American patent for a telegraph in which the message was recorded by types, and the circuit broken and resumed, by means of keys similar to those of the piano-forte, answering to the letters of the alphabet. The first electro-magnetic line in the United States was that between Baltimore and Washington, the distance forty miles, completed in 1844, Congress contributing \$30,000 towards its construction. From this inception the work has advanced until the present day, when there are more than 35 000 miles of telegraph lines in the United States, and in the world a total length exceeding 100,000 miles.

In 1850 the first submarine telegraph was laid. A line of cable, twenty-four miles in length, was stretched across the Straits of Dover, thus connecting England and France. Owing, however, to the chaffing of the wire against the rocks on the French coast, it was severed in a month, and a new and stronger cable was laid down, and is in successful operation at this time. The immediate result of this success was the establishment of various lines of submarine telegraph in Europe, of which the line from England to Holland, (being one hundred and fifteen miles,) was the longest, until the laying of that 400 miles across the Black Sea. The idea of a Atlantic cable does not seem to have been entertained at this time. It was too stupendous to be grasped, or if entertained, the scientific and mechanical difficulties in the way were supposed to be insuperable. Chief among these was the difficulty which existed of transmitting a sufficiently powerful current of electricity through an insulated wire of so vast a length. But the march of genius could not long be stayed.

The plan of an Atlantic Telegraph was broached, and repeated electrical experiments were had, until perseverance was rewarded with success, and in 1856 telegraphic signals were successfully recorded through 2,000 miles of wire, covered with gutta-percha; the various lines of the English and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company being joined for the purpose.

As the practicability of the new project was thus far gradually demonstrated, there was room for the application of capital. The American Company was therefore formed as far back as 1854, Messrs. Peter Cooper and Cyrus W. Field

taking a leading and energetic part in the organization. The first step was to secure a charter; this was obtained in April, 1854, from the Colonial Government of Newfoundland—the act being entitled “An Act incorporating a Company for the establishment of Telegraphic communication between Europe and America.” The Company was thenceforth known as “New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company.” It received various grants from the government of Newfoundland, subsequently from that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and finally from the Crown of England and the Congress of the United States. Among these was the exclusive right for a term of fifty years of landing telegraphic cable on the shores of all the British North American Provinces, except Nova Scotia, or on the coast of Maine or Nova Scotia for twenty-five years. Great Britain further granted an annual subsidy of £14,000 sterling until the net profits yield six per cent. per annum on the whole capital of £350,000 sterling, the grant to be then reduced to £10,000 sterling per annum, for a period of twenty-five years. The United States granted a like annual subsidy \$70,000 until the net profits yield six per cent. per annum, then to be reduced to \$50,000 for a period of twenty-five years, subject to termination of contract by Congress on giving one year's notice. The next step of the Company was to connect St. Johns, Newfoundland, with the lines already in operation in the British North American Provinces, and in the United States, by immersing thirteen miles of cable across the Straits of Northumberland, and eighty-five miles in the waters of the St. Lawrence. England being already connected telegraphically with Ireland, there remained only the problem of trans-Atlantic communication. In 1856 Mr. Cyrus W. Field visited England, for the purpose of making final arrangements, and as a consequence thereof the “Atlantic Telegraph Company” was formed, with a capital of £350,000. The charter of the former company was then made over to the new one, with all its exclusive rights and privileges, present and prospective. The next step was to acquire an accurate knowledge of the geographical character of the bed of the Atlantic, and the selection of the most feasible route. The deep sea soundings of Lieuts. Maury and Berryman

were mainly depended upon. The basin of the Atlantic was proved to be a long trough or groove, indented between the Old World and the New, and extended almost from the northern to the southern pole. The hollow of this basin is so great that the lowest depth of the Atlantic is nine miles beneath the highest peak of the Andes. In most places the actual bottom of the Atlantic is much broken up and very irregular, and of course if a route were selected where these sudden elevations and depressions were most decided, the cable would be suspended from submarine hill to hill, subject to a thousand disastrous contingencies. A route was finally decided upon, from information furnished by Lieut. Maury. He demonstrated that there was a practicable path north of the bank of Newfoundland, on a vast oceanic plain or plateau. This plain is scarcely 12,000 feet below the level of the sea, and extends in a continuous ledge from Cape Race, in Newfoundland, to Cape Clear, in Ireland. The greatest depression is in mid-ocean, whence it imperceptibly ascends to the shore on either side.

This plain was generally leveled, so deep as to be below the reach of disturbing superficial causes, and composed of particles of shells, so minutely triturated as to render their character undetectible save with the aid of a microscope. Their presence, examined by the lights of science, proved how little those profound depths had been disturbed in the course of uncounted ages, and encouraged the hope that the cable, when once laid along with them, might rest as tranquilly—perhaps as long.

The next thing in order, was to determine what sort of a cable should be used. It must not be so heavy as to break by its own weight, or so light that it would be at the mercy of the currents. After numberless experiments, the present form was adopted. The central conducting wire is a *strand* made of seven wires of the purest copper, of the gauge known in the trade as No. 22. The strand itself is about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and is formed of one straightly drawn wire, with six others twisted round it; this is accomplished by the central wire being dragged from a drum, through

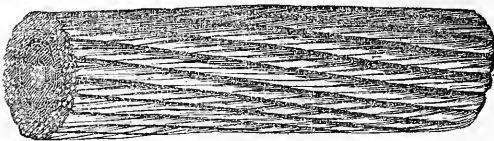
a hole in a horizontal table, while the table itself revolves rapidly under the impulse of steam, carrying near its circumference six reels or drums, each armed with copper wire. Every drum revolves upon its own horizontal axis, and so delivers its wire as it turns. This strand, having been wrapped in cotton, is heavily encased in gutta percha, and the whole fabric is covered with wire and coated with tar.

The mechanical construction of the cable having thus been settled upon, as also the character of the machinery for paying it out, it was determined to make the first attempt at laying it in the month of August, 1857. The steam-frigate *Niagara* was detailed for that purpose by the United States, and the English Government provided the frigate *Agamemnon*; while the necessary tenders were furnished jointly by the two governments. The plan was, for the *Niagara* (the cable having first been made fast on shore at Valencia Bay, Ireland,) to pay out her half of the cable, until mid-ocean being reached, the *Agamemnon* should effect a splice, and continue the laying of the same to Trinity Bay, on the coast of New Foundland.

The fleet, comprising eight vessels, sailed from Valencia Bay on the 5th day of August. After three hundred and thirty-five miles of the cable had been laid, it parted, in consequence of an injudicious application of the brakes to the paying out machinery.

Though the attempt first to lay the great Ocean Telegraph was a disappointment, yet the people on both sides of the Atlantic had a firm faith in the accomplishment of the enterprise at some future period; and the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, nothing daunted by the first failure of their great enterprise, at once commenced preparations for a Second Expedition, and no time has been fruitlessly spent in carrying them out.

Accordingly, by early in the fall of



SECTION OF TELEGRAPH CABLE—FULL SIZE.

1857, the Company held a series of meetings, at which many modifications and improvements, suggested by the first unsuccessful attempt, were brought under discussion. The result of these conferences was a thorough revision of their former plan, and the adoption of a new one, the leading features of which were:

1. Junction of the Telegraph Cable in mid-ocean.
2. The provision of a greater length of Cable.
3. The selection of an earlier season of the year.
4. An improvement in the paying out machinery.

A second attempt having been determined upon, the Niagara in the meantime visited New York, and having undergone the necessary repairs, was again detailed for this purpose, while Her Majesty's Government again assigned the Agamemnon to the service of the Company, and issued orders to the paddle-wheel steamers Valorous and Gorgon to accompany the expedition as tenders. The Gorgon acted subsequently as tender to the Niagara, and the Valorous waited upon the Agamemnon. In March, 1858, the fleet being in readiness, and the Company having provided an additional supply of Telegraph Cable, nothing remained but to proceed with the preparations for the sailing of the fleet.

The stowing of the cable on board the two vessels was then commenced at Keyham Docks, and was conducted with great care. It was finished on the 18th day of May, at which time there was about fifteen hundred miles of cable on board each ship. The shipment having been completed, the Niagara and Agamemnon sailed for Queenstown, Ireland, on Saturday, May 29th.

After a few days spent in experimental trips, the Second Telegraphic Expedition sailed from Plymouth for the rendezvous in mid-ocean, on Thursday, June 10th. The Niagara and Agamemnon were attended by Her Britannic Majesty's steamers Gorgon and Valorous.

The announcement of the departure of the Expedition revived the anxiety with which every step of this great enterprise has been received by the public during the period of the first attempt. Tidings from the fleet were awaited in painful suspense. Meanwhile, a stormier June than has been known on the Atlantic for many years, inspired fears for the result.

Days passed away, and still no news came. Weeks fled, and yet no tidings were received; until at last the unwelcome news came, that the mishaps of wind and weather had proved disastrous to the Expedition. Three distinct trials had been made, and all unsuccessfully. The vessels then returned to Queenstown, the Niagara arriving on the 5th of July, and the Agamemnon one week later.

Immediately after the return of the Telegraphic Fleet, the Directors of the Company in England held a special meeting, to take into consideration the expediency of making another attempt. A sufficient amount of cable still remaining perfect, on board the Niagara and Agamemnon, and the months of July and August being considered a suitable season, *another trial was resolved upon*, and the Expedition sailed on the morning of Sunday, the 18th of July last.

On the afternoon of Thursday, August 5th, the startling intelligence reached New York that the Submarine Cable had been successfully laid, and that the line was in perfect working order. The welcome news could scarcely be credited, until fully corroborated by subsequent dispatches. The public has since been gratified with full extracts from the log, as kept during the progress of the laying of the cable, by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., who has been the master-spirit of the enterprise, and identified with it from the beginning. It is peculiarly gratifying to Americans, that this enterprise was first conceived in this country. In spite of all the objections urged against it, a small company of New York capitalists persevered with a determination that was proof against all discouragement. Had they succumbed, the world would, in all probability, have been deprived of this great boon; for the numerous disasters and the enormous loss of capital, would have prevented a renewal of the enterprise until a very distant future.

The work is done. It is no wonder that popular enthusiasm has been raised to fever heat by this achievement, as glorious as it is unexpected—one destined to result in incalculable benefits to all mankind.

We trust that this union will bind the friendship of the two nations indissolubly together; and that as their language, hopes and aims are one, so may their interests and feelings ever teach them by peace and good-will, perpetually to be one.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

BY G. T. S.

Home! old home of childhood!
 What a voice is thine!
 That, sounding o'er the billowy years,
 Comes to this heart of mine!
 It comes from every room and hall,
 From every nook and bower;
 And echoes o'er the dreamless dead
 Its tone of wondrous power.

Here, in this dim old parlor,
 I played through many a day,
 When, in the merry morning hours,
 I danced my life away.
 The quaint old hangings on the wall,
 The oaken mantle-tree,
 The dim recess and window seat
 Have each a voice for me.

'Twas here, within this corner,
 Stood my father's old arm-chair;
 And there, beside the window seat,
 The place he knelt for prayer.
 There lay the Bible on the stand,
 And there the books of old,
 From out whose grand, poetic page
 Such glorious music rolled!

There sat my gentle mother—
 Time's tracery on her brow.
 Her meek, mild eye, her angel face—
 I seem to see it now!

Oh! I might roam through many a land,
 O'er many a shore and sea,
 But ne'er shall meet another face
 So dear as that to me.

There sat my little brother,
 The youngest of the band;
 Long years hath flown since he hath died
 In a far distant land.
 Strangers bent o'er his dying bed,
 And strangers said the prayer—
 Of all that dear and cherished band,
 Not one was with him there.

There sat my gentle sister,
 The loveliest of the train;
 Oh! could I hear her silvery voice
 Ring through these halls again!
 Its music, even now, wakes up
 The buried loves of years,
 And stirs the fountain of my heart
 To trembling and to tears!

Home! old home of childhood!
 How thou speakest unto me!
 Of those among the silent dead,
 And those far o'er the sea.
 Thou speak'st unto my throbbing heart
 The words of hope and pain.
Here we have lived, and loved, and roved,
There may we meet again.

Our Social Chair.

It is astonishing what a little thing will sometimes elect a man to office. We presume, that everything depends upon the peculiar "vein" of the people. An in-

stance of this sort came to our knowledge a few days since, which we think worthy of a place in the Chair.

In one of our interior towns there was

quite a spirited contest for the lucrative position of constable. We are aware, that in many of the up-country "precincts" the Constable is a big man. There were, on the occasion referred to, no less than five aspirants for the single office. Each candidate, as a matter of course, had his friends; and each, we might also add, felt equally sanguine of success. The day preceding the election, however, the fight became so terribly "mixed," that it was utterly impossible to tell who stood fairest in the eyes of the people. In this view of the case, it was suggested that the several candidates be trotted out before their "constituents," in order that his good points, if he had any, might be observed. The idea was well received by the friends of all parties, and immediately the gathering took place.

The first who took the stand, stated that he had voted for the "regular" Democratic ticket all his life, his last and crowning act being to help Joe Baldwin to the Supreme Bench. This was all very well in its way, but as Democrats were as thick in that locality as are blackberries about San Jose, the remarks produced but little effect.

The second, third and fourth speakers made desperate efforts to raise shouts of approbation. The first combined his exertions in the cause of Temperance with his well-known Democratic zeal; the second alluded to his long residence in the county, and his known honesty; the third had been to college, and was familiar with the Declaration of Independence. The fifth, *he* appeared. His remarks, which were taken down on the spot, are brief, and we give them entire: "Feller-citizens, I've hearn a great deal told 'bout Democracy and Temperance, and sich like. But I havn't hearn a word 'bout the great questions of the age. I flatter myself I know a few 'bout the office of constable. [Sensation.] I

have had as much to do with constables as ary man in this county. Besides all this, feller-citizens! I'm in favor of *Earthquakes—the Comet—the Mormon War—and the great Telegraph Cable!*"

That man was elected constable.

NOTHING could be more *touching* than this little ditty, in prose, which reached us by the last steamer:

When Seth got home from mackereling, he sought his Sarah Ann, and found that she, the heartless one, had found another man. And then most awful tight he got, and so he went away, and bound himself to cut live oak all down in Floriday. He pined upon the live oak land, he murmured in the shades; his axe grew heavy in his hand, all in the wildwood glades. Musquitoes bit him everywhere, no comfort did he get, and oh, how terribly he'd scold whenever he got bit. At last, despairing of relief, and wishing himself dead, he went into the woods a-piece, and chopped off his own head!

A LITTLE flower grew alone among the rocks; it was the first floral offering of earth in gratitude for the life-inspiring sunshine that fell in golden floods about it. The woodman, who smote heavy blows at the root of the towering pine, sat down to rest, and, caressing the tender flower, shook the heavy rain-drops from its bending leaves. But a beast trod on a stone which rolled down and crushed the beautiful herald of uprising life and verdure. A bird gathered up the broken stem and drooping leaves, and had built them in a nest, over which he and his mate sang anthems to recreating spring. Other flowers came up and bloomed all about the ruins of the first-born of the year, and none knew or thought of it save the woodman, who saw in its short life and early death an emblem of a flower that once grew in the firelight of his hearth, and which death one day cut down with his sickle keen.

A child slept on its mother's breast,

with its hand half buried in a bosom white and yielding as yesterday's snow. A smile of exultation and hope played about her face, and she kissed it with a touch, tender and holy as the fraternal recognition of angels. But a silent mildew fell on her heart's hope; its cheeks grew hollow, its eyelids lifted heavy and slow, its wasted hand fell from her breast, and bending down to kiss it, she saw the last tremor of expiring life, and it was dead. Then the woodman came home, and lifting a white veil, she showed him "Beauty in Ruins," and that was the reason why he remembered the flower crushed by the rolling stone.—C. B. McDONALD.

HATTY DEFOE.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

Come with me, Hatty, dear,
Come, sit beside me, here,
For your cheek is as white as the colorless snow;
For that wan, angel face,
There is a resting-place,
Here on my bosom, sweet Hatty Defoe.

Up in the mountain glen,
Close by the puma's den,
Where ice-fettered rivulets struggle below,
There is the miner's home—
Thither, my darling, come
And rest in my cabin, my Hatty Defoe.

Down to the frozen branch,
Thunders the avalanche,
And cliffs in the sunshine with frost-fire glow;
But, in that winter-spot,
Hatty, I swear, there's not
Frost in the miner's heart, Hatty Defoe!

Under yon haughty fir
There is a home for her,
And a heart that will love her forever, I know;
Till down on life's sunny tide
Hatty and I shall glide,
And at night camp in Heaven, with Hatty Defoe.

HEAR Mrs. Partington on the great Ocean Telegraph:

"The line is down," shouted Ike, as he swung open the front door. Mrs. Partington, thinking he meant the clothes-line in the back yard, darted to the window, and everything was right. The night-caps swung to and fro by their

strings, the dresses waved their long arms in the winds, and Ike's galligaskins, inflated by the breeze, seemed struggling to be free. "You should not tell such wrong stories, dear," said she, "when there is no occasion for it. The line is not down." "I meant the Atlantic Telegraph line," said he, with a face expressive of the joy of both hemispheres, "and Queen Victoria is going to send it to President Buchanan." "She is, is she?" said the old lady, "well, that is very kind in her. I wonder if she will pre-pay the postage before in advance?" "It is n't a letter," cried he, "it is a cable under the water from one country to another, over which messages can be sent." "I don't believe it can be done," said she, "for how can the messages come without getting satiated with water?" "I guess they'll be wrapped up in gutta percha," replied Ike. "Maybe so," said the dame, thoughtfully, "maybe so, but it would be a good deal safer to send 'em by the steamer, for what if they should get stuck half-way?" She pondered on it, and did not see that Ike had tied her ball of yarn to the tongue of the bell, and was even then in a remote position, preparing to send messages of mischief, that would send her running to the door to see who was ringing.

WHILE we were recently encamped on the shores of the bay of Banderas, situated near the mouth of the gulf of California, and shut out from the news of the world almost as effectually as one might be in the very centre of the African continent, the monotony of the scene one evening was broken by the appearance of the welcome shadow of a friendly sail. In a few minutes our canoe was at its side, when the novel visitor proved to be a Mexican vessel of war. The commander received us very courteously, and upon our inquiring the events that were passing outside the bay of Banderas, to our grateful surprise, he handed us a late date of the *California Farmer*. We little thought of seeing such a journal on board of a Mexican man-of-war—especially in such an out-of-the-way corner of the Mexican coast; and we relate this

more particularly for the amusement of the editor of that paper, who, whatever may be said or thought to the contrary, has, in our opinion, done much to cheer and inform the agriculturists and horticulturists of California, especially in their early labors here; therefore, we say—*imprimatur*.

MRS. MATHEWS, in her "Anecdotes of Actors," gives an amusing instance of heroic devotion to art:

In that scene in the play of the "Committee," where Obediah has to swallow, with feigned reluctance, the contents of a black quart bottle administered to him by Teague, Munden was observed one night to throw an extra amount of comicality and vigor in his resistance, so much so, that Johnstone, ("Irish Johnstone,") the Teague of the occasion, fired with a natural enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and Obediah was borne off half-dead, and no wonder. The bottle, which should have contained sherry and water, was by some mistake half-filled with the rankest lamp oil. We will let Mrs. Mathews tell the rest:

"When the sufferer had, in some degree, recovered from the nausea the accident caused, Mr. Johnstone marveled why Munden should have allowed him, after the first taste, to pour the whole of the disgusting liquid down his throat.

"'It would,'" Johnstone said, 'have been easy to have rejected it, or opposed a repetition of it, by hinting the mistake to him.'

"Mr. Munden's reply, by gaps, was as follows: 'My dear boy, I was about to do so, but there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect. though I thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat.'"

THE following paraphrase is going the rounds of the newspapers:

The origin of the pugilistic phrase, "lam," is discovered in the following phrase from Scott's Peveril of the Peak, chapter 42—"In short, the tumult thick-

ened, and the word began to pass among the more desperate, 'Lamb them, lads, lamb them!' a cant phrase of the time, derived from the fate of Dr. Lamb, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by the rabble in Charles the First's time."

With all proper respect for Sir Walter's antiquarian lore, it would appear as if in this case he had not gone far enough back, for in Beaumont and Fletcher's King and No King, act 5, scene 3, Bucarius says—

'Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten,
One whose dull body will require a LAMMING,
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.'

MUSINGS OF A MINER.

I'm sitting on a rough oak-bench,

By a camp-fire's flickering light,
Whose varying shadows seem to tell
Of fortunes dark and bright.

While sitting thus I musing fall,
My elbow resting on my knee,
Methinks I see an early home,
Where hearts were blithe and free.

Methinks I see an old frame house—
Two fir trees standing near—
Methinks I hear those pleasant tones,
That to me are so dear.

Methinks I see a father kind,
An angel-mother's brow
That I so oft were wont to kiss,
Oh! could I kiss it now!

Methinks I see my sisters all,
The pleasant spots we used to rove,
I see them too—nor can't forget,
Not e'en the little maple grove.

And oh! the past! 'tis sweet to view.
Brings, father, mother near,
My sisters and my boyhood scenes,
And early friends e'er dear.

Those happy days I then o'erlive—
Days that are past and gone—
I've sometimes said, what would I give,
Had they but never flown.

But my camp-fire is now waning low,
The night-bird takes her flight,
For cherished friends I breathe a prayer,
God bless you all! Good night!

R. F. M.

Editor's Table.

THE esteemed and able occupant of the chair editorial during our absence in north-western Mexico, has vacated his seat for a few moments, now we have returned, while we extend the friendly hand to our writers and readers with a most cordial "how do you do?"

After an absence of but a few brief months, it is no insignificant pleasure that leaps through the heart when the foot once more firmly treads that land which by accident or Providence we call our home. The spirit sings joy-songs of gratitude. The hallowed images of smiles from friendly eyes are newly daguerretyped in memory's remembrance, while scenes of past pleasures move before us as distinctly as in a panorama, telling us that soon again the long missed, though often cherished, expressions of kindly interest and welcome will be renewed. While wandering far away among the beautiful scenes and singular sights of the ancient land of the Aztecs, where almost every face seen was that of a stranger, it was a great solace to the soul to call up the many familiar faces and warm hearts we had left behind us, among the golden hills of our beloved California. The sentiments so beautifully expressed by Oliver Goldsmith,

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee."

were an ever present witness that "Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene." We hope that the familiar hand-writings (and faces, too,) of old friends will continue to pay frequent visits to our sanctum, and that even new ones may find their way there, that we may produce a journal in every way worthy of our glorious and unequalled State.

UPON the eve of our departure on a visit to Mexico, in April last, attention was called to the similarity of a poem published in

this Magazine for the current month, written by an esteemed lady contributor residing in Nevada, entitled "The Ocean Burial," to another poem of the same name by G. N. Allen. Among our somewhat hurried explanations of various matters to the gentleman about to occupy the editorial chair during our absence, he received the impression that we had examined the poems in question, and were satisfied that the one sent us by our fair friend was a plagiarism. With this impression, in the number for May it was at once written down a "base plagiarism." The lady writer consequently felt that she would quite as willingly be accused of stealing other people's chickens as she would of stealing their thoughts, and sent us a very sensible letter to say as much. Since our return we have carefully examined and compared the two poems, and we find that in title, measure, tone, and two or three of the thoughts expressed they are alike, but we most cheerfully add that in laying the sin of "base plagiarism" at her door unintentional injustice has certainly been done her, which none can regret more sincerely than ourselves. Before finally leaving the subject, however, we wish to say that, from the poem being sent us in manuscript, we supposed that it had been written for the especial benefit of ourselves and our readers, when it was not—having first appeared in an eastern paper several years ago, entitled the "Burial of Judson."

THE successful laying of the telegraphic cable across the great Atlantic Ocean forms an era in the history of the world. We do not consider it of much importance in a commercial point of view, for commerce involves selfish feelings in its pursuit; it fosters avarice and panders to the ambition of the money-seeking classes. It is true

that the Atlantic Telegraph will have its effect upon the commercial world, for, by its prompt communication of facts from one point to another, it becomes the medium of narrowing down the chances of the selfish merchants to the pursuit of a system of trade founded upon well-known principles of political economy, which, if respected, the well-being and happiness of the human family would be greatly benefited. The great bond of union between the two continents of Europe and America is now complete indeed. The continents are now within speaking distance of each other, and, by means of the "great cable," language and thought is silently communicated through the Ocean's depth and proclaimed aloud at both extremes through magic power, science and philosophy. The event is a great one, and its accomplishment forms an era in the history of the world, commencing in the year 1858. It is almost impossible to conceive the extent of the effect of the success of the Ocean Telegraph enterprise. The human mind is lost in wonder and amazement at the greatness of the results which must follow the great work. We repeat, we are lost in wonder. It is like contemplating space, or considering the works of our Creator. It almost seems "too good to be true." The glorious announcement staggers our conception, and can only say that its importance can only be realized as the results follow its workings. We now await but one thing to render the telegraphic enterprise complete. The link is not yet complete. We must now have a line stretched from our State to the Atlantic side, and we are rejoiced to know that it will not be a very great while before this will be done.

THE success attending the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute is an event of moment, and is one of the evidences of the rapid progress made by our citizens in developing the immense resources of our new and flourishing State. It is not five years since, when trudging over the sand-hills, we found the site of the Pavilion a large gul-

ly, or basin, used as a receptacle of odds and ends. Presently the work of cutting and filling was commenced, and now find the spot transformed into a level surface, and covered with costly improvements, including the Pavilion, wherein is exposed evidences of our skill and handicraft, as it were by magic, transforming a barren waste into a place of resort for fashion and skill. The Fair of the Mechanics' Institute is a noble evidence of progress, and it is impossible to find language to give utterance to our admiration of the skill and improvement in the arts and sciences, as evidenced by the various articles on exhibition at the Pavilion. We hope year after year will furnish the same evidence of the skill of our citizens. To the farmers and the mechanics we say God speed your efforts to advance the prosperity of our State by industry and skill, and to those devoting their energies to the light branches of artistic merit, we in like manner offer words of encouragement. May each succeeding year evince evidences of progress in the onward march of science and the mechanic arts, until skill ceases to be a matter of astonishment.

WE present in this issue a highly interesting and instructive paper, entitled "Reminiscences of Mendocino." It is given in the lively, dashing style of a narrative, and will be recognized at once by those acquainted with the subject as being truthful in every respect. The illustrations, especially—which are from the original sketches by the well known artist, EDouART—will strike such readers as being to the very life. The article contains a vast amount of reliable information.

As matter of record as well as congratulation, we give the first official messages sent across the Atlantic through the great telegraph cable:

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

To the President of the United States, Washington:—The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international

work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 16, 1858.

To Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain:—The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty

the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise, accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious because far more useful to mankind than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred Nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world. In this view, will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities!

(Signed)

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. V. S.—If your chances for obtaining even "an outside ticket" to the paradise you so excruciatingly describe were no better than in your becoming a poet, we should despair of ever meeting you on the other, and right side, of Jordan.

Tippa, Red Dog.—Stephen Masset has the honor of giving the first concert in California—the Digger Indians excluded!

Ned J.—Never be discouraged. We often are the unintentional manufacturers of the "cursed luck" you have such hard names for. Besides, "luck" is said to change every seven years.

Mrs. L.—There's a corner fenced off for your article in our next number.

D. S., Oroville—Those who find the most faults are the least disposed, even if qualified, to correct them.

P. L. P., Mariposa.—Three lines in the first stanza, four in the second, and as many more in each of the other seventeen you have sent, require careful correction in measure, rhythm, and grammar: that being effectually done, you should re-write the whole, on better paper, and then immediately burn it; or, after placing them in a well corked-bottle, bury them, with-

out delay, as a curiosity for future generations.

Ester N.—Your "Uncle Spare that Cat" would set the whole *feline* race to caterwauling. We don't "concur."

Aristides, Scott's Bar.—You write like a Freeman. Glad to hear from you.

Eppie.—We are sorry that your beautiful thoughts came too late to be read in this month's Magazine; like a good housewife's preserves, however, they will keep for any reasonable time.

T. A.—On opening your letter we thought that you had made some mistake and sent us a picket-fence, instead of an article to be printed. Well, never mind; we'll try to climb it between this month and next, if we break our neck, as well as our patience, in trying.

Oliver G.—The "cable" is coated with tar, so that the steel wire, which covers and protects the gutta percha, may not be eaten off by the salt; and if it should be by the sharks, as you suggest, we think they would have a good time digesting it.

Several other favors received too late to be noticed this month.

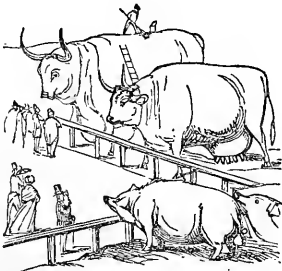
CALIFORNIA "PRODUCTS."



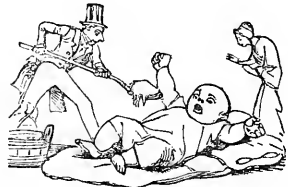
BINKS, having heard so much about our wonderful products, visits an orchard. Is knocked down by a cherry.



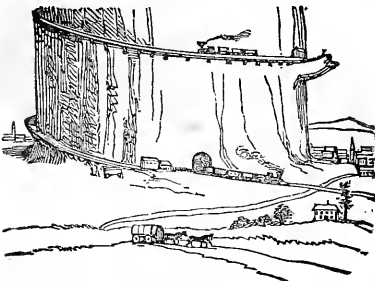
He removes the monster to his house, and makes a dinner of it. Helps his friend to a slice.



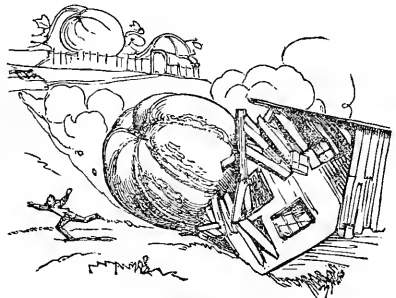
Binks then takes a look at our cattle and hogs. Never saw the like in his life.



Binks, being a man of family, imagined himself posted on the Baby Question; but he never saw anything like the California "specimen."



Mere stump of a tree, occupying half of an acre, or thereabouts.



A terrible calamity — a small-sized pumpkin strikes a house.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1858. No. 5.

OUR NEIGHBORS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Do not become alarmed, gentle reader, because we propose to talk about our neighbors. We mean no offense—intend no wrong; for, although we are going to say something concerning a beautiful country and an interesting people, who live next door to us, in their island home, on the great highway of commerce between California and China, India and Australia—not omitting or excepting Japan and many other “Islands of the Sea”—yet, we hope in no way to intrude upon that sphere, which ill-natured and disappointed people assume for and claim as occupied exclusively by the gentler sex! After we have told our story, we consent to the reader's being our judge.



HAWAIIAN FEMALES.

The Sandwich, or Hawaiian, Islands west longitude from Greenwich. These islands are twelve in number, four of north latitude, and 154° 53' to 160° 15', which are mere rocks, and the other

eight are of the following names and areas :*

	Length.	Breadth.	Square miles.
Hawaii,....	88 miles,	78 miles,	4000 miles.
Maui,	48 " "	29 " "	620 "
Kahoolawe,11	" " "	8 " "	60 "
Lanai,....	17 " "	9 " "	100 "
Molokai, ..	40 " "	7 " "	190 "
Oahu,....	46 " "	25 " "	530 "
Kauai,....	22 " "	24 " "	500 "
Niihau,....	20 " "	7 " "	90 "

Missionary labors, the whale fisheries of the Pacific, the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and recently made treaties of the United States with China and Japan, have, unitedly, become the lever by which these beautiful islands have been raised from a state of the lowest barbarism and insignificance to that of a prosperous semi-civilization and importance; and when events, now so rapidly transpiring in our favor, shall have given to the State of California, the Territories of Oregon and Washington, and the British possessions of the North, a manufacturing, as well as a mining and agricultural population, commensurate with their unparalleled resources; and when every valley and hill on these western shores shall be smiling with the bounteous products of a numerous and industrious people—as they will be before many years have passed away—these islands will assert their claim to a still higher importance and a yet more prosperous civilization than now.

According to a series of native traditions, transmitted through a long line of chiefs, and other conclusive evidence, these islands were visited by Europeans—probably Spaniards—over two centuries before their re-discovery by Captain Cook. In one of these traditions mention is made of a large vessel, named by them Konaliloha, visiting there thirteen generations of Hawaiian kings anterior to the

visit of the great English navigator. By some accident, this vessel was dashed by the surf upon the rocks and made a total wreck. The captain and a white woman—said to be his sister—were the only ones saved. These, being well received and hospitably treated, became content to form connections with the Hawaiians, from whom a mixed and lighter-complexioned race has sprung—and from which a large number of chiefs are said to be descended.

By another tradition, two vessels are said to have visited the north-east coast of Hawaii, both of which were wrecked, and the whole of their crews either drowned or murdered. A fourth ship is also represented to have made its appearance at Maui, about this time. There can be no doubt that these traditions, although somewhat vague, will, with the numerous race now living there, having light complexions and brown or curly red hair, who boast of their white descent through many generations, fully establish the fact that some white persons were living there many years anterior to the visit of Captain Cook.

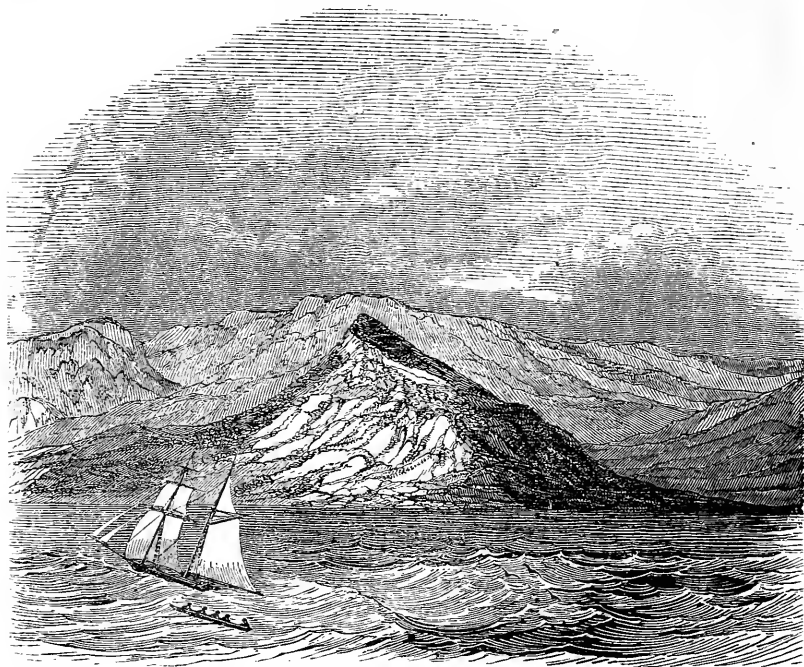
Be that as it may, we most fully coincide with the opinion so well expressed by Mr. Jarves, that to whatever extent these islands may have been known to the Spanish navigators, or stragglers across the vast Pacific, from the earlier part of the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, who, from ignorance or design, left the world unacquainted with their importance, it does not greatly detract from the credit due to the energy and ability displayed by their English successor, Captain Cook. He was probably unaware of their true position; and if to Columbus the discovery of America is to be attributed, equally to Cook is that of the Hawaiian group. Both were simply re-discoveries; the former owing rather to the comprehensive genius of a mind that dared to origin-

* NOTE.—We are indebted to the works of J. J. Jarves, H. Bingham, A. M., Commodore Perry, H. S. Cheever, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, and to the following gentlemen: Edward A. Ham, Wm. Hooper, Dr. Hardy, Rev. L. Smith, D. H. Hunter and others, for valuable assistance and information in regard to these islands.

ate and soar beyond his age; the latter, from actively pursuing the track of discovery, and infusing into its course new life and vigor. In following other and important designs, he was brought in contact with this group.

So long a period had elapsed since the eyes of the natives had been greeted with

sights foreign to their own islands, that the memory of them had become obscure, and perhaps, with the generality of them, forgotten. The appearance of Cook's ships—the Resolution and Discovery—when he first made the islands of Niuhau and Kauai, on the 19th of January, 1778, was, to their unsophisticated senses,



DIAMOND HEAD—SKETCHED AT SEA.

novel, fearful and interesting. Canoes, filled with wondering occupants, approached, but no inducement could prevail upon them to go on board, though they were not averse to barter. Iron was the only article prized in exchange; the use of other things was unknown, and even ornaments at first despised.

On the following evening the ships came to anchor in Waimea Bay, on the south side of Kauai. As the islanders were not generally apprised of their arrival until morning, their surprise was

then extreme. They asked of one another: "What is this great thing with branches?" Some replied: "It is a forest which has moved into the sea." This idea filled them with consternation. The chiefs sent men to examine the wonders, who returned and reported an abundance of iron, which gave them great joy. Their description of the seamen on board was after this fashion: "Foreheads white, bright eyes, rough garments, their speech unknown, and their heads horned, like the moon;" supposing their

hats to be part of their heads. Some conjectured them to be women. The report of the great quantity of iron seen on board the ships excited the cupidity of the chiefs, and one of their warriors, named Kapuapua, volunteered to seize it. He went, and in the attempt was fired upon and killed.

The night after the attempt of Kapuapua, the warrior chief, many guns were discharged. The noise and fire were imagined to proceed from the god, *Lono*, or Cook, and they at first thought of fighting him. But this design was frustrated by the advice of a female chief, who counseled them "not to fight the god, but gratify him, that he might be propitious." Accordingly, she sent her own daughter, with other women, on board, who returned with the seeds of that disease which so soon and so fatally spread itself among the people of the whole group.

Throughout all the intercourse, though the natives manifested the greatest respect and kindness towards their visitors, and both parties indulged in a lucrative trade, yet their propensity for thieving was continually manifested. Perfectly ready to yield their own property and persons to the gratification of the whites, it was but natural that, without any particular sense of wrong, they should desire the same liberties. Theft or lying were, to them, no crimes. Success in either was considered a virtue, and it was not until several severe lessons had been received that their discretion got the better of temptation.

The wonderful news of this arrival spread rapidly throughout the different islands, then under different sovereigns, and the strange spectacle of the vessels, with their sails, spars and flags, were minutely described. "The men," said they, "had loose skins, (their clothes,) angular heads, and they were gods, indeed! Volcanoes, belching fire, burned

at their mouths, (tobacco pipes,) and there were doors in their sides, for their property—doors which went far into their bodies, (pockets)—into which they thrust their hands and drew out knives, iron, beads, cloth, nails and everything else." Their speech was also mimicked, and represented to be rough, harsh and boisterous.

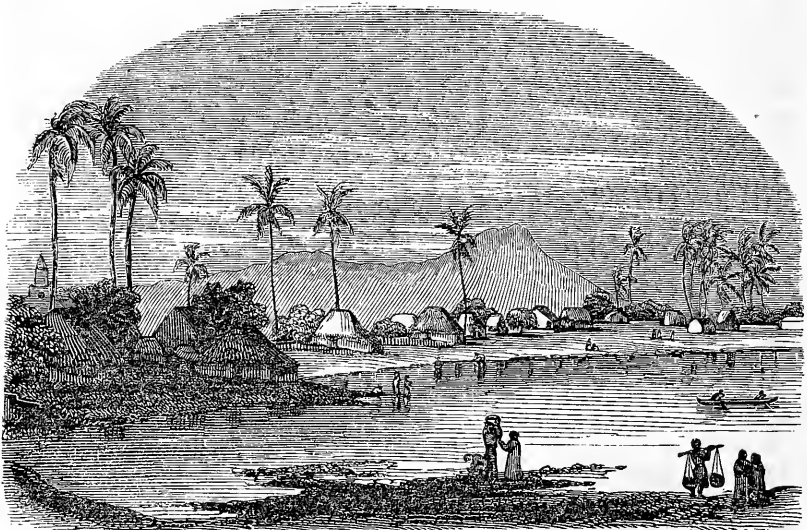
On the 2d of February, after two weeks of agreeable intercourse with this people, Captain Cook weighed anchor and sailed for the north-west coast of America.

On the 20th of November, of the same year, he returned to pay his second visit, making his appearance off Wailuku, on the north side of the island of Maui. Kalaniopuu, the King, immediately sent him a present of some hogs, and on the 30th made him a visit of State. On the 17th of January, 1779, he anchored in Kealakekua bay. Trading again commenced, and the same kind of intercourse as before, the natives paying him every attention, more as a god than a man: making him large and costly presents as sacrifices.

Respect, kindness and hospitality, in its most bounteous form, continued until the 2nd day of February, 1779—just one year after his first departure. On this day, Cook desired Captain King to propose to purchase the railing which surrounded the heiau, a sacred enclosure, for fuel. Unfortunately, Captain Cook showed no respect for the religious feelings of the natives. To the surprise of King, this proposal was acceded to, and nothing bargained for in return. Ledyard, who was one of the party employed to remove the fence, states that Cook offered two iron hatchets for the fence, which were indignantly refused, both from horror at the proposal and the inadequate price offered. Upon this refusal, he gave orders to his men to break down the fence and carry it to the boats, while he cleared the way. This was

done, and the images taken off and destroyed by a few rough sailors, in the presence of the priests and chiefs, who had not sufficient resolution to prevent this desecration of their temple and the manes of their ancestors. Cook once more offered the hatchets, and with the same result. The priest to whom he

spoke trembled with emotion, but still refused. During this scene, a concourse of natives had assembled, and expressed their sense of the wrong in no very quiet mood. Some difficulty, at this juncture, having occurred between the master's mate of the Resolution and the natives, in getting off the ship's rudder, which



DIAMOND HEAD—VILLAGE OF WAIKIKI, FROM HONOLULU.

had just been repaired, the mate angrily struck several. A chief interposed, but he was haughtily told to order his men to labor properly. This he was not disposed to do; or, if he had so done, his people were in no humor to comply. Presently hooting, mocking and throwing of stones was commenced by the natives; and, after a slight defense, the marines were glad to retire. Many reasons united to bring about this change of feeling. Besides, the natives, really alarmed at the prospect of a famine—for their supplies were never over-abundant for themselves—by expressive signs, urged them to leave. The glad tidings that the day for sailing was nigh, soon spread, and the rejoicing people, at the command

of their chiefs, prepared a farewell present of food, cloth and other articles, which, in quantity and value, far exceeded any before given. They were all taken on board, and nothing given in recompense. The magnitude of the gifts from the savage, and the meanness of those from the white men, must excite the indignant surprise of every one who peruses the narrative of this voyage.

On the 4th of February the ships sailed, but were becalmed, in sight of land, during that and the following day, which gave a fresh occasion for Kalanipuu and his people to exercise their hospitality, by sending off a gift of fine hogs and many vegetables.

But the joy of the inhabitants was des-

ted to be of short duration. In a gale, that occurred shortly after, the foremast of the Resolution was sprung, which obliged the vessels to return. They anchored in the same spot. Their tents were pitched in the heiau formerly occupied. The priests, though friendly, expressed no great satisfaction at this event. Cook's reception, this time, presented a striking contrast to his last. An ominous quiet everywhere prevailed. Not a native appeared to give him welcome.

Acts were constantly committed by Cook and his men that were sacrilegious in the eyes of the natives. From these and similar causes, all amicable feeling was at an end, and even in traffic disputes arose. However, affairs went on smoothly, until the afternoon of the 13th, when some chiefs ordered the natives who were employed in watering the ships to disperse; and unfriendly demonstrations began to appear.

Soon after, muskets were discharged from the Discovery at a canoe, which was being paddled in great haste for the shore, closely pursued by the ship's boats. In the narrative, a bold theft is said to have been the occasion of this proceeding. The natives state it was caused by their expressing dissatisfaction on account of the women, and that the foreigners seized a canoe belonging to Palea, who, in endeavoring to recover it, was knocked down with a paddle by one of the white men. This occurred during the absence of Captain Cook.

Mutual suspicions now prevailed. Cook prepared for decisive measures, and ordered every islander to be turned out of the ships. On the heiau the guards were doubled. At midnight, a sentinel fired upon a native, who was detected skulking about the walls. Palea, taking advantage of the darkness, either in revenge for his blow, or avaricious of the iron fastenings, stole one of the Discov-

ery's cutters, which was moored to a buoy.

Early the ensuing morning. (Sunday, the 16th,) Cook determined upon a bold and hazardous step to recover the boat: one that he had, on previous occasions, successfully practiced. This was to secure the king, or some member of the royal family, by surprise or treachery, as hostages, until the boat was returned.*

To accomplish this, he landed his marines. As he passed through the town, it appeared almost deserted. This would have suggested extreme caution, had he not been blinded by some fatal cause, or too self-confident to notice it; but there were, at that time, two hundred chiefs, and more than twice that number of other men, secreted in different houses. Cook repaired to Teraibu's house, and sent his lieutenant in for the old man; when he came out he showed great signs of uneasiness and humiliation. Teraibu would have gone with them, but the chiefs would not let him. Some of them cried out that Cook was going to take their king from them and kill him.

Cook now saw that his designs would be frustrated and unsuccessful without further bloodshed, and ordered the lieutenant of marines, Mr. Phillips, to withdraw his men into the boats. This was effected by the serjeant; but the instant they began to retreat, Cook was hit with a stone, and, perceiving the man who threw it, shot him dead. The officer in the boats, observing the guard retreat, ordered his men to fire, and the attack became general.† Cook and Mr. Phillips were together, just behind the guard, and, perceiving a general fire without orders, ran to the shore to put a stop to it; but, not being able to make themselves heard, and being closely pressed upon by the chiefs, they joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having reached the margin of the water, be-

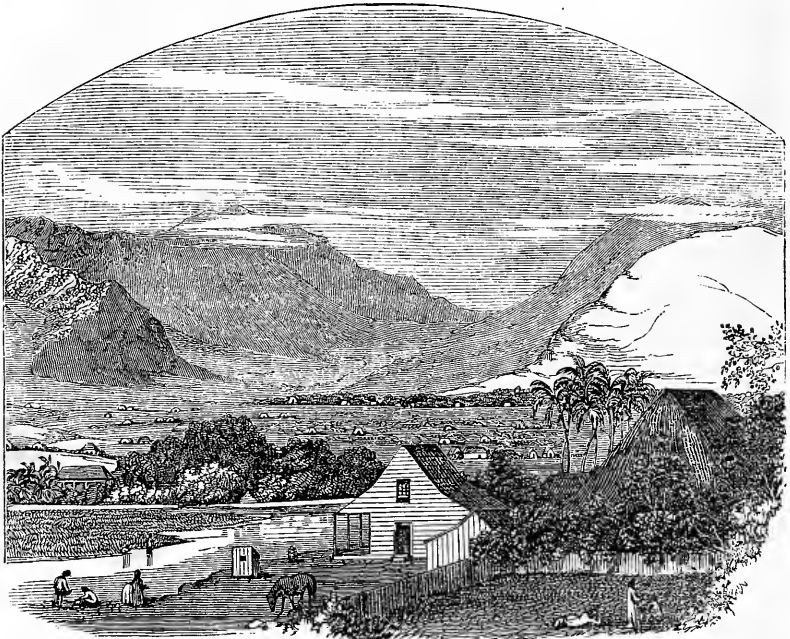
* Jarves.

† Ledyard.

tween the fire of the boats, waved with his hat for them to cease firing; while he was doing this, a chief, from behind, stabbed him with an iron dagger, just under the shoulder blade, and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell, with his face in the water, and immediately expired. Mr. Phillips, now being unable longer to use his fusee, drew his sword, and, engaging the chief whom he saw kill Cook, soon dispatched him. His guard, meanwhile, were all killed but two, and they were swimming to the boats. Phillips, here learning that one

of the warriors had just sunk from exhaustion, after swimming from the shore, threw himself in and brought him up to the surface of the water, when they were both taken in.

It is difficult to know where to leave off, when gathering and relating these interesting facts. Suffice it to say that, after a cannonading from the Resolution, which operated so powerfully that it produced astonishment and a precipitate retreat, the time between Cook's death and the 8th of March, was spent in warlike demonstrations; and, finally, a peace



NUUANU VALLEY.

was concluded, and most of the bones, the gun, shoes and other trifles, once belonging to the great navigator, were taken aboard, and on March 12th these vessels took their final leave.

From the time of Captain Cook to the arrival of Captain Vancouver, of the English navy, in the Discovery and Chat-

ham, in 1772-'73, many visits were paid these islands by the vessels of different nations, with but little benefit to the natives or themselves. Not so with the noble-minded and gratefully-remembered Vancouver; he conferred a perpetual good upon them, by supplying them with various kinds of garden seeds, and goats,

sheep and cattle, obtained from California—besides an assortment of agricultural and carpenters' tools. Under his superintendence, the keel of the first vessel built in the islands was laid, on the 1st of February, 1794. This vessel was thirty-six feet in length, nine feet beam and five feet hold, and was named the *Britannia*. In return for these and many other favors from this gentleman, the grateful and liberal-hearted natives supplied him bountifully with the best of fruits and provisions at their command.

We wish that we could speak equally well of all his countrymen who visited these islands in later years.

In the fall of 1774, the harbor of Honolulu was discovered by Captain Brown, of the English ship *Butterworth*, who was murdered there by the natives, on New Year's Day, 1775, without any provocation whatever.

At the latter end of March, 1820, the first missionaries (American) arrived there in the brig *Thaddeus*, of Boston, accompanied by a mechanic, physician, farmer and printer. All took families, and their wives were the first civilized women who landed on the islands. To the labors of these, with those of others, equally in earnest, the natives are largely indebted for the amount of Christian civilization they now enjoy. An account of missionary success and native progress, amid all the discouragements and obstacles thrown in their way by a debasing intercourse with whites, would fill many volumes; but the amount of civilization possessed there, at this moment, is the best record of missionary labor and its success that can be given.

The Russian discovery-ship *Rurick*, Captain Kotzebue, was the first man-of-war that entered the harbor of Honolulu, November 21st, 1816. Her captain presented Kamehameha I. with a couple of brass field-pieces; and, at the departure of the Russian vessel, in the following

December, national salutes were exchanged for the first time at these islands.

On the 7th of January, 1822, the first experiment in "the art preservative of all arts"—printing—was attempted on the first sheet of the Hawaiian spelling-book. It was a day long to be rejoiced over and remembered. The King, chiefs, native people and foreigners took a deep interest in its success.

About this time, Vancouver fulfilled a half promise made to the King, before his departure, by sending him a small armed schooner of six guns, and which delighted him immensely.

On the 11th of August, of the same year, the first Christian marriage between two converted natives was celebrated.

A couple of years later, the last heathen sacrifice was offered—although, to this day, every stone around their sacred heiaus is held in awe and reverence.

Thus, step by step, through difficulties that were almost insurmountable, and from quarters that were the least expected, did this interesting people progress towards their present encouraging position in the scale of civilization. But for the introduction of bad customs still prevailing, unfortunately, among the dregs of professedly civilized nations, they would now be much higher than they are.

As early as the year 1823, from forty to fifty whale ships—nearly all American—could be seen in the harbor of Honolulu; and every year, since the death of Cook, these islands have been visited for the excellent sandal wood which abounded there; but it is so exceedingly small and scarce that it no longer forms a valuable article of export.

There are three sea-ports now visited by whalers, namely: Honolulu, on the island of Oahu; Lahaina, on the island of Maui, and Hilo, on Hawaii. Generally, outward-bound vessels stop at Lahaina.

The sailors attribute this to the fact that when a whale-ship arrives there from home, the men are indebted to the ship, and they cannot very well leave, which they could do at Honolulu; but, after a successful cruise in the north-west, when there is plenty of oil aboard, Honolulu is visited for two reasons: one is, to ship

the oil obtained by any vessel that is homeward-bound, and the other, to give the men an opportunity of leaving the ship if they wish, thereby sacrificing their share in the "catch" of the season.

The Island of Oahu, although only the third in size, possesses the strongest interest of any in the Hawaiian group, af-



WAHINA (NATIVE WOMAN) IN FULL RIDING COSTUME.

for- ding, as it does, the safest harbor, and containing the principal town and capital of the kingdom. It is also the second in population, the census of 1853 giving it 19,126 inhabitants, which have doubtless increased somewhat since then. Its area is forty-six miles in length, by twenty-five in breadth, and its highest point is 3,800 feet above the sea.

The harbor of Honolulu, (the principal seaport of the kingdom,) the entrance to which is very narrow, but perfectly safe to a good pilot, protected as it is by a coral reef which acts as a complete seawall and breakwater when the most violent storms are raging from the south; and when the Pacific, outside the reef, belies its name by its wild fury, the harbor, with its large fleet of ships asleep on

its bosom, is almost as quiet as a millpond. To one arriving at Honolulu in the dull season, when no whaleships crowd its waters, its capacity can hardly be realized; but when, as in years past, one to two hundred whaleships, several men-of-war, and one or two large steamers, with the native schooners, canoes, and boats of every description are seen plying from ship to ship, a more correct idea can be formed of its power to accommodate.

When the squadron under Commodore Perry, on the return voyage from Japan, put in at Honolulu, there were in the harbor, the U. S. sloop St. Marys, the Portsmouth, and several French and English ships of war; and, although the whalers were not then there to fill up

the picture, the harbor presented a scene of life and pleasurable excitement. The fine bands of the Mississippi and Powhatan often went ashore and regaled the citizens of Honolulu with delicious music; and the frequent visits of the Royal Family to the different ships during their stay, always accompanied with salutes, and that most beautiful ceremony of "manning the yards;" which, with the many balls that were given on shipboard, in that calm and delightful harbor, will long be remembered by those who then resided there. It is an interesting sight to witness a national salute fired from the summit of Punch Bowl Hill—an old crater, many years silent, but which is now used as a fortification, mounting some very heavy guns, and commanding the town and harbor. It is little more than a mile from Honolulu to its summit, from whence a fine view of the town, surrounding country and harbor is obtained. The flash and smoke, succeeded by the heavy boom of the guns on a gala-day, or in saluting the various flags which present themselves from different nations occasionally, have a fine effect to either visitor or resident.

The most prominent and interesting headland of Oahu is Diamond Head, or Leahi, as it is termed by the natives, situated about four and a half miles from Honolulu. This is also an old crater, nearly half a mile in diameter, and its lofty walls are well represented by the artist in the life-like engraving accompanying this sketch. Often parties will ride or walk out from the city, and scramble up its precipitous sides to gain the glorious view that is presented on every side. On a clear day several of the Islands can be seen distinctly from its summit, although eighty or a hundred miles distant. There is no outlet to it, the lava which lies in huge masses far from its sides, having been ejected without injury to its walls. The basin within is as

smooth as a meadow, and would make an excellent ranch for some enterprising Yankee, who would tunnel an entrance through its massive sides. That it has in former years been in powerful action you cannot doubt, if you will only take the trouble to look around you in your trip to it from Honolulu. At its western base is a *heiau*, or temple, built many years ago, in which the old heathen rites of the natives were performed. It is a rude wall of stones in a quadrangular form, in the building of which every native resident used to take part.

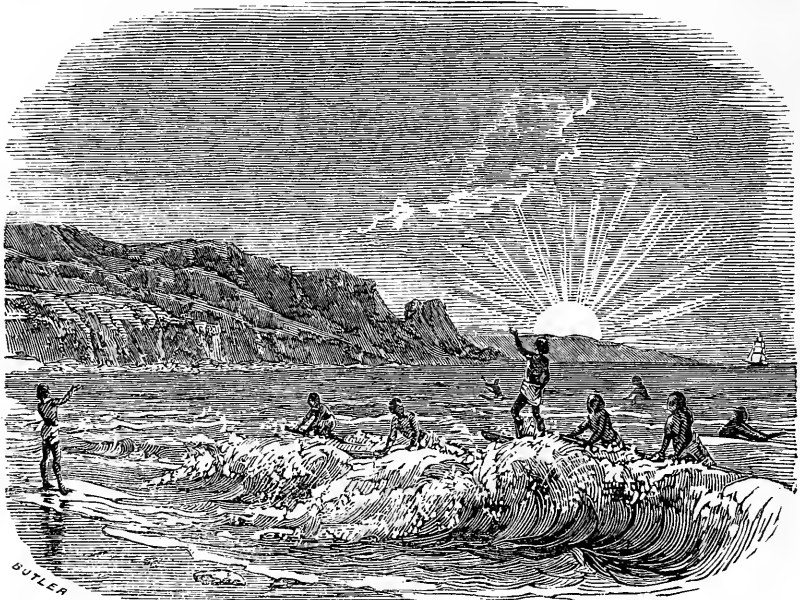
Returning from Diamond Head, you may pass through the pretty little village of Waikiki, and there get a native boy to run up a cocoa-nut tree to procure you one or two, or a half dozen coconuts; stop a few minutes in a native hut, where you will be met with a pleasant *aloha* (love to you)—their universal salutation and farewell—and rest yourself awhile on the clean, cool straw-matting upon the earthen floor, and which is so admirably adapted to a tropical climate; then eat a few bananas with your cocoonut; take a drink of Robinson Crusoe's first imbibation on Juan Fernandez; and then, if you smoke, take a whiff of the native's pipe, which is invariably passed to you, and by that time you will feel rested somewhat from your toilsome ascent of Leahi.

The plain which lies between Waikiki and Honolulu is the great play-ground of the natives of Oahu, and on great holidays presents one of the prettiest scenes that can meet the eye in Polynesia. There the formidable standing army of the kingdom, consisting of several hundred, hold their parades; and very well they look, too, in their neat uniform; and their maneuvering would do honor to old veterans. There all the horse-racing is done; and there, on Saturday afternoons, the happy natives, who can raise a dollar, or who have their own

horses, go in hundreds, male and female, and ride as fast as their horses can carry them, till sunset.

A sailor, when he goes ashore, is bound, at the earliest opportunity offered, to find himself seated on a native horse for a ride; and, as sure as he does so, almost as sure will his experience teach him that he is arrested and taken to the Fort (used as a prison) for fast riding; while a resident can generally ride as fast as he pleases, without running any risk what-

ever. This being the principal source of revenue, the Fort is often called "The Sandwich Island Mint," on account of the number of \$5 pieces coined from poor Jack every time that an opportunity offers; the principal qualification for re-appointment to the police corps consisting in the number of arrests made, and the consequent pouring in of \$5 pieces to the public treasury. Two-thirds of these police are native, and the others are of foreign birth.



NATIVES ENGAGED IN THE SPORT OF SURF-RIDING.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, all business is suspended, so far as the natives are concerned, and then commences the fun. It is a merry sight to see a crowd of native women dashing along together on horseback, riding in the manner that all ladies rode before side-saddles were invented, their bright *kiheis* flowing on each side of their horses, their jaunty Panama hats, or the fresh and beautiful wreath of flowers, which some wear instead, giving you their pleasant

alohas as they pass, accompanied with a sweet smile, disclosing a set of magnificent teeth, their black eyes flashing with excitement, and their beautiful complexions radiant with this exhilarating exercise. The *kihei* is a strip of bright-colored calico, perhaps four or five yards in length and the usual width of prints, which they take on their arm, (without disturbing their dress, which is made with a yoke, and no consumptive waist, when ready to mount their horse,) wind it

around their waist, and, by a magical motion envelope their limbs, leaving the ends to float to the breeze on either side. They then mount, and are off. The ease and grace with which they command their horses, and their perfectly chaste and comfortable riding habit would excite the envy of many of our fair countrywomen, who love this healthful recreation. We will now seek our hotel in Honolulu, and to-morrow we will take a ride up Nuuanu Valley.

This valley affords, for several miles, one of the prettiest rides around Honolulu. It ascends very gradually until it reaches the height of eleven hundred feet, to the famous precipice where Kamehameha the Great drove off the rebellious Oahuans in olden times. A few miles up this valley the scene is very fine. Turn back, and you will have a grand view of the town and harbor, with old ocean beyond, stretching off to an unbroken horizon; a little further on, and your way becomes difficult from the mud and stones which obstruct the narrowing path; but your horse is careful, and you pass on a mile or two, gazing at the mountains that rise on either side of you to the height of two thousand feet, covered with verdure, and giving a pleasing contrast to the hot and dusty town you have just left. Before you have a moment's warning, by a sudden turn in the path, your horse brings himself to a dead stop, and you to one of the grandest pictures of nature it has ever been your lot to witness. Down beneath you drops the precipice, before alluded to, eleven hundred feet; before you lies the ocean, and the whole "windward" side of the island; for miles on each side of you rise mountains in one vast chain to the height of over three thousand feet, making a great crescent precipice. Rushing madly against you comes the trade-wind, almost unseating you, as it dashes down this giant gap, to cool the heated Honoluluans.

If you have the curiosity you will make the descent into the plain below, and, if your imagination is strong, you can almost see the natives of Oahu pursued by the victorious Kamehameha—the Napoleon of the islands—throwing themselves from the fearful precipice.

The chain of mountains in which this gap is found stretches nearly the whole length of the island, and divides it nearly equally. Often spurs will run out inclosing fertile and beautiful valleys, and frequently, on its precipitous western side, beautiful waterfalls will dash down from the extremest heights in brilliant silver streams.

The Nuuanu River, which waters Honolulu, takes its rise from the hills running up to the *Pali*, and is a source of great use and comfort to the inhabitants. In its course it forms many pretty waterfalls.

On our return to Honolulu we will, if the reader pleases, step into a native hut and eat a little *poi* and fish. We find the hut as clean as any tired traveller might wish, a calabash of fresh *poi*, surrounded by several natives, and a plate containing raw fish, with another containing the coarse salt, similar to that seen drying in the salt-ponds on the sea-side, in a walk from Honolulu, the other day.

The head of the family gives us his *aloha*, and then points to the *poi* and bids us be seated. Having seen them eat before, we at once sit down on the mat, and, after washing our hands, a ceremony which they all invariably perform before eating, we follow their example and dip our finger into the *poi*, and having, by stirring it round once or twice, collected enough for a mouthful, we make sure of it, and then take a piece of fish, dip it into the salt, and let that follow the *poi*. This, to some, who never ought to travel, unpleasant operation, is, to a hungry man, after a little practice, very refreshing. The *poi* is a paste



QUEEN EMMA.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

KING KAMEHAMEHA IV.

QUEEN DOWAGER.

MAID OF HONOR.

PRINCE LOT KAMEHAMEHA.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF HAWAII.

made from the root of the *taro*, which, when baked to destroy its acidity, and then beaten up with water, makes a very nourishing and, to a native, indispensable food. It is diluted into one-fingered, two-fingered and three-fingered *poi*, to be used as its respective title demands. Without their *poi* the natives soon get discontented and unhappy; but give them plenty of *poi* and fish, and no race are happier than they.

The natives in the country are invariably hospitable, and the *haole* (white man) is always a welcome guest, provided he behaves himself as a *white* man should. The character of the natives, where they have not been corrupted in the seaports, is good; their temper amiable, and they are generous to a fault. They have good, retentive memories, and are capable of improvement. Their physical development, where sickness or accident have not disabled them, is admirable. The young king himself, a pure blood Hawaiian, is as fine a specimen of a man, physically speaking, as you meet in a thousand. He has also an excellent education, and is one of the prettiest speakers of the English language you ever heard. The chiefs, almost to a man, are splendid looking men, and, although they are by no means the most virtuous and worthy of the Hawaiians, they would favorably compare with many of the political professors of our own country.

The natives are strong in their friendships; quick to learn whatever they have a good motive for learning; they make good mechanics; are faithful and industrious; they are generous to their relatives, even to their own impoverishment, as thousands of instances prove; and, had the white man rightly appreciated them, and properly directed them, they would now have been as numerous and as happy as when Cook brought them to the notice of the world.

Although the island of Oahu is by no

means as fertile as Hawaii, Maui, or Kauai, its fine harbor renders it a point of vast commercial importance as time rolls on.

The harbor of Lahaina, at Maui, is only an anchorage, but, at most seasons of the year, it is a very safe one. Like the harbor of Honolulu, it has a reef, but the reef is too far in shore to give protection to the shipping. Everything has to be lightered on shore; and the ships' water has to be floated out in casks through the gap in the reef, which is quite narrow, but is entered with ease by the careful boatman.

Maui is a little larger than Oahu—being forty-eight miles long by twenty-nine broad. Its highest point of land is 10,200 feet, and the number of inhabitants is about 18,000. At a distance at sea, from your vessel's deck, it seems like a great mountain rent in twain by some terrible convulsion of nature, and even at a few miles the narrow isthmus which connects East and West Maui is scarcely discernible. It is a fine island, and its sugar plantations are fast becoming of great profit to the proprietors.

The town of Lahaina has much more of a tropical appearance than Honolulu, which looks more like a New England town than what it really is, and the climate is much warmer than that at Honolulu, as the lofty mountains rising immediately behind it shut off the northeast trade-winds, which rush down the valley of Nuuanu through the pass at its head, and render Honolulu by far the more agreeable residences to those who love cool weather. But to those fond of tropical warmth, gently tempered winds and luxuriant verdure, Lahaina is the place to please. The foreign residents of Lahaina do all that they can to render the stay of the traveler among them pleasant, and their efforts are very successful. In the whaling seasons the harbor presents a very cheerful appearance, and every

native is fully awake to the fact that the ships will soon be gone, and consequently makes good use of his time while they are there.

Cheever, in his interesting "Life in the Sandwich Islands," gives the following graphic description of a popular and characteristic amusement among this apparently semi-amphibious people: It is highly amusing to a stranger to go out into the south part of this town (Lahaina) some day when the sea is rolling in heavily over the reef, and to observe there the evolutions and rapid career of a company of surf-players. The sport is so attractive and full of wild excitement to the Hawaiians, and withal so healthful, that I cannot but hope it will be many years before civilization shall look it out of countenance, or make it disreputable to indulge in this manly, though it be dangerous, exercise.

Many a man from abroad who has witnessed this exhilarating play, has, no doubt, inly wished that he were free and able to share in it himself. For my part, I should like nothing better, if I could do it, than to get balanced on a board just before a great rushing wave, and so be hurried in half or quarter of a mile landward with the speed of a race-horse, all the time enveloped in foam and spray, but without letting the roller break and tumble over my head.

In this consists the strength of muscle and sleight-of-hand, to keep the head and shoulders just out and clear of the crested wall that is every moment impending over one, and threatening to bury the bold surf-rider in its watery ruin. The natives do this with admirable intrepidity and skill, riding in, as it were, upon the neck and mane of their furious charger; and when you look to see them, their swift race run, dashed upon the rocks or sand, behold! they have slipped under the belly of the wave they rode, and are away outside, waiting for a cruise upon another.

Both men and women have their times for this diversion. Even the high premier (Auhea) has been known to commit her bulky person to a surf-board; and the chiefs generally, when they visit Lahaina, take a turn or two at this invigorating sport with billows and board. For a more accurate idea of it than can be conveyed by any description, the reader is referred to the engraving.

Both portions of this fine island are susceptible of vast returns to the enterprising agriculturist, and some of its sugar plantations are, with limited facilities for manufacturing the sugar, even now doing well.

In sailing by the western coast of Maui the mountain scenery is grand and beautiful, and the streams falling, oftentimes, thousands of feet from the brows of the gigantic precipices, into the ocean, appear, in the distance, like rods of silver. A lover of petrifications could find plenty of specimens along those untraveled cliffs.

But Hawaii, the southeasternmost island of the group, is a continent in itself, and from its stupendous mountains, its mighty volcanoes, and its every variety of climate, is by far the most interesting of the Hawaiian Islands.

Its principal harbor is that of Hilo, on its eastern coast, and, like Lahaina, affords good anchorage, but its coral reef does not as securely guard it as that at Honolulu. It is, however, sufficiently sheltered, and the beautiful bay of Hilo, in its crescent form, will always be a favorite resort. The town is completely embowered in sugar-cane, coffee-trees, and other tropical fruits, which grow here in the wildest profusion.

The climate is very equal, but very warm; after a tolerable acclimation it is quite delicious.

Here is the place to procure your horses and guides, if you intend visiting Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world. If you would like one of the most exciting, in-

teresting and laborious mountain rides you ever had, before going to Hilo, land at Kowaihae, on the eastern coast of Hawaii, and ride around the coast to Hilo nearly opposite. In your trip you will cross one hundred and fifty gulches of various depths, ranging from two thousand feet down to five hundred, and will be treated to a view from any height above the level of the sea, under six thousand feet. To-night you may rest where a crackling fire and warm blankets are necessary, and to-morrow you may descend on your trail into tropical heat. A short distance from Kowaihae, Mr. Sparks, an English gentleman, has a fine plantation, on the summit of a mountain over which the trail passes. His farm is elevated about five thousand feet, and the change in temperature from that of Kowaihae is very refreshing. His sheep, cows, and cattle generally are in fine condition, and he realizes a handsome income from their products. His butter, eggs, and mutton chops are keenly relished by the traveler who is fortunate enough to breakfast with him.

When it was supposed that an extensive emigration would be made from California to the Islands, Mr. S. built a fine hotel for the accommodation of the traveler, and for the invalid who wished the pure mountain air; but the Islands were not annexed! and Mr. Sparks' enterprise has not yet been rewarded. We hope the time will come, however, when it will be.

From Mr. Sparks' you will take horses, packing your baggage on bullocks, which are the mules of the Islands, and ride about twenty miles, passing the most diversified and beautiful mountain scenery, until darkness approaches, when you will find yourself some nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at the cabin of some wood-choppers, who will do their best to make your rest comfortable. A blazing fire, the hearty cheer,

and the entire absence of mosquitoes, with the good stories of your fellow-travelers, united to the capital rest after your toilsome jaunt, make a night in that cabin long to be remembered. Bright and early you get your horses, have the bullock re-packed, take your breakfast, and another trip brings you to the district of Hamakua, in the borders of which you will find the plantation of Bob-the-Sawyer, as he is familiarly termed. He will treat you like a prince, and as he has a fine plantation, you can pass an hour or two very profitably.

From this plantation the trail runs over the gulches spoken of before, occurring so frequently that your progress is slow; but, as the horses are generally sure-footed, and the native guides attentive and careful, few accidents occur. In about three days journeying from this place you will reach Hilo, fatigued, but much pleased with your five days' ride from Kowaihae. In your trip you will nearly circumnavigate Mauna Kea, whose snowy summit rises thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-six feet above the ocean.

At Hilo you will rest for a few days, and then take horses and guides for the crater of Kilauea; but this vast and terrible volcano, and other curiosities, we will describe in some future number of the Magazine, as these sublime wonders claim more space than can be spared in the present number.

Returning to Hilo, the view of the lofty dome of Mauna Loa, which is only a few hundred feet below the altitude of Mauna Kea, and its gradual ascent, almost tempt us to spend another week in exploring its beauties. This, and the flow of lava which burst out of its side near the summit, some four years since, rushing down like a vast river, threatening to engulf Hilo in its fiery course, we must also defer describing.

TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY ANNA F. MATLACH.

“Speech is silvery—silence golden”—mantle of the un beholden,
 Seldom trailing on the pavements of our noisy, restless world;
 And I know ye are from Heaven, for to you a gift is given—
 The divine, calm gift of Stillness—as white incense, round you curled.

Though no pleasant sound of voices your lone outer life rejoices—
 Though ye seem, in Earth’s great temples, noble columns incomplete—
 Yet, ye shall be heard the rather of that Omnipresent Father,
 In the muteness of the chorus rising round His Mercy Seat.

Language of the high archangels, mightier far than loud evangels
 From the lips of gospel preachers, is the inner voice we hear—
 More harmonious than the chiming of the sweetest poet’s rhyming—
 More emphatic than the oracles of prophet or of seer.

Over rocks and thorny bushes, swift the noisy rivulet rushes,
 In obedience to its mission, and with true and earnest ends;
 But the lake of folded highlands, in its patience and its silence,
 Images the blue serene of Heaven that on its stillness bends.

Can Demosthenes out-thunder teachings of a higher wonder
 Than the lone and grand Colossi on the dreary Theban plain?
 In their stillness, old and hoary, do they shadow forth a story
 That the Eloquence of Ages might impress on us in vain.

Hushed in snowy desolation, since the dawning of creation,
 In the sunshine and the starlight, do the Alpine summits sweep;
 Out at sea the storm-waves wrestle with the tempest-driven vessel,
 But far under them is calmness, in the great abyssmal deep.

In a silent congregation, all the orbs of God’s creation
 Move, in swerveless Epycycles, round the stillness of His light;
 All great acts and thoughts are quiet, from the calm Almighty fiat
 To the still, obedient rolling of the smallest satellite.

When, beyond the resurrection, we shall rise from imperfection,
 With no stir of human voices shall we know the mystic change;
 But a silent, viewless winging, and an inward, voiceless singing,
 Is the choral allelujah where our spirit-song shall range.

A RECOLLECTION OF EARLY DAYS.

BY G. W. R.

One morning, in the spring of 1855, I wandered pensively along the banks of the American river, in Placer county. The sun had risen, but had not made its full appearance over the hills, although a trace of the golden orb was visible in the eastern sky; for its dazzling rays were just emerging above the line of the mountain that seemed skirting the horizon. Not a cloud obscured the sky; the atmosphere was clear and the air pleasant; it was a lovely morning, and a lovely spot for the meditative mind. The hill sides were decked with hues resplendent and charming—tender blades of green grass newly sprung forth formed a beautiful contrast with the variegated colors of the spring flowers—the shrubs and trees of different descriptions were clad with bright-green foliage, and from the bush and tree the merry songsters were warbling their sweetest lays, and while they

“Caroll’d out on the morning air
Their songs so joyous, free from care,”

I sat me down upon a moss-grown rock and gazed around above and beneath me, into the dark rolling river just below. Beside me,

Earth seem’d a Paradise array’d in beauteous morn:

Above me,

Transcendent glory seem’d the Heavens to adorn:

At such a time, the contemplative mind could easily find food for reflection. Filled with a love of the beautiful, who could wander forth amid the sublilities of nature in the most appropriate time, and not realize the presence of a Supreme Being? and who would not be astounded at the marvelousness of His works? Thus thought I, as I sat me down upon my rude seat on the banks of the river,

for a moment’s rest, having tired myself with the morning walk. The place was one of the most enchanting along the American, a river often alluded to as possessing scenery of the most romantic description. After a short rest I retraced my steps to the cabin and partook of breakfast a partner had prepared in my absence. Breakfast over, we commenced the operation of the day, which was rafting timber down stream for the purpose of building a dam, preparatory to commencing mining operations for the summer. Our claim was located high up the river, and at the time alluded to, it was early after the snows above us had melted, and the waters being still very high, we were in no great hurry about getting ready to dam the river; for that reason we were not particular about going to work at an early hour in the morning. But we will not detain the reader with a detailed account of our mining affairs that summer season; suffice it to say, the claim proved fully as remunerative as we expected, and we did not regret in the least holding it.

While locating ourselves on the river, we were impressed with the strange beauty of the spot—wild, romantic and picturesque. It was a Sabbath morning when we first sought the place with a view of taking up a home for the summer season. One of the first things to be done was to select a favorable spot for a tent, and to locate ourselves as near water as possible. A spring of good water was found, and but a few yards distant we erected a rude canvas tent; but then it looked rather picturesque, as the tall oak branches above cast the shadows of their prettily shaped leaves upon it.

Then we walked a short distance off and looked at our mountain home, and laughed, as we called it "the pioneer tent." In this, however, we were mistaken; for, even as we thought ourselves the first in that lonely region, we looked a little further up the river, and saw something that had the appearance of a dilapidated cabin. We approached with instinctive dread, and listened, as we drew near; but not a voice was heard—all within was still as death. Death *had* been there, though at that time we knew it not. We passed around the cabin—saw the roof had fallen in—the chimney tottered to the earth—some of the logs on the ground—the door broken in, and the inside desolate, and said, "Who could have lived here?" Then we started towards our little camp tent. We had proceeded about half way, when one of us discovered a little mound beneath a lonely cedar; curiosity led us thither; we reached the spot, and lo! it was a grave! Upon a rude slab were rudely inscribed the following:

"To the memory of A. D—, [illegible] of Illinois, murdered in yonder cabin in the 3d of May, 1850. The murderers came disguised in the night, took our money, his life, and left me in the cabin for dead. I place this at my partner's grave 10th May, 1850, and part from the sad spot.
J. H. J."

Twice we read the inscription, when I copied it in my memorandum-book, which I have kept to this day. We were uneasy in mind for weeks after observing the lonely grave, but our fears gradually wore away. Notwithstanding this, we frequently visited the grave, and betimes "moistened the turf with a tear," and as we thought of

The dweller in the lonely grave,
so often we thought of the friend who had placed the memento at the head of the green mound, where his former companion reposed in dreamless sleep.

Years have fled since the scenes described, but they are engraved on memory's pages, from which they will not soon fade away.

ON READING OVID'S "TRISTIA."

Unhappy Ovid! luckless was thy fate,

Compelled in strange and cheerless climes to rove;
To sort with beings thou could'st only hate,
To part from beings thou wert born to love!

In tears by day, in agony by night,

Thy thoughts, sad exile, ever homeward turn'd,
Till thy crushed spirit took its lonely flight,

E'en whilst they lived, for whom thy spirit yearned.

But thou couldst die, and dying, cease to weep;

The melancholy quiet of the tomb
Cradled, at last, thy crying woes to sleep,
And quenched thy tears in not unfriendly gloom.

My fate is bitterer still, condemned to stray

Far from the cherished city of my birth;
To live, to weep, in stranger climes, whilst they,
The loved, the lost, have vanished from the earth.

J. P. CARLETON.

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY W. B. STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the winter of 185-, three miners were sitting by a bright blazing fire, in their cabin in the mountains, isolated from any other habitation. The snow was already ten feet deep, and still it came down in gusty violence, drifting in the wild cañons, filling them almost level with the surrounding hills.

The dreary wind, sweeping through the ice-covered branches of the towering pines that stood upon the mountain side, was all that could be heard without, except now and then some giant tree, becoming too feeble to bear up under the tremendous weight of the falling snow, would give way and come down with a dead, heavy, booming sound, similar to distant thunder.

The wolf was in his den, the song of the night-bird was hushed, and he rested secure in his cozy nest in some rocky cliff sheltered from the raging storm. Those who have never spent a winter amid the Sierra Nevada Mountains can form no idea of the awful grandeur presented to their sight by the drifting snow, of the avalanche that slides from the mountain tops to the deep cañons beneath, carrying with it large trees and burying them far beneath the surface.

Frank, Elic and Joe had just finished their supper and lighted their pipes for the purpose of having a social smoke—a practice very common among the miners of California, in the absence of society—to while away the long and tedious evening hours. As the above three are destined to have a prominent part in our story, an introduction is necessary before we proceed to narrate the incidents, which we hope will not prove uninteresting.

Frank Seaman and Elic Grover were

natives of the southern part of Tennessee. Their parents lived not more than three miles apart. Having been intimate from childhood up to the age of maturity they became much attached to each other, and after the close of the Mexican war came to this country together, arriving here at a very early day in the history of the gold discovery.

Frank's father was a wealthy planter, while Elic had but a poor widowed mother, notwithstanding which, a feeling of the warmest character existed between them, and rather increased than diminished as they became of age. There was another circumstance which had a tendency to bind them together: Elic and Frank's sister—a most beautiful and accomplished young lady—were bound together by the ties of love's tenderest chords; but her parents were opposed to the union, and it was from this cause that Elic volunteered to go to Mexico during the war. When Frank learned that he had volunteered, he determined to follow him, notwithstanding the efforts made by his parents to prevent him.

Two more devoted hearts than those of Elic Grover and Julia Seaman never beat in unison, and it was like breaking the last golden chord that bound them to earth to separate; but Elic knew the cause of the objection to their union was that he was poor, that he could not count his thousands in negroes and in land, so he determined to seek his fortune in the wide world and return to Julia at some future day to claim her as his bride. He told her, when they parted, she would never see him again, unless he could return with wealth equal to that her father possessed—thus they parted, pledging vows of eternal constancy.

Joe was a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; his father was a wealthy iron merchant, but during the monetary crisis of 1836, failed for over two hundred thousand dollars; and not desirous of remaining where misfortune, like a wild tornado, had swept everything from him, as far as this world's goods were concerned, he determined to try his fortune again in the wilds of the Southwest, and at once moved with his little family, consisting of a wife and three children, two boys and one girl, to the frontiers of what is now known as the State of Arkansas.

There were but few white persons within many miles of where Mr. Dixon lived, and the consequence was, Joe was almost raised among the Indians until he was about seventeen years of age, when his elder brother took him with him to Santa Fe; and, through the influence of some friends, procured goods enough to commence a trading establishment, but when gold was discovered in this country, Joe left his brother and came to California.

It was early in the spring of '50 when he arrived, and soon after he came he formed the acquaintance of Frank and Elic, which merged into friendship of the warmest kind, and they had been partners ever since.

There was another in that cabin who deserves some notice: a negro servant, who belonged to Frank, and who had followed him through the Mexican war—for he could never be induced to leave his master. When Len—the name of the servant—learned that Frank was going to Mexico, nothing would do but he must go with him, and he finally prevailed upon Frank's father to let him go. A more faithful servant never served a master than Len, and Frank was very much attached to him, for he was always near him, ready and willing to sacrifice his life, if necessary, for that of his master Frank, as he always called him.

Spring, with its genial sun came, and our little group determined to penetrate further into the mountains, on a prospecting tour; as the claim where they then were did not pay over an ounce per day—and an ounce a day in those times in California was not considered more than ordinary diggings—so they determined to visit the Klamath river, where no white man had yet dared to go, on account of the hostile Indians that inhabited that portion of the country.

They knew it to be a hazardous undertaking, but Joe having been among the Indians several years, around Santa Fe and on the frontiers, thought himself so conversant with their customs and languages that there was no danger to be apprehended; in fact, he knew no such word as fear or fail, and he prevailed upon the other boys to break up camp for a prospecting tour on the Klamath.

CHAPTER II.

It was a lovely evening in June, the yellow sun had gone to rest, and the moon, the queen of all that is lovely, had come forth to take the place of the departing sun; the blue bosom of space was checkered by the bright glimmering stars—Heaven's own sweet eyes; all Nature appeared resting in that dreamy repose so peculiar to the south alone.

On the banks of the Cumberland stands a magnificent mansion, surrounded with pleasure-grounds; fountains of pure water may be seen throughout these grounds in every direction, flower gardens of the most lovely kind fitted up in the most tasteful style; fruits of the rarest flavor, characteristic of that clime, were there; and, in fact, everything denoted wealth in its grandest style.

On the balcony fronting the river of this splendid mansion sat a young lady, attired in a simple muslin dress, with a light scarf thrown across her shoulders. Her dark waving hair hung in clusters

beautifully, and low upon her bosom; there was a melancholy shade resting upon her countenance, which gave you a singular impression, surrounded as she was by all that wealth could purchase. She was not what the fashionable world would call a beautiful woman, yet there was something in the expression of her countenance which won the admiration of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

While she was sitting there, apparently in deep thought, a servant came riding up the graveled walk in front of the house and handed her a letter. As she took the letter she gazed for a few moments upon the hand-writing of the address, while a tear rolled down her cheek, and, as she gave a long-drawn sigh, she tore it open and read as follows:

NEVADA, Cal., July, 185--.

MY DEAREST JULIA:—More than three long years have passed away on the wings of never-tiring time, and more than twelve months since I have heard from you. Perhaps I am long since forgotten, or remembered only as an old and distant friend; if such is the case, my dear Julia, forgive all the transactions of your unworthy but devoted lover.

Dear Julia, what a multitude of scenes I have passed through during the last three years! My heart has been weary of life—my soul is full of melancholy, for I have been absent from the one most dear to me of all else on earth, and tho' thousands of miles intervene and the wide ocean between us rolls, my heart has ever been true to you, for I never had a happy thought that was not yours in all my wandering, and I love you to-day, dearest Julia, as well as I did the evening the vow was given, and should years yet elapse ere I see you, my heart will ever remain the same. I have no idea when I shall return to the Atlantic States. Frank is still with me; he sends his love to you and all the family. May angels ever cluster around you, and guard and protect you from all harm, is the constant prayer of your devoted

ELIC.

When Julia finished reading the letter it fell from her hands; and, while sitting

thoughtfully there, her father came to her, and began walking to and fro several times in front of her. At length he said:

“Julia, my child, I have received a letter from Mr. Simpson, and he tells me he will be here by Monday week; so you must have everything in readiness for the wedding.”

“Pa, I will try.”

“Come, child, you must not look so disconsolate; you are going to marry a man of wealth and distinction, and one whom any lady should be proud to call husband.”

“Pa, I can give him my hand in marriage, but never my heart; for that already belongs to another.”

“Nonsense, nonsense, child; this passion, called love, belongs to children, not to a lady who has grown up to the age of womanhood, and who has been educated in one of the first schools of the country. I do hope you are not still thinking of that poor, miserable Elic, who is not worth a dollar, nor never will be, and if Frank persists in keeping his company I will cast him off without a dollar.”

“Pa, you may say what you like about Elic, but you cannot change my mind, for my vow has been given, and is recorded in the Book of Life, never to be broken by me.”

“Julia, you do not intend to disobey my commands and not marry Mr. Simpson, a man who will add wealth and honor to our family?”

“I did not say I intended to disobey your commands, but I said I could never give Mr. Simpson my heart, for that already belonged to another.”

“Come, my child, cheer up, and no more of that nonsense about love—leave that to children, or silly-minded people. I intend to have one of the grandest weddings that ever came off in this portion of the country; and think, then, how many young ladies will envy your situa-

tion as the bride of one of the wealthiest men in Tennessee."

"What is wealth to me without happiness or contentment? How can I enjoy the society of Mr. Simpson, when I shall be thinking of another? Oh, pa, do you want to kill me by forcing me to marry one I do not, nor cannot love?"

"Wealth is everything in this world, and without it we are poor, miserable beings, even the slaves that work in the cotton fields will look upon us with contempt, and I am surprised that you are not proud with the honor of such an union as that will be with Mr. Simpson."

"Wealth has no charm for me, unless it is accompanied with a heart congenial to mine, and that Mr. Simpson does not possess; consequently, if I marry him, I sacrifice every feeling that dwells within my bosom of my future happiness."

"Julia, I am not going to be trifled with; I have ever been a kind parent to you—indulged you in everything money could purchase, and now, as I am getting old, I wish to see you married as becomes the position of our family, and you are not willing to accede to my wishes, in consequence of that frivolous notion of yours, so-called love. I shall say no more to you, but expect you to be ready next Thursday to marry Mr. Simpson."

"Lead me on to the sacrifice of all that is dear to me on earth, but I hope I shall not survive long to endure the torture."

Mr. Seaman said no more, but arose and left Julia sitting there. She went to her room and threw herself upon her bed, giving vent to her pent up heart by the flowing of burning tears. She lay there until the clock tolled the hour of ten, when she arose and lighted a candle, placing it upon the stand, and then rang a little bell, which brought to the room her maid-servant Nelly.

"Nelly, has Pa gone to bed?"

"I think he has, some time ago, Missus."

"If you are certain he has, I want you to go over to Mrs. Grover's with me."

"Missus, I think he has, for de light in de room has been out one long hour."

"Nelly, you have always been a faithful servant to me, and what transpires to-night you must keep to yourself—do not mention it to any of the other servants."

"I lubs my missus too much to disobey of her commands."

"Nelly, I have always placed great confidence in you, and I hope you will not in this, the hour of my trouble, betray me."

Nelly threw herself at the feet of her Missus and asked permission to kiss her hand in token of the fidelity of her promise to be true to her as long as she lived. Nelly knew all about the approaching wedding, and that her Missus was compelled to marry, contrary to her wishes, one whom she did not love.

Julia and Nelly were soon at the door of Mrs. Grover's, and found her still sitting up, for she had received a letter from her "dear child," as she called Elie, accompanied with a check for five hundred dollars, which excited her mind so much that she could not sleep. What transpired between them is only known to themselves, or what Julia's business was there; but it was near daylight before she returned home, and she did not make her appearance until next evening at tea. There was nothing passed between Julia and her father concerning the approaching wedding.

Mr. Theodore Simpson, the intended bridegroom, was indeed what the ladies would call a handsome man, rather above the medium height, with hair as black as the raven's wing, and eyes of the same complexion, but there appeared to be a restlessness about them, which sent a thrill through the soul of those who looked into them. There was a great contrast between the two, and many of those who

beheld them thought it was too much like compelling the lamb and the lion to dwell together.

Theodore Simpson was a native of Louisiana, born of wealthy parents. His father was a Frenchman, his mother a Scotch lady of distinguished blood, and he had inherited all the pride of both nations, combined with that of the southern planter, which made him extremely vain, and he thought any lady should have reason to be proud of the offer of his hand in marriage.

He was educated at Yale College, and had traveled extensively over the continent of Europe. He was what the world would call a finished gentleman in every sense of the word, and he moved through the crowd with that independent air, with that peculiar sarcastic smile which belongs only to the most vain and self-conceited portion of mankind. He thought he loved Julia, but a man of his character could never love woman with that true devotion necessary to make man and wife happy. Julia had often told him she could never give him her heart—only her hand—in marriage; but he thought that only a peculiar notion which belonged alone to women, as he thought it almost impossible for her not to love *him*, and that if she did not love him now, she soon would after their marriage. The fact was he did not care much, for he only considered woman a kind of necessary machine to keep household affairs properly adjusted and wait upon the friends he chose to invite to call and see him.

Such was the character of the man Julia's father was urging her to marry contrary to her wishes. Thursday evening came, the time appointed for the wedding. The splendid mansion of Mr. Seaman was brilliantly lighted from one end to the other; servants were running to and fro, and the invited guests were arriving in their magnificent carriages. Every luxury money could purchase had

been prepared for their reception; indeed it had the appearance of being one of the grandest affairs that ever came off in the State. Men of distinguished literary talent and military note were there, for such had been invited far and near.

Julia received them with a calm and dignified air, but there was a melancholy shade upon her countenance, while her cheeks were as pale as the driven snow, and as she moved through the crowd with such unearthly grace, the beholder was struck with wonder and amazement. She looked as if her heart was overflowing with grief—as if she could go out into the moon's pale light and pour out her soul in weeping until the Guardian Angel came near to bear her spirit away, to dwell with Him who gave it. Many of the guests noticed the sadness of her appearance, but knew not the cause, supposing she was going to marry the one of her choice. The hour arrived and the folding doors were thrown open, and a splendid suit of rooms were almost instantly made into one. The crowd began to assemble; all were anxious to see the intended bride and bridegroom make their appearance, when it began to be whispered through the room that Julia was nowhere to be found. All was thrown into confusion, and they began diligently to search for her, but all to no purpose.

The search was continued until daylight, and for several consecutive days, but nothing was heard of her. The river was examined for miles up and down, for she had told a young lady who was present that, rather than marry Simpson, she would commit self-destruction by throwing herself into the river.

Weeks and months rolled on—the excitement attending the affair had partially died away with all but Mr. Seaman, who, it was thought, would go deranged, for he knew that if she had drowned herself he was the cause of it, in compelling

her to receive the addresses of Simpson contrary to her wishes; and furthermore, he was the cause of Frank's leaving home. Deprived of both of his children he was now left alone, his wife being long since dead. All his wealth could not comfort him, and he would have given every cent he possessed could he recall the past and bring to his bosom again his dear children, but it was too late. The last charm of earth had departed from him, and left him in his old age to go down with his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, with no dear relative to bathe his aching head or close his eyes in death. How many might take warning by him if they would but look ere it became too late!

Theodore Simpson felt grieved at Julia's disappearance, in the same way as a business man would after buying a cargo of goods, and they had been lost by fire or some other cause; considered that a good opportunity had escaped him, inasmuch as Julia's father being very wealthy, as a matter of course he expected to receive from him a handsome dowry.

There was still another cause for his grief: he rather suspected that she was not dead, but had left her home to save her from marrying him, and was still living, which wounded his pride more than anything else. He determined, if such were the case, to have revenge, and therefore, intended to keep a diligent search for her. He remained at Mr. Seaman's a few weeks and then returned home, not as he anticipated, with Julia for his bride, but a disappointed man.

CHAPTER III.

The boys broke up camp, and having packed a mule with blankets and some provisions, they started on their proposed journey for Klamath river, to see if they could not find better diggings. They were several days going over the rugged mountains and through the trackless wilderness, camping out at night beneath

the wide-spreading branches of some giant tree, with the canopy of Heaven for a covering.

A miner's life is a peculiar one to live—especially was it so in the early days of California, when there was no pleasant little mountain villages to greet the wandering prospector's eye as he ascended some snow-capped mountain, or entered some green carpeted valley. Several years have made a material change in California. The blue curling smoke can be seen ascending from almost every cañon, gulch and ravine, from the hardy miner's cabin within her borders. Now beautiful villages are scattered throughout the mountains and valleys, filled with an enterprising population. The miner's pick and shovel and the woodman's axe are heard ringing from the high mountain peaks, while their children are sporting amid the wild cataracts beneath, and their wives full of life and contentment and blooming health, are preparing the frugal meal for her loved ones.

After arriving at the river they traveled up it several miles, when they came to a place which looked favorable, and there pitched their tent, having come to the conclusion to try their luck on a bar which prospected well. They had one cradle, (the most expeditious and popular way of mining in those days,) which they kept going all the time, and in about one month they had rocked out nearly twenty thousand dollars, which was no uncommon amount with a few persons in the early days of the gold discovery, but which was more than they anticipated. Frank wished to return, for they were liable to be killed by the Indians at any moment; but Elic and Joe wished to remain another week, as their claims were paying so well. As for Len, he wanted to return the next day after their arrival, for, said he,

"I doesn't like dem dar wild Injuns to get hold ob dis nigger, for dis black scalp

come off in no time, and den de money do no good."

"Len," says Elic, "you are not afraid of Indians, are you, after being among the Mexicans so long?"

"I tell you what it is, Master Elic, I've hearn so much about dem Injuns dat I doesn't keer much about coming in contac wid dem, for dis ting of takin' off one's scalp 'fore you is dead, I doesn't keer about; now I tell you dis, Master Elic."

"Suppose you should see a band of Indians coming, would you run?"

"Yes, Master Elic, jist as fast as dese legs could carry me. I could fight dem Mexicans, but I doesn't want nuffin to do wid dem Injuns, for dis ting of habing de wool taken off ob de top ob de head I goes nuffin on."

"Well, Len, we will go over the mountains again in about a week more, and by that time you will have dust enough to buy your freedom, also a yellow girl, and then you can cultivate your own tobacco patch."

"Master Elic, I will nebber hab my liberty so long as Master Frank will let me stay wid him, for he has always been a kind master to me."

"I have no doubt but Frank will let you live with him, for he says you have been a faithful servant, and that money could not buy you, unless you wished to buy yourself, and he intends to give you your liberty as soon as you get money enough to take care of yourself."

"God bless Master Frank! Old Len nebber leabe him, and I wish we were on the old plantation to-night, kase you see I feels as if dar war something going to happen afore we leabe here."

"Oh, I hope not, Len; it is only an idle imagination of yours."

"Well, Master Elic, I hope so too, but den dis nigger feels so funny about de heart. Den de dream I had last night about Master Frank being taken by de Injuns."

"You believe in dreams, then, Len?"

"Yes, Master Elic, I tink dar's a great deal in dreams, kase I tell you why: before my poor old mistress died I had bad dreams, and I'm afraid something are going to happen, kase last night I thought I was at home on the old plantation, and all de servants war gathered together; old master's house was lighted up all over; den I thought a great many fine people come dar, and young Missus Julia was dressed so fine; den I tink I see her weeping, den no more I dream of home; but I thought I see Master Frank surrounded and tied, and taken off by the Injuns, where poor old Len see him no more."

"Well, Len, there is something strange in your dream, I must admit; but I hope nothing is going to happen us, so let us go to bed, for Frank and Joe have been asleep some time."

Len's dream had more effect upon Elic than he was willing to admit, but they were all four soon asleep, forgetting all the troubles of the past. Nothing but a canvas tent shielded the four daring gold hunters who had penetrated so far into the wilderness amidst the home of the red man, and who is ever hostile to the pale faces, for he considers him his eternal enemy.

The mournful notes of the night-birds echoing their too-hoos through the wild cañons, mingled with the howling of the hungry wolves, were enough to affect the stoutest of hearts, but our heroes were soon asleep, regardless of the dangers that surrounded them. About midnight the awful yell of the savages awoke them from their slumbers, and before they scarcely had time to rise up out of their beds they were surrounded and prisoners in the hands of the Indians. Resistance was useless, as there were about fifty of the red men. They submitted to be bound hand and foot, and in less than one hour they were on a forced march over the

mountains. They traveled until the third day with but little cessation, when they ascended a very high mountain ridge, from the top of which they could look far beneath into a beautiful valley, where there was an Indian village. Thus far they had heard nothing concerning their future fate; although Joe could speak their language, yet he could get nothing out of them what they intended to do with them, but the worst was anticipated, knowing they had fallen into the hands of a band who were hostile to all intruders upon their hunting grounds.

When they got within a mile of their village, a runner was sent forward to give notice of their approach, and they came forth to meet them, male and female, old and young, the decrepid, all came out with their wild demoniac yells, spitting on them, pricking them with sticks, making all kinds of horrible faces. There appeared to be two tribes of them,

for they did not look alike or act in concert, and one of the tribes made much the best appearance. There was a female among them who was evidently not Indian, for her features were those of an American, and she took no part in the rejoicing over their captivity, but appeared rather to sympathize than rejoice.

Next day after their arrival at the village they called a council, composed of all the braves, to determine their fate. The debate was long and exciting, for they appeared to have many in their favor for life instead of death, but it was finally determined they should all burn at the stake. When the decision was announced by the chief they all gave one unearthly yell and returned to their separate wigwams, with the exception of the guards, who were told to watch well the prisoners.

[*Concluded in our next.*]

I CANNOT FORGET.

They told me I "should cease to love him—that time would change me." So it has; I am changed, indeed! My raven tresses, with which his fingers used to toy, are sadly streaked with gray; my beauty is like a withered flower, which sunshine and dew can no more revive. Deep lines of sorrow pencil my once fair brow, and my sunken eyes seem ever swimming with forbidden tears; but the heart's deep love Time has not changed, and all the long, long years of separation seem annihilated when I think of *him*.

Some ask me if I ever loved. "Who has not?" I reply; but wonder when I hear them tell how *often* they have loved.

I sit and listen for a sound that comes not, and sadly do I ask: "Shall I *never* hear it more?"

I mark the young and gay, and hear

their silvery voices discourse of love; mine was never told in words; they seemed useless and to have no meaning when *he* looked on me and smiled; and when he sat beside me, I feared to speak, lest I should break the spell and dissipate my blissful dream. Perhaps it was but a dream, for often, now, when I am asleep, he comes and smiles on me the same, and lays his hand so gently on my brow, as if to smooth away its wrinkles, and its sorrow, too, until my enraptured spirit, struggling to be free from its earthly fetters, awakens me to the painful reality.

But I feel that these earth-trials but consume the dross of our mortal natures; that the inner being, which shall never grow old, may live where Eternity will perfect what Time cannot destroy.

LUNA.

EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES ; OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

Leenie Keezil—very nicely-polite people called her Madalena, but all her friends, playmates, and relatives, uniformly addressed her and spoke of her as Leenie—was as pretty, and plump, and buxom a lass, of the genuine Pennsylvania stripe, as ever dished a dinner of pork and sauerkraut, compounded a bowl of onion soup, or fabricated a batch of schmear-case. Leenie's sixteenth summer dawned upon her some forty years ago, in that fertile region of Ohio known as the county of Stark. Old Michael Keezil—he was not very old, but his neighbors persisted in prefacing his name with that rather equivocal adjective—was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, of the most decided and unmistakable stamp. Some time in the last century—the exact date he never knew and never cared about knowing—he was regularly ushered into existence in the bosom of a Pennsylvania Dutch family, that lived and flourished in that Dutchest portion of all Pennsylvania—Tulpahocken. The Tulpahockeners were, and are to this day, an exceedingly honest, unsophisticated, hard-working, money-making people, who never would and never did give themselves any trouble about the affairs of the world, outside of their own little neighborhood. The pioneers of Tulpahocken came from Swabia—which some extremely ill-natured satirists pretend to regard as the Bœotia of Germany—and were called Swopes by all the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, who rejoiced in the complacent fancy that the Swabians were much lower in the scale of refinement than themselves. Be this as it may, truth demands the admission that the inhabitants of Tulpahocken never evinced any especial brilliancy, either in literature or the arts. Their schoolmasters were unpretending

men, whose scholarship rarely extended beyond the capability of reading the Bible and Heidelberg Catechism, the Swabian version, and ciphering, with some considerable difficulty, in the lowermost range of the arithmetic. Some of them, not many, aspired to chirography, and made surprising displays of copies, set in a sort of German text; but they were looked upon with suspicion by the community, and were never permitted to induct the youthful Tulpahockeners into the mysteries of penmanship. The elders and sages regarded the art of writing as a device of the Evil One, by which innocent men were led into the perpetration of such base crimes as counterfeiting and forgery. Of course they entertained a holy horror of the Yankees, those restless perambulators of the world, who would, in spite of all that could be said and done, persist in bringing their villainous tinware and other knick-knackeries into the bosoms of their peaceful families, leaving sad mementoes of their visits, in the shape of simulated bank bills and pieces of spurious coin. It ought not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the single-minded and single-hearted denizens of Tulpahocken resolutely set their faces against all such scholarly accomplishments as, in their innocent estimation, only widened the boundaries of human wickedness. Without having either read or heard the much-quoted lines of a great English poet, they arrived, by a logical process peculiarly their own, at the same conclusion—to wit :

“ Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.”

It was here, among the blissfully ignorant Tulpahockeners, that Michael Keezil did the good old State of Pennsylvania the honor of adding his corpo-

real identity, as a unit, in the grand aggregate of her many-nationed population. Gifted by Dame Nature with a constitution that defied disease, and a stomach that rivaled the digestive capabilities of the ostrich, he grew into manhood the possessor of a robustious corporality that delighted his parents and perfectly fascinated all the young women. One of the time-honored customs of the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania is, that every young man, on attaining the age of twenty-one, shall settle down on a farm, build a small, uncomfortable house, close to a spring, erect a tremendous big barn, buy a colossal wagon with four elephantine horses to match it, and marry a big wife. Michael Keezil complied with this custom, only so far as regarded the big wife and the big wagon and horses. By some means or other—not through the medium of newspapers, for such vanities were carefully excluded from the Tulpahocken public—he had picked up a notion, and one that astounded all his neighbors, of seeking fortune somewhere in the direction of the setting sun. With the doggedness which it is said sits so naturally on a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and deaf to the expostulations and prophesyings of evil, so beautifully showered upon him by father and mother, uncles and aunts, kinsmen and kinswomen, he resolutely packed his big wife into his big wagon, along with an admirably confused assortment of ploughs, harrows, axes, chairs, tables, beds, and bedsteads; hitched his four big horses to the aforesaid big wagon, manfully mounted the nigh-wheel horse—called by all Pennsylvanians the saddle-horse—cracked his big black whip, by way of affectionate adieu to his native Tulpahocken, and slowly set forth, in quest of that mysterious “Backwoods,” wealth and ease, so he fondly thought, would gloriously reward the toils of his pilgrimage.

It is useless to recount the vexations

and dangers that beset him on the way to the land of promise—how a thief of a tavern-keeper palmed a batch of worthless bank notes upon him, in exchange for several good and substantial Spanish dollars, of unquestionable silver—how a Yankee tin pedlar came nigh cheating him out of his best horse in an attempted swap—how a graceless scamp, from the pine lumber region of the Alleghany, made love to Mrs. Keezil, and nearly succeeded in beguiling her into an elopement from her liege lord, by making her an infinitude of promises of riches, and grandeur, which he had neither the means nor the intention to fulfill—how he lost his way, in the forests of Ohio, and only recovered it by paying the enormous sum of five dollars to an old hunter, who, for and in consideration of the aforesaid five dollars, condescended to act as his guide—how he and his wife ate up all the provisions with which they had supplied themselves at the commencement of their journey, and were, for several days, compelled to pay a quarter of a dollar for each meal they bought of the sordid and uncharitable backwoods taverners—how—but enough of this. Suffice it to say that, in process of time, Michael Keezil and his big wife, Katrina, with the big wagon and the big horses, arrived safely on the eastern of what an ambitious young Buckeye poet once called “the sparkling Nimishillen,” where Michael established himself as the proprietor of a section of land in the then unbroken forest.

This was in the very infant days of that great State of Ohio, which has since grown up into such giant-like strength. If solitude is a blessing, which some dreamy philosophers contend that it is, Michael Keezil and his big wife had their full share of it, for a year or two. But they had broken the ice, as the saying is; other adventurers followed in their footsteps; and, in due time, a col-

ony of Pennsylvanians, (Dutchmen,) with their natural concomitants of big wives, big horses and big wagons, had usurped all the land around the Keezil settlement. It was very pleasant to Michael Keezil and his big wife to find themselves gradually surrounded by such familiar names as the Hovensteins, the Helfensteins, the Klopfensteins, the Risteins, and a dozen other "steins;" the Raffensbergers, the Weltebergers, the Miltenbergers, the Eichelbergers, and numberless other "bergers," besides an imposing array of Loutzenheisers, Lingafelters, Bachtels, Stidgers, Vogels, Ulrichs, Baums, Rouks, Schneiders, and Schneibleys. It was, indeed, very pleasant; for though Michael, in obedience to his Tulpahocken instincts, had built him a miserable little cabin, close to the only spring on his estate, he required the friendly aid of his daily accumulating neighbors to assist him to that greatest object of his ambition, a big barn. In good time the barn, a monstrous edifice of logs, reared its proud roof towards Heaven, and was duly ornamented by that indispensable item in the schedule of a Pennsylvania Dutchman's happiness, a weather-cock. Trees were chopped down or girdled—fields were ploughed, sown, and harvested—a child was born in the log cabin by the spring; a big, strong, energetic, noisy girl, with a voice, when she got into a passion with her mother, like the scream of a steam-whistle—and Michael Keezil toiled, and delved, and filled his big barn, and prospered exceedingly.

A very large majority of the people, of this day and generation, seem to regard the words *wealth* and *happiness* as convertible terms. The great end and aim of all men and women, now-a-days, is to get rich—it matters little by what means—and thereby obtain their fill of earthly felicity. This notion has been weakly combated, both by the pulpit and the press. Priests have preached against it

—philosophers have reasoned against it, and poets have sung against it; but, as these priests, philosophers and poets have uniformly shown, by their practice, that they had no faith in their arguments and precepts—in short, that while they railed against the "lust for filthy lucre," they were, themselves, zealous worshippers of Mammon—the world has only laughed at them, and gone on, in its own way, devoutly believing that wealth is happiness, and the want of it misery and desolation. Why else do all rich people look down upon all poor people with pity, if not with contempt? and why else do all poor people look up at all rich people with envy, if not with hatred? Answer me that, ye priests, philosophers and poets, who extol the excellence of poverty with your lips and your pens, while your hearts are devoutly worshipping and your hands busily clutching the "Almighty Dollar!" Yes—wealth is happiness, and happiness is wealth. Everybody says so—by actions, if not by words—and it must be so! There were, however, some little peculiarities in the case of Michael Keezil which were slightly at variance with the grand dogma of the world. He grew wealthy—every Pennsylvania Dutchman will grow wealthy, though he may be the stupidest of his race—but his happiness did not increase in an equal ratio with the increase of his worldly goods. The first blow to his peace of mind—and a severe one it was—was the, to him, perverse conduct of Katrina, in not making him the father of a son, instead of a daughter. He had set his heart upon a boy—indeed, for the matter of that, he had set his heart upon a whole platoon of boys—for his large farm required much labor and diligence, and the hiring of Irishmen, the only laborers extant in his neighborhood, not only involved expense, but subjected him to much disquietude on account of Katrina, who, he had some reason to fear, was

not sufficiently armed in stoical virtue to resist the tender gallantries of such jolly, rollicking, conscienceless dogs, who are just as proverbially famous for blarneying the fair sex as they are for ditch-making and breaking of heads. In his air-castle-building—if he ever indulged in such dreamy amusement, which is somewhat doubtful, for it requires a considerable development of ideality, much more than any Pennsylvania Dutchman will dare to claim—in his air-castle-building, or, to speak less metaphorically, when he thought about the future, as he sometimes did, he always beheld his farm (in his mind's eye, look you,) as a stage, on which a dozen stalwart, but yet unborn Keezils were to play their busy parts. What should he want with daughters? They were useless and expensive things, and so he took no account of them in his anticipations and calculations of the future. When the astounding truth penetrated his skull and electrified his brain—when he awoke to the awful certainty that Katrina, in defiance of his will, had constituted him the parent of a girl—his feelings, as penny-a-liners express it, may be imagined, but not described.

“Mein Gott! mein Gott!” he exclaimed, in mingled astonishment and wrath, “I wants Katrina to give me a poy, and she give me one gal! *Mochten tausend Teufel mit ihr wegfliegen!*”

The reader, who may have a fancy to translate this horrible Germanic imprecation, may do so at his leisure.

But Mrs. Keezil's contumacy did not stop with the birth of little Leenie. Whether it was owing to her womanly obstinacy, to her natural indolence, or to her lack of good taste, nothing could ever after induce her to become the mother of another child; and so Madalena Keezil grew up, the sole descendant of the Keezils, of Ohio. In vain did our friend Michael, year after year, look for

the boys that were to have been the glory of his manhood and the staff of his old age! Alas! they never came; and deep and terrible were the curses which he hurled, in the vilest and most jaw-breaking Dutch, at his rebellious *wrau*, who had so remorselessly crushed his hopes and embittered his existence. But Katrina, apparently not satisfied with bringing Leenie into the world, in defiance of her lord's will, and of obstinately refusing to become the dam of a brood of pipe-smoking, sauerkrout-loving Dutchmen, went a score of steps still further in her wickedness. She absolutely took to obesity! Yes, she grew fat. She became not merely an imitator of Falstaff—though that, in all conscience, would have been enough—she went far beyond the most extravagant conceptions of Shakespeare, when he created from “airy nothing” the mammoth proportions of the oleaginous but jolly old knight. It is painful to record it; but so it was. She first became fat—then she became very fat—then she became extravagantly fat—and then she became so fat that she could scarcely wag under the superincumbent burthen, and she was fain to forego all locomotion that depended on her own muscular efforts, and spend each night in the inglorious imprisonment of an easy chair. Had Katrina Keezil ever received from her husband some strange and terrible wrong, which might have warranted her in taking a thorough and horrible revenge, her genius, though a thousand times more fertile than it really was, could not have devised a scheme of retaliation more agonizing to her husband's soul than that she adopted in thus transforming her naturally glum-dalcan figure into a living, breathing, wheezing mass of humanity. But she was not revengeful, nor malicious, nor ill-natured. Not at all. She possessed no salient points of character, either for good or evil. She came as near being a decided

negative, both morally and mentally, as only a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman can. In her young days and in her early wifehood she was quiet, patient and laborious, as were all the young frows of Tulpahocken; but she had neither the will to inflict an injury nor the spirit to resent one. She was just as Dame Nature intended her to be: a human specimen in which the stomach excels the brain in activity, and the *physique* triumphs over the *spirituel*.

But, leaving Madam Katrina in her easy chair, let us look up our young friend Leenie—for she, and none but she, is the heroine of this veritable story. As her mother grew in fat and laziness, Leenie grew in stature and in grace; and when the old lady was compelled to leave off the active duties of the household, Leenie, energetically but noiselessly, filled her place. And thus she grew up to sweet sixteen—a brisk, bustling, tidy girl, with a very fair share of beauty, more substantial than showy, and of which physical strength and robust health were the most prominent components—and then she had lovers and began to fancy that she had a heart. It has been mentioned how grievously her introduction into the world offended her father; and, indeed, when one comes to think soberly of the matter, he had some cause for being offended, seeing how very unceremoniously she had broken up his arrangements, by impertinently daring to be of the feminine gender, when his interests and wishes all pointed to the masculine. But, by the time she accomplished her sixteenth birthday, she had, by her activity, her industry, her economy, her good spirits and her never-failing good humor, completely conquered the old gentleman's dislike, and transformed him into as much of a friend as it is possible for such a man to be; and though that was not much, still it was something, and made our sweet Leenie

supremely happy. The fault she committed, in not being born a boy, was fully expiated, as far as she was concerned in the affair, by the time she had reached that delicate point on Time's dial, called young-womanhood. It is true that, somewhere about the age of ten, she was the innocent cause of much anxiety to both father and mother—though about the mother's anxiety nobody cared much—by happening to become an especial object of interest to some strong-minded and benevolent ladies, who resided at the then young and little country town, and who insisted on constituting her one of the pupils of an astonishingly-erudite Yankee schoolmarm, who taught “the young ideas how to shoot” with wonderful success. At first our friend, Michael, was thunder-struck at the proposition to place one of his flesh and blood, though only a useless and contemned girl, in such a sink of abominations as he imagined a Yankee school to be; and he resisted it with all the Dutch obstinacy of his soul. But, alas and alack for Michael! These strong-minded and benevolent ladies had at their command a species of practical logic against which no Pennsylvania Dutchman, or any other, can long contend. Their husbands were commercial gentlemen, who dealt extensively in farm products, and who had it in their power to make him or mar him at their pleasure; and when the ladies presented their side of the argument, as a simple question of pecuniary profit and loss, and when his eyes were opened to the fact that he would gain money by yielding and lose money by not yielding, why, like a sensible man, he yielded. And thus it was that Leenie was inducted into the temple of learning—thus was she torn from the log-walled home of her infancy, from her stern father and fat mother, to be initiated, God willing, into the mysteries of reading and writing, under the auspices of that

worst of abominations, in the eyes of a true Tulpahockener, a Yankee school-mistress—and gravely and sadly did old Michael shake his head and grieve over the cruel necessity that compelled him to plunge his innocent child into such a terrible vortex of iniquity. But there was no help for him. He must either sacrifice her to the whims of her strong-minded and benevolent lady-friends, or lose his profitable customers, the rich purchasers of his wheat, his maize, his beef and his pork; and so, like many a wiser man, he offered her, as a precious oblation, on the altar of Mammon. He had biblical authority for this in the pathetic story of Jephtha and his daughter—though whether he had ever read the story is more than any of his cotemporaries would dare to vouch for—and, though Jephtha's case and his were not exactly parallel, still, on a pinch, it might be pretty successfully tortured into a precedent. Jephtha labored under the fatal delusion that the God of the Universe delighted in human suffering, and reveled in the tears and blood of his creatures. To this God—the creation of his own ignorant and barbarous fancy—he made a hasty and ill-considered vow, that, if favored with a victory over the enemies of his nation, he would offer up to Him, as a sacrifice, whatsoever should come forth from his doors to meet him, on his return home from the field of conquest. His daughter, glowing with filial love, and proud of her father's prowess and fame, exultantly ran to welcome him, and the reward of her young heart's best and holiest devotion was the sacrificial knife!

Where is the modern reader who, while weeping over the tragic fate of this innocent victim of a vile and barbarous superstition, can not feel his whole nature swelling with execrations against the stupidly-cruel father? Jephtha sacrificed his daughter, and so did Michael Keezil;

but the two cases, when one comes to analyze them thoroughly, are not very similar.

Well, all this must go for what it is worth, for Leenie went to school, and there surprised her Yankee preceptress by behaving very nicely, and picking up the rudiments of an English education with astonishing aptness. Much uneasiness, if not absolute pain, did poor Michael Keezil endure, when he saw his daughter, from day to day, throwing off the good old Tulpahocken language and manners, and, in their stead, adopting the speech and deportment of the pestilent Yankees. People of his saturnine temperament and acquisitive habits are not often credited with much intensity of feeling; they are supposed to have too much of "the earth earthy" in their compositions to give space for the cultivation of their sensibilities; and therefore their refined acquaintances are apt to place them in the same category with the porcine and assinine tribes, and other phlegmatic specimens of animated nature, more noted for their great digestive capabilities than for their exhibition of sentiment. But Michael Keezil did feel, and very intensely, too; but it was in this wise: He felt that his daughter, Leenie, was in a fair way to acquire the art of writing on paper; and, in that mysterious art, as the traditions of his fathers taught him, were embraced the heinous crimes of forgery and counterfeiting. What a terrible thing it would be should Leenie become a counterfeiter! and how vastly expensive it would be to fee lawyers, and pay court charges, should she be arrested and prosecuted! These troublous reflections, always mixed with a wholesome reference to the dollars-and-cents side of the subject, vexed him and perplexed him, more or less, during the three mortal years of Leenie's educational course. It may be proper, just at this point of the story, for the benefit of the

reader, who may unhappily participate in Mr. Keezil's melancholy apprehensions, to state, authoritatively and peremptorily, that our friend, Leenie, though she became an expert pen-woman, was never suspected of the crimes her father so moodily dreaded. She never counterfeited anything more than a fit of the sullen, when she could effect some object by it on the heart of a lover; and never committed any more reprehensible forgery than when she assisted in forging the chain that bound her to the man of her heart. This is anticipating the denouement of our tale—a very unartist-like proceeding—but it seemed necessary, and so let it go. Leenie will be courted and married, all in good time—depend on't.

It is, perhaps, just as well, as it is, that we, poor human beings, should have so little control over our respective destinies. The great Napoleon, who cheated himself into the delusion that he was "the man of destiny," after a thousand triumphs, stumbled against a disastrous Russian campaign and an annihilating battle of Waterloo—then stumbled into an island prison and a prisoner's grave, with an ignoble cancer in his stomach—all showing, as plainly as anything can show, that with all his genius and all his vast mastery over the minds and muscles of so many millions, he was but a mortal, with a good share of a mortal's imperfections, and that he could neither foresee or prevent the flood of misfortune that rolled upon him and swept him from the earth. The great bard of nature and humanity says, and says it well, too, that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Yes! there is such a divinity; whether acknowledged as the Providence of the Christians, the Fate of the Muslims, the Fetich of the Iconolaters, or the Necessity of the Philosophers. We may rough-hew our ends as we may; we may plan

and toil, and study, and struggle, to our hearts' content, but the pathway of human life hath its turnings and windings, its uphill and downhill, its smooth spots and cragged spots, its flowers and its thorns, its goods and its ills; which we can neither foresee, nor shun, nor conquer. And thus it was with Michael Keezil. Dame Fortune was kind to him. His fields groaned under their rich crops, his big barn was crowded with the spoils of the jocund harvests, his laborers were vigorous and willing, and asked but meagre wages, money flowed into his coffers with a full and steady current; and yet all these blessings did not and could not shield him from the "slings and arrows" with which that same Dame Fortune, when she chooses to be outrageous, delights in hurling at the heads of even her most special favorites. It has been amply set forth how the peccant Katrina stabbed his peace, in her first and only maternal effort, by the unpardonable mistake she committed in the sex of her offspring—how she added to her sin by persistently declining all further domestic enterprises of that nature—how she outraged all classical taste, and violated all the sanctities of her home and household, by her inordinate proclivity for adipose matter, and consequent do-nothingness—all this has been duly set forth, with much carefulness, if not with prolixity. Then followed the kidnapping of Leenie by her strong-minded and benevolent captors, followed by the catastrophe of her being incarcerated in a Yankee school-house, subject to the tender mercies of a Yankee school-marm. Now, one would naturally think that Dame Fortune, after playing so many vile tricks upon a harmless Pennsylvania Dutchman, would have been satisfied. Not a bit of it. But how it happened we will tell you in our next, and therefore we will write

[Continued.]

SORROW AND HOPE.

Suggested during a Visit to Lone Mountain Cemetery.

BY LIONEL.

Ah, tell me not that Memory
 Sheds gladness o'er the Past:
 What is recall'd by faded flowers—
 Save, that they do not last?—MISS LONDON.

I stray'd where the loved and lamented are sleeping,
 At Ev'ning, as sunset was gilding the wave,
 While near, for her lost one, a Sister was weeping—
 Affection's last tribute to Worth's early Grave.
 "Rest, Brother"—she whisper'd,—“and peace to thy slumber,
 And light lay the earth on thy mouldering breast;
 For never again wilt thou gladden our number,
 Until we unite in the Realms of the Blest.”

Like low-murmur'd music from Sorrow's lute sighing,
 Her prayer seem'd the cadence of Love's melody;
 As sad as the moaning of wave-echoes dying
 At night, when she crescent moon silvers the sea:
 Her look, so serene and replete with devotion,
 Awoke to Remembrance the treasures of yore;
 My heart caught the light of congenial emotion,
 And wept o'er the Friendships that cheer me no more.

Thou beautiful Mourner! the spring's fairest blossom
 Can never compare with the wealth of thy charms;
 Thrice happy his fate—the endeared of thy bosom—
 When weary and faint, to fade out in those arms!
 Repine, then, no longer—let hopes of the morrow
 Dispel all thy sadness in seasons like this;
 Yet oh, thou art lovelier now, veil'd in sorrow,
 Than ever shone Beauty in moments of bliss.

When lone in the valley this form is reposing,
 And every fond trace of my name disappears,
 Should some faithful Friend, when the twilight is closing,
 Bemoisten the spot with the dew of her tears—
 Methinks, that my Spirit around her would hover,
 Unheedful of woes intertwining its lot;
 And there, while the shadows of night floated over,
 The Grave, and its coldness alike, were forgot.

THE MORAL POWER OF THE FAMILY HEARTHSTONE.

BY R. P. CUTLER.

History informs us of no period, and of no people, among whom the family hearthstone has not had its place. There is no savage or barbarous tribe that has not its sub-divisions into smaller circles, who find shelter in separate caves, or in separate huts, wigwams or cabins.

Where, on the face of the earth, is the half-civilized, nomadic race—however united and peaceful among themselves—who yet have not separate tents to dwell in, and who do not show the instinct for family grouping? What feudal clan has not had its minuter clanship? What gipsy tribe that has not its separate grottoes, or under-ground huts? What Hot-tentot race without its kraal, or village of circular hives, covered with mats? So, as we ascend in civilization, the family instinct—if I may so say—still is strong: declaring itself in the separate dwellings which crowd together in modern cities.

In the order of Providence, every man stands at the head of a tribe, class, clan, or family, which is peculiarly his own: peculiarly under his control and protection, and peculiarly united to him by consanguinity, affection and name.

Father, mother and children compose a group that stands together in a near and peculiar relationship—one ordained of God, and ordained to be, in some sense, separate and distinct from all others. These little communities are held together by ties such as do not admit of being extended abroad; such as are too tender and intimate to be applied to larger circles; such as are too sacred for general use. Mankind are compelled into family groups by the divine law of instinct, and are held together by the law of affection—no less divine. No pro-

ject of socialism, agrarianism or communism has yet proved strong enough to break down these laws and social barriers. No general community system, it is to be presumed, can ever awaken such interest or attain such popularity as to dissolve those deep and mysterious sympathies which bind heart to heart in the circle of home. Many beautiful theories have been set up; many fanciful schemes have been tried, upon the basis of the community system, proposing a community of goods, a community of labor and a community of social life; but, thus far, there has been nothing better than failure. All plans of reform, grounded upon what is called the community system, or socialism, have, in all their practical results, proved to be simply Utopian, or visionary. It has been found a difficult work, and I think it will be forever found more and more an impossible work, to re-construct human society upon a new social basis. It needs no prophet to tell us that all reforms which are attempted on the ruins of the family relation, as to its exclusiveness, sacredness and intimacy, will not succeed, and can not stand. Such reforms must work against the grain of human nature, and will require more than human force to overcome the friction consequent. It may safely be predicted that the family relation, in all its present and essential characteristics, will stand, as it has stood, the test of time, of social change and successive revolutions. I do not say, nor do I believe, that social reform is impossible, or that it is not very much needed. All I attempt to say is, that whatever of reformation in existing social evils takes place, it must take place in such a manner, and be conducted by such methods

as to leave the family ties untouched and uninvaded. And, moreover, as I do not see that any of the social evils which exist around us, and of which we may so justly complain, have their origin in the family relation; so, therefore, I do not see why the old family organization should be attacked and broken up. But, if it can be proved that our social evils result from the division of society into separate families—which, I think, can not be shown—then I should say, at once, that our social evils are incurable and Providential: that they are ordained and necessary, and their source perennial and exhaustless, and I should give over all hope of reformation in despair.

One class of reformers are seeking to pull down the existing forms of society, remove the old landmarks and bury the old lines of policy; to sweep away the present order of things, good and bad together, and from a clean foundation to construct a new organization. Another class, less confident of their ability to originate a better general order of things—knowing that it is far easier to tear down than to build up—and believing that much of the present mechanism of society results from Providential arrangements, are willing to attempt reform through existing institutions, and think it better to aim the truth at men's convictions than at their institutions, hoping first to reform ideas, and then customs, more effectively and thoroughly.

Which of these two modes of reform, or classes of reformers, is the wisest and the best, will depend very much upon the nature and circumstances of the evil to be remedied. If the social evil to be removed were such as could be met by direct action, and such as were more or less under the control of legislation, I should say that the most searching, speedy and radical means should be resorted to, and that the evil should be cut up by the roots.

But, if the social evil proposed to be met were poverty, would it be wise to recommend an instant and equal division of property—to lay out agrarian plans of relief? Or would it be wise to direct whole communities to throw their wealth into a common stock—to disturb the whole order of society—to break up settled and harmless customs—to innovate upon the wise regulations of domestic life, and invite all to one common table—to the enjoyment of one indiscriminate bounty? Would the radical and destructive method meet the case, and provide a permanent cure? Let it be remembered that poverty has a great variety of causes: misfortune, mis-management, incapacity, vice, indolence and, in this country, it has chiefly a personal origin. Indolence and vice are the main sources of poverty in this country. As everybody knows, our prisons and our almshouses are filled with those who have come to want or crime through the dramshop, gambling-house and brothel.

Now, would an equal division of property so much as touch the causes of this evil? Would socialism, in any of its forms yet known; would even the bright dream of Fourier—suppose it could ever be brought to a fair, scientific and practical test—remedy the evil of poverty in its sources? Is socialism, or the community system, in any of its manifold shapes, equal to the task of performing miracles for human society? Can you heal the diseases and supply the defects of human nature by any outward or visible appliances? Will the cunning devices of any new organizations of society save men from misfortune—from the ravages of fire and sinking ships—from inability—from indolence and the sway of over-mastering passions? There is reason to think that this cannot be. No mere outward, radical movement, it is reasonable to believe, would effect the permanent removal of poverty, supposing

that the evil to be remedied. It is not to be done by making war upon the present order of society. The cut-and-thrust method is not the one which promises the best results in such an enterprise of philanthropy. Revolution would, by no means, ensure reform. The present order of things might be thrown into confusion, and yet the real grievance go unredressed. Where the difficulty is partly moral, there must be a partial reliance upon moral remedies. And, as to this particular matter of poverty, like many other social evils, its burdens and sorrows must be alleviated by a more general diffusion of the human and Christian spirit of charity, by effecting a cure of those vices which produce it, and by a multitude of other means that cannot be referred to, arising out of the progress of society in real civilization, and the deeper and wider prevalence of the Christian religion—operating as certainly and uncontrollably as the laws of nature. We can see, at once, then, that the family, the hearthstone, the sanctity and exclusiveness of home, does not stand in the way of any needful or beneficent reform, whatever. Home, the cherished sympathies of the household, the privacies of domestic life, may remain firm on their present basis, and yet all the conceivable enterprises of sober and discreet reform go forward only the more surely and safely for the existence of these family and domestic ties. I have now been speaking at some length, with an objection in view, sometimes made to the family institution; for the socialists account the present organization of society into families one of the chief impediments to the practical success of their theories, or dreams, as I regard them, of social reformation.

But let us now turn to some of the blessings of home and the hearthstone—its social uses and moral advantages. A good home! To what place on earth

does the heart cling so fondly, and with such pleasing and indestructible recollections. The home of our childhood! it is the green spot of our earthly existence, where the memories bask in the sunshine which gilded the morning of life. In this new and far-off land of our sojourn, we turn back to the thought, not without the deepest emotions of the heart—not without recalling the dearest images and awakening the most grateful recollections. Home! the place of our nativity and childish sports; the play-ground of youth's sunny period; the primary school of our moral and physical energies; the nursery where the opening germs of manhood received their first bent and direction. Home! a word which lies very near the heart of us all—imbedded in tender and sacred associations! All that is endearing in the relation of parents and children, brothers and sisters, a mother's watchful love, a father's protection, filial reverence and fraternal regards—all cling around the word "Home," and over it always is spread the radiance of those remembered joys and pleasures, such as the morning of life only knows.

But, as the home of childhood is the place which lies in the memory surrounded with the happiest and brightest fancies, so should the home of our manhood—the home which we construct for ourselves—be the charmed spot to which the heart and the step return most lightly and gladly. The man who makes for himself a happy home has the chief means of all earthly comfort and blessing. He need not care much for the world's favors or frowns. If his home is happy, there is always a place of refuge in adversity and in prosperity. Nowhere will the light of his success shine so brightly as upon his hearthstone. Amidst the peace and affection of home, and nowhere else so well, is the wear and tear of life repaired. When the world goes wrong, when misfortune overtakes the man of

business, when friends turn away, when the reptile, Slander, bites the character with its poisonous fang, when the world's various scorn is heaped upon you, all undeserved, when the suspicion and distrust of your fellow-men follow you through every walk and by-path, though innocent of wrong; when injustice or calamity spreads the clouds of discouragement over your prospect, and the shadows of disappointment fall upon your path; when you are wronged, misunderstood, injured and neglected, what a relief, what a blessing, what a balm to the wounded spirit must it be to enter the doors of your happy dwelling—shutting the cold world out, and the warm affections of what is more than all the world to you, in. Here is one place where your presence is welcome; here is one spot of earth which is not blighted by suspicion; here is one little circle by whom your word is trusted, and who embrace you with their generous confidence; here are a few hearts to whom you may breathe your troubles and sorrows, with the certainty of meeting the response of a real sympathy; here you find those whom you can love, and those in whom you can confide; and what is more to the purpose now, in this, your hour of darkness, those who will cordially reciprocate your confidence and, more than all, your affection. Yes, make your home happy, and you have a bulwark of security against most of the ordinary evils of life. Make your home happy, and you will never wish to desert the joys of the fireside for meaner pleasures. Make your home happy, and you have an ark of safety amidst the storms of life. Make your home happy, and you may extract the deepest sting of disappointment; you may hold the world's scorn at arm's length, and almost defy the shafts of misfortune. In a happy home Peace dwells, a perpetual and honored guest. Love is there, amidst all the in-

tercourse, smoothing it all. Patience is there, with a composed aspect. Order, Cleanliness and Diligence give to it an air of decorum. It needs no luxuries or expensive adornments. Costly furniture, soft carpets, and the rich embellishments of art, are things wholly independent of the real happiness of home. These things may be no impediments to social happiness; they may increase it, in many instances; but they do not compose its staple ingredients. Right dispositions, cherished among all the members of the household, are far more important; little offices of kindness, freely done, are more important; quick, irritable and jealous tempers, subdued and crushed, and kept under by a mighty resolution and victorious self-government, and gentle affections, and mild virtues, are far more important to the happiness of home than all the gilded decorations or splendid luxuries that the universe can afford.

Home is the place where the Religion of Christ should exert its power most effectively, and there, too, shed its most divine blessings. It is not too much to say that the Son of God, himself, came into the world to make home happy, to make its inmates virtuous, to make the heart and dispositions right, and thus to diffuse through every family circle and around every fireside a peace, and joy, and divine happiness, which the world can not give, and only the Saviour himself can impart.

Let the gentle Saviour have a seat around the hearthstone, and the light of His smile shall gladden the whole scene and drive away every shadow. Let Him speak daily from the open page of divine wisdom; let His precepts and gracious parables enter the mind every morning before the cares of the world rush in; let the spirit of His Gospel breathe upon the heart before it is exposed to the contaminations of sin, and home shall become, in the providence of God, an earthly

Paradise—a miniature, an ambrotype of the Heavenly world.

But every member must do his part, and strive, with faithful endeavor, to make home virtuous and happy. Each can bring his daily offering and tribute of blessing. Let Peace be enthroned there; let Love and Confidence wait around the throne; let Piety have its altar, and Christ his welcome; let Knowledge spread there its books and its treasures; let Cheerfulness be at the board, and warm affections in the heart, and all shall go well. Then home shall be what it was ordained to be; then it will be a refuge in adversity for yourselves; then, too, it shall hold back your children, and screen them from the coarse temptations of the gaming-table, and the midnight streets, and the incantations of the sorcerer; then it shall be the source of intelligence, the source of refinement, the nursery of manners and the school of virtue, where the loftiest impulses mould and lift the character.

A virtuous and happy home!—what fragrance does it breathe into the common air! What strength of patriotism and right like that imparted from the hearthstone!

A virtuous and happy home!—with what cheerfulness does it wing the step of duty! How does it string the resolution in the moment of difficulty and trial! How does it nerve the heart and nerve the arm for the stern battle of life! A happy home! What other blessing does a man need who has this? and he who has it not, what blessing does he not lack?

The hearthstone has its large public benefits. Home influences are the most powerful of all for general good order and virtue in every community, new or old, and especially so in a new country. Civilization usually retrogrades for a time in new colonies. Colonial life is full of hazard, and adventure, and hardship. It can not have the refinement and conve-

niences of older communities. Men grow reckless—careless of the ordinary conventional rules of propriety, and finally get free of all wholesome, social restraint. Their life begins back at the first stages of human society, and is, for a few years, more or less savage—or, at least, semi-barbarous, and, more or less, rapidly runs through the early periods again. This is a country which has suffered greatly from lack of the family influence in years past, and suffered more, perhaps, than most others. In the first years of the settlement, men were thrown together here, absorbed by one grand pursuit, with none but the worst recreations, and entirely without the softening influences and proper restraints of home and religion. If every man could have had a home to go to, and the society of parents, wife, brothers, sisters and children, after the exciting occupations, day by day, of flush and former years, instead of the gaming-table and the scenes of midnight debauch, society here, to-day, would present a very different aspect. The influence of home is silent, but powerful. It is a soft touch, but it is laid upon the very springs of our being, and reaches the finest sensibilities of our nature. A man's home is conservative of his purest affections. Subtle ties hold him to courses of virtue, and bind down within him the coarser elements of his being.

Home is needed in the stirring life of a new country, for the heart's repose. The influence of family ties deepens one's patriotism; they promote stability of residence; they call into action all the thrifty virtues; they give life to all the means and steps of civilization. As virtuous female influence and the influence of children have increased here, the tone of society has gone upward and become purer. And this new State's progress, stability and prosperity, have all their strongest and best securities within the charmed circle of home.

No State can rise to its proper magnitude and gain its proper efficiency without the aid of mothers and children. No State can long exist without the at once controlling and impelling influences of the hearthstone. Where the family force does not prevail, it will be in vain to look

for the elements of greatness, prosperity or renown.

The hearthstone is the real palladium of our liberties, as it is the centre of social Happiness, the defense of Order and the stronghold of Religion.

I THINK OF THEE.

Translated from the German of Matthiisson.

BY J. D. STRONG.

I think of thee,
When in the grove
The nightingale
Sings of her love;
And when to thee
Come thoughts of me?

I think of thee,
Where twilight gleams
Upon my path,
By shady streams—
But where to thee
Come thoughts of me?

I think of thee
With tender fears,
With heart-felt sighs
And burning tears—
How, then, to thee
Come thoughts of me?

O! think of me,
Till brighter stars
Shine on our love!
However far,
Always to me
Come thoughts of thee.

IMMORTAL THOUGHTS.—Oh, tell me not that all things here decay; that, as soft Spring's last blossom dies away, when Summer's hurried course shall have begun, change follows change, with each successive sun. For, though the ever-swelling sea, Forgetfulness, the Past embraces with a warm caress, to steal its treasures, one by one, away, there still remain, that mock at Death's decay, immortal thoughts, whose impress shall endure forever, noble, lustrous, bright, and pure. The stars that crown the firmament of thought, whose shadows by the stream of Time are caught—that, as successive ages swiftly glide its waters o'er—they, gazing on the tide from

whence these brilliants shine, may seek the skies, that teach: "the hand of genius never dies!" Go search the sacred realm of Knowledge through—stand in her dazzling light—and let the view rise on the soul in waves of pure delight, till wonder flies, abashed, before the sight; take there the model of each great design; bear off whatever thou could'st wish, as thine: then turn, surprised, that all it still retains—the shadows go, but life itself remains. Where dark Oblivion's wildest surge is cast upon the broken shores that guard the traveled Past—the landmarks' search of Immortality; those monuments, that face the gloomy sky—not lifted up to Heaven in

Babel pride, for such long since are buried 'neath the tide—but thoughts that from the mist outshine, as Deity created them—divine. Unnumbered ages since have passed away; their light first added brilliancy to day; and Death, upon the fast retiring waves, looks with a frown on what he vainly craves; for fadeless are those gems of long ago—their diamond sparks as bright and pure as though but yesterday they heard the bold decree of genius: "those immortal e'er shall be."

Now, turn you to the heavenward cliff—Sublime—and listen to the sweetly varying chime, as Genius strikes upon the corded lyre, perhaps a song, the creature to inspire with high resolves and

hopeful energy; perhaps a strain that seems an angel's plea to God for blessings on mankind below—so full of sympathy for others' woe, it finds, like gratitude, the inmost heart, to drink the tear of sorrow when we part; to probe and heal the deepest wound of care, and teach the antidote for dark despair. Oh, tell me not that words that fall, like grace, upon the anxious or the sorrowing face, shall e'er be lost! They form, in part, the mind—the universal soul of all mankind. When sinks the last decaying arch of Time, its ruins will repeat their mellow chime, as if, at first, they had been born in Heaven, and to the Earth, as marks of favor, given.

T. E. F.

Our Social Chair.

How naturally the Social companions of a fun-loving circle draw closer together their Chairs, when any good jokes or stories are upon the tapis! Into that circle and at that time, no business or business-thoughts are allowed an entrance, as in such a case, it would become—like some persons who thus intrude—the very ogre of the time, as of the circle; and experience has no doubt taught us all, that when such a charm is once broken, there seems to be no power potent enough to reestablish and reunite it as it before existed. Yet, this is to be regretted, inasmuch as at these delightful business-forgetting seasons the mind and body become reinvigorated and revived, like the withering flower by the falling of the gentle rain. Indeed, these Social gatherings are essential to a vigorous and healthy life, and are worth all other kinds of medicine to a mind oppressed. Now, if the reader will promise to tell us some good jokes, or relate to us some mirth-provoking stories for our next

meeting, we will allow him to occupy a seat in this our Social Chair—with this reminder, that we not only prefer the good, but Californian.

WE cannot say that we desire to know that man who can take up a number of the glorious old Knickerbocker Magazine without feeling the heart-gushings of a nobler life, as he reads it, or finds not the corners of his mouth drawn slightly up as his eye scans the broad humor of its pages. As an example of the latter, read one clipping from:

The following is a transfer, as our "memory serves," of a story told us by a metropolitan friend the other day: but our readers must bear *one* thing in mind, and that is, that it is as impossible to give the "intoned" version of "our informant," as it was for *him* to repeat the nasal twang and indescribable manner of his clerico-artistic exemplar: "During a short sojourn, recently, in the 'modern Athens,'" said our friend, "I visited, as every stranger in Boston should do, the photographic rooms

of Mr. S. Masury. While looking at the counterfeit presentments of some of the most noted of Boston celebrities, with which the rooms do much abound, there came in a queer-looking personage, bearing under one arm a roll of paper. A comical dog he was—a sort of mixture: a cross, apparently, between a Vermont horse-jockey and a Methodist parson. His speech was a most attenuated drawl, with the camp-meeting style of ending. Seating himself, and depositing on the floor beside him a seedy-looking hat, he eyed the company present with a curious and deliberate stare. After some minutes, he fixed his gaze on Mr. Masury, the proprietor, and approached him, unrolling, as he advanced, the paper bundle. His story I will give you in his own words, only regretting that I cannot convey the tone and style: ‘If the proprietor is diseagaged, I’d like to speak with him a few minits. I have for sale tew picters; but before I show yeou the picters, I’d like to tell yeou who I a-am. My name is De Forest: I’m a minister of the Gospel—*e-we-sed* up for the past’rage, ‘n account o’ deefeness. The picters I got to show yeou are tew—the Lord’s Pra-i-r-e and Go-and-Sin-n’-More. Around the border you’ll see ten *an-gels*; each one on ‘em is givin’ utterance to one o’ the ten commandments: also, a bee-hive, which is the emblem of industree. Lest any gentleman should be disposed to decoubt the truth o’ what I’m a tellin’, I’ll show yeou my *cre-dentials*. (Here Mr. De Forest produced from his pocket a greasy memorandum book and continued.) These *cre-dentials* air from some of the first men in ower kentree: read across both pages, if yeou please; many of those names are no decoubt familiar to yeou: they all paternized me during my stay in Washington. One gentleman, who has ten children, took ten copies o’ the Lord’s Praire, and said he was sorry he had n’t ten more children, that he might give each one o’ *them* a copee. Governor Floyd, of Virginee, he took three copies of Go-and-Sin-n’-More, and would ev taken a copee of the Lord’s Praire, but he had n’t no place to put it. This pictur, Go-and-Sin-n’-More, you’ll perhaps recollect the circumstances on: when the Scribes and Pharisees brought before our Saviour the woman taken in the *act* of adultree; these were the same party that made broad their philactrees; you’ll see the philactrees on the crowns o’ their hats. I say, when they brought the woman, they said in Meoses’ time such would be stoned—what say’st thou? (*aside*)—this they said, tempting him. Our Saviour stooped down and wrote on the ground,

making b’leeve He did n’t hear ‘em, and pretty soon they all sneaked eout. Then He looked up at the woman and said: ‘Who hath condemned thee?’ ‘No one, Lord.’ ‘Neither do I condem thee; go, and sin n’ more.’ The principal figger in this plate is our Saviour, a very correct likeness, from an oreeginal daguerre-e-o-type, neow in the possession of the family. We charge yeou tew dollars for the picter, and charge nothing for the key. Wont any gentleman take a copee? Wont you say you’ll take a copee? I stopped into a milliner’s shop down here a-piece, and every young lady took a copy of the Lord’s Praire, and they all said they’d like Go-and-Sin-n’-More, but they could n’t afford tew, the times was so hard. Tew dollars for the picter and nothing for the key. I come very nigh selling Mr. Buchanan a Go-and-Sin-n’-More, but he conclended to wait till after his term was eout, and he’d retired into private life. If no gentleman wants a copee I’ll be going. Good bye, gentlemen; I hope by the time I come areound again you’ll all be ready to take a copy of Go-and-Sin-n’-More.’” And hereupon, Mr De Forest departed with his bundle. A few suggestions, “in this connection:” The “deefeness” claimed by our artist-divine as an excuse for leaving the ministry, could hardly have been valid for his congregation deserting *him*, if we may infer what sort of ministrations his must have been; but *he* might have been as “deefe” as a post, it seems to us, without greatly affecting his preaching. We are sorry to find that Governor Floyd had “no place for the Lord’s Prayer among his Go-and-Sin-no-Mores;” sorry that the poor sewing-girls, had to decline the latter, because times were so hard; (a terrible satire, too truly “founded,” we fear;) and very sorry that our worthy “President” should have found it necessary to make such a “plea in bar” of such a purchase as was tendered him. But Mr. De Forest will be areound again.

Those lovers of Art who visited the late exhibition of the Mechanics’ Institute, San Francisco, will remember that at the end of the north wing there was an oil painting, by Mr. Nahl, of two sweet and gentle angel faces. These were life-like portraits of two much-loved children belonging to Capt. M. R. Roberts, both of whom “slept the sleep which knows no waking” within twenty-four hours of each other, and were conveyed together to the grave in the same

hearse. None but a bereaved parent can fully realize the extent of their loss. To such we commend the following beautiful lines, from the Providence Daily Journal :

When the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, sacred dread,
"Death, be merciful, and pass :
Leave the other!" but, alas!

While we watched, he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence, to go :"
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That "Your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!
*But remember more the kiss ;
From the little rose-red lips,
And the print of finger-tips*

*Left upon a broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty winsome ways.*

Only Time can give relief
To their weary, lousome grief:
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

But, "are they not all ministering spirits," who shall attend our every step in the rugged and often wearying pathway of life? *Yea, verily.*

IF any one can put together a neater way of asking for their own than the following, from the Shasta Courier, we should like to see it done :

PER SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—The following dialogue occurred, we reckon, between a printer after an unsuccessful collecting tour and an exceedingly-intelligent departed spirit. We print it for the benefit of about two or three hundred people, whose names we have carefully preserved in a book :

"Tell me, angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?"

The angel bands replied—
"To us is knowledge given—
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter Heaven!"

Now, if the reader don't like "grit," we do, and we confess it. But to the point. Not very long ago a young man sent us an article upon which he had evidently bestowed considerable labor; and, although it was not quite good enough for a corner in our pages, it was with some reluctance that we declined it. This vexed him somewhat—as it no doubt often does others—and he addressed to us a brief note, expressing his disappointment. Seeing the earnestness and vigor with which he wrote, we penned him a few lines privately, (he, like a sensible man, had sent us his address,) with suggestions for his improvement in the particular department in which he was defective. The reply came, which we are tempted to give to the readers of the Chair :

C———, Oct. 12th, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—Your very kind letter of the 8th inst. has just been received; and I feel as though I ought to offer some apology for appearing "vexed," for I had no right to be so. I will tell you why I wrote for your Magazine at all, and then, why I wrote no better: Well, in the first place, I must acknowledge that

"Not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame."

Yes, sir; I am ambitious of a literary fame. That is a plain acknowledgment. Then I saw, somewhere, that Sir W. Scott had said, that a man with a magazine had it in his power to do a great deal for young men; I saw yours, and liked it. I liked your tone, and said to myself that you would do all you could for a young writer. I wrote, and you know with what success.

Now, sir, for the reason why I wrote no better: In the first place, I am self-educated. From ten to twenty-four (my present age) I have had to "hoe my own row through the world," and it has been full of stumps and weeds. I never went to school but very little, and I never did go to a *good* school; so that I had to *unlearn* a great deal that I learned there. I came to California in '49; but since I have been here, I have spent my liquor money for books, and my bar-room hours in reading them. But I am young yet, and my education has just commenced; so you see that I have no right to be "vexed" if my efforts do not find a place in a magazine where the graduates of Yale, Howard, Cambridge, and other institutions of learning, are contending for the laurel-wreath.

It is true that it would be an encouragement if they did; but it is no discouragement that they do not, for I aim high, and I say to myself every day, "I *must* and *will* succeed."

If any one chooses to give me a word of encouragement, I will recollect them with gratitude to the end of my life; but I cannot be discouraged; I know that I have a memory; I know that I have reflective organs, and I know that if they are cultivated, they will grow and become strong.

I have always cultivated a disposition to look on the bright side of every thing; so that, last year, when the crops all failed around here, I laughed while others whined.

I expect to contribute my mite to your Magazine, and in years to come, perhaps, I may send something to its columns that may be acceptable to its editor and its many readers. G.

THE moment the following, from the Philadelphia North American, is read, we expect the reader to enunciate the same sentiment as that which almost involuntarily escaped our lips, after we had finished reading it, namely, that it served him right!

FIVE CENTS AND A KISS.—Some few days ago, we stated that a conductor upon the Sixth Street Railroad had kissed an attractive female passenger, the kissee submitting to the caress with all the naturalness of a kitten in pursuit of its own tail. The conductor who enjoyed this saccharine privilege, we will call Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, having received the fare and kissed the cherry-cheeked passenger, gallantly assisted her to alight from the vehicle. As he did this, he was espied by Mr. Brown, another conductor on the same line. Mr. Brown had a brother, for whom he wanted to obtain a place, and undertook to "shovel down" Mr. Smith for this purpose. Brown then lodged a complaint with the officers of the road, and laid back to await results. Mr. Smith was accordingly brought up before a tribunal of the directors, while Brown was present as prosecutor in the case. Brown made a formidable charge against Smith, and allowed that kissing lady passengers was something altogether outside the regulations of the road. Smith, being put upon his defense, brought in the kissee, a very pretty young lady, whom he hadn't seen before for some years, at least, and who happened to be his sister! The tri-

bunal, at this exposition of the circumstances, acquitted Mr. Smith at once, and then discharged Brown for his meanness in reporting as an outrage that which was not only natural, but commendable. Brown now wishes he had stayed out of the shoveling business and acted like a man.

TO MARY.

Though in a distant land, Mary,
'Mid strangers here I roam,
I often think of former days—
Of the bliss I knew at home.

Though now for wealth I dig, Mary,
And toil through heat and cold,
Your love to me is dearer far
Than stores of shining gold.

Though gold may make a home, Mary,
Look cheerful, bright and fair,
Yet, happiness is still unknown,
If love be wanting there.

Eager I watch the mail, Mary,
On each returning week;
Your letters always bring you near—
I think I hear you speak.

Then do not fail to write, Mary;
Let me often hear from thee;
We can talk through every mail,
And thus often present be.
EXCELSIOR HILL, CAL. J. J. C.

THE highest mountains encounter the severest storms, and have the most sunshiu. Thus it is with exalted minds and elevated perceptions: while they are more liable to feel the trials of life, they enjoy more of its pleasures.

HARSH words are like hailstones in Summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

As roads unite at the gate of a city, so different intents must harmonize before entering the gate of success.

Editor's Table.

THERE are times in the history of districts, as well as of nations, when passing events write their greatness and importance upon the age. It is thus with California. Ten years ago she commenced the entry of no insignificant record. Then she startled the world into a doubtful possibility that an age of gold was about to be inaugurated. Ten years ago two men were conversing together, at Coloma, upon the probability that Australia contained as vast and as rich a field of gold as California. One of those men was Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, and the other was Hargreaves, the discoverer of gold in Australia. That conversation led to the latter result. Ten years ago, men, in respectable numbers, began to people the almost unoccupied valleys bordering the great Pacific, and began to lay that foundation upon which the present glorious superstructure of progress is gradually arising. Ten years ago, the population of California was less than twenty-seven thousand; now it is nearly six hundred thousand. Then the whole country was an uncultivated wilderness; now its valleys are gardens of loveliness. Ten years ago, not the echo of a white man's voice resounded from the mountain and pine-topped walls of the rivers; now nearly every cañon is made vocal by the hum of human voices. Ten years ago, Solitude held supreme sway in the densely-timbered forests and fastnesses of wild beasts; now the woodman's axe and miner's pick announce that Solitude is no more. Ten years ago, electricity was unknown here as a channel for human thought; now we have nearly one thousand miles of telegraph line; and, even while we are now writing, the electric current is being taught to leap the tops of the Sierras—not at random, but under the discipline of human mind. Ten years ago, the East and the West were united only by vast desert soli-

tudes; now lines of mail stages are becoming the means of a brighter union, and their way-stations the nucleus of sundry outposts of civilization. Ten years ago, the overland emigrant required one hundred and seventy days to reach the green valleys of the Sacramento from the Mississippi; now he can accomplish it in twenty-four, and probably in eighteen days. Ten years ago, no steamship plowed the waters of the great Pacific; now there is a fleet which puts us in a communication with old homes and new ones—the great regret is that it should be controlled by a monopoly. Ten years ago, no cities or villages, except those of the Indian, dotted the uneven landscape; now they are to be seen alike in the fertile valleys, among the rocks of the mountain streams, and on the tops of the mountains, giving out the busy hum of active life and civilization. Ten years ago, the prow of but an occasional vessel plowed the wave-crested foam of our principal harbor, San Francisco; now its annual tonnage makes it the fourth in the Union—excelled only by New York, Boston and New Orleans. Ten years ago, her exports consisted, almost exclusively, of hides and tallow, and that but in limited quantities; now her annual export of gold alone exceeds seventy millions of dollars; then add to that quicksilver, lumber, shingles, sheepskins, hides, tallow, wool, flour, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, salmon and a hundred other articles of lesser extent and value, and we may ask, what has indeed been wrought within the last ten years? Ten years ago, but a single newspaper—and that an American (the Californian)—was published from the Gulf of California to the Polar Sea; now, in this State alone, there are nearly ninety newspapers and periodicals. Ten years ago, the only articles of manufacture, with few exceptions, were the seed-gathering and cooking baskets of the Indian; now

we have nearly eight hundred saw, quartz and grist-mills; besides iron and brass foundries, machine shops, sugar refineries, a paper mill, soap, perfumery, furniture, safe, lock, broom, candle and cracker manufactories, and an untold number of others. These, and a thousand unmentioned causes, have united to assist California in writing her importance upon the ever-changing pages of history, and are suggestive of what she might be if her destiny were united to the East by that long-hoped-for, but too-long-delayed Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

At a time when the public mind, throughout the Eastern States and Europe, is alive with the excitement of an active preparation for emigration to the shores of the Pacific, it becomes our duty, as a public journalist, to offer a word or two of caution and advice to those now contemplating such a step.

You are aware that the severing of social ties and the removal of family landmarks are no unimportant proceedings in your history. Many have done this to their hearts' sorrow—not so much on account of the step taken as the way in which it was done. Men left their wives and families behind them, thinking, in a few brief months, to make a fortune, and then return to share it with those they loved and had left behind them. Their absence was prolonged for years—aye, many long, long years—during which time, changes by death and other causes, far more painful than even death itself, told them, in tones of disappointment, that the way in which the step was taken was as imprudent as it was fruitful of unforeseen and joy-destroying consequences.

Their experiences should be allowed to teach you important lessons which we will mention: First, not to leave for these shores without bringing your family with you. Do not be in too great a hurry to start; but see that all your business arrangements are complete. Do not come with any other hope or expectation than to

do only as well here as in the place you will leave behind you; and, if you are doing well where you are, be content to remain there. Upon arrival, take the first opportunity of obtaining honorable employment which may offer itself, or you can find. If you wish to go to the mines, first seek a spot that will be permanent, and then build you a neat little cottage, near to your mining claim, and, with those you love, be content there to live and labor for many years, in the same way as you would in any other country. Then, be frugal and economical. Gather around you such a social circle as you feel necessary for adding to your happiness. If you wish to engage in agricultural employments, and have sufficient money to buy you a farm and stock it, seek some suitable location; and then be careful not to purchase before thoroughly examining, with some well-trying friend or acquaintance, the title thereto.

If these brief remarks are attended to, we venture to say that, ere many years have rolled away, you will bless the day when you sought the shores of the Pacific as a home for yourself and your family; and be relieved from the anxieties of an older country, at the same time that a fine prospect is offered to your rising family.

To Correspondents.

L. F., Sierra.—With pleasure we accept your offer.

J. L. R.—We most cordially welcome you to our little family of contributors.

T.—Certainly—send 'em along. Did California literature allow of articles being paid for, we should be willing to give you our note (and we do n't do such things very often) for 6½ cents—payable on the next arrival of the comet—for every acre of such "poims."

Josie.—Your "God Pity the Poor," is worthy of a noble nature, such as yours seems to be. We shall find it a corner, for we like it.

H. T., Sonora.—What! not dead yet? Why, we expected that your giant efforts in poetical literature would either have killed you long ago, or taught you common sense. There's no hope for you, we fear; but send 'em along.

THE FIRST OVERLAND MAIL HAS ARRIVED!!



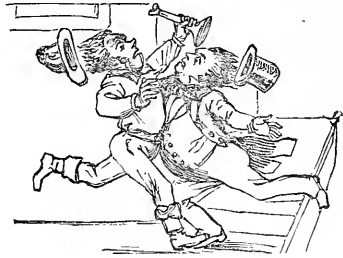
The slumbers of Senator Trump are prematurely disturbed by the announcement of the arrival of the first Overland Mail—23 days 21 hours from St. Louis. He becomes excited, while making his toilet.



Determines that no accidents of his in his bed-chamber shall prevent him from sharing in the joy and enthusiasm of the public, on the street. He makes a rapid, though an unusual and somewhat unpopular descent.



His gallantry being wounded, as well as his back, by his unceremonious intrusion upon a company of ladies, he wishes to explain and apologise, but finds they have suddenly vanished. Wonders if that "splendid creature" yonder is one of them.



Satisfied of the fact, he is cut short in his intention to accost her by an uninvited introduction to a lager beer saloon; but hearing the cry of "The stage! The stage!" he rushes round the corner for a sight—and gets one.



After regaining his equilibrium and his breath, he passes by his opinion of firemen—who are always in a hurry—to "congratulate his fellow-citizens" on the success of the Overland Mail. He mounts a vinegar cask to make a motion, and makes one.



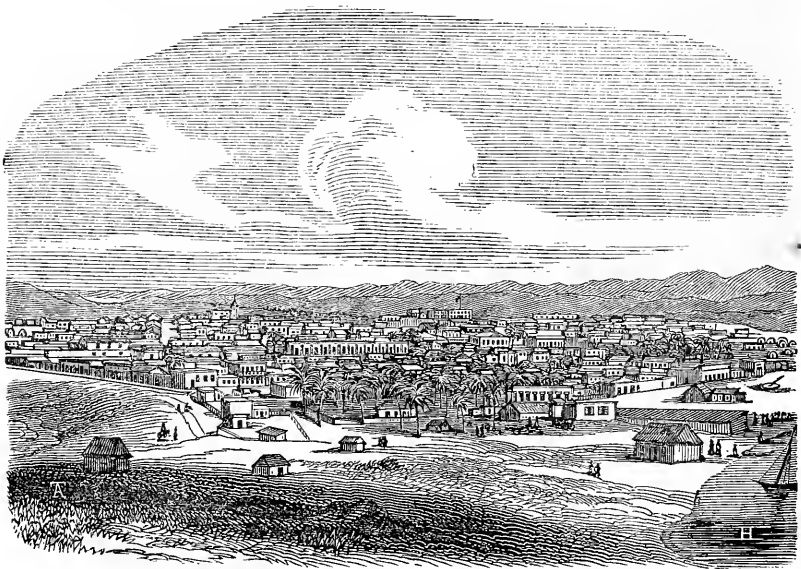
That motion, if it damped his clothes, he defied its doing the same with his patriotism; and he would celebrate that day by a few glasses of "Sparkling California," he would. His feelings becoming too great for utterance sought another channel.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO ONE CORNER OF MEXICO



THE CITY OF MAZATLAN, ON THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA, MEXICO.

AFTER an active California life of nearly nine years, unrelieved by any absence from its exciting scenes, your humble servant decided upon a visit to Mexico, and for purposes of recreation and observation, sought to unite business with pleasure. How he succeeded, the following pages will be the tongue to tell. Did he

wish to inform the reader in detail of all the introductory preparations necessary for properly setting out, and make him or her minutely familiar with all things appertaining to his personal appearance, or the extent and arrangement of his wardrobe, with the cut and color of his coat; the sit and shape of the identical hat

worn; the size, quality and number of his boots and hose, and the hight, exactly, of his standing shirt collar, or of its particular turn-over style (*a la Byron*), such is the disposition among human bipeds now-a-days to differ in taste as well as opinion, that if every other one did not suggest that "so and so" would have looked much better, besides being so much more becoming; they would most likely have the unfeeling temerity to say that it argued a lack of good sense to parade such matters before the public eye. In that we agree; therefore to our story.

On the morning of the twentieth of April last, our gallant little schooner—Genova, Captain Domoro—after being "ready to sail to-morrow" for a couple of weeks, took her pilot on board, and quietly moving out from her berth at the wharf, as quietly dropped down the stream through the Golden Gate, and outside the "Heads" on the ebbing tide, and there anchored.

Not the breath of a breeze whispered in the sails; not the rustling splash of a wave awoke an echo from the hull, for the sea was as calm as a sheltered lake, and bright as a burnished mirror; even the sea-gull, whose delight is in skimming above or riding upon the storm-tossed billow, appeared spiritless and disappointed at the peaceful quietude of the elements, as, apparently, he slept on the brine. Not a cloud cast a shadow; and but for the gently heaving bosom of the slumbering sea, the Genova would have laid

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

But this was not to last; for, presently, the silvery smoothness of the sea was broken by a very light breeze, and by the time the sails were set, the anchor up, and the pilot discharged, we were dashing through the tiny waves at an astonishing rate.

When fairly under way upon a voyage, how naturally the heart turns to the dear and long-cherished objects of its affection that are left behind; and as one familiar land-mark after another grows less by distance, until it is finally left behind, and each dear face becomes more dear to remembrance as the gulf of separation grows wider, how earnestly does memory present them before us, as if in fear lest the image should be lost, or by absence partially effaced. Then, too, we forcibly feel that—

"We part—no matter how we part;

There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasures in our inmost heart,
Never revealed, and ne'er forgot!

Why murmur at the common lot?

We part—I speak not of the pain—

But when shall I each lovely spot,
And each loved face behold again?"

Our ruminations were somewhat summarily abbreviated by the appearance of a tall and awkward cabin-boy—a dark



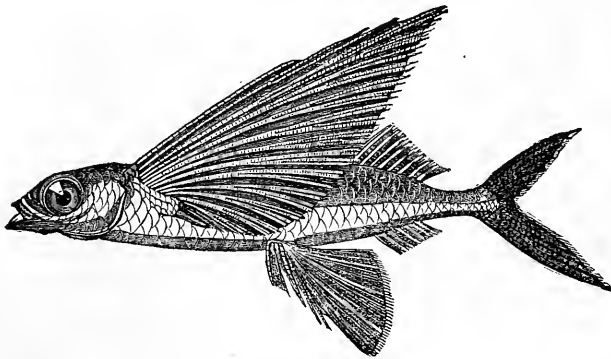
CHICO,

Mexican—who answered to the name of "Chico," bearing a dish of soup in one hand, and a fowl, with sundries, in the other. After depositing some of the

aforesaid articles, (on the floor first, and then) on the cabin table, Chico's head suddenly appeared just above the quarter-deck, when his mouth opened—a good, large, full-sized mouth, well adapted, no doubt by its shape and capacity, to reduce the size of oranges—and out escaped, with a kind of jerk, the cabalistic word “*Comida!*” (dinner) and as suddenly disappeared again.

Now, *chico*, in Spanish, means *small*, but our cabin-boy (!) thus named was the biggest hand on board, who would have stood six feet in his stockings, but he never wore any, or boots either! and was as strong in proportion—especially in the growth of his tangled and matted hair, and the smell of his clothes. It is more than probable that Chico would have made a cleanly cabin-boy, could he by any possibility have been prevailed upon to wash himself, or any article

whatever that was put upon the cabin table. One thing is tolerably certain, if uncleanness had been any part of Chico's religion he would have become a very devout worshipper; but it was'nt, as he evidently hadn't any. His duties—and they were numerous enough—seemed to consist in trimming the cabin and compass lamps, washing up dishes, glasses, cups and saucers, by wiping them with a dirty towel; laying the table-cloth by sweeping off the crumbs with the back of his hand; wiping the knives and forks (and occasionally his nose!) upon his shirt sleeve; carrying soup, or cooked, or coddled, or boiled, or baked, or fried, or dried, or stewed somethings, upon light-streaked dishes, (supposed by persons of very strong imagination to have once been white,) from the cook's galley to the cabin, and back again; grinding (and chewing) coffee, and taking care



THE FLYING FISH.

(for himself) of the claret wine bottles we industriously emptied at breakfast and dinner time.

Chico nevertheless was a useful man; for, did the waves leap over the vessel's side, (they would sometimes) and turn a somersault through the cabin skylight into the cabin, at any hour of the day or night, the musical voice of the captain could be heard shouting “*Chico, Chico!*”

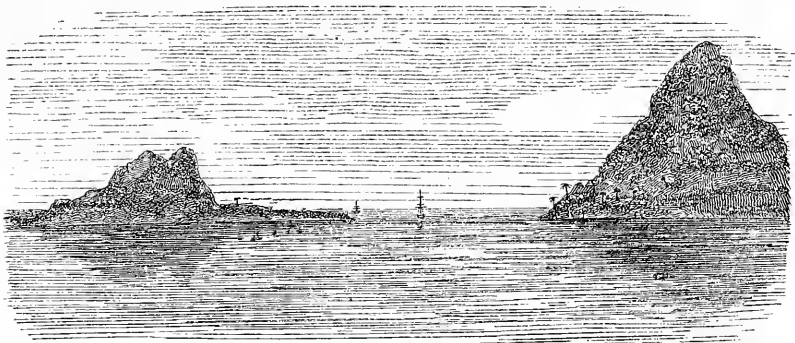
when Chico's slow and easy voice would drawl out “*S-e-e, S-e-ñ-o-r!*” at the same time that he emerged from his stow-away cupboard of a berth, beneath the companion-ladder, armed with a swab half as big as himself, and which he used in silence, not even consoling himself with a low muttering grumble, until his work was done. This occurred several times during one night; so that

what with this and sundry other duties, Chico was a useful man, and his situation no sinecure. Take him all in all, Chico is a character—in his way.

Our captain—but we must not be too prolix or prosy—is a sober- (almost sombre) faced and quiet Italian, (except when talking or laughing, and then his countenance is as bright as April rain, and his voice a regular gale.) He is solemn and dignified, too, (except when telling a story, and this he can do to perfection, or mimicing a would-be-great official, and then he is as jovial as you please,) and withal is a well-meaning, gentlemanly fellow, who knows and attends to his duty, and sees that others do the same.

But on, on! we dash! The wind is strong; the sails are full; the prow cuts the surging sea, and our craft is doing her best. Not an object is to be seen on the broad waste of waves that stretch to the far-off horizon; no distant sail—no "There blows a whale!" from the bluff voice of a sailor, relieves the monotonous sameness of the scene, or of the life, for the past few days. At length a solitary albatross, and then another, visits us, and keeps in our wake until we reach the tropics, then leaves us to return in the wake of some other vessel.

Now schools of flying-fish skim past us, one of the most beautiful and the most persecuted of all the finny tribe, which, chased by the dolphin, dorado, and a host of other enemies within the water, fly above to escape from them, when the tropic-bird, albatros, and numberless others, which are ever hovering near, pounce down upon them and devour them. Then dolphins are giggered to supply our breakfast-table with fresh fish, until the shadowy outline of Cape St. Lucas is visible off our larboard bow. In three days more we have crossed the Gulf of California, and the exhilarating cry of "Land ho! land ho!" gives us the welcome tidings that "El Creston," the land-mark of the port, is in sight. Soon the pilot's boat is visible, and presently is at our side, and shortly afterwards we have shot past El Cueston into the harbor of Mazatlan; and almost before we have threaded our way among the vessels there riding at anchor, the custom-house boat, with Mexican colors flying, is alongside of us and the officer is speedily on board. As no boat is allowed near a vessel until the custom-house boat with the commandant of the port, or his deputy, has departed, and consequently, as we cannot yet go ashore, while they



EL CRESTON, THE GREAT LANDMARK FOR THE PORT OF MAZATLAN.

are settling up matters in the cabin, let us look around upon the singular and beautiful view. There can be but few prettier scenes

in any part of the world than in the harbor of Mazatlan. The bold El Creston, the "fort" commanding the harbor, and a long row of one-storied houses on the north; the long lines of white surf breaking on an extended sand-bar, (upon which, too, several vessels have been wrecked,) and the islands Pajaros and Venado on the south; and on the east, the picturesque palm and cocconut trees, growing alike among the huts of the poor as the palace-like houses of the rich, are surpassingly beautiful.

Now let us go ashore, as the custom-house officers by this time have made all things right with the captain. After our boat has threaded its way among the small schooners at anchor to the beach, a crowd of men run into the water, and before we are scarcely aware of it they have us on their shoulders, and when they have set us down on dry land, they know what to do with the "plata" that is handed them for their services. Volunteers now muster around us in numbers, vociferously requesting the privilege of showing us to the best hotel, and as one is generally considered sufficient for so great an undertaking, we select that one, and in fifteen minutes find ourselves well provided for at the Hotel Nacional, Mons. F. Maille, proprietor, where an excellent appetite is lost without any regret, seeing that the viands are good and all well cooked.

The first impression received by a foreigner, on landing at Mazatlan, is, that it is a city of prisons, as every window is protected by strong iron bars on the outside. This is necessary no doubt, as but little glass is used, the climate being too hot to allow of it. This is apparent throughout Mexico. Most of the buildings are one-story only in height, and look very gloomy from the street; but as soon

as you enter the court-yard, almost every dwelling resembles a miniature castle—the fragrant flowers and orange blossoms with which they are adorned are no less grateful to the sense of smelling than to that of sight, agreeably surprising us.

Mazatlan is the largest and most populous Mexican city upon the Pacific Coast, with a population of nearly fourteen

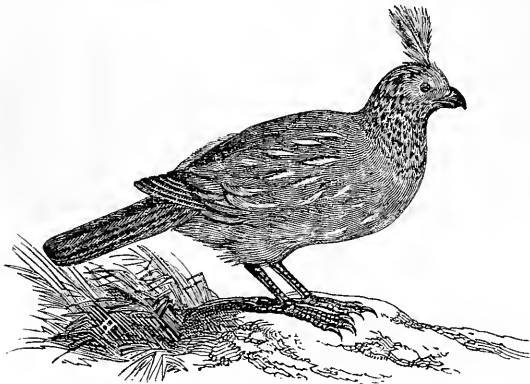


MEXICAN METHOD OF CARRYING WATER.

thousand souls, and from her position commands much of the commerce, with all the drawbacks of a but poorly protected harbor (and which could be made one of the best, with but a comparatively small outlay.) Owing to its position to California, since the gold discovery, it has increased its size and population more than ten fold, and her well-built rows of business stores and houses, and well-paved streets, are no doubt in a great measure indebted to California. Money is plentiful; business is active. Most of her importations, however, are direct from Europe, and a large portion of the heavy business men are foreigners. The Mexican officials are for the most part gentlemanly and liberal-minded men, and none more so than the intelligent Commandante of this port, giving no unnecessary trouble to such foreigners as conduct themselves with propriety. Unfortunately all have not been of the lat-

ter class. Many of the usages seem to us rather ridiculous and illiberal; but that is more owing to their system of laws and government, and their perpetual civil wars, which allow them no time to join the great procession of Progress, than to the spirit with which they are carried out. These sentiments we are aware will meet with no favor with a certain class of filibustering spirits who have visited there, but we are alike indifferent to their praise or blame. We state facts. Much, however, needs, badly needs, to be changed and corrected; for instance, a light-house fee of not less than fifty dollars is charged on every vessel entering port, and there is not a single light-house from one end of the Mexican coast on the Pacific to the other! Many more, of course, might be mentioned, but we must reserve this subject for an abler pen, and a future time.

The principal exports of Mazatlan are logwood, silver, corn, and dried fruits—the latter to San Francisco; the former to the Atlantic States and Europe.



THE MEXICAN QUAIL.

Twice a week the military band plays (at night) on the Plaza; and as persons of all colors and countries assemble to hear it, in great numbers, and sit here beneath the tastefully arranged orange trees that adorn it, the scene is as sin-

gular as it is pleasing. Here, too, foreigners mostly congregate in the evening, to smoke their cigar, or cigarrito, with the natives, and each other. But we must not tarry too long here, as much has to be said about other places; and our vessel having discharged part of her cargo and received other, is ready to sail for San Blas, one hundred and eighty miles south, and we must not be left behind. Let us, therefore, go aboard.

In two and a-half days, (having nothing but light breezes and calms,) we obtain a sight of the tall, saddle-shaped mountain, and the white rock called *Penasco Blanco*, and make the port of San Blas. By Mr. Augspurg, a long resident German merchant, we are favored with a brief history and description of this place. San Blas was merely a military station under the old Spanish government. Men-of-war were here built, and afterwards found shelter in its harbor. At present it is full of sand, and accessible only to vessels of light draft and tonnage; but in those times it had

sufficient depth for the largest frigates. No commerce was allowed, and there was no commercial communication by sea with Sonora. Travelers for those distant parts were obliged to submit to a long and difficult land journey on mules or horseback. Mazatlan did not then exist, and the only port on the western coast of Mexico, or, as it was called then, *La Nueva*

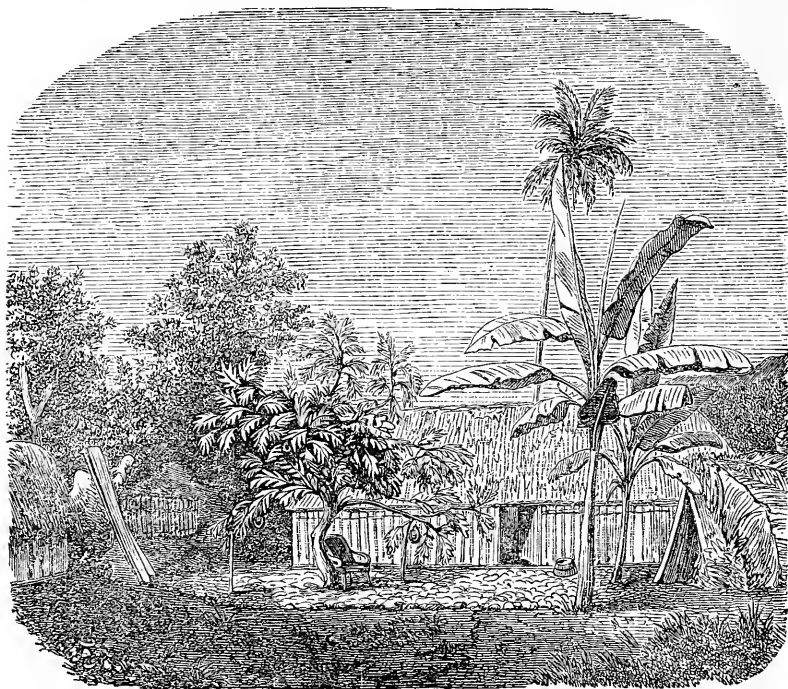
Espana, whose merchants were allowed continually watched and interfered with by the Spanish authorities, was Acapulco.

There, twice a year, arrived the Nao, to transact business, although they were a large armed vessel of the Government,

from Manila, in which only privileged parties were allowed, under certain restrictions, to ship such goods as they had bought for the purpose in China, the East Indies, the Spanish Colonies and the Filipinas.

After the insurrection of 1810, when the customary channels of business in the interior were often obstructed, or all communication cut off with Vera Cruz,

the only port on the east coast where, formerly, European manufactures were allowed to be imported, not from the countries of production direct, but exclusively from Cadiz, and under restrictions similar to those prescribed for the Nao, a new branch of importing trade was gradually established by Spanish merchants, on the west coast. British, French and German vessels brought the produce of



CENE AT TOMATO—BAY OF BANDERAS.

their respective countries to the ship markets of the West Indies, and from thence they were taken to Panama, which, during the war of independence, became the emporium for trade on the west coast of Mexico, as well as of Southern America. Many families are still found in the Western States of Mexico, the descendants of merchants occupied in those times with the trade between Panama, Acapulco and San Blas, and

who afterwards settled in this country.

This was the beginning of San Blas as a commercial port, and the last Captain General of Nueva Galicia—then the name of the present State of Jalisco—General Cruz, who at the time resided in Gurdalajara, the capital of Nueva Galicia, and died in Paris, not only allowed this trade to be carried on privately, in order to procure himself new resources, but he opened San Blas, officially, as a commer-

cial port, and Naos were permitted to come over from Manila, as formerly in Acapulco, besides the trading vessels from Panama.

Since the year 1825, San Blas has become the chief port for the State of Jalisco; but, partly from its unhealthy climate, which in September, October and November—say during the latter part and the end of the rainy season—is really morbidic, and partly from other causes, of local and personal interest, it has never been able to enter into



THE MEXICAN CHICKEN VENDER.

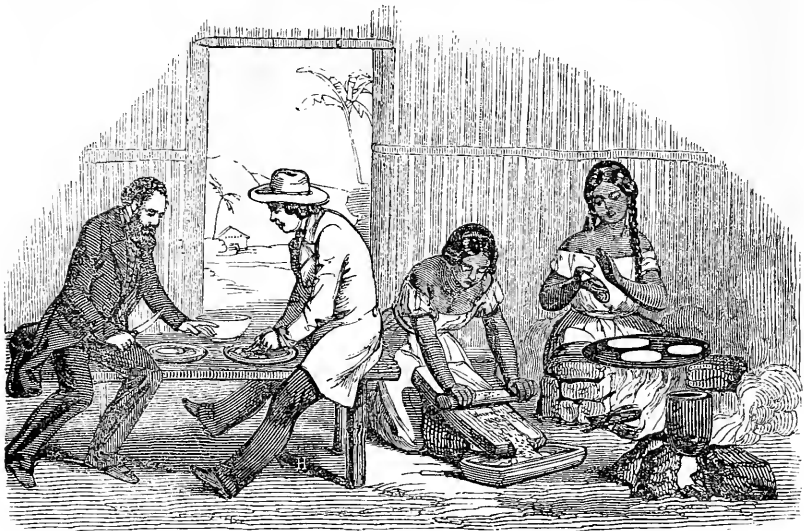
competition with Mazatlan—which has been opened to foreign trade since 1830 or 1831—and at Colima, where, in consequence of the American blockade, in 1849, some German importing houses were established, and a pretty active business has been carried on through the port of Manzanillo—Colima being situated about twenty-five leagues from the

coast. Although the climate of Manzanillo is worse still than that of San Blas, and in spite of San Blas having its Colima in Tepic—a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, twenty leagues from the coast: say about one-fourth of the distance from the port to Guadalajara—it is a fact that the trade of Mazatlan and Colima has been in actual progress; whereas, that part of the Guadalajara business which is carried on through San Blas, has remained almost stationary during the last twenty-five years. The distance from Manzanillo to Guadalajara being about the same as from San Blas to Guadalajara—say ninety leagues, approximately,—and the former port possessing considerable advantage, by the monthly calling of the American steamers from and to Panama, the import trade of Guadalajara is divided between the two ports; whereas, the silver exportation from the interior, by way of Guadalajara, is almost exclusively confined to Manzanillo.

After a brief stay at San Blas, we engaged a canoe and a couple of Mexicans to take us down the coast, as far south as the Bay of Banderas. This was a somewhat hazardous enterprise, for sometimes we were several miles from land; and, had a storm arisen, our little craft would most likely have found its way to "Davy's locker," and ourselves to the voracious stomach of some huge shark, of which there are plenty along the Mexican coast.

Thus confined in this tiny craft, with the sun pouring down its streams of solar fire upon us, protected only by the shade of a small umbrella, the heat reflected from the glassy-surfaced sea, and putting in at night to some small land-locked bight, to sleep upon the sandy shore, in three days time we arrived in safety at Chemisto, a small settlement on the Bay of Banderas, and were kindly received and comfortably domiciled in a palm-leaf hut.

Those who have ever entered the Bay of Banderas, know that it is almost as much out of the world, so far as commerce and civilization is concerned, as some similar spot upon the coast of Africa. Its solitude is almost unbroken ;



MEXICAN WOMEN GRINDING MAIZE ON THE *metate*—MAKING TORTILLAS AND COOKING.

but an occasional whaling or smuggling vessel ever enters it, the former for fresh water, meat and fruits, the latter to escape paying duties on goods intended for Tepic and other cities. Yet in out-of-the-way corners, all around this Bay, there are little settlements of from six to one hundred persons, who live on fruits, corn and fish. Indeed, Nature seems voluntarily to have supplied nearly all their wants. Corn is their great staple of food, and of this two crops a year are produced, with but little labor. If they require a vessel to hold water, they go into the woods and cut a gourd ; if they want a cork to confine it, a corncob is broken off and inserted ; if they wish a clothes-line, a wild vine is immediately cut off, and then fastened to a tree. Tobacco (and nearly all, both men and women, smoke cigaritos) is grown almost everywhere ; and if they need paper with which to confine the tobacco, a husk of corn is the first material thought of.

Fish abound in every creek, and on every mile of coast. Fruit grows almost spontaneously and in great abundance. Every hillside and valley is tenanted by game-birds, called by the natives *chacha-lacas*, and *chon-chos*, both being a species of the curaseau ; the former is about the size of a full grown chicken, and the latter that of a young turkey, and each are very fine in flavor. Besides, quail, rabbit, deer, and other game, are as plentiful. No wonder then, with all these advantages, it never occurs to a Mexican that in order to accomplish anything, he must certainly set about it. "Mañana, mañana !" is the perpetual proposition—we speak of those principally who live in villages. It is our firm belief that one part of their creed is not to do anything to-day that by any possibility can be postponed until to-morrow.

After a brief stay in Chemisto, spent in hunting and fishing (and picking off *garapatas*, a species of wood-tick,) pros-

pecting and sketching; eating tortillas and frijoles, birds and fish; bathing and sleeping, we paid a visit to Tcmato, a pretty little village on a river of the same name, at the head of the Bay of Banderas, where Don Alphonse, our hospitable entertainer, is the patriarch and father, if not the founder, of the village. Every member of the settlement seems to be in some way related. Here every Saturday night is devoted to dancing and frolicking; but not in drinking, for not a single drop of liquor is allowed to be kept. Corn, tobacco, beans, and fruits, are here raised in considerable quantities. Here, too, the rainy season, and the coast fever, both overtook us; and we were glad to return to Chemisto. Upon our again setting foot upon this spot, we found that although we had been absent but five days, an army of land-crabs, called by the natives "cangrejos," had taken the place by storm. Every foot of ground was covered with them. Every article of clothing was half eaten up by them—land-crabs here, there, everywhere! Did we walk out, this army, numbering millions, would retreat in confusion on either side of our path; did we enter our hut, they were upon the floor, on every palm leaf that formed the side, and even climbed into the very interstices of the roof, and dropped down on our bed! Pharaoh in Egypt could not have been much better supplied with frogs, in proportion, than we were with land-crabs. We were out-generaled by the genus *cancer*. We were fairly beaten, vanquished; yea, conquered, by a small, purple-backed, ten-legged burrower in the sandy sea-shore, not over two and a-half inches broad! There is also another class, belonging to the same genus, which certainly amused us more than they troubled us, known as the pirate-crab. These are very unprincipled marauders; having no house of their own upon their back, they hunt among the

sea-shells on the shore until they find one about the right size for them, when they back straight into it, and march off, looking as natural as though they had grown up together. When one has worn out his house, or finds that he has grown too large for it, he starts out prospecting until he finds the one to suit him, then creeps out of the one and backs into the other. These shells being almost of all shapes, kinds, colors, and varieties, they present a very ludicrous appearance.

What with fever, land-crabs, and air, we seemed incapable of breathing, we thought it prudent to beat a retreat; but here a new difficulty presented itself. The rainy season having made its annual visit, and the usual showers having come with it, the natives were unwilling to venture to sea in a canoe; and perhaps it might be six months before any vessel would enter this Bay upon which we could leave. This was a dilemma. Sick; our medicines in San Blas; no way of getting there, or them; the rainy season upon us; in a climate that was not only sickly, but to which we were unaccustomed. Things looked rather dark just then. There is one man we shall ever remember with an overflowing and grateful heart. His name is Benino, our kind-hearted and ever-attentive host at Chemisto; for, when prostrated with the coast fever, he was ever ready to minister to our wants; and when his kindly hand was placed upon our burning brow, it was ever with a gentle and sympathizing "poore Santiago." This man, though a stranger, acted as nobly as a brother could. We shall remember thee, Benino!

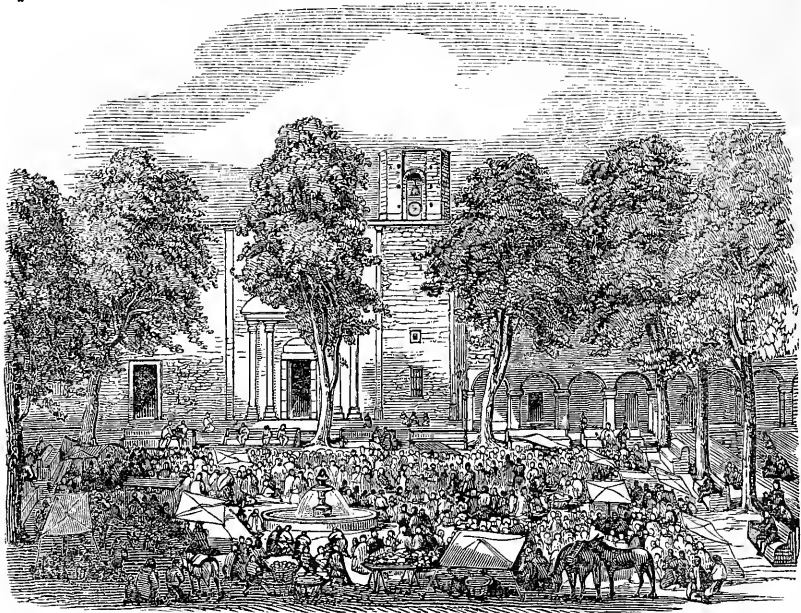
"It is generally darkest just before daybreak," is an old truism, and so we found it; for a Mexican gun-boat, having run short of fresh meat, had anchored within a hundred yards of our hut, on her way to San Blas. Well, we thought, who shall again doubt the hand of a

kind Providence? The commander very promptly provided us with the only comfortable place on board, giving it up with a cheerfulness that was as pleasing as it was generous. Here let us say to these of our countrymen who are apt to *look down* upon Mexicans as individuals, we have ever found them as gentlemanly, as kind-hearted, and as noble in their actions as any of our brethren.

In about two and a-half days we made the port of San Blas, and as there was

no physician, we took the advice of a German friend (also very kind to us in many ways,) and left in the stage on the following evening for Tepic.

As stage traveling in Mexico has been attended with many dangers from robbers, on the Tepic as well as on other roads, most travelers go well armed; and the stage generally starts at an uncertain hour, so as to pass the robbers, if any, somewhat by surprise. Ours left about four o'clock P. M., drawn by five



SCENE ON THE PLAZA AT TEPIC, ON SUNDAY MORNING, DURING THE ELEVATION OF THE HOST.

animals, two at the wheel, and the three leaders abreast of each other. Believe us, it was a wild scene, as we dashed through the densely timbered forests at night, with our guard mounted on the top of the stage, and holding a large, flaming torch in his hand, which he waved now on this side and now on that, as danger was expected from this or that quarter, the light gleaming upon the dark, tropical foliage of the forest as we passed. Then, too, to see the villagers, soon after dark, sitting around the fire in front of their huts in the small villages through which our road lay, the ruddy fire-light shining on their faces, was, as

common as it was, singular to us. About four o'clock the following morning, our coach rattled over the well-paved streets of Tepic, and stopped in front of the *Bola de Oro* (Golden Ball) Hotel, without any accident or interruption whatever.

The "Golden Ball Hotel" is the only one of the kind in Tepic, and that one not as well patronized as it deserves to be; for although it is as well kept, and the table is as well supplied as an American one, it is mainly supported by foreigners, the Mexicans not being an hotel-loving people. Here, although confined by fever for nearly a month, three days of which we were unable to turn in bed,

every care was taken of us by the kind hostess, Señora Hernandez, and her nephew, without any additional charge. During this time, too, we received invaluable kindnesses from Dr. Narvaez, Mr. P. Hall, and several other warm-hearted, true and ever-to-be-remembered friends. Gratefully we thank them.

Tepec is a large inland city, in a fertile and beautiful valley, about sixty miles from San Blas, and contains a population of about eleven thousand persons. The houses are, many of them, two stories high, with a court-yard and barred windows similar to those in Mazatlan.

Like most other Mexican cities, Tepec has a large and cleanly kept plaza, which, on Sunday, the great market day of the week, presents a singular and motley scene of active business occupation. At about half-past nine o'clock of the forenoon, in the midst of a perfect Babel of sounds, the church bell gives forth a solemn toll, when the discordant and noisy hum of the populace ceases in an instant, and every man, woman and child fall prostrate on their knees, with their heads uncovered; *it is the signal for the elevation of the Host!* within the church, and the stillness is as profound and unbroken as that within the depths of an untenanted forest. At the third tolling sound, they rise from their knees, and the noisy marketing begins again as vigorously as before.

The glad tidings that "the barque Sinaloa is in port at San Blas, and will sail in a few days for California," came with thrilling pleasure to the heart; and, as the stage had ceased running, a hard day's mule-back ride of sixty miles found us again among the sand-flies and mosquitos of that city. In a few days we were aboard that vessel, and sailing for San Francisco, calling at Mazatlan and Cape St. Lucas on our way; and, after a pleasant voyage of thirty-two days, arrived here in safety, feeling that although the interesting scenes we had witnessed had fully repaid us for our trouble, yet, after all, "There's no place like home."

THE NEGLECTED DEAD.

BY J. P. H. WENTWORTH.

YONDER, on lonely hill-side, have ye never seen that single grave, and have ye never wondered whose lifeless form rests within its lonely cell? Ah, yes! Within that lonely grave, without mar-

ble slab or written epitaph, moulders one, who, years ago, walked over the same ground, with as buoyant step as yourself, whose bosom, perhaps, heaved with the same high aspirations, yearned for loved-ones left far in the distance behind, for home and its early associations, that yours does to-day! And, encased within its walls of clay, are the remains of him for whose return a loving mother, a fond sister, have been, for years, anxiously awaiting. But, oh! he sleeps on—regardless of that mother's anxiety, heedless of that sister's heart-yearnings—for the stern messenger, Death, long since, made his summons, and away high-up in the distant mountains of California lie the remains of the unfortunate, the neglected dead! And have ye never wondered why one of the human family should thus be allowed to sleep, not even leaving a trace of the stranger-hand who gave the rude but kindly covering to the entombed? No mark, no name, no vestige; but all conjecture, a blank—oblivion! The foregoing was suggested to our mind, not long since, while traveling in the mountains, on seeing a lonely grave on the hill-side, with nothing but two sticks, one at the head the other at the foot of it. And oh! what reminiscences of the past did this call to the mind! Our mind reverted to the hearth-stone of a mother's fireside, around which were assembled on that cold winter's day, early in "forty-nine," to witness our departure from home and its loved associations—mother, father, brothers, sisters and kindly neighbors; and now, even to this late day, we are moved to tears, while, with the mind's eye, we return to that scene—the mother's farewell, the father's admonition and kind "God bless you, my son," the sister's silent kiss, and the kind old neighbors' good wishes, and those neighbors, too, who had watched us from our infancy, came to bid us a hearty good-bye and a safe return from the far-off land of gold to more genial shores. Of this number, no doubt, was the one whose neglected grave stands on yonder mountain's side, far in the North of California! He too, without doubt, left equally cherished ones, hoped then, as we do to-day, to see the privileged-time of return to all those! But, ah! the hope so long deferred sickened the heart, and, weary from long-suffering, laid all that was mortal of it down on that lonely spot, to be cared for by the kindly hand of the passing

stranger, and winged its flight away into the beautiful, the boundless sea of futurity, where, with kindred spirits, in God's presence, it shall float from sphere to sphere, in its stage of progression, growing more beautiful unto the perfect day; for who can deny the immortality of the soul? "To die is but to be born again; and the tomb is a temple of apotheosis—a chamber, into which the seraph retires to put on its beautiful wings. See ye not yonder beautiful little flower; it with the vermilion petals, waving in the breeze, on its slender stem of gold? The butterfly lingers around it, and the bee drinks honey-dew from its crimson cup. It looks like a sweet little star just dropped from the zenith. Soon the winds of winter will shake it from its stem, and the stem, too, will loose its coating of gold, and fall down, crushed on the plain, like a withered weed! Tell me, is it dead? The yellow-haired child deems so; for there is a tear in her little blue eye, as she gazes where her pretty flower lies, like a dead beauty on her bier. Weep not bonny maiden, the fair May-queen of the morning meadows has not perished. Its electric life has crept down, and gone to sleep in its root-bed of fibrous feathers; but the first sun of April shall awake it again, and it shall come in a lovelier body, and richer robes, and its velvet lips shall again drink the silver-singing rains of the young year, and its starry-eye shall greet the everlasting light once more! Thus God renews the youth of the world! But he renews it with the incarnation of the same undying souls. How then shall matter remain and the mind perish? Yon star, that wanders in its elipsis, tracing a *parabola* of light on the azure *planetarium*, cannot solve the equation of its own bright curve. But my geometry can solve it, and weigh that star in scales, and determine the eccentricities of its orbit for a million years to come. And for millions of millions of ages that celestial watcher shall look down on "the new heavens and new earth;" for the Creator is not like a child, to build and tear down castles of chrysolite; and, all that while, the science of the eternal mathematics shall hold. And shall I, a spirit who can comprehend all its sublime theorems, and resolve its knottiest problems, and measure the sun, and balance all the stars;—shall I, the especial favorite of Nature and the Deity,

the darling little *one* of Creation, to whom the winds minister song, and the flowers odor, and the depths of heaven light;—I, whose thought wanders through eternity, and sounds the abysses of all space, foaming with innumerable worlds, and streaming with galaxies, like Auro-ras in the panorama of an Arctic sky,—say,—shall I die forever and ever, and my Father and my Sister Nature still live on?"

Thus we see that for the humblest of the neglected dead there awaits a bright, beautiful future; then weep not for loved ones lost, for in eternity there shall be a happy re-union of friends long separated.

CALIFORNIA PICTURES:

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

Drawn from Life, by "Pen and Ink."

PICTURE THE FIRST.

Eyes we have not, yet we see;
Tongueless, but not dumb, are we;
Artists are not, yet we draw
Pictures true, and free from flaw;
Straying not beyond your chair,
Yet we travel voyages rare;
'Spite of distance, wind, or weather,
We bring absent friends together;
Pardon, happiness, or woe,
We deny,—and we bestow:
Charity we oft withhold,—
Oft give wealth more rich than gold;
We can satirize the vain,
Censure vice in wholesome strain:
Thoughts that else would have no trace,
Find, through us, a dwelling place;
Joined, we labor ceaselessly;
But, when severed, useless we.
Mortals! friends! we toil for you,
Patient, humble, silent, true:
Long as ye can speak and think,
Love your servants, "PEN AND INK."

PROVERBIALLY reckless as we Americans are said to be of human life,—phrenologically, as a people, deficient in veneration,—and above all, actuated, it is supposed, in California more especially, by a thirst for gold,—for these very reasons no circumstance makes a greater impression upon the traveler in the remote mining districts, than the respect manifested for the dead. The season may be most propitious for labor,—the brown and gold-encumbered rills may be yielding their treasures,—the quartz may lie

upon the earth displaying its glittering speckles;—but if a funeral is to take place, the stream is checked; the crushing mill is silent; the pick and shovel, and pan, are laid aside; the revel and the gaming-table are deserted. Some are occupied in preparing the “house appointed for all living;” others busy themselves in the solemn offices and adornments which remind them of the customs of their far-distant homes; and one mounts his horse, and rides, perhaps twenty miles, to bring a minister, whose prayers may consecrate that lonely burial-place. No tolling bell is there to summon them; but, long before the appointed hour, the miner makes his most careful toilet, and the roughest and wildest wear an air of decent sadness. How often in the farthest mining regions does the eye behold,—either upon the heights of a snow-covered hill, or on the rugged side of a stony, deserted gorge in the mountain,—a solitary grave! It is invariably enclosed from injury by a paling,—sometimes tasteful and regular,—sometimes the rough work of unaccustomed, but friendly hands. In time those very hands may be laboring hundreds of miles away; there may be no one to answer the inquiry,—whose grave is that, yonder? His kindred may be afar off—what then? Friendship and humanity have done their office. Is it not man's destiny to be forgotten by his fellow-men? “Storied urn and animated bust,” in our crowded, classical or picturesque cemeteries, in time are left, weather-stained and grass-grown, as generations after generations arise, casting their eyes of love forward towards the race springing up around them, whose images, vividly reflected upon their vision, efface the pictures of the past, which memory had faintly painted there.

Eustace Colton had left his home, his mother, his friends, and the woman he loved, to seek in California that fortune which, a few years ago, seemed the “inalienable right” of every one who visited this favored land. Possessed of only a small stipend, his mother had brought him up to the law; for two years he had impatiently struggled with the genteel starvation imposed upon too many young men, who, in our over-stocked Eastern cities, throng the ranks of the “liberal” professions, while one in a hundred attains competence and fame. With a strong arm, an honest heart, a well-in-

formed mind, indomitable perseverance, and equally powerful hopefulness and buoyancy of spirits, he crossed the Plains, and arrived in California. Early and late he toiled in the mines. While his means were freely shared with all who needed, he launched into no expenses, committed no excesses. He was a universal favorite, though many were surprised at his prudence and economy, and some shrewdly guessed that a powerful secret motive alone could prompt his systematic course. He made no confidant, however, and though his companions jestingly tormented him upon the arrival of letters, which at that time was an event of vast importance, and wondered why his hard, strong hand trembled, and the blood crimsoned visibly even through his sun-burned cheek, as he pored over the missive from home, he still kept his own counsel. His laugh rung the loudest, his jest was the merriest in the group of miners as they met for social intercourse after their daily labors. Ill-success, which he occasionally encountered, damped neither his ardor nor his mirth; for, even in the lowering of the “sable cloud” of Disappointment, Hope ever turned “her silver lining on the night,” and brightened the gloomiest prospect.

Having gathered his little “pile,” and as, in that vicinity, there were no means of obtaining comforts or even necessities, except by long expeditions to distant settlements, he determined to turn store-keeper, and accordingly built one of those easily-constructed cabins whose muslin roofs glisten in the sun as the traveller winds round the steep hill-side. The store was soon filled with the miscellaneous stock seen in every mining camp; provisions of all kinds, saddles, miners' tools and clothing, women's gear, cooking utensils, books, stationery, colored prints, revolvers, drugs, blankets and bedding, wall-paper, cradles, (for miners, not babies,) common china, ropes, quick-silver, and window-glass, and a fair return was promised for his outlay. But Eustace was not satisfied; he labored on; close by his store arose by degrees an humble dwelling, well guarded from the storm, well sheltered from the sun. Canvas and wall-paper soon beautify a miner's home. The useful cooking stove, with all its bright appurtenances, duly landed from a mule's back, were safely deposited in their appointed places. To the window, (unusually large for a cabin

in a mining camp,) Eustace affixed a wide sill on which he placed various sturdy thriving plants in flower-pots, which, by inconceivable labor and pains, had been brought uninjured in a peddler's wagon. Various neat engravings (without frames, alas!) were nailed up in the cabin parlor, which was covered by a carpet! The ground in front was laid out in reference to future gardening; the path to the stream well filled with stones, and then planked over, for comfortable passage in the rainy season, and his friends all laughed good humoredly at the "dandy bachelor."

At last Eustace announced that he was about to visit the Eastern States, imperatively called thither by circumstances. To a well-trying friend he committed the care of his store, his neat dwelling, his miniature flower garden, and his incipient improvements. Jest after jest flowed from his lips, smiles and laughter played around his mouth, when he bade his friends farewell, as one who is soon to return, and answered their inquisitive smiles with a pleasantry as light as their own. * * * * *

"Bella! is this the return I am to expect? I will not enumerate my toils, my struggles, my hardships, my self-denial. Two hearts cannot stand as debtor and creditor, the one presenting an account which the other ignores. No! amidst the fiercest current of misfortune, Hope still kept me above the surface of the waves, and floated me onward towards my haven. I offer you the home you promised to share; it is humble, but honest and happy; your presence will make it an Eden. My horny hands, my weather-stained complexion have changed me, I know, but the change has come in toiling for your sake. My manners have, I know, acquired a roughness, which, however repulsive now, constant association with you will soon wear away to their former refinement. But why do I argue? Bella, the human being who loves truly, who seeks to be another's companion, consoler, and stay for life, loves, not the husk, but the golden grain within,—treasures the pearl, but cavils not at the ruggedness of the shell. As I am, take me! the man you said you loved; the man you told to go forth and make a home, and you would share it! Bella, I have fulfilled my promise; will you keep yours?" * * *

"Eustace Colton is coming back! He

has arrived by the last steamer!" Such was the cry that startled the miner delving in the sluice-box, the laborer shoveling at the quartz mill, the mother whose child Eustace had found straying toward the turbulent "Fork," or for whom he had walked at midnight along the unfrequented road for the doctor from the nearest town. Young women, too, echoed the cry; the sister who had left her home to join her relatives here, and entering the rough ball-room, (where two quadrilles at least were often composed of the sterner sex alone,) alarmed at the crowd of men assembled, had looked to him for protection, escort, and society, in her novel position. A change to her indeed, from being the unnoticed sixtieth in a ball-room in the Eastern States, to become the all-sought-after amongst five others in a dance in a mining-camp. So it is; the sex itself is a passport. The rudest mannered, the coarsest worded man assumes a neatness of appearance, a subdued, deferential bearing—the oath is suppressed, the vulgar slang omitted; the man who would grapple with a grizzly bear, softens down his harshness in a woman's presence. Let a woman's wish be known in those districts, provided she be such a woman as good men "delight to honor," she will find messengers as prompt as Ariel to do her every bidding. O woman, woman! in all lands destined to be the refiner, the purifier, the muse, almost the saint—how shouldst thou account for the Ten Talents committed to thy charge!

Eustace has returned. The store yields unheard of profits for such a retired region; the cabin brightens in the sunlight—the flowers throw out their fragrance and their blossoms. His friends merrily inquire for the bride they expected him to bring back. The laugh, louder than ever, but with a hollow sound, the jest bubbling with wit, but tinged with bitter sarcasm, is their only answer.

Eustace busied himself in his daily duties; but despondency hung over him. Did any one notice his dejection, the lively rejoinder was ready on his tongue, the flame glanced up as brightly as before, but fitfully, and died out in a moment. Time passed. One night the miners assembled around a huge wood fire which blazed in the open air, correcting the chill, which beneath that blue-star-spotted sky is but a passing breath. A steamer had arrived, and newspapers

from the Eastern States were passed from hand to hand. A miner, who had taken possession of the —— Gazette, was reading aloud, and pertinaciously enumerated the marriages and deaths—advertisements most likely to interest those who are absent from home. As some familiar names struck the hearers, they commented upon the news. Eustace alone was silent, although among the names he heard: "On the 16th, Bella, only daughter of Judge Wendell, to the Hon. Henry Ralston." Eustace rose, and went to his solitary cabin. Throughout the next day he was busy over papers and accounts.

"Here, Frank," said he to his most intimate friend, who had occupied his cabin during his absence, and now shared it with him, "you are an excellent calculator; run over my books with me, there's a good soul."

"Well, 'Stace, as you are your own boss, that seems superfluous," was the reply.

"No matter, we do not know what may happen. The good book says, 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and I would rather settle all my affairs."

Thus admonished, Frank complied. The accounts were balanced; a small profit remained. "Frank," said Eustace, "if anything is left, send it to my mother. My mother! Oh God! my mother!" and the reluctant tear oozed through the closed fingers of his hand as he passed it over his brow.

The next day Eustace was the gayest of the gay. In the evening his comrades looked in as usual for a friendly chat. Eustace still busied himself in arranging articles on the shelves in the store, when suddenly the report of a pistol was heard. The miners turned round, and beheld Eustace weltering in his blood. They bore him to his adjacent cabin. Night and day his friends alternately watched by him. The most eminent surgical aid was procured, but in vain. From the nature of the wound, he lingered long, but could not, or would not, assign a cause for his rash act. Once only he exclaimed, "My mother! oh my poor mother!" He died. Over the hill-top, up from the valley, along the cañon, his brethren of the pick and shovel accom-

panied him to the grave; the families in the vicinity draped their windows, closed their doors, assumed some types of mourning, and followed to the spot. The minister of God paused not to consider his right to "cast the first stone," but in humble imitation of his Divine Master, strove to "bind the bruised reed," and called on all around him to make such an hour one of solemn devotion and repentance. The soul is given to Thy hands, O God! it is for Thee alone to judge and to forgive!

In a noble mansion in the midst of a plenteous farm in New England, by the cheerful fireside, sits the wealthy and intelligent owner, whose sterile land, by judicious skill and labor, yields as much as the gold-laden earth of California. Beside him is seated a blooming matron, many years his junior. Mr. Ralston loves to hear news from California; he thinks of sending produce thither; he has just received a newspaper, and looking over the news, he reads, "Died suddenly." "Yes," he remarks, "that is the pious fraud always adopted in our country in announcing violent deaths; but stay! here is a full account of the suicide of Eustace Colton. Bless me, Bella! was he not an acquaintance of yours?" While the lady hesitated in her reply, the door opened, and two sprightly girls ran breathlessly in. "We have come home from Sunday School," cried the eldest to her step-mother, "and have been so good! so good! We have got our texts, too, for next Sunday—here they are. Mine is: 'WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM!'" "Yes," interrupted the lisping youngest, as she flung herself into the lady's lap, "and mine is—read it, pretty mamma—'WHERE IS THY BROTHER ABEL?'"

The keystone of the moral arch which spans human life from the cradle to the grave, is faith in God, faith in His word, faith in friendship, faith in love. When one of these four corners is broken away, the others too often, sooner or later, crumble also; the stone is loosened, and the lofty pile becomes a ruin, on which, like the great city of olden time, the destroyer may gaze and weep, but gaze and weep in vain!

THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

THE wonderful character of California extends to its climate, which is unlike that of any other country, and particularly dissimilar to that of the American States east of the Rocky Mountains. In general character it resembles the climate of Western Europe. Its chief peculiarities, as distinguished from the climate of the Eastern States are, that the winters are warmer, the summers—especially at night—cooler, the changes from heat to cold not so great nor so frequent, the sky clearer, the atmosphere drier, the quantity of rain less, and confined principally to the winter months; thunder, hail, snow and ice much rarer, the winds more constant, (blowing from the north for fair weather and from the south for storms,) and earthquakes more frequent. California reaches through nine and a quarter degrees of latitude, from $32^{\circ} 45'$ to $42'$. San Diego being as far south as Charleston, and Crescent City as far north as Providence, most of the Golden State has the winter of South Carolina and the summer of Rhode Island. The orange, the lemon, the olive, the fig, the pomegranate, the vine, the peach, the apple, sugar, cotton, rice, wheat and barley, all find most congenial climes in California.

The State, indeed, has many climes: one for the western slope of the Coast Range, between Point Conception and Cape Mendocino; another for the Sacramento basin, and others for the northern and southern ends of the State.

The causes of these peculiarities of climate are chiefly to be found in the position of the country on the western side of the continent, bordering on the wide Pacific Ocean, washed by a warm current flowing across from the China Sea, bounded on the east by a high range

of mountains, beyond which lies a great desert, and cut up into numerous valleys by a large number of minor ranges.

San Francisco.

On the Coast, between 35° to 40° , there is little difference between the temperature of winter and summer. San Francisco is on the same latitude with Washington and St. Louis, but knows neither the cold winters nor the hot summers which afflict those places. Ice is rarely formed in the California metropolis, and never more than an inch in thickness, and the thermometer never stays at the freezing point 24 hours. The lowest point which it has ever reached, since 1849, is 25° ; while in St. Louis it goes down to 12° , and frequently remains near that figure for many consecutive days. The lowest figures of the thermometer, at San Francisco, in January of the years '51, '52, '53, '54 and '55, were, respectively, 30° , 35° , 41° , 25° and 33° —showing that, in three Januaries out of the five, there was no ice at all; and when it fell to 25° , in '54, the weather was declared to be colder than it had ever been before, "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Snow sometimes falls, but, during six years' residence in the city, I do not remember to have seen the streets dressed in white.

In St. Louis the winter months rarely have a day which is really comfortable in the open air, while at least half the season is so in San Francisco, the sky being clear, the sun warm and the air gentle, so that the weather bears a strong resemblance, in temperature, to the Indian summer in the Mississippi Valley. On the other hand, the summers are cool—or cold. In November, 1854, the lowest figure reached, in San Francisco, was

47°, while in July of the same year it was 46°—showing that at no time in the former month was it so cold as at one time in the latter.

The mean temperature, in July, is 57°, 21 degrees lower than in Washington City. There are not more than a dozen days in the year when the thermometer rises above 80°—at which figure heat first begins to be oppressive—while in St. Louis and Washington there are, every year, from 60 to 90 days which reach that height. In San Francisco, again, no matter how warm the day at noon, the evenings and mornings are always cool, and blankets are necessary—at least a pair of them—as a bed covering, every night. Summer clothing is not worn by more than one person in ten; and those who wear it put it on only during the middle of the few warm days. The mean temperatures of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, are 54°, 57°, 56° and 50°, respectively, showing a range of only 7 degrees between the four seasons. There is a range of two degrees more by taking the months separately—January, the coldest month, having a mean temperature of 49°, and September, the warmest, a mean of 58°. The mean of the whole year is 54°—a temperature which requires heavy woolen clothing and a vigorous constitution to feel comfortable in the open air. There is no other place in the world which is so cool in the summer, and yet so warm in the winter.

Although the mean temperature of Summer differs little from that of Winter, yet there are sometimes very warm days, which may be immediately succeeded by very cool nights. Thus, the mercury has risen to 97°, and often falls to 46° in July; and such a change of 50° might occur within twelve hours. The average range of the thermometer, in July and August, is about 20 degrees—from 50° to 70°. The persons who visit

San Francisco, during the summer, from the interior of the State, where the climate is much warmer and summer clothes are worn, are much annoyed by having to bring heavy woolen clothing with them. The editor of a Stockton paper, disgusted with the summer climate of San Francisco, expressed himself somewhat after this manner:—"You go out in the morning, shivering, notwithstanding the fact that you are dressed in heavy woolen clothing and under-clothing, and have a thick overcoat buttoned up to your throat. At 8 o'clock you unbutton two of the upper buttons; at 8:30 two more; at 9 you unbutton the coat all the way down; at 9:30 you take it off; at 10 you take off your coat and put on a summer coat; at 10:30 you take off all your woolen and put on light summer clothing; at 4 it begins to get cool; you begin to put on the woolen clothing again; by 7 o'clock your overcoat is again buttoned to the chin, and you shiver until bed-time."

The coolness of the summer is owing to the winds and fogs from the ocean. There is a strong wind blowing from the north and northwest, along the coast, during almost the whole year, and it blows strongly upon the land for several hours after 11 o'clock in the morning and after 5 in the evening, and, not unfrequently, during the whole day. In June, July and August, heavy fogs come up from the sea at 6 in the evening, and continue until 8 or 9 in the morning—extending from 10 to 15 miles into the interior. Fogs are rare in the winter, and the winds are usually not so strong, so that, in these respects, the summer is the most severe season of the year.

Sacramento Basin.

As before said, the basin of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin has a climate of its own, and its chief characteristics, as compared with the coast climate, are want of fogs, faint sea-breezes, winters 4

degrees colder, and summers from 16 to 20 degrees warmer. The greater heat of summer is owing to the want of the ocean winds and fogs; the greater cold of winter is owing to the distance from the sea and the proximity of the snow-covered Sierra Nevada. While at San Francisco the thermometer usually stands at 70° in mid-day, during the summer, the heat is 16 degrees higher at Sacramento, at the very same moment; and these 16 additional degrees make a great difference in the climate of the two places. In the southern portion of the San Joaquin Valley, the heat of the summer is intense. The county Assessor of Fresno county, in his annual report for 1857, says that the mean temperature, at 3 P. M., during the summer months, is 106°. The heat is great, also, in the most northern portions of the Sacramento Valley. From Kern River to Shasta the winters, in the Sacramento basin, are colder than they are on the coast.

The Sacramento Valley is too warm for comfort during the summer, and many persons find San Francisco too cold; but there are many intermediate places. Sacramento is 80 miles from the ocean; Vacaville is 60; Suisun, 50; Benicia, 40; Napa, 35; Sonoma, 30; Petaluma, 20; San Rafael, 10; and the climate of these intermediate places is graduated, in the summer, according to their distance from the ocean. Sonoma Valley, for instance, has a delightful climate, free from fogs and cold winds, and yet blessed with a sea-breeze, which tempers the heat of every summer day to the precise degree necessary to the perfect happiness of a man who wishes to take life easy and do nothing. All the valleys embosomed in the Coast Mountains, from Humboldt Bay to Santa Barbara, have the same beautiful climate, which in summer will, I think, compare favorably with the most delicious climate of Italy. In fact, there is no degree of warmth, from a broiling

heat to a chilling cold, which can not be found in California near the level of the sea.

The general course of the coast is going southward from North Northwest to South Southeast; but, about latitude 35°, it turns due South, and, after keeping that direction for 40 miles, makes a right angle and runs due East 80 miles. Along the southern side of this angle runs a high mountainous spur, which terminates in the corner known as Point Conception. South of this point fogs are rare, and the summers are much warmer than on the coast to the northward of it; but the sea breezes are regularly felt, and they protect the whole country, to a distance of 50 or 60 miles from the ocean, against the excessive heat which reigns in the Colorado Desert, where the coolest month is only two degrees colder than the warmest in San Francisco.

Clearness of Sky.

The following table shows the number of days which were "entirely clear," "cloudy" and "rainy" in 1853, '54 and '55, in Sacramento:

	1853.	1854.	1855.	Average.
Entirely clear.....	239	223	92	218
Cloudy.....	70	82	113	88
Rainy.....	56	60	60	58

The days which are clear in Sacramento are clear over the whole State south of latitude 40°, but there are many days cloudy at Sacramento which are perfectly clear in the southern part of the State. From the 1st of April till the 1st November, there are not, in ordinary years, more than 15 cloudy days at Sacramento; and from the 1st of November till the 1st of April, half the days are clear. It often happens that weeks upon weeks in winter, and months upon months in summer, pass without a cloud being seen in the Sacramento Valley. On the coast clouds are more frequent, being blown up from the ocean; but they disappear after 10 o'clock in the morning.

Comparison of Temperatures.

The following table shows the mean temperature of every month and the average of the whole year at San Francisco, Benicia, Sacramento, Fort Miller, Fort Reading, Fort Yuma, and also at various places in other parts of the

world, some of them, such as Funchal, Naples, Honolulu and Mexico, being famed for the beauty and equability of their climates. In addition to the temperature, the latitude of each place is given:

PLACES.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	Jun.	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	VER- AGE.	LATITUDE.
San Francisco,.....	49	51	52	55	55	56	57	57	58	57	54	51	54	37 48
Benicia.....	47	52	53	57	59	67	67	66	64	62	54	47	58	38 03
Sacramento.....	45	48	51	59	67	71	73	73	66	64	52	45	59	38 34
Fort Miller.....	47	53	56	62	68	83	90	83	76	67	55	48	66	37
Fort Reading.....	44	49	54	59	65	77	82	79	71	62	52	44	62	40 28
Fort Yuma.....	56	58	66	73	76	87	92	90	86	76	64	55	73	32 43
New York.....	31	30	38	47	57	67	73	72	66	55	45	34	51	40 37
New Orleans.....	55	58	64	70	75	81	82	82	78	70	62	55	69	29 57
Steilacoom.....	38	40	42	48	55	60	64	63	57	52	45	39	50	47 10
London.....	37	40	42	46	53	58	62	62	57	50	44	40	49	51 29
City of Mexico.....	52	54	61	63	66	65	65	64	64	60	55	52	60	19 26
Naples.....	46	47	51	56	64	70	76	76	69	61	53	49	60	40 52
Funchal.....	60	60	62	63	64	67	70	72	72	67	64	60	65	32 38
Honolulu.....	71	72	72	74	76	77	78	79	78	76	74	73	75	21 16
Jerusalem.....	47	53	60	54	66	71	77	72	60	58	47	62	62	31 47
Canton.....	52	55	62	70	77	81	83	82	80	73	65	57	69	23 08
Nargasaki.....	43	44	50	61	69	77	80	83	78	66	53	47	62	32 45

By the study of this table we can form an excellent idea of the temperature of the different portions of the State, as compared with each other, and as compared with those of some other countries. So far as we know, San Francisco has the most equable and mildest climate in the world. Within the tropics there are, no doubt, many places which have a more equable temperature, but it is the equability of intense heat.

Funchal, on the island of Madeira, has probably the mildest climate in the world, but in equability it is inferior to San Francisco. Benicia is 30 miles from the ocean, and has a warmer summer and a colder winter than the immediate coast. Sacramento has the climate of Naples and Jerusalem throughout the year: its summer being the same as that of New York, but its winter 14 degrees warmer. Fort Reading and Nargasaki have nearly the same figures. Fort Yuma, on the

Colorado Desert, in latitude 32° 45', is warmer than New Orleans, in 29° 57'.

Thunder-Storms.

To a native of the Mississippi Valley, where thunder-storms are exceedingly frequent and grand, the climate of California appears very singular for the almost entire want of these great electrical convulsions. Lightning is not seen more than three or four times a year in San Francisco, and thunder is still more rare. Indeed, many persons have been here for years, and cannot say that they have ever seen the one or heard the other. During nine years' residence in the State, I have never seen a brilliant flash of lightning nor heard a loud clap of thunder. Such phenomena are sometimes witnessed high up in the mountains, but never in the valleys or in the Southern part of the State. The lightning seen at San Francisco does not ap-

pear over-head, but is seen only about the peak of Mount Diablo, which is 30 miles distant—so far that the thunder accompanying the lightning is either not heard at all, or is so faint that it would not be known to be thunder, were it not for the introductory flash.

Amount of Rain.

Nearly all the rain which falls in California falls between the 1st of November and the 1st of May. There are frequently showers in May, and sometimes in all the months of summer and autumn, but they do not last long, nor do they yield much water. The expression "rainy season" conveys to many persons the idea that an immense amount of water falls in California—that, in fact, our winters are one continual rain. I have already partly corrected this error by giving the number of clear days; I shall further correct it by giving the following figures of the amount of rain, in inches, which falls during the four seasons, in various places in California, as compared with the amount in other States:

	Spr.	Sum.	Aut.	Win.	Total.
San Francisco...	8.....00	3.....1123		
Sacramento.....	9.....00	3.....821		
Fort Reading..	11.....3	4.....1211		
Fort Miller.....	9.....00	3.....1124		
Fort Yuma.....	2.....1	8.....83		
Astoria.....	9.....6	10.....1945		
Portland, Me.....	12.....10	11.....1045		
New York City..	11.....11	9.....1043		
New Orleans.....	11.....17	9.....1250		
St. Louis.....	1.....14	8.....641		

From this table it appears that seven times as much rain falls at San Francisco as at Fort Yuma; and that twice as much rain falls at New York as at San Francisco; that the amount of rain which falls at the two places during winter and spring is about the same—the main difference being during the summer and autumn. Thus, there is more of a true rainy season at New York, St. Louis and New Orleans, during the winter, than at San Francisco; but, in the former places, the summer is a rainy season, too. The rain, however, in California does not

come in such fierce storms as visit the Atlantic States, but falls more slowly and gently. The coast above Humboldt Bay receives a far greater amount of rain than any other part of the State, and, in that respect, resembles the humid climate of Western Oregon. The rain, along the whole coast, comes from the South; and a breeze from that direction is considered a certain precursor of clouds and wet weather—while the continuance of the North wind is as certain a promise of a clear sky.

The small amount of rain and the entire want of it, during the summer, renders the climate a very dry one. During the autumn, many of the rivers sink in the sand soon after leaving the mountains in which they rise; the plains and hills are baked hard to a depth of many inches; the grass and herbage, except near springs or on swampy land, are dried up and turned brown as the earth they grew upon. It is said that the extreme dryness of the season favors the evaporation of sweat, and thus keeps the body cooler and renders the heat less oppressive than in other places where more rain falls. Evaporation is so rapid that a beefsteak hung up in the air will dry up before it can putrefy. A dead rat thrown into the street, so that its body is crushed by wagon-wheels and its viscera exposed to the air, will "dry up," and its stiff hide will lay during a whole summer in a mummified condition. The phrase "dry up" is peculiarly expressive to a Californian; in May and June, soon after the close of the rainy season, he sees the brooks, the rivers, the fields, the grass and the ditches "dry up," and with them "dry up" many of the resources of the country.

Snow and Hail.

Snow is rare in the valleys, and never lies more than a few days, except in the Klamath Valley. Thus, at Yreka, which

is on a plain about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, there is usually about a month's sleighing in the course of a winter. There are several other mining towns, high up in the mountains, where the snow falls to a great depth, and lies until late in the spring. Hail-storms never occur during the summer, but sometimes in February and the spring months. There have been several occasions, during the last eight or nine years, that large pieces of ice—not to be called "hail"—have stormed down. There was such a storm at Butte Creek, in Shasta county, on the 10th of May, 1856, when balls of snow and ice, some of them weighing 12 pounds each, came down. Fortunately, the storm was confined to a small district and lasted less than half an hour. In the middle of the Sacramento Valley it has several times happened that there have been stones of hail more than an inch in diameter.

Aurora Borealis.

The Aurora Borealis is very rarely seen in California; and, as compared with its appearance in States in the same latitude, on the Atlantic side, is never brilliant.

Earthquakes.

Earthquakes will probably be proved, in time, to be electrical phenomena, and I shall include them under the head of Climate. They are very numerous in California, but rarely so severe as to do any serious damage. We hear that, twenty, fifty and seventy years ago houses, were thrown down by them, but nothing of the kind has occurred, of late. We frequently have little shakes—often barely perceptible—but no person nor any substantial building has been injured by an earthquake in San Francisco, since the American conquest. Several brick houses have had their walls cracked, but these are all built on "made ground," which has been filled in within the last six

years; upon the soft, mud bottom of the bay; and the houses would have cracked—as some of them had lost their perpendicular—without the assistance of any shock. During the last ten years there has been no earthquake in San Francisco so severe as the one which visited Buffalo, N. Y., in October, 1857, as described in the American Journal of Science and Arts for September, 1858.

From 1850 to 1855, inclusive,—six years—it is reported that there were 59 earthquakes—10 a year—in the State, of which 32 were noticed in San Francisco. In the Southern part of the State, below latitude 35°, earthquakes are more frequent and severe than farther north. On the 10th of July, 1855, there was a shock in Los Angeles, which cracked the walls of twenty-six houses; but no wall was thrown down, nor was any person injured.

Concluding Remarks.

A railroad, about one hundred and eighty miles long, running nearly due East from Oakland, through Stockton and Sonora, and near the Mammoth Grove of Mariposa and the Yo-Semite Valley to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, would enable the people near the line to place themselves, every summer's day, in any tolerable degree of either heat or cold. Eighteen miles west of Oakland lies the beach of the Pacific, where a chill breeze blows without ceasing; and, going Eastward, the traveler would gradually get into a warmer clime, until in Stockton he would find the thermometer at 100°, most of the summer noons; and, going still further, he would gradually rise into the almost freezing comb of the Sierra. A branch road, running southward to Fort Yuma, would enable the traveler to enjoy almost as great a variety of climate, in a winter's day, as could be found in the other during summer.

In closing this article, it is proper that I should acknowledge my obligations for figures used in it to "Blodget's Climatology," and to various papers published by Dr. T. M. Logan, of Sacramento, and Dr. Henry Gibbons, of Oakland.

THE MINSTREL'S FATHERLAND.

Translated from the German of Theodore Korner.

BY J. D. STRONG.

WHERE is the minstrel's Fatherland?
 Where souls of noble sires grow,
 Where wreaths of classic beauty blow,
 Where strong and brave hearts wildly glow—
 By Freedom's holy fires fanned—
 There is my father land!

How is the minstrel's Fatherland?
 Her murdered sons she now invokes—
 She weeps beneath those foreign yokes;
 She once was called the Land of Oaks—
 The Land of Freedom!—German Land!—
 Such is my Fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's Fatherland?
 She weeps because her princes cower
 Beneath a blood-stained tyrant's power;
 Her sacred words live not an hour;
 Her wildest cries move not a hand—
 Thus weeps my Fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's Fatherland?
 She calls on God with dying groans—
 In desperation's thund'ring tones!
 She calls on Freedom—on her sons—
 On Retribution's vengeful hand—
 These call my Fatherland!

What would the minstrel's Fatherland?
 Oh! she would slay the tyrant hounds,
 And drive th' oppressor from her bounds—
 Give to her sons true Freedom's crowns—
 Or lay their bones beneath the sand—
 This would my Fatherland!

And hopes the minstrel's Fatherland?
 She trusts in Freedom's holy rod.
 And in her people's sacred blood;
 She trusts the vengeance of her God!
 Nor vainly trusts His scourging hand—
 Thus hopes my Fatherland!

"DOINGS" OF '51.

IN this sketch—which, if I succeed in crowding into it all that I now intend, will be quite lengthy—I shall endeavor to depict a few of the many trials, disappointments and sufferings to which a miner in the olden time was ever subject. It will be my good fortune, as well as pleasure, to speak of good, true, kind-hearted, generous, whole-souled friends; and it is with sincere sorrow that I shall be obliged to write of those of an opposite nature. And be it understood that I do not simply "spin a yarn;" the picture will be true to life, and perhaps there may be some who, looking upon the sketch, will recognize portions of the likeness as true to their own experience, and will be kind enough to say, "Give me your hand, old boy! 'tis an o'ertrue story, for we have been there." Some, too, there are, at the present time, repining over their hard fortune, and will tell you that "nobody ever had such luck," and, should you grant them an ear, will pour into it a perfect avalanche of disasters. Mayhap they will chance to read these lines of mine, and derive some little comfort—cold though it may be—to learn that "bad luck" was known even in the halcyon days of other times.

It will be my aim to color the picture, as I go along, with an occasional smile, and to touch it up in one or two places for a laugh; possibly you may find a spot to drop a sympathetic tear, and, if you do, let it fall for "Auld Lang Syne."

And now, with this, the first preface I ever wrote, I loose my lines from the shore of Intentions and launch forth to sail down upon the sea of Reminiscences, and, gathering from its hallowed surface tears and smiles, hopes and disappointments, will spread them out before you.

CHAPTER FIRST

TELLS OF A TURN OF LUCK, AND INTRODUCES A GOOD OLD FRIEND.

I shall not commence to weave this fabric with the golden threads of '49 and '50; I will only shuttle them enough to say that in the fall of the latter year, I left the mines with a snug little fortune, and with the intention of wending my way homeward. Being in no particular hurry, and an opportunity offering to gratify a long-cherished desire to go around the world, I took passage in, as supercargo of, a fine clipper bark, bound to New York, *via* the Sandwich Islands and China. But, arriving at the Islands, we learned of that which induced us to change the voyage and return to San Francisco, laden with stock and produce. The profits of that trip were so flattering that I was induced to take an interest in another; and, purchasing a brig, we once more set sail, and in due time dropped anchor in the harbor of Hilo, on the coast of Hawaii; from thence we visited Oahu and the Islands to leeward, buying hogs, turkeys, fowls, sweet potatoes, onions, limes, and whatever else traffickable, whenever we could find it.

On the 9th of June, 1851, we bid farewell to Kanakadom and laid our course for the "Farallones;" but alas, for adverse winds and heavy seas, the perishable nature of onions and sweet potatoes, the folly of turkeys, the slight tenacity of hens to life; and worse yet, the uncertainty of a California market—that voyage ruined me; and after a settlement of all things concerned, I found myself standing one pleasant day in the month of July, 1851, on Long Wharf, possessed of twenty-five cents in grand cash, and with a craving for something in the pit of the stomach, having been twenty-four

hours without eating. I was dead sure broke; that solitary quarter I had hung to like grim death to a deceased African. After one day's fingering of the coin I was convinced it possessed not the qualities of a nest-egg, and forthwith purchased a cup of coffee and—a plug of tobacco; then, with a firm resolve to do something, and that immediately, walked down the wharf. Meandering along the docks my eye caught sight of an American ensign waving from the upper story of a building near by, and upon its ample folds I read "Seamen Wanted." Deliberately I entered the door and walked up stairs into the office; after making one or two inquiries regarding the ship and her destination—which I learned was the East Indies—I seized a pen and quickly entered my name upon her articles as an "ordinary seaman"—wages forty dollars per month.

"How much advance do you want?" asked the shipping master.

"When does the ship sail?" I asked, in reply.

"To-morrow morning; you must have your traps down and go on board to-night."

"Well, if that's the case, I don't want my advance; for I've got all the 'tin' necessary."

With a promise to be down in time I left the office, consoling myself that, after all, I'd have a trip around the world. My lodging place was with a friend who rented a room on Commercial street, and thither I went to overhaul my chest and make ready to go on board. A very little time sufficed to complete those arrangements, and then, attired in a pair of coarse woolen pants, an old cap, blue shirt, a dongaree jumper, with a sheath and knife belted around it, I sat upon my chest to think. How fraught with sadness were those moments! how much came crowding into that brief space of time. Visions of the many castles I had

for years been building came before me, and one after the other passed away until nothing remained, save a dark and dreary prospect, with not a single gleam of sunshine to relieve the sombre aspect. How hope had fallen then!—and then I sat upon that chest, and—lost to all the world beside myself—thought, and thought, and kept on thinking, until a hand was laid rather roughly upon my shoulder, and a voice exclaimed:

"I'll be hanged if you're not asleep with your eyes open! I've been hollowing to you for the past five minutes. Come! rouse up and hear the news."

"Hollo, Ned, you here?" said I throwing off my lethargy and endeavoring to look pleased.

"Yes, and I might as well be anywhere else, for all the satisfaction I get out of you. I'll bet my boots that you've coaxed up the blues thinking of some young woman; but never mind the women—"trifles light as air," you know the rest—they do well enough once in a while, but devilish bad property for a permanent investment," (and here Ned shrugged his shoulders, for he spoke by the look, and continued,) "I did, at one time—but ha, ha, ha! what are you rigged up in that way for? You look like a first-rate bucaneer. What a capital *first murderer* you'd make in a bloody drama! Now don't open your mouth, for if you do I know you'll say something wicked to me, and 't would n't be fair when I've come to cheer you up. If you think you are awake, I'll be serious and talk business. You are, are you? Well, then, I have a situation for you, where you can go right to work—first-rate place—good pay—not much to do—everything comfortable. Perhaps you won't fancy the business at first; but one can't expect to find all things as he would prefer them; and, besides, when anything better turns up, you will be at liberty to take advantage of it, and —"

"Too late! too late!"

"What's too late?—what's the matter, now?"

"Your kindness, Ned. Look at this chest—and look again at my costume—I've shipped."

"When?—shipped!—where?"

"For a voyage to China, and then home. I have taken a long stride, Ned—from the cabin to the fore-castle—but, rather than loaf about this town, I'd dig clams and sell them by the quart. Had I my choice, I would go to the mines; but, with an empty purse, people are generally governed by circumstances, and make excuses in accordance; so I tell you the Fates have decided that I shall go to sea; it's my destiny, and to-night I shall commence to fulfill it."

"Fudge!" I always thought you were a sensible fellow; don't let me lose my good opinion now; here's an opportunity to make a raise; and, when you get something ahead, you can go alone again. So don't curse and quit California; there's many a one worse off than you are. What if you have had bad luck!—everybody is more or less subject to it, and to yield and cry beaten because the fickle goddess has ceased to tickle you, tell of a very weak spirit; but I have seen too much of you to believe that your depression is more than momentary."

"I acknowledge that you have spoken well. I am not easily disheartened; but to-day the blue devils got hold of me—I could see nothing ahead—and becoming reckless, withal, went into an office and signed a ship's papers. However, I took no advance, and cannot be compelled; yet, I promised; and, although appreciating and truly thankful for your kindness, I prefer to go,"

"And I prefer that you should stay; and stay you shall! You have many friends who would gladly assist you, did you but ask it; but you are, and have

been, too proud for that—yet not too proud to ship as a common sailor. Consistent, ain't it? But come along, and I'll introduce you to a streak of daylight in five minutes," and seizing my arm, he rather dragged than led me out.

Ned had been a passenger with me on my first voyage to the Islands, and returned with me on my second. He had witnessed sack after sack of decayed potatoes and onions go over the rail; he had seen fowls become dumpish, blind, and die by dozens every day; he had seen turkeys, in heavy weather, crowd together in their pens, and, suffocating each other, die. He knew that I was "broke," as we had been intimate at the Islands and on ship-board, and he, in the goodness of his heart, remembered me when on shore at San Francisco. His act was entirely disinterested—prompted by feelings of pure friendship—and the compact then sealed has never yet been broken; years have passed, and many times has he proved more than he professed—more than I had a right to expect.

CHAPTER SECOND.

COMMENTS UPON FRIENDSHIP, AND INTRODUCES A "HIGH OLD" FRIEND.

WHAT a holy tie is friendship! what magic in the word! How sacred 'tis, and yet how oft abused! I have had, during the past nine years, many *professed* friends, but few among the number have proven, by acts, to be worthy of the name. I could mention some whom I never think of but my heart, responding to the thought, beats high with gratitude and love; and, no matter what they may do hereafter, I shall ever think of them as they have been; I shall never forget their devotion—never cease to speak of them as noble-hearted self-sacrificing friends; and for true, disinterested friends Heaven will provide and conscience reward a thousand fold. One

who has so acted towards me I would defend against the world and fight for, so long as I had an arm to strike or a life to give. Some there are who have stood by me when danger threatened—when life seemed worthless and the future hopeless—assisted me when impoverished, and watched over me in sickness; to them I am eternally bound, and it is my earnest wish—my most heartfelt prayer—that I may live to prove how dearly I esteem them and how full of thanks this heart has kept.

But for those who wear the garb of friendship only to deceive—win confidence but to betray—give poison sugar-coated, and make a plaything and a tool of trusting nature—there is no punishment too severe. Were it given me to pass sentence on such an one, ’twixt life and death I would say to *live!*—to live and suffer!—live, and never know a moment’s rest!—to live, that horrid phantoms might haunt them day and night—that all their evil acts might take the shape of devils and unceasingly pursue them; that they might never sleep; that the bright and sunny world might be to them perpetual hell, and that they might wander alone, with not even one as miserable as they to comfort them!

The business to which Ned introduced me was that of a hotel, and I was forthwith installed as clerk of the largest and best house San Francisco afforded in those days. ’T was something new to me, but I endeavored to feel at home and gain the confidence of my employer; and I believe I succeeded; yet the confinement was irksome; my restless spirit was longing to be free, and ever crying for “the mines.”

The steamer from the East arrived one day, and, as usual, quite a number of her passengers “put up” at our house, and among them one who is destined to figure conspicuously in the succeeding pages. He was a Scotch Canadian, by

name MacLean: a man at least ten years my senior. There was nothing very remarkable about his general appearance; he looked not unlike other well-made, good-shaped men; but there were peculiarities about his face; upon his lips he ever wore a smile, and such a smile as I have since learned to feel suspicious of. His eyes were large and neither blue, black, hazel or gray, but of a sort of a compound mixture of color, and of a restless nature; the lids had a habit of drooping often and quickly at times. My first impressions were unfavorable towards him, and, although I treated him kindly, I received his advances with coolness, and of the same material erected a little bar to keep him from being too familiar; but he persevered in his desire to cultivate my acquaintance, and, with a voice toned rich and full, together with his mild and earnest manner, soon took down the icy bar, and completely won my ear and confidence.

I am now a believer in first impressions. I have proved, by taking notes, that they are in most cases correct; and if you who differ with me will do as I have done, you will think as I do. When you meet a person for the first time, take out your note-book and make a memorandum of what you opine his or her character to be. Weeks, months, perhaps years will pass, and you have become intimate; you will, when referring to your memorandum, exclaim: “Is it possible that I could have thought so! I have written this person down as one I did not care to know—as dishonorable, and as revolting in appearance—but how was I mistaken! He has proven contrary in every respect to my first impressions, and I will never trust them again.” But let time go on; be not in haste; you will know your subject soon enough, and as sure as you have a heart that beats, experience will teach you that *first impressions are correct*. Please pardon the

digression, and I will return to "Mac."

It was not long before we became intimate, and I am free to say I liked the man, and censured myself for doing him so much injustice at first sight. It was his intention to go to the mines, and I gave him all the information in my power regarding those sections with which I had any acquaintance; I pictured the miner's life as the most desirable of any I knew, and told him how anxious I was to be again free and in the mountains; told him of the many happy days I had passed among miners, and how wildly my heart was beating with the joyful hope of being once again a soldier of the pick and shovel. He proposed that I should go with him, and that we might labor together; but, much as I wished to go, I did not think my financial condition would justify too much haste, and I reluctantly rejected his proposal. During the several weeks of his sojourn with me, he often expressed the desire that I would start out with him; and when something more than a month had passed, he told me that he had determined to leave town the next day for Sonora; "and," said he, "I regret very much that you cannot go with me; but I shall not forget you; I can not forget your oft-repeated acts of kindness to me, a stranger. I never thought I could become so much attached to any one in so short a time; but I tell you, candidly, that I admire, esteem and respect you; and, should Fortune favor me, you shall hear of it and shall share with me her bounties. As soon as I have settled down I will write to you, and just so soon as I think you will be justified in giving up your business to come where I am, I shall send for you. Will you come?"

My heart was full; for a moment I could not speak, and then, convulsively grasping his hand, I muttered: "I will."

When he was gone I felt lonely, and,

although lodging in San Francisco, my mind was continually wandering far away amid the mountains. Three weeks dragged their weary days along before a letter came. It was couched in the most friendly and affectionate terms; told of his good fortune at meeting with old acquaintances and neighbors from home, and of his extraordinary luck in mining. In conclusion it said: "And now, my dear boy, the time has come when I can prove, by demonstration, more than I ever professed; remember your promise. Meet me in the 'Long Tom Saloon' next Thursday evening."

I received the welcome missive on Monday, and Tuesday afternoon I left San Francisco on the boat for Stockton. My good friend Ned, as well as several others, tried and true, were on the wharf, and sent me a good-bye as the steamer paddled away.

What a happy thrill goes through one when, as the vessel sails into the stream, or as the cars leave the depot, we catch the last glimpse of familiar faces that come to see us off! What a glorious sensation it is to think that at our journey's end we shall meet with those who are expecting us, and that we shall feel their friendly grasp send sweet emotions to the heart! How delightful it is to be happy, particularly when we feel that our happiness emanates from some good act of our own; and so I felt that evening; my heart was full to bursting, and I was selfish, too. I wanted the happiness all my own; there were too many in the cabin; I did not want to talk or be talked to. I was swelling all over with joy, for was I not going to my fortune? was I not going to meet my new but much-loved friend? Had not my best and truest friends come down to the boat and laden me with good wishes—sending me off with a "God-speed" and pleasant smiles? I walked from the cabin to the after-deck; the cool air

played refreshingly upon my forehead : the stars seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever, while the tranquil moon shone sweetly down. I leaned upon the rail and saw the white foam go dashing by. I was alone, and with my swelling heart I watched it as it hissed and bubbled along ; and there I sat and thought. A straggling tear came coursing down my cheek. 'T was but the answer to a question I had asked myself: What if all this happiness of mine should prove to be but *foam*? It was only that—nothing more. The answer was the tear. Hastily I brushed it away, and exclaiming, half to myself and half aloud: "'T is false!" hurried to my berth. When I awoke, the next morning, I looked upon the city of Stockton.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE CHAMBER WHERE MY MOTHER
DIED.

Oh, still preserve it! Do not move
One relic from that room of love ;
For oh! it is a sacred spot—
Dear to my heart and ne'er forgot.
The very hangings, dim and old,
To me a thousand tales have told ;
And e'en the faded tapestry
Still speaks in many a tone to me.
'T is dearer far than all beside—
That chamber where my mother died !

There, there she loved me—there her eye
Looked smiles on me that cannot die—
There, by her side, I sat at even,
And in her glance there was a heaven
Of joy and gladness 'round me shed,
As lingers 'round the holy dead !

There hangs her portrait on the wall—
Oh! how does it each look recall!—
Her eye—her smile—her placid brow—
They linger yet—they're with me now—
Her scattered locks—her faded form—
Bowed by the strength of many a storm ;
For, 'neath the Chastener's dreadful rod,
She soared, on angels' wings, to God !

There stands her easy chair, beside
The couch on which she calmly died.
Her book is open on the stand ;
Her name is there—'tis by her hand—
Her fingers wrought the canopy ;
The ottoman and all I see
Bear some memorial of her hand—
Now working in the angels' land.

O! still preserve it! do not move
One relic from that room I love!
'Tis dear to me—'tis near by ties
Link'd with a thousand memories,
Which Time or Death can ne'er divide—
The chamber where my Mother died.

G. T. S.

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF
THE OH-WAUKEES.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

This female, whom our heroes found among the Indians, was a most beautiful creature, and, in the language of one of the boys—which we quote from his journal, kept by him during their captivity and residence among the Indians—"she looked like a being of some fairer and brighter world than this, moving about among those savages with such a queen-like air, and her long, dark hair flowing in such wild profusion about her shoulders. She was of medium hight, with a well-formed bust, a slender waist and an elastic step, which is not common among the Indians, and which was satisfactory evidence that she was of other blood than that of the red-skinned children of the forest."

The Indians with whom she lived seemed to reverence her, for, whenever she spoke, all took notice of what she said. She did not have to perform any of the drudgery which all the female portion have to do among the Indians ; but she sat in the wigwam of the chief, gave her commands, and they were obeyed. Joe endeavored to find out her past history, but she would give him no satisfac-

tion, as she said she knew nothing of her parentage, except what her adopted father—the chief—had told her: that she was his child, and that all his people called her *Wild Flower, the Pride of the Oh-Waukees*. The chief said the Great Spirit had sent her among them, as a guardian angel, to watch over them—to see that they were good Indians—so they might inherit the beautiful hunting-grounds far beyond the skies, where the flowers never fade nor wintry blasts come, but where they hunt on the banks of sparkling streams, where the sun never goes down and the deer and antelope are plenty, and where all good Indians, with their bows and arrows, should rest secure forever in eternal bliss.

Wild Flower deeply sympathized with the prisoners, and more particularly with Joe, he knew not why, unless it was because he could converse with her; but there was a peculiar emotion thrilled his very soul whenever she came near him, or when he looked into those large, beautiful eyes, which were so full of expression. He loved her, and he knew not why, for he did not feel as though he would be happy in claiming her as his bride; yet he was happy in her presence and wished to see her placed in a position more becoming her appearance than among those savages in the mountains. She would come to him at the hour of midnight, when all was hushed in death-like stillness, and inquire if the cords that he was bound with were painful, and, if so, relieve him. Yet she did not attempt to let him loose, for that was not her mode of getting the prisoners free; but she told him to be patient, and she would use her influence to get them all set free. She told him that if there was only her own people to deal with there need be no fear, but that they were only dwelling with another tribe for a short time, and that their home was on the head waters of the Colorado, many miles

distant, whither they should soon return. Joe communicated this intelligence to the other boys, which gave them some hope of their escape from the horrible death by burning.

As soon as Wild Flower learned the decision of the council, she went to the chief of her people and asked him to use his influence to call the council together again, as she had something of importance to say to them. That night the council re-assembled to hear what Wild Flower had to say.

Here we must be permitted to make a few extracts from the journal of one of the boys, and to which we are indebted for the most interesting portion of our story.

“Wild Flower came into the council and all eyes were turned upon her; not a whisper was heard; and, as she walked into the center of the circle, the light from the council-fire reflected upon her countenance, and I never, before nor since, beheld so charming a being. I thought earth could not be her abiding place, for there was an expression upon her countenance which was lovely beyond description. Her eyes were sparkling with the fire of determination. She gazed for a moment upon those around her, and then pointed towards Heaven, saying:

“Behold, my dear brethren! The Great Spirit has impressed upon my heart sympathy for these pale-faces here before us, confined as prisoners, and now condemned to burn; and, as one of them tells me, they came from a far-off land, not to injure the red man or disturb his hunting-grounds, but after what they call *gold*, which they were getting when they were taken prisoners by our band of warriors. If we take the lives of these pale-faces, the Great Spirit will be angry with us, and our hunters shall go forth and come back without any meat; for our hunting-grounds shall

be without the deer and the antelope, and the acorns shall come no more—for we will have displeased the Great Spirit.

“ ‘My brethren: I call upon you, as the representative of the Great Spirit, not to take the lives of these pale-faces; but let them go free to return to their pale-faced brethren in their far-distant home, across the big waters.

“ ‘My brethren: take warning by what I have said, and do not displease the Great Spirit; for Wild Flower speaks truly when she says the Great Spirit will be angry if you take the lives of these pale-faces. I love all my brethren, and I do not wish to see the Great Spirit angry with them, and see them go mourning about, with no meat or acorns to eat. I have given you the warning the Great Spirit gave my heart—will you believe?’

“ ‘There was a visible sensation among the dark members of the council when Wild Flower took her seat. The chief arose and reversed the decision, at the same time giving his reasons, which were sanctioned almost unanimously by both tribes, for they were afraid to incur the displeasure of Wild Flower.’”

The prisoners were then unbound and set free, and from that moment their captors began to show signs of friendship towards them. The longer they remained the more friendly they became; so they concluded to remain with them a week or so, as there was a hunting excursion coming off, and Joe and Elic wished to participate. They were gone over a week, and killed a large quantity of game of all kinds, brought home as much as they could conveniently carry, and hung the remainder on a tree, so they could get it at some future time.

When they returned they found Frank and Len enjoying themselves. Len had become more reconciled to the “Injins,” for he began to have more confidence in them; but he was still anxious to return. Frank, however, had become so perfectly

charmed with Wild Flower that it was evident he did not care about leaving. Frank had got so he could converse with her enough to make it interesting, and they often wandered alone from the village over the hills and through the green shady bowers, gathering flowers. It was an easy matter to discern that love had taken a deep hold upon both, which was marked in every action between them.

The day was finally appointed for their departure, and the chief promised to send some of the warriors to pilot them over the mountains and show them the trail to the valley. When Frank learned that the boys were determined to leave, he told them that he could never part with Wild Flower, as all his future hopes of happiness were centered in her, and without her society this world would have no charms for him; that he was going to marry her according to the custom of the Indians. It was now made known to them, for the first time, that the chief had given his consent to the marriage of his adopted daughter to Frank, that he should become second in power among his people, and that they had a beautiful home in the valley, washed by the waters of the Colorado, where the buffalo roamed in countless numbers over the green-carpeted earth; where flowers of every hue bloomed spontaneously, and the birds sang so sweetly—there, on the banks of that romantic stream, Wild Flower told Frank that she would wander with him through the long summer's day, and at dewy eve they would return to their wigwam, and watch the moon climb the highest mountain peak, and send her pale rays dancing through the valley. Such were the inducements offered to him by Wild Flower. Combined with her matchless charms, it was too much for him, and he yielded—bidding adieu to all the luxuries of a civilized home to dwell in the forest with one of Nature's children.

It was determined that Frank and Wild Flower should get married before the boys started for the valley, as Elic had never seen an Indian wedding, and for a description of it we are indebted to the journal from which we have already made some extracts.

"Next evening, 'at twilight's last gleaming,' was appointed for the wedding. The time came around, the council wigwam was the place designated for the ceremonies, and they had a pile of dry pine brush, ready to build a fire to dance by after the wedding was over. It is strange, but none the less true, that these untutored savages have marriage ceremonies more strict and more revered, if possible, than the most refined nation upon the civilized globe. The females are more chaste, as a general thing, and the penalty for adultery more severe than those of the civilized portion of humanity. If one of the females is found guilty of the act, both of her ears are cut off and she is forever afterwards compelled to do the drudgery of the tribe. Everything being in readiness, the ceremony was commenced. The fire in the center of the council room was lighted, for it had become dark; the chief took Wild Flower into the centre of the ring, and Frank stepped in by her side, dressed in full Indian costume, with his hair shaved close, with the exception of the back part of his head. A buffalo robe was thrown around his shoulders, and he had on a pair of deer-skin leggins, Around his waist was a belt, and in it a tomahawk made of stone. His cheeks were painted red with some kind of root. On his head was a band made of raw-hide, and in that band was the tail of a fox, which denoted that he had become second in power to the chief, as he was going to marry the chief's adopted daughter, Wild Flower, the Pride of the Oh-Waukees.

"Niniaven, the intended bride, was

dressed beautifully for a child of the forest. She had on a skirt which came just below her knees, made of the skin of a fawn, fastened about her slender waist; the bottom being fringed with the feathers of a bird. On her head was a wreath of pine sprigs, neatly twined together, and in which was a feather of the richest hue, that hung most gracefully down by her side. In her bosom was a bunch of lilies, and immediately over them, in the form of a crescent, was a bunch of flowers; but the most beautiful and attractive part of her dress was a long, flowing robe, or what we would call a scarf, thrown across her shoulders, and which fell gracefully by her side. It was made of pieces taken from the breasts of wild ducks, intermingled with those of the white swan, and there was not a piece in it longer than the palm of your hand, yet it was so ingeniously put together you could scarcely tell but that it was all in one. There she was, by the side of her intended lord, in her virgin purity—the simple child of the forest; with a mind free from all the impurities of a wayward world; a heart as innocent as the unfledged dove; eyes as sparkling as the morning star, and her brow garlanded by young years' sweetest bloom—for she was only about sixteen years of age.

"How many a city belle might have looked upon her and learned a lesson of innocence and purity! In her you might behold nature in its most perfect state—unalloyed by selfishness or deceit—by painting and frimping for the purpose of decoying some unsuspecting fellow. Before the chief commenced to pronounce the ceremony he took some clear water in a wooden bowl and sprinkled Frank's head, baptizing him in the Indian faith, and then pronounced them joined together by the consent and sanction of the tribe of Oh-Waukees and by the will of the Great Spirit.

"He urged upon them to be dutiful

children, for the Great Spirit was ever near them, and if they pleased Him while here below, he had prepared for them, beyond the skies, a better hunting-ground for them to inherit. After the wedding ceremonies were over, a dance commenced, which was kept up till early morn, and in which all took a part."

We shall continue our extracts, for the purpose of giving a minute description of the parting scene between the boys, which must have been truly interesting, for there is no class of persons who ever became so much attached to each other as the miners in the early days of California. The journal which has been placed at our disposal contains many interesting incidents of '49 and '50, aside from the extracts which we make to keep up the thread of our story; but to the extracts:

"Next morning the sun came peeping over the snow-capped mountains in the East, and shed its exhilarating rays over the hills and valleys, making it a lovely morning. I took Frank by the arm and asked him to take a walk with me, as I had something of importance to say to him before we parted, for I never expected to see him again, and I thought perhaps I might see his friends, should I ever return to the Atlantic States.

"'Frank,' said I, 'are you willing to relinquish your home in the States, and take up your residence in the wilderness, among the Indians?'

"'Why do you ask me such a question, when you know the life I have now chosen is a voluntary one? I could dwell in the deserts of Arabia, were it possible, with that charming creature by my side; for I ask no happier boon on earth than to dwell within the light of those eyes, the reflection of which will gild my pathway to the tomb.'

"'Frank, I must admit that she is the most beautiful being I ever beheld; but a home in the wilderness would not suit

me. Can you not prevail upon her to go with you to the Atlantic States? for I believe, with a little experience in society, she would make one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the fashionable world.'

"'I have used my utmost endeavors to get her to go home with me, but all to no purpose, for she will not consent: and she would not marry me until I made a promise that I would remain with the Oh-Waukees in the mountains. She thinks there is something connected with her past history which she will yet find out, that will be of great importance to her future life.'

"'Frank, I think myself that she was born of white parents, for there is such a great contrast, in complexion and features, between her and the Indians.'

"'I am confident of that, and was so from the first time I saw her, and, if possible, I intend to trace up her history when we get to their home on the Colorado.'

"'It would be very romantic if you should find out that she was the daughter of some wealthy man, that had been stolen by the Indians while a small child.'

"'I should think none the more of her for being a wealthy man's daughter than I do now, a simple-hearted girl among the Indians.'

"'I did not think you would; I merely made the remark; for I know you have a different heart, Frank. May your journey through life with that charming bride be one of unalloyed happiness! May sorrow never darken your path as you journey on towards the shores of Time! We have been together now nearly five years, and passed through many exciting scenes, and had I an own brother, I could not love him better, or feel a deeper interest in his happiness—for you have been to me like a brother.'

"'Elic,' said he, 'I thank you for the

compliment, and I can assure you that my friendship for you has been of the warmest kind. I did hope I should see the day when you and Julia would have been married, for I should be proud to call so noble-hearted a fellow my brother; and did my father know but half the good qualities that you possess, he could not withhold his consent to your union.'

" 'My dear fellow, I did not presume you were going to mention that subject, one, of all others, most dear to my heart; but the last hope of ever marrying Julia has disappeared, and with it have fled my brightest anticipations of the future; for I expect she has long since forgotten me, and is now, perhaps, married to the one of her choice, who is more worthy of such a jewel, for a prince might be proud of such a prize.'

" 'You do not know Julia as well as I do, or you could not talk thus, for I venture she loves you as well to-day as she did when you parted; and you do her injustice when you let such thoughts enter your heart.'

" 'You must take into consideration the influence a father has over his only daughter, and the many wealthy suitors that throng your father's house; and she knew, when I left, that I had scarcely a dollar I could call my own; all these things will have an influence upon her mind, combined with the uncertainty of my ever returning.'

" 'Let us pursue this subject no longer, but bear in mind what I have told you, that Julia, if still living, is true to you.'

" 'Frank,' said I, 'give me your hand. May God bless you! and if what you have said proves true, I am the happiest man on earth!'

" 'Well, Elic,' said Frank, 'there are none living I had rather see happy than you, and I sincerely hope your most sanguine anticipations will be realized.'

" 'Are you going to take Len with you?' I inquired.

" 'No; I don't think it would be prudent,' said he, 'although I dislike to part with him, for he has been a faithful servant to me; and, while I think of it, I will give you his freedom papers, which I prepared sometime ago.'

" 'What shall I do with your portion of the dust which is buried near the place we were taken prisoners, provided it is there when we return?'

" 'Give a portion of it to Len, and keep the remainder yourself, and if I should ever come to want, I will call on you for it. Keep Len with you so long as it is agreeable; and, should you ever return to the Atlantic States, if he desires it, take him with you to the old plantation, and tell them all there that Frank has married the one of his choice, a child of the forest.'

" We returned to the village, preparatory to our departure, after feasting on venison and roast acorns. The parting scene was beyond description, and there were many tears shed. Len cried like a child when he learned that Frank was determined to go with the Indians and not return with us, and it was with many regrets I bid adieu to him, for we had been intimate friends from childhood, and a better soul never breathed than Frank Leaman."

They were nearly three days going over the mountains, and when they arrived at the bar on the river where they were taken prisoners, there were several miners at work. They told them of their adventures among the Indians, and of the beautiful female they found among them; also, of Frank's marriage to her.

Here the Indian guides left them, after receiving many presents from the boys, together with as much provisions as they wished to take with them. The boys then went to the place where they had buried their dust, and found it all safe.

They had taken the precaution to bury their gold every night, for fear of some

accident, which proved to be a good idea. They remained a few days on the river, and then started for the valley, accompanied by one of the miners whom they found on the river. They went to Sacramento, where they remained about a month, and, seeing a good opportunity, they went into business. Joe did not care anything about going to the States, and Elic thought he did not have enough money. He had not heard from Julia for so long that he had almost come to the conclusion to think no more about her, notwithstanding what Frank had told him, for he presumed she was married; yet he loved her better than his own soul. Elic attended to the business in Sacramento, while Joe remained in San Francisco and bought goods. Len was employed as porter in the store, which he liked much better than mining on the Klamath river.

[Concluded in our next.]

[Continued from page 226.]

EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

JUST at the very moment when Michael's farm had reached that interesting stage in its "march of improvement," when, from being a bill of expense, it had become a prolific source of profit to its owner—just at that very critical moment—the chivalrous wisecracks of Great Britain and the United States must needs go to cutting each others' throats, in what historians have been pleased to denominate the war of 1812. Soon all was excitement, hurry and confusion in the hitherto quiet neighborhood of Michael Keezil. Companies and squads of raw soldiers, in military livery, with knapsacks on their backs, on which were inscribed, in glaring white paint, the mystic letters, U. S., came trooping along from the East, destined to accompany

General Hull in his memorable invasion of Canada—and more rapacious marauders never cursed the face of any peaceful country. The war was got up in a hurry, the enlistments were made in a hurry, and the consequence was, that for the first twelve months of the war, Uncle Sam's regular army was composed of the most worthless, vile, abandoned, thievish scoundrels that could be picked up in all America. Their marches through Ohio could be tracked, like the flights of African locusts, by the broad stripe of desolation they left behind them. Like their winged prototypes "they devoured every green thing!" Water-melons, musk-melons, turnips, potatoes, roasting ears,* beans, peas,—in fact, every species of esculent vegetables that fell in their way—they appropriated to their own proper use and behoof, with the most serene indifference to the commonly received ethics regarding the rights of property. They seemed to have a marked *penchant*, as the French express it, for Mr. Keezil's fields and garden; and it was, indeed, a piteous spectacle of havoc and devastation which they left for him to contemplate. These American sons of Mars—pretty sons of the God of War they were—did not confine their marauding enterprises to mere forays upon the vegetable kingdom; they had an insatiable fondness for animal food, and swine, sheep, bullocks, and even the patient and innocent milch cows, fell victims to their rapacity; and then, as if it were a good practical joke, seeing that they had left nothing in the fields and farm-yards that required the protection of fences, they made firing of them wherewith to cook their plunder. The fierce Tartars that Genghis Khan, that terrible man, once hurled in desolating

* For the edification of the ignorant reader, it may be proper to inform him that *roasting ears* are the ears of maize, or Indian corn, in an unripe state, and which, when boiled or roasted, are very toothsome, if not wholesome.

fury upon the northern provinces of the Celestial Empire, were not a whit more dreadful, in the eyes of the timorous Chinese, than were these pretended upholders of the proud "Stars and Stripes" to Michael Keezil and his honest and unsophisticated neighbors. It was an epoch in their lives which they never forgot.

War is the pastime of princes, and a very unprofitable and silly pastime it seems to be. Just think of it! The ruling powers of two nations quarrel about some real or imaginary injury or insult which one of them insists it has received from the other. Both go industriously to work to hire all the vagabonds and loafers they can get, for seven dollars a month and their victuals and clothes, to shoot and stab other vagabonds and loafers, and to be shot and stabbed by other vagabonds and loafers, in return. Unfortunately for modern civilization, these vagabonds and loafers—these "cankers of a calm world and a long peace"—are always to be found in every civilized community; and, perhaps, it is the wisest policy, after all, to make soldiers of them, and set them to exterminating each other; and what better way can be devised to rid the world of them, than to let them loose, pell mell, to expend their fury among themselves. They thus act as mutual executioners, and save a vast amount of work to the legally-constituted hangmen and penitentiary keepers. Has this view of the subject ever before been presented to the mind of any philosopher? Doubtful.

But the war brought other calamities upon poor Michael, besides the devastation of his crops and his cattle. The surrender of General Hull, at Detroit, threw the President and his Secretary of War into a state of high excitement, if not of alarm, and they gave hurried orders to call out the Ohio militia; in other words, to drag peaceful farmers

and mechanics from their legitimate vocations, to make them food for villainous gunpowder. If war is, indeed, a silly amusement—as many men of reputed wisdom have pronounced it—the silliest feature of it, by all odds, is a compulsory militia system. An army of volunteers is an extremely pretty and efficient affair. It is composed of men who have a taste for giving and receiving blows; each one of them has a certain amount of "fight" in him, and it is proper he should give it scope and opportunity; and, therefore, a voluntarily enrolled militia is all well enough. But a drafted militia, where men are driven into the ranks like sheep, with no reference to their habits, tastes, tempers or opinions, or compelled to pay an oppressive commutation in money, is the veriest hight of human absurdity. And then such officers as Heaven vouchsafes to these poor drafted militia-men! Ignorant of the art of war, ignorant of human nature and destitute of those qualities which command respect and inspire confidence, they can never become conspicuous for anything more dignified than their utter uselessness. But so it is. And so the government officials ordered out the Ohio militia, and ordered out Michael Keezil—the last man, of all on earth, under whose skin one would expect to find a soldier—kindly giving him the option of serving his country in the tented field, or paying three hundred dollars for the privilege of staying at home. Now, if there is any one thing better calculated than anything else to disturb and bewilder the reflective faculties of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, it is to force him to decide between doing a very disagreeable thing, or paying money for not doing it. His fondness for money, however, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, controls his judgment; and, to preserve his dollars, he will consent to brave and suffer anything; for, in his estimation,

money is the only legitimate object of human love; and, without it, honor, station, fame and intellect, are not worth the having. Michael Keezil decided that the horrors of war, the eating of execrable food, marching in bad weather, sleeping in the mud, and being shot and bayoneted by an exasperated English soldier, were evils less frightful than the loss of three hundred dollars. And thus it was that he became a warrior—a drafted militiaman—and marched dolefully away, to gather laurels and catch the rheumatism on the banks of the far-famed and muddy Maumee.

It is a misfortune, though perhaps the tired reader may not consider it a very great one, that history and tradition have been grossly remiss in transmitting the fame of Michael Keezil's military exploits to an anxious posterity. The world will never be regaled with recitals of his

“————— Most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach!”

No—nothing, or very little, of this. There is but one authentic anecdote extant, illustrative of his soldierly character, and here it is:

The night after his regiment reached Sandusky Plains, it became his duty, for the first time, to act as a sentinel. The officer of the day, as well as the lieutenant and serjeant of the guard, fearing that his lack of experience in military affairs, and his rather imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, might lead him into some uncomfortable blunder, took especial pains to indoctrinate him in the recondite and delicate duties which he was expected to perform. He was first told that “GEORGE WASHINGTON” was the countersign, and that this countersign, for good and sufficient reasons, was known to nobody, except the men and officers of the guard. He was next directed, if he saw any person or persons approaching his position, to hail them

with these words: “Who comes there?” and, on a reply being made, to call out: “Advance and give the countersign!” If the countersign should be correctly given, he should let the challenged party pass; if it were not correctly given, he should pass the word for the serjeant of the guard. He was also particularly instructed, in case the challenged party did not reply, or exhibited any suspicious conduct, to fire at him, or them, without hesitation. After a great many recapitulations of the lesson, he was supposed to be *au fait*, and, in due course, was stationed at his post. The officer of the day, agreeably to the rules and regulations, went the grand rounds, immediately after each relief, accompanied by the officer and serjeant of the guard. On seeing them approach, Michael's nervous system became terribly excited, and all he could remember about his orders was the countersign and the contingency of firing. Accordingly, when the grand rounds came within good hailing distance, Michael, in a horribly sepulchral voice, bellowed out: “Who gums dare? Say Chorge Vashington dree dimes, or py Gott I shoot!” and, suiting the action to the word, without waiting a response, he blazed away, and made the officer of the day a cripple for life, with a musket ball and three buckshot in his hip. It is supposed that, after this painful exhibition of his military capabilities, Michael Keezil escaped doing guard duty during the remainder of his tour of service.

But, as all human affairs have their terminations as well as their beginning, so, also, terminated Michael's campaigning, and so, also, did the war. His farm, from neglect and the ravages of the soldiers, had assumed an aspect of woefulness that smote sorrowfully upon the heart of its proprietor.

It was then that Leenie, who had left her school and her Yankee schoolmarm,

a perfect phenomenon of knowledge and smartness in the eyes of her Dutch neighbors, began to show her sire what she was good for. She not only managed the household affairs, but astonished her father and everybody else by introducing a day-book and ledger into the house, and insisted on keeping accounts of all the incomings and outgoings of the farm.

About this time, a new and formidable trouble was sprung upon poor Michael. The commercial nabobs of the county town resolved, in their enterprising wisdom, to open a grand highway through the farm; and, as it did not square with their views to lay it out in any other than a straight line, and, as a straight line left Michael's log cabin more than a half mile distant from it, they suggested the propriety of his building a new and spacious house, immediately on the side of the proposed road, and appropriating it to the purposes of a country tavern. Michael was vastly perplexed by this proposition, but Leenie was delighted with it. Her long domiciliation with the polite burghers of the county town had obliterated many of the tastes and habits of her Dutch childhood, and established in their place a fondness for the refinements and luxuries of Yankee civilization. The log cabin in which she was born, and in which her first ten years were passed, was, in its interior arrangements, a decided type of Tulpahocken taste. Its apartments,—it had but two—like the furniture in Duke Aranza's hut, were very convenient, for each served twenty purposes. Sleeping, cooking, eating, spinning, weaving, washing, hominy-cracking, cobbling, tailoring,—in fact, everything needful to be done under a roof, except thrashing and housing cattle—were done in these two apartments. The walls, presenting the rough surfaces of the logs, very few of them denuded of their bark, with common clay thrust into the interstices, were,

for the most part, hidden under an imposing array of masculine and feminine apparel. Coats, waistcoats, trousers, gowns, petticoats, and various other habiliments, whose names modern refinement has banished from polite literature, all of home-made linen and linsey-woolsey, were suspended on pegs, around the rooms, in marvelous profusion. Here and there, where there was space for the display, the painted picture of a rampant and dangerous-looking horse, tightly held by a groom in a jockey-cap and small clothes, was conspicuously pasted, as also, the great flaming bills of itinerant menageries, exhibiting a frightful *tout ensemble* of elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers, leopards, camels, lamas, monkeys and boa-constrictors, leaving the beholder in doubt whether to quake with fear at their ferociousness, or go into raptures with the skill, taste and exquisite finish displayed by the artist who produced them. In each room a very small and unostentatious looking-glass, whose reflections—like those of very sinister and malicious people—were anything but flattering, was hung up, distorting and twisting the visage of the person consulting it into such horrible grotesqueness, that no one, with ordinary nerves, ever had the courage to take a second look into it. Now Leenie, through and by her Yankee associations, and being, very possibly, endowed with a larger and better-adjusted cerebral allotment than was fashionable among the sons and daughters of Tulpahocken, yearned for a large and commodious mansion, with smooth, white walls, into which she might introduce black walnut and cherry furniture, and even carpets, and thus make a dash at high life, commensurate with the wealth of her father; and she resolutely went to work to gratify her predilection.

Michael Keezil, as has been heretofore hinted, was not to be easily argued into the adoption of any new and untried

phase of life. He looked upon the project of deserting his log cabin by the spring, and building a house by the road side, with a well in the yard, as a gross infraction of an ancient and pious custom of his ancestors, and but little short of rebellion against Providence. In his estimation, a well, whether garnished with windlass or pump, was not much less impious and violative of the intentions and workings of the Deity than a lightning-rod, itself; and a lightning-rod, by every true and pious Pennsylvania Dutchman, has ever been regarded as a most Heaven-daring invention and device of human depravity. His scruples, however, vanished, one by one, before the lucid reasoning of his town friends, backed by the animated arguments of Leenie; and when he became thoroughly convinced that he would double his wealth by taking their advice, he went into the spirit of the affair with all the energy and activity of which his phlegmatic nature was capable. He was soon up to his ears in work and perplexity. Brickmakers, bricklayers, limeburners, carpenters, and hod-carriers, teased him from early morn till late at night, and he was kept in a perpetual fever of ex-

citement, answering questions he did not comprehend, running errands for things he had never heard of, making bargains for doing work of which he had not the slightest conception, and paying money for labor and materials without knowing in the least degree how much he was cheated. Leenie, however, like Cinderella's good fairy, came to his side, and made him happy by taking the management of everything upon herself. There are some people peculiarly gifted with the faculty of doing everything and controlling everybody. Without any apparent effort they succeed in having all matters in which they are interested arranged exactly as they wish. Some such a person was Leenie. Her father, without being at all conscious of the degradation, became the mere minister of her will, and carried out her plans with remarkable patience. As to her mother—she had been long considered, by both her husband and daughter, a mere nobody—(if it is not paradoxical to apply the term "nobody" to a woman of such stupendous magnitude of body)—she had nothing to say about anything, and so she sat in her great easy chair, a gigantic incarnation of docility and indifference.

[To be continued.]

Our Social Chair.

HEALDSBURG, SONOMA Co.,
November 8th, 1857.

EDITOR CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE:—We have had some rare fun here lately, and I must communicate it to the world, so that other people may laugh and grow fat as well as we.

This county contains among its residents many families from Missouri, and some of them preserve the customs of their native state. One of these customs is, that Sunday night is set aside, in the country,

for sparking; the beau and his sweetheart sit up alone together till midnight, or, perhaps, two o'clock; and, if his residence is far off, he does not go home that night, but has a bed set apart for him, and in the morning he stays to breakfast.

Well, there is a certain family in the interior of this county, where there was a buxom lass—whom I shall call Lydia—and she was beloved by a son of Pike—whom I shall call Job. They had long been living in the same neighborhood, and it was

pretty generally understood among their friends that they were in love with each other. But Job was bashful, and did not dare, for a long time, to "sit up" with her. At last he mustered courage, and rode over one Sunday night last summer. The father of his beloved put away his horse, and told him he must stay all night.

Job and Lydia had a spark all to themselves, and about two o'clock Job started to go up stairs to the bed arranged for him. It happened that Lydia's father then had several hired men, one of whom aspired to her hand, and looked with a very jealous eye upon Job. This fellow, for the purpose of making Job a laughing stock, knowing that the latter would come up stairs to bed after twelve o'clock, placed a board across the top of the staircase, so that when going up he would necessarily strike it with his head and throw it down. On this board was piled a great lot of old tin ware, crockery and iron ware.

The plot succeeded to admiration. Job knocked the stuff down; the racket awakened all the sleepers in the house; they all ran in terror, and in scanty garments, to see what was the matter, and when they found it was only Job going to bed after sparking Lydia, there was a guffaw that was almost as loud, and lasted considerably longer than the racket of the tin ware.

The report of the affair spread through the neighborhood, and Job was the butt for the wit of the whole community. He did not go near Lydia for several months. Happening to meet her father one day, the latter asked why he did not come to visit him. Job replied, he would never enter his house again so long as Jim Noones was there. When asked why, he said Jim had laid the tin ware trap. "Well," said Lydia's father, "you're right; Jim's a mean fellow, and I'll make him travel to-morrow." And so he did.

Job was there the next Sunday night, and he sat up again with Lydia; but it was fated that there should be another obstacle in the course of his true love. There had been so much talk of Job's

sparking Lydia, that a boy eleven years of age, living in her father's house, had become exceedingly eager to see how it was done. So about half-past eleven he slipped out of bed, and, with nothing on save the short garment he slept in, crept quietly down the staircase connecting his bedroom with the room where the lovers were; and he placed his ear at the crack of the door to enter, but in his anxiety to hear what was going on, he leaned with all his weight against the door, which unfortunately had a poor latch, and the first thing he knew, the door burst open, when he pitched off the steep stairs into the middle of the room, and was lying in a sprawling and very ridiculous position. Job started and stared a moment, and then broke out into a loud horse-laugh, while Lydia, throwing his arms from her neck, sprang up, and, while her eyes shot fire, she belabored the inquisitive urchin with the broomstick. He yelled, and started to run through the kitchen, where he got into a trap set for Job. This was a rope stretched across the room near the floor. When the boy struck it he fell, and the rope pulled down a cupboard full of crockery, which fell with a tremendous crash. The boy yelled; Lydia screamed; Job cursed; the dogs outside barked and howled; and everybody ran in their night apparel to see what was the matter.

Before they reached the room, however, Job had jumped out of the window. Of course everybody in the vicinity knew of the affair, too, and everybody wanted the fun of plaguing poor Job. He couldn't stand it, and he began to make preparations for leaving the country, and going to Los Angeles.

However, about a week after the last adventure, Job, while going along the road, again met Lydia's father, who said:

"Job, I'm devilish sorry for what happened at my house, but I could not help it. They say Gran. Davis fixed that rope, and I have sent him away. You'll always be welcome."

Job replied:

"I'll be darned if I ever go a courting any more, and I was thinking of going down South next week; but if Lydia would marry me, I'd stay. I'll be dog-on-'d if ever I go courting again; I've tried it twice, and I don't know what would happen the third time."

"Well, Job," was the answer, "I don't believe Lydia can get a better husband."

"Isn't that there new preacher stopping at your house?"

"Yes."

"Is he at home now?"

"Yes."

"Is Lydia there too?"

"Yes."

"Would she marry me right off?"

"I guess so, if you are anxious."

"I am that! Will you take me to the house?"

"Certainly."

Off they went, and in less than an hour Job and Lydia were made one; and they are now the happiest pair in the county. They are as ready to laugh as anybody else at their courting adventures, and Lydia told me a couple of weeks since that she would like to see the story in HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. So here it is.

RATHER COOL.—An acquaintance of ours who considers himself an excellent judge of a cigar, and moreover has a weakness for the best, had made a purchase of three, for which he paid fifty cents, and having just lighted one, was walking along Montgomery street when he was accosted with: "Will you give me a light, sir?" "Certainly, sir, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply, at the same time handing him his cigar. "Thank you," returned the stranger, as he put the borrowed cigar into his mouth, and, after deliberately throwing away his old stump, walked away. "That's rather cool," soliloquised the cigar owner. "Certainly," was the equally cool reply, "we have to do cool things in this country!" as he turned the corner, and was off.

WITH due deference to the popular sen-

timent of "never kiss and tell," we confess that we would "steal and tell" from whence the following was stolen; but, unfortunately, we cannot, having found it on the first page of "an up-country paper," where, a week or two ago, we saw an original article, copied verbatim from the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, without any credit whatever! Yet, we would n't say that the Shasta R—— was the sinner, for the world, (nor the first one, either,)—of course we would n't:

MORMON LOVE-SONG.—Say, Susan, wilt thou come with me, in sweet community to live? Of heart, and hand, and home, to thee a sixteenth part I'll freely give.

Of all the love that swells my breast—of all the honor of my name—of worldly wealth by me possessed—a sixteenth portion thou shalt claim.

Nay, tell me not too many share the blessings that I offer thee! Thou'lt find but fifteen others there—a household happy, gay and free.

A moderate household, I may say; my neighbor has as many more; and Brother Brigham, o'er the way, luxuriates in forty-four.

I promise thee a life of ease; and, for thyself, I'll let thee choose such duties as thy fancy please; say, Susan, can'st thou still refuse?

Sophronia cooks and sweeps the floors, and Hepzibah makes up the beds; Jemima answers all the doors, and Prudence combs the children's heads.

The household duties all devolve on each, according to her lot; but from such labors I'll absolve my Susan, if she likes them not.

Into thy hands such tasks as take a dignity will I consign; I'll let thee black my boots, or make the sock and shirt department thine.

I'll give thee whatso'er thou wilt—so it be but a sixteenth part; 't would be the deepest depth of guilt to slight the rest who share my heart.

Then wilt thou not thy fraction yield, to make up my domestic bliss? Say yes—and let our joy be sealed with just the sixteenth of a kiss.

THE SLEEP WE NEED.—Tall and bulky people require more sleep than short and thin people; men than women, and all animals sleep longer in winter than in summer. Age, constitution, climate, occupation, and a variety of incidental causes, must be taken into consideration. In ex-

treme old age much sleep is required. Youth and young adults sleep habitually very soundly. The faculty of remaining asleep longer than is necessary cannot be indulged in without injuring the strength, both of the body and mind. In a state of health, the amount of sleep required to restore the nervous energy averages, we conceive, from six to eight hours.

HARPER'S "DRAWER" generally has some very good jokes stowed away; and one of the best we have recently seen is the following, which we "appropriate" for the readers of the Social Chair:

A party of steady old merchants were in the habit of meeting every evening at a club-room, to enjoy a sociable game of whist, with their pipes and beer. One of the party, not then in business, had a habit of going to the club-house immediately after dinner, and of whiling away the time until the arrival of his companions by drinking a bottle of port wine. By the time his companions got fairly seated for play, old Port-wine became very sleepy, frequently falling into a doze, and annoying the other players exceedingly. They resolved upon curing him. On a certain evening they made an arrangement with the proprietor and all the other parties in the room, that when old Port fell into his accustomed nap the lights were to be extinguished, but the parties were to continue talking and calling out their play as if actually engaged in it. This went on for a few minutes, when old Port, waking up, found himself in utter darkness.

"I lead the ace of trumps," said one of the conspirators. "It is your play, Mr. —," addressing the wakened sleeper.

"But I can't play," said he. "I can't see—everything is dark. What is the meaning of this?" now thoroughly aroused, and rubbing his eyes.

"Meaning? Nothing! Come, come, play! don't keep the game waiting. You are asleep."

"No, no, gentlemen; I am not asleep; I have gone blind!"

On the evening that the lovely and accomplished wife of Capt. R— died, his little boy, then seven years old, pointed to a star, and said: "Papa, that's the brightest star in the heavens, and I know

dear mamma's spirit's there!" The following simple and beautiful lines from the Mountain Messenger, are dedicated to him:

I am watching that beautiful star, father,
Alone in yon ocean of blue,
Shining out in the tremulous ether
And smiling on me and on you.

Thus ever on earth she was smiling,
The smiles of a spirit benign.
Each care of its trouble beguiling—
O! would such a spirit were mine!

Behold, what a radiant glory
Is blent with the beams of that star—
Repeating the heavenly story
Of love from that region afar.

'Twas thus, in her calmness and beauty,
A glory divine in her soul
Shone bright o'er the pathway of duty,
She made a delight of the whole.

O forget not her memory, father!
As long as you star-beam so fair
Shines out through the tremulous ether—
Remember whose spirit is there!

MR. EDITOR: Sir—Having seen some remarks in your Magazine in regard to the origin of the cant phrase "to lam," and having a different idea in my mind from any therein expressed, I take the liberty of troubling you with a few words on the subject. It seems to me that the derivation of this word is traceable to the Latin verb "lambo," etc., meaning to lick; *i. e.* to lap with the tongue. Now, the English verb "to lick" has two different meanings, viz: to touch with the tongue, and to strike or belabor; and this double meaning being given to the Latin verb, and the latter being Anglicised, the origin of the expression is clear. DOMINUS.

All right, neighbor!

WE are again tempted to introduce to our Social Chair several voices from the mountains, which, in social tones, will speak for themselves:

Voice One. (From the Coloma True Republican.) A broker, when escorting home a fair damsel, asked her what sort of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony. "What interest does it bring?" inquired the man of current funds and Western wild-cat documents. "If prop-

erly invested," faltered the fair charmer, "if *properly* invested, it will double the original stock every two years!"

Voice Two.—(From the San Juan Hydraulic Press.) **DIED:**—In the odor of sanctity, near the M. E. Church, in this town, during the early part of last week, Ancient William Goat, a well-known citizen, who was noted for his great *strength* and solid *sense*. That he was pious, his constant attendance at church sufficiently proves, although we have seen people turn up their noses at him as if they thought otherwise. He was a great lover of Nature, and might be found every morning and evening *scenting* the air of this beautiful climate, on the summit of Goat Hill—named after him by neighbors *sensible* of his merits. He was reserved and silent in his habits, and had an eccentric way, if addressed by passers by, of crying out "uhm ba-a-a-a!" No doubt it was this rather contemptuous expression of his, uttered to some person who felt insulted by it, that led to his untimely death; for it is our painful duty to say that he was ruthlessly shot. But even as he fell, as if in contempt of death itself, Mr. Goat was heard to repeat his eccentric cry of "ba-a-a-a!" We never heard anything else charged against our venerable friend, except that, when young, he was caught kidnapping. Poor fellow! like the ungodly, his horn has been put down. His long beard will no more wave in the wind, nor his sober regards be cast upon beauty wending churchward. And for his destroyer, we know, his "offense smells rank to heaven."

Voice Three. (From the Trinity Journal.) **SECOND CHILDHOOD OF THE YEAR.**—The oak and maple trees on the hill sides now look exactly as they did in spring, when their leaves were tender and young—their color is the same, their shade as scant, their contrast with the evergreens in every respect similar. But it is a delusive show of youth; a few more frosts will have seared them to the palar of death-time. North of the valley white mountains rise in spotless splendor; west that delusive spring-time appears. The rain has momentarily revived the dying foliage, as a word of hope, for a moment, reinvigorates an old man dying, or as a chance drop of oil prolongs the flicker of an expiring lamp. But the birds have not been deceived—they have gone; not a quail remains to pipe among the willows that fringe the stream. The provident ground squirrel is observed hurrying to his burrow with mouth full of winter's stores; he

has noted the dirge-moan of the woods and the unfolding shroud that is being slowly let down from the hill-tops.

Voice Four. (From the Humboldt Times.) Good morning, Mr. Jones.—We have repeatedly called the attention of the road overseer of the Table Bluff District to that part of our county road leading through the alder grove from Clyde's place to Jones' Landing. The rainy season will soon be upon us, and yet, not a stroke has been made towards rendering that mud-hole navigable during the coming winter. The overseer of that district is John Jones, and we are informed by persons living down there, that he has not even made an effort to collect road tax, neither has he notified men to work. The Board of Supervisors were probably aware when they appointed him that he was not particularly fond of work himself, but they thought that as his own 'taters and cabbage had to pass over the road, perhaps he would have it worked. Wake up, Mr. Jones, and do something.

Voice Five. (From the Butte Record.) **WHAT SELLS BEST.**—The commodities that sell best in Oroville these days are:—Chill-makers: pears, peanuts and peach brandy. Chill-breakers: Sappington's Pills, Keen-noon and Kolly-gog. Over-shirts and stove wood are occasionally sought after, but they are among the luxuries, and sensible people lie in bed to avoid hankering after 'em. Washmen and women are out of soap, and would starve if they had time between the shakes. Children chew blue mass instead of "likerish," and every mongrel in town has a significant bark. Inexperienced strangers, stopping in town over night, think the place disturbed by earthquakes—so violent is the commotion in sheltered places when the inhabitants are in the midst of their diurnal agues. Lumber is comparatively cheap, and meets with but limited sale, and "shakes" are greedily disposed of in barter for the veriest drugs in the market. A steam doctor has come to town, and lobelia has riz.

Voice Six. (From the Shasta Courier.) A friend laid a big *Hopper-Grass* upon our table on Tuesday morning last—one of the largest we have seen. We presented it to a half-starved Digger, who devoured it in a moment with infinite gusto, at the same time remarking, in a gratified tone, "Mucho bueno, walley!" A crowd of Indians have hovered around the Courier office ever since!

Chapter Seven. (From the San José Tribune.) **SNAIX!**—Professor Ironmonger, a

man of iron nerve, and sinews of steel, will curb, subdue, tame, subjugate, and utterly vanquish any quantity of pizen serpents, at the San José Theater to-night, and to-morrow night for the amusement of the public. Any gentleman or lady who knows of any wild snake in these diggings, is requested to fetch it along, and submit it to the tender mercies of the Professor, who will, without fail, either reduce it to a condition of the most amiable harmlessness, or incontinently bruise its heel in the most effective and Scriptural style.

WOOD.—If those of our subscribers who would pay us in wood, would only bring the wood along, we would be very glad to get the wood, so we would!

Voice Eight. (From the Mariposa Gazette.) It is a hard matter to make up a paper this week. The usual mining reports have not been sent in, nor any items, from a lazy lot of regular correspondents, so called.....A few fights have occurred, but with no serious results.....One or two brats have entered this mundane sphere, and there has been one breach of promise, but particulars are not received.....Large lots of goods are daily arriving.....If some of those who owe this office don't pay soon, they will be published.....Between Mariposa and Walker river there is a great gulf fixed, in the shape of the Sierra Nevada mountains, covered at present with ten feet of snow.....Coyotes are always shot at when howling 'round this office, and two-legged ones doing the same business, as was the case a few nights since, may be served the same way through mistake.....The Jail is nearly done, and nearly full, the cells being finished.

FAT.—The last news about the "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring great quantities of butter, smashed rose leaves and the like. The Empress is quite corpulent, which accounts for the style. A new era is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the wash tub, perhaps.

It appears that some members of the "Committee of Ways and Means" for the French Catholic Church, on Bush street, have hit upon a happy method for doubling the collection on Sundays. Some sixteen of the prettiest and most charmingly modest young ladies of the congregation are chosen as *collecteurs*, and at the time

for the performance of this duty, one (and sometimes two) of these go to each person present for his or her donation, and such is the partly remonstrative and partly suggestative, yet benevolence-inviting expressiveness of countenance of these charmers, that few indeed have the heart to refuse giving. The consequence is that a large platefull of the "needful" is added to the coffers of the church. We wonder that other denominations don't take the hint, especially when congregations are composed mostly of the masculine gender, as they are in California. We charge nothing for the suggestion!

This reminds us of a long-faced and noisy old sinner we heard telling another "what the loard had done for his soul," as he passed along the street of Jamestown, Tuolumne county, one Sunday, as we sat on the balcony of the hotel. This admonished us that Divine service was to be performed that afternoon, and we dropped our book and started for the church. After a very good sermon was finished, the old gent. before noticed arose to propose that as they "had been receiving the bread of life, (etc., etc.) and that as our brother couldn't break it to us unless he be supplied with the bread that perisheth, (etc., etc., half an ordinary sermon) and moreover the servant is worthy of his hire," (etc., etc.) They take up a collection on his behalf. "Brother Jones, please to pass the hat." As he sat just before us, we thought, "Old boy, we will keep an eye on your donation when the hat reaches you," and we did, and discovered that while others dropped in their fifty cents or their dollar, this benevolent (!) old soul slipped in a—*dime!* Thinking that he might perhaps be poor, we suspended an opinion until some inquiry had informed us to the contrary, when we found that the whining old hypocrite was making from eight to ten dollars per day!

—Comment is unnecessary.

A "SUBMISSIVE AND PATIENT WOMAN."—Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, "I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined

to be submissive and patient." "Ah!" said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have got to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us." "Ah," said she, "pray stop—I will say no more about submission."

WE would like to read some of our old friends and contributors a severe lecture on indolence in general and laziness in particular, as applicable to their individual cases, but we know that they would either send us an immediate apology, or lay the blame on our shoulders for being absent; and we would prefer to either that the time thus spent should be spent in writing a good article for our next number. Besides, if they sent us a good excuse, in the goodness of our heart (!) we should perhaps say "that it was perfectly justifiable," when we didn't believe it, and thus be guilty of fabricating a bare-faced falsehood, that would not only bring the color to our cheeks, but the iron of compunction to our conscience; and what would be as bad, or even worse, the sinners confirmed in the error of their ways; therefore, lazy contributors all, consider yourselves lectured, if you please! Jokes are condiments that everybody likes; they are the pepper and limes to the oysters of leisure; the sugar and cream to the coffee of social conversation; the—but that will do; suffice it to say that they are grateful to all palates, at suitable times and seasons, and as such will be always welcome to the occupants of our Social Chair. *Moral*—send 'em along, everybody!

Literary Notices.

To those who are excessively practical, and to those who prefer the opposite extreme, the works recently received here will doubtless be very acceptable. We regret to see that there is a dearth of such works as embrace the happy medium. The first we shall notice of the former class is

a work with the singular, and somewhat startling title of *Every Woman Her own Lawyer*, by George Bishop; published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. When we first looked at this book and read the title, we said all this is a catch-penny affair; after just looking it through, we thought this is a dangerous work to put into the hands of a woman; when we had well examined it, we came to the conclusion that no truly sensible woman should be without it; yet those husbands who are afflicted with a frivolous, or a strong-minded, (so called) or a discontented better-half, had better not make her a present of this volume! To a woman who does not wish to be imposed on; to a husband who wishes to protect his wife in case of sickness, or absence, or death, there is a vast amount of useful information in it that will save both from many perplexing annoyances, and in a hundred other ways be valuable beyond estimate.

To those who like something to laugh at, we would suggest *Sam Slick's Sayings and Doings*, by Judge Haliburton, just issued by the same publishers as the preceding volume. Of course all those who are familiar with Haliburton's writings, such as "Sam Slick in Search of a Wife," "Sam Slick in England," etc., etc., know very well that they are full of burlesque Yankee phraseology, and Yankee spice and fun. Therefore those who like such Yankee dishes thus served up, may laugh until they are hungry, and then commence laughing again until they are satisfied—at least to leave off laughing.

BANCROFT & Co., of this city, have laid on our table *The Laws of Business for Business Men*, by Theophilus Parsons, LL. D.; Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston. Of course this book belongs to the practical. We don't know much about law, and we don't care to learn it—at least so far as an actual lawsuit is concerned—inasmuch as it is too expensive an amusement. Those who wish to familiarize themselves with the common sense interpretations of common law, and the proper way of doing

business on business principles, will find such clearly and concisely laid down in this volume.

Life of Thomas Jefferson, by H. S. Randall, LL. D.; three volumes; Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York. By these remarkably interesting and instructive volumes the reader is carried back to the time of laying the foundation stone of American Democracy by its great architect and founder, Thomas Jefferson. Much of his correspondence with eminent men, in which the secret thoughts of his mind are confidentially expressed, not only upon

matters of State and concerning the public weal, but of the various men of letters, and others of his time, who had their influence indirectly in establishing so firmly the American Republic, are presented. All the intricacies and difficulties with which the foundation of a safe, liberal and suitable government for a free people were surrounded, are clearly expressed and explained; in short, these volumes comprehensively give a history of the time, as well as of the life, of this greatest of American statesmen.

Editor's Table.

WHAT an eventful year has this been that is now so near its close, especially to the Pacific Coast. In acts it has been an age—which puts Old Fogyism to the blush as he inquires “Who could have thought it?” It is the year of the appearance of the great Donati Comet, the brilliancy and magnitude of which attracted the wondering admiration of the whole world, and will be remembered and spoken of for many generations to come. It is the year of the partially successful laying of an Atlantic Telegraph cable between England and the United States, and which has been a great success as an experiment, inasmuch as the two countries have spoken through it, even though it is now utterly useless. It has been the year of the Fraser river gold excitement, unparalleled since the year 1850, and which many will with regret remember for many years to come. It is the year of the successful issue of three lines of Overland Mail routes, one of which—the San Francisco and Saint Louis, *via* Los Angeles, more generally known as the Butterfield Mail Line—arrives and departs twice a week with nearly the same regularity as the Pacific Mail Steam ship Company's steamers do, twice a month. It is the year, we had nearly said, in which we have communication established with New Orleans and San

Francisco *via* Tehuantepec in less than fifteen days; with New York in nineteen; and with Liverpool in twenty-nine days, on the first trip made by the Louisiana Tehuantepec Company! We yet expect to live to see the time reduced to one week! but it will be by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD! May it come speedily. That will be the GREAT YEAR for California!

THE first adventurous spirits that were lured to California by the reports of her gold mines, after seeing more than their wildest dreams had taught them to expect, worked and acted as though in a few brief years it would all be exhausted. Placers of great riches were walked over in search of some far-off and rich El Dorado. The money made in one locality was spent in search of another; and thus the ruling motive which first induced emigration here was that of becoming suddenly rich, at a small outlay of time, and social feeling was postponed in its realization from one period to another: and many are still in doubt, after all their sacrifices, whether or not the prospect is any brighter for their ever becoming rich. Perpetually striving with the freshness of their first hope, still strong within them, and with all the glad tidings which they hear, of the success of others, they wonder and long to know, yet

doubt, if their turn of good fortune will ever come. Yet since the disastrous termination of the Fraser river excitement, there is scarcely a man to be found who does not confide in the future of California as more prosperous and permanent than that of any other country. Everything has a brighter hue. Steamboats are loaded down to the water's edge with freight for the mines; teams are not sufficiently numerous in some cities to convey goods as fast as they are purchased. Progress and permanence are apparent on every hand. All these have a voice forcibly to tell that California, with all her drawbacks, will last a little longer, and that (as usual) just a little way ahead, there is something worth working and striving for.

ERE we greet you again, the holidays will have passed. Another Christmas will have come with its thousand bright associations, gladdened a world of happy hearts, and gone into the silent realms of the Past. Christmas, with its eternal halo of beautiful recollections—memories of our childhood, dreams of our youth—consecrating thoughts! Refined gold may not be gilded; but has not a spell equally strange been wrought by the hallowing charms cast around a season already hallowed? The pathetic "Carols" of a Dickens! The glorious "Dreams" of a Christopher North! Noble "Old Kit North,"—as he delighted to call himself,—the happy Christmas shall never again inspire your generous soul with dreams as bright as Youth's visions of Paradise, but your words, that have thrilled a thousand bosoms, rest as immortal as the season they have made thrice hallowed!

It is in Merry England alone that Christmas is celebrated with all the ceremonies sacred to the day. There the yule log still burns and the misletoe decks the walls. In America, Thanksgiving has partly won the palm from this day of festivity, and the family re-unions, the generous hospitality and kindly actions of a better nature, which in England are observed in the season so peculiarly appropriate—the anniversary of

the day that heard the "Peace on Earth and good-will to men"—with us vary with a varying Thursday, appointed as a Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer. Yet the day with us retains many of its happy associations, and youthful hearts look forward, with bright anticipations, to Christmas Eve, which shall usher in the holidays.

The occupant of this Table, as he sits musingly in the fading twilight, recalls visions of the days when he sported, light-hearted, among the Christmas group of children. The clear, cold, moonlight December night! The heavens always looked clearer and brighter on that eve, as if they remembered that long, long ago, on that very night, angels had chaunted from their spheres a hymn of peace to earth! And the earth lay wrapt in pure, crystalline robes of snow. How far the youthful voice and laugh rang over the scene, as if angel tongues caught the accents and echoed them to spirits still more distant, unwilling to lose the slightest sound in earth's communion with Heaven! How cheerful the ruddy light of cottage hearths gleamed through the curtained casements! How bright the scene within! Too bright, too happy for descriptions! The distance to which we are removed may reveal new beauties, time have added new charms, but beautiful indeed must have been the scenes round which so many pleasant memories cluster. Poor is the heart that has no happy Christmas memories!

And how will old Sylvester Crockery-crate—one of our first Front-street men—hail this day? Sylvester is not made of common susceptible clay; and even in boyhood, when the heart, like a spring scene, blooms with glad emotions, he never bounded into the family group and shouted, with exultant joy, a "Merry Christmas," or a "Happy New Year." No; he poohed and pished even then; it was too silly an action for his practical graywacke formation. And now, as he bustles along, with his firm, inelastic, business step, towards the haunts of Trade, the day and its hallowed associations will bring to his flinty

nature no divine feelings of peace and good-will to men. He will hear his sweetest Christmas carol in the words which tell him stocks are firm; and the pleasantest holiday sheet to his eyes will be the "Prices Current" that informs him the market closed with an upward tendency.

But the world is not composed entirely of Crockery-crates; and even here in California, there will be gentle voices in many a happy home that will carol the "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," and faces bright with genial feelings and hearts overflowing with good will to all. And though the heart of him who sits at this Table may leap no more with the sprightly throb of youth, and the voice that carols

from him may be harsh and husky, yet his pulse grows quick and his heart glad, as he wishes all his friends a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

In the present number will be found a little gem from the vigorous and graphic pen of Mrs. E. S. Conner, who, with several other able writers of both sexes, have consented to contribute monthly to future numbers of this Magazine. It gratifies us to be able to make this announcement, inasmuch as, while the California character of this work will be preserved, a greater and more valuable variety will be added to its contents.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

W. P.—Soft solder or soap are well enough in their way, but we don't deal in the article.

N. Y. T.—The acrostic is received, and although we appreciate the sentiment, and thank you for the compliment, we are too modest to publish so much concerning "ourselves." But we assure you that it *shall* still be Californian as much as it is possible to make it, so long as we have aught to do with its pages.

B. S., Oregon City.—Yours reminded us of a wooden-legged man, with a stiff knee, going up stairs—one foot here and the other—there. Oh! no, don't!

J. J. C.—All right. Send soon.

M., Yankee Jims.—Your "Lines" are almost as smooth as mulled wine is supposed to be at Christmas. We cannot say, however, that they are as pleasant to take, for, to us, somehow, they smack of hypocrisy, and we hate—yea, extravagantly hate—a hypocrite as much as we despise his writings, and that is more than we can express.

—Ha, hah! ha, ha! a-ha, hah! *P. C.*—No you don't. Again, no!

Harry R.—The gold specimens came safely to hand. Thank you! They suggested to us that we ought, perhaps, to give a general invitation to others to send similar ones, and to say that all specimens *under* fourteen pounds! (none over

that weight received!) will be accepted at our office in payment of subscriptions for the Magazine. Send 'em along, everybody! Why didn't you send us *your* name? They will be mailed as requested.

Ed. S., Columbia.—Certainly. We love—yes, almost adore—the large-souled and noble-hearted. We welcome you to our little family. Let us hear from you again at an early day.

Epic, Sacramento.—We never stoop to the "You tickle me and I'll tickle you" principle. By our actions we either stand or fall. Apply elsewhere.

J., San José.—We suppose so. Twenty-four thousand silkworm eggs weigh but a quarter of an ounce! They must, however, be kept cool, but not cold. The worm lives from forty-five to fifty-three days, and in thirty days increase in weight nine thousand five hundred fold. From seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds of mulberry leaves about seventy pounds of worms are obtained. One hundred pounds of worms will give about eight and a-half pounds of spun silk; and even one pound of cocoons will produce a single thread of eighty-eight thousand fathoms in length—at least so says *Berger*.

S. B.—We cannot help it. We never did please everybody, and never expect to try.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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WINTER IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.



THE MINER GOING TO HIS CLAIM IN THE MORNING.

COMFORTABLY seated in an easy chair and a warm room, it is rather agreeable than otherwise to look out upon the gently-falling flakes of snow, that are seeking a hiding place among men's whiskers

—kissing, without ceremony, the ruddy cheeks and ruddier lips of the buoyant-hearted lasses—or making irregular rows and heaps on hat and overcoat, ledge, and window-sill, and pavement, outside. Then

after night has closed in, when the candles are lighted and the fires are renewed, to hear the well-known stamp of a welcome friend, who shakes off the snow from his garments, as the door is opened, and announces in pleasant tones, that "this is something like winter."

In the cities and towns around the Bay of San Francisco, the voice of winter speaks only in the rattling rain, as it falls upon the roof and beats against the window-pane, or in droppings from awnings; or splashings from footsteps of both man and beast—but seldom, very seldom, in the gentle whisperings of the gossamer snow.

Such sights as these, that ancient and venerable individual, so well known and so often quoted as "the oldest inhabitant," has never witnessed in San Francisco, nor in any of the towns and villages on the bays and coasts of California. But, as we ascend the Sacramento or San Joaquin rivers, the white tops of the Sierras give us the assurance that Winter—he of the hoary locks, bleak visage and stormy garments—is known well enough elsewhere.

On reaching the inland cities of Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville—the three great starting points to the Southern, middle and Northern mining districts—although some three or four degrees cooler, during the winter months, than the Bay City, snow is only occasionally seen, and never remains upon the ground longer than a few hours, at most, and generally melts as it falls. During the prevalence of a north or north-easterly wind, a little ice is sometimes formed in exposed places; but the genial warmth of the atmosphere never permits it to remain. The consequence is, that the wide plains stretching to the foot-hills are not only occasionally dotted with white (*Quercus Hindsii*) and live-oaks, (*Quercus Agrifolia*), but are generally carpeted with a beautiful green during

the three dreary months of winter, and very early in spring are covered with an endless variety of gay-colored flowers.

As we thread our way among the foot-hills, almost imperceptibly ascending, the scene gradually changes. A few inches of snow may be seen clothing the summits of the apparently barren hills, and the branches of the "fruit-bearing" or "nut pine," (*Pinus Sabiniana*), the manzanita, (*A. glauca*), and the California Buckeye, (*Æsculus Californica*),—now seen growing among the oaks—are laden with a fleecy covering of snow. In a few of the ravines and gulches, which now begin to furrow the landscape, miners are busy at work; and on the sides of the ravines, perhaps beneath the shade of some huge trees, stand a number of cabins, the temporary homes of the miners. Advancing, in our upward course, the hills increase to mountains; the comparatively shallow gulches change to deep creeks and cañons; and the roads, besides becoming more steep and difficult, are constructed on the tops and sides of nearly perpendicular mountains—especially when crossing the rivers from one mining district to another—and on either side of the dividing ridges, the snow has increased to several inches in depth, covering the mountain sides and filling the ravines with the aqueous element. Now the conical tops of the yellow pine (*Pinus Ponderosa*) are seen among, and gracefully towering above, the other trees of the forest. At this elevation we strike the great mining region of the State, and consequently in the valleys of the different streams and upon the very summits of the mountains, villages and towns become more numerous, and signs of mining industry are visible on every hand,

Let us now go into yonder ravine, at the foot of the mountain. We find that, although it is snowing on the "divide" we have crossed, it is raining al

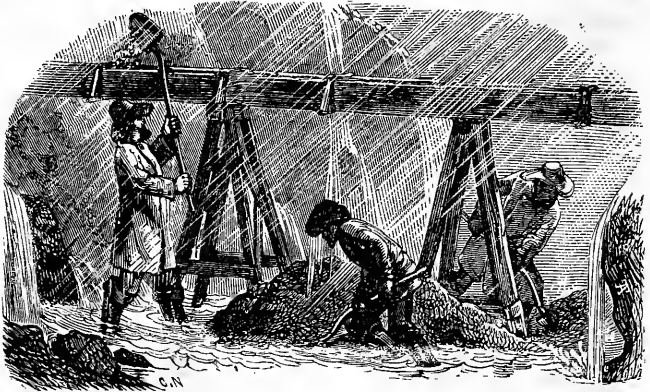
most in torrents here ; but those miners we see at the sluice, or ground-sluice, or long tom, who have been waiting so long for the heavens to pour out their treasures, and for the want of which the precious metal has been slumbering untouched in its earthy vault—alas ! too long—will not now leave their work, though the rain falls ever so fast and furiously. Their hearts are glad. Pictures of the gold to be taken out are presented to the hopeful imagination of the worker ; and besides giving him the means to pay his little bill at the store—the owner of which, he fancies, has looked rather cool upon him lately, as he has entered it—he begins now to calculate how his wife and little ones at home, who have been waiting for a remittance, and, perhaps, have suffered some because of the delay, will feel

when they see a draft for — dollars ; or may-be a sweetheart has received letters of assurance that his prospects are encouraging, and, if plenty of water can be obtained, as soon as the rainy season is over, she may look for his coming, when—well, he knows the happiness he anticipates better than you or I, reader, therefore let us leave him to his thoughts. He'd work on—rain or no rain—if there's water to work with, until Night's dark drapery makes him seek the shelter and comfort—such as it is—and rest of his cabin, and many are now made very cosy and agreeable.

Perhaps the uninitiated reader may suppose that when the miner arrives at his cabin home, at night, that his day's

work is done. Not a bit of it. The one whose turn it is to cook quits work a few minutes earlier than the others, and, on arriving at the cabin, builds a fire, chops up the wood, and commences the cooking of the supper, so that when the others arrive, who have been detained in cleaning up the sluice or tom, and panning out the gold, they may find that, if the evening meal is not quite ready, there is at least a good fire, if there is no loving wife, to smile upon them, cold, weary and half-drowned, as they are.

After the wet clothes and boots are



SLUICING IN THE RAIN.

removed, and a good supper and an hour's rest makes them feel refreshed, the table is cleared, and the pan containing the proceeds of the day's labor is produced and dried, the black sand blown out, and the question put : "How much do you think there is to-night, Joe?" Putting on a wise and learned look, the party questioned, after due deliberation, pushes it into a little heap on the bottom edge of the pan, and pronounces the opinion, that he "will be very much surprised if there is not at least ——— dollars." Not quite as much as that, my boy, I think," suggests another ; but the first speaker sides with Joe, and the scales being produced confirm Joe's judgment to be reliable, and he remarks that

he "couldn't be much mistaken on that pile: seen too much of that kind of gold in this old cabin."

Now, too, the respective prospects of theirs and their neighbors' claims are discussed, the general news of the place talked over, a game of cards played, and a magazine (ours, of course!) or book is read, while the cook for the day mixes up the bread and puts the beans to soak for the morrow. Perhaps a neighbor drops in and relates that, during the

storm last night, the old "nut pine" tree, on White Rock Flat, had fallen right across Fred Hayfield's cabin, and made Fred and the timber both fly, the former through the window and the latter in every direction, and did a smashing business in crockery and cabin-ware. Jerry Dayton, who was passing at the time, narrowly escaped being—frightened! for, hearing the roots of the old tree snapping, he checked himself rather too suddenly, and measured his length



EVENING AT THE CABIN.

on the ground, fortunately at a sufficient distance from the cabin to escape the danger of being made into smaller pieces than either his sweetheart or mother would be likely to approve of.

But let us ascend still higher, for the gold range extends nearly to the very tops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. As we leave the valleys and cañons below, and climb the zig-zag trail to the summit above, where it was only inches at a lower altitude, it has here increased in depth to feet. Now, too, the sugar pine,

(*Pinus Lambertiana*), with its immense dimensions, gracefully-spreading boughs, chaste foliage and depending cones; the balsam fir, (*Picea grandis*), the hardy Williamson spruce, (*Abies Williamsonii*), with numerous others of the same extensive family; the California nutmeg tree. (*Torreya Californica*), the arbovitæ, (*Thuja gigantea*), and other varieties of the same family, together with the California mountain laurel, (*Oreodaphne Californica*). These, and a vast number of hardy and graceful trees and

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.



STORMY TIMES!

shrubs, by far too numerous even to name in this connection, grow on the great table-lands and ridges of the lofty and snow-covered summits of this magnificent range of mountains.

How often does the miner, residing on a bar or valley of a cañon or river, leave his snug and cosy hut to explore these vast forest solitudes in search of richer diggings—even in the midst of winter! Neither snow, nor rain, nor storm, deter him from his purpose. And who has not known or heard of many who have thus gone out, when the air was clear and the day was bright, and never again returned. Wandering on the surface of the snow, packed perhaps by a thaw or rain, or hardened by a frost, he has gone on until the gathering darkness of a coming storm has shut the sun from his sight and guidance, before the cabin of refuge was in sight. Alas! he is lost! Lost! None but those to whose hearts the reluctant conviction, by experience, has at last forced itself, with its paralyzing power, can fully realize the soul-harrowing feeling expressed in that one

simple Saxon word, "*Lost!*" Lost on the wide expanse of snow and forest!



LOST.

Lost, with neither compass nor star to guide; without company, blankets, or

food; the heavy flakes that fall and cling to him, as he clings to life, cover up the tracks of his footsteps, so that even the hope of returning by the way he came is denied to him. At last, weary with his fruitless efforts, he at first sits or lays himself down to rest, only for a few minutes; but the nightmare of care is pressing heavily on his bosom; fatigue, hunger and cold are fast weighing down his eye-lids, and he falls into the sleep which knows no waking. In vain do his cabin-mates, or relations, or friends, await his coming. Alas! he is dead!

The writer, while engaged in taking views for this magazine, was overtaken by a snow-storm on the Trinity Mountains, and, being lost and benighted, as well as weary, sat himself down to rest; just as a drowsiness was stealing over him, the neighing of his horse recalled him to consciousness, when he found that the storm had ceased for a few minutes, and in the distance a dim light was visible. He need not say that the horse saw the light, and by expressing his joy in a loud, long neigh, saved his master's life.

About three weeks before Christmas, in the winter of 1852—generally known as the "starvation winter"—Yreka was but a small town compared with what it now is; and as none of the inhabitants there contemplated the visit of any winter more severe than those they had previously known, no extra supplies were laid in. About this time snow began to fall, yet created no anxiety; but, as it continued for nearly a week without intermission, and snow upon the Yreka flats exceeded four feet in depth, men—especially those with families—began to feel anxious lest the small quantity of provisions on hand should fail before the usual pack-train had supplied their wants. Provisions were daily growing scarce, as the expected train was detained by the snow. On Christmas morning, five dollars per pound

were offered for flour, with which to mix a Christmas plum pudding, but none could be bought at any price. Such articles of consumption as could be found in camp rose in prices enormously. Beef—the steaks of which, on account of being so poor and tough, were denominated "sheet-iron steaks"—was 60 cents per pound; salt (only $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in camp) was sixteen dollars per pound, and other articles proportionably high. None could go out—none could come in. At length several persons, apprehensive of a famine, determined to force their way out over the mountains, towards Shasta. Among them was Mr. Van Choate, our kind informant, who will relate his own story better than we can:—

About a week after Christmas, several of us determined that we would stand it no longer. As a small party had started two days before and had not yet returned, the prospects were looked upon as favorable—besides, we had the advantage of walking in their trail. We crossed over to the head of Scott Valley without much difficulty, and were surprised, on opening the door of Very's Ranch, to find that those who preceded us had made no farther progress than to this point. My first question was:

"Boys, have you any bread here?"

"No," was the bluff and somewhat surly reply, "we haven't!"

Men were strewed about upon the floor in all directions and positions; some were asleep, (for it was night,) others, not finding room to lie down, were sleeping and dozing in a sitting posture; others were quietly awaiting the luxury of lying down when their turn came. We did the best we could, and that merits no cause for boasting, although it does for thankfulness, as we at least had shelter. For that night and the day and night following, we bore our troubles as well as we could; but as provisions were getting scarce here, and the price charged

was three dollars per meal, early the following morning twenty-three of us again set our faces towards Shasta, as the place of bread and refuge.

First we had to cross the Scott Mountain—one of the most dreaded in this district—and snow was already from five to nine feet in depth. Armed with a couple of axes, with our blankets at our backs, we started. Snow here—snow everywhere—but no trail anywhere. One led the van, but at every step snow came up to his middle. Others followed in his trail; but before he had travelled one hundred feet, he was thoroughly tired out,

and stepped aside for another to take his place; the same result with No. 2, and so on up to the last; and thus the whole party tried it, gave out and fell back. The same process was repeated again and again, and in five hours we made just three miles; when night came, nearly five miles, altogether, were accomplished since starting in the morning.

"We are not on our right course," cried one.

"Which is the right one?" inquired another.

No one knew the course we ought to pursue. To add to our difficulties, night



ON HIS DEATHBED OF SNOW HE HAS BUT ONE LOVING AND SORROWING MOURNER.

and a snow-storm both overtook us. After delaying some little time to ascertain which of the party actually knew the course, an old packer's advice was taken, and we again started—now this way, now the other—now down the side of the mountain a little, now up. After manoeuvring in this way all that night and the following day, towards evening the snowing ceased for a few minutes, and gave

us an excellent view of Mount Shasta.

We now saw that we were several miles out of our course; but on we pressed and toiled for the whole of that night, and about noon on the following day reached a stream, which we could not ford. We cut down a tree that grew on the bank, to serve as a temporary bridge, by which we might gain the opposite side. In passing over, two of

the party, being half frozen, slipped off the tree into the stream, and narrowly escaped drowning.

We had now been out three days and two nights, and, as the third night was fast approaching, with no friendly cabin in sight, where we could take shelter and find refreshment, the prospect looked very dark and forbidding.

"Let us camp," suggested one.

"No, no!" replied the others; "we would freeze to death before the fire was lighted!"

So on, on we toiled until midnight, when the foremost man gave a loud, exultant shout; he saw sparks issuing from a cabin nearly buried in the snow. No tongue could describe our feelings. One long, loud "hurrah!" burst from each and all, and rung over and echoed among those snow-covered mountain tops and sides. New life was infused into all of us, and we hurried briskly on; but, alas, alas! when we reached the spot we found that it was only an old tree on fire, smouldering and burning deep down neath the snow. This was disappointment, indeed! yet, in the shadowy distance, in bold relief, stood a cabin, not

for when we reached it, we found that it was not only deserted, but the roof had fallen in. On further examination, one end of the rafters was discovered to be resting on the side of the cabin, and at the farther end was a fire-place. Ah! but you had better believe that even this gave us a feeling of joy which I can not describe. To build a fire was but the work of a few minutes, and after we had all crept beneath this welcome shelter, we counted noses, one by one, and discovered that two of the party were missing. These were found some distance from the cabin nearly frozen to death.

In "prospecting" around, one of the men found a few pounds of barley—the only eatable thing we had seen for three days. This was equally divided among us, and, while some began to eat it raw, others parched theirs in an old frying-pan, which we had found; all were delighted—aye, overjoyed—at this most opportune discovery.

Our bodies being warmed, and our hunger somewhat appeased, we slept soundly until the middle of the following day, when, as we were pretty well aware of our position, and knew that there was

a house about sixteen miles below, where we could obtain rest and refreshment, we concluded that it would be better to remain where we were till the next morning, and then push on while we had sufficient strength remaining. During the day, quite a number of others from Yreka, who had followed our trail, came up with us, and increased our party to nearly seventy.

As soon as morning light began to break, our gaunt-looking and hungry little ar-



A SNOW-BURIED CABIN IS BETTER THAN NONE.

over three hundred yards farther on. A new joy was again felt, but, like the other, was of exceedingly short duration,

my started in Indian file for the house before alluded to—some of us not having tasted food, with the exception of the

barley, for four long days.

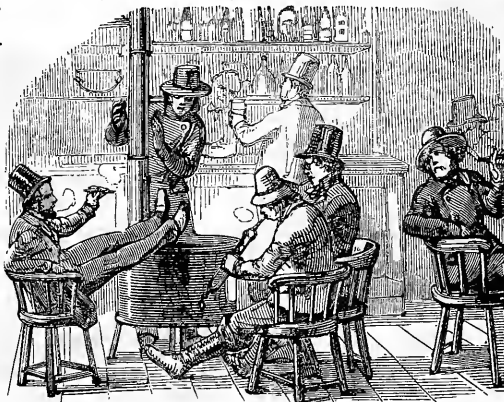
About nine o'clock, P. M., of this, the fifth day, the place of our deliverance was in sight. Oh! what joy thrilled every heart; for there, not only was the house to be seen, but a light moving about inside. Our little hero was ahead, and, on entering the house, he exclaimed "Have you any bread here?" "No!" was the answer; "but we have some venison." "Then I want supper for seventy men." "Supper for seventy men?" interrogated the landlord. "Yes, supper for seventy men, who have had nothing to eat for five days."

"Gammon!" *looked* the landlord—he's crazy. By-and-by, in walked one, then another, then three or four more; all eagerly inquiring, "Have you anything to eat here?" "Yes," spoke up Mr. C., "I've ordered supper for seventy—for all hands." But no supper seemed to be preparing.

As some forty had reached the house, and other voices were making themselves heard not very far off, the landlord concluded that Van was not mad; but that it was a fact, that there were not far, if any, from the number mentioned. Some extensive cooking was performed that night, and eating too; and, as speedily as possible, supper was announced. I should like for you to have seen us then. No allusion to "sheet-iron beef-steaks," or venison either, interfered with our appetites in the least; but what with these meats, some potatoes, and pickled beets, we made the discovery that eating had the effect of destroying a desire for more, although we thought, when we sat down, that we could eat until morning and not be satisfied.

No sooner was the inner man appeased and comforted than volunteers were mus-

tered to seek out the men we had left, frost-bitten, in our last shelter; and two of the sturdiest were selected to undertake their work of risk and love; and to whom we agreed to pay an ounce of gold per day to each, as wages, for taking care of them. When they arrived there the two frozen sufferers were nearly dead. Poor fellows, they were indeed pitiable objects. From the feet of one man fell four of his toes; and from the other a part of the heel. At length, by giving them two or three small teaspoonfulls of warm brandy, they recovered sufficiently



BAR-ROOM SCENE IN WINTER.

to sit up a little, while more brandy was administered in small doses, at intervals. In due time, although crippled for life, they recovered their health, and are still living and well.

After some days of relaxation and recuperation, another attempt to reach the settlements was crowned with success, and this heroic party placed beyond the reach of further danger.

[During the same winter—1852-'53—snow fell in Onion Valley, Sierra county, to the depth of twenty-five feet! The store of Timberman & Co. was entirely covered. It was with much labor that the roof was prevented from falling in.

The liberty-pole standing in front had to be cut down and drawn into the store for props, and the snow frequently shoveled from the roof. After a slight thaw, a few inches of the roof were bare; and, upon this spot, large numbers of wolves nightly congregated to warm their feet, fight, and howl. At this time, the people here cut a tunnel from "The Miners' Retreat" (Timberman's) to "The Golden Gate Hotel," opposite; and thus again

opened communication with each other across the street. An acquaintance of ours, on Nelson creek at this time, paid eight hundred dollars for one thousand pounds of flour, for which, within a week, he was offered two thousand dollars! At St. Louis, Pine Grove, Gibsonville, and numerous other places in that vicinity; then known only as Sears' Diggings, snow was only from eighteen to twenty feet in depth; and, since that winter,



OVERTAKEN ON THE MOUNTAIN BY A SNOW-STORM.

but little, if any, over seven feet in depth, upon the level, has ever fallen in one winter.]

But the reader must not suppose that such dismal scenes form the whole of the series of winter pictures in the mining region; especially at the present time. By no means. Merry-makings, balls and social parties are beginning to relieve and warm the coldness of Winter's snowy visage; and, during the present winter, sleigh-rides with the girls—yes, with the

girls! for such are *now* to be found in almost every mining town—with snowballings and slidings, are becoming popular pastimes in the higher mining districts. The dull, cheerless monotony endured by the sturdy sons of the pick and shovel, in earlier winters' of our State's history, is fast passing away; and, before many years have run their round, we hope that winter in the Sierras will be anticipated with pleasure rather than dreaded; and that the "making-haste-to-be-rich" feeling will have given

place to that of contentment and comfort possessed.

It may seem strange to many people of the Eastern States, that in California a person may travel on several feet of snow in the morning and before noon, of the same day, be sitting down to lunch where

the grass is green and wild flowers are blooming all around him. Such is winter in California.

We cannot better conclude this sketch than by giving the beautiful lines, from the *Alta*, of

THE LOST PREACHER.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

“The Rev. Mr. Brooks perished in the snow, on Salmon Mountain, a year ago last February. A few days ago, his bones, watch, a twenty dollar gold piece, and a package of tracts, were found near a house on the north side of the mountain. He had perished almost in sight of shelter.”

“Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”—*MATT. 25.*

Say, wherefore, Christian soldier, did thy faithful footsteps stray
 So far from “busy haunts of men,” on that lone, toilsome way?
 ’Twas not to seek the much-loved gold, not to add “land to land,”
 Nor e’en to die for science in the martyr-heroes’ band;
 Nor for the wealth that holy Church hath on her vassals poured,
 Nor for the fame that Eloquence hath in her temple stored;
 But to the lonely dweller on the mountain’s dreary height,
 To bear the blessed Word of God, the Gospel’s gleam of light;
 To say to those who live afar from book, or spire, or bell—
 “Glad tidings of great joy, to man ’tis my proud task to tell!”
 Hadst thou no mother watching, praying for her much-loved son?
 Hadst thou no wife still hoping to behold the absent one?
 Hadst thou no child still craving thy fond blessing to implore?
 No friends who pined to greet thee in thine old home once more?
 The winter sky shone on thee with its melancholy light;
 The crisp snow neath thy footsteps sparkled falsely clear and bright;
 The storm-cloud came around thee—the drifting snow fell fast—
 But cheer thee, lonely traveler! Thy goal is spied at last!
 Yes! with thine eyes still gazing, by the early break of day,
 At that shelter unattainable, thy life-warmth passed away!
 Thy course of usefulness cut off which so bravely had begun—
 “Could I have died hereafter! But no! God’s will be done!”
 And though thy dying struggle no human eye could see,
 Who knows what unseen angels were minist’ring to thee?
 Alas! all search was fruitless, till eighteen months had passed;
 But brothers’ love hath found thee—thy fate is known at last.
 The melted snow had formed a grave around the sheltered sod;
 Beside it lay the precious words of prayer and love of God;
 And *Time stood still* beside thee, as it will on that Great Day
 When, in the Judge’s presence, worlds are marshalled in array;

The rust was on the dial—the rust of death on thee—
 But the immortal gem *within*, decay shall never see !
 The gold still lay upon the earth, unchanged by frost or dew—
 The earth, the gold will perish, but thy soul will rise anew !
 Thy bones, all bare and whitened, though lifeless, have a voice,
 Which whispers to the mourners—Lament not, but rejoice !
 For thou hast died a soldier, in battle for thy Lord ;
 Thy guerdon everlasting, proclaimeth thus His Word :
 Thy “dried bones” shall be covered with righteousness on High,
 For those who serve God truly have only *once* to die !
 Then waken to salvation and hear these words so blest—
 “Well done, thou faithful servant ; enter now into thy rest !”

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3, 1858.

EVERYTHING IS CHANGING.

Since the sublime fiat, “Let there be light!” echoed through all space, the silent law of Change has been writing its unceasing mandates. At this command, Darkness hid her face behind the “pearly pillars” of Light, whose crimson drapery with rose-tinted edges parted to usher in the new Morning. The gift of Phœbus to this Morning was an array of sunbeams, whose penciling rays shaded all things, so as to best reflect her gorgeous beauty. Thus from the Night came the Day, baptized with the fragrance of opening flowers ; breathless Noon-day had inhaled their sweetness, while Evening’s dewy breath had refreshed them, leaving many shining crystals among their folded leaves.

This change from Night to Day was but a reflection of those great changes which were to write Life, and Death, upon the inanimate world, and give Beauty and Strength to the living. Spring’s warm breezes were to coax the embryo bud from its dark, silent home, to revel in one of sunshine and light ; its appointed mission was to give Resurrection and Life, where was Desolation, and Death ; Summer’s warm winds were burdened with the fragrance of dying

flowers ; Autumn’s frosty breath nipped the last of Summer’s train, and with his crystalline alphabet wrote Maturity upon the more laggard fruits of Fall ; while stern Winter, with his icy finger, stops the purling rills in their wayward course, and leaves pendant icicles glittering in the sunlight, decking the flowerless shrub, and leafless tree, with a robe in striking contrast with the delicately shaded green of Summer !

The hidden powers of the invisible world conduct their works in a mysterious manner ; side by side are reared the oak and the daisy, as living monuments of decayed matter ; their bright green leaves, and tinted flowers, will ere long cease interpreting the mysteries of Death-land, and sink to rest, or be borne by invisible wings to other destinies. — Thus, to-day the “Woodman’s axe” has not spared the forest tree, but has leveled its proud head with the dust ! Soon no vestige of this tree remains, but to our eyes the crumbling log is lost ; yet, the Chemist looks forward, with a prophetic eye, and sees our leviathan steamers propelled by this renewed power ; or, mayhap, the ball-room belle flits before his mind’s eye, with charms made more brilliant by a glittering diamond. From amid the gems of royalty, he singles the

purest, and whispers: "There is the unnoticed acorn, the gigantic tree, the rotten log, and now, forsooth, a diamond—a 'mountain of light'—ages since, not worth a passing remark; now its value severs the bonds of peace between civilized nations!"

Go with me to the "Sunny South," and view those snowy fields of cotton; but a few days, and "Sovereign Genius" will have converted parts of this plant into minute threads, and mingled them with the silk-worm's silken web, to grace the forms of an Ellen Douglas, or a Lady Rowena; or be hung in heavy folds over parlor-windows, shutting out from home the beautiful sunshine; allowing only a few rays to play "hide and seek" among the leaves and buds of the rich carpet. The blue misty vapors that to-day obscure our vision, to-morrow are piled up against the blue sky in fleecy clouds, or rest upon the violet as beady dew-drops, or come to earth in refreshing showers!

Nature is but a Volume of Changes. From her laboratory, matter assumes myriad forms. Retrograde movements are often seen; yet, in the end, they but perfect the plan of progression. "There are constant changes on earth, in air," and in the waters of the great deep. The noisy brook, and the sluggish waters of the river, gather the impurities of earth, and deposit them amid the ocean's foaming waves:—Thus, the pure and impure elements are blended together, each losing their own individuality, and preventing this body of water from becoming a stagnant and "putrid mass."

The changes of life are to us fraught with misgivings and regrets; yet, in the end, we welcome them as the almoners of true pleasure and enjoyment! The scenes of "sportive childhood, though ever so pleasant and joyous," would be distasteful to the matured man; his is a nature too changeful for true earthly happiness! We, as descendants of Adam,

are now suffering the penalty of the first great change in his history; not satisfied with the good, he sought the forbidden fruit—thus shutting the gates of a heavenly home from rightful and created heirs.

Mind, in its primeval state, was not conscious of its own powers, but was in harmony with the undeveloped mass around it. Instinct whispered of something higher and better; Wants and Desires prompted a change; and Reason saw in this want, of variety but an echoing law from the Infinite to the finite being;—hence, the "March of Mind," from the dark and superstitious age, to one of light and civilization.

Man's superiority over the inferior creation oft lulls him into forgetfulness of the One superior to himself; yet man, with his ancestral pride and sounding titles, is but a fit subject for decomposition and death; the proudly defiant lip, the flashing eye, and sensitive ear, are dependent upon the Dust for the rosy tints, the bright expressive colors, and perfect form; from this same source "creepeth the worm," and riseth the winged insect; together will they decay, and from their dust will spring the tender flower and twining vine! M. B.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW'S BOOK.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

THIS is a simple, touching tale of New England in the days of the Pilgrims. Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain, whose beard is already

"Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November,"

despatches his friend, John Alden,

"Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,"

to woo the maiden Priscilla in his behalf. Alden does so in good faith, until his pleading for his friend is overset by Priscilla's arch inquiry,

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

On hearing of this, Miles is indignant at what he considers his friend's treachery, and departs in anger, at the head of an expedition against the hostile Indians. Alden prepares to return to England in the *May Flower*, but is withheld by Priscilla's earnest entreaties. Their courtship continues; news arrives that Miles is slain; then,

"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then severing and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other."

The wedding takes place; Standish suddenly appears, atones for his anger to Alden, and declares his approval of the marriage, for

"No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

And the poem terminates with the bridal procession.

Miles Standish is the true soldier of the day. His demeanor, his impetuosity, his overbearing dictation, his bluntness, his contemptuous hatred to the Indians, even his dry humor, belong to his age and time. Not less correctly depicted is the gentle scribe, Alden, constraining all natural feelings, looking upon their indulgence as sinful, and, with the fanaticism of the age, classing his innocent affection with David's wild passion for Bathsheba. The modest Priscilla, likewise, full of shy playfulness,

"Making the humble house, and the modest apparel of homespun,
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being,"—

curbing her love as none but a Puritan maiden would, yet honestly declaring and discussing it as none but a Puritan maiden could,—the gruff captain of the *May Flower*,

"Taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,—

Glad to begone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!"

the venerable Elder,—

"Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to Heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth,"—

the Indian messenger,—

"The glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest,"—

all form so complete a picture of the time, that one would think the poet had lived in that day, and now, like the Seven Sleepers, had awakened to tell to the present generation the manners of the past.

One especial characteristic of Longfellow's poetry is its power of touching the feelings. His heart, as evinced in his poems, like the "beating drum," to which he has himself compared it, knows and sounds the call, to which, from regiment to regiment, from tent to tent, in the vast camp of human existence, other hearts send forth the answering signal.

Vitality is likewise a marked characteristic of this poet. His characters all live and move before us. He is a great "word-painter." Witness Hiawatha's wooing, the death-bed of Minnehaha, the arrival of the ship and landing of the priest. What painting could bring those scenes and characters more vividly before us, than the words of the poet have done? And what painting could echo the sweet welcome of the birds, the rabbits, the sun, the moon, as the wedded pair seek their homes,—the plaintive wail of old Nokomis, or the farewells of the sea, the wind, the forest trees, and the screaming heron, as Hiawatha's canoe fades on the horizon?

This is also especially evident in the poem before us. The home of Miles Standish, its furniture, the shelf of books, and amongst them,

"Prominent there, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding,

Bariffe's Artillery Guide and the Commentaries of
 Caesar,
 And, as if guarded by these, between them was stand-
 ing the Bible,"—

the landscape, with "the steel-blue rim
 of the ocean,"—the sailing of the May
 Flower,—the cottage of Priscilla, her
 psalm-book,

"Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music
 together,
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of
 a church-yard,
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the
 verses,"—

the council-room,—the winding of the
 skein,—the church,—“the milk-white
 steer, Raghorn,”—are all plain to the
 sight.

But the idea which displays the most
 genius and originality in the whole poem,
 is the contrasted description of the deaths
 of the two Indian chiefs,—the last line,
 especially, is worthy of Shakspeare.
 (Pecksuot is stabbed by Miles):

"And reeling backward, the savage
 Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiend-like fierce-
 ness upon it."

The brave Watawamat

"Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had
 a bullet
 Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands
 clutching the green-sward,
 Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the
 land of his fathers."

Alden's sudden surprise on hearing of
 Miles Standish's love:

"Feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
 Just as a time-piece stops in a house that is stricken
 by lightning,"—

the military description of the sky and
 waves, when Standish marched forth to
 battle:

"Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of
 morning;
 Under them, loud on the sands, the serried billows,
 advancing,
 Fired along the line, and in regular order retreat-
 ed,"—

and the epithets applied to Plymouth
 Rock:

"That had been to their feet like a door-step
 Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a
 nation,"—

are among the most prominent features
 of the poem. Even also, as amongst the
 jagged fissures of that rock, bright little
 May-flowers struggle into life, so there
 are many blossoms of thought and im-
 agination scattered throughout.

It is, however, much to be regretted
 that Longfellow's love for the classical
 hexameter has induced him to employ it
 in this poem. The use of the trochaic
 measure in Hiawatha,—an extraordinary
 and original effort in an epic poem,—(for
 an Indian epic Hiawatha certainly is,)—
 displayed alike the poet's genius, inde-
 pendence and taste. The measure is
 poetic, and musical throughout; it is not
 polished, for that would be out of place
 in an aboriginal legend; it is untutored
 versification, but it is poetry. The hex-
 ameter employed in the Courtship of
 Miles Standish does not suit the genius
 of our language. The measure is not
 sufficiently defined, nor is the English
 tongue musical enough to give pleasure
 by such terminations of each verse. The
 gratification this measure may afford, by
 analogy, to the classical reader, poorly
 compensates for its barrenness—its in-
 harmoniousness to the common ear. For
 instance, it is difficult to find measure,
 melody, or rhyme, in passages like these:

"Now do you know what he did on a
 certain occasion in Flanders, when the
 rear guard of his army retreated, the
 front giving way too, and the immortal
 Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely
 together there was no room for their
 swords?"

The powerful, but euphonious verse of
 Milton, the colloquial rhythm of Shak-
 speare, the honey-sweet stanza of Spen-
 ser, are all equally appropriate to the
 age, the scene, and the subject; and it
 would seem that the novel task the poet
 has undertaken has chilled his own fer-
 vid imagination: the subject is prosaic,
 and the measure confirms its prosaic
 aspect.

The collection of shorter poems in the
 volume is beautifully styled "Birds of
 Passage," which, as quoted from Dante,
 "in winging their long flight, make the
 air musical, singing as they fly." Our
 limits will not admit of reference to all;
 a few of the gems alone can be selected.

Here the poet calls up all the harmony of versification, the most delicate fancies, the holiest imaginings. Here likewise we see that genius for creating pictures developed in Longfellow's noblest vein. The picture in the three last verses of the poem on the Jewish Cemetery, deserves, (and no higher praise can be given,) to rank beside that never-to-be-forgotten illustration of the foot-step in the sand, Robinson Crusoe's alternate torment and hope, terror and consolation, which, in the spirit-stirring, soul-inspiring Psalm of Life, has immortalized its author. The verses are as follows, speaking of the Jews:

"Pride and humiliation, hand in hand, [went;
Walked with them through the world where'er they
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the Continent.

For in the back-ground, figures, vague and vast,
Of patriarchs and prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past,
They saw reflected in the coming time.

*And thus for ever, with reverted look,
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead."*

Who has not seen the following picture?

"And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose *trembling planks* our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that *sways and bends*,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss."

Longfellow enters upon a new field in his song of "Catawba Wine." The composer who "marries it to music" will be fortunate; it is so sparkling and Anacreontic.

The last poem from which a selection can now be made is from the Death of the Duke of Wellington, the "Warden of the Cinque Ports." How appropriate the allegory, how perfect the picture, of the immortal warrior smiting the mortal one!

"No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warder hour;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore!

*Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;*
*Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead."*

Comments or extracts like these would be, in the Eastern States, supererogatory. But this Magazine is intended for the meridian of California, to give companionship to the lonely miners, whose Weary nights at Harvard and at Yale, Pored o'er the page till their young cheeks grew pale, and who now are debarred the luxury of library or books, but who still crave after the rich freights of genius that are slowly floating down the stream of literature, within sight of their far-distant homes. These glimpses of the most recent productions of one of our greatest poets, will partly compensate for the lack of the volume itself, and may they afford as much gratification to the reader as to the writer!

—"Those who joy would win,
Must share it—happiness was born a twin!"

"PEN AND INK,"
[MRS. E. S. CONNER.]

SONG.

BY PET POSIE.

We have spoken the dreary Good-bye,
And parted, it may be forever!
'Twas carelessly said, and no sigh, [sever.
Breathed of sadness, that thus we should

The cold hand, lying lightly in thine,
All unnoticed its tremblings by thee;
And the smile on these proud lips of mine
But concealed a sad heart—ah, me!

Go! for a bright future awaits thee;
The past, with its memories, be mine—
Content with life's thorns, oh, believe me!
If only its roses be thine!

And though the last words have been spo-
And we sever, on earth ne'er to meet, [ken,
Thy spell o'er my heart is not broken;
Though captive, my bondage is sweet!

Sacramento.

GRAVES ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The graves on the village green,
 Where the tall old poplars grow;
 Where the ancient church reared its mossy
 In the dreamy "long ago;" [walls,
 Where the loved in death repose,
 On their low beds of clay;—
 How calm and quietly they rest,
 Sleeping the years away!

The graves on the village green,
 Where the tall grass waves above,
 And the gray moss creeps o'er the ancient
 Sculptured with names we love; [stones,
 Where they sleep a dreamless sleep,
 Each on his narrow bed,
 Till God's strong angel lifts his voice,
 And heaven and earth are fled.

The graves on the village green,
 Where a father sleeps in death;
 And God's great eye is looking down,
 On the holy spot beneath;
 And watches o'er the place,
 Where a sainted patriarch lies,
 Till a mighty voice shall shake the tomb,
 And a glorious angel rise.

The graves on the village green,
 Where a gentle mother lies,
 With pale hands clasped on a silent breast,
 And dimmed and dreamless eyes;—
 Where often Memory turns,
 With throbbing heart and weeps—
 O! there's no holier spot on earth
 Than where a mother sleeps!

The graves on the village green,
 Where our loved children lie,
 O'er whom we wept, and watched, and
 With the death-angel nigh. [prayed,
 O! early loved and lost!
 What speak ye from the sod?
 "Gone to green pastures, living streams,
 Upon the hills of God!"

The graves on the village green,
 Where our loved brothers rest,

And gentle sisters calmly sleep,
 As on a mother's breast.
 O! when the dream is past,
 And changed Life's magic scene,
 May we find a home in heaven, with those
 Who sleep on the village green!

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

BY W. B. STANLEY.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE magnificent steamer Northern Light, crowded with passengers, swung loose from her dock, amid the shouts of thousands who had assembled to witness her departure, and moved gracefully out upon the wide ocean. There are peculiar scenes exhibited at the departure of every steamer bound for California. There is weeping, and there is the merry laugh which rings through the boisterous crowd, mingled with the sighs of those who have come to take the last parting kiss from some dear friend whom they never expect to see again; for the trip to California is associated with many dangers. The body of many a poor immigrant has been cast into the briny deep, and all his brightest anticipations of this golden land forever blasted, for death is unerring in all his aims, and many of the fondest hopes have been crushed by his fatal shafts, while yet in the bud. There were over seven hundred passengers on board, composed of many kinds of people, flushed with the hope of soon returning with fortunes which they had procured in the golden land. What happy thoughts of the future danced before their delighted fancy, as the steamer climbed each mountain wave on her westward course.

Amidst the crowd which thronged the deck of the vessel, as she so gracefully floated over the blue waters, leaving the bustling city in the distance, were two persons, who stood at the afterpart, looking back upon the receding city. One of them was of very fair complexion, and

dressed with much taste. From his appearance, he could scarcely be one-and-twenty, for there was not a particle or sign of beard upon his face. He had on a blue frock coat, a white vest and black pants, while his nice white shirt-collar was neatly turned down over a satin cravat, and upon his head was a silk glazed cap, which sat at one side of his head. Every movement was of that peculiar ease and grace which denoted that he had been raised in the first circles of society. The other was a mulatto, and was evidently a servant, who appeared to pay strict attention to his master.

After the steamer had been out a few days, and most of the passengers had got over their sea-sickness, there was considerable curiosity to know who this young man was that had a servant and was so distant to all advances towards intimacy with any of the passengers. It was generally noticed by the passengers, that the servant was constantly by the side of his master when he came upon deck, and they were often in close conversation, which is unusual between master and servant. The ladies on board were very anxious to become acquainted with the "*nice young man*," as they called him; but, to their utter discomfiture, he would not make free with any of them; consequently all their advances towards him were to no purpose.

After a pleasant trip of twenty-eight days they arrived at San Francisco, and the young gentleman and his servant took rooms at the Oriental Hotel, where they attracted the same attention they did on the steamer. Some of the ladies of the Hotel were very anxious to form the acquaintance of the "*nice young man*," and they went so far as to get up a ball, almost on purpose to get an introduction; for they had come to the conclusion that he must be a wealthy planter's son, come to California for his health, as he had rather a delicate complexion. The ball

went off, but the young stranger did not appear, to the great disappointment of many of them. They used every means in their power to become intimate with him, but all to no purpose. "The strange young man," "the *nice young man*," was unapproachable, and the mystery of his diffidence towards them remained unsolved. We will leave them for awhile, and return to the boys and see what they are doing.

One morning as Elic entered his counting-room, after he had been in business about three months, he took up one of the morning papers to read, as usual; and, while looking over one of them, his eyes fell upon the following advertisement, in one of the San Francisco dailies:

"WANTED—Information of Franklin Seaman and Elic Grover, who came to this country early in '49. By addressing a letter to 'J. S., San Francisco Post Office,' they can hear something of importance to them.

"San Francisco, March, 185-."

When Elic read the notice he was very much surprised, and could not imagine what it could mean, but thought it must be concerning home, so he started for San Francisco on the two o'clock boat. That night he wrote a note and dropped it in the office, intending to remain in the city for an answer, as the advertisement had been in two weeks, and it was presumed that whoever put it in would call at the office every day or two. He did not have to wait long, for the third day he received an answer to his note, requesting him to call next day, at ten o'clock, at Room No. —, Oriental Hotel.

He went to the Hotel at the time specified and called at the desk, requesting to be shown to Room No. —, which was complied with; and his brightest anticipations were more than realized; for, there he met Julia, and two fond hearts, so long separated, were again united.

The reader can now readily solve the mystery of the young man on the steamer,

for it was none other than Julia Seaman and her maid servant, who so mysteriously disappeared the night she was to be married to Mr. Simpson. They went to New York and procured male attire, shipped in the Northern Light for San Francisco. She applied the plan of advertising to see if she could hear anything of Frank or Elic, and by that means found the object of her search.

After the excitement of the meeting had subsided, Julia told Elic all that had transpired, as they sat upon the sofa, while his arm entwined her slender waist; and, as he brushed back her beautiful hair, he kissed her, saying:

"My dear Julia, little did I ever expect to see you in California, or even see you again as Julia Seaman, for I thought, perhaps, you were long since married, and I forgotten."

"How could you think thus, when I have so often told you, that so long as the pulsation dwelt within my bosom, so long I should love you."

"Julia, pardon me for even doubting you for a moment, but then I knew there were so many influences thrown around you—the objections of a dear parent and the fascinations of a fashionable world, were all brought to bear upon your mind, combined with the knowledge of my inability to lay at your feet the treasures of this world, which were offered to you by others."

"You know not the ardent love that dwelt in my bosom, or you could not let such thoughts enter your mind, or doubt my constancy; neither could you have the same confidence in me that I had in you, or I never should have done as I did—dressed in male attire, with none but a maid servant to accompany me thousands of miles, leaving all the luxuries of a home and a dear parent, on an uncertain voyage, in search of the idol of my heart in a strange land, not knowing whether he was dead or alive."

"Oh, Julia! talk not thus, or you will break my heart; although such thoughts might have passed through my mind, yet I could not get my heart to believe them; for had you married, I could have loved you none the less. Since we separated, I have never cherished a thought that was not yours, in all my wanderings, and now I am by your side I ask no happier boon on earth; for to love and cherish you will ever be my heart's greatest delight; and, thank Heaven, I am not now as when I last saw you—I have now the means to keep you as becomes your position in life."

"Elic, talk not of what you possess; I shall love you none the more; for I love you, as I did years long since, for the heart that dwells in your bosom; and to be by your side will be happiness enough for me, though you did not possess a dollar."

As she finished speaking, he again pressed her to his bosom, saying:

"Nothing but death shall again separate us."

"In the excitement of the meeting, I forgot to inquire after Frank."

"Frank is married."

"Married! Is it possible?"

"It is even so."

"Where does he reside?"

"I will tell you the whole circumstance; but you must not get angry with him, for he has married one of the loveliest creatures on earth."

"About eight months ago Frank, another gentleman, and myself were taken prisoners by some Indians, while mining on the Klamath river, and remained with them about six weeks; and among them was dwelling a female of surpassing loveliness. I say dwelling among them, because it was evident that she was not an Indian. Frank became so perfectly charmed with her, the consequence is that she is his lawful and wedded wife, according to the customs of those Indians."

"Does he still live with them?"

"He does; for she would not consent to marry him, unless he would promise to remain with them."

"Well, that is very strange, indeed. Do you think he will ever come back?"

"Indeed, I cannot say. The tribe they are with has gone to the head-waters of the Colorado, many hundred miles from here."

"I should like very much to see brother Frank; though he has been away from home so much, since I have been large enough to appreciate his society, I can scarcely realize I have a brother living. Where is Leu; is he with Frank?"

"He is in Sacramento, acting as porter in our store."

"Has he been with you all the time?"

"Yes; he has been a faithful servant, and, for his reward, Frank gave him about two thousand dollars and his freedom."

"I am truly glad; for he was the best servant we ever had; and he always thought more of Frank than any of the family."

Dinner was announced, and Elic took his leave, promising to call again soon. In less than two weeks Elic and Julia were married, and the next steamer that left the Pacific coast carried the information to Mr. Seaman of Julia's whereabouts, also her marriage to Elic. Soon after the marriage, he bought out Joe's interest in the store; and everything went on as well as the heart could wish; business was good, and his trade continued to increase; and, after the busy toil of the day was over, he could return to the society of one dearer to him than all else on earth. Indeed, Elic appeared to be the happiest man living; but it could not always last; for all he had made by years of toil was swept from him in a few hours, by the conflagration of 1852. Having good credit in San Francisco, by his promptness in the past, he bought

largely, and commenced business on the same ground.

In less than six months afterwards, the house in San Francisco, where he bought the largest portion of his goods, issued attachments against him, closing up his store. He could assign no cause for such proceedings, as they had often told him he could have all the goods he wished, and have his time to pay for them. As soon as it was known that attachments were issued, others came in, which entirely crushed him, leaving him nothing but his little homestead. A few weeks after his store was closed out, he received the following note, which will explain itself:

"SAN FRANCISCO, March 9, 185-.

DEAR SIR: I have twice seen you reduced to poverty; although the first time I had no connection with the affair, for fire did the work, but the last time my influence caused your store to be closed and leave you almost penniless. I did this from no enmity towards you, but for the revenge I owe to your wife, who refused to marry me. I have traveled many miles, and spent thousands of dollars to accomplish my object. It is now done. Work by the day, and let Julia take in washing, for a living. Ha! ha!

"THEODORE SIMPSON."

Elic never told Julia anything about receiving this letter, for he knew it would only cause her grief to know that she had been the cause of their misfortune, but struggled on against all his difficulties, hoping that something would transpire to aid him in making another raise in the world of monetary affairs.

Joe still remained with them, having a room in the city, and boarded with them. He offered Elic money, to go into business again, but he would not accept it.

Five months had now elapsed since Julia had written to her father, but no answer, when one day, after the arrival of the steamer from the States, Elic came in with a letter, which was from Julia's father, stating that if they would come home, and bring Frank with them, he

would forgive them for all the past, and they should inherit all his property. This was glorious news to them, not so far as the property was concerned with Elic, but the reconciliation of her father to their union.

Their happiness would now have been complete, if Frank had been there to go with them to the States. They determined to sail on the next steamer, and they had prevailed on Joe to go with them. The day before they were to leave Sacramento, Elic met Frank on the street, who told him that Wild Flower, or whom we shall now call Charlotte Seaman, and who was none other than Joe's sister, who had been stolen when quite young by the Indians, and her father being killed at the time she was stolen. This Frank learned when he arrived at their village on the Colorado. The band she was dwelling with, when the boys were taken prisoners, had traded for her from the Apaches. He came across an old French trader, who told him all about the circumstances and what her name was, for he used to be well acquainted with Mr. Dixon, Joe's father. As soon as Frank learned these facts, he began to prevail upon Charlotte to return to California, telling her all he had learned from the French trader and that Joe was her brother. She finally consented; but the Indians would not let them go, until they promised to come back again. They got in with a train, and came through to Sacramento.

They all set sail on the next steamer for the Atlantic States; and a more happy group never left the Pacific coast.

Leu and Nelly, having received their freedom-papers, concluded to remain in California; and, before the party started, they were married. They now reside in a small town, in the northern part of this State, where Leu is engaged in mining and Nelly does washing. They are worth about fifteen thousand dollars, and they

are noted for their honesty and industry. It was from them that we got an insight for the foundation of our story; for, through them, we learned where Joe resided, for he did not remain in the States but a short time, and to him we are indebted for the most interesting portion of our narrative. Should any one, who reads this story, chance to travel on the Cumberland river, which flows through the most beautiful portion of Tennessee, they will see two splendid mansions, which stand on the banks, not more than a hundred yards apart, where live Elic and Julia, Frank and Charlotte, or who was once WILD FLOWER, THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

Reader, our story is completed; and if we have produced one feeling of interest in the bosom of those who have followed us through, our brightest anticipations are realized. And, hoping to meet you again, we respectfully take our leave.

BE STILL, MY HARP, BE STILL.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Be still, my harp, be still,—

Pour not thy music here!

Keep thy lone, wasted tone, to thrill

In the pure music sphere.

This is the orb unblest,

Of all the starry throng;

No thing of grace may here find rest—

Be mute, O soul of song!

To Hope, e'en at her birth,

A haunting shade is given;

And Love turns weary from the Earth

With waiting looks to Heaven.

Here sweet Peace vainly tries

To make her dwelling fair;

To fields above, she weeping flies,

And sets her white tent there.

Be mute, O spirit strain,

Die, from the cold earth—die!

What memory would'st thou hope to gain,
What echo, or reply?

Will the hoarder leave his gold,
Thy call of love to hear?
Will the worldlings' heart to thee unfold?
Canst thou reach the scaled ear?

Sleep—midst life's vain, false spell;—
Wait—for the heavenly air!
Oh! by thyself thou may'st know well
What waits thy wakening there!

Vainly I bid thee sleep,
O spirit tones, for still [deep,
Thou cling'st to Earth, with yearnings
Midst all the wrong and ill:—

Whispering, O orb unblest,
Of all the starry throng,
Oh! more perchance than all the rest,
Thou need'st the soul of song!

Whispering, O stricken sphere,
Peace, Hope and Love may flee
Thy paths,—yet would we linger here
To win them back to thee.

[Continued from page 279.]

EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

IN process of time the house was finished and furnished—very much, too, to Leenie's mind—and Michael Kezil essayed to take upon himself the multifarious duties of farmer, landlord, barkeeper and hostler, while Leenie was to play the *roles* of landlady, book-keeper, and *maitresse de cuisine*. But Michael soon found that it is possible for a man to charge himself with more functions than he is capable of fulfilling, either profitably to himself or the public. It happened, about the time he entered upon his new character of tavern-keeper, that the ingenious money-seekers of Ohio had become partially, if not wholly, insane on the subject of banking. Every city, village and

hamlet had its bank; and paper-money most of it of very questionable reputation, was scattered about like autumn leaves in a hurricane. The consequence was, that silver and gold coin disappeared from the public vision and took sanctuary in the vaults of the bankers. Dollars, half-dollars, quarter-dollars, bits and picayunes no longer played their accustomed parts in the commercial transactions of the day; but had their places filled by villainous and vexatious bank notes, which, from their peculiar shape and smallness, were facetiously denominated "shin-plasters." Thus, every imaginable sum of money, from six-and-a-fourth cents up to a thousand dollars, had its representative on a bit of paper, and manifold and ruinous were the perplexities they entailed upon the honest Buckeyes—(the first settlers of Ohio were called Buckeyes, because of the real or fancied resemblance which their beautifully bronzed complexions bore to the color of that celebrated, though useless, nut)—and deeply and fervently did the honest Buckeyes, vent maledictions upon the heads of the bankers, who flooded the land with their pestiferous shin-plasters. This rascally system of banking—so destructive to the amenities of business and so prolific of sinfulness, by keeping the people in a constant state of irritation, and causing them to talk irreverently and blasphemously—almost drove Michael Kezil into insanity. On busy days, when thirsty customers were clamorous for their gills of whisky—in those primitive days all bibulants were served by measure, instead of the discretionary "drink," as at present—it was impossible for a man, so imperfectly acquainted as he with the mysteries of typography and chirography, to escape the commission of annoying and ruinous blunders. The bibulant would swallow his gill—price, six-and-a-fourth cents—throw down a twenty-five cent shin-plaster, and Michael, in his ignorance

and nervousness, would hurriedly hand him back another shin-plaster, bearing on its face the words, "GOOD FOR FIFTY CENTS"! In this way, he would often deal out a half barrel of whisky in a day, and have less money in his till at night than he had in the morning. Of course, matters could not long go on thus without seriously injuring the financial affairs of the "Keezil Hotel," and the old gentleman, who had become somewhat sensible of his incapacity as a bar-keeper, placed that portion of his business in the hands of his daughter, who managed it very nicely and circumspectly, without any apparent detriment to her other numerous and responsible avocations.

Now, it ought not to be a matter of wonder that a young lady, so handsome, so strong, so well mannered, so prompt in all matters of business, and who, as was reported, could read newspapers and decipher the faces of bank notes and shin-plasters, should become an object for reflection to such of the young gentlemen of the vicinity as had had opportunity to feast their eyes upon her charms and witness the display of her varied talents. Furthermore, she was an only child, her father was rich and growing richer every day, and everybody came to the conclusion that, whoever should have the luck to marry her, would marry not merely a very pretty, agreeable and useful woman, but, more than all that, and far exceeding all that, in the eyes of many, an HEIRESS! It is very pleasant to read about disinterested love in novels; to see it portrayed on the stage; and, to hear its praises in the songs of lover-poets; but, nathless, in real life the charm of wealth is the most potent charm a woman can boast; and, in the conquest of hearts, an heiress—no matter how ugly and disagreeable—will always triumph over her poor rivals, no matter how beautiful and amiable. Perhaps *always* is too strong an expression. Well, we will say *often*;

and thus avoid getting into a quarrel—some argument with the very young and romantic reader.

Among those who saw and worshiped Leenie Keezil was Barney Malone, a handsome, thoughtless, shiftless, broth-of-a-b'hoy, all the way from the banks of the Liffey, in Old Ireland. He was a floating waif on the bosom of life's ocean, and its waves had drifted him whithersoever they listed, without his giving himself the least concern as to where he should eventually "fetch up." How, or why, he had drifted into Ohio, nobody knew, and he knew least of any. There was not much of incident in his history, and he had a happy faculty of forgetting all that portion of it that was unpleasant to remember. There was a time when he was a wild, ragged *gassoon*, in the streets of Dublin, consorting with sailors, prize-fighters, gambling-room bullies, and other such gentry; and, of course, he grew into young-manhood with very confused notions of what ethical writers call the virtues. Great Britain, about that time, had taken the stupendous job on her hands of crushing Napoleon, and also of flogging the United States of America into better behavior. Ireland, therefore, was studded with recruiting sergeants; for, although the Anglo-Saxons of England have coaxed themselves, and a great portion of the rest of the world, to believe that they are the bravest and most invincible soldiers in existence, they always manage to have their fighting done by the Celtic-Irish. Where you will find one native-born Englishman, in the ranks of a British army, you will find a score of the true Milesian; although these same Milesians, if they chose to make an honest confession of their affections and antipathies, have no more love for England and England's quarrels than a cat has for a ducking in cold water. But an Irishman has a natural taste for fighting. It is born with him; and, if not permitted

to indulge it after his own humor, he will seek an opportunity for its display even in the ranks of a nation he hates. Barney Malone fell an easy prey to the first recruiting sergeant that tempted him to enlist. He soon found himself at Halifax, and soon after at bayonet-thrust with the Americans, on the southern frontiers of Canada. His military career, however, reached its climax, and the fortunes of war made him a prisoner. With some hundreds of fellow prisoners, he was marched to Chillicothe, in Ohio, where he was treated so well, and became so delighted with his captors, that he quietly resolved not to be exchanged, but, as he expressed it, to become "a free born American and a Dimmycrat." The execution of this resolve—or, at least, that part of it which involved his escape from imprisonment—was almost simultaneous with its conception; and, in a few days, Barney Malone was roving at large among the Buckeye farmers, smacking his lips over their good cheer, and ogling and kissing their rosy and robust daughters. He found it a much jollier life than that he had led in the wars, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to throw himself away on the first wealthy woman he could find, and settle down for life, in the double enjoyment of love and a rich estate. He saw our friend Leenie—saw that she was rich—and he loved her.

One fine morning Michael Keezil was saluted, in his bar-room, by a handsome, well-shaped, florid-faced stranger, measuring some five feet ten in stature, and not particularly well appareled, who accosted him with that easy air of familiarity, or rather easy impudence, which sits so gracefully on an Irishman in love.

"And is yer name Mister Kazil, ould man?"

"Yah, das ist my name," replied that gentleman—mixing, as was his wont, his native Pennsylvania Dutch with a mode-

rate sprinkling of villainously accented English.

"Faix, thin," said Barney, for he was the aforesaid stranger, "I would like to tak up my quarters wid ye, and tak a turn at the fine atin' and drinkin' ye've got here."

"Kœnnen sie Deutsch?" said Mr. Keezil.

"And what the divil is all that yer puttin' through ye?"

"Haben sie lust zu arbeiten, und can you do ebery things?"

"Och, bad luck to you, to talk so that a Christian man dunno what yer sayin', at all at all; but if its after askin' me if I can do everything and anything, faix, thin, I'm the very boy for ye."

"Haben sie schreiben gelernt, und can you read zeitungs und pank notes?" said Michael.

"I dunno what yer drivin' at, at all at all, for ye bother me intirely wid yer lingo, but I'll tak it upon myself to say, ony way, that I'm jist the boy for ye; and so, ould boy, say it's a bargain, and let's have a taste of the whisky to fasten it." And so, with the air of a man perfectly at home and at his ease, he reached the whisky bottle, filled a glass for Michael and one for himself, and, with a condescending nod of the head and a rapid "Here's till ye!" fastened the bargain, as far as he was concerned, with the utmost complacency.

Mr. Keezil was a good deal taken aback by the off-hand manner of his new acquaintance, and having a suspicion that he was not his equal in colloquial ability, he called for Leenie, to whom, of late, he was constrained to refer all troublesome matters, and turned Barney over to her, with the brief remark, "Here's a verdampter Yankee, sprechen zu der teufel!"

The colloquy, between Leenie and Barney, was but a brief one. With the tact with which some women are gifted, and which she possessed in perfection, she

saw through the entire character of the Irishman at a glance, and fathomed his intentions towards herself before he had spoken twenty words. Whatever were her secret motives, however, or by what influences she was prompted, strange as it may seem, she indicated to her father her pleasure that Mr. Malone should be forthwith installed in the "Keezil Hotel" as a sort of man of all work.

"Och, Heaven bless yer purty face, ye angel of a sweet cratur ye, and here's long life till ye as long as ye live and a hundred years after!" And so, Barney Malone was domiciled in the "Keezil Hotel," just to gratify an unaccountable caprice of its young mistress.

"How are you, old boy? How are you, Uncle Keezil? Come, bounce about, my jolly old dog; here are a dozen of us as dry as powder-horns and as hungry as bed-bugs after a month's fast! Trot out your medicine, and let's see what you can do for us. How's your brandy, Old Keezil?"

"O, der brandy ist sehr gute. I gibs ein halbe tollar a gallon for it."

"Half a dollar a gallon! Heaven and earth, Old Keezil! What sort of poison truck, colored with burnt sugar, is it that you want to poison honest folks with, under pretense of selling them brandy? None of your liver-rotting stuff for us. Give us some of your bald-faced whisky, fresh from the still-house—d'ye hear? And tell Leenie to bustle about and knock up a dinner for thirty-six hungry gentlemen; for, though only a dozen of us, we're all good for treble rations!"

"O, yah!" And Mr. Keezil, having carefully measured out twelve gills of bran new whisky and placed them on the bar-room table, bustled to the kitchen department to order the dinner so pompously demanded.

The gentleman, who made himself the spokesman of the newly arrived party of twelve, was a young man of some twenty-

four summers, with a remarkably handsome face, highly expressive of fearlessness, frankness and fun. His figure, though not strictly herculean, was tall, graceful and symmetrical, exhibiting, in all its parts and proportions, great muscular strength and powers of endurance. His name was Jacob Freyberger, a Pennsylvania Dutchman by blood and parentage, and an excellent fellow by nature. By some happy stroke of fortune, he had been emancipated from the slavery of his paternal home, in good old Berks county, in early childhood, and had managed to pick up a little education and a little common sense by stoutly wrestling with the world, his own unaided champion. He found himself, chasing up some boyish speculation, among the Buckeyes, just at the moment when the calamities of war were pressing upon the northern frontiers of Ohio in their direst form. Volunteer companies were the order of the day; and, suddenly inspired by patriotism and a fondness for novelty, he became a private in a corps, known afterwards, on several hard fought battlefields, as the "Buckeye Rifle Blues." Young as he was, and good-natured and obliging as he was, his comrades soon discovered that he was a most unprofitable customer upon whom to retail their jokes and insults. Successively and soundly he thrashed all the corporals and sergeants of his company; and, as a just reward of his prowess, the captain constituted him orderly sergeant before he had seen six weeks service. He soon became accomplished in all the military requirements of a rifleman. He could run like a deer, shoot with the deadly certainty of a Leatherstocking, throw a tomahawk at a mark more surely and expertly than any Indian, and jump further and higher than a circus vaulter. As a swimmer, he was a phenomenon of activity and endurance; and, like Nimrod Wildfire, could "dive deeper and

stay under longer" than any man in the whole American army. His bravery was unquestionable. In fact, he never appeared happier than when about to encounter an enemy; though some of his comrades believed, and so reported, that he was quite as fond of the society of beautiful and sprightly maidens as of the excitements of a battle. Perhaps he was—indeed, it is more than likely that he was—for it seems to be a universally acknowledged truism, that the most gallant soldiers are the most devoted adorers of lovely woman. Previously to Perry's brilliant victory on Lake Erie, the Commodore, wishing to man his tops with a few expert sharpshooters, requested General Harrison to furnish him with some good and staunch riflemen. Young Freyberger was one of those selected for this responsible and dangerous service, and not a few were the unlucky Britons whom his unerring rifle caused to seek their last resting place beneath the green waters of Erie. For his gallant service, on this occasion, he was commissioned a lieutenant; and, when no longer needed in the army, he returned, unmaimed, and handsome and buoyant as ever, to cultivate his little Ohio farm. For such a man to be unknown and unnoticed is impossible. By the common consent of the rural beaux and belles of his neighborhood, he took the lead in all affairs of rustic amusement. He carried the prizes at all corn-huskings, house-raising and log-rollings. At quilting frolics he was the sun and center of attraction. The girls sighed for him and the young men envied him. He danced enchantingly, sang bewitchingly, and played the fiddle divinely. O, he was a rare one!

He and his eleven companions had reached the Keezil Hotel, about three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day in October, having traveled since day-break, in order to participate in a grand wolf hunt, which was to come off next

morning, in a terribly wild pine swamp, lying some five miles from the Keezil Hotel, and to the westward of the county town. It was the intention of the leader of the little party—who, of course, was Lieutenant Freyberger—to push on, immediately after dinner, so as to be on the hunting-ground among the very first. The mode of hunting wolves—in the day when wolves were plentiful in Ohio—was very simple and efficient. A thousand or more good hunters, well armed with rifles, surrounded that portion of the forest in which the sheep-murdering beasts were supposed to harbor; and, forming a wide circle, press forward, at the signal of a trumpet, to a common center, where not only wolves, but all sorts of game, met with un pitying destruction.

Now, Lieutenant Freyberger—or Yawkub Freyberger, as his Dutch acquaintances persisted in calling him—had seen Leenie several times before; but he had never before eaten a dinner prepared under her direction, and had never before been waited on by a maiden, at once so beautiful, so active, so intelligent and so house-wifely. He had now a fair opportunity to contemplate her; and the result was, as any fool might anticipate, that, long before he had finished his meal, he was over head and ears in love. His companions were either more hungry or less sensitive to the magic of beauty than he, for they discussed the viands before them with an eagerness and an untiringness that admitted of no interruption from such unsubstantial matters as love and sentiment. Dinner ended, Barney Malone was directed to bring out the steeds; but, to the amazement of everybody, Yawkub Freyberger intimated his intention of proceeding no further that night. First, he discovered an imaginary lameness in his horse; and, when he was argued out of that, he chose to be horribly sick and incapable of exercise. His friends regarded him with undisguised

astonishment. They could as easily have believed that a hungry cat would refuse a basin of sweet milk, or a hungry dog refuse a juicy mutton chop, as that Yawkub Freyberger would wilfully absent himself from the glorious amusement of a wolf hunt. In vain they coaxed, implored, and even taunted him; he was as fixed in his resolution as Ixion on his wheel. He was determined to be sick, and to stay where he was, in spite of all that could be said to him; and, with many expressions of regret and astonishment, his comrades mounted and proceeded to the scene of the anticipated wolf hunt without him.

Now, Barney Malone was not a fool—though some people chose to regard him as not the wisest man in the world—and he saw at once, his mental optics being sharpened by a lover's jealousy, that Lieutenant Freyberger's sickness was all a sham, put on for the purpose of enabling that gallant soldier to make an attack upon Leenie's heart. This gave him vast uneasiness, and he took a deep oath, away down in his bosom—no less an oath than that which every earnest Irishman swears, "by the Hill o' Howth"—that the Lieutenant's trick should not avail him. He could not, however, bring his counteracting scheme into play immediately; for, as soon as the eleven wolf hunters were out of sight, the Lieutenant made a bolt into the presence of the maiden who had, so suddenly and so efficiently, enslaved him. It is useless to give the dialogue between the pair. It is enough to say, that it was characteristic of the parties concerned. He came to the point at once. Told her that she was the most beautiful and most fascinating girl he had ever beheld, and that he loved her beyond all his powers of language to say how much. Leenie was a bit of a coquet—as what beautiful girl is not?—and she affected to treat his flatteries and protestations with good-

humored indifference, though, in her secret soul, they made her supremely happy. But, she was determined not to surrender her heart at once—who would?—and while she did not absolutely bid him hope, she was just as far from consigning him to despair. To be brief, matters were progressing almost as smoothly as Yawkub could have wished, when a message came that Barney wished to see him about his horse. With no misgivings, no presentiment of trouble, and in rather a happy frame of mind, for he knew enough of the female heart to feel tolerably well assured that Leenie, notwithstanding her assumed indifference, was not insensible to his merits, he sought Barney at the stables.

"Mister Freyberger," said that worthy, as soon as he got the Lieutenant inside of a stable, and out of sight and hearing of the house, "I've only one thing to tell ye, and that is, that if ye're goin' to coort Miss Leenie, ye may look out for as bad a thrashin' as iver a poor divil got sin' the day that David thrashed the big Goliah o' Gath!"

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," replied the Lieutenant, very politely, "and, perhaps, you'd better give me the thrashing now, if it's all the same to you."

"O, bedad, that's jist the game I'm after wantin' to play, and so here's at ye!"

Before the Lieutenant could exactly guess what was coming, he received a left-hander on the right side of his face, instantly followed by a right-hander on the region of the left eye, which shook him up considerably and made him see an infinitude of shooting stars, though he still maintained himself on his feet. He was not long in making the discovery that Barney's pugilistic tactics were not to be despised, and he instantly acted on the hint, thus painfully received, by rushing within his adversary's guard and grasping him round the waist.

"Now, gallant Barney, hold thine own,
No maiden's hand round thee is thrown!"

There was some desperate tugging and wrenching, on both sides, for both combatants were young, brave, strong and active, and how long the hostile embrace would have lasted, had they been left to themselves, it is impossible to conjecture; but, while they were straining and struggling and whirling each other about, most unceremoniously and maliciously, they were interrupted by Michael Keezil, who, having called for Barney, until he was hoarse, to take charge of a horse, from which a guest had just alighted, was fain to bring the animal to the stable himself, and thus caught the two athletes in the very height and fury of their belligerent waltz.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, "was ist des? Wat for you fight?"

"Och, it's nothin' at all, avic," said Barney, puffing and panting like a locomotive, "but jist a little bit of a wrastle betwixt the gintleman and meself, for a half pint o' whisky, jist to see who's the bist man of us; and that's all, as thrue as me name's Barney Malonc."

"Yes, Mr. Keezil, that's it," chimed in Yawkub, who readily saw that Barney's explanation was the best, for all parties, that could be made, under the circumstance; "that's just it, and the pint, or rather the half pint, is yet undecided. But, we shall have another trial. Shan't we, Barney?"

"Faix, and that jist depends on yourself, me darlint. Ye know what I could ye, before we begun the fun."

"All right," said Yawkub, turning to follow Mr. Keezil, who, having consigned the horse to the custody of Barney, was about retracing his steps to the house; "All right. To-morrow, you know, Barney, will be a new day, and it's never too late to accomplish a praiseworthy undertaking."

"Be me mither's sowl!" whispered

Barney in his ear, "if ye try any more o' yer love blarney on Miss Leenie, I'll bate yer ugly face into a jelly and smash all the bones in yer dirty skin!"

"Very well—we'll see about it—and so, good night, and pleasant dreams to you." And, having thus replied, with as much *nonchalance*, in tone and manner, as he could muster, Yawkub sought the bar-room of the Keezil Hotel.

The stranger-guest, who had just alighted from the horse, the taking of which to the stable, by Mr. Keezil, was the cause of arresting the wrestling-match of the rival lovers, was impatiently waiting for Mr. Keezil, in order to make known his wants, which were very simple, being a bootjack, a pair of slippers, a gill of whisky, some supper, and lodging for the night. He was a rather genteel-looking personage, very tall, very stoop-shouldered, very slender, dressed somewhat seedily in black, with a pale, puritanical face, from which all the beard was carefully shaved, and a bald place on the top of his head, which was partially concealed by the hair from below being combed over it. He gave his name as Seth Plunkett, from the State of Connecticut, and intimated to Mr. Keezil that he was a school-teacher and was seeking employment in his vocation, and would be happy to open a school in Mr. Keezil's own neighborhood. Now, if there was any one thing, in all the world, for which our friend Michael entertained a downright disgust, it was a Yankee schoolmaster; and, from that moment, though he said nothing, Mr. Plunkett occupied a very low degree on the scale of his appreciation. The schoolmaster, however, utterly ignorant of the uncharitable feelings of his host, became exceedingly sociable and communicative, after swallowing his whisky, and seemed disposed to enlighten everybody, that chose to listen, upon a variety of topics, and especially upon that of education

and the great need of it in the rural districts of Ohio. He was about to give an exceedingly learned lecture on this, to him, vital subject, when he happened to catch a full view of Yawkub's face, on which a very black eye was, every moment, growing blacker, and which was further decorated with some ugly gouts of blood, the handiwork of Barney Malone; all of which gave to the Lieutenant's beauty anything but a romantic and prepossessing interest. Mr. Plunkett was so amazed, if not thunder-struck, by Yawkub Freyberger's face, that his words died in his throat, and he gazed at the object of his astonishment in silent terror. This dumb show, on the part of the schoolmaster, gave the Lieutenant an unintentional hint that something was wrong about his visage, which hint induced him to look into a mirror, and then to seek the wash-room.

As night had now set in, Yawkub indulged the hope of making his toilet and stealing away, without the mischance of showing his disfigured face to the heiress and mistress of the Keezil Hotel. But, in this he was doomed to disappointment; for, whether Leenie had discovered the exact state of affairs, and was determined on seeing how a lover looked with a black eye, or whether it happened through sheer accident, one thing is certain, that the first person he met, after leaving the bar-room, was Leenie herself, armed with a brightly blazing candle, and fairly shedding tears with the excess of her merriment.

"Miss Keezil! Upon my word!—I hope!—You must not!—For Heaven's sake!" stammered poor Yawkub, fifty times worse frightened than he would have been had he suddenly met a regiment of red-coated British.

"Never mind," she said, with an effort to suppress her laughter. "You and Barney have been fighting—I understand it all—and he has whipped you."

"No, by Heaven!" he replied, her taunt having the immediate effect of banishing his embarrassment, by stinging his pride; "No man that walks this earth, or ever walked it, can claim such an honor. Jacob Freyberger has never been whipped."

"Possibly not," retorted Leenie; "but Jacob Freyberger seems to have a black eye, for which a raw beefsteak may be beneficial, and Jacob Freyberger's face needs washing. So, while you make use of the wash-basin, I'll play doctor and get ready the beefsteak. But, a word in your ear, while I think of it. This afternoon you made love to me and asked me to marry you. Now, mark me!"—and her countenance assumed a stern seriousness that would have done honor to Charlotte Corday, when about to plunge the dagger into the bosom of Marat—"No man shall call me wife whom any other man can whip. And now, wash yourself, and then come to me in the kitchen."

[*To be continued.*]

THE EXPERIENCE OF A CALIFORNIAN WORLD-REFORMER.

INTRODUCTORY.

To the Editor of Hutchings' Magazine:—

I ONCE had an idea that I could ameliorate the condition of mankind by preaching certain doctrines, which I supposed to be great and important truths, but which the world about me has declared to be extravagant and offensive heresies. In other words, I have been a world-reformer; and supposing, perhaps presumptuously, that I might do much good, I devoted some years to my task. It has now happened that a young man, whom I knew as a child years ago, has heard of my zealous labors, and has conceived a wish to be a world-reformer too. He imagines that a large portion of the suffering to which men are now subject in enlightened countries is caused by anti-

quated and evil social forms, which can be safely discarded and replaced by other forms, better suited to the new conditions and wants of our present progressive age. He has commenced to write a book, in which he proposes to set forth the extent of the evils caused by the improper organization of society, and to show how many of the most serious of these evils might soon be remedied. His views are radical. His proposed changes are revolutionary in their character. He has written to me for the benefit of my experience, and asks my advice as to the best method of procedure. I have written the following reply to him:

EX-WORLD-REFORMER,

San Francisco, Dec. 6th, 1858.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG WORLD-REFORMER.

To Mr. C. E. H——, New York.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1st, 1858.

I had not determined until yesterday in what strain I would write to you. I see by the tone of your letter that you expect advice very different from that which I feel disposed to give. You praise my conduct in making war from youth up against some of the world's darling systems, and contrast it favorably with the careful silence of many others, whose opinions you know to be precisely the same with my own; and you express your intention to rush right into the war, and fight it valiantly as I did. The many compliments, direct and indirect, which you pay me in your letter are very flattering, and I am much obliged to you for them; but I fear I shall lose much of my credit, in your estimation, after you shall have read what I now have to say in reply to your request for "advice and encouragement." My advice is that you stay out of the battle; that you do not attempt to reform the world—for some years at least.

You are just starting upon life, and you propose to incur general dislike in

the beginning. If you now publish such a book as you say in your letter you have already partly written and intend to publish soon, you will assuredly subject yourself to the hostility of a large and influential portion of society. You will raise up enemies on every side of you. They will beset you at every turn. They will do you severe injury. A bigot, whom you have offended by teaching doctrines too great and broad for his intellectual grasp, is the meanest and most malignant of enemies.

Do not say the age of martyrdom has gone; that age never can pass away among men. Human nature is always the same. Fire and faggot, sword and spear, are not now resorted to by social persecutors, but other means of inflicting pain are abundant, and you will soon learn what they are. You will learn to appreciate Thackeray's saying, that "Your truth, if it differs from your neighbors, will provoke the coldness of your friends, the tears of your mother, the hostility of the world." Society and business are led by men who worship formulas. They will cut you; you will be shut out from many of the avenues of pleasure and profit open to others. You say you have no one to care for save yourself, and you can easily earn enough for a comfortable support in any case, and you can afford to throw away a few hundred dollars and a couple of years in your proposed scheme. I do not think you can; you ought not to afford it. It may cost you more than you suppose. Young men are apt to imagine that they—as it seems you do—have years to throw away, but it is a grievous and most pernicious error, particularly in young men who have no stock of wealth to fall back upon. My advice to you is, to be stingy of your years and your money until you are a little older. Let humanity take care of itself until you have provided for yourself. Let it be your first and highest ambition to get a

home, filled with the comforts and luxuries of life. Build a fine home, furnish it elegantly, and surround yourself with persons who will love and cherish you, and whom you can love and cherish. Provide a paradise of flounces, flowers and music, to which you can retire whenever overdone with the unavoidable toils and strifes of business. Seek peace; it is a most precious boon. Endeavor to live at peace with yourself, your neighbors, and the world. Cherish your life; cultivate the affections; make yourself dear to those around you. Live the inner life. Do not allow your temper to be soured by constantly thinking and grieving about the sin and misery of the world. Provide for your own comfort first, and take care not to endanger it by any anxiety about others.

The world don't want to be reformed by any one; and it will resent any efforts which you may make to better it. You may argue as forcibly and eloquently as humanity can that truth must be good; that evidence is the only guide to truth except as to a few fundamental axioms; that the doctrines which you teach are supported by a strong array of incontrovertible evidence; and that even if your ideas be false, the intellectual activity excited by their examination would be beneficial. You may show that the mere acceptance of truth without examining it, and comprehending it, and knowing all that may be said against it, as well as for it, is weak and superstitious in its very nature; and that truth itself is not truth for us, if we believe on the mere say-so of somebody else, and do not make it on our own by comprehending the why and wherefore, and assimilating it to our previous stock of ideas. You may argue that there is no love of truth without a zealous search for it, and a willingness to inquire into the merits of unpopular as well as popular systems. You may say all this, and a hundred

times more, clothing your thoughts in prose as eloquent as Parker's, or poetry as passionate as Byron's; but it will not avail. The world don't believe in free inquiry. Its social forms are sacred. To suggest a doubt about their sacredness, will be punished as sacrilege.

I advise delay chiefly as a matter of policy for yourself; but also as a matter of policy for the interests of reform. I presume from what I know and have heard of you, that you have sufficient intellectual ability, supported by industry, courage and perseverance, to perform valuable literary labor, and to write influential books, but I do not think you have that great talent which can carry a world before it. If you have, then in your profession you can in a few years make a fortune, and be in a position from which I would permit you to declare war; if you have not, you would be certain, by commencing now, to injure yourself, and perhaps entirely destroy the business which the friends of your family would otherwise give to you as rapidly as they see you competent to conduct it. There is a strong antecedent presumption that the would-be world-reformer will be unsuccessful. Of all the great men who have attempted to teach new and important doctrines to the world during the last thousand years, only two—Luther and Voltaire—can be said to have been crowned with success during their lives, and they succeeded less by the force of their intellectual powers, than by the concurrence of extraordinary circumstances which inclined the world to listen to them with favor; and most of those who saw fit to persist in teaching their opinions died at the stake—if not of fire, then of social persecution.

It is the interest of the cause of reform that its friends should be in no hurry to teach new doctrines. Take a long time to consider them—ten or fifteen years. If you publish a book, let it be full of

learning and ripe thought, expressed in language polished by years of labor. Make it a model of composition; beauty of style will be of great value in securing a wide circulation for it and a favorable reception for your doctrines.

Do not fear that by delay you will be anticipated by any other writer. The world is not so rich in thinkers as all that. You can safely take all your years to work upon any social problem. No great book ever came too late; many have been forced upon the world too early. I do not advise you to be guilty of any falsehood, any hypocrisy, any acquiescence, real or pretended, direct or indirect, in superannuated and evil systems. Whatever is pernicious, that I would still have you to hate. Whatever is good, I would still have you adore. Abandon not the pure and bright ideals of your youthful enthusiasm. Be true to yourself. Guard the thoughts of your heart as most sacred. Whatever noble aspirations you now have still preserve. Yield not an inch to the base fashions and rules which govern so many about you.

Remember, however, that this is an actual, and not an ideal world, and govern yourself accordingly. If you propose to work for the good of humanity, take care that your work shall have an effect. Any mere outcry of "Reform, reform!" amounts to nothing, and is no credit to the actor. The cause of humanity is under obligation to no reformers save those who evidently exert an influence to improve the condition of men. To exert such an influence, however, not zeal only, but also study, prudence and experience are necessary, and these belong to mature age rather than to youth.

In counseling you to postpone the publication of your ideas of reform, I take into consideration all that can be said in favor of early publication. If you wait you must look through long years of the most grievous suffering, without daring

to make open protest, and show how worse than unnecessary it is. Though full of ideas which appear to you of the utmost importance for the welfare of your race, you must keep them to yourself for half a life time. You cannot gratify your noblest and most generous impulses by giving expression to their dictates; you must keep the best part of your soul in the chains of silence. Your darling doctrines dare not see the light until age has chilled your fire; you must be the drudge of gold, the slave of low wants, while the higher and better half of your nature is cramped in idleness. You must long forego the sweet satisfaction which you might every day enjoy in the secret contemplation of a good work well done,—much abused perhaps, but none the less valuable or gratifying for all that.

You say you are "prepared to submit to the inconveniences and losses which may result from the hatred of bigots." I doubt whether you have any clear conception of what those inconveniences will be. I don't like that word "bigots." It may, perhaps, properly apply to all the enemies of free-inquiry, but it implies a reproach where I can attach no fault.

While you are about, money and maidens will be kept under lock and key; children will be taught to shun you as a monster of iniquity; weak-minded friends will be afraid of your intimacy; your books will be spoken of as "dangerous;" the disgrace of your name will attach to your own family, and your weak-minded relatives, unable to appreciate the noble motives which actuated you, but fully alive to the fault-findings of the slaves of formulas, will feel like hiding their heads for shame when your name is mentioned. You would thus indirectly inflict serious pain every day upon many who are dear to you, and to whom you are now dear.

If you will wait, however, until you

shall have fortified yourself in social position, and when long experience and study shall have prepared you to carry on the war more prudently—as well as more efficiently—than you now can, these same weak-minded persons will look upon your hostility to ancient social forms a mere amiable eccentricity; whereas if you commence at once, you will be fortunate if you escape a general verdict of insanity. The man who devotes himself entirely to further the welfare of his fellow-men, without regard to his own individual interests, is supposed to be a fit subject for an insane asylum.

Such is my advice, frankly and sincerely given. If, notwithstanding all I have said, you will still commence the attack, forthwith, then go on, with my best wishes. Make your battle strong; fight with all your might; make yourself terrible to your enemies; terrible by your boldness, and pertinacity, and power—not by malice or meanness. Take care that you keep your temper. The Westminster Review says I was too bitter; and so I was. Do you not lay yourself open to the same charge. The error is one very natural for young men, so passionate and zealous as you seem to be. Remember that the forms against which you fight were once good; were introduced as reforms; were decided improvements on pre-existing systems; were necessary steps in human progress. Remember that your enemies war against free inquiry, for that has always been the policy of the enemies of progress; they ordinarily do it in the full belief in the sacred and exceptional character of *their* system; while they freely acknowledge that all other systems are of mere human origin and are very proper subjects for investigation. They imagine that the man who can be so wicked as to attack their precious system must be a philosophical pirate, who has no claim upon the laws of honorable warfare, and

may be strung up at once without a hearing or trial.

I can not say that I agree with your main positions; I have not studied the questions sufficiently to have a strong opinion either way. I accept the present condition of society in most of the points in which you propose a radical change, merely because it is so fixed by custom. But I shall be glad to know what you have to say against the prevailing system. I recognize no sacredness in social forms.

Social reforms are proper subjects for investigation. They change as men progress. The form held sacred, and protected from even the slightest criticism by the most cruel punishments to-day, is discarded and accursed, and made criminal to-morrow. So it has been; so it will be. Each presumes that *it* is the wonderful and favored exception; that *its* formula is the only sacred and eternally true one; but notwithstanding such presumptions, the world moves still.

I know no grander subject for contemplation than the survey of the past progress of our race. I know no thought more cheering than the anticipation of its future advancement. I know nothing more ennobling than labor to assist in its development. I know no nobler ambition than to aspire to do effective labor in freeing humanity from the oppressive and superannuated systems bequeathed to us by the ignorance of savage or semi-barbarous times. Our time believes in progress; in the unlimited capacity of our race to rise to higher and happier conditions of political, moral and social life. I like to believe that evil impulses do not predominate in the mental constitution of humanity; that we all, by our very nature, love good and hate evil; and that if we could only be born and bred under more favorable circumstances, we should be far better, happier and nobler than we are. I also like to believe

that the evil deeds of men are chiefly owing to temptations to which they are exposed; that these temptations will be removed as the organization of society improves; that the social system, instead of making every man's interest antagonistic to that of all his neighbors and requiring him to despoil them to the utmost of his power as the road to success in life, will be changed so as to establish a harmony instead of an antagonism between the interests of different citizens of the same commonwealth.

THE WAY THE DIGGER INDIANS BURY THEIR DEAD.

OUR cabin-home is located in a pleasant little valley, or cove, at the head of which is Kennebec Hill, on the banks of the Yuba, most beautifully shaded with ever-green pines and cedars, very tall and straight, with now and then an oak growing hither and thither, now casting its yellow leaves upon the ground.

On the morning of the fifth of November last, our quiet sleep was broken by a low and melancholy moaning, as of some one in distress, on the top of the mountain, at the foot of which stands our cabin. As soon as it was light enough to see our way, I and my partners started up to ascertain what was the cause of so distressing a cry. As we reached the summit of the mountain, large volumes of smoke were seen curling up among the trees; and, in front of a blazing fire, several female Indians, of the Digger tribe, with their faces covered, or nearly so, with pitch, presenting a singular and frightful spectacle, as the fire-light and smoke gave light and shadow to their hideous countenances. Their arms were elevated, and being waved to and fro; at the same time a fearful howl—now low, now loud—escaped from their lips, and tears rolled down their dark countenances. Presently, we ventured up to

them; but our approach in no way disturbed their devotions, or lessened their melancholy cries. On looking further around, I saw a portion of the dead body of a man laying upon, or rather in, a huge fire—kindled in a low pit, dug expressly for the purpose—and a large portion of the body was consumed.

Perhaps you are aware that the body of an Indian, before it is ready for burning, is bound closely together—the legs and arms being folded on the chest, and then forced into as small a compass as it is possible to bind them. It is then placed upon a pile of wood, which is shortly afterwards set on fire by his mother, or wife, or some very near relative; then is commenced the low moaning sound which we have described. Every one of those who dance or cry around the burning body, throw something or other into the fire, as an offering of respect to the departed. When the body is consumed, they carefully collect the ashes, and, after mixing a portion of them with some pitch, with which to cover their faces and go into mourning, they are buried.

We turned our footsteps away, with sad and melancholy hearts, and wended our slow steps to our cabin-home in unbroken silence.

We have since visited the place, and found a grave, dug and covered with sticks, upon the lonely mountain top. The tall pine trees ever singing a low dirge, and the whispering voice of the falling leaves, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the spot. Indian, sleep on in peace! while thy living relatives suppose thee to be reposing in some far-off, but pleasant, camping-ground. May thy sleep be sweet and thy future happy! is the wish of D. W. M.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.

MIGNON.*

[From the German of GÖETHE.]

BY J. D. STRONG.

Knowest thou the land where the citron blows—
 The mild, sunny land where the gold orange grows?
 The soft winds breathe in the clear blue sky,
 And the laurel and myrtle are sweet to the eye.
 Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
 Would I go with thee, my protecting friend.

Knowest thou the house, with its pillars bright?
 Its courts are all gleaming in golden light;
 The marble statues stand and look at me,
 And say, Poor thing, what have they done to thee!
 Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
 Would I go with thee, my faithful friend!

Knowest thou the mount, in its cloudy spray?
 The muleteer seeks in the mist his way,
 The wild dragon hides in the mountain cave,
 And the cliffs are seen in the clear blue wave,
 Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
 Would I go with thee, my true, dear friend.

* "MIGNON" is one of the most interesting characters in GÖETHE'S FAUST. In her earlier years she was stolen from a noble family in Italy, by a company of strolling Gypsies, and taken, in their wanderings, to northern Europe; where, in her sixth year, a gentleman, observing her Italian features and seeing her shamefully abused by her captors, rescued her, and earnestly, but vainly, sought to learn her history, which she seemed to have entirely forgotten. Early one morning, he found her playing on the guitar and singing this song, in which glimpses of her former home flash in on her darkened memory. In the German it is very beautiful and touching. J. D. S.

[Continued from page 269.]

"DOINGS" OF '51.—CHAPTER III.

MAKES THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH
 ONE WHO PLAYED "LOW."

'Twas late, and the stage had gone; but, as the trip to Sonora was made in one day, and knowing that by starting the following morning—providing no accident occurred to detain us—I would be in time to meet the appointment with my friend, I took it easy, and was not

sorry to have an opportunity of seeing the town. I was recommended to a small public house, located upon the main street, and rather out of town, which was known by the humble and unpretending name of "The Cottage." At this house I met with an agreeable surprise, in the shape of an old acquaintance. "Amos" was all the name I ever knew for him; we had worked side by side for many weeks, in the northern mines, and at one time he was a member

of the company of which I formed a fractional part, and became so by the following circumstance. He was, with one or two others, hunting for "Gold Lake," and hunted until they themselves were lost; and, becoming bewildered, they could not remember whether the sun rose in the North or South, and in this rather unpleasant predicament were discovered by several unfriendly natives.

Amos & Co., confused and disheartened, were sitting by a little running stream, taking an account of stock, and counting up how many days they could stand it on a certain allowance, when, in the midst of a very obtuse calculation, they were startled by unusual and alarming sounds near by. On looking for the occasion of the sounds, their astonished eyes encountered the calm and penetrating gaze of Messrs. Bruin & Brothers. Arrangements for the future were immediately postponed on the part of Amos & Co., and self-preservation was the order. Never did a defeated militia beat a retreat with more alacrity and rapidity than they. The unpleasant surprise occurred in the morning, and they ran—so they said—all that day and part of the following night, when their hearts were made glad by the light of a distant fire. Striking a course directly for it, they arrived at our camp near morning. So perhaps, after all, the bears served them a good turn; for at that time, besides our own camp, I did not know of another within a hundred miles, and they might have wandered about until death ended their sufferings.

Whenever we had a prospecting party out, those remaining in camp always, at sunset, made a beacon-fire, which was kept up by watches all night; and good service did our night-fires, not for ourselves alone, but many others, who doubtless owe their lives to its friendly glare.

Amos & Co. were destitute of every-

thing but what they stood in—which was very little to brag of. Picks, pans, shovels and mule, they left where they did their grub—with Bruin. Their condition was a direct appeal to our sympathies, and so we took them in and made them equal partners with us; and that was my first acquaintance with Amos, but not my last, as you shall see.

We were mutually rejoiced to meet each other at "The Cottage," and had a grand time that day, talking over our quondam adventures. He, like myself, had been unfortunate, and was in company with a friend, *en route* for Mokelumne Hill, intending to try his luck there; but, on learning my destination, he concluded to go with me, and proposed that we should be again partners. I regretted to be obliged to decline his offer, but encouraged him to go on with me, trusting that, if we did not work together, he might be fortunate enough to find a paying claim near by mine, (in prospective.)

The next morning we left Stockton, and journeyed together to Sonora. I might say something about that stage-ride; I might describe that load of living freight; I might make particular mention of a middle-aged lady, who occupied a back corner and wore spectacles. She had arrived on the last steamer, and was in search of her husband. "She'd hearn on him, she had—she'd hearn of his cuttin's up—would n't she surprise him!" What a gritting of teeth there was! and how those eyes flashed! I would not have been the unfaithful lord for worlds. Just imagine the unsuspecting husband—happy dog!—residing near by Sonora, "keeping house," and living all so snug and comfortable; and then the middle-aged lady in the coach, with nearly two years' wrath pent up, the flood-gates soon to be lifted, and the torrent to be let out upon that unfortunate man!—horrible! I

might say more about those things, but I must hurry on to Sonora, where we arrived soon after dark. Amos, his friend and myself, put up at a “Fonda,” which was a long canvas building, with a ground floor. About fifteen feet of the front was partitioned off with cloth, and designated as the bar-room; adjoining this was the lodging department, which was separated from the dining hall by a like partition. The accommodations for lodgers consisted of poles, secured together with raw-hide strings, in such a manner as to form a framework for berths, the bottoms of which were covered with *hides*! These berths were arranged in tiers from the ground to the ceiling, and presented the appearance of so many shelves, about two feet apart. By the payment of one dollar, in advance, one of these spaces was secured for a sleep. The dining-room comprised the remainder of the structure. A rough board table extended the entire length of the apartment, with benches to match. In one corner I noticed a large *adobe* oven, and, on inquiry, I learned that the proprietors, besides irrigating, feeding and lodging people, were engaged in a general Bakery business. Now, in those days, this was considerable of a hotel, and we could ask for no better accommodations than we found here.

After having washed and relieved the inner man, I sallied out to find the “Long Tom,” which was accomplished with little difficulty, and, true to the appointment, Mac was there. He was overjoyed to see me, and shook me by the hand most cordially, exclaiming:

“My dear fellow, you don’t know how glad I am to have you here. I was afraid you wouldn’t come. But we’ll not talk business now; time enough for that by-and-by; I want to show you round, and make you a little acquainted.”

It is my opinion that, in less than two hours, I was introduced to more col-

onels, majors and captains than there are in our whole standing army, and more judges than I ever heard of. It was quite late when, taking my arm, he led me to a remote corner, and opened on business matters.

“It was not my intention,” said he, “to mention this subject to-night; but you, I suppose, are anxious, and will sleep better if you have an idea of what it is; so I think it best to tell you all I can, and to-morrow you shall see for yourself. I have an interest in a claim, located about two miles from here, in what is known as Mac’s Garden—you passed it when coming here to-day. The claim has been, and there is no reason why it should not continue to be, rich; but I have another which I think is even better, and I propose to let you have the Garden claim. My interest in it is one-sixth. It has never paid me less than one ounce a day, and last week my dividend was three hundred and twenty-eight dollars, and—”

“But, Mac, it must be worth more than I am able to pay—”

“Just wait, will you, till I’ve done. I would not dispose of it to any one but you; it is my desire to prove my friendship, and you may be assured that it gives me much pleasure to be able to do so. The claim is worth three thousand dollars, and I can sell it for that; I paid five hundred for it before the claim was opened, and you shall have it for that sum. If you haven’t so much money with you, pay me what you can, and your note will be good for the balance; are you satisfied with that?”

“Certainly I am, and who would not be? If the claim continues to pay as you say it has done, ’tis a fortune; but, Mac, are you not too liberal? are you sure that, in thus parting with so good a thing, you are doing justice to yourself?”

“Yes, I have studied over the matter well; you must excuse me if I do not

make you an entire confidant, but I am sure of a fortune, and can afford to be generous. To-morrow we will go to the Garden, and I will introduce you to your future partners—a fine set of fellows they are. I do not wish you to rely altogether upon what I tell you; see for yourself; talk with the boys; and then, if you do not want it, there is no harm done. I can only tell you what it has paid me, and my opinion regarding its continuing to pay—none of us can tell what is in the ground, and I want you to satisfy yourself independently of what I say, so that in case it should fail you will not think I deceived you. But you are tired and sleepy now, we'll talk no more to-night, I will walk with you to your lodging place and call for you in the morning."

We parted with a "good night" at the "Fonda"—after paying mine host for the privilege of reposing under my own blankets, and upon one of his wide shelves, I proceeded to the place pointed out, and climbed into my berth; and there I lay with my coat and boots for a pillow, three persons over me, two beneath me, my feet in close proximity to another's head, and a pair of very large sized boots not more than two inches from my phrenological developments. I was tired, but too excited to sleep, my supposed good fortune kept me awake, and there I laid building castles and pledging eternal fidelity to my good friend Mac. Occasionally, as the man overhead rolled and tumbled in his sleep, I thought to myself, supposing he should come down? and supposing the man on top should break through, and we should all go down, where would the man in the lower bin go to? Sleep came at length, and I was ready to affirm in the morning that hides were not bad to sleep on.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

SORT OF A ———

"Mac's garden was not called so in hon-

or of my friend, but because one McLaughlin in company with a Capt. Hall had taken it up, penned it in, and erected a very nice story and a half house on the premises, and by the road-side, where they entertained travellers, sold whiskey, and boarded miners. It was situated half-way between Jamestown and Sonora, between the stage road and Wood's creek, and a very pretty tract it was, and a very pretty business did McLaughlin and Hall in the raising of vegetables and produce. But unfortunately McLaughlin one day found gold in the garden, and a sorry day it was for the firm. He found a lump worth four hundred and fifty dollars, and instead of keeping his own counsel he rushed in a state of great excitement to Sonora, carrying with him the treasure. The result was, when he returned he found the garden staked off in mining claims, and men busily employed in digging for the "bed-rock." Even the spot from whence he had taken the nugget was claimed, and McLaughlin and Hall had nothing left them but the house. They felt that they were at least entitled to the corner where the discovery was made, and endeavored to right themselves by law, but they learned that law is not always justice or equity; still they persevered from court to court until their purses were empty, and the house encumbered with a mortgage, and after all they lost the suit.

When there was no more hope they both tried whiskey as a solace, and both became very dissipated. Old Capt. Hall was changed from a fine, generous, noble hearted man, to a perfect devil; he neglected his person and turned cynic. McLaughlin had sense enough left to know that something must be done, and endeavored to make money out of those who had ruined him, and as a general thing kept tolerably sober when old Hall was drunk, but no sooner did old Hall give any evidence of sobriety than McLaughlin took

a benefit. Between them both however, they managed to tend bar, and, employing a cook, boarded some fifteen or twenty miners.

Such was the condition of things when I was introduced to the “garden.” Was there ever such a misnomer? Pandemonium comes nearer to what it was. Every night would gather here ten or fifteen of the most reckless, profligate, and abandoned of men, their howling, shouting and cursing, together with what they called singing—which was executed by somebody’s bawling at the very top of a powerful and cracked voice, a few verses of a sailor or bacchanalian song, and the others joining in on a most terrific chorus—made night hideous, and when old Hall’s demoniac laugh came ringing in, the whole affair seemed too unearthly to believe real.

The upper portion of the house was separated from the lower by a rough floor; no board was within an inch of its fellows, and each was more or less perforated with knot-holes. It was in this apartment the boarders lodged—I cannot say slept. You can, perhaps, imagine how pleasant such an arrangement must have been to those few who were inclined to sobriety, and disposed to enjoy themselves in a quiet way. Every word spoken below was distinctly heard above; quarrels over euchre games, seven-up, and poker, occurred hourly. Fights of the most brutal description took place frequently, when benches and tables were broken up, and tumblers and decanters smashed over heads. In fact, one or two persons had been killed there—and this was the GARDEN!

Mac told me, on the way down, that “old Hall” was a curious customer: that he drank too much, was very rough in his manners, and, he thought, was at times a little touched in the “upper story.” He cautioned me particularly against paying

attention to anything the old man might say or do.

Arriving at the Garden, we went directly to the claim, which was near by the house; and, after the ceremony of an introduction to the five men there, Mac intimated the purpose of my visit, and left me to gain what information I could from the parties. I found them very willing to talk about the claim; they thought it good, but would not advise me either way; I could prospect the ground if I wished, and then be governed by my own judgment. I very well knew that a pan or two of dirt was no criterion, and having implicit confidence in Mac, and being favorably impressed with the appearance of his partners, I decided to take the share, and leaving the claim, called Mac aside, told him that I had concluded to purchase, and did so upon his representation entirely; and should it prove an unfortunate investment, I would believe that he had only erred in opinion.

“Well,” said he, “you place me in rather a delicate position; but yet, I am willing to stand it. My only object is to assist you; and I can assure you, you will never regret your faith in me. If this *should* turn out badly, remember I am always your friend.”

The terms were made—three hundred dollars in cash down, and my note on demand for two hundred more. We then went to the house for writing materials. On entering, I was introduced to several hard-looking cases, and among them “old Hall.” This gentleman was most roughly attired, ragged and dirty; his hair was thin and gray; his beard was, I should judge, about a month old, very thick and nearly white, resembling a dense mass of grizzly bristles. His face was lined off in deep furrows, and his eyes sunken, inflamed, and wildly sharp and piercing; he was nothing more than a wreck of his former self. When Mac introduced me,

he inclined his head slightly forward, and extending his hand said, in a gruff but not unpleasant voice: "How do you do? I'm sorry to see you here."

"Why, Captain!" said Mac, "You must give Mr. Doings a better welcome; he is a very particular friend of mine."

"Is he?" replied the old man, bringing the full battery of his wild eyes upon Mac; "allow me to observe he's none the better for that." Turning to me, he continued, "I understand you intend working in the garden; you'd better go back—leave these parts as soon as possible!"

"You are very severe this morning," reported Mac quickly; "but we want paper and ink."

"Well, if you do, you won't get them here; if you want whisky you can have it, but ink and paper ruined us, and we don't have it about any more."

I thought the rule would apply as well to the whisky, but did not venture to say

so. Mac, saying he would try and find some, left us. The instant he was away, the old man seized me by the arm, and growling hoarsely in my ear: "*Don't have anything to do with that man, he would cheat his father!*" went out of the house.

I will confess that I was startled by his words, and that the manner in which they were expressed caused me to think; but Mac came almost instantly, and I remembered he told me the old man was eccentric. I wrote and signed the note on the blank leaf of a book, with a pencil, counted out the cash, and took possession of my purchase, with twenty-five dollars in my pocket. Mac returned to Sonora, sent down my blankets and other "traps," and I, on the following morning, commenced to work. The part allotted to me, was "topping off," and most assiduously did I labor, for I had determined that my partners could have no fault to find with me on the score of "light weight." [To be continued.]

Our Social Chair.

EVERYBODY loves the Social Chair, the social circle, the social game, the social conversation, the social frolic or the social party. Indeed, we are naturally a social people, with social aspirations and social feelings, as well as social habits, tendencies and tastes. The jovial group of neighbors, who assemble, when the day's work is done, around the social cabin fire; the man of family, who toils all day with willing cheerfulness, and feels that his labor is lightened by the prospect of a social time at his family hearth, when his business duties for the day are ended; even the plodding school-boy, apprentice, or shop lad, who feels that many of the most irksome of his tasks are made endurable by the anticipated social time he expects to enjoy when they are laid aside; with thousands of others, unite to prove that there is the glorious principle of a renewing and

reinvigorating life in social habits and feelings, that is more powerful than money, and more health-giving than all the recipes of Æsculapius.

The absence of this renewing principle of social life in California, has been the great drawback to her social progress, and the indirect cause of a large proportion of past and present crime. The lack of social relaxation from business labors and cares, and those social comforts known and prized so much in older States, have prematurely silvered the raven locks of too many of the healthiest and most robust of men, and bowed the noblest specimens of our race before their time.

Even this Social Chair, that has experienced the buffetings and changes of nearly ten years of a California existence, though yet in its prime, sometimes feels a little old and rickety, from the lack of the social

hearth and circle, that should give to it the repairing and polishing strength of gentle and social intercourse.

In cities this is less severely felt than in mining villages. Though a vast improvement has become visible within the past few years, both there and elsewhere, and such occurrences as the following, from the Amador Ledger, will explain some of the reasons why:

BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.—A young man in this section, a little over a year ago, was living in single-blessedness. He and his partners, miners, employed a widow lady to keep house for them. The young man in question fell sick, and his physician, Dr. Sharp, of this place, had given him up—thought that he would die that night. The widow, who was somewhat older than our young friend, had been very kind to him. Late one night, a Justice of the Peace here, who is now a dignitary of State, was sent for to visit the dying man. He went, carrying with him all the paraphernalia for making a will; but, to his surprise, found that he was wanted for a far different purpose: that was, to perform the marriage ceremony. So he joined the young man to the kind-hearted widow. The next day the young groom was better—the doctor pronounced him out of danger—and soon he was as well as anybody. Marriage was a good thing—better than medicine; and, as in the other world, people are neither married nor given in marriage, he concluded to stay in this world and enjoy it. The results are, that in a little over a year, and within a few weeks past, his wife presented him with twins—two darling little girls. All are living cosily in a neighboring village, and are as well as could be expected.

THE Red Bluff Beacon is responsible for the following good story, about one of the unsuccessful candidates for Governor of this State, and which merits a place in our Social Chair:

During an important law-suit in San Jose, a few years ago, it is related, that Edward Stanley, being employed on the side of a rich old Californian, took frequent occasion to exhibit his contempt for the Judge of the court by making all sorts of grimaces and horrid contortions of countenance at him, mocking and sneering in his face, etc., for which the Judge kept promptly ordering the clerk to enter fifty-dollar fines against the offending counsel for contempt of court. Stanley's client

sat behind him, urging him on, and supplying him with the necessary fifties with which to purge himself of his contempts. This state of things continued until several "slugs" had been tossed up to the clerk, when Stanley suddenly stopped and said: "Judge, I have not said a word in derogation of your character, either as a gentleman or a judge, and why do you continue to fine me for contempt, when I have committed none?"

It is in your manner, sir, and not your words, that the contempt consists," replied the Judge.

"Then," said Stanley, "I demand that my manner be spread upon the record, in accordance with the rules of our practice."

The Judge saw that he was beaten, as it would require an artist to commit the subject matter of contempt to paper, and, as the wily lawyer was very technical to the point, there was no alternative left "his Honor" but to remit the fines, which he accordingly did.

"COOKED" ALIVE.—Do not become alarmed at such a commencement, reader; but keep your nerves steady until we reach the end of our story. Not many days ago, feeling dull and heavy with a severe cold, we concluded to try the merits of bathing in and by steam; and we accordingly repaired to a "water-cure" institution to try the experiment. We had no sooner opened the door than a notice informed us that "Spitting is a dirty habit," and made the request—"Do not spit upon the floors, in halls, or rooms." On reaching the office, another notice cautioned us not to be garrulous, in the following terms—"Short stories—very short—and you will greatly oblige." Just beneath the latter notice was another "Spitting-is-a-dirty-habit! Do not spit in my office!" We began to think that the Doctor had as much aversion to spitting and long stories as Miss Betsy Trotwood had for donkeys! but, as a sage and venerable-looking personage, with a long, flowing beard, made his appearance and requested the pleasure of knowing my wishes, we were cut short, (without the story,) or, as Tony Weller would have said, given "a sudden pull up" in our reflections, and required to make a statement (a short one, of course,) of the

state of our bodily health. "A bath, sir, will be the very thing—cure your cold within an hour." We were now shown into a cosy little room, and, after the usual preparations for a bath, seated in a chair, within a closely fitting steam-box, or room, with the heat outside—like a Chinese criminal in a barrel! "Like to read a book, sir, or the morning paper?" "Yes, Doctor." "Here you are, then," and a neatly arranged paper-holder and paper was immediately opened out in front of us. But, as the Doctor would say, "short stories—very short—if you please," we will say that, after enjoying this luxury for about half an hour, the cheerful voice of the attentive "water-cure" man made the enquiry—"Do you think you are sufficiently cooked, sir?" (or he might have said so.) We replied in the affirmative, with this qualification, that, "although not cooked exactly, like fine floury potatoes, we believe that we are remarkably well steamed." "How do you feel now?" "We have lost our cold, Doctor, and we shall charge it to your account, for you and your bath have been the cause, and we don't see but that you ought to have the blame," "I will bear either the blame or the credit, sir, with pleasure—"

Thinking that he was about to say—"Spitting is a dirty habit," or "Short stories—very short—if you please," we wished him a very good morning; but, as we lost our cold and heaviness, we thought that we had the best of the bargain.

THE readers of the Social Chair will, we doubt not, unite their sympathies with ours on behalf of the editor of the Territorial Enterprise, a weekly paper—the first number of which has just reached us, across the Sierras, from Carson Valley:

"The prevalence of thieves in our village is apparent, and we would advise our neighbors to be on their guard. A few days since, one of our most intimate and esteemed friends presented us with a fine goose, which, aside from its being in very fine order, we prized the more highly, as we valued the friend from whom it came. A lady friend of ours volunteered her serv-

ices, and cooked it up in a style which did great credit to her skill; after which we placed it convenient for the satisfaction of our appetites after our return from an evening party, whither we had made arrangements to go. We went to the party, made ourselves as agreeable as possible, 'tripped the light fantastic toe' till hungry visions began to control our minds, when we returned, only to be disappointed; for, lo! the goose was not, neither flesh nor bones! Hence we say, 'Look out for thieves.' We have our eye on a trio of suspicious-looking *hombres*, who are lying loose around town."

THE Yreka Union invites its readers to spell the words, Yreka Bakery, backwards.

INCREASED DISPOSITION TO MARRY.—We notice an increased disposition to marry. The fact is, the weather is getting cold, and many are the beds that need new "comfortables."—*Sierra Citizen*.

This same disposition is very apparent about here, says the Mariposa Gazette; but the trouble is, there is nothing to marry. "Comfortables" are scarce—few and far between. The limited number in first hands, are held at a high figure. The propriety of publishing "intentions of marriage," or "engagements," is discussed in a number of journals we have noticed. We can see no impropriety in making public that two, a masculine and feminine, following the dictates of affection, have agreed as touching one thing. Our columns are open to all such announcements. They shall be inserted conspicuously above the Marriages and Births. Ladies, or gentlemen, desiring to form connubial relations, shall be treated in a conspicuous manner. Puffs may be had, even by the meanest, upon the payment of a suitable consideration.

UNDER the title of "New and Interesting and Sensible," an exchange thus discourses:

"There is, perhaps, no more perplexing situation for a young man, and modest withal, than that in which he finds himself when unable to determine whether the 'young rosy maiden,' who begins to appear to him in his dreams, is already engaged, or occupies neutral ground. The ladies have resorted to various expedients, (such as wearing a ring on a particular finger,

etc.) to make known to their friends and acquaintances the important fact, that they are about to merge their individuality in that of some favored one of the sterner sex; but these expedients have not fully answered the purpose, and it was necessary to devise some new method. The world moves; Atlantic cables are laid; wonderful inventions crowd upon each other with startling rapidity; the power of the press is daily augmented, and its uses widely extended; progress is written on the hands of time, and the following advertisement appears in the St. Louis Republican:

"ENGAGED—Miss Anna Gould to John Candall, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, K. T. [From this time, henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young gentlemen are requested to withdraw their particular attentions.]"

MANY of the readers of the Social Chair may, perhaps, have heard Mr. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, relate his "drugger" story, which, if they ever have, we venture to say that the inimitable way in which it was told will call to remembrance the convulsive laughter it then evoked. It is as follows:

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug-store and asked:

"Be you the drugger?"

"Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Wall, hev you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the gals put on their handke'chers?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wall, our Sal's gwine to be married, and she gin me ninenpence and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scenting stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've a mind, I'll jest smell round."

The Yankee smelled round without being suited, until the "drugger" got tired of him; and, taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkercher will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but, to get the strength of it, you must take a good big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get my breath; and when I say *Neow*, you put it under my smeller."

The hartshorn, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he;

but, rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said:

"You made me smell that tarnal, everlasting' stuff, Mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."

THE Siskiyou Chronicle relates the following:

"A printer, who is now making the tour of the mines, says that he stopped at a tavern, not more than a hundred miles from Shasta, where he remained a trifle over six days. On inquiring the amount of his bill, the landlord remarked: 'Let me see—six days at two dollars is twelve, and one meal at seventy-five cents—twelve dollars and seventy-five cents.' 'How much do you charge a week?' asked our friend. 'Twelve dollars,' replied the landlord. 'Here it is,' retorted the former; 'guess I'll stay the week out;' which he proceeded to do."

This reminds us that one Saturday afternoon, in the winter of 1854-'55, we arrived at a way-side hotel, on the Shasta and Yreka trail, then known (and now too, perhaps) as the "Mountain House;" which was then kept by a Mrs. G. and Mr. T.(!) As night was creeping on apace, and the next hotel was on the opposite side of Scott Mountain, some fifteen miles distant, we inquired if they "took in strangers there?" and the answer was, "Yes, sir—we do;" (which we found to be too true, in a double sense.) The following morning being Sunday, and traveling through snow had proved very fatiguing to both man and horse, we concluded to remain until Monday morning; when, upon inquiring the amount of our indebtedness, we discovered that the charge for horse-feed, for the two nights and one day, was *nine dollars and seventy-five cents!* and for our own "bord and lodgin," six dollars! Of the latter charge we made no complaint, but we thought four dollars and eighty-seven-and-a-half cents per night, for the former, was rather too tall a story ever to mention, without possessing "the papers" to prove that we had paid it; and, accordingly, we requested a bill, which we shall, at any time, be pleased to show the curious.

Arriving at Callahan's Ranch, the following evening, we wrote out a poster, setting forth the above reasonable(!) prices; to

which we appended the following advertisement:

"WANTED—A *Conscience* for A. J. T——. Please call at the 'Mountain House,' on your way to Shasta. [Signed] ——."

THE following classic epistle, having been found somewhere in Nevada county, is forwarded to us, without comment, by a friend; and, as it is, no doubt, a faithful picture of many a fair one's feelings in the "Far-West," and other places, we present it to the readers of the Chair, *verbatim et literatim*:

"Mi deer gimey it has bin a long tyme since i saw yu and i hav not hadd but wun letur frum yu cince yu left and that maid me shed teres til i went tu slepe, deer gimey ryte agin fur that did giv me so much plezur i du want tu git an uthir wun lyke it and i hoap yu wil expres as much luv fur me as yu did in the uthur. deer gimey mam is wel and pap is wel tu and syster jain wuz marid laste weak tu a nobul harted yung fellur and thay cum tu sea us evri sunda. but i hav not told yu hys naim but i wil tel yu hys naim is jonny heoughlun but we oll no hym so we coll hym jon. Deer gimey it maiks me thynk uv yu evry tyme i sea jon and hys jain i tel yu deer gimey i thynk me and yu cude bee uz hapy as jain and jon is. now i wish yu wud hury and maik yure pyle and cum home fur mi part i am reddy tu triet enny tyme and i no yu wud tu if yu cood sea jon sitin wyth hys armes around hur nek. deer gimey yu must exqueze mi penn and oll sow mi ink.

Sow goude bi Deer gimey and Dyrect yure leturs tu Sangamore cownty ilanoize. ternally yures maggie Stone."

If the above don't make "gimey's" mouth water and his heart sigh, for the privilege of being near the devoted and loving Maggie, he is made of harder material than either we suppose, or the facts laid down will warrant. We hope that "gimey" will send for the loving fair one, if his claim pays well this winter; and thus relieve the loneliness of his cabin life by securing so faithful a companion, with whom to enjoy the pleasures of connubial love. So mote it be, "gimey."

Who, that has ever been roused from a nightmare, in which some huge, undefined

terror menaced them, has not felt a grateful sense of relief at awakening? When this Chair indulges too freely in some favorite dish, it reposes itself quietly in a genial state of feeling, and calmly reflects upon the philosophy of life, until gradually thoughts reveal themselves less vividly, philosophy becomes confused and indistinct, and—to use a vulgarism—it falls into a snooze. The dinner, which has been productive of such calm reflection, after this happy consummation, has an opposite effect, and some direful incubus affrights and oppresses us, until, in the violent effort to escape the impending danger, we awaken—and then, the grateful sense of relief. It happened that one sunny afternoon, a few weeks since, this Chair dined too heartily upon a favorite dish, and passed through the intermediate stage described, to a nightmare. It thought itself the State of California (a strange fancy, you say, to imagine a Social Chair the seat of a great people) and was oppressed by a species of huge ogre, or vampire, that was called MONOPOLY. The terrible monster irresistibly fastened itself upon us,—bear in mind, we were the State of California,—and sucked our life-blood, fattened on our vitality, and nearly suffocated us with its pestiferous breath. We struggled in vain; the Monopoly's eye glared like a Ghoul's, with demoniac delight, as it gloated upon its human banquet. We felt our life ebbing, our senses swimming, and a sickening dizziness overcoming us—when we were awakened by a great commotion. We were a Social Chair again—we breathed free, and listened. Montgomery street was thronged its entire length by an eager crowd; the blasts of a stage-horn rose clear above the confused sounds, and a coach came dashing down the street, greeted by one prolonged cheer from the vast multitude. It was the OVERLAND MAIL! Canst interpret the vision of our dream?

As we conclude our gossip, the newsboys are crying in the streets: "Four days later—Arrival of the Overland Mail!" Grateful sense of relief, indeed! May these

be the death sounds to Monopoly, and the precursor of the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad.

Literary Notices.

The California State Register and Year Book of Facts for 1859—[Second year of publication]—San Francisco: HENRY G. LANGLEY and SAMUEL A. MORRISON, No. 144 Washington street. The volume before us contains 420 pages of facts—solid, reliable, diversified California facts. If the saying be true—and no better proof can be adduced to endorse it than this book—that “Facts speak for themselves,” there are many thousands of tongues within the covers of this work to ask, “What do you wish to know about California and the Union?” because, here we are to speak for ourselves. Do you wish to know the time of high and low water of the Bay of San Francisco; sun and moon’s rising and setting, declinations, eclipses, and so forth, for 1859, with a complete yearly calendar; the latitude and longitude of all the principal points on the Pacific coast; meteorological observations, made three times a day, for several years; tables of cloudy, misty and clear weather, winds, extremes of heat and cold, comparative fall of rain for eight years, daily and monthly rains, with every important observation concerning the climatology and other phenomena of California? here we are to be found.

“Do you desire to know who have been the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States; who are the present Heads of Executive Departments; the Congress of the United States, with the name, residence and politics of every Member; the Ministers and Diplomatic Agents of the United States in Foreign Countries, amount of salary, etc.; the Consuls and Commercial Agents throughout the world: the Foreign Consuls and Vice-Consuls residing in California; everything connected with the Treasury Department and the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco; the Coast Survey, and all the Light-Houses and their Superintendents on the Pacific coast; every

Department of Customs in California, with the name, number and salary of all the Collectors, Inspectors, etc.; all things appertaining to the Surveyor General’s Office, Indian Department, Land Districts, War and Navy Departments, Fortifications, etc.; the Post Office Department, with corrected list of every Post Office and Post Master in California; Judges of the Supreme Court, as well as of all the Courts in this State? they are here to give the answer.

“If you wish to learn what is contained in the Constitution of the State of California; who are the Executive and State Officers; our Representatives in Congress; the name, residence, politics and district of every Member of the California Senate and Assembly, with a host of other interesting matter? come to us—here we are to be found.

“Do you wish to be informed of all the Receipts and Expenditures of the United States; of the Taxation and Revenue, the Civil and War Debts of California; the amount of Real and Personal Property in every County of this State; Receipts and Expenditures of the State Treasury; the Finances of the several Counties and Cities of the State; the aggregate Debt of the State; amount of Treasure shipped from the Port of San Francisco, from April 11th, 1849, to December 31st, 1857; the amount of Duties, Receipts and Expenditures of the Departments of Customs of California; all the Articles of Export from San Francisco for four years; Tonnage of the Port of San Francisco, with the Arrivals and Departures of Vessels; Population, Census and Vote of California, and of all the different States in the Union, Slaves, etc.; the number of Passengers that arrived at the Port of San Francisco, from 1849 to 1857, etc.; Statistics of all the Religious Denominations of the State; School System, with number of Children, Schools and Teachers; the Public Lands; Operations of the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco; Foreign Coins, their value, etc.; Overland Mail arrangements; Prison, Hospital and Insane Asylum systems; different Surveys made

for the Pacific Railroad, Wagon Roads and Telegraph Lines; list of Masonic and Odd Fellows Lodges and other Societies; the Public Libraries of the State; the Newspaper and Periodical Press of the State; the Merchant Marine of the Pacific; Election Returns; notices of the Official Vote of the State, and many others, in this connection? we are here to assert our own value and accuracy, if you consult us.

"Then, to these, add the Titles and Abstracts of all the General Laws passed at the ninth session of the California Legislature. Next, the Agricultural, Horticultural, Live Stock and Mineral resources of the State, with the location, number, capacity and cost of all the Quartz Mills, Water Ditches and Canals; the extent of the Pacific Whale Fisheries; Manufactures and Machinery; giving the location, name and capacity of all the Grist Mills, Lumber and Saw Mills, Foundries, Metallurgical and Chemical Works, Cordage and Oakum, Furniture, Agricultural Implements, Printing Paper, Matches, Perfumery, Leather, Broom, Maccaroni and Vermicelli, Candle and Soap, Starch, Glue, Camphene and Oil, Stone Ware, and other Manufactories; Ship and Boat Building, etc. etc. With the peculiar Topography, Legal Distances from Sacramento, Judicial Districts, Courts, Agricultural Products, Mineral Resources, Finances, Attorneys, Physicians, etc., of every

County of the State;— we are here.

In short, this is a complete California Encyclopedia of important and well digested information concerning every department of the State.

We have been thus particular in giving a brief synopsis of its leading features, lest we should do injustice to the anxious care, patience and incessant labor of the indefatigable compiler of this invaluable book. That the reader may form some little idea of the trouble and pains that have been taken to prepare it and obtain the immense variety of correct knowledge here given, we may mention that no less than four thousand letters, asking for information, have been written to various portions of the State, besides the very numerous answers thereto. Moreover, one table of its contents alone, and that not occupying more than half a page, contains the gist of over eighty letters.

With grateful pleasure we acknowledge that the preceding volume has been of more real value to us, as a work of reference concerning California, than all other works before published in or of this State. If, therefore, you wish to add a valuable volume to your library, or make a New Year's present of intrinsic value to a friend, we counsel you to purchase "The California State Register and Year Book of Facts for 1859."

Editor's Table.

KIND READER, Christmas and New Year are again paying us their annual visit. How rapidly have the footsteps of Time been hurrying us along! It seems but the other day, when, for the first time, we had the pleasure of wishing you the blessings and compliments of the season, through the columns of the California Magazine; and now, the third one has come. There is a peculiarly pleasing relationship existing between the editor of a periodical like

ours and the generous and large-hearted reader; and as, month after month rolls past, and we give to each other the cordial welcome, or the word of sympathy or of brotherly kindness and love, it cements us closer, and the hearts of each grow warmer and better by the feeling. We have enjoyed many pleasant seasons together, and we trust, with God's blessing, there are many more in store for us; and, should a kind Providence permit, we trust that the year

just beginning, may be the most happy and prosperous of all that we have ever known, therefore, in our inmost heart we pray, God bless you all!—not using such language of suppliant benediction with a thoughtless and unfeeling mind—ah, no!

At such a time as this, how full does the heart feel of gushing longings for the loved ones that are absent? How many of our dearest friends, with all their joyous greetings, does memory recall? when our dear and revered mother wept as she kissed and embraced her son or daughter, after a short but painful absence of a few long weeks, or perhaps months, at school; or, when her silver locks trembled and her tottering hand rested in blessings on our heads; or our father turned away to drop a tear, as he said, "Good-by, my son!" or "Farewell, my daughter—God bless you!" who does not recall such memories with a tear?

This, too, is a season when the hearts of men should be enlarged; when forgiveness even of injuries should assimilate the human to the Divine nature; when Charity, with loving footsteps and smiling countenance, should walk abroad in the earth, and bring back the erring, bind up the broken-hearted, cheer the hopeless, and succor the bereaved; when poverty, and wretchedness, and ignorance, and vice, should no more say, "I am the offspring of Neglect"; when the rich, whom God has prospered, should say to the poor, "I am thy brother, man—what can I do for you?" when men, struggling to shuffle off the coil of poverty by honest industry, should be assisted, if only by a kindly spoken word. These and a thousand other acts of kindness and love, from the angelic hand of Charity, at such a season above all others, should be manifest in this living, breathing world.

To the unlucky and unfortunate we would say: Boys, never let Hope desert you, or Despair get the upper-hand of you. The 'lead' may be struck yet, a few inches further in; and even though you may have been 'drifting' through the 'bed-rock' of a hard experience, indomitable persever-

ance will carry you through it; and then, if the 'bed-rock' only 'pitches' into the hill of a prosperous future, you will find that the 'pay-dirt' of your personal esteem, approbation of friends, a good conscience, health, and a full purse, will place you on the 'rail car' of life, and secure to you the satisfaction of being the architect of your own fortune, while you gain the respect of all good men."

There is a word or two more we wish to say: You have your health—that is a great blessing; you are not branded as a felon, or incarcerated as a murderer, or looked upon as a loafer or a thief—well, those are great blessings, also; you have had food, and shelter, and clothing—well, those also are really great blessings; and if you could now only strike a good "paying strata" in some kind of business—mining, or anything else—you would be a happy man: now, would n't you? Well, then, never be discouraged—never give up making a good manly effort—and, if you cannot do any thing else, why, "go to peddling peanuts," rather than, like a child or overgrown hobbledohoy, sit down, whining, or croaking, or sighing, or smoking, and become like the unfortunate Micawber, a waiter "for something to turn up."

The prosperous have our best wishes that their prosperity may continue, and even increase—but we would say, never forget that the poor man is your brother, and as such demands your sympathy, advice and assistance. Deal not out to him with niggardly hands, but help him in such a way that he may strive to help himself, without a feeling of humiliation; for, believe us, good actions are like good grain properly sown, returning bountifully a rich harvest of happy emotions to the sower, with granaries full of good deeds in any future time of need, which we may all yet see before we die.

To those by whose kindly help and generous smiles we have been enabled thus far to go on our way rejoicing, we tender our warmest thanks as the only New Year's gift we can offer. From the first day of

our publication to the present hour, we have received a most cordial greeting and been cheered by the encouraging approval of numerous and valued friends, and our hearts gratefully remember the favor. Under God's blessing, and with greatly improved health, we hope to make our Magazine, with your kind assistance, during the present year, more worthy of the glorious young State it is our proud privilege to call our home than it has ever been.

To the readers and writers and kind-word-speakers of this Magazine, we most heartily wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We cordially give to all our

On the third of the present month our State Legislature will commence its tenth annual session. Last year we hoped much and—we say it with regret—were much disappointed. Even this year, as last, we presume there will be as much frivolous waste of precious and well paid time, and the postponement of measures of great public value as formerly. Some would-be-great men will, no doubt, be discovered, who have some hobby to ride, or some axes to grind, and occupy the time, if not the attention, of their colleagues. Some wind-mill—and we employ the term in a Quixotic and not in a political sense, although in the latter it would, doubtless,

need no correction—must be valorously fought; and some unknown aspiring imitator of Demosthenes believes, or acts as though he believed, that his way to Fame is now opening, and his only chance of future eminence lies in well using the lance of his slumbering eloquence (!) while his Sancho Panza colleagues look on with open-mouthed wonder.

We would suggest to the honorable members of both Houses, that such unworthy and child-like abuse of privilege be not allowed to any member during the present Session. Be resolved; for our State needs the *services* (and does not need long and windy harangues) of every thought and act of every member. The time has now fully come when judicious action upon a great national highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a railroad—would be received with favor by the Administration, independent of any party feeling. Will you pass such measures as will secure its construction to the boundary line of our State, without any frivolous hesitancy or delay? Do this, and the General Government, discovering that you are in earnest, will take such steps as will insure the completion of the road over the territorial region under its control. And no men will pay an additional State tax with greater pleasure than the great majority of Californians, for such a purpose.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A.—We are under the impression that you have sent us the wrong article. We should not like to take the wrong cow by the tail; therefore, oblige us by referring to your portfolio—not for the cow! but the sketch—for the *new* one.

P. R. S.—If you can make "house" and "vows" rhyme, you must surely be a German. There is a small, flat-backed, parasitic insect—such as Mexican mothers not only seek after, but find, on the *cabezas* of their *muchachos*—that would help you out to a charm. Had there been but a dozen or so of similar endings, we would have "fixed 'em up," as you request; but remember the number—one hundred and ninety-three! whew! Besides, if they were "fixed up" as nice-

ly as strawberries and cream, the dose would be too heavy for the appetite and digestive organs of a literary Brobdingnagian.

X. A., *Chips' Flat*.—You cannot tempt us. We may be as poor as some turkeys that we saw exposed for sale on last Thanksgiving Day, but we place too high a value on our self-esteem to give place to such an article.

Henry T., *Stockton*.—You are mistaken; we always welcome *good* poetry; but such an article is rather scarce in the literary market.

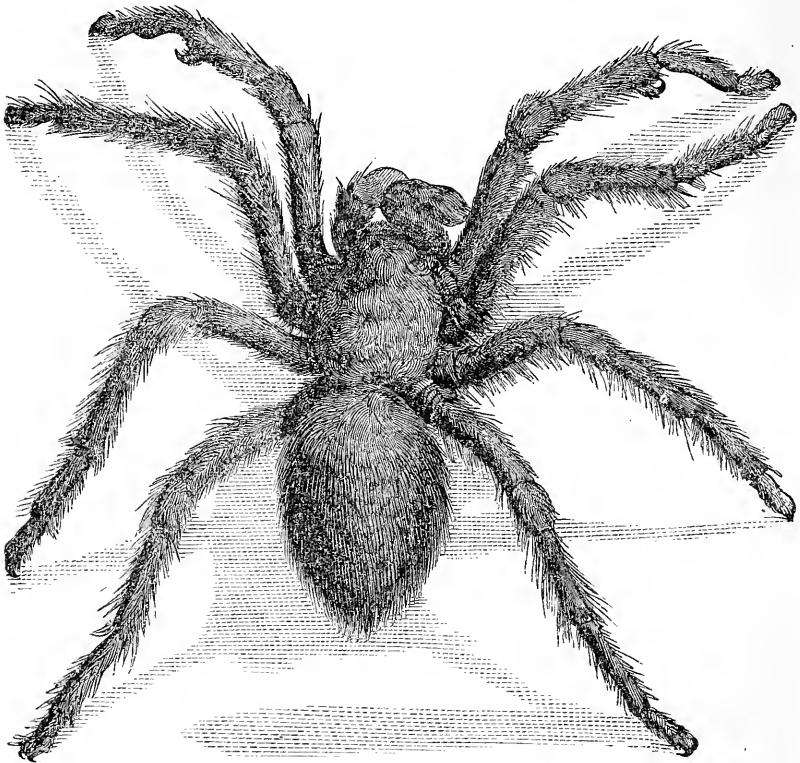
M., *No.*—In reading your paper, we received an impression suggestive of a sound similar to the rattling of peas in an old boot. It is at your disposal.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1859. No. 8.

THE TARANTULA OF CALIFORNIA.



TARANTULA OF CALIFORNIA—LIFE SIZE.

TAKE another look at the animal, reader; do not be afraid of him; for, though many members of his class are both vicious and venomous, we can give you

our unqualified assurance that this one will neither bite nor sting you. Through the kindness of the Secretary of the Odd Fellows' Library (who loaned us the spe-

cimens), the assistance of Mr. Nahl, the artist, and Mr. Armstrong, the engraver, we are enabled to place a tarantula before the curious that has been perfectly tamed, and is, therefore, harmless! Of none but those which are similarly situated would we venture such an opinion.

Now, that you have examined him to your satisfaction, you are convinced that, after all, there is nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. In this opinion we most cordially concur. Before we reach the end of this article, we hope to win a similar coincidence with our opinion, which is this: that, if there is nothing beautiful or inviting in his appearance, there is certainly much about his organization and habits that is very interesting.

The tarantula (*aranea tarentula*), then, is supposed to be a native of Tarentum, Italy, from whence it derives its name. We also suppose that, although they may have derived their name from that Italian city—as no person would be venturesome enough to transport them to the American continent for the profit or pleasure of the thing—and, moreover, as they are not only found here in considerable numbers, but are three times the size of those of Italy, it is but reasonable to conclude that they are as much natives of this country as of any land on the borders of the Mediterranean; therefore, why should not the naturalist accord this fact to science and history?

There can be no doubt that each variety belongs to the same genus as the spider. It may differ in size and habits, but its organism is in all respects similar. The body is composed of two parts, united at the thorax—nearly mid-way between the head and the abdomen. It has eight legs, four on each side. Between the two fore-legs there are a pair of sharp and serrated nippers, which they use very rapidly when about to seize upon their prey. Between these, again,

and somewhat beneath the nippers, are two horny, sharp, and hollow fangs, curved inwardly, through which a poisonous fluid escapes, when attacking an enemy. Each animal of this class has either six or eight eyes—generally the latter number—which are variously disposed in the different genera. Every portion of the body and legs is covered with a soft downy hair of a dark brown color (somewhat between a slate color and chocolate). Under the extremities of each of the fore-legs, there is a claw, or hook, which is used to open and close the doors of their habitations, as hereafter described.

The propagation of this species, as of all other spiders, is effected by means of eggs, which are carefully enveloped in a cocoon of silk. They subsist principally upon flies and other insects that may chance to stray too near their dwellings. The tarantula is very expert in the capture of its prey, which it drags to its nest, and devours at leisure.

The following description of the nest, and mode of entering it,—from the Iconographic Encyclopædia—will be read with interest:

“The species of *Mygale* live in holes of their own construction, some of which are closed by a trap-door, which renders them difficult to find, and affords a protection to the ingenious constructor. The trap-door is wider externally than internally, or slightly conical, and the mouth of the aperture is formed so as to receive it with great exactness, whilst the form is such as to prevent it from becoming fastened—as would often be the case were it cylindrical. This door is made of about thirty layers of silk and dirt, the layers being something in the shape of small brass weights, the different sizes of which lie one within the other. Upon leaving or entering its burrow, the lid closes after the spider by its own weight; and, when the animal is upon the out-

side, it must be raised to allow it to enter. The elasticity of the hinge is sufficient to close the aperture if the lid be raised vertically, or drawn still further back; and it is assisted by the distribution of the earthy material, which is thickest towards the hinge, and on this account less likely to be thrown backwards beyond its centre of gravity. Near the margin of the inner side of the lid, and opposite the hinge, the *Mygale* forms a series of small holes, to enable it to insert its claws and jaws to hold it in place, in case of an attempt to raise the lid from without; and, if a knife be inserted, so as to run beneath the spider, and the clay be then lifted with it, the deceived animal, circumvented in this unexpected manner, suffers itself to be captured without opposition."

There can be doubt of the poisonous nature of the tarantula's bite. In the summer of 1857 we saw the foot and leg of the late Captain C. J. W. Russell (who was killed by the Indians in Lower California), after one of these venomous insects had bitten him in nine different places. Each one was a running sore, nearly the size of a half-dime, and remained so for several months, despite the most careful treatment. Yet, it is not, in our opinion, so fatal as random tradition would make it, as we have seldom, if ever, heard of instances where death has resulted from its bite.

Unfortunately, there is but little known concerning the variety found in this State. It would be an especial benefit to entomological science if gentlemen, who have studied the habits of these or other insects, would communicate their observations to the public.

Dr. A. Kellogg, an eminent entomologist of this city, has favored us with the fol-

lowing personal observations:

"Whether tarantulas are generally found to be more numerous in certain localities, I am unable to say; but I have often travelled over extensive tracts of country, where they were reputed to be, without seeing any. If, perchance, I saw one, I always found it a pretty sure introduction to others. When suddenly surprised, they magically disappear—unless, as is often the case, they choose to face the foe. Their trap-doors are so skillfully constructed that it requires the keenest observation to distinguish them from the surrounding earth; and they are so handy with the little hooks of the fore-feet that they can 'open sesame' and disappear from sight by a peculiar kind of 'hocus pocus.' From this fact I conclude that those which I have observed do not stray



TARANTULA'S NEST.

far from their habitations—at least, during the day, and at certain seasons of the year.

"In the vicinity of Rock Island Ferry, Brazos river, in Texas, I saw great numbers of these enormous spiders. Those

which I have seen in California are not so large nor so ferocious—in fact, California is not the best field in the world for an entomologist.

“At the place above referred to, dinner over, we were one day amusing ourselves under the shade of some oak trees, when one of those large, red-winged wasps fell

his fury upon upon one of those spiders. The first part of the battle I did not see; but, when discovered, the wasp and spider were clenched and floundering about, rough and tumble, with a succession of sharp, quick and spiteful buzzes—z-z-zip!—z-z-zip! The contest lasted but a moment or so, when the wasp flew away, and left the quivering spider to fold his arms in death.

“It is known that some wasps kill spiders to feed their young; but this red, or orange-winged spider I have never known to make any attempt to use the carcass after the victory; I therefore conclude that they must be simply natural enemies, and do not properly prey upon each other—as is usually the case under similar circumstances.”

Another gentleman, who has made the study of entomology his favorite pastime for many years, has given us numerous particulars concerning the tarantula's enemy, the *Pepsis*. This fly, like all of the genus *Sphex*, provides for its young by making a hole in the ground, or occupying one already made by the *coscus* (a species of moth, the caterpillars of which live in wood), or *cerambyx* (a species of beetle), or any other wood-boring insect, and then deposits its eggs within it, so that when the larva, or maggots, come out from the eggs, they may find sufficient food from the *cadaver* (the dead body of the insect) on which to exist until it is transformed into a chrysalis, in which state it sleeps without taking any food whatever.

All male insects of this genus (with the exception of those of the social *hy-*

menoptera) die immediately after sexual connection with the female; and the female follows the example of the male after depositing her eggs in the objects which are to serve as food for the young, the only exceptions to this law of nature being in those above mentioned.



TARANTULA'S ENEMY.

There are two different systems of social organization among them: the one forming societies, which consist of perfect males and females, and females whose sexual organism is imperfect, or undeveloped. Those are called laborers, or neuters, and the duties imposed upon them are the providing of food and lodgings for the young brood of the perfect ones. The other system of social organization consists of the male and female only, among which the females act the same part as do the neuters with the other. The buildings of the latter are not so artificial and imperfect as those of the former class.

A transition from the social insects to the sphex tribe is formed by the groups of *anthreni*, and some related genera that do not form social organizations like the first, but whose females live after depositing their eggs, and who feed their young with the pollen of flowers, or even some insects that may be needed as food.

Some of the *scolia* genus sew together the head and *anus* of a small maggot, by means of their sting, so that it forms a living ring, which serves for the food of the young. When a sufficient number

of these are thus provided, the parents die like the others. Now, having thus explained the different ways of living among the related insects, we think it our duty to invite the attention of any close observers of nature to this species, of California pepsis, of which we give an engraving on the preceding page.

All that is at present known of this insect is that its body is of a dark blue and its wings of a bright orange-color—almost approaching to a red—and that it attacks our California species of *mygale*, or tarantula, with the most unrelenting vindictiveness, even to the death. We only suppose, from what we know of the related genera, that its object is to provide a place of deposit for its eggs and food for its young in the victim of its attacks.

This is, of itself, a valuable contribution to the natural history of the hymenoptera, that thus we can give the way in which the genus pepsis exists in the larva state; and, as this fact is unknown among the greatest entomological savans of Europe, we expect yet to have the satisfaction of seeing it in the *Annales de l'Entomologie* of Paris—although accompanied with the regrets of the erudite editor, Dr. Boisduval, that, while he now knows the larva state of the genus, our description is not sufficiently minute and scientific to enable him to classify and determine the species.

This we hope to be enabled to do when more is known concerning it, and perfect specimens are sent us.

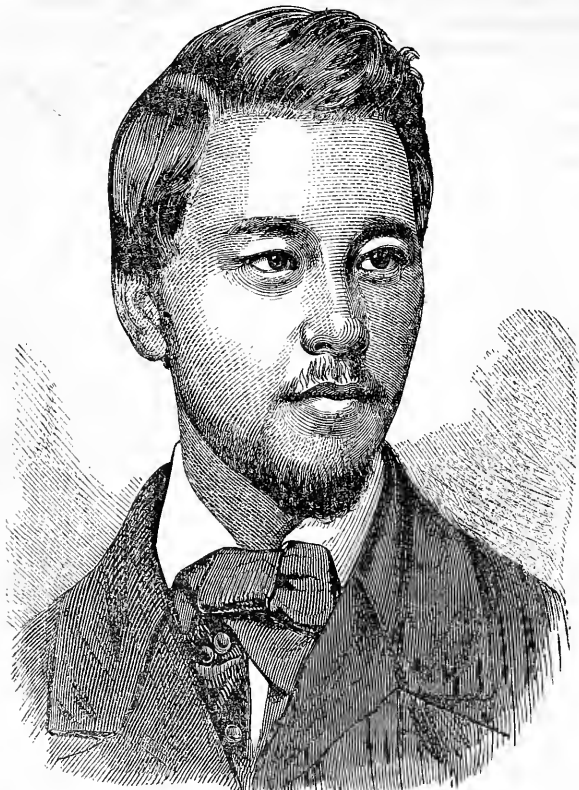
We may here mention that the pepsis, by its sting, paralyzes, but does not kill, the tarantula; and what is somewhat remarkable, when he is thus paralyzed, if he is too heavy for the pair of flies who have disabled him to convey to their hole, others will assist them, a fact hitherto supposed to be peculiar only to ants, bees, and others of the social hymenoptera.

JOSEPH HECO.

THE accompanying engraving is an excellent likeness of Joseph Heco, the Japanese youth, who, having been educated in the United States, is now on his way to his native country in the U. S. surveying schooner Fenimore Cooper.

Joseph Heco was born in the city of Hadima, Japan, about the year 1838. Having finished his education at Jeddo, he was sent by his father, in a junk belonging to his uncle, to the city of Miaco—a distance of about 250 miles—for the purpose of entering into commerce.

Soon after the junk got to sea, a great storm arose, and the vessel was dismasted and rendered unmanageable, and then it drifted away, at the mercy of the winds and waves, to a distance of 600 miles from Japan, where the crew and passengers, seventeen in number, were picked up by the bark Auckland, having been at the mercy of the elements for fifty days, during which time they suffered great privation. The bark arrived here in March, 1851. On the 22nd of the same month, the Japanese were transferred to the U. S. Revenue Cutter Polk, Capt. Webster, on board of which they were detained eleven months, when the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Marys was ordered by the Government to take them to Hong Kong. The Japanese captain, despairing of ever getting home, and feeling great solicitude for the lives of those under his care, died of a broken heart. He was buried at Honolulu, S. I., at which place the St. Marys stopped for that purpose. Upon arriving at Hong Kong, the Japanese were placed on board the Susquehanna, to wait for Commodore Perry, who was to take them to Japan. Becoming impatient, Joseph, accompanied by Thoro (who is now employed in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office, San Francisco,) and another, believed it prudent



JOSEPH HECO.

[From a Photograph by Vance.]

to return to California, where they arrived in October, 1852. Capt. Pease, then commander of the *Argus* (now of the *Marcy*), an excellent and accomplished officer, received them on board his vessel, and did all in his power to render them comfortable. Captain Pease, observing Heco's aptness in acquiring knowledge, and his affability, became interested in him to such an extent as to introduce him to his friends, among whom was the Collector of the Port, Col. Sanders, who immediately took him in charge, and had him educated in one of our best schools. Being a good Japanese scholar, Heco advanced rapidly in his studies, so that, in August, 1853, it was thought advisable by Col.

Sanders to take him to Washington, whither he went, and remained about a year, having Heco with him, who there attracted much attention.

Upon his return to California, Heco was again placed at school, on leaving which he was employed by the highly-respectable firm of Macondray & Co., where he was esteemed for his industry and faithfulness to business. Senator Gwin, having become acquainted with Heco, and no doubt being convinced that he could render valuable services to our Government in its treaties with Japan, prevailed upon Joseph's friends to allow him to accompany him to Washington, which he did, in the capacity of private

secretary. Heco was there introduced to the President and members of Congress, by whom he was well received and kindly treated.

Joseph expressed a desire to return to his native country and see his parents, from whom he has now been absent eight years, and many of the public journals in the Eastern States suggested that he should be appointed to some official position—as interpreter, or clerk, connected with one of our Government representatives in Japan; but Heco is still young, and without experience in public matters; and, besides, he is not thoroughly master of English, though he speaks it fluently; so he was offered the position of Captain's Clerk on board the Fenimore Cooper, under Lieut. J. M. Brooke, who had been directed to make some important surveys in the Chinese and Japanese seas. Heco accepted the position, which is really a very comfortable and honorable one, and about the 10th of September last, the vessel sailed from this port for Nargasaki, *via* Honolulu, which latter port she entered in good time, and probably before now has reached her Japanese port, and Heco may be at this moment in the house of his parents, who will no doubt be greatly astonished to see their son strutting about in European clothes, wearing the blue coat and brass buttons of the American navy. "Strutting," however, is not Joseph's habit, at all; he is a very modest and genteel young man, in his manners, and is, we believe, liked by all who know him. A point which must not be omitted here is, that he is extremely grateful to the American people for the kindness he has received; and, if he should be able to render any service to our Government, he will, no doubt, exert himself to the utmost to do so. It is a matter of pride to us to know that he has been treated so well in our country, and of gratification that he has proved so worthy of the good treatment he has received.

CABIN HOMES.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

DID you ever live in a cabin home, reader. I mean particularly a miner's cabin. If you have not, you have never enjoyed life to its fullest extent—never felt that unrestrained liberty, that audacious disregard for conventionalities and contempt for formalities which inspire a sense of freedom that is perfectly ravishing.

Our cabin homes are changed and changing. Civilization (no sarcasm intended) is fast encroaching upon the freedom of the miner's life. Something like a tone of society is gradually establishing itself throughout the mountains; a white shirt and broadcloth coat are becoming necessary appendages to a man who would be considered respectable; frame houses are rising in the train of this new state of affairs, and the conservative old log cabins and rude, reckless, noble-hearted men that braved the perils of the early days of California, are gradually disappearing before the dawn of civilization; and already are tales of the days when they flourished in their glory, recounted around the modern cabin hearth as legends of things that *were*.

But if the unbounded liberties of those early days have been somewhat restricted, they have not become wholly extinguished, nor never can be—for the very nature of cabin life implies a freedom from all restraint which society imposes.

Why should the miner, toiling with a steady, fixed purpose, regard any other formalities than those plain ones which a frank, honest heart dictates in his intercourse with men? Why should he reverence any social juggernaut, beneath which he must sacrifice his comfort to appease the inexorable wrath of society? Nor does he.

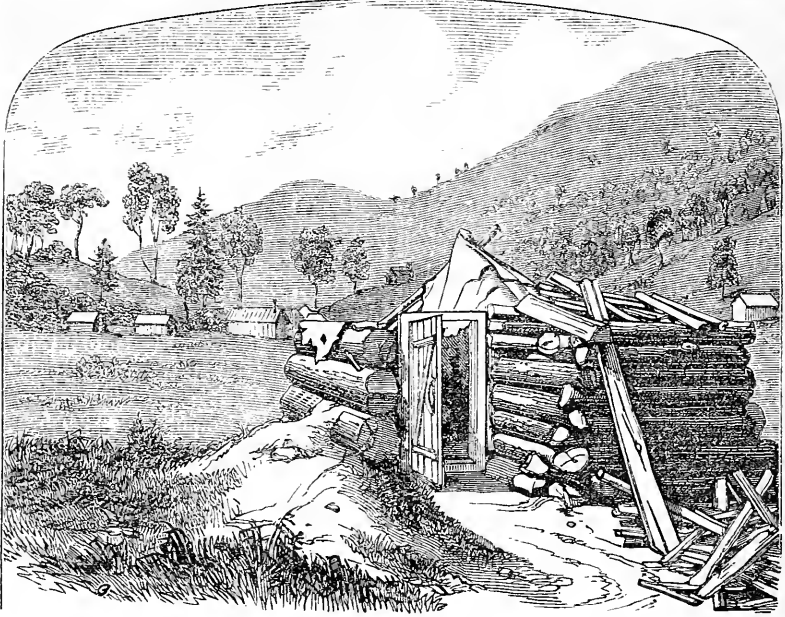
The haughtiest baron of the feudal ages never gazed upon his castle and viewed

its strength and security with a prouder heart than every miner looks upon his cabin, and marks with fond complacency its points of superior comfort, convenience and elegance. And he need be proud, for it is one of the noblest structures of man—one raised by his own honest labor from the materials which God has placed at his disposal. It is his home, and, like all homes, becomes endeared by a thousand circumstances. The rude walks become mute confidants, and share his hopes and disappointments, joys and sorrows, until he gradually forms an attachment for them such as we ever feel for places made dear by associations. And beside this solitary companionship, it is the scene of many a mirthful gathering, enlivened by wit and humor, boisterous, perhaps, yet overflowing with goodfellowship.

The daily cabin life partakes in the highest degree of this sense of freedom. Witness the miner's proficiency in housewifery. Behold his sumptuous repasts, gotten up in the greatest style of luxury which his limited provisional and cooking apartments will permit. And when the day's tire is over, with what a sense of amiable ease he seats himself upon the hearth upon which burns the huge fire—built with a reckless disregard for fuel—which sets the cabin all a-glow with its ruddy light. Surrounded with smiling faces, with a mind free from the distracting schemes of traffic, and a disposition which leaves the morrow to take care of itself; why should not the miner be happy at such a time? He is: and if perchance the thought comes over him, that he shall some day leave his cabin home, a sad emotion gathers in his heart, and he feels that the farewell will not be spoken without regret.

But there are other memories of cabin homes which wear not the same bright hues—memories shaded by sadness and desolation. The tyrannic hand of cir-

cumstance may have forced us to leave familiar walks of life, and seek new ones among strangers. But the heart, with a strange perversity, will cling to endeared objects; and oft amid the trials and struggles of the present we think of our old cabin home, which has already become tinged with the many-hued beauties of the past; each landscape beauty, each hour of peace, each scene of happiness reveals itself, until it dwells in the memory as a place only of beauty, peace and happiness. Perchance with these recollections vivid in our mind, we go back to our former home, wander up the same path that we have trodden so often, see the creek, the hills, the valley—all, as we knew them of old; and as we climb the knoll from which we shall see the cabin, the heart will not keep still, but leaps in the breast like a glad child that knows it approaches home. We catch a glimpse of the old oak in whose shade we have so often reposed in the sultry mid-day—the cabin will be seen next! How the heart throbs!—but hush, fond heart, hush; thy boundings of joy must change to the slow beatings of grief, and the flowers with which thy fancy has decked this spot are turned to the dark cypress which groweth upon ruins! The cabin is there—dismantled and fallen to decay. Roof, chimney, walls, all of which, though humble, once towered as our home, lie in ruins; and the old door upon whose threshold we have sat so often in the evening hour, creaks mournfully upon its hinges, as if disconsolate that no hand with rapture should ever again lift its rude, wooden latch; and to complete the scene of desolation, the prowling coyote retreats reluctantly at our reproach, as if he thought us intruders upon our own hearth. Cease for a while your mournful creaking, old door, for you shall be closed by a friendly hand which has often lifted your latch with joy, when your opening revealed the comforts of a home. Though you are



THE DESERTED CABIN.

desolate now, old hearth, and the coyote treads undisturbed upon you, yet I would seat myself by you awhile, for I have sat upon you when you glowed warm in the cheerful blaze, and the smiling faces of happy friends reflected its light. Ye may not heed me, but the heart bowed in sorrow speaks gently even to inanimate things. Let the curtain descend upon the scene, saddened by regrets. They are not the regrets only of seeing a rude home in ruins, but the heart cherishes others. Hopes, aspirations, and tenderly

conceived creations of the fancy, which we have fostered in this tenement, may, like it, be in ruins; while the years that have swept on, have found us, not what we should be, nor what we desire to be—but plodding life with the weary conviction that we live in vain. Ah! well-a-day, how beneficent the Power that formed us such skillful castle builders—apt aerial architects—that standing amid the ruins of the present we can rear in the distant future the fair proportions of brighter structures.

RIVER MINING.

But few of those who have never looked upon the rushing and impetuous torrents that sweep down the deep cañons and rivers of the snow-covered Sierras, or watched the deep and eddy current, that so majestically flows on among the foot-hills and through the valleys of the State, can fully conceive the vastness

of the labor and risk of the men who determine to turn those streams from their natural courses, in order to abstract the golden grains from their rocky and pebbly beds.

Many, even of those who are most familiar with the scenes, and experienced in the task, are often deceived concerning the amount of time to be spent and the expense and trouble to be incurred in

the progress of their giant undertaking.

Often, too, when the laborious task has at last been accomplished, a sudden and overwhelming rain has caused the stream to rise, and, in a single night, the whole of their spring and summer's work has been swept away, without leaving the slightest trace of its existence; and all the miners' air castles of wealth, home-happiness, and good to be accomplished, and life to be enjoyed, which they had built, are no more: "And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind!"

Others, who have labored on, and completed the construction of their flumes, water-wheels, pumps, and sluices, ready to take every advantage of the short golden harvest-time allowed by the low stage of the water, discover, to their cost, that, alas! the precious metal is not to be found—at least, in sufficient quantities even to pay the cost of working.

There are others, again, (but the number is very limited,) who, in a single season, will take out a good large fortune. It is this hope that induces many men to invest every dollar in river mining that they have made in the hill, flat, ravine,

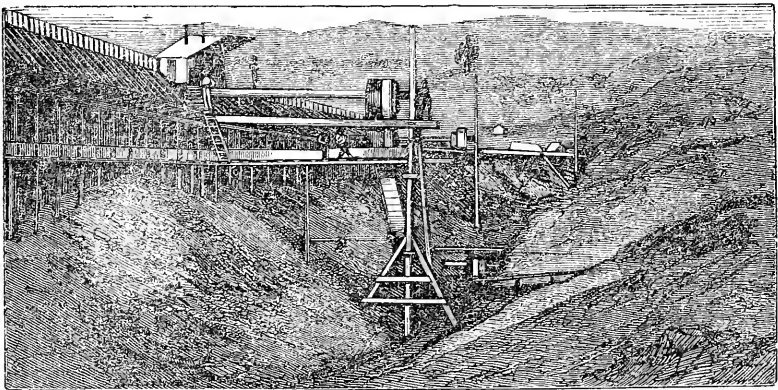
tunnel, or any other kind of diggings.

Those views of river mining which we here present, are of the celebrated "Cape Claim," on Feather river, located about a mile above Oroville. This claim is one of those which are considered successful.

At an early day after the company owning the ground had decided upon commencing the work, a contract for building the flume was entered into with Mr. Hart (afterwards Senator from Butte county). From Mr. T. Lyttle, one of the builders and overseers, we are favored with the following interesting facts concerning it:

The length of flume was 3,800 feet; width, 40 feet; height of sides, 6 feet; depth of water, 4 feet; and the force of the current through it was about 8 miles per hour. The number of wheels and pumps with which to keep the claim dry, and enable men to work advantageously, was 10—14 large and 4 small ones; number of sluices, 8. The cost of flume, wheels, pumps, sluices, etc., was \$120,000.

After the water of the river was turned through the flume, there were 260 men employed daily in working the claim,



VIEW OF THE RIVER'S BED AFTER THE WATER WAS TURNED THROUGH THE FLUME.

which, with tools, etc., cost \$1,500 per day. For 35 days, the average yield of gold per day was \$7,500; the largest amount taken out in one day, was 885

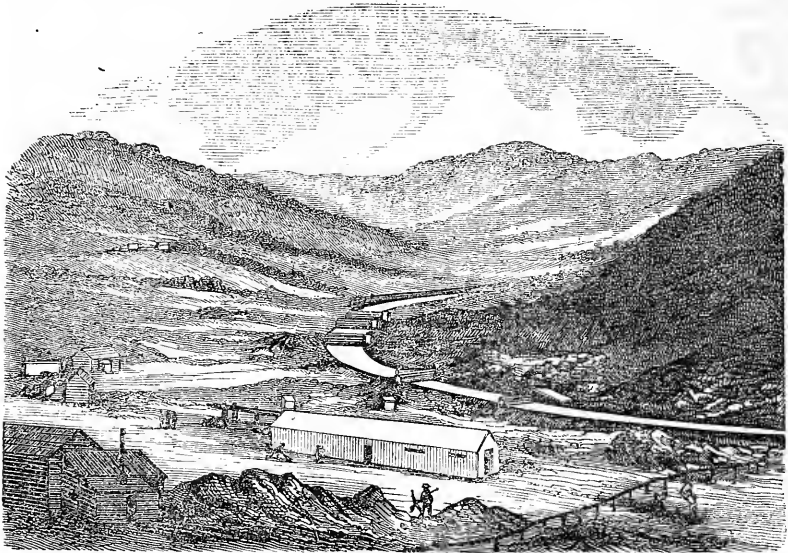
ounces, or (at \$18 per ounce*) \$15,860; the richest single pan of pay dirt contained 102 ounces, 4 pennyweights, or \$1,842; the best paying sluice produced, in one day, \$13,122. The gross amount

* The gold, being fine, may have exceeded \$18 per ounce; but of this we are not informed.

of gold taken out, between the 20th of September* and the 9th of November, † was \$260,000.

* The day on which they commenced working the claim.

† Time was spent from Oct. 11th to the 15th in pumping out the claim, caused by an overflow from a rise in the river, after a storm of rain.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAPE CLAIM, FEATHER RIVER.

MARYSVILLE.

Those who are unacquainted with the extent, commercial activity, business capacity and rural beauty of this flourishing inland city, must not suppose that the view here presented of D. Street gives even an approximating idea of it. The long lines of substantial brick stores, commodious hotels, and express and other offices, with numerous other buildings running at right angles out towards the river and plain; and all the many and exceedingly neat suburban cottages that adorn the outskirts of the city, would give a much more favorable impression

of it than this cut; unfortunately no eminence near, allows of an excellent general view being taken.

This city is located on the north bank of the Yuba river, about two-thirds of a mile from its junction with Feather river. The land upon which it stands is part of a grant of some forty-five thousand acres made by the Mexican government to Gen. John A. Sutter, by whom it was leased in 1841 to Mr. Theodore Cordua, and named by Gen. Sutter New Mecklenburg, in honor of Mr. C's native city.

Near the spot from whence our view of D street was taken, Cordua erected some adobe buildings, and directed himself to

the then almost exclusive business of stock raising. In 1846 population began slowly to increase, when he cultivated a portion of the land, opened a trading post, and run a barge between New Mecklenburg and San Francisco. In 1848 this enterprising German exported a considerable amount of valuable produce to the Sandwich Islands.

In the fall of 1848, Mr. Cordua sold out one half of his interest to C. Covillaud; and in the spring of 1849, his other half to M. C. Nye and W. Foster, when it generally became known among Americans as Nye's Ranch; but in the same year they disposed of their interest to Covillaud; who, a few months later, sold three fourths of his interest to Messrs. J. M. Ramirez, J. Sampson, and T. Ricard; these four having equal interests in the whole, which was then considered to be worth about \$60,000.

As the gold discoveries were attracting large numbers of persons to that quarter, these gentlemen saw the commercial advantages of the position, and decided upon laying out a city. Accordingly, in December, 1849, Mons. A. Le Plongeon was employed to survey and divide it into squares, streets, and lots; that, afterwards, were disposed of at almost fabulous prices: and the city was named Yubaville. At a public meeting, afterwards, it was proposed to change it to Norwich, then to Sicardo; but that of Marysville was finally adopted, in honor of Mrs. Covillaud, whose Christian name was Mary.

Almost before the survey was completed, the lease title began to be questioned; when the lessees purchased from General Sutter the whole of his grant, north of the Yuba River. A good, valid title being thus given to the land, the growth of the new city was very rapid.

In the month of January, 1850, the first steamer—the "Lawrence," commanded by Capt. E. C. M. Chadwick—

ploughed the waters of the Yuba, and continued making regular and profitable trips between Marysville and Sacramento. Freight was then eight cents per pound, and the fare \$25 per passenger.

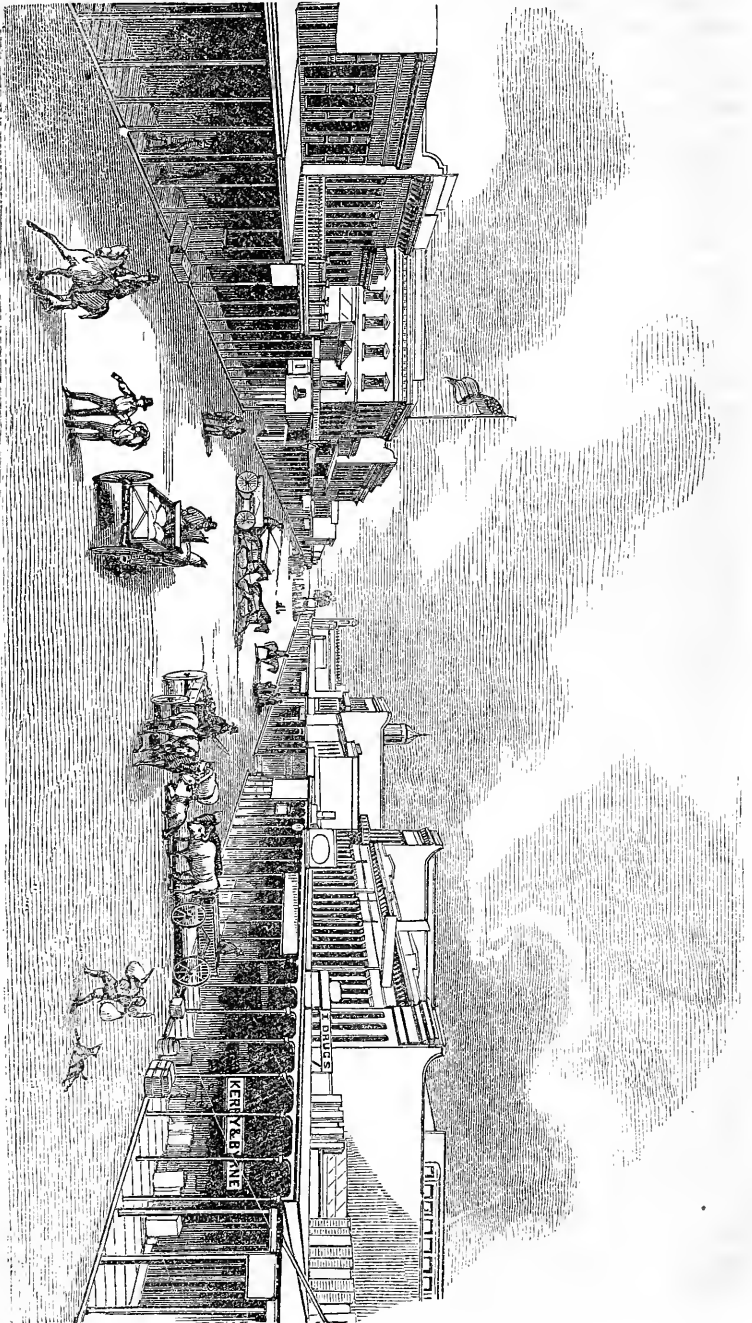
Up to January 18th, 1850, there were no recognized laws, courts, or officers, but on that day an election was held for a first and second alcalde, sheriff, and town council; when two hundred and thirty votes were cast in favor of Stephen J. Field, (the present able Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, and brother of Cyrus Field, of Atlantic Telegraph memory,) as first alcalde; I. B. Wadleigh as second Alcalde; and T. M. Twitchell as Sheriff, who for some reason would not serve, when R. B. Buchanan was chosen in his stead. The council proved almost entirely useless, as all the duties of government seemed naturally to fall upon the alcaldes.

During the legislative session of 1850, Yuba county was created, and Marysville selected as the county seat; and on the first Monday of April of the same year, an election was first held for county officers, when 700 votes were polled.

At the next session of the Legislature, the city of Marysville was incorporated, and Dr. S. M. Miles was chosen first Mayor.

On the 31st of August, 1850, an extensive conflagration swept away the whole of the buildings that were standing between D and E streets, and First and Second streets; and before another week had elapsed, a second conflagration reduced every building to ashes, south of First street, between D street and Maiden Lane; but before the smoking embers were removed, several brick and adobe buildings were commenced upon the spot.

The city had but fairly recovered from her losses by fire, when, in the spring of 1852, a new enemy made its appearance, in the shape of a flood, completely inundating the business portion of the city;



VIEW OF D STREET, MARYSVILLE.

injuring and destroying large quantities of goods. Fortunately, this flood subsided in a couple of days; and taught the merchants the necessity of adopting a higher grade for their buildings. In this they were but just in time to secure themselves against further danger from this cause; for, during the heavy thaws in the spring of 1853, a second flood, higher than the first, paid them a visit; but, this time with but little damage. To avoid similar catastrophes, the whole city grade, and entire blocks of buildings, were then raised some twelve feet.

The following year, (1854), a third fire destroyed a large number of buildings, among which were the theater, courthouse, and Presbyterian church; but these were soon replaced by substantial brick structures, that are now ornaments to the city.

With all these, and numerous other drawbacks, the indomitable enterprize of her people has made her the third most prosperous and most substantial city in the State. She now controls nearly the whole upper trade, north of the Yuba, and east of the Sacramento rivers; and, when a railroad shall have united her with the city of San Francisco—as it doubtless will before many years (perhaps months) have elapsed—there will be nothing to prevent her from largely increasing her present flourishing trade, and prosperous population; the latter being now estimated to exceed nine thousand, or more than one third of the entire population of Yuba county.

PETER LASSEN.

Who has not heard of Peter Lassen?—*old* Peter Lassen, as he is often familiarly called?—one of the oldest of our old pioneers, and after whom so many localities are named. For instance, we have “Lassen’s Butte,” a famous landmark at the head of the Sacramento val-

ley, and from whence the main and north forks of Feather River obtain their source. Then there is “Lassen’s Pass” of the Sierras, in latitude 41° 50’, and “Lassen’s Big Meadows,” on the upper waters of Feather River; and others, similarly named, on the Humboldt River. Indeed, from the pioneering proclivities of old Peter, every snow-covered peak, and every green valley, and pass of the Sierras, has become as familiar to his sight as the sombre top of Monte Diablo is to the residents of San Francisco. With this introductory, we will now give a brief biography of the man.

Peter Lassen, then, is a native of Copenhagen, Denmark. He was born on the seventh of August, 1800, and is consequently now in the fifty-ninth year of his age. At the usual time of life he was apprenticed to the trade of a blacksmith, in his native city. At the age of twenty-seven, he made his master-piece. Custom there requires, that before a young man can commence business on his own account, he must be able to manufacture some article in his trade that is difficult to accomplish, or the necessary government certificate will not be granted him. When this is received, he can go to any part of the country that pleases him, and there begin for himself.

In his 29th year, he emigrated from Denmark to the United States, and arrived the same year in Boston. After several months’ residence in eastern cities, following his trade for a livelihood, he removed to the west, and took up his residence at Katesville, Charlton county, Mo., where for nine years he practised the two-fold occupation of blacksmithing and farming.

In 1838, he formed a military company of seventy-five men, ready for military duty, in his adopted State.

In the spring of 1839, he left Katesville, Mo., in company with twelve others—two of whom were women, (missiona-



PETER LASSEN.

From a Photograph by R. H. Vance.

aries' wives)—to cross the Rocky Mountains into Oregon. These fell in with a train belonging to the American Fur Company, which swelled their number to twenty-seven; and all traveled in company.

After the usual mishaps and fatigues of such an undertaking—when there were no roads, and the compass was their only guide—they arrived at the Dalles, Oregon, in October of the same year, leaving the two women at Fort Hall.

From the Dalles, they proceeded down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver—then a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, but now belonging to the United

States—and thence up the Willamette to a few miles above Campout, now Oregon City; but as his company, (now reduced to seven men,) could not settle to suit themselves, after wintering here, they prepared to start for California.

As a sufficient company could not then be raised to cross the mountains and enter California overland, they were fortunate enough to find a vessel, named the "Lospanna," ready for sailing to San Francisco, after discharging its cargo of machinery and other articles for the missionaries of this district. This vessel was twice in danger of being wrecked, before getting fairly out of the Oregon

waters; once on Tongue Point, and once on a low rock at the mouth of the Columbia River.

Several weeks thus consumed, at last in safety they reached Fort Ross—then a Russian trading post, numbering some three hundred souls—from whence they obtained a pilot to Bodega, where they landed, and, after a short stay, attended with sundry difficulties with Gen. Vallejo and other Spaniards, they left for Capt. Sutter's camp, near the mouth of the American River, since known as Sutter's Fort, where they remained some fifteen days, and then started for Yerba Buena, now San Francisco; but, shortly afterward, Mr. Lassen went to San Jose, to winter, where he worked at his trade for a living.

In the spring of 1841, he purchased half a league of land near Santa Cruz, where he built a saw mill, which was the first one ever built and put into successful operation in the country. A saw-mill had been previously commenced, and partially built, at Fort Ross; but, having been washed away, was not again rebuilt. After cutting from forty to fifty thousand feet of lumber, he sold out his mill and ranch to Capt. Graham—who still resides there—taking one hundred mules for his pay, intending to return with them to the United States; but not being able to raise a company, the idea was abandoned.

In the fall of 1842, he took them up into the Sacramento Valley, and ranched them near Capt. Sutter's.

About this time Gen. Micheltorena, made him a grant of land, previously selected by Lassen, on Deer Creek, to which in the fall of 1843 he removed, with but one white man for his companion; who, some two months afterwards, became tired of the solitary life led there, and left him; when, although alone, surrounded by many hundreds of Indians, he lived in perfect safety, and without even seeing a white man for nearly seven months. Having worked at his trade for Capt. Sutter, and received his pay in stock; which, with the increase, he added to his band, he was now the possessor of between two and three hundred head; and yet, from the first hour to the last of his residence there, not one was ever disturbed by the Indians. All the labor of building his house and cultivating his farm was performed by Indians.

In the fall of 1844, a circumstance occurred which ought to be associated with the history of this State, and which is this: Some whites visited the neighborhood of

Mr. Lassen's residence, for the purpose of trapping beaver, with whom was an Oregon half breed named Baptiste Chereux, who, while camping with his company on Clear Creek, found a piece of gold, in weight about half an ounce. but, thinking it some kind of brass metal, kept it in his shot-pouch, never dreaming that it was gold. After the gold was discovered at Coloma, this man returned to the same spot on Clear Creek, and discovered a very rich lead.

Col. Fremont, with fifty of his men, the following spring, remained some three weeks, sharing the hospitalities of Lassen's house; for the full account of which we must refer the reader to Col. Fremont's journal.

In April, 1846, and about eight days after Fremont had left Lassen's on his way to the Dalles, Oregon, Mr. Gillespie arrived with dispatches for Colonel F., from the U. S. Government; when Mr. Lassen and three others, after killing meat enough for the party, started after him, and delivered the dispatches in safety. On the Klamath Lake, the Indians of that tribe made an attack upon them in the night, after previously crossing them in their canoes; but one of Lassen's party having rode on ahead of the rest some distance, and found Col. Fremont, he returned in time to offer succor to the little party of whites.

During the war with Mexico, Mr. Lassen took an active and efficient part. When that was ended, and peace proclaimed, he and others returned to their homes, when the gold discovery was made known.

Unfortunately, old Peter took a partner about this time, who, it seems by Lassen's account, was a great rascal; when he, with some sharper lawyers, began to relieve him of his hardly-earned riches. After several years of litigation, and its accompanying annoyances, Mr. Lassen lost his house and lands, and every head of stock that he had so industriously gathered around him; so that, in his declining days, he was driven to poverty and the loneliness of a mountain life, and now resides in Honey Lake Valley.

All the anecdotes and hair-breadth escapes of his eventful life, would make an interesting volume. We regret that our limited space has compelled us to give so brief an outline of his history; but which, nevertheless, we hope will be found both interesting and instructive; especially the closing moral—*Beware of bad partners, and nine-tenths of the lawyers*—and if need be, add the other tenth, and thus eschew law and lawyers altogether.

THE TOPOGRAPHY* OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

CALIFORNIA has a peculiar topography. No other country comprises, within so small a space, such various, so many, and such strongly-marked natural divisions. Mountains, the most steep, barren and forbidding; valleys, the most fertile; deserts, the most sterile; lakes, the most beautiful; magnificent rivers, spacious bays, unparalleged waterfalls—all these are California's. She has the marshes of Holland, the prairies of Illinois, the dense forests of Central Indiana, and the sublime mountain scenery and everlasting snow of Switzerland. Her waters seek the ocean in many different directions, and a number of streams do not flow to the ocean at all, but have basins of their own, which their waters never leave.

In general shape, California is a long parallelogram, extending from latitude $32^{\circ} 45'$ to 42° North, 700 miles long by 180 wide, the general course of the long axis being north-north-west by south-south-east. Along the western border of the State runs a chain of mountains, known as the "Coast Range," about 60 miles wide, and from 1,000 to 4,000 feet high. Along the eastern border, and reaching from latitude $34^{\circ} 40'$ to 41° , lies the "Sierra Nevada," a range of mountains about 70 miles wide, and from 6,000 to 10,000 feet high. South of 38° this chain runs with the meridian, and at 35° it unites with the coast mountains and is lost. At the northern extremity

of the State, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range are connected by mountains which leave scarcely any valley land between $40^{\circ} 30'$ and 42° .

The Sacramento Basin.

These two mountain ranges enclose between them a long valley, sometimes called the Sacramento Basin, which is the heart of the State—400 miles long by 50 wide—reaching from latitude 35° to $40^{\circ} 30'$. It is drained by two rivers: the Sacramento, running from the north, and the San Joaquin from the south. They meet and unite in the centre of the Basin, at latitude 38° , and, after breaking through the Coast Range, empty into the Pacific. The Sacramento Basin is very nearly level, gradually rising from the level of the sea, at the junction of the two rivers, to the height of 250 feet above the level of the sea, at the opposite ends of the valley. The even surface is broken in only one place, by the "Buttes"—a range of hills, 6 miles wide by 12 long, and 2,000 feet high—which rise in lonely abruptness in the middle of the valley, in latitude $39^{\circ} 20'$.

The Sacramento and the lower portion of the San Joaquin, run in the middle of their respective valleys, equidistant from the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, but they obtain nearly all their water from the former chain, which has a wider slope towards the valley, is much higher, and catches more rain and snow. Indeed, snow rarely visits the Coast Range, and never lies on it more than a few days at a time, except in the extreme north. In the 400 miles from Kern Lake to Shasta, there are a dozen creeks marked on the map as flowing in an easterly direction from the Coast Range; but, during the summer, three-fourths of these creeks sink in the sand as soon as they leave the mountains, and the others are so much reduced that they evidently would not reach the main drain if it should change its bed to the

* In this article I purpose to describe the conformation of the State, indicating the form, size, position and elevation of the hills, mountains, valleys, passes, rivers, lakes, marshes and deserts, with a slight allusion to the character of the soil and vegetation. Such a description, and no more, is, I believe, implied in the "topography" of a country. Webster says "Topography" is the description of a place, town, parish, or tract of land; and that "Chorography" is the corresponding term for a country; but the former word is used by civil engineers and the public generally to the almost entire exclusion of the latter, and Webster's definitions of both words are so indefinite and incorrect, that I shall venture to disregard his authority.

eastern edge of the valley. In the rainy season, however, some of these creeks become large streams.

From the Sierra Nevada, a multitude of rivers pour down to the west. Beginning in the north, and going southward, we meet the Pitt, Feather, Yuba, American, Cosumnes, Mokelumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Merced, San Joaquin, King's, White and Kern rivers—all of them considerable streams, and larger than the largest which flows from the other side of the Basin. The San Joaquin river does not rise at the extreme southern end of the Sacramento Basin, but 100 miles to the northward of it. That extreme southern part of the Basin is drained by the Tulare and Kern Lakes, and the sloughs or marshes which connect them with each other and with the San Joaquin river.

The rivers, which I have mentioned as flowing down the slope of the Sierra Nevada, are about 120 miles long, on an average—half their length being in the mountains and half in the plain. For the first half of their courses, they are torrents, running steeply down, with a fall of 5,000 feet in 50 miles. Their beds are deep cañons; their banks, rugged rocks; or if, here and there, a tract of level land be seen on their borders, it rarely exceeds a couple of miles in extent.

Navigable Waters.

The Sacramento river is navigable for river steamboats 250 miles; the Feather, 40 miles, and the San Joaquin 50. The Sacramento and San Joaquin unite 50 miles from the ocean, and then spread out into Suisun Bay, 12 miles long and 6 wide. Suisun Bay is connected, by the Straits of Carquinez, at Benicia, with San Pablo Bay—the two together being 45 miles long, from north to south, by 12, from east to west. These two bays are separated from the Pacific by two peninsulas, which are 10 miles wide, on an

average, and whose points are separated a mile apart by the Golden Gate, the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. In front of the Gate lies a bar, which has 30 feet of water. San Francisco and San Pablo bays have sufficient depth of water for the largest vessels, and so, also, has Suisun Bay, but the entrance to the latter bay, through the Straits of Carquinez, has only 16 feet.

Swamp Lands.

Along the borders of these bays, and of the rivers which flow into them, there are extensive tracts of overflowed or swamp lands. The Sacramento and San Joaquin unite in the midst of a marsh, whose size is equivalent to a tract 20 miles square. At a rough estimate, there are 200 square miles of marsh on the Sacramento river, northward of Sacramento City; 100 on the San Joaquin, southward of Stockton; 200 between the San Joaquin and Tulare Lake; 150 south of the Tulare Lake; 60 on Suisun Bay; 80 on San Pablo Bay, and 80 on San Francisco Bay—making, in all, more than 1,000 square miles of marsh in the State.

The Sierra Nevada.

The Sierra Nevada is 450 miles long and 70 wide, and it is one of the steepest, rockiest and most broken of all mountain chains. About one-half of it is covered with timber; the other half is bare, or covered with brush. The valleys are all very narrow and small, and it is a great rarity to see a hundred acres of level, tillable land in the mountains, even at the side of the largest streams. The timber is, in many places, very dense and large, but most of it can never be used, because of being difficult of access. The trees most common, high up on the Sierra Nevada, are the Sugar Pine, the Western Yellow Pine, the Douglas Spruce, the Californian White Cedar, and the Western Balsam Fir. The mammoth tree, *Sequoia Gigantea*, is found in a few

places on the Sierra Nevada, from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the foot-hills are found the Nut Pine, White Oak, Californian Evergreen Oak, Manzanita, Madroña, and Californian Buckeye.

The Coast Mountains.

The Coast Mountains follow the ocean shore from San Diego to Crescent City, and are about 50 miles wide. North of latitude 41° , they are an unbroken mass of mountains, extending 60 or 80 miles into the interior; but from that latitude to 34° they are divided into a great number of longitudinal ridges by beautiful valleys, watered by small rivers. These valleys vary from 20 to 80 miles in length; and there is one chain of them extending, almost uninterrupted by high land, from Humboldt Bay to San Luis Obispo. Thus, we start from the mouth of Eel river, near Humboldt Bay, and follow that stream up, going southward, parallel with the coast, 80 miles; then we cross over to the head of Russian river, and follow that stream down, keeping the same direction, 90 miles to the bend of this river, where it turns abruptly west to the ocean; then we cross the low plain of Santa Rosa to the head of Petaluma Creek, and down to its mouth, 40 miles from Russian river; then we go across the bays of San Pablo and San Francisco, 50 miles, to the mouth of Coyote Creek, which drains the Santa Clara Valley; we follow this creek up 40 miles; then, over hills not more than 500 feet high, to the valley of the Pajaro, across which a road leads to the Salinas river; and 80 more miles, up the Salinas Valley, brings the traveler to the centre of San Luis Obispo county—the whole route being 380 miles long, parallel with the coast, and nearly level. These valleys named are not the only ones in the Coast Mountains. There are many other valleys parallel to these; thus, 10 miles east of Petaluma Valley,

and parallel with it, lies Sonoma Valley; and 10 miles further, east of that, lies Napa Valley, and so on. These valleys are from 2 to 10 miles wide, and nearly level, and the mountains, almost impassable for horses, rise abruptly between them to a height of 2,000 feet. Beautiful, level, open valleys, and steep, rugged mountains alternate through the coast district.

South of latitude 34° , the Coast Mountains lie 20 miles, or more, from the ocean shore, and the streams flow at right angles to the course of the range. These streams, beginning at the north, are the Santa Inez, Santa Clara, Los Angeles, San Gabriel, Santa Ana, Santa Margarita, San Luis Rey, San Dieguito and San Diego rivers. Most of them are lost, during the summer, in the sand, before reaching the ocean.

The number of parallel ridges, and their wide separation from each other in many places, have led some persons to object to the name of the Coast Range, and to attempt to confine that title to a small portion of the coast mountains; but the attempt has failed. And, indeed, it is necessary to have some general name for these connected ridges, which are, after all, but one chain. The following names have been applied to various ridges:

The *Gabilan* ridge, between the Pajaro and Salinas rivers.

The *Santa Lucia* ridge, between the Salinas and the ocean.

The *Santa Cruz* ridge, west of the Santa Clara Valley and the San Francisco Bay.

The *Santa Inez* ridge, between the Santa Inez river and the ocean.

The *San Bernardino* mountains, the main chain of the Coast Range, from $34^{\circ} 45'$ to $33^{\circ} 40'$.

The *Carnero* ridge, between Napa and Sonoma valleys.

The Klamath Valley.

North of latitude 41° lies the Klamath river, which rises in Oregon, flows southward to the centre of Siskiyou county, then turns westward, and, after a course of 150 miles, opens into the Pacific. The Klamath, itself, has no valley or bottom-land; it runs in a deep cañon, through lofty mountains; and several "bars," or low banks of gravel, in extent not more than a mile square, are the only places near the level of the river on which houses can be built. The main tributaries of the Klamath are the Trinity, the Scott, and the Shasta rivers. The Trinity, like the Klamath, runs amid rugged mountains; the Scott and Shasta rivers have valleys, each several miles wide and about 40 miles long. In the extreme north-western corner of the State, a small stream, called Smith river, empties into the ocean, and at its mouth there is a plain some six miles square.

The Plateau of the Sierra Nevada.

Between latitudes 40° and 41° , there is a high table-land, or plateau, about 30 miles wide and 60 long, on the Sierra Nevada, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. This plateau is an independent basin, and its waters never leave it, but flow into a few lakes. The largest of these is Honey Lake, in latitude $40^{\circ} 15'$, a body of water 12 miles long by 5 wide. It has a large valley adjoining it, and some good land, but most of the soil is sandy and barren, and the vegetation is composed chiefly of the wild sage bush. Northward, 40 miles from Honey Lake, lies Eagle Lake, half the size of the other, and which, like the other, has no outlet.

The Great Basin.

A prominent feature of the North American Continent is the "Great Basin," a triangular district of country, bounded on the north by the valley of the Columbia; on the south, by the valley of the Colorado, and on the south-west, by the Sierra Nevada and San Ber-

nardino Mountains; with its north-eastern corner in latitude 43° , and longitude 112° ; its north-western corner in latitude 43° , longitude 116° ; being about 500 miles wide, from east to west, and 850 miles long, from north to south. This Great Basin—an elevated tract of land, averaging 4,000 feet above the ocean level, rugged, mountainous, barren, arid and cheerless, with no outlet for its waters,—extends into California, including a district about 100 miles wide and 200 miles long, in the south-eastern portion of our State. This Californian portion of the Great Basin is one of the driest and most sterile parts of the earth's surface, cut up by numerous, irregular ridges of bare, rocky mountains, with valleys of sand and plains of volcanic ashes and scoria intervening, and occasional springs and little streams, which terminate in lakes, presenting a wide extent of muddy salt water in the rainy season, and, in the summer, wide beds of dried and cracked mud, covered with a white alkaline efflorescence. The chief stream in the California portion of the Great Basin is the Mojave, which rises in the northern slope of Mt. San Bernardino, and, after running north-eastward about 100 miles, sinks in the sand. The next stream in importance is Owen's river, which runs along the foot of the Sierra Nevada, draining a valley 75 miles long and 20 wide, and terminating in Owen Lake, which lies in latitude $36^{\circ} 25'$, N., and is 15 miles long and 9 wide. Northward, 100 miles from Owen Lake, lies Mono Lake, 8 miles long by 6 wide, the recipient of several little streams; but, like all the permanent lakes of the Great Basin, it has no outlet.

The Colorado Desert.

That portion of the valley of the Colorado in California is about 100 miles wide, and is called the Colorado Desert, on account of its barren, sandy soil and scanty vegetation. It is a hot, rough,

comfortless region, and has little worthy of remark, except that portion of it in latitude 32° 30' and longitude 115° 40'; it is 70 feet below the level of the sea, and when the Colorado is very high some of its waters turn from the regular course of the stream, and run 80 miles northward, where they form a temporary lake.

Mountain Peaks.

The highest mountain in California, and the only one which reaches the region of perpetual snow, is Mt. Shasta, 14,500 feet high, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, in latitude 41° 30'. It is clothed with snow at all seasons of the year, nearly half a mile perpendicularly down from the summit, and presents a grand and beautiful sight to a large extent of country, northward and southward. Mt. San Bernardino, 8,500 feet high, in latitude 34° 12', occupies nearly as prominent a position in the southern part of the State as does Mt. Shasta in the north. The chief mountain of the central division is Mt. Diablo, 3,760 feet high, in latitude 37° 50', near Suisun Bay, and the most striking feature of the landscape seen by the traveller on his way from San Francisco to the interior of the State.

The following is a list of the most notable peaks in the Sierra Nevada :

Name.	Altitude.	Latitude.
		d. m.
Lassen's Butte.....	—————	40 22
Pilot Peak.....	7,300	39 50
Castle Peak.....	13,000	38 10

In the Coast Range—

Name.	Altitude.	Latitude.
		d. m.
Mt. Linn.....	—————	40 10
Mt. St. John.....	—————	39 18
Mt. Ripley.....	—————	39 08
Mt. St. Helens.....	—————	38 40
Mt. Diablo.....	3,760	37 50
Loma Prieta.....	—————	37 10
Pacheco's Peak.....	—————	36 57
San Bernardino.....	8,500	34 10
San Jacinto.....	—————	33 48

The Mountain Passes.

All the populated portions of California are shut off from the remainder of

the continent by mountains, which are crossed at a few passes. Of these, the following are the principal in the Sierra Nevada :

Pass.	Hight.	Latitude.
		d. m.
Lassen's.....	7,000	41 50
Fredonyer's.....	5,667	40 47
Beckworth's.....	—————	39 50
Kenness'.....	—————	39 30
Truckey.....	5,636	39 25
Johnson's.....	6,752	38 50
Carson's.....	7,972	38 43
Sonora.....	10,132	38 15
Walker's.....	5,302	35 40
Hum-pa-ya-mup.....	5,356	35 35
Tah-ee-chay-pah.....	4,020	35 10
Tejon.....	5,285	35 00
Cajon de las Uvas.....	4,256	34 50

The five last-named passes are in the Sierra Nevada, below its bend, where it turns westward to meet the Coast Range. The following passes are in the Coast Range, south of the union with the Sierra Nevada :

Passes.	Altitude.	Latitude.
		d. m.
San Francisquito.....	—————	34 40
San Fernando.....	1,956	34 20
Cajon.....	4,676	34 15
San Gorgonio.....	—————	34 00
Warner's.....	3,780	33 14

The Diablo ridge of the Coast Mountains is pretty rough and the main passes in it are Pacheco's, in 37° 05', and Livermore's, in 37° 46'.

TO H. B.,

On receiving some Violets.

THIS flow'ret, which thy hand bestows,
Has for its sweetness oft been sung
In strains whose rhythmic current flows
Like liquid music from the tongue.

But, as no flower more truly fair
Adorns the bud-embroidered earth,
Nor scents the perfume-laden air,
I also would extol its worth.

For me, none other can excel
This blossom, that such joy had given—
That seems as if on earth it fell,
Bathed in balmy dews, from Heaven.

From thence derived its lovely hue—

Pure in its azure as the skies—

But of a softer, deeper blue

Than aught—except thy radiant eyes!

Green as is hope, its heart-shaped leaves

Half hide, but to enhance its bloom;

And—sweet as to a heart that grieves

Is kindness—sweeter its perfume.

Last, yet best, reason why this flower

Doth in my estimation stand

The brightest gem in Flora's bower—

'T was given by thy friendly hand,

L. F. T.

[Continued from page 317.]

EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

THERE may be those who will regard this frank expression of Leenie's sentiments as grossly unfeminine and monstrously wicked. It can not be helped. In those days, closely succeeding our last struggle with Great Britain, a feeling of pugilistic chivalry pervaded all classes of people in what was then called "The West." It was more prevalent in the rural districts than in the towns, and scarcely a gathering of farmers could occur—such as a vendue, a house-raising, a log-rolling, or a militia-muster—which was not immortalized by half-a-dozen single combats. These exhibitions of skill, strength, and courage, were always conducted on well-defined and universally-recognized principles of "fair play." No other weapons were permitted than those which Nature furnished the contestants. Guns, pistols, knives and clubs were strictly forbidden, and the combatant who was unlucky enough to employ any such means of appugnation, was incontinently proclaimed a dastard, and treated with derision and contempt by all the men, women and children of his neighborhood. The fighting was purely

of the "rough-and-tumble" order. Bitting, scratching, kicking and gouging were clearly within the statute; and to be whipped in such a fight, where everything was "fair and square," entailed no disgrace. Aside from the chivalric feeling engendered by the war, one great provocative of this fighting mania was whisky. Among the very earliest attempts at domestic manufacturing in the then Western country, was the distillation of alcohol from rye and maize. Distilleries sprang up in almost every nook and corner of the country, and became great points of attraction for rustic frolickers, tipplers and "hard cases." They were commonly called "still-houses," but most inappropriately, for they were the noisiest places and scenes of the worst confusion—especially at night—that could well be found. One material evil of this domestic whisky was its cheapness. For a half dollar a man could keep himself as beastly drunk as his heart could desire for a whole week. Moreover, it was never permitted to grow old and mellow, but was eagerly swallowed, fresh from the still, rampant with essential oils, verdigris, and other deadly poisons. It is no wonder that people, accustomed to such a rascally beverage, should be "sudden and quick in quarrel;" it is only a wonder that their belligerent propensities could be so uniformly restrained within the prudent limits of homicide. The object of the combatant was not to kill his opponent or maim him for life, but simply to force him to cry "enough!" As soon as the vanquished party pronounced the magic word, the victor was bound, in honor, to cease all further violence, or else stand disgraced.

Our friend, Yawkub, with a raw beef-steak covering one of his eyes, although held to its office by a snow-white napkin, adjusted by the fair fingers of his beloved Leenie, did not present a very heroic appearance. No man, no matter how chiv-

alrous, ever does look the hero with a tied-up head. But Yawkub was anxious that an immediate obliteration of the black and blue memento of Barney's prowess should be effected before the ensuing morning; and, to secure a result so dear to his heart, he was willing not only to submit to Leenie's surgery, but to become the temporary butt of her good-humored ridicule. He entertained a hope that, sometime during the evening, fortune would favor him with an opportunity of holding a serious conversation with the object of his sudden passion, and of convincing her by argument, if not by his manly graces, that he was infinitely superior to Barney, and far better entitled to her consideration and love than Barney, although that gentleman had the luck to blacken one of his optics. But, like many another lover, he was doomed to disappointment. Poor Yawkub! Like Lysander, who wooed the beautiful Hermia, he found abundant reason to exclaim—

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read—
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth!"

Leenie obstinately persisted in busy-ing herself with her household occupations until a late hour; and when, at last, she honored the parlor of the Keezil Hotel with her presence, she came accompanied by Miss Patience Doolittle—a tall, meagre, sharp-visaged, Yankee old maid, with silver-gilt spectacles on her nose—who had condescended to come that very day from the county town to fill the post of seamstress in the Keezil family. Mr. Plunkett, and Yawkub had been sitting there for a long time, the former commenting with much gravity on the wickedness of Western people, and especially condemning their fistic propensities, the latter pre-occupied and fidgety, paying but little attention, and only answering, when politeness required an answer, in monosyllables.

Leenie was gracious enough to intro-

duce her three new acquaintances to each other, and seemed anxious to establish pleasant conversational relations among them; but as Mr. Plunkett, in polemic phrase, "kept the floor," only addressed occasionally by Miss Doolittle, and as Leenie seemed mischievously inclined to listen to every word uttered by these two colloquists, our poor Lieutenant soon found himself thrown completely out of the pale of sociality. Once he edged his chair to the side of the adored one, and essayed a whispered remark; but at that moment she chose to be particularly engrossed by a peculiarly eloquent and forcible speech of Mr. Plunkett, and Yawkub, discomfited and abashed, retreated into a corner, to ruminate on his mischance in silence.

"The greatest and most glorious work of reformed and evangelical Christianity," said Mr. Plunkett, "is that which is now in such successful progress in the New England churches, of sending the Gospel to the benighted heathen of Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific. Armies of missionaries are now struggling in those great fields of Christian enterprise against the Powers of Darkness, and very signal, indeed, have been the rewards of their labors. No less than ten Hindoos have been baptised into the Church within the last five years, and more than that number in the Sandwich Islands."

"La, Massy!" interrupted Miss Doolittle, "my father, to hum, in Stunington, had a young Sandwich Island boy, sent to him by Uncle Zephaniah Doolittle, who went a missionarying out there with a hull lot of notions, and made himself rich by the speckilation. The boy's name, in the heathen tongue, was Olokiah, or suthin' sich like, but we called him Oly for short; and if ever there was a pious boy he was one—though he would steal little things sometimes, and drink rum like all possessed, when he

could get it. Well, as I was a sayin', he was very pious and wouldn't work much; and so he would come into the kitchen, to talk religion with us gals; and he'd go out and gather up a handful of chips, and throw them on the fire, and muddy the hath all over with his muddy feet, and spit tobacco juice all over the floor and into the buckwheat batter, and tell stories, and sing heathen songs, and make himself so sociable; it would have done your heart good to see him. Well, at last they sent him on board a brig, to make a sailor of him; but before the brig got out'n the harbor, Oly was a starin' at suthin' overhead, when the boom, or some sich thing, hit him on the head, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. But it shows, Mr. Plunkett, that we're all accountable critters."

What further improvement or illustration Miss Doolittle intended making on Olokiah's tragical end, will never be known, as Barney Malone just then broke into the parlor, under pretense of asking some directions from Mr. Plunkett and the Lieutenant in relation to their horses. These having been satisfactorily given, he retired; but not before he found an opportunity to intrude himself into Yawkub's corner, and whisper in his ear—

"I see you're behavin' yourself purty well, for you're not spakin' to Miss Leenie; but jist mind what I'm tellin' ye: if ye dar' to make the laste taste of love til her, be me sowl, it's worse than a black eye I'll be afther givin ye, to-morrow mornin'!"

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Plunkett, instead of replying to Miss Doolittle, or appearing to be the least moved by her affecting story of the youthful Sandwich Islander, seemed suddenly impelled to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the young mistress of the house. Accordingly, he drew his chair up close to hers, encountering, as he did so, some

exceedingly-spiteful looks from both Miss Doolittle and the Lieutenant, to which he seemed perfectly oblivious. Whatever were Miss Leenie's motives it is utterly useless to inquire; but that she rather encouraged this familiarity, by smiling graciously on the schoolmaster, is a stubborn fact. Miss Doolittle threw herself back in her chair, looking like a very ill-used person, while the Lieutenant showed his contempt of the performance by abruptly rising and leaving the room. In the bar-room he found Michael Keezil, who was laboring with all his might to do the honors of his hotel to a motley crowd of customers, in much perplexity, if not absolute anger. Among those who were giving him the most trouble, by clamoring for supper, lodging, and whisky, was an Indian, a frequent guest of the Keezil Hotel, and known there as "Captain John." He was tall, straight as an arrow, and wore a much kindlier and more jovial face than Indians commonly wear when among white people. He was a very odd sort of an Indian, was this same Captain John. Sometimes he spoke English remarkably well, and at other times he affected not to understand a word of it. His age might have been fifty, or ten years more or less, for it was a point not easily decided; his rifle, bullet-pouch and powder-horn, indicated that his profession was hunting. Some said he was the son of a celebrated chief, called Complanter, by a white wife, and that, in his youth, he had been to school. All agreed, however, that he possessed a wonderful faculty of making rhymes, when it pleased him to talk English and be sociable. On the present occasion, he wished to have supper, a bed, and breakfast in the morning, acknowledging that he had no money to pay for his accommodations, and that he had shot no game for the last three days. Mr. Keezil expressed his aversion, in very emphatic

Dutch, to extending the credit system to a vagabond Indian; but Captain John was not easily rebuffed. To every remonstrance of the landlord, he simply replied:

"Big man, me, Cap'n John—me pay you."

A merry fellow in the company, who happened to recollect that Michael, a few days before, had been cajoled, by some of the leading men of the county town, into buying a small burying place for himself and family, in the Reformed Dutch Church-yard, just then became inspired with a lucky thought, which had the effect of speedily settling the whole difficulty. He proposed that Mr. Keezil should furnish Captain John with what he wished, in consideration of which the Captain should compose a brilliant epitaph, to be placed on Mr. Keezil's tomb, when that gentleman should be called from earth to Heaven. Much as our friend, Michael, loved lucre and despised poetry, the idea of an epitaph rather pleased him, and he consented to the arrangement, on condition that the epitaph should be written in advance. Captain John was then called upon to improvise the epitaph, and Yawkub, who was standing by, a quiet and rather unconcerned spectator, was requested to get writing materials, and take down Captain John's poetical effort as it fell from his lips. All being ready, Captain John, after a few moments apparently spent in deep thought, thus began:

"There was a man that died of late,
Whom angels did impatient wait—
All hov'ring in the lower sky,
To bear his soul to God on high."

Here Captain John paused, and said it was impossible to finish the epitaph that night, but that he certainly would do so—and magnificently, too,—next morning, after getting his breakfast. The commencement was so exquisite, and promised such an excellent termina-

tion, that Captain John was speedily provided with supper and a bed.

That night Lieutenant Freyberger, for the first time in many years, sought his pillow with a distracted brain, and a heart which ached in spite of all he could do with it. The more he thought of Leenie and her cruelty, the more passionately and idolatrously he loved her. The schoolmaster, whom at first he had regarded as an inoffensive bigot, had suddenly assumed the shape of a formidable rival. It seemed to him incomprehensible that a girl of Leenie's fine sense and spirit could be fascinated by a prosing, preaching, tiresome pedant, such as Mr. Plunkett was; but, then, had he not seen her smile upon him? Yes; she had smiled upon the schoolmaster, and, with evident pleasure, permitted him to sit close by her side, while upon him—Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger—she had bestowed nothing but coldness and scorn. There were two things which he plainly saw it would be necessary for him to do: the first was to whip Barney Malone, if he could, and the other was to drive Mr. Plunkett out of the neighborhood. But to whip Barney was a speculation that involved no little doubt and perplexity. There was something in Barney's fistic performances that surprised him. He had never before met with a regularly educated boxer, and had never before seriously contemplated boxing as a science. His black eye, however, was a proof that there was a science in fisticuffs, and that Barney was a scientific graduate of some fistic school in Ireland. Before he could safely engage with Barney again, it was necessary that he should become an adept in Barney's peculiar science. To whom could he apply for instruction? He knew of no one who could give him lessons but Barney, himself; and, strange as it may seem, he resolved that Barney should be his tutor. When he had made this resolution, which

was not till long after midnight, his mind at once became composed, and he fell sound asleep. From this happy state of obliviousness he was aroused by the hotel breakfast-bell, summoning him to the substantial enjoyment of hot coffee, hot corn cakes, hominy, ham, eggs, pork-steaks, and sausages. People lived on the fat of the land in those days, in the Buckeye State.

Breakfast discussed, the Lieutenant, whom fortune would not favor with a sight of his enslaver, sought the bar-room, in which were congregated several of the persons he had seen there on the previous evening, and also Captain John, who, having stowed away an immense breakfast under his belt, stood, in traveling gear, with his rifle in the hollow of his left arm, ready to fulfill his contract, by finishing the epitaph. As soon as Yawkub appeared, he was clamorously requested to resume his office of amanuensis, and write down the conclusion of the epitaph, as soon as Captain John should be inspired to utter it. The scrap of paper containing the four lines already given was produced, and the Lieutenant was unanimously requested to read those four lines for the general edification. Therefore, "with good accent and good discretion," he proceeded to read:

"There was a man that died of late,
Whom angels did impatient wait—
All hov'ring in the lower sky,
To bear his soul to God on high."

"Excellent!" exclaimed everybody.

"Sehr gute!" said Mr. Keezil, with an expression of face which showed he was exquisitely delighted and flattered; "das ist fary goot! Go on mit te oder."

All eyes were on the Indian, who, with a gravity of demeanor and a solemnity of tone that would have made a Delphian pythoness jealous, slowly and distinctly spoke as followeth:

"But, while thus waiting in mid-air,
To Heaven their priceless freight to bear,

In popped the Devil, like a weasel,
And down to h—ll he sneaked Old Keezil!"

Any reader, who possesses a moderately-active imagination, may picture, to please himself, the consternation of Mr. Keezil, and the uproarious hilarity of the company, at this sinister ending of what had such a fine beginning. The louder Mr. Keezil swore—for he swore terribly, and in all sorts of Dutch and bad English,—the louder the company laughed; and the louder the company laughed, the louder he swore; but Captain John tarried not for either censure or applause. As soon as the last word of the epitaph was pronounced, he brought his rifle to a "trail arms," and made what Western hunters call a "bee-line" for the bosom of the forest. That he ever again bartered his rhyming wares for the eatables and drinkables, and "sleepables," of the Keezil Hotel, is not probable.

As soon as the swearing and the fun became sufficiently calmed down to admit of a serious question of business, the Lieutenant, who had worn an exceedingly grave face throughout the recent affair, ventured to inquire of Mr. Keezil the whereabouts and purposes of Mr. Plunkett, and was informed that the gentleman had quartered himself and his horse at the hotel for an indefinite time, it being Mr. Plunkett's desire, very much to Mr. Keezil's disgust, to establish a school in the neighborhood. This information was extremely distasteful to the Lieutenant, who, reasoning from what he had witnessed the evening before, was well nigh convinced that the schoolmaster had made a lodgment in Leenie's heart, from which it would be difficult, if not impracticable, to drive him. But, before attending to Mr. Plunkett's case, he felt the necessity of settling some affairs with Barney Malone; and, intimating to Mr. Keezil his intention to remain at the hotel for a week or two, he bent his steps

to the stables, where he found Barney rubbing down his own horse, and singing, at the top of his voice, and with a Irish accent—

“Och, I was the boy for bewitchin’ ’em—
Whether good-humored or coy;
Each said, while I was beseechin’ ’em,—
‘Do what ye will wid me, Joy!’”

“Good morning to you, Mr. Malone; you seem as happy as a lark, and sing so well that even a lark would envy you; I hope you’re well this fine morning,” said Yawkub, who, it may as well be remarked, had not seen proper to replace the beefsteak on his eye that morning—the swelling and discoloration having almost disappeared during the night.

“Och, good mornin’ to yer nightcap, as the devil said to the pope. I see yer eye’s betther this mornin’—it’s able to be out. Perhaps ye’d like to have the other one painted a bit.”

“I’m not at all anxious for such a display of your skill, Barney; and, besides, I’ve come to pledge you my sacred honor that I’ll never make love to Miss Leenie, until you give me your full consent to do so.”

“Well, that’s sensible, annyhow; for if I ketch ye comin’ anny o’ yer blarney over the poor innocint, I’ll bate ye into smithereens, an’ put both yer good-lookin’ eyes in Vankee regimintals—dape blue, faced wid red; what d’ye think o’ that, now?”

“My dear Mr. Malone, there is no ground of quarrel between us, that I can see; for I utterly renounce all pretensions to Miss Leenie, until, as I have just said, you give me your full consent—out of your own mouth—and, as a pledge of my sincerity, here’s my hand.”

“Done like a gentleman,” said Barney, taking the other’s proffered hand, and the two rivals gave and received the grasp of friendship in a superlatively-cordial manner.

“Now, Mr. Malone,” said the Lieutenant, still holding Barney’s hand, “I wish

you to do me a favor. I perceive that you are an accomplished boxer, which, I am sorry to say, I am not. If you will give me a few lessons in the art, I will not only be deeply obliged to you, but will give you a ten-dollar bank-bill into the bargain.”

“Och, thin, there’s no resistin’ ye. Yez got a tongue in yer head that’d wile the birds from the bushes—sayin’ nothin’ o’ the tin dollars. Faix, an’ I’ll do it, jist whiniver ye think it convaynient like.”

“Well, then, if you have time, why not commence now?” asked Yawkub, putting himself in a posture of defense, for he was slightly fearful that Barney might open the lessons rather disagreebaly.

“Niver ye be unaisy,” responded Mr. Malone; “I’ll do the thing up like a gentleman, as soon as I see the color o’ yer money.”

Upon this hint, so unmistakable in its import, the Lieutenant placed a ten-dollar bill in his rival’s hand, and awaited, with considerable interest, his further movements.

“I must first make two pair o’ gloves; for divil a thing o’ the like o’s to be got in this out-o’-the-way wooden country; an’ I’ll do that same in the shakin’ of a pike-staff; so rest aisya bit.”

What the Irishman meant by “two pair o’ gloves,” Yawkub had not the least notion; but, telling Barney that he would be ready for his first lesson in an hour, he sauntered into the fields to commune with his own “sweet and bitter fancy.”

At the end of an hour, Barney had succeeded in manufacturing a couple of pairs of very passable boxing-gloves, by stitching some wadding on the backs of four common ones, and he and Yawkub, seeking the solitude of an untenanted stable, proceeded, the one to instruct and the other to receive instruction, in the

sublime science of pugilism. It is useless to torment the reader with a prolix description of the lessons given and received—of the passes, hits, stops, guards, feints, crosses and dodges—suffice it to say that, ere the sun had sunk to his occidental couch, on the evening of that eventful day, Barney Malone had found a pupil who was an overmatch for his master. In fact, not more than six hours had been spent in the theory and practice of the exciting art, before Yawkub began to feel the certainty that, without gloves, he could soon settle off all the scores he owed to his Irish rival. Pulling off his gloves, he said to Barney :

“Now, my fine fellow, let us have a turn with the bare knuckles.”

“Oh, bother! an’ what d’ye want that fur?” said Mr. Malone, a little uneasy.

“You have been paid a good price for your teaching,” replied Yawkub, “and I am determined to have the worth of my money; so, off with your gloves, and be quick, too!”

Barney saw that, like many other cunning men before him, he was about to fall into a pit of his own digging. He saw that the Lieutenant was bent on whipping him; and, as expostulation was vain, he had no other resource than to face the emergency with as much bravery as he could muster. The impatience of the Lieutenant brooked no delay. Barney threw off his gloves, and both combatants sped to the encounter. It was not long ere Barney measured his full length on the ground, with a pair of bunged-up eyes, and the claret flowing copiously from his nose and mouth. The Lieutenant’s blows were absolutely terrific, for his arm was nerved with love and jealousy, and he made short work of his rival.

“Enough!—enough! Howly mother! enough!” shouted poor Barney, as he lay on the broad of his back, utterly pow-

erless, “Sure ye’d not be afther killin’ a body, like a murtherin’ Ingin, would ye?”

“Say that I may court Leenie Keezil, and make love to her, as much and as often as suits me, with your full consent. Say that, instantly, or I’ll beat the life out of you!” roared the Lieutenant, who, his angry passions now being wrought up to the highest pitch, evidently meant what he said.

“I do!—I do!” said Barney, with his mouth full of blood, and speaking in much pain and tribulation; “I give ye me full consent to coort her and love her as much as you please, and may the devil fly away wid ye both!”

The Lieutenant was about to offer his assistance to the prostrate man, when he heard his name called, in a melodious, feminine voice, behind him, and, looking round, who should he see, standing in the stable door, but Leenie, herself! How long she had been there, or how much of the fight she had seen, he could not imagine; but there she was. He was so utterly confounded by her sudden appearance that he just stood and gazed at her in breathless silence.

“Lieutenant Freyberger,” she said, “I suppose I ought to feel highly flattered that two such gallant knights as you and Barney have seen proper to make me a cause of quarrel; but, as Barney seems more in need of a raw beefsteak than even you did last night, you must excuse my not wasting the time, which ought to be dedicated to the surgery of his wounds, in making formal acknowledgements for the honor of which I have been the ignorant and unsuspecting recipient. I must call some of the boys, and have Barney taken to the kitchen, so that father shall know nothing of what has happened; and you, if you please, after you have wiped off some of the traces of this day’s work, will please give me a brief audiece in the parlor.”

[Concluded next month]

MY MOTHER.

MY MOTHER, on this New Year's morn, [ing,
When friend meets friend in kindly greet-
And many a happy hope is born,
As hand grasps hand in cordial meeting ;
While many joyous hearts to-day
Are keeping time to mirth and gladness,
My thoughts are wandering far away,—
The new year dawns in silent sadness.

My mother, as the years depart,
Think not my love is growing cold ;
The ties which bind thee to my heart
Are stronger than in days of old ;
And, on this morning of the year,
Far o'er the mountains and the sea,
I know my mother's voice so dear,
Whispers a New Year's wish for me.

I think of youth's exulting pride—
Of dazzling dreams of future joy—
When, years ago, I left thy side,
A wild, ambitious, restless boy.
Could I but feel thy New Year's kiss,
Pressed as of old upon my brow,
A gush of boyhood's priceless bliss
Would swell my heart-springs even now !

I think of many years ago,
When we knelt round the bible-stand ;
Our lives had then a peaceful flow,
Ere death had thinned our little band.
How fervently went up the prayer
For all the bounties to us given !
Time since has brought us much of care—
Yet, let us put our trust in Heaven.

No fire is burning on the hearth,
Where once the blaze beamed bright
and cheerful ;
And eyes, then lighted up with mirth,
Affliction has made dim and tearful.
The Bible, on the little stand,
For us shall ne'er be opened more—
One of our band walks Heaven's strand,
And one is on Pacific's shore.

My mother, though the holiest ties
That bind our souls to earth are broken,
There is a home, beyond the skies,
Where farewells never shall be spoken ;

In patience let us bear the rod,
The wrongs of earth shall yet be righted ;
And, 'round the burning throne of God,
Our little band be re-united.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JAN. 1, 1859.

AFFINITY.—The laws of attraction and cohesion may form a satellite with no inherent beauties, shining only by reflected light ; but the laws of affinity are called into action to complete a habitable world, clothed with verdure and filled with organic life.

The laws of affinity reveal to us the secret things of Nature, the almost invisible and insensible causes of creation, and the infinite and continued reproduction of new and higher forms of life and beauty.

The chemist, in his laboratory, learns something of the source from whence originates the different forms and varieties of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, bringing to light their hidden properties for the benefit of man ; he stands, as it were, in the secret work-shop of Nature—studying her silent and unceasing operations.

These new creations, which are ever going on around and within us, we too often pass heedlessly by, nor stop to ask ourselves the reason why, or to look for the causes of the wonderful changes thus constantly taking place before our eyes.

Did man but fully understand this primeval law of existence, he would indeed "be as gods, knowing both good and evil," and would understand the cause and remedy of every ill.

Science and philosophy, both physical and moral, are constantly unfolding the nature and principles of the laws of affinity ; and the farmer, who has had most to do with Nature, is just beginning to learn that there must be an affinity between plants and the soil, as also the surrounding atmosphere, if he would succeed in raising full and vigorous crops ; while many others are finding out that their own lives, health, and happiness depend upon

the same laws, since they have looked within them, and found that the blood is continually being renewed and invigorated by the oxygen of the atmosphere, received into the lungs, and they exhaling the worn-out portion of carbon, no longer fit for animal life, but which in turn becomes the food of plants; but mankind, by crowding together into cities, as now built, disturb the equilibrium of these mutual dependencies, and so load the air with this life-extinguishing principle that the consequences are disease and death. O! when will mankind learn wisdom from the constant teachings and the rebukes of Nature?

Affinity pervades not only matter, but mind and spirit, the invisible power of Deity, bringing order out of confusion and beauty and harmony from the chaos and discord of matter and mind.

Who, in studying the crystalization of rocks, is not struck with the ceaseless workings of this power, which for ages has been slowly but surely drawing together each separate particle, and placing them in that perfect form of dazzling beauty we at length behold? and are we not irresistibly led to conclude that, in like manner, will mind slowly rise above the dross of earth, and, uniting with kindred minds, finally assume that perfect formation and development which shall fit it to adorn the throne of the Eternal?

What are the affections—what is love—but this law of affinity? How powerfully it attracts in some and repels in others! How much of happiness or misery is felt by this subtle and unseen power! It obeys neither the reason nor the will, nor can human laws bind or control it. Who has ever explored the deep and secret workings of this immutable law of God, or has sought the solution of this great mystery, on which is based the happiness and progress of man?

But I can only point to this inner sanctuary of the temple of Knowledge, where great truths lie hidden, waiting to be revealed, and to bless mankind, when some Newtonic mind shall have explored it for

facts, instead of vague theories, Doubtless, these will reveal to the world a system of ethics as demonstrable and harmonious as that which governs the planets in their orbits. LUNA.

NOTE.—My principal aim in writing this is to stir the fountains of thought in others, as I once before expressed it. I shall be satisfied if I may but drop a pebble into the great ocean of thought, hoping that its concentric circles and vibrations, although feeble, may be felt in the innermost depths, as well as on the widest surface, of its invigorating waters. L.

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[*Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief."*]

ELBANA was graceful as an antelope, and beautiful as Flora's most charming flowers. Beauty was not her only charm; a warm and generous heart throbbed within her bosom. Her manners were unassuming and simple. Deception was unknown to her. She was merely a lovely child of nature.

Miramontes, her father, was a descendant of a once powerful Spanish family; but a long residence in Mexico had assimilated his habits with those of the Mexicans. He possessed many leagues of land, together with herds of cattle and droves of horses; these were his principal riches. Elbana was his only child. She was his pride and his bright star of hope. His heart gladdened as she flitted past him, while performing her domestic duties; everything was bright and joyous in her happy presence.

Their home was in a beautiful little mountain-bound spot, called Montes Valley. The house stood on a slight eminence. Neither within nor without it were there many of the luxuries of life visible; still, there was a wild and natural beauty in the location that could not

fail to charm. It was surrounded by a beautiful plain, covered with huge, scattering live-oaks, that resembled gigantic pear trees, whose ever-green foliage was perpetually grateful to the eye. A clear little stream of water came hurrying down its gravelly bed, in front of the *casa*, making a noise significant of its rapid passage from the furrowed bosom of the snow-capped mountains. From the quiet depths of occasional eddies, speckled trout could be seen throwing themselves up in playful sportiveness, then falling back again into the limpid stream; native birds were building their nests, fearless of any molestation; wild flowers of every hue vied with each other in decking the valley and banks of the little stream. The scenery, as far as the eye could reach, struck the beholder with the peculiar charm of its natural elegance. Such was Elbana's home at the time my story begins. Miramontes had a number of Mexicans lying around his premises in lazy indifference, awaiting his lordly commands, for good or for evil. He had an unconquerable passion for the gaming-table, and frequently lost large sums of money. To retrieve his losses at play, he would frequently be guilty of very dishonest and even murderous acts, by sending his Mexican emissaries to steal cattle—especially if he could hear of any drovers traveling near; on these occasions he would stampede their cattle, and frequently murder the drovers themselves. Being very loud in his professions of friendship to cattle-dealers generally, and naturally polite and affable in his manners, he was never suspected of treachery. He had followed this nefarious business for sometime, when the gold discovery in California greatly facilitated his guilty practices, inasmuch as large droves of cattle were driven through Montes Valley for the Californian market. The frequent opportunities which thus presented them-

selves he always improved, until he became a sly but confirmed highway robber. His greaser subordinates numbered nearly a hundred, whom he kept constantly on the look-out. So cunningly did he manage his murderous forays that his own countrymen never suspected him, and even his lovely daughter was ignorant of her father's real character.

It was on a beautiful summer evening that Elbana took her fishing-rod, and strolled along the banks of the little stream, in search of a spot to catch trout. She had wandered more than a mile from the house before she found a place that suited her; then, seating herself on the flowery bank, she dropped her hook into the clear water, and a beautiful trout rewarded her efforts immediately with a bite. She drew him out, a fine specimen of his kind; again another, and another, until the willow stick, upon which they were strung, was full of the handsomest of this delicious and delicate fish. Holding them up, and eyeing them with delighted satisfaction, her voice broke forth in a wild melody, giving vent to her happy emotions. As the reverberating echo of her voice died away with soft cadence in the distance, she was aroused from her joyous earth-dream by a low groan of distress. Rising quickly to her feet, she listened, and the groan was repeated. She looked around her for the cause, and caught a glimpse of a human being almost buried in the mud, near a thick bunch of willows. He appeared to be struggling to free himself from something. She hesitated for a moment, and then, convinced that it was some one who had met with an accident, or perhaps been attacked by robbers, she hastened forward to where he was still struggling to disencumber himself from something that held him to the ground. He was covered with mud, and a frightful wound was visible on his neck. His hair was clotted with blood, and one arm was ter-

ribly lacerated with some sharp weapon. He heard her approaching, and asked her to help him from that horrible place. She unhesitatingly complied, and attempted to raise him, when she discovered that he was tied to a tree. She immediately cut the riata with her fishing-knife; he then, with her assistance, succeeded in reaching the path, which led along the bank to the house. At every step his wounds bled afresh; and it was with much difficulty they reached the house before dark.

Miramontes was becoming quite uneasy at his daughter's prolonged absence, when she made her appearance, with her twig full of trout and wounded companion, exclaiming:

"See, father, some one has tried to kill this man. I found him tied in the willows, unable to extricate himself."

Miramontes affected surprise and concern, and immediately assisted the unfortunate man to a couch, while Elbana washed and dressed his wounds. She then hastened to prepare some nourishment, of which he evidently stood much in need.

Miramontes was much troubled at his daughter finding this man—the very one that had fought to the last, while they were stampeding his large drove of cattle and killing all his companions. They had hidden the bodies in different places among the willows, and tied them fast to some trees, to prevent the wolves from dragging them into sight; but here he was, and alive. Miramontes decided to watch the man closely, and, if he recognized him, he determined that he should die before he could expose him.

The name of the wounded man was Alfred Bruner. He and his brother, James, had been engaged in driving cattle through the Mexican territory to California. This was their third trip, and was to have been their last, as they had cleared many thousands of dollars by

their enterprise. Poor James had lost his life, as also the faithful few who accompanied him and his brother, and the cattle were driven off by their murderers.

Alfred did not recognise Miramontes, but had perfect confidence in him as a friend and gentleman. He frequently expressed his gratitude to him for his many kind and friendly attentions to his wants and distresses—never once dreaming that he was the author of them all.

The young drover had been with them over a week, when he began to feel his strength rapidly returning. He was one day seated upon the grass, leaning up against the old adobe house, when his thoughts turned upon his own situation, and tears for the fate of his brother were fast and unconsciously falling down his cheeks.

"Oh!" thought he, "if I could but once find the rascally devils that murdered my poor brother, I would annihilate every one of them. I wish I could prevail upon Miramontes to ferret them out; he appears to be a noble fellow, uncommonly kind and hospitable; and his lovely daughter is as lady-like as if she had been brought up in the midst of the most polite society; her walk could not be more easy, or her carriage more graceful—and I never knew any one that excelled her in womanly beauty. Why, I believe I am half in love with this little Spanish nymph; but how my friends would spurn the very idea of a Spanish relation! In love in so short a time, too,—ha, ha, ha!—ridiculous!—but here she comes with another string of those delicious trout."

"See my fish," said Elbana, "are they not beautiful?" as she playfully held them up before him.

"Yes," said Alfred, withdrawing his enraptured gaze from her ravishing beauty; "yes—very fine. I think you must be a great adept in the angling art."

"Has my father returned yet?"

"No, not that I know of. Where did he go?"

"Oh! I do not know, exactly; he went away with two or three of his men, perhaps to bring in a beef, as we are out of fresh meat now. I would not have left you alone this morning, but I knew you were fond of these fish, and there was no fresh meat for dinner."

"Yes, Elbana, I am fond of fish; but not so fond of them as to prefer them to the pleasure your society ever affords me."

"Well, I know you will like them when they are cooked;" and, blushing at the compliment paid her, she gaily tripped away to prepare them for dinner.

Alfred's eyes followed the beautiful girl; he was astonished at the interest he felt in her; he had mingled in the society of young ladies all his life, and often fancied himself in love; but he had never before experienced such feelings as those he now felt for this Spanish paragon of beauty. While thus analyzing his feelings, Elbana called him to dinner. She had prepared quite a feast for his delicate palate.

"Why, I declare!" he exclaimed, "fish, eggs, and birds; you have quite a number of luxuries."

"If there is anything you can possibly relish, I shall be most happy, Mr. Bruner," she replied.

"A man who could not eat this dinner, prepared by such fair hands, with a relish, would be a stupid and insensible fellow. My fault, my dear girl,—if fault it can be called—is in not only relishing such an excellent dinner, but in feeling a pleasure in your society that is worth a thousand such excellent meals."

"You are full of compliments to-day, Mr. Bruner, and I am at a loss to understand you," she smilingly replied.

"I can scarcely comprehend it myself, dear Elbana: but I have not told you half of my feelings yet."

"If you speak truly, sir," she replied, her face suffused with maidenly blushes, "our feelings are strangely in unison with each other—"

She stopped suddenly, as if frightened at what she had said. Alfred's eyes sought hers; they were suffused with tears.

"Why do you weep, my dear Elbana? Have I been so unfortunate as to cause those tears?"

"Oh, no! you have never intentionally given me a moment's pain; but the bare thought of our so soon separating—perhaps forever—makes me feel how lonely my lot will be when you are gone. Oh! Alfred, you cannot realize how much I prize your society!"

Before he could reply, she arose from the rude table, and sought the shade of a friendly oak that stood in the vicinity of the door, to hide her falling tears. Alfred followed her, and throwing his arm around her white neck, he affectionately kissed the tears from her cheek, as he answered:

"Elbana, dry your tears; if we part, we will meet again. I shall leave you with a regret that I find impossible to express."

"Why leave us, then, dear Alfred?" she said; "my father is rich; stay with us; do not go away, and render us both so miserable."

"Dearest Elbana, come, sit down by me, and I will explain all to you; but first let me ask, have you no female friend whom you could prevail upon to come and stay with you for company?"

"No, I know of no one that would be company for me; my acquaintances are very few, and it is but seldom that I see even them."

"Do you think, indeed, my dear girl, that your feelings for me, a mere stranger, will make you miserable when I am gone?"

"Yes—miserable, indeed! When you

are away, everything will seem so lonely and deserted. You have no idea of my feelings, Alfred."

"Yes, dearest Elbana, I have," said he, pressing her to his beating heart, and kissing her rose-bud lips, "the congeniality of our spirits has bound me in fetters of love that cannot be severed by absence nor diminished by time. This is the reason I wish that we should now come to an understanding, before we part. When we understand each other's feelings, we can make those arrangements which will best facilitate our happiness. My father," he continued, "is a wealthy resident of New York city. The income from his property supports him in luxury, without any effort on his part. My mother and sister move in the fashionable circles of that city. My poor brother and I were eking out a city life of indolence and ease, when the California fever seized us as its victims. A spirit of adventure brought us here, and induced us to engage in the cattle business, as that seemed to offer the most lucrative employment. Our first trip was in 1849, when we invested all our capital in cattle, which we readily sold in California, at a price which far exceeded our expectations. Our next trip was as successful as the first; but this last fatal one has been a total failure—my brother killed, and our cattle gone—"

Here Alfred's feelings overcame him, and his large blue eyes filled with tears. Elbana sighed, as she leaned her sympathizing cheek against his manly breast, fearful of disturbing his sacred grief for an only and beloved brother.

"Your father, dear Elbana," he continued, "has informed me that he has found where the murderous robbers hid my brother's body. I am going to convey his remains to New York for interment, and I must start early to-morrow morning. I have one request to make of you, dearest, before we part."

"Only name it, dear Alfred," she replied.

"Will you devote some of your time to studying?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," she answered; "but how can I study to advantage without a teacher?"

"There is the convent; it is pleasanter than this lonely place."

"My father would never consent to such an arrangement; he has a bitter grudge against them."

"Indeed! for what reason, dear?"

"My mother was a nun; my father fell in love with her, and she returned his affection, and eloped with him. The monks refused to solemnize the marriage, and my poor mother died, broken-hearted, at my birth."

"Then he has good reasons for his aversion to them, and I approve of his objections; but could you not go to San Francisco?"

"I am afraid father could not spare me."

"Well, dearest Elbana, he will have to spare you when you redeem your promise to me."

"I love my father, Alfred, and I would that I could always have you both near me."

"Now I think of it," said Alfred, "I have an old friend—a Mr. Bullard—whom I could perhaps induce to come out here and instruct you for a year or so; he is an excellent scholar and linguist, and I think his services could be procured for a reasonable compensation."

"Oh, that would be delightful!" exclaimed Elbana.

"But do you think your father will consent?" inquired Alfred.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "I am certain that he would not object."

"I forgot to tell you that Mr. Bullard is very lame, besides being rather aged, and it is somewhat difficult for him to ride or walk."

"I am sorry for that; but send him here, at all events; I will be as kind to him as a daughter."

"Yes, I know you will; your heart is too good to be unkind to any one."

This pleasant conversation was interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs approaching, and in a few moments Miramontes, followed by one of his servants, galloped into the yard. He greeted Alfred with his customary good-natured smile, and kind enquiry after his health; then, turning to Elbana, he asked:

"Can you give me something to eat, my daughter?"

"Yes, father, all is ready except the *tortillas*, and I will have them ready in a minute."

Patting some corn made dough between her little hands, she made some thin cakes, and laid them on the *horn*, which quickly baked them.

As soon as Miramontes had somewhat appeased his hunger, Alfred broke the silence by mentioning his wish to return to San Francisco, enquiring:

"Do you think, my dear sir, you can provide me with a conveyance thither?"

"When do you wish to go?" enquired Miramontes.

"To-morrow, if possible; I wish to take my brother's remains with me."

"Very well, I can accommodate you, and will escort you as far as Monterey."

Alfred now spoke of his arrangement with Elbana about a teacher, and recommended Mr. Bullard for that purpose.

"Yes, father," said Elbana, "Mr. Bruner thinks he can procure his services for a year or more at a reasonable remuneration."

"Manage it to suit yourself, my dear; but how is he to get here?"

"If you will wait at Monterey until I can see him, he could meet you there, and return with you."

"Very good," said Miramontes, "I like that plan. I'll go directly and set the

men to work preparing for our journey."

Elbana, again left alone with Alfred, expressed her grief at parting with him, saying:

"Oh, I fear it will be long, very long, before we meet again, if ever."

"Think not so, my darling; I will see you many times before a year rolls round. Believe me, this heart of mine will never cease to love you; no other woman shall ever be my wife while Elbana Miramontes is unmarried!"

"I swear to you the same unchanging love and resolve on my part, dear Alfred, and seal it with this kiss!"—putting her love-laden and ruby lips to his.

"You make me the happiest of men, Elbana. How proud I shall be to claim you as my darling wife, on my return to Montes Valley."

All the arrangements were now ready for a march to Monterey; and Alfred went to bid adieu to his weeping Elbana. With many promises of return and constancy, he folded her to his bosom, and then jumped upon his horse, and was soon out of sight; followed by Miramontes, and the Mexicans with the packs—among which were his brother's remains. Elbana wept until tears refused to flow. It was her first sorrow, and it well nigh broke her heart. Her father regarded her feelings for Alfred as a childish fancy, that a little time would cure; so gave himself no further concern about it, believing she would never see Alfred again;—at the same time congratulating himself on the favorable position he held in Alfred's estimation.

Nothing of interest occurred during their tedious journey to Monterey, where they stopped a few days to rest; when Miramontes concluded to accompany Alfred to San Francisco.

Alfred's high praise lavished on the generous conduct of Miramontes to him in his recent troubles, secured him a cordial reception from all who were so hap-

py as to make his acquaintance. He was well aware of the advantages he had thus gained, and endeavored to give as favorable an impression of himself to all as possible; for which he had many flattering opportunities.

Alfred soon hunted up his old friend Mr. Bullard. Miramontes appeared pleased with him; consequently, a bargain was made, and Mr. Bullard prepared to accompany him to Montes Valley.

The time for Miramontes to return home had now arrived. Mr. Bullard, with a box of books, and several presents from Alfred to Elbana, besides a long letter in his vest pocket, was prepared to accompany him. Alfred shook the old man by the hand, and warmly wished him happiness and success; feeling a new tie to his lame friend, his eyes filled with tears as he saw them depart for the borders of Mexico.

Mr. Bullard's lameness prevented him from enjoying the beautiful scenery on the road, that often presented itself to his view. At intervals, too, on his tedious journey, he was annoyed by frequent unfriendly demonstrations of Mexican cattle against his horse, causing him to make several desperate lunges, and a good deal of scrambling, to keep on his horse's back, while the greasers laughed at his timidity; and he began somewhat to regret his undertaking, when they arrived at Montes Valley.

It was evening; the smoke was curling from the chimney top, as the house came in view; and the valley never looked more beautiful than at sunset. Mr. Bullard could not refrain from exclaiming, "O, how beautiful! A more lovely spot I have never beheld!" Miramontes now galloped past him, as he caught sight of his daughter, coming to meet them. Jumping from his horse, he caught her in his arms, and pressed her to a father's heart. As Mr. Bullard rode up, Elbana

welcomed him with cordial kindness' that cheered while it surprised him. Taking her extended hand in a fatherly manner, he hoped for a continuation of esteem, that had begun with such flattering impressions.

For a brief interval Elbana disappeared, and then returned, exclaiming—

"Come, father, bring in your guests. I have a nice supper of venison, beans, eggs, and the finest of fish: and I have cooked Mr. Bullard's with less pepper, as Alfred informed me that Americans could not eat food with such high seasoning."

"You are very considerate, my dear young lady," said Mr. Bullard, "and I will reward you!"—at the same time handing her the long letter that he had brought from Alfred. She made him a low bow, and withdrew to read it. Pressing the letter to her lips again and again, she broke the little red seal, and perused the precious lines—morsels of joy-giving happiness she had long coveted, and looked for, at length possessed. He was sanguine in his hopes of seeing her within a year.

"O!" thought Elbana, "now my teacher has come, I am determined that I will astonish Alfred with my progress when he returns." With this determination, she gave Mr. Bullard but little time for idleness. Her incessant application astonished him, and the rapid advances she made assured him of her superior mind.

Six months had now elapsed since Mr. Bullard commenced teaching Elbana. Her constant and unwearied efforts had paled her once rosy cheeks. She had given up her domestic avocations to an old Mexican woman, that she might have no hindrances to her studies. Mr. Bullard saw the change in Elbana's health, and proposed to her a daily morning's ride, as a remedy for pale cheeks and languishing eyes. She improved under this treatment, and continued it every morning. Her instructor often accompa-

nied her. One beautiful morning they mounted their horses, and rode further down the little stream than they had ever been before, and were riding leisurely along, enjoying the cool, exhilarating breeze, when they saw a Mexican riding a fine gray American horse. Mr. Bullard, checking up his animal, called to the Mexican to come near, and as he knew Mr. Bullard, he unhesitatingly rode up to him.

"Where did you get that horse, Antonio?" he inquired.

"O! we have had it a long time; I do not know who Miramontes got it of."

"It is a fine animal," said Mr. Bullard, musingly. "You may go on."

They rode on, till Elbana suggested that it would be rather late before they reached home. Mr. Bullard turned his horse, without speaking.

As they came back to where they had seen Antonio, Mr. Bullard again turned his horse, and followed some tracks up a little ravine; quickly dismounting, he kicked away some loose clods from some fresh earth. After examining it a few minutes, he re-mounted, and soon overtook Elbana, who was walking her horse leisurely along.

"What did you discover, Mr. Bullard?" she pleasantly asked, as she turned around. "Why, you are as pale as a ghost! O, what is the matter, sir?"

"Nothing, much—I was looking where the wolves had been scratching."

"Well, what did you find?"

"O, some bones they have buried! But, come—we must ride faster, else we shall lose our breakfast." He made a faint attempt at conversation, then relapsed into silent musing.

"Elbana," at length said Mr. Bullard, "do not speak of my having examined that wolf-bait to any one."

"Why, Mr. Bullard?"

"I have reasons, my pupil, which I will explain to you at some proper time."

"Well, then, I will not mention it."

They soon reached home; and, to Mr. Bullard's delight, nothing was said of their long ride. He had suggested many improvements to the house and garden, that were adopted; and it now appeared quite Americanized. A long adobe stable stood near it, for the convenience of travelers that often passed through Montes Valley.

Mr. Bullard's interest in Miramontes' affairs made him quite a favorite in Montes Valley. Elbana and her father both acknowledged his superior genius, taste, and other advantages. Miramontes showed him every respect, and the greasers obeyed his slightest call. Mr. Bullard had become quite attached to Miramontes, as well as to his noble daughter, but now, horrible suspicions kept harassing his mind. He determined to watch closely, and time would tell. Who knew but that Miramontes had a hand in murdering James Bruner? [To be continued.]

THE HUSKING NIGHTS OF OLD.

Oh! the husking nights of old!

When the harvest moon rode high;
When October's clear and mellow light,
Spread over earth and sky.
When the thin autumnal clouds
Lay piled in masses white,
As we sat husking out the corn,
In the harvest fields at night.

Oh! the pleasant husking nights!

When we sat and chatted and sung;
And the cider goblet passed blithly round,
And the air with voices rung.
And the old men told their tales,
And the young ones laughed with glee,
As we sat and husked by the light of the
In the fields beside the sea. [moon,

Oh! the bright old husking nights!

Their light is with me now,
I hear the voices chant the songs
Of the far off "Long Ago."
I gaze at the moon and the clouds,
And remember how calm and bright
They looked, as they sailed through the
quiet heavens,
On the pleasant husking nights,

G. T. S.

CALIFORNIA PICTURES.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

Drawn from Life by "Pen and Ink."

PICTURE THE SECOND.

CHARLES and William Elwell were cousins, and from infancy had lived in close neighborhood, in a small town in New England. For years they had held one tie, one friendship, one hope, one prospect. It did not require the ardent and reciprocal affection between Ellen, Charles' sister, and William Elwell, to bind them as brothers, though that was but a stronger tie: they were, indeed,

"Not brothers in the fashion that the world puts on,
But brothers in the heart!"

In 1849 the gold fever displayed itself, and, like many others, they imagined that California ground was

"Thick inlaid with patines of fine gold,"

to be had for the picking up. Like Orestes and Pylades, they set forth; together they toiled, profited, lost, or gained; together they consoled or congratulated each other. Charles was some seven years older than William, who looked up to him as an elder brother—almost as a father. What with prospecting, washing, sluicing, ditching, panning, cradling, and all the other rude efforts at gold-gaining which were at the disposal of the miners of that day, William prospered rapidly, and became almost miserly in the hoarding of his gains. His aim was to accumulate a sum sufficient to bring Ellen out from the Atlantic States, and to furnish a home for her.

Sidney Glentworth was a man of elegant manners, and of refined classical education. His brilliant intellect (but, alas! without religious or moral restraint,) had been fully developed under the fostering care of his loving, too indulgent, and highly-intellectual father. Education in the most eminent universities had polished every faculty, strengthened every talent. His elegant manners, the

aristocratic refinement of his bearing, the bland and innocent expression of his face—more youthful than his years—the soft ringlets, lying, almost woman-like, upon his white, frank, open, honest brow—that rarest and most exquisite beauty in a man, the white, delicate, perfectly-formed hands and feet; the ready word, poetic quotation, classical allusion, prompt compliment, always graceful, always delicate, well-timed, and appropriate; who can wonder that he was a universal favorite?

His family name, which was in itself a passport, only vouched for what his manners realized. He fascinated all. He was not a miner. Love of adventure, it was supposed, had prompted his visit to this country; and it was equally believed that he had brought with him ample funds for all his wants.

His bitterest vilifiers dared not proclaim that the vulgarly-public gaming-houses of California were sanctioned by his presence. But, even in those early days, there were a few private establishments, where men of otherwise dignified character and standing were accustomed, for lack of other equally intense excitement, to risk or squander the vast sums which were daily passing through their hands. When these men saw the bland smile, the white hand, the brilliant teeth, the honest, fearless glance of Sidney Glentworth, who could doubt that, like others, he merely sought that haunt for the exciting amusement it afforded?

Who can wonder that Charles and William were alike fascinated? Having no positive occupation, Sidney accompanied them to the mines. By night and day he was their companion, their adviser, their friend,—cautioning them against excess, and warning them against those temptations of dice and cards, in which his own phlegmatic temperament found no resistless allurements.

Charles had not been so successful in

the mines as William, and felt doubly grieved, because the "homestead" where he and his sister were born—where his mother still lived—was now for sale, and he had fondly hoped that his gains in California would have enabled him to purchase it. Still, he refrained from confiding his trouble to William—knowing that he was hoarding for the purpose of marrying his sister. No obstacle, however, stood in his way to prevent him from reposing all his anxieties in the bosom of his friend, Sidney. To him he imparted all his troubles—the immediate want of two thousand dollars, to keep and consecrate that dear home which we worship in youth, and which we crave for in old age.

William had returned from San Francisco. Two thousand dollars, the product of his mining, after expenses had been paid, lay in bright and very yellow twenty-dollar pieces, fresh from the mint. They sat in a canvas tent, the bright moon vying with the sperm candle stuck in a bottle, on the upturned packing-case, which served as a table. In one corner lay two beds, (!) and, cast over them, those blue blankets, which are the consolation of travelers in California—either as bed-comforters, as wrappers in snow, as substitutes for saddles, for buffalo-ropes in sleigh-rides, for umbrellas and India rubbers in rain, for carpets on bare floors—but "time would fail me" could I enumerate their uses.

"Good night, old fellows," cried Sidney, as he stood in the bright moonlight that flooded every nook and cranny of the cousins' tent. "If I were you, I'd put that money away. They say that there is a strong feeling of honor among miners—but, still, human nature is susceptible to temptation. Put it away safe, Willie, my boy!"

"I shall—for I'll put it under my head; and, though we do stuff an old flour sack for a pillow, I guess it will be

a smart rogue and a delicate hand that will rob me, however sound I may sleep. Good night!" and William "turned in," almost on the very words.

Charles still lingered, gazing at the lovely moon.

"Keep up your spirits, Charles. It's true that William has gathered the very sum that would have eased your heart, but—"

"Sidney, I wouldn't tell him for the world. He would sacrifice all his own prospects to serve me. I will not be so selfish. Good night!"

"You seem very careful in barricading your door, such as it is."

"Your warning has made me careful. Willie has got two thousand dollars under his head, and for his sake I'll guard against danger."

"Good night!" so saying, Sidney walked away, and Charles staked down the muslin (American, calico, English,) curtain, which answered for a door, rolled a flour-barrel against it, put out the almost superfluous candle, and lay down upon his rough bed. Imagination was there, however, and with her graceful, almost imperceptible fingers, festooned that rough couch with draperies homelike and pure. Oh, wake him not! Let him sleep in happiness! Let those he loves—the home he dwelt in—smile upon him in his slumbers! Happiness unalloyed is, in this world, so rare, that even to dream of it is a privilege of which we should not be deprived.

What shadow is that upon the canvas tent? A lithe, agile, graceful form winds itself through the folds of that temporary outlet, scarcely disturbing the cask which weighs the curtain down, and covers behind the rude bed where Charles lies sleeping. The moon, reflected on the white tent, shows, in gigantic shadow, the proportions of him whom no shadow—not even that of his own conscience—could appal. With all the gracefulness

of that most graceful animal, the cat,—with the same stealthy tread and velvet touch—he reaches William's bed. He listens—the sleeper is undisturbed. He slides his hand beneath the pillow—the bag is his. He grasps it—draws it forth. "Who's there?" cries the startled sleeper. A murmur is the answer. "Oh, it's you, Charley, old fellow, is it? All right, thank you: the money's safe," and, adding a few sleepy tones, William relapsed into slumber, as Sidney crouched unseen behind his bed.

* * * * *

The mining camp is all astir. The dawn has brought confusion. Work is laid aside. Every face wears the glow of indignation. A miner robbed! In those days, he might have left his cabin for weeks—his clothes, his very food, would have been untouched. He might have panned out gold, and left it there, in a huge heap; miners would have gazed at, advanced, and passed it by, uninjured. "No image of a patron saint" would have been more respected—even by one who craved for necessary food. And now a miner is robbed. By whom? None but his two intimate associates knew of his wealth, nor where he had placed it. Added to the loss, was the disappointment of his heart's hopes, which such a loss entailed.

How generous, how thoughtful, how delicate, was Sidney's sympathy!—and William sought it, and was soothed by it.

"How unfortunate," cried Sidney, "is this loss! The very sum which you had accumulated to bring out your bride and provide her with a home, was the amount which Charles had calculated on to purchase his parents' dwelling-place. Either of you might have benefitted by the money, and now both are deprived of it. By the way, perhaps Charles has hidden the bag, and does this to frighten you."

"Nonsense!—he would never raise the whole camp for a joke. Yet stay—now

I think of it, some one came to my bedside, after I was asleep, last night, and partially roused me. It must have been Charles. But he is not fond of practical jokes; and, even if he were he would not torture *me* so cruelly. Ah, Charley! there you are. Come, old fellow, if you've got that money, hand it over. My fright has lasted long enough."

"What do you mean, Will?—you don't think I could do such a dirty action, do you?"

"No, I don't; and yet—" and here Will left Sidney, linked his arm in Charles', and the two strolled on together.

The demon, Doubt, had been aroused! The friends entered into argument. Jest, repartee, bantering, accusation, half joke, half earnest, followed in succession: they parted, scarcely friends. The subject grew into a matter of discussion in the camp. There were (to use a national-ism) "ugly" points about it. The amount craved by both, accumulated by one, was the same; and, however unreasonable the crime, or irrational the desire, the circumstance was by no means without parallel. None, but the two who slept within the tent, knew of the amount, except the one mutual friend, whose cabin was at some distance from them. His sympathy was given to both—to the one for the loss, to the other for the suspicion. But time wore on. William became gloomy, morose, reserved; Charles, feeling undeservedly suspected, grew irritable, hasty, savage. He felt that the other miners looked upon him with distrust, and that his former boon companion was forever severed. Galled by these suspicions, and, more than all, by the harsh glances of his former heart-brother, a mere trifle was needed to excite his feelings to a flame. Charles and William met; a brief colloquy led to a long discussion; mutual recrimination, reciprocal taunts, resulted in a quarrel irreconcilable; the words "liar," and "thief,"

interchanged, could only be washed out in blood. A challenge ensued. William's friends were ready to aid him. Charles sauntered from the camp, for the doubt which had been engendered had caused many of his old companions to shun him. As he walked on, he met Sidney, spoke of his troubles, and his want of a second. Sidney at once replied to his requirement.

Law, at that time,—as, alas! it is now,—was powerless for redress, powerless for prevention. The duel took place. Shot through the heart, Charles lay dead upon the spot.

Seconds, in such affairs, why do ye not think of humanity—of domestic grief—of the misunderstanding which a few words might clear away—of the pure wish for reconciliation which perhaps exists in the heart of the principal, but which, for fear of imputation on his courage, he can not express, and which you, as his exponents, can make public?

The duel over, William wandered away—whither, no one knew!

A neat paling round a grave, in a northern mining camp, marks Charles' resting-place.

A stone, gracefully carved, bearing the words "ELLEN, aged 19—*Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven!*" stands in a New England burying ground—the last vestige of the tragedy. The last? No! Pen and Ink, the honest recorders of fact, have traced out this article from a northern paper:

"The body of a young man was found in — Valley. From desperation of mind he had given himself up to drink, and, wandering in an insane state among the snows, he died. In his pocket were a few pieces of money, and some most affectionate letters, signed 'ELLEN ELWELL.'"

Sidney Glentworth soon left the State, and, in another hemisphere, followed a profitable calling.

Ye parents who, like the German modeler, construct a monster ye can not control, think deeply, that, while ye develop

intellect, genius, imagination, yet neglect morality, principle, religion, ye send upon earth a being not satisfied with his own tortures, but one who tears the fragments from the shirt of Nessus, wrapped around his own agonized bones, and flings them in mockery of compassion—but reality of corruption—upon every passer-by!

HE NEVER CAME AGAIN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

His wife stood weeping at the door,

His mother in the hall;

His children climbed around his knee,

For he must kiss them all.

The tears were trickling down his cheek,

Like drops of summer rain;

He left his childhood's home that day—

He never came again.

His father took him by the hand—

He tried, but could not speak!

He turned aside his face, to hide

The tear upon his cheek.

He sprang upon his prancing steed,

And seizing whip and rein,

He plunged him down the garden path—

He never came again!

Spring with her roses came and went,

The summer flowers grew pale,

And Autumn with her golden tints,

Had painted hill and dale.

The Winter came with freezing storm,

Of snow, and sleet, and rain;

But he came not to meet them there—

He never came again.

THERE are few hearts so chilled by disappointment, or hardened by crime, that they never yearn for some object to love. A horse, or bird, or dog, will for a time occupy the affections, and save their possessor from a feeling of misanthropy, in the absence of a higher and diviner object; but the moment that object is presented, the lesser gives place to the greater. Man must have some object to love.

Our Social Chair.

DURING the month of February, 1855, we crossed the Siskiyou mountains into Oregon, and, as we journeyed down the Rogue river valley, it seemed to us that nearly the only articles of food that were discoverable on the tables of the way-side hotels were fresh pork and dried apples! "Bless us! what! dried apples again!" became a frequent ejaculation. At first we thought that perhaps the singular condition of the climate, or the peculiar chemical combinations of the water, created the necessity for this kind of diet; but nothing was known of such a conditional necessity. Still, dried apple provender was everywhere, and, being such a popular dish, we argued that there must be some motive—even if it were a mistaken one—for its unalloyed (!) consumption.

The remembrance of a recipe entitled "A cheap way of living," which suggested the purchase of a cent and a half's worth of dried apples for breakfast (to be either chewed or swallowed whole, according to the pill-taking capacity and disposition of the buyer), upon which, for dinner, place one quart of water; and for supper—well, no supper would be needed, as the person would be too sick to take any, and the self-evident and remarkably economical disposition of the people, came to assist us in accounting for such a dried apple fact.

In Jacksonville, when occupying a seat at the hotel table, for dinner, we found that, out of eleven persons who kept us company in the apple entertainment (dried apple, of course,) eight addressed each other as "Doctor," as follows:

"Dr. S—, will you please to pass the (dried) apple stew?"

"Certainly, Dr. O—; won't you take a little of the pie?" (dried apple.)

"No, I thank you."

"There are a few dried apples on the strings, near Dr. J—, if you prefer them."

"No, I thank you, as those which I

feasted on last evening for dessert, and enjoyed so much (!) kept me awake the whole of the night, and the experience of Dr M—, on my left here, was somewhat similar; but I will take a little of that fresh pork in front of Mrs. R—, if you will be kind enough to ask Dr. G— to pass it," and so forth.

Such dried apple and fresh pork conversations and observations led us to the conclusion that doctors must be nearly as plentiful and popular in Oregon as dried apple diet, and that both could be advantageously dispensed with if their love for either was equal to ours. We did indefinitely promise one hotel-keeper that, when we reached the Capitol, our utmost endeavors should be used for the passage of a law prohibiting dried apples, for the especial benefit of the people who dwell in Rogue river valley.

Since that time, we suppose that a favorable change has taken place, as from the Jacksonville Sentinel we discover that they are now in possession of other articles—unless the following editorial notice to subscribers be a myth:

We want money, butter, lard, potatoes, flour, chickens, wood [Couldn't you add dried apples, and doctors?] yes, we want everything that any one else wants. Those who owe for the Sentinel, or who wish to take it, can pay in any of the above-named articles. Bring them on—must eat if we work.

That's right, "brother" Robinson—"The laborer is worthy of his hire;" and if your delinquent subscribers do not read the good book enough to know that it inculcates the above sentiment, just "get out" an extra, containing the information—sworn to before a justice of the peace—that such a passage can be found in it; but be sure to discourage the growth (!) of dried apples, except as an article of export.

THE following awkward mistakes, committed by some near relations of the god-

ness of Liberty, while exercising the privilege of the elective franchise, must have been attended with some confusion as well as annoyance, when discovered. Related by the Crescent City Herald:

THE WRONG TICKET.—A gentleman who presided at the ballot-box of one of the districts in San Francisco, at the late election, informs us that some poor fellow voted the following ticket through mistake—a billet from his washerwoman. How provoking!

“Mr. H*****:—Your wash bill now amounts to the enormous sum of \$45 (18 dozen), and if you don't pay it before the week is out, the chances are that there will be the biggest sort of a row in camp. I want my ducs and must have them—wont be put off any longer—so “pungle down,” and oblige
OLIVIA B.—

“N. B.—Please send back that old stock-
ing; it belongs to Jake —, the omnibus driver.
O. B.”

This brings to mind a similar circumstance, which occurred several years since: A voter, a little behind time, ran up just as the polls were closing, and in his hurry dropped his ticket, which defined his political proclivities as those congenial to a “third party”—only a regular outsider. Here it is:

“DEAR MRS. ***:—I cannot meet you at — this evening; my wife suspects. Don't let your husband see this, for goodness' sake. It would be all up with us. Keep shady. Yours, affectionately,
“J. R.—”

The ballot was not counted, as the “inspector,” who knew the *lady* thus addressed, declared it to be a *billy do*, representing a Billy *done*—brown!

If the following tantalizing exposition of a bachelor's short-comings, from the Winchester Virginian, does not drive an overwhelming majority of the male population of California to the desperate resolve of sending immediately for their sweet-hearts, or of finding them here, we have no hope of their matrimonial salvation—we haven't:

WHAT IS A BACHELOR?

From the pen of Launcelot Goosenberry, esq., Poet Laureate, and dedicated to all Poets and Poetesses around these diggings.

Why, a pump without a handle, a mouldy tallow candle, a goose that's lost its fellows, a noseless pair of bellows, a horse

without a saddle, a boat without a paddle! a mule—a fool—a two-legged stool! a pest—a jest! dreary—weary—contrary—uncheery; a fish without a tail, a ship without a sail; a legless pair of tongs, a fork without its prongs; a clock without a face, a cat that's out of place; a bootless leg, an addled egg; a stupid flat, a crownless hat; a pair of breeches, wanting stitches; a chattering ape—coat, minus cape; a quacking duck, wanting pluck; a gabbling goose—mad dog let loose; a boot without a sole, or a cracked and leaky bowl, or a fiddle without a string, or a bee without its sting; or a bat—or a sprat; or a cat—or a rat; or a hen—or a wren; or a gnat, or a pig in a pen; or a thrush that will not sing, or a bell that will not ring; or a penny that “wont go!” or a herring without roe; or a line without a lead, or a drum without a head; or a monkey—or a donkey; or a surly dog, tied to a log, or a frog in a bog; or a fly in a mug, or a bug in a rug! or a bee, or a flea, or a last year's pea, or a figure 3! like a fool without a tongue, like a barrel without a bung—like a whale, like a snail—like an owl, like a fowl, like a monk without his cowl, like a midnight ghoul; like a gnome in his cell, like a clapperless bell; he's a poor, forsaken gander, choosing lonely thus to wander; he's like a walking-stick, or satchel, or—but to be plain, and end my strain, he's nothing but a BACHELOR!

THE Shasta Courier thus discourseth on

A DISCOMFITTED GRAVE-ROBBER.—A few nights ago, a party of young men in this place, for the purpose of having a “lark,” and ridding the town of the presence of a rather unproductive fellow-citizen, employed him (the unproductive fellow-citizen) to rob the grave-yard of a corpse—promising him that he would be paid a certain number of dollars therefor, by certain physicians, who wished to dissect the same. In the mean time, several of the party, provided with fire-arms, secreted themselves in the cemetery grounds. As soon as the “jolly grave-digger” had struck a few licks with his pick, “Bang!—bang!—went the revolvers, accompanied by yellings of such awful and terrific character as would have frightened most men outside a grave-yard. It is, therefore, needless to say, that the grave-robbing, unproductive fellow-citizen was badly scared. He fled with the speed of a north-west wind—clearing the fence in a bound, he sped to the hills, and, “in the twinkling of a bed-post,” was lost in the darkness. What has become of him no man knows, although it

is suspected that, in the blindness of his fright, he ran against a tree, and butted his brains out upon the "cold, cold ground."

The same paper thus invitingly talks upon

AN UP-HILL BUSINESS.

Walk up, roll up,
Tumble up, step up,
Jump up, climb up,
Run up, skate up,
Ride up, rush up,
Swim up, fly up,
Crawl up, fire up,
Steam up, sail up,

Drag up, push up—

Any way, so that you *get up* and *settle up* your subscription and advertising bills.

We would modestly suggest the addition of "*And subscribe for HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE,*" only three dollars per annum, postage paid, to any part of the United States!

An esteemed friend on Dry Creek, Sacramento county, relates to us the following amusing story, for the Social Chair; and we feel assured that such will always be welcomed by our numerous patrons:

As your readers are doubtless aware, there has been a series of revival meetings held in this district during the past summer, and which have, no doubt, been productive of considerable good among the people of this neighborhood. At one of these meetings, a man by the name of —, who was generally considered a pretty hard case, was numbered among the newly-made converts, and, according to the rites of the church, was about to be baptised, by immersion. After the words "I solemnly baptize thee," etc., had been pronounced, and the convert lowered into the water, his right arm stuck out above it, when a person who was standing on the bank of the creek, an interested spectator, called out in a stentorian voice—"Push that arm under, for that stole my axe!" The effect produced can be more easily imagined (as novel writers express it) than described.

As soon as order had been somewhat restored, the minister looked steadfastly at the person who had thus addressed him, and calmly replied: "Then, brother, I will 'push that arm under' thoroughly—you bet!"

On relating the preceding anecdote to Mr. Fitzgerald, the accomplished editor of

the Pacific Methodist, he gave us the following for the Chair to keep it company:

When the venerable and remarkably useful preacher, Mr. Edge,—more generally known as Father Edge—had concluded a prayer, at the family circle of a friend, a little girl of about five summers went up to him, and, in the sweetest of tones, remarked—"Father Edge, one of your knees was very naughty while you were at prayer!" "Ah! my little dear—how so?" "Oh! it wouldn't kneel down when you other one did, and don't you think that was very wicked?" The little darling had observed that he had knelt only upon one knee.

THESE remind us of an excellent story we saw in Harper's, from a reverend gentleman in Missouri. We "extract" it for the benefit of our readers:

Near the city of St. Joseph's, a few years since, the rite of baptism was performed on a number of females, by immersion in the river. Being in the middle of winter, it was necessary to cut a hole in the ice; and the novelty of the scene attracted a large crowd, among whom were several Indians, who looked on in wondering silence. They retired without understanding the nature or object of the ceremony they had witnessed; but, observing that all the subjects of immersion were females, and getting a faint idea that it was to make them good, the Indians came back, a few days afterward, bringing their squaws with them, and cutting another hole in the ice, near the same place, *immersed* each and all of them, in spite of their remonstrances, being very sure that if it was good for the whites, it was quite as well for the reds.

REMEMBERING the old English adage, "We may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," we take another from the same source, which runs thus:

The Rev. Dr. Bishop, late President of the University at Oxford, Ohio, was once preaching in a little school-house, not far from the college, on a bitter cold day. A man, who was much the worse for liquor, opened the door several times and looked in, but did not enter. The Doctor's attention was at length attracted, and, in his Scotch-Irish way, he called out to him—"Come in, mon! come in, and hear the Gospel!" The invitation was accepted, and the man took a seat by the stove. The heat fired up the liquor with which he was

soaked, and he soon gave such signs of drunken sickness that the Doctor, thinking his Gospel was doing no good, cried—"Turn him out!—turn him out!" The poor fellow was put to the door, but waked up just enough to sputter out, as he went,—"Such preaching as that is enough to make a dog sick!"

"SNIKTAW," (spell that *nom de plume* backwards, and you will learn his name,) a large-hearted and jovial fellow, who has written a series of racy articles for the Golden Era, has been elected to the Assembly from Siskiyou county. The Yreka Union thus jocularly speaks of his departure for Sacramento:

Squibbs, our local reporter, says that our Assemblyman elect left for the capital on Thursday morning last, with his baggage rolled up in a Siskiyou Chronicle of that date. Before his departure, he effected a compromise with his Celestial washerman, by which he obtained his extra shirt; he will, therefore, make his appearance in that January assemblage of lawgivers as a creditable representative of the "Great North." It is due to Ching Wang to state that, as soon as he comprehended the true position of Sniktaw, the negotiation was favorably considered. Squibbs, who acted as interpreter on the occasion, with the idea of impressing Whang with the importance of our Representative's dignity, said—"Sniktaw very big man;" to which the Chinaman replied, winking with both eyes, and surveying the altitude and breadth of the subject—"Ee, velly big." "He go to big house," said Squibbs, extending his arms with the amplitude of the idea inspired by the Capitol. "Me sabbe!" said John; "my brudder stealee hog—go two year." The slightly perceptible difference between San Quentin and Sacramento was, however, finally made apparent, and Sniktaw departed rejoicing.

By the following interesting notice from the Mount Vernon Record, our readers will see that Californians, through the untiring and laudable exertions of Mrs. E. S. Conner, have contributed their mite to the noble object of securing the Homestead of our glorious Washington to the people of the United States. We hope that the amount forwarded, and thus acknowledged, will be but the first instalment that our golden

State may send towards so patriotic a cause:

"Warm as has been the interest felt in the Mount Vernon Association in the Atlantic States, the voice from the Pacific is no less cordial in its praise, nor in its support. To Mrs. E. S. Conner belongs the honor of having been the pioneer in California. Without waiting the appointment of a Vice Regent, in an individual capacity she stepped forward, interested the press, and took such measures as will no doubt aid in turning a golden stream from the mines into the Treasury. We are gratified to learn that even the Chinese population are anxious to contribute, and have done so liberally that Mrs. Conner has already \$500 on deposit. This, with the sum collected by Mrs. Malvina Copeland, enables us to report about \$550 from that State."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE President's Message reached Placerville on the 1st of January, in 21 days from St. Louis, *via* Salt Lake. By the southern or Butterfield route, it arrived in San Francisco at 3 o'clock, A. M., on Sunday, December 26th, in 19 days, 11 hours and 40 minutes, from St. Louis. The distance from El Paso to San Francisco, although nearly half way, was accomplished in 6 days and 20 hours; while the other half took 12 days, 15 hours and 40 minutes—although the latter-named is the best end of the route.

A NEW weekly paper, entitled the Coloma Times, was issued at Coloma, El Dorado county, on the 1st of January. George Kies, publisher.

NEW veins of cinnabar have recently been discovered in Monterey county, which are being opened, with flattering prospects of success. They are named "The Quick-silver Mines of New Idria."

AFTER two unsuccessful attempts, the overland mail on the Stockton, Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Independence route, left the former city on the 1st of January.

ONE of the richest veins of quartz in the State has recently been discovered on Rush Creek, Nevada county.

A NEW telegraph line has been completed from Sacramento to Marysville, connecting with the Northern California Telegraph Company's line to Shasta and Yreka.

THE amount of gold shipped by steamers leaving California in 1853, as per manifests, was \$45,102,321.

THE tables of mortality of San Francisco for 1858 show the number of deaths to have been 1,025, or about 1 in 60.

ON the morning of January 1st, there were \$518,604 82 in the State Treasury.

THE mail steamer Sonora arrived with the President's Message on the 28th December, in 24 days from New York.

THE value of exports from the port of San Francisco, for 1858, was, exclusive of gold, \$4,524,715.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was kept as a general holiday throughout the State.

THERE were 87 applications for divorce in San Francisco, during the past year—64 by wives and 23 by husbands. The number granted during the year was 62, and 95 are still pending.

THE tenth annual session of the Legislature convened on the 3d.

THE Weekly Alta California completed its tenth year on the 4th.

THE Supreme Court of this State has decided that the law passed during the last Session of the Legislature, prohibiting the immigration of Chinese to California, is unconstitutional.

THE total amount of gold coined in the U. S. Branch Mint, San Francisco, for 1858, was \$17,148,200, or 964,791 ounces.

THE indebtedness of the State on the 1st of January, 1859, was \$4,152,700. The annual interest of the debt is \$263,159.

A MAN named Brazde was choked to death at the Five-Mile House, Sacramento county, while attempting to swallow a large piece of meat at supper.

THE Supreme Court of this State has decided that the Legislature has power to tax mining claims.

A VEIN of coal and a salt spring have been discovered in Tehama county.

THE news from the newly-discovered gold mines on the Gila is discouraging, and disappointed gold-seekers are returning.

THE large clipper ship Great Republic arrived in the Bay of San Francisco on her second visit.

A NEWSPAPER entitled the Weekly Patriot has been issued at Iowa Hill.

THE editor of the California Culturist, Mr. W. Wadsworth, was lassoed and robbed by some Mexican highwaymen, in Alameda county, on the 4th. Several similar robberies, at different places, have been attempted during the month.

THE mail steamer Golden Age, which sailed on the 5th, carried away 297 passengers, and \$1,749,856 94 in treasure.

THE Daily Register has just been commenced in Sacramento City, by Zabriskie & Bausman.

THE Superintendent of Streets of San Francisco has caused the removal of signs and other obstructions from the sidewalks of the principal streets.

THE appointment of a first-class State Geologist has been warmly advocated by the press.

COLLINS, the Irish comedian, has been drawing large audiences at Maguire's Opera House. The Minstrels, at the Lyceum, with Eph. Horn as the principal "colored" attraction, have been fairly attended; and, in the early part of the month, John Drew, an Irish comedian, attracted moderate audiences at the American theatre, San Francisco.

SEVERAL secret gambling houses in San Francisco have been broken up by the Chief of Police, Dr. Burke.

PAUL SHORES was shot dead and his brother badly wounded, in Santa Clara county, by Thomas Seals, while engaged in an altercation concerning some land.

A NEW steamboat for the San Francisco and San José trade, named the Sophie McLean, was launched on the 17th at South Point, San Francisco.

A ROCK, weighing 300 pounds, fell upon D. Barry, while mining in a tunnel at Spring Hill, Amador county, and crushed him to death.

THREE white (?) men attacked a rancharia of Digger Indians, on the 1st, near the head of Russian River Valley, and killed fourteen of them, on the supposition that the Indians had been stealing their cattle.

THE passenger arrivals at San Francisco, for 1858, were 37,167 men, 4,752 women, and 1,360 children; total, 43,279. The number of departures was 35,875 men, 1,562 women, and 714 children; total, 38,151. Of this number, 24,930 were to the British possessions on the Pacific. Total gain, 5,128.

THE price of real estate is gradually rising in the commercial cities of the State.

A POOR WOMAN in Stockton, who had bought her ticket, and was about to return to the East on the steamer of the 5th, was too late for the Stockton boat and was left behind, when some gentlemen of that city engaged a buggy, and sent her overland to Oakland. She thus succeeded in reaching San Francisco in time for her departure on the steamer. This was a noble and generous action, and deserves to be recorded.

THE whole number of marriages in 23 counties of the State, for 1858, were 595.

WILLIAM GRAHAM, formerly of Pittsburg, was buried alive in a mining claim at Sand Hill, Yuba county, on the 8th, by the caving down of the bank.

On the 13th, a benefit which netted about \$1,400 was given to the widow of the late Edward Pollock, a California writer of considerable ability, who died in San Francisco on the 13th of December.

The California Police Gazette made its appearance in San Francisco on the 15th.

Out of the 43 counties in the State, 41 contain 64,088 children, of whom 33,546 were born in California.

CALEB BURBANK, who, at the last general election, was chosen judge of the 4th District Court, was refused his seat by Judge Hagar, the present occupant, who declined to vacate it.

THE Attorney General has commenced suit against the different auctioneers of San Francisco, to recover the sum of \$51,408 due the State, under the Act of April 29th, 1857, by which a tax of one half of

one per cent. was levied on all sales, and which amounts, in the aggregate, as above.

HAVEN'S bridge and flume, across the north fork of the Yuba, fell, on the 8th, and caused the death of Mrs. C. Conteur.

THE stage running between Forest Hill and Yankee Jim's, Placer County, was stopped and robbed of between \$2000 and \$3000.

THE number of passengers which left on the Sonora, Jan. 20th, was 275, and the amount of treasure taken was \$1,669,685 65.

THE new ferry-boat for the Oakland trade, to run in connection with the "San Antonio," was launched on the 20th. [May they now set their time of starting to suit the tide and convenience, of business men, and punctually keep it.]

Editor's Table.

ALL the legislation a miner asks for, or needs in this State, is simply to be left alone; preferring the plea of Diogenes, that the legislature, tax-gatherer, or any one else, will not take from him that which he cannot give. So far as "protection," or donations of land are concerned, he can and will protect himself, and any bona fide governmental donation, or even sale, would make his claim in no way more valuable, or more permanent, than the local laws of any mining district now make it.

If the proposed donation or sale of any mineral land be for the purpose of taxing mining claims, we here enter our protest against any such law being passed, for three reasons:—First, all articles that the miner consumes, from his boots and hose to his pick and shovel, are taxed enough already, on entering our ports. Next, a donation or sale, without exceedingly wise and judicious laws, would lead to endless trouble and litigation, as to how far the washings of his own ground from his own claim, would extend when found upon that of his neighbors, and in the end would have to be regulated and decided by local laws, as now. Then, should an additional tax become desirable, it would be impossible to make it just by *taxing a claim*, as any one familiar with the uncertainties of a miner's labors must know. Many claims are worked upon for years before they can be fairly prospected, even—(all this time, the worker is also a consumer of goods that

have been taxed)—and even when the claim is found to pay a little, it is often no more than barely to defray the current personal expenses of working it. Therefore, it is self-evident that it would be unjust and unequal to tax a claim that pays comparatively nothing; while one perhaps adjoining, is producing its owner a fortune. Moreover, to regulate this would establish an inquisitorial prying into his daily accounts, and to which no merchant or other business man would submit. Then, why should a miner?

If at any time an additional tax should be necessary, we would respectfully submit that a few cents per ounce upon the gold dust coined, whether in the San Francisco or any other mint, would be more equal and easy to all than any other method; inasmuch as those whose claims were rich could well afford to pay so small a percentage; and those whose claims were poor, the burden would fall more upon the buyer than the seller of the gold, and who could well afford to pay to the public coffers the small amount required. Therefore, our opinion is, after nearly ten years' experience and observation in almost every mining district of the State, that all legislation concerning mining claims had better be left alone, and the miner allowed to take care of his own interests, as he very well can and will; and the time thus consumed in making useless laws, spent in devising something for the permanent prosperity of every interest in the State.

DURING our voyage to Mexico last Spring we felt desirous of obtaining some information concerning the course of the currents and tides on the Pacific coast, and as no better plan suggested itself, we wrote the following request; and, after placing it in a carefully sealed bottle threw it overboard. Through the kindness of our esteemed friend, E. C. Haines, Esq. of Santiago, State of Culiacan, Mexico, we have been favored with one of those papers, which runs as follows:—

On board the Mexican schooner "Genova" bound for Mazatlan and San Blas, Latitude 22°46' Longitude 109° May, 1st, 1858.

Inasmuch as the tides of the Pacific are but little known, comparatively, it will confer a favor upon the public, and the undersigned, if any person or persons who may find this paper will send it to *Hutchings' California Magazine*, San Francisco, California, or some public journal, stating the place and time it was picked up.

Respectfully, &c.

The following letter from Mr. Haines will explain when and where it was found.

"Santiago, November 8, 1858.

JAMES M. HUTCHINGS, Esq.

My Dear Sir—My friend, Dr. T. W. Perkins having had the enclosed document delivered to him by one who picked it up July 14th, 1858, at the mouth of the *Camichin*, which is about mid-way between the port of San Blas and Mazatlan, and one of the principal entrances to the great Laguna, or lake of Mesciltitan, Latitude 21°54' Longitude, 6°40' west from Mexico, and which he desired me to forward to you (your original document) with the proper comments, for the benefit of science; as I understand you have for some time been thus somewhat engaged, as also has my friend Dr. Perkins."

Another interesting extract from the same letter will afford food to the Naturalist student, while it informs the general reader of one of the greatest curiosities in nature yet discovered.

"Dr. Perkins informs me that there is here a peculiar phenomena which unites animal and vegetable life, called by the natives *Chichara*; it is somewhat like a Beetle, and buries itself in the ground at the beginning of the rainy season, from which in about two weeks time there springs from the back of its neck a small stem, upon which grows a kind of flower. The stem and

flower can never be found save only when connected with the insect: therefore it can not be the germination of the seed which the bug has taken, nor has this peculiarity ever been found in any other locality. During the coming season we will use every endeavor to send you one of these curiosities. It has for some time past puzzled the naturalists of both London and Paris, and if the "Los Americanos" of San Francisco can clear up this wonder in natural history they then may be considered worthy to become the disciples of Humboldt.

We have here also another curiosity, of the insect called the *Gusano Quamador*, or burning worm, which has a thousand spiney protuberances, each of which sting like a nettle. My friend placed one of these in a large wide-mouthed bottle, with water and vegetable matter, and it changed into one of the most magnificent butterflies I ever beheld.

Our kind, and intelligent doctor, Narvaez, of Tepic, an excellent naturalist, showed us a dried specimen of this bug and flower which is evidently a relation of the locust family of insects; but to what class of plants the flower belongs is not so easy to determine. When the promised specimen reaches us we shall prepare a drawing of it for our curious readers.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

D.—When may we expect it?

J. A. C., Nevada.—We shall find it a place.

Doings.—Do not indulge in any inward profanity, (we know you do not to the ear,) because the interesting conclusion of "51" is necessarily omitted in this number; for, had it been as elastic or as compressible as one quality of Chinese silk, used only by Celestial Empresses, —a complete dress of which can be forced into a walnut shell (!)—it would have been next to impossible to do other than we have. Is that O. K.

T. A. H., Centreville.—Yes; short, beautiful, and expressive poems are always welcome.

Received.—"Lines on the Loss of the Central America." "How I became Attorney General." "Bessie, the True-hearted." "Saucy Jake." "Natural Laziness." Song, "The Land of my Adoption,"—and other favors. Many thanks to our new contributors.

HUTCHINGS'

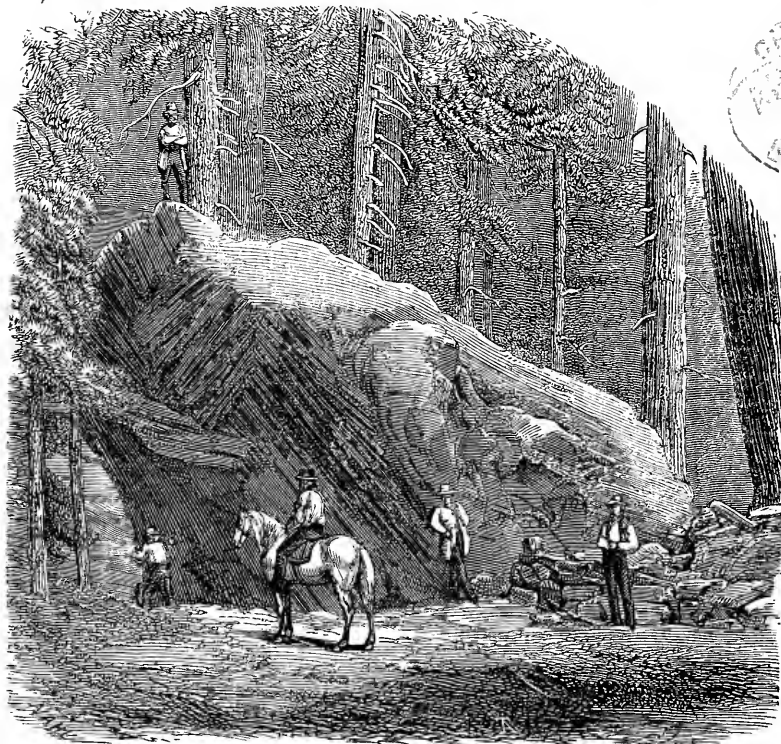
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1859.

No. 9.

THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.



BUTT AND SECTION OF THE MAMMOTH TREE TRUNK,

In the spring of 1852, Mr. A. T. Dowd, one of the "Nimrods" of Calaveras county, was employed by the Union Water Company of Murphy's Camp, to supply the workmen engaged in the construction of their canal with fresh meat from the vast

quantities of game to be found in that vicinity.

Having wounded a large bear while engaged in this occupation, he industriously followed in pursuit; when to his momentary confusion, and astonishment his

yes looked for the first time upon one of those magnificent giants that have since become so famous throughout the world. All thoughts of hunting, or bear pursuing, were forgotten, or absorbed and lost in the surprising admiration which he felt.

Surely, he mused, it must be a dream, but no, the great realities were before him.

Filled with thoughts inspired by what he had seen, he returned to camp, and there related the story of the wonders he had discovered. His companions laughed; and doubted his usually reliable veracity. He re-affirmed his statement; but still they would not believe it to be true; nor would they consent to accompany him; thinking that he was about to perpetrate some practical first of April joke upon them.

For a day or two he allowed the matter to rest; submitting with chuckling satisfaction to the occasional jocular allusions to "his big tree yarn," and continued his hunting as formerly. On the Sunday morning following he went out as usual, and returned in haste, evidently excited by some event. "Boys," he exclaimed, "I have killed the largest grizzly bear that I ever saw in my life. While I am getting a little something to eat you make preparations to bring him in. All had better go that can possibly be spared, as their assistance will be needed."

As the big tree story was now almost forgotten, or by common consent laid aside as a subject of conversation; and, moreover, as Sunday was a leisure day—and one that generally hangs the heaviest of the seven, on those who are shut out from social intercourse with friends—the tidings were gladly welcomed; especially as the proposition was suggestive of a day's excitement.

Nothing loath, they were soon ready for the start. The camp was almost deserted. On, on, they hurried, with Dowd as their guide, through thickets and pine groves; crossing ridges and cañons, flats

and ravines, each relating in turn the adventures experienced, or heard of from companions, with grizzly bears; until their leader came to a dead halt at the foot of the tree he had seen, and to them had related the size. Pointing to the immense trunk and lofty top, he cried out, "now, boys, do you believe my big tree story? That is the large grizzly I wanted you to see. Do you still think it a yarn." Thus convinced, their doubts were changed to amazement, and their conversation from bears to trees; afterwards confessing that, although they had been caught by a ruse of their leader, they were abundantly rewarded by the gratifying sight they had witnessed: and as other trees were found equally as large, they became willing witnesses, not only of Mr. Dowd's account, but to the fact that, like the confession of a certain Persian queen concerning the wisdom of Solomon, the half had not been told them.

Mr. Lewis, one of the party above alluded to, after seeing these gigantic forest patriarchs, conceived the idea of removing the bark from one of the trees, and of taking it to the Atlantic cities for exhibition, and invited Dowd to join him in the enterprise. This was declined; but while Mr. L. was engaged in obtaining a suitable partner, some one from Murphy's Camp to whom he had confided his intentions, and made known his plans, took up a quarter section of the ground and with a party of men commenced the removal of the bark; after attempting to dissuade Lewis from the undertaking.* This underhanded proceeding induced Lewis to visit the large tree at Santa Cruz, discovered by Fremont; for the purpose of competing, if possible, with his *quondam friend*; but finding that tree, although large, only 19 feet in diameter,

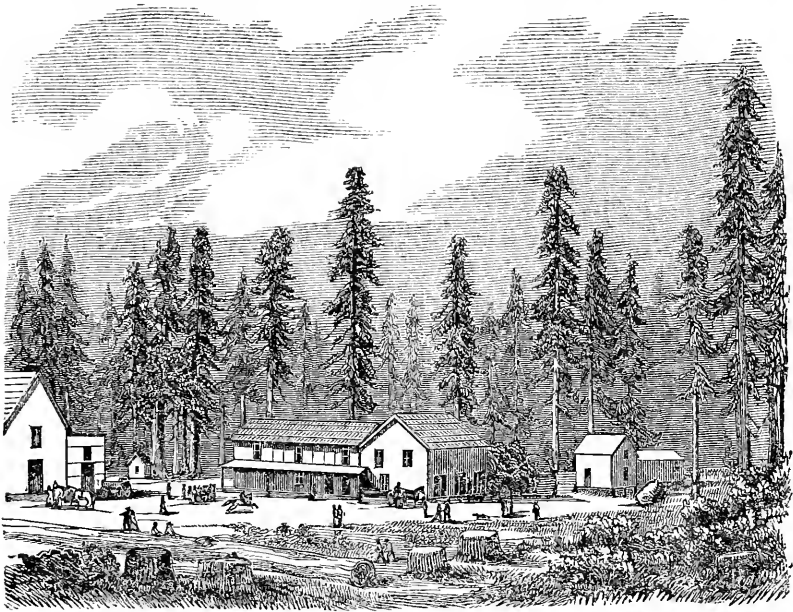
*In the winter of 1854 we met Mr. Lewis in Yreka, and from his own lips received this account; and we think it no more than simple justice to him here to make a record of the fact, that such an unfair and ungentlemanly violation of confidence may be both known and censured as it well deserves to be

and 286 feet in height, while that in Calaveras county was 30 feet in diameter, and 302 feet in height, he turned his steps to some trees, then reputed to be the largest in the state, growing near Trinidad, Klamath county; but the largest of these he found only to measure about 24 feet in diameter, and 279 feet in height; consequently, he eventually abandoned his undertaking.

But a short time was allowed to elapse after the discovery of this remarkable grove, before the trumpet-tongued press proclaimed the wonder to all sections of the State, and to all parts of the world,

and the lovers of the marvelous began first to doubt, then to believe, and afterwards to flock from the various districts of California, that they might see with their own eyes the objects of which they had heard so much.

No pilgrims to Mohamed's tomb at Mecca; or to the reputed vestment of our Savior at Treves; or to the Juggernaut of Hindostan, ever manifested more interest in the superstitious objects of their veneration, than the intelligent and devout worshippers of the wonderful in nature, and science, of our own country, in their visit to the Mammoth Tree Grove



VIEW OF THE BIG TREE COTTAGE.

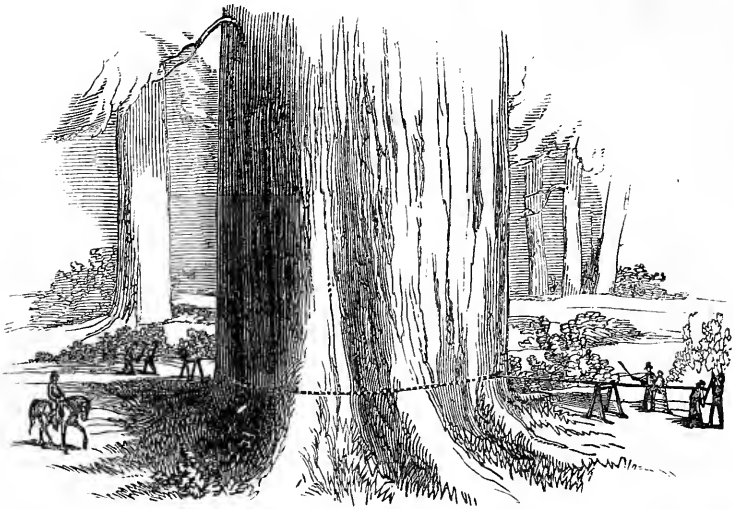
of Calaveras Co., high up in the Sierras.

Murphy's Camp, then known as an obscure, though excellent, mining district, was lifted into notoriety by its proximity to, and as the starting point for, the Big Tree Grove, and consequently was the centre of considerable attraction to visitors.

As the reader may desire to gratify his

curiosity by a visit—at least in imagination—with his permission we will consent to act as guide for the occasion, and proceed at once upon our journey.

Well mounted—this is an important auxiliary to a day of pleasure—we cross Murphy's Flat, and about half a mile from town proceed up a narrow cañon. upon a carriage road, now upon this side



WORKMEN ENGAGED IN FELLING THE MAMMOTH TREE.

of the stream, and now on that, as the hills proved favorable or otherwise for the construction of a good road. If our visit is supposed to be in spring or early summer, every mountain side, even to the tops of the ridges, is covered with flowers and flowering shrubs of great variety and beauty; while, on either hand, groves of oaks and pines stand as shade-giving guardians of personal comfort to the traveler on a sunny day.

As we continue our ascent for a few miles, the road becomes more undulating and gradual, and lying for the most part on the top or gently sloping sides of a dividing ridge; often through dense forests of tall, magnificent pines, that are from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet in height, slender and straight as an arrow. We measured one that had fallen, that was twenty inches in diameter at the base, and fourteen and a half inches in diameter at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet from the base. The ridges being nearly clear of an undergrowth of shrubbery, and the trunks of the trees for fifty feet upwards or more, entirely clear of branches, the

eye of the traveler can wander, delightfully, for a long distance among the captivating scenes of the forest.

At different distances upon the route, the canal of the Union Water Company winds its sinuous way on the top or around the sides of the ridge; or its sparkling contents rush impetuously down the water-furrowed center of a ravine. Here and there an aqueduct, or cabin, or saw-mill, gives variety to an ever changing landscape.

When within about four and a half miles of the Mammoth Tree Grove, the surrounding mountain peaks and ridges are boldly visible. Looking south, the bare head of Bald Mountain silently announces its solitude and distinctiveness: west, the "the Bear Mountain range" forms a continuous girdle to the horizon, extending to the north and east, where the snowy tops of the Sierras form a magnificent back-ground to the glorious picture.

While we have been thus riding and admiring, and talking, and wondering, and musing, concerning the beautiful scenes we have witnessed; the deepening

shadows of the densely timbered forest we are entering, by the awe they inspire—at first gently, and imperceptibly, then rapidly, and almost to be felt—prepare our minds to appreciate the imposing grandeur of the objects we are about to see; just as—

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

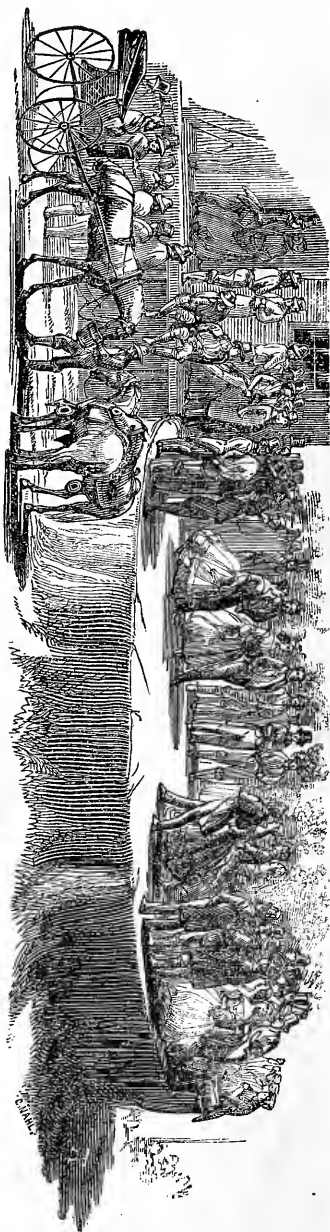
The gracefully curling smoke from the chimneys of the Big Tree Cottage, that is now visible; the inviting refreshment of the inner man; the luxurious feeling arising from bathing the hands and temples in cold clear water—especially after a ride or walk—are alike disregarded. One thought, one feeling, one emotion; that of vastness, sublimity, profoundness, pervades the whole soul; for there—*

The giant trees in silent majesty
Like pillars stand 'neath Heaven's mighty dome,
'Twould seem that perch'd upon their topmost branch,
With outstretched finger man might touch the stars;
Yet could he gain that height, the boundless sky
Were still as far beyond his utmost reach,
As from the burrowing toilers in a mine.
Their age unknown, into what depths of time
Might Fancy wander sportively, and deem
Some Monarch-Father of this grove set forth
His tiny shoot when the primeval flood
Receded from the old and changed earth:
Perhaps coeval with Assyrian kings
His branches in dominion spread; from age
To age, his sapling heirs with empires grew.
When Time those patriarchs' leafy tresses strewed
Upon the earth, while Art and Science slept,
And ruthless hordes drove back Improvement's
stream,

Their sturdy oaklings thrive, and in their turn
Rose when Columbus gave to Spain a world.
How many races, savage or refined,
Have dwelt beneath their shelter! Who shall say,
(If hands irreverent molest them not,)
But they may shadow mighty cities, reared
E'en at their roots, in centuries to come,
Till with the “Everlasting Hills” they bow,
When “Time shall be no longer!”

Before wandering further amid the wild secluded depths of this forest, it will be well that the horse and his rider should partake of some good and substantial repast—such as he will here find provided—inasmuch as it is not al-

A COTILLION PARTY OF THIRTY-TWO PERSONS DANCING ON THE STUMP OF THE MAMMOTH TREE.



* Extract from Mrs. Conner's forthcoming play of "The Three Brothers; or, the Mammoth Grove of Calaveras; a Legend of California.

ways wisest, or best, to explore the wonderful, or look upon the beautiful, with an empty stomach, especially after a bracing and appetitive ride of fifteen miles. While thus engaged let us explain some matters that we have reserved for this occasion.



VIEW OF DOUBLE BOWLING ALLEY ON TRUNK OF BIG TREE.

The Mammoth Tree Grove, then, is situated in a gently sloping, and, as you have seen, heavily timbered valley, on the divide, or ridge, between the San Antonio branch of the Calaveras river, and the north fork of the Stanislaus river; in lat. 38° north; long. $120^{\circ} 10'$ west; at an elevation of 2,300 feet above Murphy's Camp, and 4,370 feet above the level of the sea; at a distance of 97 miles from Sacramento city, and 87 from Stockton.

When specimens of this tree, with its cones and foliage, were sent to England for examination, Prof. Lindley, an eminent English botanist, considered it as forming a new genus; and, accordingly named it (doubtless with the best intentions, but still unfairly) "*Wellingtonia gigantea*;" but through the examinations of Mr. Lobb, a gentleman of rare botanical attainments, who has spent several years in California, devoting himself to this interesting and to him favorite branch of study, it is decided to belong to the *Taxodium* family, and must be referred

to the old genus *Sequoia sempervirens*; and consequently as it is not a new genus, and as it has been properly examined and classified, it is now known only among scientific men as the *Sequoia gigantea* (*sempervirens*)—and not "*Wellingtonia*" or as some good and laudably patriotic

souls would have it, to prevent the English from stealing American thunder, "*Washingtonia Gigantea*."

Within an area of fifty acres there are 103 trees of a goodly size; twenty of which exceed 25 feet in diameter at the base, and consequently are about 75 feet in circumference!

But, the repast over, let us first walk upon the "Big Tree Stump," ad-

joining the cottage. You see it is perfectly smooth, sound, and level. Upon this stump, however incredible it may seem, on the 4th of July, 32 persons were engaged in dancing four sets of cotillions at one time, without suffering any inconvenience whatever; and, besides these, there were musicians and lookers on. Across the solid wood of this stump, five and a half feet from the ground, (now the bark is removed, which was from 15 to 18 inches in thickness) it measures twenty-five feet, and with the bark twenty-eight feet. Think for a moment; the stump of a tree exceeding nine yards in diameter, and sound to the very center.

This tree employed five men for twenty-five days in falling it—not by chopping it down, but by boring it off with pump augers. After the stem was fairly severed from the stump, the uprightness of the tree, and breadth of its base, sustained it from falling over. To accomplish this, about two and a half days of the twenty- were spent in inse . . . wcdgcs, and



SHOWING THE CONE AND FOLIAGE OF THE MAMMOTH TREES—FULL SIZE.

then driving them in with the butts of trees, until, at last, the noble monarch of the forest was forced to tremble and then to fall, after braving "the battle and the breeze" of nearly three thousand winters. In our estimation it was a sacrilegious act; although it is possible that the exhibition of its bark among the unbelievers of the eastern part of our continent, and of Europe, may have convinced all the "Thomases" living, that we have great facts in California that must be believed, sooner or later. This is the only paliating consideration with us in this act of desecration. This noble tree was 302 feet in height, and 96 feet in circumference, at the ground. Upon the upper part of the prostrate trunk is constructed a long double bowling alley.

Now let us walk among the giant shadows of the forest to another of these wonders—the largest tree now standing—which from its immense size, two breast-like protuberances on one side, and the number of small trees of the same class adjacent, has been named "The Mother of the Forest." In the summer of 1854 the bark was stripped from this tree by Mr. George Gale, for purposes of exhibition in the east, to the height of 116 feet; and now measures in circumference without the bark, at the base, 84 feet; twenty feet from base, 69 feet; seventy feet from base, 43 feet 6 inches; one hundred and sixteen feet from base, and up to the bark 39 feet 6 inches. The full circumference at base, including bark, was 90 feet.

Its height is 321 feet. The average thickness of bark was 11 inches, although in places it was about two feet. This tree is estimated to contain 537,000 feet of sound inch lumber. To the first branch it is 137 feet. The small black marks upon the tree indicate points where $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. auger holes were bored, into which rounds were inserted, by which to ascend and descend while removing the bark. At different distances upward, especially at the top, numerous dates, and names of visitors, have been cut. It is contemplated to construct a circular stairway around this tree. While the bark was being removed a young man fell from the scaffolding—or rather out of a descending noose—at a distance of 79 feet from the ground, and escaped with a broken limb. We were within a few yards of him when he fell, and were agreeably surprised to discover that he had not broken his neck.

A short distance from the above lies the prostrate and majestic body of the "Father of the Forest," the largest tree of the entire group, half buried in the soil. This tree measures in circumference at the roots, 110 feet. It is 200 feet to the first branch, the whole of which is hollow, and through which a person can walk erect. By the trees that were bro-

where it was broken off by striking against another large tree, it is eighteen feet in diameter. Around this tree stand the graceful yet giant trunks of numerous other trees, which form a family circle and make this the most imposing scene in the whole grove. From its immense size, and the number of trees near, doubtless originated the name. Near its base is a never failing spring of cold and delicious water.

Let us not linger here too long but pass on to "The Husband and Wife," a graceful pair of trees that are leaning with apparent affection against each other. Both of these are of the same size, and measure in circumference, at the base, about 60 feet; and in height are about 252 feet.

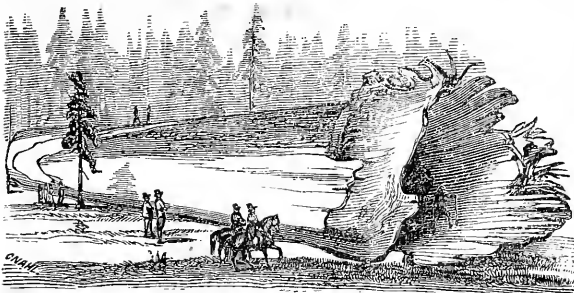
A short distance further is "The Burnt tree," which is prostrate and hollow from numerous burnings, in which a person can ride on horseback for 60 feet. The estimated height of this tree when standing was 330 feet, and its circumference 97 feet. It now measures across the roots 39 feet, 6 inches.

"Hercules," another of these giants, is 95 feet in circumference and 320 feet high. On the trunk of this tree is cut the name of *I. M. Wooster, June, 1850*, so that it is possible this person may some day claim precedence to Mr. Dowd in this great discovery; at all events it was through the latter named that the world became acquainted with the grove.

There are many other trees of this grove that claim a passing notice; but inasmuch as they very much resemble

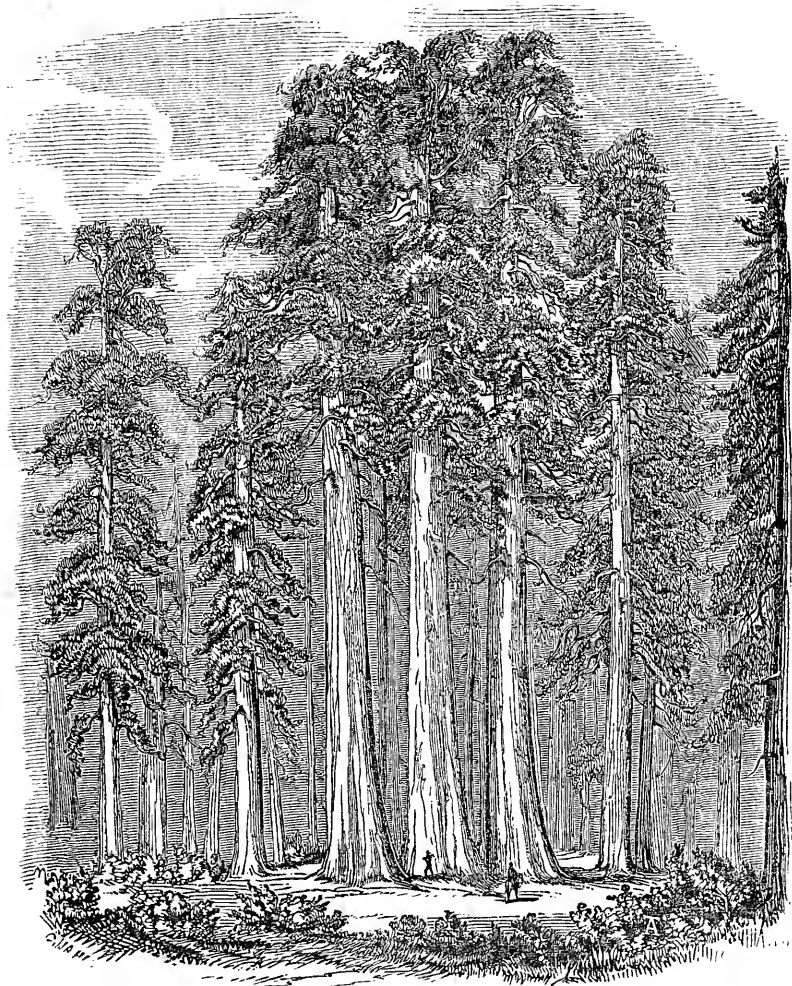
each other we shall only mention them briefly.

The "Hermit," a lonely old fellow, is 318 feet in height and 60 feet in circum-



VIEW OF THE "FATHER OF THE FOREST."

ken off when this tree bowed its proud head, in its fall, it is estimated that when standing it could not be less than 435 feet in height. 300 feet from the roots, and



THE "THREE GRACES."

ference; exceedingly straight and well formed.

The "Old Maid," a stooping, broken topped, and forlorn looking spinster of the big tree family, is 261 feet in height, and 59 feet in circumference.

As a fit companion to the above, though at a respectful distance from it, stands the dejected-looking "Old Bachelor." This tree, as lonely and as solitary as the former, is one of the roughest, bark-rent

specimens of the big trees to be found. In size it rather has the advantage of the "Old Maid," being about 298 feet in height, and 60 feet in circumference.

Near to the "Old Bachelor" is the "Pioneer's Cabin," the top of which is broken off about 150 feet from the ground. This tree measures 33 feet in diameter; but as it is hollow, and uneven in its circumference, its average will not be quite equal to that.

The "Siamese Twins," as their name indicates, with one large stem at the ground, form a double tree about forty-one feet upwards. These are each 300 feet in height.

Near to them stands the "Guardian," a fine-looking old tree, 320 feet in height, by 81 feet in circumference.

The "Mother and Son" form another beautiful sight, as side by side they stand. The former is 315 feet in height, and the latter 302 feet. Unitedly, their circumference is 93 feet.

The "Horseback Ride" is an old, broken, and long prostrate trunk, 150 feet in length, hollow from one end to the other, and in which, to the distance of 72 feet, a person can ride on horseback. At the narrowest place inside, this tree is 12 feet high.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is another fanciful name, given to a tree that is hollow, and in which twenty-five persons can be seated comfortably, (not, as a friend at our elbow suggests, in each others laps, perhaps!) This tree is 305 feet in height, and 91 feet in circumference.

The "Pride of the Forest" is one of the most beautiful trees of this wonderful grove. It is well-shaped, straight, and sound; and, although not quite as large as some of the others, it is nevertheless a noble-looking member of the grove, 275 feet in height, and 60 feet in circumference.

The "Beauty of the Forest" is similar in shape to the above, and measures 307 feet in height, and 65 feet in circumference.

The "Two Guardsmen" stand by the roadside at the entrance of the "clearing," and near the cottage. They seem to be the sentinels of the valley. In height, these are 300 feet; and in circumference, one is 65 feet, and the other 69 feet.

Next, though last in being mentioned, not least in gracefulness and beauty, stand the "Three Sisters"—by some

called the "Three Graces"—one of the most beautiful groups (if not *the* most beautiful,) of the whole grove. Together, at their base, they measure in circumference 92 feet, and in height they are equal, and each measure nearly 295 feet.

By permission of the gifted authoress of the new play to which we have before referred, we make the following quotation:—

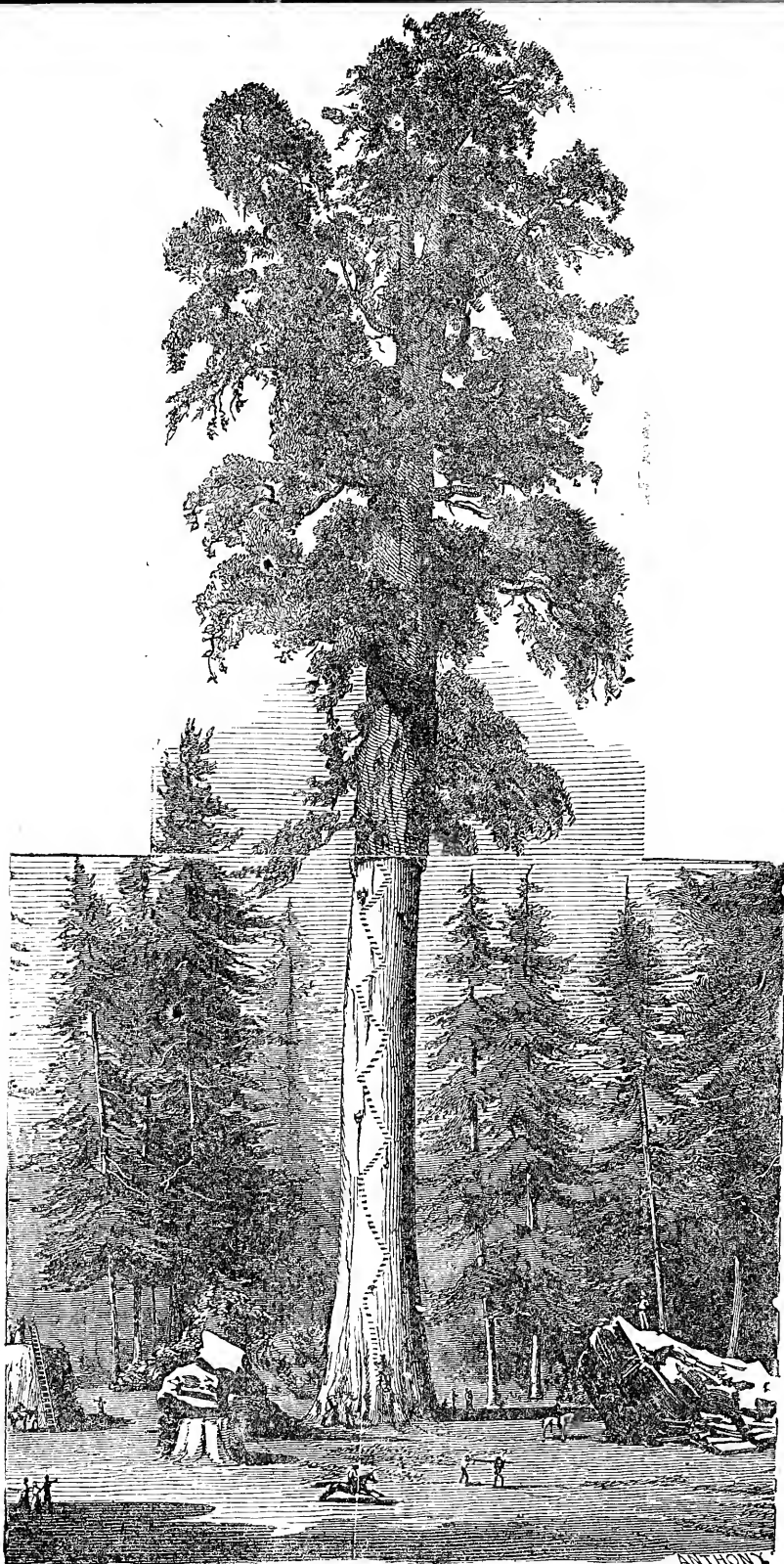
SEMANTHE—*Speaking to AGNES.*

Thy brothers oft remind me
Of those three trees in that stupendous grove
On which we gazed in wonder; three, alike
In height, bulk, form—symmetrical and tall.
Their stems, unsinuous, rise aloft towards Heaven,
And pierce the font-like clouds that shower down
Nature's baptismal blessing on the earth,
As if to gaze upon the dwelling place
Of Him who bade them grow as witnesses
Of His creative glory. And the three,
Alike protecting, shade the tender plants,
That nestle at their base:—like thee, dear Agnes.

Many of the largest of these trees have been deformed and otherwise injured, by the numerous and large fires that have swept with desolating fury over this forest, at different periods. But a small portion of decayed timber, of the Taxodium genus, can be seen. Like other varieties of the same species, it is less subject to decay, even when fallen and dead, than other woods.

Respecting the age of this grove there has been but one opinion among the best informed botanists, which is this—that each concentric circle is the growth of one year; and as nearly three thousand concentric circles can be counted in the stump of the fallen tree, it is correct to conclude that these trees are nearly three thousand years old. "This," says the *Gardener's Calendar*, "may very well be true, if it does not grow above two inches in diameter in twenty years, which we believe to be the fact."

Could those magnificent and venerable forest giants of Calaveras county be gifted with a descriptive historical tongue, we could doubtless learn of many wonderful changes that have taken place in California within the last 3,000 years!



Until the fall of 1855, the grove we have just described was considered the only one to be found in the State, of the same variety; but, at the time alluded to, Mr. J. E. Clayton, while running the survey of a canal for Col. Fremont, discovered another grove of mammoth trees; and which, in 1857, were visited, and described in the following manner, by Colonel Warren, of the "California Farmer":—

The first tree we measured was "Rambler," and measuring it three and a half feet from the ground, found it eighty feet in circumference; close at the ground, one hundred and two feet, and, carefully surveyed, two hundred and fifty feet high. Tree No. 2, nearly fifty feet in circumference. No. 3, (at the spring,) ninety feet, three and a half feet from the ground, one hundred and two at the ground, and three hundred feet high. Nos. 4 and 5 we call the sisters, measuring eighty-two and eighty-seven feet in circumference, and two hundred and twenty-five feet high. Many of the trees had lost portions of their tops by the storms that had swept over them. After measuring the first five trees, we divided our company, two taking the southeast direction, and two with myself the northerly, and keeping record of each tree measured, which resulted as follows:—

The whole number measured was one hundred and fifty-five, and these comprise but about half the group, which we estimate cover about two to three hundred acres, and lie in a triangular form. Some of the trees first meet your view in the vale of the mountain; thence rise south-easterly and north-westerly, till you find yourself gazing upon the neighboring points, some ten miles from you, whose tops are still covered with their winter snows. The following are the numbers and measurement of the trees,

1 tree, 102 feet in circumference; 1 tree 97 feet; 1 tree, 92 feet; 3 trees, each 76 feet; 1 tree, 72 feet; 3 trees, each 70 feet; 1 tree 68 feet; 1 tree, 66 feet; 1 tree, 63 feet; 3 trees, each 63 feet; 2 trees, each 60 feet; 1 tree, 59 feet; 1 tree, 58 feet; 3 trees, each 57 feet; 1 tree, 56 feet; 3 trees, each 55 feet; 2 trees, each 54 feet; 1 tree, 53 feet; 1 tree, 51 feet; 4 trees, each 50 feet; 6 trees, each 49 feet; 5 trees, each

48 feet; 2 trees, each 47 feet; 3 trees, each 46 feet; 2 trees, each 45 feet; 1 tree, 44 feet; 2 trees, each 43 feet; 2 trees, each 42 ft; 1 tree, 40 ft; 1 tree, 35 ft; 2 trees, each 36 ft; 2 trees, each 32 ft; 1 tree, 28 ft; 2 trees, each 100 feet; 1 tree, 82 feet; 1 tree, 80 feet; 2 trees, each 77 feet; 1 tree, 76 feet; 3 trees, each 75 feet; 1 tree, 64 feet; 4 trees, each 65 feet; 2 trees, each 63 feet; 1 tree, 61 feet; 10 trees, each 60 feet; 3 trees, each 59 feet; 1 tree each from 58 down to 52 feet; 2 trees, each 51 feet; 6 trees, each 50 feet; 1 tree, 49 feet; 1 tree, 47 feet; 1 tree, 46 feet; 2 trees, each 45 feet; 1 tree, 43 feet; 7 trees, each 44 feet; 4 trees, each 42 feet; 3 trees, each 41 feet; 8 trees, each 40 feet,

Some of these were in groups of three, four, and even five, seeming to spring from the seeds of one cone.

Several of these glorious trees we have, in association with our friend, named. The one near the spring we call the Fountain Tree, as it is used as the source of the refreshment. Two trees measuring ninety and ninety-seven feet in circumference, were named the Two Friends.

The groups of trees which we measured consisted of many of peculiar beauty and interest. One of those which measured one hundred feet in circumference, was of exceeding gigantic proportions, and towering up three hundred feet, and yet a portion of its top, where it apparently measured ten feet in diameter, had been swept off by storms. While we were measuring this tree, a large eagle came and perched upon it, emblematical of the grandeur of this forest as well as that of our country. The cones that lay in masses beneath this tree were twelve and eighteen inches long, [1] and some of them longer. Near by it stood a smaller tree that seemed a child to it, yet it measured forty-seven feet in circumference. Not far from it was a group of four splendid trees, 250 feet high, which we named the Four Pillars, each over fifty feet in circumference. Two gigantic trees, measuring seventy-five and seventy-seven feet, were named Washington and Lafayette; these were noble trees. Another group of these we called The Graces, from their peculiar beauty. One mighty tree that had fallen by fire and burned out, and into which we walked for a long distance, we found to be the abode of the grizzly: there he had made his nest, and it excited the nerves to enter so dark an abode. Yet it was a fitting place for a grizzly.

Another tree, measuring eighty feet, and standing aloof, was called the Lone Giant; It went heavenward some three hundred feet. Another monster tree that had fallen and been burned out hollow has been recently tried, by a party of our friends, just riding, as they fashionably do in the saddle, through the tunnel of the tree. These friends rode through this tree, a distance of 153 feet, and the same feat can be done now. The tree has been long fallen, and measured, ere its bark was gone, and its sides charred, over a hundred feet in circumference, and probably 350 feet in height.

The mightiest tree that has yet been found, now lies upon the ground, and fallen as it lies, it is a wonder still; it is charred, and time has stripped it of its heavy bark, and yet as we measured it across the butt of the tree as it lay upturned, it measured thirty-three feet without its bark, and there can be no question that in its vigor, with its bark on and upright, it measured forty feet in diameter, or one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Only about one hundred and fifty feet of the trunk remains, yet the cavity where it fell, is still a large hollow beyond the portion burned off; and upon pacing it, measuring from the root 120 paces, and estimating the branches, this tree must have been four hundred feet high. This tree we believe to be the largest tree yet discovered, and this forest we claim as the *Parent Forest of the World*.

No description we can give could convey to our readers the wonder and awe with which one is impressed, when standing beneath these giant trees; a feeling creeps upon you of inexpressible reverence for these trees, and one does not wish to speak aloud, but rather be silent and think. Man here feels his own nothingness, and his soul, unbidden, breaths that hymn—"Be thou O God exalted high,"—and praise rises from the heart to the lips spontaneously. No one, it seems to us, can enter this grove and not acknowledge the Deity and do him reverence. Would we had time and space to speak more of this wonderful Forest. We do not wish to take aught from our Calaveras friends, but if they will go and see this, they will cheerfully yield the palm, both in size and numbers.

Kneel at this simple altar, and the God, Who hath the living waters, shall be there.

N. F. WILLIS.

MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

The American stone-cutter has engraved many illustrious names on pillars uplifted by national gratitude. The builders have built none too high; nor have they wrought unworthily in rearing magnificent structures for the apotheosis of heroes who look haughtily down from the heights of fame on aspiring palace and humble cottage. Let every stone that lifts the statue of WASHINGTON a cubic nearer the clouds be blessed by all the United People; and let every sand-grain that may fall from his monuments be reverently carried to a holy place in the great temple of Liberty, by pilgrims who come up in succeeding centuries to behold the stupendous pillar reared by sons of the hero's compatriots.

But, reverencing the world-renowned, let not the nation be unmindful of the brave men whose names and fame were buried in the soldier's shallow grave. The monument of their works aspires before the reverent gaze of nations, like a frosted promontory in the sun; their flesh may have been the banquet of turbulent wolves or clamorous crows. Their bones may have been jostled by the plow-share of advancing pioneers; their histories may have failed of translation from the tattered records of the camp, but their arms helped to upraise the proud signal of victory, that now flaunts over the St. Lawrence and streams out from the cliffs of Mendocino.

I have wished for capacity to persuade the building of a national monument to "*The Unknown Dead*," who bequeathed us the heritage of Liberty. Let us construct at the Republican Capital, a chaste column, which shall bear no other inscription, and by which foreigners may stand, in after time, and learn from tradition that Americans, immortalizing the

illustrious by statue and commemorative structure, were not forgetful of the humbler soldier whose blood was the first baptism of the new republic. Let it be an indestructible landmark of our national existence, deep founded and strong cemented, that the antiquary of uncomputed future time may look up, wondering, at the mysterious inscription by forgotten generations. Sodder each particle to its fellow so inseparably, that after every ruin of our magnificent Capitol shall have been removed, men may still wonder at the marvellous art of the builders who wrought upon that last vestige of their age.

Women have gone to recover the Columbian Sepulchre; she who, first of mortals, thought of the neglected tomb of Palestine, has been earliest to enter the crumbling walls of a national shrine to uphold its tottering fragments. And, as the angel went before, to unlock the holier portals, Oratory stepped from the forum and with his sturdier arm thrust a hook among the briars and poisonous weeds that shed their venomous tears about the door. Even Infancy, exhorted by mothers patriotic as the wives of Lacedæmons, emptied his scant treasury, to replace a pebble in the sacred walls. May not the husbands, and brothers, and sons, of these hero-worshipping women go out to the fields "made red with victory," and, taking, each, a stone consecrated by patriot blood, therewith form a monument whose silent presence shall declare, forever, that man of this age, having honored the renowned with costly obelisk and mausolean splendor, remembered the poor soldier whose record dropped from among the "immortal names that were not born to die." Would that a monumental remembrance could ascend till its capital grew gray in the chaste embrace of morning heralds, while night yet lingered at its base.

Weaverville, Feb., 22d, 1859.

RELICS OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

There stand the two old elm trees,
That grew before the door;
In which the birds are singing,
Their sunny song of yore.

And o'er the shaded pathway,
The rows of lilacs meet;
And long rank grass is waving,
Where trod the children's feet.

And troops of singing swallows,
Are circling overhead,
Above where stood the homestead,
With its low walls, brown and red,

The babbling brook in the orchard,
Still sings the same old song;
As it dances and leaps in the sunshine,
O'er the step-stones all day long.

And the well step-stones curb, worn and mossy,
And the water-trough by its side;
And the pool where the geese came at morning,
And the cattle at even tide.

The spot where we children sported,
And sent our ships to sea;
Richer far than old Castilian merchants,
With their homebound argosy.

And the place where the bees lived in summer,
And in the soft June hours,
Came laden with honied treasures,
From the riffled garden flowers.

And the sheep cot in the meadow,
And the spot by the green hill's side,
Where the lambs used to frolic and gambol,
From morning to eventide.

These, these now are all that is left me,
On the green earth's sunny side,
Of the spot where my mother loved me—
The home where my father died.

CORTEZ AND THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JAMES LINEN.

ETYMOLOGISTS differ about the derivation of the name "California." Whether it be from the two Latin words *calida fornax*, or from *caliente fornalla*, in the Spanish language, or whether it owes its origin "to some words spoken by the Indians, and misunderstood by the Spaniards," as Michael Venegas verily believes, is a matter so very unimportant, that I shall leave it for the curious to investigate at their leisure.

Lower California was discovered in 1534, by Zimenes, a native of Biscay. He was pilot of the expedition which left Tehuantepec, under the command of Grixalva and Mendoza. After sailing about three hundred leagues northward, the former returned to New Spain, and the latter, in consequence of the severity of his discipline, was murdered by his mutinous crew. Commanded by Zimenes, the voyage of discovery was continued, until he moored his vessel in the Bay of Santa Cruz, as it was called at that time. It is now known as *La Paz*, and is located on the western side of the Gulf of California. Its name would indicate a place of peace. The Indians, through some cause of provocation, killed Zimenes and twenty of his followers. Terrified, and without a leader, the rest of the Spaniards speedily weighed anchor, and returned to their homes.

The restless and ambitious Cortez, panting for new kingdoms to conquer, and dissatisfied with the result of the expedition, in the following year fitted out three ships at Tehuantepec, and personally joined the daring spirits that were enlisted in his service, when they reached the port of Chiametla. The presence of the great Chief, who, during the previous fifteen years, had made the world ring with the glory of his name, inspired his

followers with unqualified confidence in their success. The vessels were amply provided with everything necessary for colonizing purposes. In his retinue he had four hundred Spaniards, and three hundred negro slaves. There were soldiers to fight, if required, and hardy emigrants to settle and cultivate the soil. There were also holy fathers, to administer consolation to the wretched, and to pray for and enlighten the benighted savages of California in the mysteries of the Gospel. He circumnavigated the Gulf, and imperfectly explored it. For a long time afterwards, it was known as the *Sea of Cortez*. It was also called the Red Sea (*Mar Roxo*), either on account of its shape resembling so much the one that separates Asia from Africa, or because the Rio Colorado, or Red River, flowing into it at the northern point, discolors its waters. Cortez discovered that the barren land, where his countrymen were slain, was a peninsula, and not an island, as it was hitherto supposed to be. He was tossed about the Gulf in a fearful tempest, and his frail and shattered bark was dashed against the rocks. Destruction and a watery grave seemed inevitable. Famine had thinned his ranks, disappointment had withered the hopes of his devoted followers. In the midst of appalling danger however, the Conqueror of Mexico stood undismayed. In other days he had baffled the wily and jealous Velasquez in Cuba; he had tumbled down the hideous image in the temple of Tlascasco, and placed a statue of the Holy Virgin in its stead; he had traversed deserts and mountains with his army; he had desolated provinces, and marched in triumph through hostile lands; he had removed obstacles that seemed insurmountable, and braved perils and sufferings such as rarely fall to the lot of man: he had miraculously escaped amid the yells and curses, and fury of a barbarous population; he had disregarded constitu-

ted authority and the claims of a generous hospitality; he had subjugated a mighty empire, and the monarch, Montezuma was fettered by his command; with very fear the lords of Tescuco and the princes of Tenochtitlan had trembled in his presence; he had ignominiously executed the youthful emperor Gautemozin, whose noble spirit he could not subdue; he had deluged the Aztec capital with the blood of its inhabitants, and planted the Cross upon the tops of their gloomy *teocallis*; he had plundered the palaces of the rich, and profaned the sacred temples of the gods; he had filled the regions of Anahuac with the wailings of woe, and fired the great city of the valley, so that the sky was black with the smoke of a terrible conflagration; he had overthrown the altars of a horrid superstition, and upon their ruins he had established the church of the Prince of Peace; he had been looked upon as a god amongst the Indians, and as a great chief by the Spaniards, whose orders they implicitly obeyed; but here he was in the Gulf of California the mere sport of the elements; at the mercy of a howling tempest which he could not abate, and foaming billows which he could not command. Providence spared his life. By his indomitable energy the leaky and dismantled craft was brought back to Santa Cruz, the point from which he had started in the gulf. No good end was accomplished by this fruitless expedition. He won no fresh laurels for himself, nor did he make any new contributions to science. Disappointed in this maritime enterprise, he set sail, and landing at Acapulco, he returned to Mexico, where his wife and friends had been for some months apprehensive of his safety. Two vessels in the mean time had been sent in search of him by Don Antonio de Mendoza, the lately appointed Viceroy. Notwithstanding the disasters which befel his little squadron on the Pacific coast, and though now su-

perseded in his authority as Captain General of New Spain, he lost no time after his return to the scenes of his former achievements in furnishing the necessary means to fit out three more ships, which he entrusted to the command of Ulloa.

This gallant navigator sailed in 1537, and spent two years in exploring the gulf. He found the peninsula wild and barren, and its natives wretched and naked. Subsequent attempts were made by the Viceroys of New Spain to settle the inhospitable country, but without marked success until a half century afterwards.

The Indians were just as little elevated above the brute creation, as the intellectual and refined of modern times flatter themselves to be "only a little lower than the angels." Ignorant and barbarous as they were, they soon felt their inferiority. An unwavering and untiring perseverance gradually paved the way for a respectable state of civilization. The ideas associated with a debasing idolatry gave way to a more enlightened state of society. A garrison was ultimately established at La Paz, in 1596. Missionaries in the mean time were indefatigable in their labors. In less than ten years afterwards, the first Mission was founded and others speedily followed. Amid arid wastes and barren mountains the doctrine of eternal salvation was preached to the benighted heathen. The consequence was, that the savages of Lower California in course of time were found kneeling catechumens at the altars of Christianity. The followers of the Cross have since held undisputed sway over the sterile hills and sandy plains of the peninsula. Though Cortes failed in establishing garrisons and founding missions along the shores of the gulf, the world is largely indebted to him for the zeal which he manifested in extending the blessings of civilization. He had risked his life; he had spent a princely fortune; he had pledged the costly jewels of his beautiful wife; he had reduced his magnificent establishment and involved himself in bankruptcy, and all too, for the accomplishment of the darling object of his ambition. His name will go down to the latest posterity as the greatest hero and the most remarkable man of the age in which he lived.

HOW I BECAME ATTORNEY GENERAL:

An English Tale, founded on fact.

BY ROLLING STONE.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY DIFFICULTIES.

A DULL morning in January found me sitting in my office, in the town of N——, poring despondingly over sundry unpaid bills. The examination was most unsatisfactory. No balance left at my banker's, but unmistakable balances left against me, in the books of several tradesmen of the place.

I had but lately qualified myself as an attorney, and had commenced practice in my native town, hoping that the long residence of my deceased parents there, and the large circle of acquaintance I had, might be the means of establishing a connection in my profession. After being in business for four months, I had not made twelve pounds, altogether; and, although I felt that I was gradually working into a practice, yet my slender funds were nearly exhausted, and I was loth to borrow money on the only security I could offer—the house I was in, and which I inherited from my mother.

My reverie, which was, therefore, not the most cheerful, was interrupted by the entrance of a person, who proved to be a new client. As the said client gave me the first really profitable instructions I had as yet received, and as those instructions were the means of making me acquainted with those whose fortunes I became so intimately associated with, he deserves more than a passing notice.

Mr. Bellis was an extensive baker, with whom my parents had dealt for some thirty years. He was not rich, but what is usually called “well to do in the world.” Whilst his own estimate of his character was that he was the sternest of men, and that tender feelings were the attributes of women, he was, in fact, extremely good-natured, and consequently was continually being imposed upon.

His temper, however, was irritable, and that—added to a bad habit he had of swearing—*did* sometimes lead defaulting debtors to believe that he was not a man to be trifled with.

His list of outstanding debts, nevertheless, was something to frighten an ordinary tradesman, and, periodically, in fits of indignation, he would take legal proceedings to recover them. This was the cause of his present visit, and, as he had kept quiet for the past two years, the unpaid bills had greatly accumulated.

“Now, Mr. Alfred,” said he, “I want you to go to work and recover as many of these accounts as you can. I think, at any rate, two-thirds of them are good, if managed rightly. After writing to them all, serve writs on such as don't pay, and let me hear how you get on at the end of the week.”

Having conversed a few minutes with my client, on the subject, he took his departure, and my heart felt much lightened when, glancing at the bills, I saw that the result of my instructions would put a considerable sum into my pocket.

CHAPTER II.—HOW I FELL IN LOVE.

One hundred and thirty bills, amounting to over £700, in all! It took me two days to write the letters, and a heavy draft on my purse for postage, which, in many instances, I deemed it politic to prepay.

The following Saturday found me in possession of £149, odd shillings. I went over and paid it to Mr. Bellis, less my own fees, which would enable me to defray some of my own debts.

On my return home, I found a lady waiting in the office. She was plainly yet tastefully dressed. She sat with her back to the window, and had on a thick veil. In her gloved hand she held a letter. It was one of mine.

“Mr. Vellum, I presume,” she said, as I entered. I bowed, and she con-

tinued: "We cannot pay Mr. Bellis' bill at present, sir; but if you will take my note at three months, I will leave this in your hands, as security,—but pray take care of it."

She rose, and placed a small diamond cross upon the table. Its intrinsic worth might have been some seven or eight pounds, for the gems were small. I did not like to take it, yet she seemed so agitated that I mused awhile what to do. She advanced quickly:

"Oh, do take my note; we have a little income; it is due in March; but do not apply to my mother: she is so delicate. I did not show her your letter—I dared not: excitement might kill her at present; and, as I open all her letters, I have concealed this from her."

There was something so touching in the earnestness of her tone, that I felt, I am afraid, very unlawyerlike,—at any rate, I know I could not refuse. As she sat down to write the promissory note, she lifted her veil. I positively staggered with astonishment and admiration. Tears were on her cheeks, but little did they mar her wondrous beauty; dark hazel eyes, softened by long lashes; hair, between brown and auburn, gathered in massive folds under her bonnet, shaded a face of extreme loveliness, and with the sweetest expression I had ever beheld.

Having signed the bill, she looked up, and encountered my admiring gaze. Blushing slightly, she handed me the note, which I took mechanically.

"Miss Browning," said I, "you value this cross very much; remain its custodian. It is safer in your hands than in mine." Seeing that she was about to refuse, I added, hastily and cheerfully: "Oh, if you do not meet your bill, I promise you I will again demand it of you."

"Sir," she said, "I *feel* your kindness, and take you at your word."

She hurried out, and I watched her receding figure until she had turned the corner of the street.

CHAPTER III.—MY LOVE INCREASES.

"Now, Mr. Vellum, when you've read that scrap of paper over a few times more, perhaps you'll attend to me."

I looked at the speaker, who had entered unnoticed. It was Mr. Hard, one of the closest and wealthiest tradesmen in N—, and who had attained the sobriquet of "Hard-grinder."

"Now," he continued, "I ain't come dunning you—for I know you can't pay—but Mr. Bellis says you have got some bills of his, so I've brought you three or four of mine. Perhaps I'll give you more; but you must pitch into them as has property. If they don't pay, out with a *fi. fa.* on their goods. No humbug for John Hard! I pay my debts, and people shall pay me. And, look you, draw up a conveyance of my house, in Thomas street, to my brother-in-law; there's the deeds and terms of sale, and I'll pay you with your own bill receipted up to last Saturday."

"Very well, Mr. Hard," I replied, "the conveyance will be ready on Tuesday."

"Not a bad way to get my account out of him," I heard the pleasant Mr. Hard mutter, as he descended the steps.

I felt so elated that I determined to commit the extravagance of dining at the "Greyhound," as it was now five o'clock, and the old nurse who kept house for me had asked for a holiday to visit her daughter.

Before going, I went to lock up Mr. Hard's deeds and bills, when I noticed the top one endorsed "Mrs. Browning, £4 13s. 9d." Was I to be the means of planting another thorn in the heart of that beautiful girl? No! I would return the bills to Mr. Hard on Monday.

After dinner, I reflected (over the sig-

nature of Helen Browning) that I had better see what her, or her mother's, difficulties really were; for, if I returned the accounts to the grocer, some sharp practitioner might be employed. The next morning, I wended my way to the corner of the retired street in which Mrs. Browning lived, and, watching, I saw Miss Browning emerge, and take the direction of St. Matthew's Church. I followed, and, having seen where she was seated, I placed myself near the door, and remained until church was over. I fear I was not very attentive to good Dr. Duncan, an old and valued friend of my mother's, but thought the blessing the pleasantest part of the service.

At the gate I encountered Miss Browning, and, bowing, followed her out of the crowd. I then hastened up to her, and, addressing her, said:

"Miss Browning, pray pardon me, but your account, yesterday, of the state of your mother's health, has so far interested me in your affairs as to lead me to come and seek you here, to-day. Now, do not be alarmed, but Mr. Hard has instructed me to recover the amount of his bill, and, if you could favor me with an interview, at your convenience, to-morrow, I may perhaps be able to make some arrangements satisfactory to you."

When first I spoke, she looked hurt; but when I adroitly mentioned that her mother's health was the cause of the interest I felt, she smiled gratefully.

"As you are so kind," she replied, "would you call at any time before noon, to-morrow? Mamma does not leave her room. I hardly like to ask you; but—but—"

"But," I interrupted, "you do not like to leave the house more than you can help, while your mother is ill. You are quite right. I have business in this neighborhood at half-past nine; at ten I will have the pleasure of waiting upon you."

Thus, I made her mother's health again the means of saving her the embarrassment of acknowledging that calling, herself, on a young lawyer, and a bachelor, was to be avoided, if possible.

CHAPTER IV.—HELEN'S DIFFICULTIES.

The following day, punctually at the appointed time, I approached Mrs. Browning's modest home. I found Miss Browning watching for me, so that the door was opened before I had time to knock. She led the way into a small room, very plainly, but very neatly furnished. Some beautifully-executed landscapes, in water-colors, with varnished frames, adorned the walls. While Miss Browning went for her desk, I examined them critically. I am a tolerable painter, myself, for an amateur, and passionately fond of the art. I observed the initials "H. B." in the corners—an evidence of the fair lady's talent in an accomplishment I so much admired.

On Miss Browning's return, she went into a detail of their circumstances, saying, frankly, that she wanted my advice. I found that they had an income of about £80 a year, and that Helen increased it about £50, by giving lessons in music, drawing and painting, to several families—Dr. Duncan's among the rest. The long illness of Mrs. Browning, however, with the necessary expenses of medical attendance, and a lengthened visit to Leamington, had completely drained their resources for the last few months. Her mother was now convalescent, and Miss Browning thought that, by economy, they could soon recover themselves, if their creditors did not press them. She volunteered a list of debts, amounting to about £40, while their last quarter's rent was yet unpaid; and, in a few days, another quarter's would be due.

I promised to visit the creditors, and see what arrangements could be made. By speaking thus hopefully, I succeeded

in somewhat easing her anxieties. With a woman's fine perception of the amenities of social life, and perhaps a sense of thankfulness for the evident kindness of my intentions, she led the conversation, for a while, to other subjects, and displayed an amount of information and a degree of refinement that increased, if possible, the admiration I already had for her.

On taking my leave, which I did shortly afterwards, I went direct to Dr. Duncan, and confided all the circumstances to him; nor did I disguise from him the feelings with which Miss Browning had inspired me.

"Few could see Helen Browning," replied the clergyman, "without loving her; and she is, indeed, worthy of admiration and esteem, I only became acquainted with her about twelve months ago, when she and her mother came to N—, and became attendants at my church. I visited them, and they returned the call. Finding that Helen wanted engagements, I succeeded in getting her some pupils; my own two girls also took lessons from her. I have suspected their difficulties, but, with my limited stipend, I am unable to assist them, and they are too proud to complain. They have discharged their only servant, and I observe that Helen's hands are not quite so delicate as they used to be. The household work does not improve their beauty. Would to God I could help them! but, at any rate, let me know what the creditors say."

CHAPTER V.—THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER.

After my interview with Dr. Duncan, I called on the several tradesmen, leaving Mr. Bellis to the last. It was late in the evening when I entered his parlor. I explained to him the affairs of the ladies, and told him how I had arranged, in the first instance, with regard to his claim. He asked to see the note which

Miss Browning had given me, and quickly lighted his pipe therewith.

"I had fancied that they were extravagant," said he—"d—n the bill! How the smoke gets in a fellow's eyes!"

I rose to go.

"Sit still," quoth Bellis; "you ain't in such a hurry." For two minutes he never spoke, and then, looking up, abruptly inquired: "What do the others say?"

I told him that Hard and the butcher were determined to press matters, as, by being first in the field, they might secure their money; but that the others were reasonable, and I apprehended no further difficulty.

Another pause ensued, and then, throwing his pipe into the grate, Mr. Bellis turned full on me, exclaiming:

"You're not fit for a lawyer—too tender-hearted—or else you're in love with the girl. Now, don't look cross; I don't mean any harm. Come here at nine, in the morning—don't forget. I'm going out now. Good night!"

I laid awake long that night. How to manage Hard and the butcher was the question. The excitement made me feel really ill, and, two or three times, I rose, and paced the chamber, revolving in my mind how it would be possible to raise the requisite funds to quiet them. To do so in some way, even if I had to mortgage my house, I was resolved.

While sitting over my breakfast, next morning, for I felt little inclined to eat, the post brought me a letter from Manchester, in a legal handwriting. It was from my old master's head clerk, now a partner, and ran as follows:

"DEAR VELLUM:—Mr. Hearne died last night. You know that you were a favorite of his, and you must attend his funeral on Thursday. Secrets out of office should not be told, but you will be no loser by his death. I asked Mr. Sepplings if he had lately heard of you, and he told me that he had seen Hard, of

your town, who informed him that you were doing nothing, and could not pay his bills; so, as you are probably short of funds, I enclose you £20, which, I assure you, you can easily repay in a few days. If you want more, you can have it.

Yours, truly,

“WALTER QUILL.”

To say that I was anything but delighted, at this information, would be false. It was certainly unchristian, but I did not regret Mr. Hearne, and was thankful for this wind-fall. We are the creatures of circumstance. If I was a favorite of Mr. Hearne's, I had certainly never before discovered it, and, unquestionably, he was no favorite of mine. With him, law was law—justice and equity were as nothing—chicanery was his study, and quibbles his delight.

In a state of mind, then, far from distressed, I took my way to Mr. Bellis'; the moment he saw me he became highly excited. His first salutation, on my entering, was:

“Now, sir, attend to me; I went last night to Hard and the butcher, and told them a d—d lie! I said that Mrs. Browning had given me a £10 note, and, as I had no change, had asked me to pay their accounts, and send her the balance. I've the bills here—see here, sir, don't stop me; for three months this bill has

been for such things as sago, arrowroot, port wine, strawberry jams, currant jellies, tea, and coffee,—all that has been for the invalid. The butcher's bill, for the same time, reads thus: ‘*One chop; one cutlet; one chop; one chop; shins of beef, for soup,*’—clearly for her mother. There's more than items of *goods* in these bills, sir,—there's items of *duty*, items of *affection*, items of *self-denial*, sir; Lord, Lord! that I should have distressed the young lady with your letter about *my bill!*”

I informed Mr. Bellis of the communication which I had received from Manchester, and he handed me ten pounds, begging that I would allow him to assist in freeing the ladies from their embarrassments.

In a very short time I was closeted with Dr. Duncan, who agreed to negotiate the matter to the best of his ability. He dispatched his boy with a note, requesting Miss Browning to step over, as he desired to see her particularly, and would not detain her long.

I followed the boy, managed to meet Helen as she left the house, and told her I would let her know how things could be arranged next day.

[*Concluded next month.*]

'T WAS BUT A DREAM.

BY J. P. C.

'T WAS but a dream. Methought that I was straying,
'Neath smiling skies in southern climes, with thee;
Light, fitful breezes through the groves were playing,
And fragrant blossoms crowned the orange tree—
'Twas but a dream!

Roving, we went through shady groves and bowers,
Through beauteous halls, bedecked with lavish pride;
Laughing away the bright and careless hours
'Mid varied joys—still joyous—side by side—
'Twas but a dream!

Now, amid scenes of day—the bright sun glancing—
 Now, 'neath the silvery radiance of the moon—
 And now, by the flashing lamps, we two were dancing,
 To the blithe music of the lit saloon—
 'Twas but a dream!

What joy to feel, while thus I lingered near thee,
 The bliss of being loved—of loving thee!
 To meet thy glance—to touch thy hand—to hear thee
 Echo my every thought! Ah! woe is me!—
 'Twas but a dream!

For, lo! methought, as those bright hours went floating,
 Like waves upon a summer's sea at play,—
 Nor thou, nor I, their dreamy fleetness noting—
 They bore me from thy tranced glance away—
 'Twas but a dream!

And I was left, at last, so sad and weary—
 Filled with a nameless and unbidden dread—
 'Midst scenes that grew as desolate and dreary
 As the deserted mansions of the dead—
 'Twas but a dream!

Aye, 'twas a dream, a vision, that had bound me—
 An *ignis fatuus* that had flashed and gone—
 For, when the morn unsealed my eyes, it found me
 Far, far from thee, unhappy and alone!—
 'Twas but a dream!

[Continued from page 228.]

"DOINGS" OF '51. — CHAPTER V.
 IS SHORT, AND ENDS WITH THE REWARD
 OF KINDNESS.

It was nearly noon of that day, and I had made good progress in my work; the perspiration was rolling down my face, and I was beginning to feel somewhat tired, when I heard my name spoken. Looking up, I saw Amos and a stranger standing on the bank. I was glad to have an excuse for resting, and, at the request of Amos, I climbed up out of the hole; and this was what he wanted: The stranger was an officer, who had arrested him the previous night for kicking up a muss generally, and confined him all night in a log house. He had his trial, was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars, or "be taken

to the same place from whence he was taken," and remain there in durance vile for the period of ten days. Being destitute of funds, he wanted to borrow the amount of me.

"But how did it happen?" I asked. "You were never quarrelsome, that I knew of"

"No, I am not quarrelsome—this was how it happened: Last night, when I was ready to go to bed, I went to the place where we slept the night before, and found a fellow in my bunk—covered with my blankets. I asked him very civilly to get out; he refused, and I helped him to the floor; then he struck me, and I knocked him down; then the landlord came in with one or two others, and abused me, and I whipped them all. After a while, I was arrested, and here I am; I don't know any one about here

but you, and if you will get me out of this, I will repay you within the week, for I have a chance to work, commencing to-morrow, at six dollars a day.”

“Amos,” I replied, “all the money I have in the world is twenty-five dollars. True, I have a claim—a good one, I believe,—but, whether it is or not, one thing is certain: you shall not go to jail, if I can help it, so here’s the money.”

I have already told how I first met Amos, and this was the way I last parted with him. I have never seen him since. Afterwards, when I was lying helpless in the attic of the garden house, with none but strangers about me—when I was destitute of every comfort, and relentless Death stood ready at the door, waiting to open it and let me pass,—Amos was in Sonora; then he had money. I sent for him to come; my messenger saw him, and pleaded with him; but he came not, nor sent me a cheering word—a victim to the fascinations of the gaming-table, his finer feelings blunted by dissipation, he left me to live or die—what mattered it to him?

CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINS A WARNING—SHOWS WHAT I BOUGHT—AND GIVES THE READER ANOTHER LOOK AT MAC.

During the afternoon of the same day, while working away like a good fellow, I saw old Hall standing upon the bank above me, and heard him mutter something, the tenor of which I failed to catch. At night, after work, as I was washing in the creek, I was startled at the rustling of some bushes near by. I looked round, and again saw him standing a few paces from me.

“So,” said he, “you wouldn’t take an old man’s advice, eh? they told you he was crazy, did they?—but mark what I say: *there’s a curse on all connected with this garden!* For your own sake, I tell you to go—leave here—or you will rue

the day you came to dwell among such infernals!”

He did not appear excited; on the contrary, his demeanor was terribly calm. I listened in stupid amazement, and, ere I could collect my thoughts to reply, he was gone. “Sure enough,” thought I, “he *is* mad!”

For several days after this, nothing of importance occurred. I had become well acquainted with my partners, and soon learned to like them. They seemed as well pleased with me, and I found nothing to complain of, save the midnight orgies which I have mentioned before, and these I endured because the boys told me I would get used to it after a while.

By noon of the fourth day, we had completed “topping off,” and the remainder of the day was devoted to shifting and setting the “tom,” repairing the water-course, and making general preparations to wash the “pay dirt.” The next day, when the horn sounded for dinner, I dropped my pick, and, as usual after work, proceeded to the creek, for the purpose of washing. I was surprised that the boys tarried in the claim; and, on returning, I walked up through the “tail race,” to ascertain the cause of their detention, when, in a bend, just before reaching the “tom,” I became aware of their being in earnest conversation; and, hearing my name spoken, I paused, and this is the substance of what I heard:

“Well,” said a voice I knew to be Armstrong’s, “it’s no use talking; the gold’s not here, or, if it is, there is too much dirt mixed with it to pay for the trouble of getting it; here we have, six of us, worked since early morning, and there is not two dollars in the tom, and it’s as good-looking gravel as I ever saw in my life.”

“Such pretty pockets, too,” said another.

“Yes, and the bed-rock looks so well,”

chimed in Henry; "it's very strange it don't pay; but, from present appearances, this will be no better than the last piece we stripped."

"Hi'm sorry for that young chap," said old Hughes, a regular John Bull, a tough old knot, and a sound one, at that; "hit's really too bad; and, if hi'd a knowed wot Mac was hup to, hi'd a told hon'im—wouldn't you, Harmstrong?"

"Why, you see," replied Armstrong, "Mac and I had a talk about the claim, and I told him that, if he could find any one up town who would buy, my share was for sale, and I would be satisfied with whatever he could get; and so, when he brought Doings down here, I thought it was my share, he was a-going to sell."

"Did you?" asked Henry; "why, I made the very same arrangements about mine!"

"And so did I!" shouted Banks.

Then I heard exclamations from all hands, and boisterous laughter, and old Hughes said: "Wot a coincidence!" and then they laughed again, and Armstrong added: "He sold us all, but he sold Doings worse."

I did not wait to hear more, but instantly advanced, and stood among them. Conversation at once ceased; they were dumb. Armstrong engaged himself in trying to crush a pebble on the rock with his heel; Banks made himself very busy pulling a boot on; Henry took a handful of gravel, which he picked over with his fingers, and looked as if he expected to find a specimen; old Hughes had one boot and one sock off; the latter, although apparently dry, he commenced to wring with great violence.

I did not speak, at first, for I was thinking what to say, when Henry, looking up, asked in the coolest possible manner if I had been to dinner.

"Gentlemen," said I, with as much dignity as I could muster, "I have not

dined. I have been standing there in the bend, an accidental eaves-dropper; I listened to your conversation, because, as it so nearly concerned me, I thought I had a right to do so. I have heard much, and now wish to know all—I demand of you an explanation; I wish you to tell me, and tell me truly: have I been swindled?"

Banks' boot was on; Henry threw the gravel away, and brushed his hands; Hughes straightened his sock, and all looked at Armstrong, expecting him to reply. He gave the pebble a finishing kick, threw out his quid of tobacco, and said:

"That's rather a hard word; I don't know whether you have been swindled or not; but, if you paid Mac what he told me you did, you paid a great deal too much; I would have been very glad to have got fifty dollars for my interest."

"What did the claim pay the week before I bought into it?"

"Not much of anything—about grub-money—in fact, it never has paid."

I sat down and told them how the claim had been represented to me. They were astonished, and told me that Mac had never worked there himself, but spent most of his time about Sonora, employing a man, whom he was then owing, to work his share in the claim. I told them of his protestations of friendship, and they denounced him in no measured terms. From that time those men were my sworn friends; they opened their big hearts, full of sympathy, to me, and promised to back me up in any revenge I thought proper to take.

After this, I seldom spoke of Mac that I did not couple his name with some uncomplimentary epithet; nor did I confine my opinion of him to our company, but spoke about him as a scoundrel any and everywhere.

We determined to give the claim a trial of another week. One evening, as

I was on my way to supper, I met old Hall. He stopped, and laid his hand upon my shoulder, as he growled out: “What did the old man tell you, eh?” and, with a wild, unearthly laugh, he passed quickly by.

Mac avoided the garden, and took particular pains to keep out of my way. I went several times to Sonora, on purpose to meet him. Frequently I heard of him as “just gone out,” but I always returned disappointed. About dark, one evening of the third week of my sojourn in the garden, I returned from a prospecting tour—for we had given up the claim. It was just supper-time, and, as I passed the table, my heart gave a sudden leap—for there sat Mac!

“The time has come!” thought I.

I walked up, and took a seat nearly opposite to him. He sat there, apparently composed, with that everlasting smile upon his lips, easily and freely conversing with those on either side of him, who were strangers to our mess; to me he gave not a look of recognizance. I sipped my tea in silence, but closely watched his every move, and caught each word he spoke. I expected an attack, and felt convinced that the strangers were there to assist him, in case of a general “muss.”

Quite a number had left the table, when Mac, pushing aside his plate, addressed Henry, who was sitting near me, saying:

“I understand that my name has been used lightly about here, and that some persons have accused me of dealing unfairly—”

“Yes,” said I, interrupting him; “it’s true: you have been called a swindler, a black-hearted scoundrel, and a villain—and it was I who called you so. I have said it publicly here, in Sonora, and in Jamestown; and I have hunted for you, that I might say it to you, personally. The opportunity has at length arrived,

and here, before these gentlemen and your friends, I pronounce you a liar, and the meanest of all thieves!”

As I uttered these words, I jumped to my feet and seized a table-knife—most deadly weapon!

He did not move, or make a demonstration of resentment; but the smile vanished from his lips, and his face became ghastly white.

“This from you!” he said; “from you, my *friend!*”

“Mac!” rejoined I, if you ever dare to use that word again—having reference to me—or couple it with my name, in my presence, I’ll spit on you. *You* my friend?—H—ll is full of such! I’ll give you another title, and see whether there’s any spirit left in you: You are a coward, and of the first water—a pusillanimous dog. What! will you bear that?”

Instead of drawing a pistol, or springing over the table, as I expected, and was prepared for, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and, leaning his elbows on the table, sobbed most lustily. All present, even his friends, hissed, and cried “Shame!” not one but expressed contempt.

“Don’t, gentlemen—don’t abuse me,” he blubbered out. “I acknowledge I wronged him. Oh, God!—my best friend, too; he’ll never forgive me. I’ll do anything you say—make every reparation—give you back your money, if I had it.”

“D—n the money!” said I; “keep it, and much good may it do you. I wish every dollar of it was a dose of slow poison, and that you were obliged to swallow one every day. I bargained with you as between man and man; the money is yours—true, you stole it; but the loss is rightly mine, for having been a fool. I feel better now that I have told you my candid opinion of you; and all I now ask is for you to keep out of my way. If you ever interfere with me or mine, I shall hold you responsible for the conse-

quences ; so stop your blubbering, and leave here—”

“ And you have just three minutes to do it in before we mob you ! ” said a voice from the little crowd which had gathered there.

The word “ mob ” startled him ; he left the premises alone, and in apparent haste—his quondam friends joining in the shouts of derision that followed.

I was, that night, the recipient of numerous congratulations—it being universally conceded that I “ was mighty saucy with the tongue, but ought to have whipped him, anyhow. ” I confess I was not much disturbed, that night, by the bacchanalian revelries ; for I myself contributed, somewhat extensively, to make “ night hideous. ” I was even guilty of an attempt to sing, which must have been a highly pleasing and intensely mellifluous effort.

For the better part of the week following, I was, in company with Armstrong, Henry, a man bearing the euphonious name of Smith, and one called Joe, engaged in prospecting. We found many places which we were satisfied would pay, provided water could be had to work with ; that being, for the present, impossible, we staked off claims, and returned to wait for the rain.

We learned, on reaching the garden, that several gentlemen had been down from Sonora to apologise and intercede for Mac. They said he wanted to come and work in the garden, but was afraid to do so without our consent ; that he sincerely regretted the past, and was desirous of living with us, that he might make some amends, and win our respect. They also stated that he knew of a place in the garden which he had good reason to believe was rich ; and, from the first gold taken out, he promised to refund, with interest, the amount I had paid him. This was all very fine talk, but the boys didn't believe it, and gave the

gentlemen a flat refusal. Mac, however, persevered in his desire to return, and personally solicited the favor of the boys whenever he met them in town. Easy good-natured McLaughlin was the first to yield to the perpetual smile of the “ confidence man, ” and finally all consented, provided he kept his own company. So down he came, bringing two men with him, to assist in opening and working his new claim ; and they actually did open one which paid handsomely. For some days, no one honored him with even a nod of recognition. When not at work, he walked quietly about, smiling upon everything and everybody, talking only with his men, and then tuning his voice so full and rich that it came to the ears of all who caught the sound like distant music. There was magic in that voice, and a mysterious fascination in that everlasting smile. Scarcely two weeks had passed since his return, and he was again on intimate and familiar terms with nearly every one.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OATH AT THE SPIRIT-SPRING, AND THE RECONCILIATION.

'Twas a beautiful, moonlight night, when, depressed in spirits, and with a feverish mind—for I was ill at ease, being “ flat broke, ” and in debt for my board, with not a prospect ahead save the hope of water soon coming to my relief,—I walked away from the house for the purpose of enjoying a few quiet thoughts alone. I wandered towards the spring, which bubbled a short distance from the road, and was hidden by a grove of elder trees, springing from the little knolls which surrounded it. I had often sat there with old Hall ; it was his favorite haunt, and he talked of the little spring as tenderly as though it were his child.

“ It's all they've left me, ” said he to me,

one evening; “they’ve taken everything but the spring, and this is mine! ’tis sacred; ’tis all that keeps the curse away. Always wash in this water—never use that of the creek. The others may reap as they sow, but you I like, and will save.” His head dropped upon his breast, and, when he looked up, big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and, with much emotion, he continued: “But they will take it—some of them will spoil it. The water-spirit will come some night, and the basin will be empty;” then, rising, his whole demeanor changed in an instant, and, with his wild, glaring eyes fixed upon the heavens, his right hand uplifted, and his voice becoming hoarse, deep and thrilling, he pronounced in solemn, measured tones: “By the spirit of the waters—by the stars that light the sky—by yonder moon—I swear that he who takes away one drop of this water from its natural source shall die! Though they kill the spring, the avenger lives. This right arm—my life—I dedicate to the water-spirit and to vengeance—I swear it!”

And there he stood, that old man, with the rough gray beard and silvered locks, clad in rags, haggard and careworn, with his gaze fixed upon the sky, and I, half sitting, half kneeling, at his feet; the little spring murmuring close beside us, and the full moon looking calmly down, while the oath went on its way to be recorded. For some moments after he had ceased speaking, he stood motionless; then, kneeling, he drank from the spring, and silently we left the spot together. After this, I knew of his being in the elders, day by day, and often the entire night, with a loaded musket; and once, when some miners commenced to dig near there, he told them that he would watch the water, and the moment it lowered in the basin, they should pay the penalty. Being well convinced that he spoke in earnest, they

abandoned the work. But, one night, the water lowered; it never came up again. The stream that fed it was cut off; the water-spirit came, and found the basin empty; the elders died, fell, and covered it up—it was the old man himself that did it.

I must now go back to the evening when I sought the elders, and sat beside the spring, to forget and dream—court- ing solitude for a solace. Sitting there, the present was to me no more, and I was happy. Visions of home came crowding on; beside me sat one who was all the world to me, and another quite as dear. I sat between the two—a mother and a sister; each held a hand of mine, and in deep communion, rich with love, we whispered, smiled, and wept—and, whispering, wept and smiled again. Happy, blest, sacred moments those, when the heart forgets its sorrows to luxuriate if but in a dream of joy.

I was aroused from my reveries by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking round, and saw Mac.

“What do you want here?” said I. “Why do you steal upon me unawares? Perhaps you are armed.”

“I am not,” he replied. “I come on a pleasant errand, and wish to say a few words to you—will you listen?”

“No—leave me; I told you never to speak to me, and my mind is still the same—I will have nothing to do with you.”

“You will at least allow me to explain before I go. I saw you come this way, and waited for your return. Tired of watching, I came here; my object was to ask you to forgive and forget the past. I acknowledge everything; I admit that I was treacherous; I do not blame you for being aggrieved and angry—but you do not know why I played you false; and, weak as you may consider my excuse, ’tis all I have to offer. Hear me out, and then, if you cannot look less

harshly upon my faults, I will never trouble you again." Seeing that I made no answer, he continued: "I was induced to gamble, and, losing all I had, borrowed, and lost again. I was not then satisfied, and swindled you to feed the passion. It is perhaps needless to say that your money went the way of the other. I played away all that I could beg or borrow, and, worse than all, sacrificed my friends. It has always been my intention to repay you, and I trust soon to be able to do so. Can you not pity my weakness, and forgive me?"

"Once again, and for all, I tell you that all negotiations, all friendship, between us, is at an end. What you have made out of me you are welcome to. Disturb me no more; I wish to be alone."

"I did not think you could be so hard-hearted. Have you no charity—no forgiveness? Must you always harbor resentment? Have you no sympathy for those who have stepped from the straight path? Do you think it impossible for one to be truly penitent? I beg and implore you to forgive me. When I see you daily so pleasant and cheerful with others, and to me ever sullen, and never speaking, it cuts me to the quick. You must forgive me, and let us be friends again. I can not endure this longer. Say what you would have me do to prove my sincerity, and I will do it—anything, everything, that man can do. Put me to the test. You cannot, must not, will not refuse me!"

The evening wind was singing through the elders; the little spring was flowing at my feet. Above, the sky was gemmed with trembling stars; before me, in the moonlight, stood the suppliant. I was silent, for there was war within me. A moment more, and my two companions of the evening were with me again. I did not see them, but I felt the pressure of their arms upon my shoulders, and

about my neck. I felt kisses upon my forehead, and gentle hands brush back my hair. It might have been imagination, or it might have been some playful breeze that kissed my brow and stirred my locks; be that as it may, I heard them say, as distinctly as ever I heard words spoken: "'Tis blessed to forgive!" I could hold out no longer, and, extending my hand, I said:

"Mac, I will try; I will endeavor to remember of the past only the pleasant places, and to think of you as I once did."

He took the proffered hand, and pressed it warmly, exclaiming:

"I thank you! 'tis all I ask, and you shall never have occasion to regret this night's work."

My heart beat lighter; I was happier; and we left the elders, arm in arm.

[*To be Continued.*]

EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

[*Continued from page 364.*]

YAWKUB could do no better than to steal to his room, where, after a little washing and a slight modification of his dress, he felt himself in proper trim to seek the parlor. To his inexpressible joy, he found it occupied alone by the cruel idol of his heart. The conversation of people in love, or who think themselves in love,—which is pretty much the same thing—is rather milk-and-waterish, at the best; and so nothing more need be said of the parlor dialogue, between Yawkub and Leenie, than that it terminated, at the end of an hour, in an excellent understanding between the parties. There was even an attempt at kissing, on the part of Yawkub, and a very faint attempt to resist him, on the part of Leenie; and, long before they parted, she had the frankness to confess that, maugre her coquetry, she had loved him,

and loved him devotedly, too, from the very first moment she saw him.

When Mr. Plunkett, Miss Doolittle, Miss Leenie, and the Lieutenant, met in the parlor, that evening, the last-named personage appeared to much better advantage than he did twenty-four hours previous. Then, he labored under the combined disadvantages of a black eye, and a fit of jealousy. Now, his eye had recovered its pristine beauty, and Leenie's confession of her love had completely cured his heart-sickness. In brief, he was a happy young gentleman. There is, perhaps, no bliss, of which the human heart is susceptible, so intense, so rapturous, as that in which the lover revels, when he feels assured that his love is returned.

"Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast—
By wealth, by valor, or by wisdom won—
The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart."

Mr. Plunkett was as instructive and didactic as usual, that evening. He, however, directed his conversation, almost exclusively, in the direction of Leenie—treating all Miss Doolittle's efforts to attract his attention with magisterial indifference. Nor did he deign to pay much heed to the observations which the Lieutenant, once or twice, had the temerity to volunteer in the presence of a man so profound in ethics and pious in sentiment. Yawkub was no fool, and he intuitively comprehended the motive of Mr. Plunkett in directing so much attention to Miss Keezil. True, she was very handsome and healthy, but she was also the heiress apparent to the Keezil estate, and Yawkub was wicked enough to attribute Mr. Plunkett's devotion to the young lady to that last item in the catalogue of her charms. He was, also, wicked enough to concoct a scheme which, he fancied, would have the effect of transferring the schoolmaster's attention from Leenie to the despised seamstress. This, he well knew, could not

be done after the same manner in which he had disposed of Barney's case—by whipping Mr. Plunkett within an inch of his life; no—it would have to be effected by stratagem, and by operating upon the most salient idiosyncrasy of that gentleman. He had but a bare opportunity, that evening, of taking Leenie into his entire confidence, and unfolding to her the plot which he had woven in the meshes of his brain; and she, no less wicked than her lover, gave her sanction to his design most cheerfully and merrily.

The next morning, Mr. Plunkett, in passing from his bed-room to the head of the staircase, saw a letter lying on the floor, which he had the curiosity to pick up. The letter was directed to "Miss Patience Doolittle, Canton, Ohio," and had evidently been read and, afterwards dropped by accident. It is painful to record a violation of social ethics on the part of a man so loudly and loquaciously moral as Mr. Plunkett, but the truth must be told. He not only opened the letter—he read it—and these were the contents:

"Stonington, July 5th, 1818.

"TO MISS PATIENCE DOOLITTLE:—We have the honor to inform you that your maternal uncle, Zephaniah Bunker, esq., departed this life on the 1st day of this current month of July. He made a will, a short time before his death, of which the senior member of our firm is executor. With the exception of a few trifling legacies to your sisters and some of your female cousins, he has bequeathed the bulk of his estate, real and personal, to you. The estate is estimated at the value of \$20,000, clear of all incumbrances. Trusting that you will favor us with your commands, we subscribe ourselves, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

I. KETCHUM,
U. CHEATHAM.

Known as the law firm of
KETCHUM & CHEATHAM."

On reading the document, and assuring himself that he was not dreaming, Mr.

Plunkett carefully placed the letter where he found it, determined to court Miss Doolittle's acquaintance in the course of the day. It is useless to waste words about such transparent matters. Before the evening of that day, Mr. Plunkett formally proffered marriage to Miss Doolittle—disinterestedly and generously waiving all inquiries as to her worldly circumstances—and was graciously accepted by that lady as an affianced husband. It is also unnecessary for me to state that the letter was a diabolical trick, a hoax, in which Patience Doolittle had no participation; and that, after Mr. Plunkett had read the letter and laid it down where he found it, it was picked up by Miss Leenie, herself, and committed to the flames in the kitchen. Mr. Plunkett was an ardent lover, and Miss Doolittle was too generous and affectionate to deny him anything; and so, with her consent, he procured a license the next day, and, the day following, was safely launched into the sea of matrimony—the ceremony being performed in the county town, by a Dutch justice of the peace, who charged therefor one dollar and a half, in shinplasters. It is recorded of Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett that their marriage was not a happy one, but, as it happened a long time ago, that circumstance is of but little consequence.

Our story is near its "finis." Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger, having whipped Barney Malone out of his way, and provided a wife for Mr. Plunkett, made a formal demand upon Mr. Michael Keezil for the hand of his daughter. The old gentleman was a good deal disconcerted, at first,—all novel propositions disconcerted him—but he had become so habituated to Leenie's management of his affairs that, without stating any objections of his own, he referred the whole matter to her disposal. As to Mrs. Keezil, neither Leenie nor her father considered it necessary to consult her wish-

es on the subject; but Yawkub thought differently, and succeeded in laying the affair before the old lady in such an agreeable light, that she not only gave her cordial consent to the match, but expressed a strong determination to dance at the wedding.

Leenie and Yawkub were married. He sold his farm, and joined his father-in-law in the management of the Keezil estate. With such a wife he could not avoid growing rich, even had he wished otherwise—which, like a sensible man, he never did—and a host of Freybergers, male and female, children and grandchildren, sprang up on the soil which old Michael Keezil had first rescued from the primeval forest. Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger (the "Lieutenant" was long since swallowed up in "General") is now a gray-headed, active old man, and has been a man of mark in his day, having filled many of the offices in his county, and represented it for many years in the State Legislature. His wife is old, too, but she is as nimble as a girl; and, rich as her husband is, she persists in superintending all the duties of her household in person. The hotel disappeared many years ago, and in its place stands the palatial residence of the Freyberger family. Michael Keezil and his wife have long been sleeping under the mold of the churchyard, and over their grave filial piety has erected a princely mausoleum, whose lettered marble tells the world that they who slumber beneath it were patterns of all the virtues, while they lived on earth, and are now wearing immortal crowns in Heaven! It is a pleasant thing to die rich—almost as pleasant as to die in the odor of sanctity. Its prime blessings consist of a brilliant funeral, an eloquently-eulogistic notice in the newspapers, and a magniloquent epitaph.

Jacob Freyberger never fought but one regular "rough-and-tumble" after

his marriage, and that he fought more to please his wife than himself. As it involved consequences of deep import to himself, socially, morally, and politically, it may not be amiss to record it, as the closing item in this veracious history. It was in the year 1821, when our hero had worn the hymeneal chain but scant three years, that a man arose in the western region of Stark county, who became, among fighting bullies, what Nimrod of old was among hunters. His name was Ajax Swaggert—Colonel Ajax Swaggert—and his name, terrible enough in itself, became still more terrible from the many awful combats in which its possessor had participated, and in all of which he had proved victorious. To his courage and bodily strength he owed his military title—the colonelcy of a militia regiment—for it was literally true of him that he had fought his way to promotion from the ranks. He began as a private, and, after whipping all the corporals, serjeants, and lieutenants, *seriatim*, and filling their separate posts, in order of succession from low to high, the captain gracefully resigned in his favor, without risking a fight, knowing too well how it would result. As soon as he had become comfortably warm in the captaincy, he aspired to be a major; and, as all militia field officers are elected by the commissioned company officers, he first whipped the major out of his way, and then whipped all the captains and lieutenants of the regiment who hesitated to vote for him to fill the vacancy. He thus became major without a dissenting voice. But being a major did not fill the measure of his military ambition. With him it was "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil*," and he soon intimated to the Lieutenant-Colonel the propriety of resigning for the benefit of his health. The Lieutenant-Colonel was spirited, and he risked the tenure of his office on the issue of a rough-and-tumble combat, from

which he came out a very badly-whipped man. The Colonel, who plainly saw the fate that awaited him, should he persist in retaining the command of the regiment, made a merit of his fears, and resigned on the pretense of ill health. But Colonel Ajax Swaggert was not contented with his successes in the military line: he aspired to prominence as a civilian; and, having hinted to 'Squire Buckmaster, the only justice of the peace in the township, that he wanted his place, that gentleman, being actuated by a laudable regard for his physical system, quietly resigned, and Colonel Ajax Swaggert was elected in his stead. His race of ambition, however, was far from being run out. He determined to be the sheriff of the county, had his name formally announced in the newspaper, and publicly proclaimed that he would whip any man to death who would dare to oppose him.

This was in 1821, in the second term of good old James Monroe's Presidency, which, *par excellence*, was styled "The Era of Good Feeling," when there were no political parties and partizans to divide and distract the nation, as they do now. In those happy days, each candidate for office ran "on his own hook," without pestering a political convention to nominate him. All that an aspirant for office had to do was to pay the printer a dollar for announcing him as a candidate, and then "take the chances."

Mrs. Freyberger happened to see the name of the redoubtable Colonel Ajax Swaggert paraded forth in the newspaper, and she was forthwith seized with an uncontrollable desire to have her husband enter the lists with him, as a rival candidate. As she was very apt to do things on the impulse of the moment, without taking her liege lord into her counsel, she posted off to town, paid the printer a dollar, and had the pleasure of seeing, in the next issue of the newspa-

per, the name of Jacob Freyberger announced as a candidate for sheriff, immediately above that of Colonel Ajax Swaggert. Our friend, the Lieutenant, was somewhat surprised when this announcement met his eye—for, to tell the truth, he had never dreamed of seeking the sheriffalty—but his wife made him believe that the people had so willed it, and that, as a good citizen, he was in duty bound to obey the will of the people.

The fury of the Colonel, when his eye first fell on this announcement, was absolutely frightful. He immediately dispatched a letter to Jacob Freyberger, commanding that gentleman to publicly yield up his pretensions, or, in default of compliance, to receive one of the worst whippings that ever fell to the lot of a human being. Not content with sending this message, he took especial pains to proclaim his threats at all public gatherings, and even at the head of his own regiment.

Now, Jacob Freyberger—not being in the secret of his wife's manœuvres, and innocently regarding himself as the favorite of the people—returned a very defiant answer to the Colonel's arrogant message, intimating his perfect willingness to fight his rival, whensoever and wheresoever his aforesaid rival might think proper. The purport of this answer speedily became known to all the voters of the county—to say nothing of the women and children—and great was the popular hubbub it produced. The man who would calmly avow a willingness to meet such a foe, was set down by all as either a fool or a giant. Public curiosity was wound up to its utmost intensity, and multitudes of men and boys thronged from all parts of the county, to see the man who dared to hazard his life in a combat with Colonel Ajax Swaggert.

There was to be a regimental muster in the extreme south-eastern corner of the

county, in a region popularly known as "Sandy."—a name given to it because a stream, called Sandy, runs through it, and because the soil is sandy, and all the inhabitants have sandy complexions—and at this regimental muster, Colonel Ajax Swaggert gave out, the terrible battle was to come off. The denizens of Sandy were not held in high estimation by the people in other parts of the county. There were certain months in the year when the fever and ague set the whole community to shaking; and, as though that was not enough, these were the identical months in which the mosquitos were poured upon the inhabitants in swarms that fairly darkened the air at noon-day, and who preyed upon their victims with the most venomous and vampire-like ferocity. It was currently reported and generally believed that, during the height of the mosquito season, the Sandyites were compelled to sleep under water to protect themselves from the blood-thirsty pests—the luxury of mosquito-bars not having been yet introduced into that rather remote locality. There was a broad shallow pond near the center of the Sandy district, covering about ten acres, and about two feet deep in the middle, to which all the inhabitants repaired at nightfall, each provided with a billet of wood, to serve as a pillow. After being divested of every stitch of raiment, each Sandyite, taking his billet of wood, waded into the pond, till he or she found a suitable depth of water; and then, adjusting the wooden pillow, lay down, face upward, leaving nothing exposed except the lips and nostrils, which had been previously washed with spirits of turpentine—the odor of which is highly distasteful to a mosquito! During the daylight hours, the inhabitants were measurably protected from their foes by the fever and ague. They were either shaking so awfully that a mosquito could not hold on to the skin long enough to insert

his proboscis, or they were burning with such hot fever that no insect could come within an inch of them without being scorched to death.

In designating the forthcoming muster at Sandy, as the time and place of the threatened combat, Colonel Ajax Swaggart was prompted by two considerations, which showed that he possessed shrewdness as well as courage. He labored under the erroneous belief that his opponent was a resident of Sandy, and, of course, being a victim of fever and ague, could not be very formidable; and then, as his second consideration, he fancied the fine effect it would produce in his favor, to whip his rival candidate in the presence of that candidate's neighbors and friends.

The momentous day rapidly approached, and our friend, Yawkub, was fain to make such preparation for it as he could. Barney Malone, who had long since forgotten and forgiven the sad thrashing he once received from his whilom rival, and who had continued as a faithful servitor of the family, became an invaluable aid to his young master in this extremity. The boxing gloves were again put in requisition, and several hours of each day were devoted to the peaceful practice of the fistic lessons, which Yawkub found to be beneficial, not only in perfecting him in the science, but in improving his dexterity, increasing his muscular force, and making him tough and long-winded. Mrs. Freyberger, too, aided her husband in every way she could. She professed an unbounded faith in his prowess, and prophesied nothing but victory and triumph. In fact, she was so confident of his success, that she put on extra airs, and regarded herself as a sheriff's lady, for more than a week before the fight.

The day came. The Sandy regiment was paraded in all its glory. Crowds of spectators poured in from far and near, all eager to witness the great event which was to determine the great question of

the next sheriffality. Colonel Ajax Swaggart, confident of victory, and looking upon himself as already the sheriff-elect, reached the ground at eleven o'clock and took up his quarters at a little log tavern. Shortly afterwards, Yawkub, accompanied by Barney and several other friends, arrived and quartered at the same house. Up to this day, the combatants had never seen each other; and it is not to be wondered at that each felt an anxious curiosity to see the antagonist with whom he was so soon to measure his strength and bravery. The Colonel was sitting at a window which commanded a good view of each new comer, and, when Yawkub was pointed out to him he fairly chuckled with delight. He was, himself, a man of colossal dimensions, and Yawkub, though well formed and rather above than below the ordinary size of men, much his inferior in bulk and weight. Yawkub was walking up and down the porch of the little tavern, in a very unpretending manner, though covertly endeavoring to get a look at his adversary, when he felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder, and a rough voice demanded—

"Look hyar, stranger! What are you galvinading up and down hyar for? Eh?"

"Are you Colonel Swaggart?" demanded Yawkub, displaying no perturbation, in either voice or manner.

"I'm that 'ere individual; and you, I reckon, are the man that I'm to lick," replied the Colonel, with much arrogance of tone.

"That's as hereafter may be," said Yawkub, putting himself in a posture of defense and looking the Colonel square in the eye.—"You may say that I'm the man for you to lick, after you've licked me."

"Not here! not here!" shouted a number of voices. "Let the fight come off in the hollow meadow, so that all can see it."

The hollow meadow was a natural amphitheater, the lowest part of which was

in the middle, from which the ground gradually and regularly ascended, on all sides but one, to a great distance. To the hollow meadow everybody adjourned in hot haste. A ring was speedily formed at the bottom of the amphitheater, into which the combatants with their seconds were ushered; while above and around them dense masses of eager spectators were waiting, with breathless interest, to witness a fight which as they expected was to transcend anything of the sort ever read of in history or heard of in tradition. There was no betting, or very little, in the crowd; for though Yawkub had a large majority of friends present, there were but few of them, who, after seeing him standing in contrast to his huge antagonist, had the courage to hope that he could escape being mauled into a mummy; and so, but few bets were offered and fewer taken. The two belligerents, being stripped by their seconds, stood surveying each other for several moments, with deep interest. The Colonel's demeanor was consequential and ferocious, the Lieutenant's was thoughtful and firm. The signal for the onset was given, and the crowd instantly became as silent as a church at midnight.

The Lieutenant had quietly arranged in his own mind the peculiar tactics which it would be necessary for him to employ while fighting a man so much larger and stronger than himself. He thought—and he was not deceived in so thinking—that the Colonel was ignorant of all the nice points of the fistic science, and he, therefore, determined to keep out of his embraces as long as possible, and to play a lively game upon him from the shoulder. The Colonel opened the ball by aiming a most awkward and unscientific blow at the Lieutenant's pate, which was handsomely stopped, and he, himself, very unceremoniously brought to the ground by a beautiful right-hander on the

point of the chin. But the Lieutenant, instead of jumping upon his prostrate foe and biting and gouging him, as was the usual custom of the Buckeyes of those days, waited patiently until he recovered his feet, when he gave him a taste of his left hand, and fetched him again. Great was the excitement of the multitude at this unexpected outset of the battle, and loudly and joyously did the friends of the Lieutenant shout words of encouragement and triumph. Thus the fight went on. No sooner would the Colonel get up than he was again knocked down, without inflicting even a scratch upon his dexterous and athletic foe, and the consequence was, that, in less than five minutes he was the most shockingly whipped man that was ever seen in Ohio, or in all the great West.

One result of this momentous, single combat, which is still spoken of, by grey headed Buckeyes, as the "Great Sandy Fight," was the disappearance of Colonel Ajax Swaggart from the county of Stark, who resigned his regiment, his magistracy, and his expectations of civil promotion, to seek obscurity in the wilds of Missouri.

The election of Jacob Freyberger to the office of Sheriff followed as a necessary consequence, and, at the subsequent session of the legislature, that body, as a testimonial of its respect and admiration, elected him a Major General of militia, which post he long filled, with, (as the newspapers are in the habit of saying,) "much credit to himself and benefit to the public."

None but weak-minded persons, and children become 'offended' Men and women reflect, examine, and reason, that this or that act towards them was either intentionally right, or wrong, and act accordingly.

The reason why cats are so musical at night is because they are so full of fiddle strings!

Every business has its own annoyances.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY YELLOW BIRD.

The evening air breathed softly o'er
 A silent spot in midst of sylvan scene,
 Where, bounded by a flow'ry shore,
 A cool, fresh lakelet spread its polished
 Alone with book of ancient lore, [sheen.
 I patient sat and mused on what hath
 been.

The shadows of the mossy pine,
 That o'er the quiet depths in silence fell,
 Seemed like some Spirit's wing divine,
 Which, hov'ring there, shed round a holy
 And, while I read each storied line, [spell;
 It seemed within my heart of hearts to
 dwell.

With noiseless step the moments came,
 And still unheard they went; the softened
 In mellow rays fell o'er each name [light
 Renowned, a heavenly tribute rich and
 Still o'er the records grand of fame [bright;
 I looked, nor marked the soft approach
 of Night.

She came unheralded by sound, [leaves
 And stole upon me like a dream—the
 Grew dim, and when I gazed around,
 Behold! the mystic curtain, that she
 To hide from Day her silent bound, [weaves
 Hung far away to where Old Ocean
 heaves.

Where wing'd Imagination roams,
 On high the moon in saint-like beauty
 And, in their pure etherial domes, [rose,
 The kingly stars sat throned in grand
 repose—
 As calm those worlds as might the homes
 Of angels be, where love immortal grows.

"Wrapt in the mantle of the dark,"
 Against an ag'd and rugged tree I leant,
 And gazed upon each shining mark
 That Night had placed upon her steep
 From fitful flash of meteor-spark [ascent
 To worlds beneath whose weight the
 heav'ns are bent!

So deep the quiet of that spot,
 So broad the mystery of silence spread,

It seemed that from my earthly lot
 I rose to mingle with the mighty dead,—
 Whose steadfast thrones time reaches not,
 And round whose brows eternal light is
 shed.

Far borne into the midst of space,
 Methought I heard the wheels of ages
 And whisperings of another race [roll,
 Whose language seemed familiar to my
 soul;
 And beauteous Night from this high place
 Far spread her broad, illuminated scroll.

Upon that mighty page unrolled
 I read, bright syllabled in blazing spheres,
 What science hath but feebly told
 In all the wisdom of her garnered years;
 For Science halts, where, strong and bold,
 Imagination soars and scorns all fears,

Sad seemed the star-typed record there,
 Where, through the blinding mists and
 tearful gloom,
 All dimly burned our world so fair,
 Our wondrous world of sorrow, sin and
 A Magdalen of orbs, whose air [doom!
 Was mournful mem'ry of her maiden
 bloom.

Pale thoughts around her, like a host
 Of thronging shadows, veiled her sorrow—
 Remembrance of her Eden lost, [ing head:
 The blood of innocence on Calv'ry shed,
 Her generations that were dust,
 Her millions that were yet to join the
 dead!

Mid all the congregated lights
 That pendant in the silver concave shone,
 Or crowned with fire the golden heights
 That rose like altars to a *God unknown*,
 Her light was saddest, and the Night's
 Slow tears that fell seemed wept for her
 alone.

'Mid all the princely orbs that bowed
 In mute obeisance to their monarch-sun,
 Or, with his primal force endowed,
 In paths of circling glory round him run;
 Mid all the constellated crowd
 Thick strewn by *Him, the Wonder-work-*
ing one.

Upon his world-creating path—
 'Twas strange, methought, this beauteous
 Earth alone
 Should thus draw down selectest wrath,
 And to her heart of fire for ages groan ;
 That here alone should Sorrow scathe,
 And mouldy Death erect his ghastly
 throne !

But, higher yet I seemed to soar,
 And pierced the visual dome in upward
 As if, through angel-opened door, [flight,
 Had passed a soul untombed from vaulted
 night,
 And stood where ne'er it stood before
 In lowly worship of the new-born light.

'Twas glorious thus in dreams to tread
 The supra-mortal realm—abodes where
 Earth-born can enter, save the dead ; [none
 Who mate with essences the living shun—
 Those beautiful, pale forms of dread
 The gifted see e'er their brief day is done.

E'en thus my soul did wander far,
 The finite in the infinite, and, wild
 With ecstasy, from star to star,
 And from the constellations vast up-piled
 On pillared worlds (that pendant are)
 To orbic systems vaster still which smiled.

In rays eternal from a height
 Of heights immeasurable, did climb !
 And still
 Did climb the upward maze of light,
 As if, despite the interdicting will
 That quelled the Babel-builders' might,
 'Twould reach where sat th' enthroned
Invisible !

Thus on that Summer's night I dreamed,
 'Till half the stars went down ; and to
 my tent
 Retired ; but every orb that beamed
 Upon the lonely watches I had spent
 Was in my soul ensphered, and gleamed
 Above my sleep a pictured firmament.

MORE ABOUT THE TOPOGRAPHY OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

The *Sierra Citizen*, in a notice of my article on the topography of the state in the last number of this magazine, expresses a doubt whether I was right in omitting to class Mt. Shasta among the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and in saying that Mt. Shasta is the only peak in the state which rises to the region of perpetual snow. A few words as to the questions raised by the *Citizen* ; and first as to the place where Mt. Shasta belongs.

The main topographical features of the Pacific slope of the United States may be said to be the two ranges of mountains which extend from latitude 35° to 48°, one range immediately on the coast, and the other lying parallel to the coast with its summit about one hundred and fifty miles distant. These ranges have the same general topographical and geological features in Oregon and Washington, as in California ; and so also have the valleys between them. It is an interesting geological question whether there was not a time when one great connected valley lay between these two ranges ; or in other words whether Mt. Shasta and its spurs, the Siskiyou ridge, the Umqua ridge, the Calapocoya ridge, and the high divide which separates the waters of the Cowlitz from those of Puget Sound, are not of later date than the two main chains of the coast. There was a period, perhaps tens or even hundreds of thousands of years ago, when an intense volcanic action prevailed on this coast. There are few parts of the world where there are so many extinct volcanoes within the same extent of country as are to be found in the Sierra Nevada (including the Cascade mountains) and the slope west of it. Commencing at latitude 49° and coming southward we find the following extinct volcanoes :—Mt. Baker ; Mt. Olym-

pus; Mt. Rainies; Mt. St. Helens; Mt. St. Adams; Mt. Hood; Mt. Jefferson; the Three Sisters; Mt. Shasta; Mt. Lassen; the Marysville Buttes; Castle Peak.

No doubt there are many other peaks of volcanic origin, perhaps whole ridges, but I have not now the time to examine the books which may be supposed to contain information on the subject. Without assuming to be familiar with all the ascertained facts relative to the geology of these volcanoes, or to possess that geological knowledge which would enable me to give an authoritative opinion, I may say that it seems probable that the chief volcanic activity on the coast occurred some time after the formation of the two great mountain ranges. I am inclined to think that in a geological point of view Mt. Shasta does not belong to the Sierra Nevada.

But leaving geology entirely out of the question, it cannot be said that it belongs to the main Sierra, because it is just as closely connected with the coast range. The ridges known as Scott mountain, and Little Scott mountain, and Trinity mountain,—the last being a continuation of the main divide of the coast range—are all connected as spurs with Mt. Shasta, connected quite as closely as is the Sierra Nevada. The latter range “forks” about latitude 39°, one prong running northward, and the other north-westward; the former prong, apparently the main one, because it divides the Pacific slope from the Great Basin, and because it continues through Oregon and Washington forming the Cascade range; while the western prong is cut in two by Pitt river, and is soon lost.

I now turn to the question whether Mt. Shasta is the only California peak that rises to “the region of perpetual snow,” by which phrase I meant not the height where sun never melts, but the height where snow lies throughout the year on the slopes exposed to the sun, and gives

the predominant color to them as seen at a distance, though here and there a dark line of bare rock or dirt may peep forth. The “snow-line” is defined by Brande (from whom Webster copies) to mean the level above which snow lies always; and according to that definition a number of California peaks rise to the snow-line; but if I mistake not, on all these peaks, save Mt. Shasta, the snows lie only on the northern and north-eastern slope, and there only in deep sheltered ravines. According to the best of my information and recollection, Lassen’s Butte, Pilot Peak and the Downieville Buttes, have very little snow on their summits and south-western slopes during September; so little that the snow does not give the predominant color to them; and I am inclined to believe that Lassen’s Butte has more snow on it than any other peak in the state, except Mt. Shasta. My recollection however may mislead me, for when I was in the mining districts I was engaged in searching for gold in the cañons, and, for snow on the mountains, and my information may be in error; if so I shall gladly listen to more correct information. The *Citizen* says:—

“Standing in the Sacramento valley, at mid summer, the eye rests on a long white line, perhaps not less than a hundred miles distant, and, in many places, apparently several thousands of feet in width. That white line is snow, which, though it may lessen, never disappears.”

It matters not in regard to the snow line where snow lies in mid-summer, but where it lies in September and October. If a “long white line” of snow be visible on the Sierra Nevada through September, from the Sacramento valley, then that line is in the region of perpetual snow, and I shall be glad to be corrected, and furnished with precise information in regard to the places where snow lies throughout the year on the Sierra Nevada, and to what extent. Information of this kind should be collected and compiled.

I denied to Lassen's Butte the honor of reaching the region of perpetual snow, while admitting that snow lies throughout the year in the ravines and sheltered places on its north-eastern slope. Perhaps my language was not so precise and perspicuous as it should have been, and yet I do not know whether a mountain which does not reach the snow line on its southern slope, can be said fairly to reach it at all. On a range of mountains which rise high into the eternal snow region, the snow line on the slope next the sun is usually much higher than that on the other side, though sometimes, singular to say, much lower; but I do not know whether it would be so proper to speak of different snow lines on a small peak which in September is clear of snow on its sunny slope, and has but a little in the ravines, on the other side.

The *Citizen* hints that I am wrong in saying Castle Peak is 13,000 feet high, and does not reach the snow line, while Mt. Shasta is 14,500 feet high, reaches half a mile of perpendicular height into the region of eternal snow. The *Citizen* is right; either Castle Peak is not 13,000 feet high, or its peak is above the snow line.

Now, Mr. Editor of the *Sierra Citizen* having replied as well as I could to the questions propounded to me, permit me to propound some to you. What are the elevations, positions and names of the chief mountain peaks and ridges in your county? Are any of them covered with snow throughout the year? If so, which are they? What are the respective elevations of the snow lines on the sunny and shady slopes? What portion of the county is covered with snow from November to July? How deep does the snow fall, and how long does it lie, and how thick is the ice at Downieville in ordinary and extraordinary winters? How much of the surface of the county is covered with brush, how much with timber, and how much is barren rock?

Of course reasonable men will not expect precise and perfectly accurate information on these points, but an interesting and valuable approximate estimate can be made on all of them by any intelligent man who has been long in the county, and seen or heard much of the character of the country. Perhaps such information as I have sought for, ought to be given by the county surveyors in their annual reports, but as they are not, I apply to you as the next best authority. There are persons who carefully collect and preserve articles on the resources and conformation of our state, and if you should give any or all the information for which I have asked, it will not be thrown away or forgotten.

After the preceding portion of this article was in type my attention was called to a statement in the *Morning Call* that Lieut. Beckwith had measured the height of Mt. Shasta and found it to be nearly 21,000 feet high. There must be a mistake here; I have seen a number of high snow peaks of well ascertained height; and after comparing Mt. Shasta with them I should say that the former was not more than 15,000 feet high; and that was also the opinion of Lieut. Emmons of Wilkes' Exploring Expedition. (*Wilkes, Vol. V., Page 240.*) I may add here that my statement that Shasta is the only peak in the State always covered with snow, is said to be correct to the best of their knowledge by several gentlemen of my acquaintance who have traveled much in the mountains from Columbia to Shasta. Among them is the editor of this magazine. Others, including Dr. Trask, say it is incorrect, and add that Lassen's Peak, is next to Shasta the highest mountain in the State. I saw Lassen's Peak in September and October, 1849, and my recollection is that there was then no snow on it. On the 10th of July, 1854, there was snow on it for a distance of 1000 feet from the summit. (*U. S. Pacific R. R. Survey Reports, Vol. IV, page 245.*) Would this imply that the peak would be covered with snow through September and October.

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[*Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief."*]

[Continued from page 373.]

"God forbid that my conjectures should ever prove true!" sighed the honest and kind-hearted teacher, "but I have a presentiment which assures me there is something yet to see the light that is now in darkness, and something to be explained that is as yet a mystery. I will closely watch every straw that may float on the current of circumstances, and it is possible that I may yet see towards what object it will set, that will make me feel satisfied." These were his thoughts, as time rolled on.

The year of Mr. Bullard's stay, as agreed upon, had now nearly expired, and as yet no new discoveries had been made that tended in any way to reassure him. His pupil was prosecuting her studies with great assiduity and success, while he looked upon her with fatherly pride and affection. The time of Alfred's promised return had nearly expired. Seating herself by Mr. Bullard's side, Elbana—after almost counting the hours of the passing days, that were to bring back the dear object of her heart's affection—looked into her teacher's face, as though she thought and felt that his thoughts had been running in the same channel as her own, and inquired:

"Do you think *he* will be long before his return?"

"Who, my child?"

"Oh, Alfred. I forgot that you might not now be thinking of him; but I—I am always thinking of him; and, so much do I long for his coming, I almost feel impatient at the time passing so tardily away. If Alfred does not come, you will not think of leaving us when your term has expired, I hope."

"Why, my dear child, you have progressed so well in your studies that you

have no further need of my instructions."

"I had hoped that you would have been content always to remain with us," she replied, as her large black eyes filled with tears, "but I see that my hopes are all in vain—perhaps in more than one thing—but no, no! I will not doubt him. May God forgive me!"

"My dear child," said Mr. Bullard, while his eyes grew dim with tears of sympathy, "you know little of the ways of this world, and I pray you never may. I love you, Elbana, not as a lover, but as a father. You have shown me much kindness since I have been an inmate of your house, for which I shall ever feel grateful." His utterance almost choked him as he continued: "I once had a daughter, lovely even as you are—indeed, you often remind me of her. Like yours, her mother died when she was born. My Fanny was a dear, sweet child; you had only to know her to love her. She was remarkably handsome and intelligent. I gave her good advantages, for she was a father's all—"

Here the old man's voice again faltered, but, after a moment's silence, he continued:

"She met a young man when on a visit to Philadelphia, and became strongly attached to him. He was a smooth-faced villain! He gained her confidence, and then took advantage of her affection, leaving her to return to her father, broken hearted with the consciousness of her shame. My arms were opened to receive my erring child, and once more she gladdened my home. But, alas! the destroyer was at work, and soon the grave covered all that was dear to me. Elbana, take warning by my child's sorrows, and shun the heartless libertine! If there is one sin darker than another, it is this. It ought to sink him lower in the torments of the damned than any other! My darling, Alfred is not one of these—I hope not—I hope not, for your sake."

"Do not weep, dear Mr. Bullard. I shall remember the lesson you have given me this day; it may make me more watchful. Would that I could fill a daughter's place in your heart!"

"You can—you do!" he exclaimed; "you are nearer to me than all this world beside; for I have none but you to care for me; that God may bless and preserve you, Elbana, shall be my constant prayer."

The old man walked out, that he might be alone and calm his feelings. His lovely pupil, lost in thought, sat without moving, until the tramping of horses' feet aroused her. Starting up, her first thought was that it was Alfred; and, ere she was aware of it, she stood in the yard, watching five men who were approaching on horseback. Scanning every face, her heart sunk, when she found they were all strangers. She crept back to her room, to weep tears of disappointment, while Mr. Bullard approached the new comers.

"Does Miramontes live here?" inquired the foremost of them.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, we wish to rest at his hospitable house, for a while, as we know of no other safe place, in this part of Mexico, for an American."

"Will you please to alight, gentlemen?" inquired Mr. Bullard. "Miramontes will be home soon."

Miramontes soon returned from hunting, bringing plenty of deer meat with him. Welcoming the travelers with his usual warm cordiality, he sent their horses to the stable. Supper was soon served, and the guests felt quite at home. As they were Americans, it was an unexpected treat to Mr. Bullard to converse with them. One of the men, a Mr. McAdams, was tall and muscular, with keen black eyes, and a commanding look; his countenance was frank and open; his features regular (except his large Roman

nose); his educational advantages were good; he was a Virginian by birth, and a gentleman, to all appearance. It was natural for him to expect obedience from his four companions, who were of the class called backwoodsmen. McAdams had engaged them to assist him in driving Mexican cattle, that he had purchased, a business they were well qualified to follow. They were proud of the daring spirit of McAdams, and had few fears of the Mexicans.

After a few hours residence it became evident that McAdams was not insensible to the charms of Elbana, and tried to play the agreeable in order to win the heart of the Spanish maiden. His vanity was a little piqued as she treated his advances with cold indifference. He had a very doubtful opinion of the virtue of Spanish lasses in general, and he considered that Elbana would prove an easy conquest—forgetful of, or carelessly violating the rules, of gentlemanly hospitality, until he was shunned and repulsed by her silence and reserve.

"How is this, Mr. Bullard," enquired McAdams. "Is Elbana a Spanish girl?"

"Yes, most certainly."

"Her fair complexion denies it."

"Perhaps not, but by all that is good I never saw a handsomer girl than this Spanish lassie; I am in love with her head over heels."

"Why is it that you young devils can never see a lovely girl without a wish to contaminate her?" answered Mr. Bullard. "You would not marry her, McAdams, if she loved you ever so much."

"Marry a Spanish girl? Well, no, I think not; but there is no harm in caressing a lovely girl to our liking, especially if she belongs to these cut-throat Spaniards or Mexicans.—they would be none the worse for my coveted pleasure."

"You are a heartless scamp, McAdams; but, thank God, my little charge is in no danger from your loose and unjust wish-

es. She is as pure as the newly fallen snow."

"Don't be two sanguine, my friend, I have succeeded in more unlikely things than this."

"May an old man's curse rest on you if you ever succeed with her" burst from the indignant lips of her noble teacher.

The subject was now dropped, and Mr. Bullard continued his walk down the bank of the little stream, followed by McAdams.

"Come, old man, I did not intend to offend you; forgive me."

"Yes, if you can forgive yourself."

"Oh! that is very easy for me, my conscience is very flexible."

"I am sorry for that, as a good conscience ennobles any man; but I have something more to say to you on a different subject, McAdams."

"Then say on, my friend!"

"I wish to caution you as you leave this ranch—I have strong suspicions that Miramontes is treacherous,"

"The devil you do; what makes you think so?"

"I have good cause for my fears, which, for certain reasons I do not wish at this time to divulge; but, depend upon it, I am not mistaken; there is no harm you know, in watching him, as you have a large amount of money with you, and Miramontes knows it, as you told him as much yourself. Buying cattle is a dangerous business, my young friend."

"Yes, true, but he had better let the job out than attack us himself, I assure you."

"I hope I am mistaken in his designs, but I fear I am not, else I would not have cautioned you."

"Well, Mr. Bullard we will give him a chance to try that game on the day after to-morrow; and, if he attacks us, we hope to give him a warm reception, that is all."

It was now about supper time and they

slowly returned to the house. McAdams sought his four men and informed them of Mr. Bullard's caution. "Well," said red haired Bill Hogan "I have not liked his deceitful palavering," "I am not afraid of twenty of such as him" answered Tim Hazard—"let's go and get our supper,"

Miramontes was unusually polite and gracious, so much so that they began to think Mr. Bullard crazy. Elbana was not a little pleased at the prospect of their leaving, as she was tired of being annoyed by the love-making McAdams. At length their horses were ready for a start. McAdams and his men appeared in high glee—shaking hands and expressing many good wishes to all. They mounted their saddles, put spurs to their horses, and were soon out of sight. Miramontes walked the floor with apparent uneasy concern pictured on his usually serene brow. One cigarito after another he smoked, in hasty puffs; and, as the day wore away, he threw on his cloak, and walked out.

"Where is father going so late, I wonder? Do you know, Mr. Bullard?"

"No—yes—no; I cannot tell," said he, evidently at a loss what to think, or what to answer.

"What is the matter? Are you unwell, Mr. Bullard?"

"No; only a slight tremor that accompanies and encumbers age. I feel remarkably low-spirited to-day; take up your guitar, my child, and play and sing me into better humor."

Elbana readily obeyed; and although her sweet voice accorded well with the soft tones of her favorite instrument, and sweet as the sounds were to her aged friend, they failed to draw his mind from his unpleasant forebodings, as he walked the floor in nervous anxiety.

"I declare, Mr. Bullard, you make me feel uncomfortable, you act so strangely."

[Continued next month.]

Our Social Chair.

BARLY in the spring of 1850, many will remember the expectations entertained of large fortunes to be made, "away up in the mountains," in places which were equally as good as any that had ever been found in the richest diggings yet discovered. Plenty of buckskin, with which to make long and strong purses, a pick, pan and shovel, a few months' supply of provisions, and a pair of blankets, were all the requisites that were considered necessary to insure a large supply of the "needful." Many men quitted good claims to go on these expeditions—and as many regretted it afterwards.

From a claim that had paid two of us from one hundred and forty to three hundred and seventeen (this last-named sum was the highest) dollars per day, during the working days of winter, we purchased mules, tools, and provisions,—not omitting the buckskin—for a spring and summer campaign; organized a company and started. After crossing snow-covered and dangerous steeps, swollen and mountain-bound rivers; facing all sorts of danger, enduring all kinds of exposure, such as sleeping on snow for several days together, and becoming snow-blind; drenchings with rain; immersions in streams, by slipping from logs, on which we were passing from one side to the other, and afterwards walking, sitting, and sleeping in our wet clothes, and in the open air—sometimes when the rain poured down in torrents—after these, we repeat, we found a place which was to give us the great reward we were seeking. But, to make a long story short, and come to the gist of the narrative, we spent several months of severe bodily exertion in turning and draining the stream, and in sinking a shaft in the bed, to the depth of some thirty-five feet, without even finding the bottom or getting the "color." Disappointed, we left such diggings in disgust, and set our faces for the settlements.

When we arrived there we were all "flat broke"—that was the term then used. It is true, we had some mules that we could not sell, and some specimens that we would not part with—these being the only remaining remembrancers of our good claim. Having lost our pork-bag on the road, and used up all our sugar, we were somewhat at a loss how to make a raise. At last, one of our party, named D——, took a fine double-barrelled shot-gun to one of the stores, and addressed the crowd there assembled with—

"Who'll give me five dollars for this gun?" (It was worth fifty.)

One shook his head, as much as to say "Not I." Another laughed, and pointed to a large number of similar weapons that were standing behind some pork-barrels in a corner, which their owners had resolved not to carry farther. At length, the store-keeper walked up, and said—

"Let me have a look at that gun." He did so, and shortly remarked—"I'll play you five dollars' worth of pork against the gun."

"Nuff ced!" replied D——.

They played, and D—— won the pork.

"Now, I'll play you something else against the gun," said the store-keeper.

"Some sugar?" enquired D——.

"Yes."

"Nuff ced!"

The sugar was won also.

"I'll play him five dollars against the gun, now," said the one who had laughed and pointed to those standing in the corner.

"All right!" answered D——.

The game was played, and the money was won also. D—— then related our circumstances to the crowd, and concluded by saying that, as he had made a raise, all that he had wanted—any man could have the gun who was in need of it.

When he arrived in camp with the flour

and sugar and money, and told us how he'd obtained it, we thought—"Well, well! that is *one* way of 'raising the wind' in California."

How many there are who, when they read this, will call to mind some similar circumstances in their early gold-hunting experiences! Happily, such times are now fast passing away—at least, we hope so.

"EVERYBODY" knows that the second of last month was the Chinese New Year; and, if any doubt existed among the "balance of mankind," the large quantity of fire-crackers started on a noise-making excursion of celebration, from Chinese fingers, must certainly have removed that doubt. We accosted one Chinaman with "John, what for you make so much noise—bang, bang, bang?" "Ah! you no sabbe, eh? Chineyman fous July—Chineyman fous July—he, he!" and "John" went chuckling away, with a half-sneezing, half-choking kind of a laugh—evidently associating the pyrotechnical demonstrations commemorative of the Birth-day of Liberty on American soil with his semi-religious and semi-idolatrous celebration of the Chinese New Year. We simply said—"All right, John—fire away!" when he again laughed as heartily as he would have done had he understood us.

WHAT a fast country California is becoming! No wonder the Eastern papers say that, owing to the fast style of doing business in this State, the people have resolved to sing no more slow tunes or long-metred hymns in churches. But read the following from the San Joaquin Republican:

"HAPPY THE WOOING THAT IS NOT LONG IN DOING!"—On last New Year's Eve, at Visalia, where a small party was gathered, some of them proposed getting up a wedding, as there was a justice present. A respectable gentleman, named Bosler, a saddler, was selected as eligible to the honor, and a young woman present was named as the bride. They both gave their consent, though they had previously never dreamed of such an arrangement. The gentleman was put through first, but the

lady hesitated at the question, and asked half an hour to consider. After a short walk with the gentleman, she returned, and they were married, good and strong, within an hour after the proposal was made. An anvil was fired all the evening, and there was great rejoicing among the "boys."

THE following sweet and beautiful lines, entitled "A Little While," from the pen of the accomplished Dr. Bonar, will, we know, be deservedly appreciated by our readers:

Beyond the smiling and the weeping

I shall be, soon;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing and the reaping,

I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the blooming and the fading

I shall be, soon;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the rising and the setting

I shall be, soon;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,

Beyond remembering and forgetting,

I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the parting and the meeting

I shall be, soon;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fever beating,

I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever

I shall be, soon;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,

Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come!

THE last Overland Mail from St. Louis brought a letter to the post-office in this city, says the San Jose Tribune, addressed as follows: "Mr. E. P., the man with long hair—San Jose, Cal." For the bene-

fit of facetious or mystery-loving letter-writers, who delight to address missives to their friends in the above style, we call attention to the fact that, according to the instructions of the Postmaster-General to the deputy Postmasters, such letters are not deliverable, but are to be forwarded to the department as dead letters.

What a plain matter-of-fact affair you have made of it, Mr. Tribune! You have knocked all the writer's facetious intent into commonplace *pi*. Shame on you! What, do you think, will be the writer's feelings when he reads that dead letter remark, and the severe moral induced?

"WHAT a queer people" we are apt to think our very respectable and singular forefathers were. The same bluntness in painting the shortcomings, as well as the virtues, of the departed, formerly very popular (if tombstones themselves are any evidence), would now be visited with severe censure and condemnation, inasmuch as, now-a-days, a liberal public sentiment magnifies the virtues and entirely overlooks the failings of those who have passed away. The following epitaph, from a marble slab in Horselydown churchyard, Cumberland, is faithful enough to present both sides, and, if the reader does not feel improved, he may be amused by reading it:

Here lie the bodies

Of Thomas Bond and Mary, his wife.
She was temperate, chaste and charitable;

But

She was proud, peevish and passionate

She was an affectionate wife, and
a tender mother;

But

Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without
a disgusting frown,

Whilst she received visitors,

Whom she despised, with an endearing
smile.

Her behavior was discreet
towards strangers;

But

Imprudent in her family.

Abroad, her conduct was influenced by
Good breeding;

But

At home by ill temper.

THE following apt repartee is too good to be lost, which, although not entirely

original, a friend has sent us for the Chair:

Patrick is baggage master on the Sacramento Valley Railroad, and is always attentive to his business. A few evenings since, while at his post, he was accosted by an excited passenger, who, in a rude and boisterous manner, demanded repeatedly to know the whereabouts of his trunk. Pat, after several times replying to the interrogatory, at length lost his patience, and thus put an end to the stranger's troublesome questioning: "Arrah, misther, I wish in me sowl you wor an elephant, instead of a jackass, for thin ye'd have yer thrunk always undher yer eye, ye would."

The Fashions.

From numerous lady friends and readers we have received frequent requests at different times, that we would give a few words each month on the latest and best styles of dresses worn by ladies. These requests, many of them, have been made from those who live in out-of-the-way corners of the State, and others who seldom or never buy or see the eastern magazines of fashion; and, inasmuch as one of our lady friends has kindly consented to take charge of this department; with the hope that such will be gratifying generally to our lady readers—from whom we wish to hear on the subject—in future "The Fashions" will be a feature in the California Magazine.

We think that we cannot do better than at once introduce the lady in her own note to the editor.

DEAR SIR:—In offering to your lady subscribers the enclosed sketch of the Fashions, I have dispensed entirely with all high sounding technical terms, which oftener misguide than benefit those for whom they are intended. Hoping they are none of them too Anti-American to consider the "styles" *less elegant*, because they are *practicable*, and given in terms that all can understand.

Silk Dresses.

The most desirable colors are royal purple and dark green. Maroon is equally fashionable, and more used in consequence of its being alike becoming to every complexion, and also looks well with every colored mantle. The trimmings for these favorite colors should be three shades darker than the silk, or black, where preferred.

Pattern dresses are not so much in demand of late, being found too imperative. Requiring just so much and no more silk, and trimmings, they must be made accordingly; and are often found alike unbecoming to both old and young. Silks, therefore, with selected trimmings are to be preferred, that dress makers of taste may vary and adapt their styles to tall or short figures.

The fashionable full dress is the plain long waist, with pointed boddice, buttoned up the front; sleeves wide, flowing, and moderately long: cut nearly square across the bottom. Line with white florence, and finish the top with large puff, and a bow of ribbon below it, just opposite the seam on the shoulder.

The skirt must be very full, gauged at the back, and plaits in front $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Side trimmings of two wide puffs, each five inches in width at the bottom, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the top.

Flounces are as much a favorite style as ever: though two are now more generally worn than three; consequently they are made a trifle wider. Trim with embossed velvet, or narrow fringe. Sleeves to match. Skirts slightly shorter than previously worn and four inches longer at the back than front.

Ball Dresses.

Low-neck; short sleeves, and long point both back and front. Take foundation and lace, cut bertha and sleeves with side stripes ten inches wide at bottom, and four at the top; and puff illusion on cross-ways, taking care to graduate the puffs. Trim with a becoming color of fancy trimming ribbon, an inch wide, made in small bows, with ends three inches long, and distributed to suit the taste. Buds and green leaves have a good effect; finish round with a narrow blonde lace, fulled, and basted on after the dress is done.

Head dress of drooping flowers.

Basques.

There is a new and quite pretty basque worn in New York, a description of which I give from the "Bon-ton," called "The Basque les Lanciers;" it is composed of four pieces; back, side-body, and a kind of polka. It should be cut with a seam at the back, so as to give the desired curve at the waist; the polka is to be plaited to the waist, forming a box-plait on the hip. If desired a Bertha can be added, box plaited, all round, and pointed in front.

This basque is rounded at the back, and pointed in front; it can be made of any material, and trimmed with galoon, or velvet ribbon. If made of velvet a cable-cord at the edge would be very becoming. But-

tons at the top of plaits behind. Length of polka, 8 inches back, and ten front.

For Cloaks and Bonnets there has been no change from the winter fashion. Whenever such a change takes place, the readers of Hutchings' California Magazine may expect a description.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE miners in the vicinity of Thompson's Flat and Table Mountain, Butte county, struck for a reduction in the price of water.

JANUARY 25th being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth-day of Robert Burns, two public banquets were held in San Francisco in commemoration of the event. The one at the Tremont House was presided over by Mr. James Linen; and the other at the Oriental Hotel, by Mr. George Gordon. Both were well attended. Toasts, speeches, and intellectual conviviality made the evening pass away very pleasantly.

THE ladies of Mokelumne Hill collected, by subscription the sum of \$1,020 for the widow and family of a miner named Wiebche, who was lately killed by falling down a shaft.

A LARGE Mass Meeting was held in Musical Hall, San Francisco, for the purpose of adopting a memorial to the Federal Government against the Sautillan or Bolton & Barron grant, which covers a large portion of this city.

THE Overland Mail via Los Angeles has arrived with great regularity during the month, bringing later news, generally, than that by the Ocean Mail Steamers.

A QUARTZ vein has recently been discovered at Sand Hill, near Timbuctoo, which pays from \$3,000 to 5,000 per ton.

A WAGER of \$10,000 has been offered by merchants and others in Salt Lake City, that better time can be made by the Saint Louis and Salt Lake route than by the Fort Smith, Fort Yuma, and Los Angeles route.

JUDGE NORRIS has decided the contested Judgeship of the 4th District court, in favor of Caleb Burbank, and against Judge Hagar, the previous occupant of the seat.

A DECREE was entered in the U. S. District Court in the case of J. Norris and others, against the steamship Sonora, for breach of passenger contract, for the sum of \$3,902 in favor of libellants.

SEVERAL flumes in different parts of the State, were blown down during the storms in the early part of February.

AN Irishman named Quincy was frozen to death, on Trinity Mountain, Feb. 2d. When found, he had a bottle half full of whisky by his side.

FIFTY-SIX pounds of auriferous quartz, recently taken from a newly discovered ledge near Spanish Flat, El Dorado county, yielded forty pounds of gold (\$8,500).

THE amount of gold dust purchased in Placerville, for the last twelve months, by five persons only, was 79,513 ounces, or \$1,431,224.

CHARLES REED, a miner living on Osborn Hill, Grass Valley, was burned to death in his cabin on the 23d of January, by accident. He was one of the survivors of the Central America, having been picked up by the bark Ellen after floating on a piece of timber for 12 hours.

THE *Trinity Journal* has entered upon its fourth volume. Calvin B. McDonald is its able and accomplished editor.

A SILVER mine has been discovered at a place forty or fifty miles from Los Angeles, from which specimens of ore indicating a large per centage of silver have been taken.

THE eleventh volume of the *California Farmer*, Col. Warren editor and proprietor, was commenced on the 4th ult.

MORE snow has fallen this winter in the mountains, than at any time since 1852 and 1853.

NAPA CITY was visited by a storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, on the 4th ult. A rare occurrence in this State at any season of the year—especially in winter.

THE steamship John L. Stephens, on the 5th ult., took away 226 passengers—85 by way of Tehuantepec—and \$1,682,067 12. in treasure.

THE Indians have been very troublesome in different portions of the State, and several of them have been killed.

THE steamship Hermann was sold on the 5th ult., under an execution for \$1,900. H. A. Cobb, for Capt. Wright was the purchaser, for the sum of \$40,000. Her original cost was \$600,000.

Two coffins containing skeletons were dug out during some excavations on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, on the 5th ult. The spot was formerly a burial ground.

THE "Spirit of the Times," a San Francisco weekly paper, was sold to C. M. Chase & Co., of the *Fireman's Journal*, and incorporated with that paper.

THE steamer Uncle Sam, which sailed on the 10th ult., with troops and quartermaster's stores, for the month of the Colorado; after suffering from a violent gale, during which numerous articles were thrown overboard, had to return to port. She refitted, and resailed for the same destination on the 16th.

THE Supervisors of Yuba county have issued the first instalment of the \$200,000

bonds, voted to assist the construction of the Marysville and Vallejo railroad.

THE gas works at Mokelumne Hill were destroyed by fire on the 19th ult.

THE Semi-Weekly Observer made its first appearance at Placerville in the early part of February.

DR. Duncombe was elected to the Assembly from Sacramento county, and his seat refused, by a strict party vote of 37 to 28, on account of his having once been a member of the Canadian Legislature, although a native of the United States. He has since then been naturalized, and re-elected by 280 majority.

THE contract for constructing 13 miles additional of the Sacramento Valley Railroad—now named the California Central Railroad—was given out on the 12th ult. This will complete it to the Auburn Ravine, 15 miles below the town of Auburn.

THE routes to La Porte, Downieville, Forest City, and several other mining districts, were closed by the late heavy storms of snow.

MRS. M. G. Blanding is appointed Vice Regent of the Mount Vernon Fund of this State.

THE French company at Oroville have struck diggings that are paying them from \$600, to \$1,000 per day; and others upon the same lead are doing as well.

SNOW has fallen during the month near Alpha, Nevada county, to the depth of 10 feet, 6 inches.

THE number of books taken out of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco during 1858, was 17,321. The number of members is 1,319.

AN eagle was killed near Soda Springs, Shasta county, which measured eleven feet from tip to tip of his wings.

PEACH trees and strawberry plants are in blossom at Stockton.

THOMAS WELCH, for several years a resident of Poor Man's Creek, Sierra county, was recently lost, and perished in the snow while going from Onion Valley to Butte Bar, on Feather river.

FREEMAN & Co., are preparing to run their express to all parts of the State.

THE Nicaragua Co.'s steamers are being refitted to run as opposition steamers to the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. for Panama and New York.

A SLIGHT shock of an earthquake was perceptible in San Francisco on the morning of the 17th ult.

THE sale of Public lands commenced in Marysville on the 14th; about 1000 acres were sold at 1,25 per acre.

A BILL authorising the Secretary of State, to pay \$3,000 for 1000 copies of the State

Register has passed both houses of the Legislature.

On the 20th ult, there were \$719,134,88 in the State Treasury.

The steamship Golden Age which sailed on the 19th ult. carried away \$1,135,510,18 and only 103 passengers. Less in treasure and individuals than for several years past.

Messrs. Campbell, Rice and Nichols, while on their way from San Juan to Forest City, with \$16,000 in coin, were attacked by three highwayman, when a general firing ensued; and, while the robbers were binding the two former to a tree, the latter with the mule on which was packed the coin escaped down the hill, so that \$80 was all that were stolen.

The roads, says the Republican, about Stockton, have very much improved of late, as animals now sink in the mud only up to their middle!

Twenty miles above Sonora, Tuolumne county, the snow is reported to be fifteen feet deep. This is the best kind of reservoir for a summer supply of water.

For thirteen days, during the first and second quarters of the last moon, it rained each day more or less; giving an abundance of water throughout the State; and which was badly needed for mining and agricultural purposes.

WASHINGTON's birthday was properly celebrated on the 22d ult.

Editor's Table.

THERE is a fact of more than ordinary importance, to which we wish to call the particular attention of all persons engaged in any department of mining, which is this—the *large amount of gold dust that is daily wasted*—at least, *wasted* so far as the industrious worker, for the time being, is concerned; and, however startling it may be to many, we assert that *more than three fifths* of the gold dust washed through the sluice of the miner, passes out unsaved.

Many, we are aware, do not think so. Many others have never yet thought anything about it. "I believe that we save all the gold," is a remark that is frequently made and heard; but generally, however, it is erroneous. Let us therefore inquire into the matter. Every one, we suppose, is willing to be convinced? Now for the proof of our assertion.

To learn all that we could of the mining claims in a neighborhood—which, for certain reasons shall be nameless—we accompanied an old friend to the upper end of a tail-race, or flume, placed in a ravine, 115 yards of which he was the owner, and down which rolled the pebbles, and tailings, and water, from some extensive hill diggings, that were being washed down by the hydraulic process. The water was very muddy, and the current rapid. As we stood watching its hurrying course, he

informed us that the gross monthly receipts from the 115 yards of race which he owned, were from \$500 to \$800.—This is one proof of our assertion.

The entire length of this tail-race was one and three quarter miles, owned in sections, by various persons, and *the lowest section paid nearly as well as the upper*.—This, then, is another proof of our assertion.

From a panful of tailings lying at the mouth of the race, we obtained four cents. From another a few yards distant from the former one, the same result was given. Indeed the prospects obtained at the mouth of the race, were nearly as good as those which we afterwards made in the paying strata up at the claim. This being the case, the gold as a matter of course must have passed through the sluice; and was wasted to the worker; and is another proof of our assertion.

A scientific gentleman with whom we are well acquainted, who has for several years resided in Placerville, El Dorado county, took ten buckets of muddy water, after it had passed through sluices connected with some hill diggings, and from those ten buckets he obtained one dollar and seven cents, of very fine gold. This gold was so fine, and the particles so infinitesimal, that it looked more like golden flour than anything else. This, then, is

another, and a very convincing proof of our assertion.

At a quartz mill on Amador Creek, we were present when the gold from one hundred buckets-full of pulverized tailings was taken out from an arastra, after being run through the second time, and the amount produced was ninety-six dollars and sixty cents.

Proof upon proof could thus be adduced, that, when fairly weighed, would be overwhelming arguments in favor of our assertion—viz., that *three-fifths* of the gold which is washed from the hills, passes out from the sluices unsaved.

This should not be. After enduring the severe labors of the day, the miner should reap the reward of his fatiguing toil; therefore, we leave the subject in his keeping, to be well examined, and carefully considered; resting satisfied, that if a claim which now pays him three dollars per day could be made to pay him eight, it will be worth his while to try the means by which it can be done.

In addition to our old and excellent corps of popular writers, the reader will be gratified this month to find that several new ones have kindly sent their valued offerings to California literature and this magazine. We most heartily greet each with a cordial welcome. There is no reason why the California Magazine should not occupy such a position in literature as does the State, in her resources and commerce, among her proud sisters. The talent is here. This magazine is open alike to all. The Artist, the Historian, the Poet, the Novelist, the Student in all the various branches of science and art, can here find a vehicle for his thoughts. Our only restrictions are, that they be moral and unsectarian in their teachings, noble and generous in their sentiments, not unnecessarily lengthy, and as much Californian as possible.

At one time we thought that a stereotyped line such as this "there has been nothing

done in either branch of the State Legislature to-day" would give utterance to a daily truism concerning that body; but the following motion by Mr. Watkins, member of the Assembly from Siskiyou county, presents the picture in a far better light.

"I move that the members of this Assembly consider themselves fourteen years old, and go out and get some marbles and balls, and go to playing."

To Contributors and Correspondents.

L.—"The Burial" came without name or note of the incident that gave rise to the sketch: or—

S. P.—Certainly. Such a sparkling, sunny, happy picture, of course will find a corner. It will make every large heart throb with joyous sympathy. Send us another, just as good.

II R., La Porte.—Make yourself familiar with persons surrounded by any kind of circumstances, or in any branches of business, and if they have not their peculiar troubles, we would like to engage them for exhibition as curiosities. To rise above them is the best evidence of your manhood. Such driveling stories as you send would not read well in any kind of print.

Sophie L.—Yours is rather too diffuse. There is much more skill required to condense and make an article expressive as well as beautiful, than in making it verbose and lengthy. Besides, you know the old saying, among ladies of small stature, that valuable articles are generally put up in small packages.

RECEIVED.—Three Years in California—My Valentine—The orphans—The Mountaineers of Cala.,—Prayer—The Angel, obituary—Time—The Shanghai Chicken—George Sommerville—I love her away—Ode to the Flowers—In spirit I'm with thee ever—and others, but too late to notice this month.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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SCENES AMONG THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.



THE BARGAIN.

ALMOST every Californian, who has passed the precincts of any commercial city of the State, is more or less familiar with the manners, habits, customs, and peculiarities of the California Indians, especially in particular sections; but as these differ in form and character, among the different groups of tribes, even in districts adjoining each other, we may, perhaps, present several interesting facts, which, although known by some, are not known by others; and which, in either case, will be at once recognized as faithful pictures of Indian life around us.

As these Indians are simply men and women, and without doubt the lowest in morality and intellectual ability on this continent, the generous reader, however philanthropical in his intentions and benevolent in his wishes, must not expect us to paint them as heroes, or portray them as angels, for they are neither. Yet, without the prejudice arising from an unfavorable first impression and confirmed by the observation of years, we shall endeavor to be just; allowing the reader to be the judge, when we have finished our task.

According to the report of Col. T. J. Henley, Superintendent of Indian affairs for California, from the most reliable information that could be obtained, the number of Indians in the various counties of the State is as follows: in San Diego and San Bernardino, 8,000; in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Clara, and Santa Cruz, 2,000; in Tulare and Mariposa, 2,500; in Tuolumne, Calaveras, San Joaquin, Alameda, and Contra Costa, 4,100; in Sacramento, El Dorado, and Placer, 3,500; in Sutter, Yuba, Nevada, and Sierra, 3,500; in Butte, Shasta, and Siskiyou, 5,500; in Klamath, Humboldt, and Trinity, 6,500; in Mendocino, Colusa, Yolo, Napa, Sonoma, and Marin, 15,000. In addition to those mentioned, the number of Indians collected and now

residing upon the Reservations, is: Klamath, 2,500; Nome Lackee, 2,000; Mendocino, 500; Fresno, 900; Tejon, 700; Nome Cult Valley, (attached to Nome Lackee,) 3,000; King's River, (attached to Fresno,) 400. Making the total number of Indians in California, about 60,600.

By those who are the best informed concerning them, an opinion has been expressed that, since the discovery of gold, the Indians in this State have been almost decimated; as, unfortunately, they have cultivated all the vices, and become possessed of many of the diseases, without practicing any of the virtues of the whites. Lewdness and liquor have been the destroying angels of the race; and the cause, with but one or two exceptions, of all the Indian wars that have been known here. We speak not at random, however much it is to be deplored, for we have the facts before us.

With all their failings, it cannot be denied that the California Indians are an interesting people. Their appearance, even, next to the feeling of pity or disgust, is provocative of mirth. Who, for instance, can meet an Indian in the public street, or by the way-side, habited as he generally is in the cast-off garments of the whites, without a smile of mirth imperceptibly stealing across the countenance. Perhaps his brawny and chocolate colored body is covered with a solitary white shirt, (or chemise, as they are not very particular); and his matted and heavy black hair is surmounted by a somewhat dilapidated though fashionably built hat; these two articles constituting his "full dress." Clad in a greasy old silk dress, or dirty cotton gown, by his side walks his squaw—an equally interesting object with himself—to whose face and arms soap and water appear to have long been alienated. Then, to "cap the climax" of the picture, a youthful scion of the pair, who is a subject of equal

cleanliness with his mother, and dressed like his father—minus the hat and shirt—carries a miniature bow and arrows. Who that can witness such a sight, even though they pity, and resist a smile?

The amount of comfort the males are capable of enduring, very naturally allows the females the opportunity of performing all the labor of the camp, field, or foraging excursions, or of its going unperformed; for although their liege lords may be by their side, or within call, their natural gallantry is no obstacle whatever to such an arrangement being perfectly satisfactory; and in case of refusal on her part, the commencement of warlike demonstrations on his, is generally productive of acquiescence. This, however, is not always the case, as the following narrative will show:

One bright May morning, when on a visit to Placerville, El Dorado county, an old friend enquired if we would not like to witness an Indian mourning scene. Of course the reply was in the affirmative, and in a few minutes we were on the ground. As we drew near the spot, we could hear the mournful wailing cry, as it rose upon the air. Groups of Indians were scattered around, some sitting, others walking, and one party of females were engaged in cooking.

In an inclosure, formed of bushes on one side and the rude habitations of the Indians on the other, were from forty to fifty men and women. Here, three or four were sitting in a group; there, a similar number were standing up or moving about, with arms held up, now on this side, and now on that, and sometimes stamping with their feet; the faces of nearly all were hideously painted (black); but as the paint was mixed with water, when a tear rolled down, it left a lighter streak behind. All were wailing and weeping, because sickness and death were desolating their tribes, and making their camp-fires sorrowful and lonely.

It was an affecting and melancholy scene. Outside, dogs were snarling and fighting and Indian children unconsciously at play.

While these things were going on, the arrival of three Newtown Indians—each armed with an old musket or rifle, and one of them carrying a bottle of whiskey in his hand, from which numerous drinks were taken from time to time—created an unusual stir in camp. This event, while it illustrates some traits of Indian



AN INDIAN WOMAN CARRYING ACORNS
TO CAMP.

character, brings us to the *denouement* of our narrative.

The ringleader of the three, we afterwards learned, had obtained his wife from this tribe; but, as he had frequently beaten and abused her, she had lately sought the protection of her tribe, much to the annoyance of her spouse, who, after some explanation, had been allowed



AN INDIAN BINDING THE CORPSE FOR BURNING OR BURIAL.

on all former occasions to depart with her. This time, however, as the beating had been excessive, she refused to return with him; and as her relatives had declined to interfere in the matter, and moreover had intimated their determination to resist any attempt on his part to force a compliance, in a fit of drunken madness he had paid this visit to demand his squaw, and to threaten that, if not given up quietly, he would take her by force.

Taunting and threatening words were fearlessly used on both sides, followed by the breaking up of the mourning group, and the movement from camp of all the women and children; and as the leader of the Newtown Indians grew more and more excited, cocking and uncocking his rifle while walking to and fro, matters began to grow serious; and before we were fully aware of it, the sudden discharge of a gun, and the falling of the brother of the woman, fatally wounded, announced that the work of death had begun.

In order to see the fight, and yet be in

a place of safety, we ran for a large pine tree; but, in our eager curiosity to watch the progress of events, we entirely forgot to seek its protection by getting behind it. Fortunately, the showers of arrows and musket balls, that followed the retreating footsteps of the aggressors, passed by us, and we escaped uninjured. Not so the Newtown Indian; who, the moment his death-dealing weapon was discharged, had thrown it down, and ran for his life; but, with his back and side almost covered with the arrows of his pursuers, he fell to rise no more. The first and last cause of this tragedy was whisky—sold to the Indians, against all law, by——whites! Heaven save the mark.

After a number of the arrows had been removed from the corpse of the slain—some of which had entered about eight inches—we returned to the encampment, and such a sight of blood and mourning and dirty faces our eyes saw never. Women were bathing the wounds of the dying man; his mother stood wailing at the entrance to his hut; while his wives

were seeking to soothe him with their affectionate caresses, and praises of his goodness and kindness. Just as evening threw its shadowy mantle on the hill-tops around the village, the loud, discordant wail that arose from the sorrowful mourners told us that he was dead, and that he too had entered the spirit-land of his fathers.

As the Newtown Indians had sent out scouts to watch the issue of this proceeding, and as these had doubtless returned and given a report of the death of one of their tribe, an attack of revenge was expected; and, to prevent a surprise, runners were sent out in every direction, and upon every prominent hill watchers were stationed. Although this was continued day and night for nearly a week, the enemy did not make his appearance.

When an Indian is known to be near his departure to the spirit-land, his head is generally pillowed in the lap of one of the nearest and dearest of his relatives, while those who stand around him almost invariably chant, in a low, monotonous tone, the virtues of the dying; and with this soothing lullaby he falls asleep in death. As soon as his heart has ceased to beat, the sad news of his demise is conveyed to all his relatives, both far and near; and the low chant is changed to loud and mournful wailings, while those who are near beat upon their chests with their clenched fists, and with tearful eyes fixed upwards, they apostrophize the spirit of the departed.

It is a singular fact, that although in some districts of the State, some Indians burn and others bury their dead, all prepare them for final disposition in the same manner, which is as follows:—A blanket being spread upon the ground, the corpse is laid upon it; when a brother, or some other relative, after folding

the limbs upon the chest, with the knees towards the chin, proceeds to bind the body and limbs together as tightly as it is possible so to do. It is then wrapped in the blanket and placed upon the earth, with its face upwards and exposed. All this time the wild howling and wailing continues, until the body is ready; then for about twenty minutes or half an hour, the mourning ceases, and not a sound intrudes upon the stillness and rude solemnity of the scene. At a given signal all rise simultaneously—the women to renew their wailing, and the men to build a funeral pyre, or to prepare a grave.

If the corpse is about to be burned, when the fuel is about two feet in height, every sound again ceases, and, amid a death-like stillness, the men place the body upon the pyre. This being done,



AN INDIAN WOMAN PANNING OUT GOLD.

additional wood is piled upon it, until all but the face is completely covered. Slowly and solemnly the oldest and nearest relative advances with torch in hand, and sets the wood on fire.

As soon as the first curling cloud of smoke is seen to ascend, the discordant howling of the women becomes almost

Neg. 27688 (4.5) (includes caption)



AN INDIAN SWEAT-HOUSE.

appalling; while the men in some instances stand in sullen and unbroken silence, and in others join their notes of woe to those of the devoted women. All the relatives who are nearest and dearest to the consuming dead, with long sticks in their hands, commence a frantic dance around the burning body, occasionally turning it over and stirring it up, that it may consume the more speedily.

The motive which impels them to this, is their belief in a vast and pleasant camping ground situated in some beautiful country in the direction of the setting sun, where they again meet their relatives and friends, and live in perpetual ease and plenty together. This camping ground, they believe, is presided over and governed by a chief of great power and goodness, and about whom they need give themselves no uneasiness whatever. They also believe in an evil spirit, who is capable of doing them any amount of injury, and who is constantly upon the look-out to give them all the trouble he possibly can, and eventually to keep them away from this pleasant camping place and the society of their friends;

him they think it worth their while to conciliate or cheat, according to circumstances; and as they believe also that the heart is the immortal part, and that he is seeking to make it a prisoner, by noises and motions they try to attract his attention while the body is burning, as it is at that season the heart leaps out; and, if his attention is attracted and drawn off by their manouverings, the heart makes its escape and is eternally safe. This is the reason for the hideous noises and waving of cloths practiced during the process of burning.

Those Indians who burn their dead, believe that the evil one keeps perpetual guard over the graves of those who are buried, and when the heart would escape it is secured, and perpetually employed in giving sickness and ill luck, and other annoyances to their living relatives, out of revenge for their indifference and neglect of their future welfare.

After the body is nearly consumed, the blackened remains are taken from the fire and rolled in a cloth and blanket, to cool it a little, when his wives separate the remaining and unconsumed portions

of the body, and around each piece wind a long string of beads. Every particle is then carefully placed in a basket that has been beautifully beaded and worked for such an occasion, with any other valuables that have been reserved. This being done, and the fire rebuilt, the basket and its contents are placed upon it; and while that is being consumed, cloths, blankets, dresses, beads, arrows, knives, pocket-handkerchiefs, and everything else that has been touched by the dead body, are added to the flames. When these are burned, every unconsumed log is

carefully scraped, all the ashes swept together, and the whole, with the exception of a small portion reserved for mourning, are placed in another basket, and then buried.

The reserved ashes after being mixed with pitch obtained from pine trees, is spread over the faces of the female relatives as a badge of mourning, and which, although very hideous to our sight, is sacred to theirs, is allowed to remain until it wears off, which is generally about six months.

Most of those Indians who bury their dead, although their belief in the future is similar to that of the others, have but one anxiety, and that is to put them in the ground before the coyotes cry at night, and then the heart is safe. These generally build a fire upon the grave.

All of the Indians, we believe without exception, cast the personal property of the



AN INDIAN WOMAN GATHERING ACORNS.

deceased, as well as presents of their own, into the grave, that he may want nothing when he joins his friends in the great camping-ground out west.

Several tribes hold the belief that after Indians die they lie three days in the ground and then go upward and become stars. Chiefs become "big" stars. They then go westward to the general camping ground.

If a woman dies while becoming a mother, the child, whether living or dead, is buried with its mother. When a child dies, it is completely enveloped in beads before it is buried, that it may have plenty of ornaments to play with and amuse itself in the other world.

In violent pains, of all kinds, they scarify and suck the place. A "doctor" will sometimes put a straw, or two or three grains of barley, or a small stone, into his mouth, and make the patient

Neg. # 8751 (xss) (includes caption)

believe such to have been the cause of his suffering, and which he has been fortunate enough to remove. An Indian of fine stature and good disposition, who made his home with Judge Ward, in Indian Valley, Plumas county, had the misfortune to fall from a horse, and was taken up senseless. Four young Indian women immediately opened a vein in his temples and sucked out the blood until he recovered sufficiently to be removed from the house to their camp; where they tended him with the greatest care and kindness until he was convalescent, and again able to resume his usual duties about the farm.

For the cure of fevers, the Indians who live in the valleys generally enter an underground building, called the "sweat-house," constructed for the purpose, the roof of which is supported by posts, is covered with earth, and is generally water tight. A hole at the side forms the double convenience of a door and a chimney. A fire is made in the centre, or on the side nearest the patient, who reclines in a state of nudity on a shelf or bunk

at the side until he is in a profuse perspiration, when he immediately leaves his underground steam-bath, and plunges into the river. This will generally cure him. If it does not, he repeats the experiment. This building is also used for the purpose of visiting in during the cold and wet days of winter.

Many of the Indians in the northern part of the State use the seed of clover grown in swampy places, as an antidote to poison oak. The "ring-worm" is cured by placing the milk of the poison oak in a circle round the affected part. But our knowledge of the practice of medicine among the Indians is exceedingly limited; and whether this arises from a neglect to enquire, or a contempt for the art; or a reluctance on their part to divulge "professional secrets," we are unable to determine.

The profession of "doctor" among them is very popular, and although their knowledge of Indian Medical science is exceedingly limited when compared with that of any of the tribes east of the rocky mountains, they sometimes perform a



INDIANS COOKING, IN FRONT OF THEIR HUTS.

Neg. 724.696 (4)



AN INDIAN WOMAN GRINDING ACORNS AND SEEDS.

few simple cures, and, on this account, are looked up to with considerable respect. In their charges they are very exorbitant, and as they are able to live on the fat of the land (of Diggerdom) and the life they lead is exceedingly easy; their young men are as anxious to become members of "the faculty" as our young dependent-spirited "bloods" are to become politicians.

Before the influx of the whites the Indians lived principally on acorns, roots, weed and flower seeds, clover, gnats, wild greens, sap of the white pine, mushrooms, grasshoppers, rabbits, rats, squirrels, fish, and sometimes antelope or deer; or anything else that could be easily obtained; but since the discovery of gold they will linger around cabins and slaughter houses for any refuse they can find; although they manifest no objections whatever to a well cooked meal of vegetables and meat, or any scraps they can collect from the white man's table.

As before alluded to, the women do the

work; the men the eating, grumbling, and sleeping.—When a winter store of acorns is to be provided, all the women and children are sent out among the oak trees, to gather them.

A large cone-shaped basket is carried at the back by means of a band that extends across the forehead from the sides of the basket; into this they are thrown as they are picked up. They are then taken to camp and spread up on the ground to be dried by the sun; after which they are tied in cloths and stored in huts or trees,* or are ground for present use.

Seeds, next to acorns are the greatest staple they can command for winter consumption. To obtain these the women and children go into the valleys and woods and beat them into their capacious mouthed baskets, with a bush; and after taking them to camp, dry them in the same manner as the acorns; and then clean them by tossing them up from a flattish shaped basket, at the same time blowing out the chaff and dust, if the breeze is not strong enough to do it for them.

Clover forms a favorite repast in early spring, when it is young, and as this grows in great plenty by every little stream, an abundance is easily obtained. The same may be said of grass and various kinds of salads and greens.

Roots of various kinds are much prized, and which are generally dug with a pointed stick, and eaten raw like the others. From this employment, we presume, originated the name of Digger Indians.

*The storing of acorns in trees is now almost abandoned on account of their destruction and waste, from sheer wantonness, by thoughtless or unprincipled whites.

Grasshoppers are a great luxury, and are used as meat, and eaten in various ways. Sometimes they are caught, threaded on a string, hung over a fire until they are slightly toasted, and then eaten from the string. At others, the grass is set on fire, which both disables and cooks them, when they are picked up and eaten, or laid aside for future use. The most popular method of providing these, however, and which we have seen most frequently, is, in first digging a hole deep enough to prevent their jumping out; after which a circle is formed of Indians both old and young, and male and female, who with a bush in each hand, beat from side to side, now with the right then with the left, when the insects keep jumping toward the hole, into which they fall and are there caught. They are then gathered into a sack and saturated with salt water. A trench is then dug, and in it a fire is built, after which the ashes are cleaned out, and the grasshoppers put in, and then covered with hot rocks and earth until they are cooked. They are then taken out and eaten, in the same manner as we eat shrimps; or put away to mix with acorn or seed meal, after being ground into a pasta.

Acorns, berries and seeds of all kinds, are reduced to flour by the women, who sit upon a flattish rock and with an oblong stone weighing from six to ten pounds, grind it to powder by repeated blows.

Their process of boiling the flour thus ground, is very primitive. Bowl-shaped and water-tight baskets, holding from two to four pecks, are nearly filled with water, into which the flour or meal is stirred to make it of the consistence needed; when rocks, that have previously been heated until they are nearly red, are immersed, and the water boils. When the mush is sufficiently cooked, it is poured into smaller baskets to cool, from whence it is eaten with the two forefingers. Rabbits, rats, squirrels, with

other meats, and fish, are either boiled in a similar manner, or broiled upon a stick.

Antelope and deer are generally surrounded on a rainy day, and driven into a swampy place, where they mire, and are then taken.

Hunting is too active an employment to square with their ideas of ease and comfort, and consequently is not very vigorously followed. If a deer is killed with bow and arrow, or even with an old shot gun or musket, as they have such now, it is not from any systematic purpose or plan of hunting, but simply by accident.

In the spring season, a grand fandango is given, to which all the tribes that are friendly to each other, or to which they are related by intermarriage, are invited, and which not only answers the usual purpose of such a gathering, but is about the same as a prayer meeting for plenty of all kinds of food.

To the casual observer, a fandango is a wild, careless, free-and-easy dancing and feasting party, and nothing more. To the Indians it is a friendly gathering together of the remnants of their race for the purpose of perpetuating and cementing the bonds of union more closely between each other and the various tribes around; and at the same time to transmit from generation to generation the great deeds and noble actions of their forefathers. According to our estimate of the latter named virtues, this exercise might be conducted with great brevity; but, if they can ennoble and elevate each other, by telling of some kind action, however small it might have seemed in our eyes, let us not despise it. Any particular tribe wishing to have a fandango sends messengers to all the chiefs of the surrounding tribes, to whom they give the invitation and a bundle of reeds, or sticks, to indicate the number of days to elapse before it takes place; sometimes notches are cut in a stick, or knots are tied in a string, for that purpose. Then



THE ATTACK.

the tribe giving the invitation proceeds to select a suitable spot on which to hold the fandango; the one that is most shady and pleasant, and nearest to good water and plenty of firewood, is preferred.

Extensive preparations are immediately commenced. Rabbits are snared, fish are caught, acorns are ground, panola provided, roots are dug and washed, grasshoppers taken and dried, and large pieces of firewood gathered, besides beef, flour, and other luxuries obtained from white men, in readiness for the day. It must not be supposed that the tribe giving the invitation provides everything for the occasion; by no means, as every one who attends takes something to make up the variety and quantity of the general table.

At such seasons, both male and female dress themselves according to their most extravagant notions of paint and feathers. Several weeks are frequently consumed in making head-dresses and other ornaments, of feathers, shells, and beads, in which the top-knots of quails, and scalps

of the red and black headed California woodpecker, show to great advantage. These and numerous other ornaments of considerable value are prepared, and perhaps not used more than once before they become a portion of the offerings to the dead.

When the day arrives, groups of Indians may be seen wending their way to the festive scene; and, as many have to travel fifteen or twenty miles, the whole day is consumed in assembling together and conversing in groups on little family matters.

In the evening, when all are assembled, the "band," (which consists of about a dozen men, with reed whistles, and wooden castanets with which they beat time,) begins a monotonous "*feu-feu*" with their whistles; while the dancers follow their leader with the castanets, and keep time in a perpetual "*hi hah! hi hah!*" until they are out of breath, when they take their seats, to listen to a speech from their greatest chief or patriarch, in which he recounts the heroic

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deeds of their noble warrior ancestors!

About thirty-five or forty are dancers for the evening, while the others sit down and look on, and sometimes break into a loud laugh at some mishap or mistake of a dancer.

When the first dance is over, the feast commences, and justice is certainly done the eatables provided. It is a scene that is rich with gluttony and drollery; and once seen, the remembrance is never obliterated from the memory. The feast concluded, the dancing is renewed, and continued until morning, when they finish the provisions that were left over at supper-time, and retire to rest beneath the shelter of a tree.

These dancing parties are frequently continued for several days, and, (as at others more fashionable) many a Digger youth falls irretrievably in love with some fair (!) Digger maiden.

This being properly understood by the parties most interested, the fortunate lover gathers together such property as he possesses, and repairs to her father to strike the bargain. The old man looks surprised, hesitates, looks at the candidate for his daughter's hand, then at the amount of goods that is brought him as an equivalent for his child. The question being argued, (of course eloquently,) if the match is considered a good one, the old man's thoughtful face relaxes into a smile, the property is exchanged, he tells him to make her a good husband, and the union is complete.

With some of the tribes, when an Indian wishes to marry, the female runs and hides herself; and, if the male succeeds in finding her within a given time, they live together.

There seems to be no formal marriage ceremony among the California Indians. The wife being looked upon as a species of slave property, a trade is made and they unceremoniously live together.

Frequently when a man is hunting for

a wife he plays upon a small reed whistle; and as the women understand it, he is invited to tarry for a talk, or allowed to pass on according to the estimate in which he is held by those he may visit for the purpose.

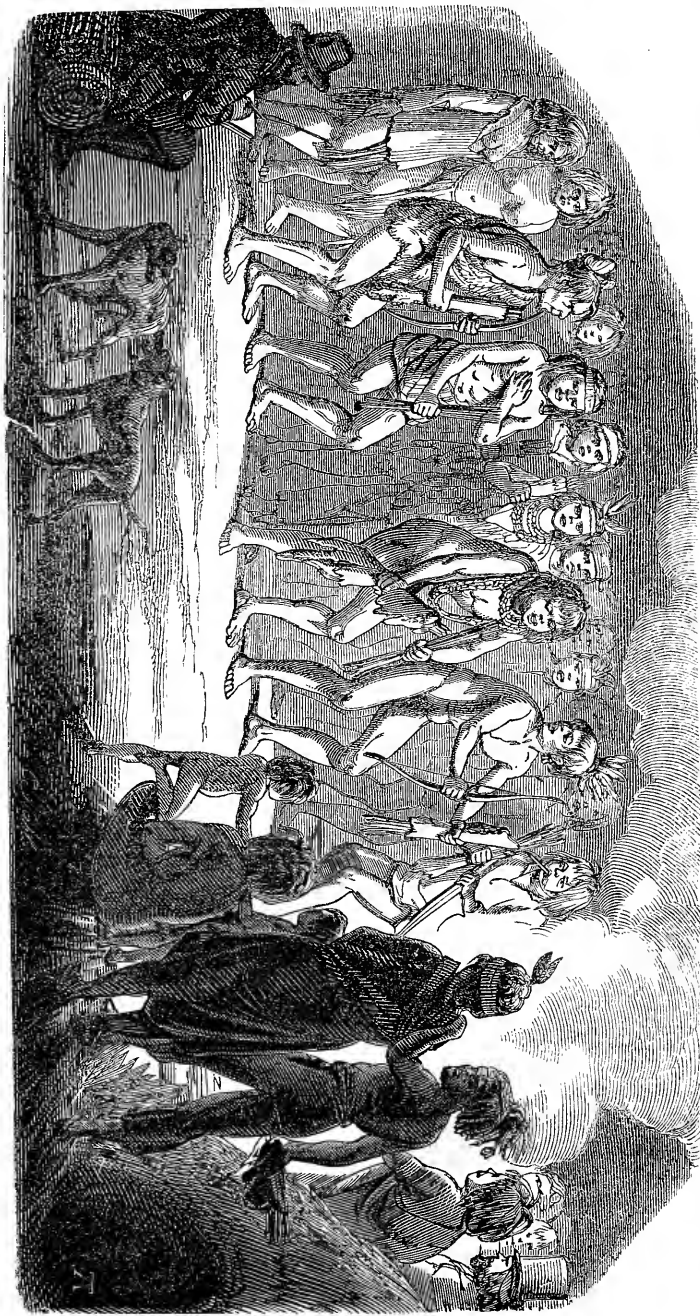
They frequently gamble away their wives just as they do any other kind of property.

Quite often a given number of Indian men agree to fight for a certain number of Indian women, on which occasion each party puts up equally. As soon as either party is victorious, the women, who have been awaiting the chances of this kind of war, arise, and go with the victors, apparently satisfied with the result.

To obtain women is a frequent and only cause of war among them. When any particular tribe runs short of squaws, it unceremoniously steals some from an adjoining tribe, which on the first favorable occasion returns the compliment—sometimes with considerable interest.

Polygamy is common. Some of the chiefs have from four to seven wives. As among the Mormons this is regulated by their ability to support them. Many of the "undistinguished diggers" have from three to five wives.

Before concluding this article we wish (with all their imperfections and obstacles, and they are many) to give our testimony in favor of the Reservations established by government to teach the Indian race the arts of agriculture, and the principles of self reliance. They are doing much to ameliorate the condition of the race, and in staying the sweeping hand of annihilation. But while we accord thus much to the system, we enter our protest to the promiscuous and libidinous intercourse allowed at these reservations by those placed in charge. In our opinion, founded upon observation, no officer should be appointed, no white man employed who has not a wife to accompany him there; and who could have as eleva-



AN INDIAN FANDANGO, AT NIGHT.

ting an influence with the females as the husband has with the males.

We would also suggest the desirability of teaching the mechanic arts, in all its various branches, to the men; and of giving some suitable and acceptable employment to the women. Active employment being as great a civilizer among men as any code of morals ever promulgated.

THE SAILOR'S DEATH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Homeward bound" a swift-winged vessel
Sped upon her joyous way:—
One amid a group of gladness
On a death-bed helpless lay.
Dimly rose the distant mountains
Gladdening every sailor's eye!
"Shipmates! let me see the landmarks,
Raise me up before I die."

"I have lived a life of peril
Battling tempest, storm and gale,
I have mocked at death and danger
When the bravest men grew pale!
I have lived upon the ocean,
Let my grave be in the sea,
Let no earth clods press my bosom,
Let no coffin fetter me."

Night had settled on the ocean,
Thunders pealed in solemn tone!
Nearer, from the clouds of blackness
Came the muttering tempest's moan.
Upright rose the ghastly sailor,
As the lightnings lit the sky,
In a desperate death struggle,
Wildness in his glaring eye.

"Shipmates!" curses rest upon ye,"—
Fiercely shook his bony hand,
"I will haunt your dying moments
If ye bury me on land."
Morning broke—the smiling hill-slopes
Spread like paintings to their view,
But the sailors sank their shipmate
In the waters deep and blue.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES ON MATTERS OF SCIENCE.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

THE engravings on the opposite page represent the skulls of a man and of an orang-outang. The human skull is now in the collection of the Academy of Sciences of this city, and formerly belonged to a cannibal of New Caledonia, whence it was brought to this city by a Frenchman who gave it to Dr. Pigne Dupuytren, and he gave it to the Academy. The peculiarity of the skull is that it has two tusks similar to those found in the heads of monkeys and carnivorous quadrupeds. Cuvier, speaking of the monkey, says: "Their canine teeth, being longer than the rest, supply them with a weapon which man does not possess." That great naturalist was not aware that men ever have tusks, nor is the fact recognised, so far as I am aware, by any scientific work of authority. The question arises, are the tusks of this skull genuine? On inquiry, I found that the Frenchman who brought the skull to this city, had lived in New Caledonia among the savages and has gone back thither to reassume the savage mode of life among them. Dr. P. thinks his statements are true. Dr. Trask, custodian of the collection of the Academy, says that when this skull was first given to him a number of the front teeth were loose and repeatedly fell out, among them the two tusks, and to preserve them he fastened them in with wax where he supposed them to belong. It is not very strange that a man should have tusks, like a beast, but it would be still stranger if the tusks should be in the places where these tusks are now placed—that is, in the place of the outer incisors. The canine teeth are the tusks in all the monkeys and carnivorous quadrupeds, and between them are four short incisors, whereas in this skull there are

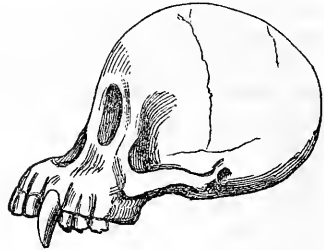


Skull and Upper Teeth of a Feejee Cannibal.

but two short incisors between the tusks. If a man should have tusks, they would be in his canine teeth, which always bear a resemblance in form to the tusks of the lower animals. The Frenchman, (whose name I have not been able to learn) says that it is not uncommon for the cannibals of New Caledonia to have these tusks.

If the statement be confirmed, it will furnish another evidence of the near relationship between man and the brutish animals. Perhaps it might be pressed into service by the advocates of the "development theory." Another point might, perhaps, be made for that theory in regard to the fact that most, and perhaps all, of those sounds of our language which Caucasian children cannot readily pronounce, are also stumbling blocks to the red and yellow races. Among these sounds are those of F, V, and R, which are troublesome both to white children and yellow men. Few Chinamen can say "very," they usually make it "welly;" an American they call a "melikan man," and so on. I attempted once to teach a cottonwood Indian, in Shasta county, to say "fire," but "piway" was the nearest approach he could make to it.

Cuvier, in his work on the animal kingdom, says of man, "but one child is usually produced at a birth, as in five hundred cases of parturition there is but one of twins; more than this is extremely rare." He does not state where the observations, from which deduction is



Skull and Upper Teeth of an Orang Outang.

made, were taken, and no doubt it was correct in regard to France in his time; but it would not apply to California now. My impression is, that there is at least one pair of twins in every hundred cases of parturition in this State; yet we have no official or complete records by which to learn the exact truth. It might be expected, however, that twins would be most numerous where the people generally have the most generous diet, get the most of the sunlight, and are not worn down by excessive toil; and by this rule California is entitled to considerably more than the common measure of them. It is said by some physicians that the average weight of children at birth is greater here than in any other country.

Could not carbonic acid gas be used to prevent fermentation and putrefaction? Fermentation begins with the absorption of oxygen, and if the latter can be kept away the former will be prevented. Carbonic acid gas contains oxygen, but would probably not part with it to fermentable substances; at least, it will not part with it to animal lungs nor to fire; for carbonic acid gas, though rich in the material which sustains life and flame, kills both rather than part with it. Would a fermentable substance have a stronger power to decompose carbonic acid gas than fire has? The question is worthy of investigation. Perhaps most fermentable substances—take a piece of fresh meat, for instance, or an apple—have enough free oxygen in them to start fermenta-

tion; but it is not proved. It appears to me not improbable to suppose that by the use of carbonic acid gas, fresh meats for market might be preserved in close chambers, and naturalist's specimens in bottles, much better than by any means now in use. The only method of settling the question, of course, is by experiment, which I have not the conveniences for making.

THE HUMBOLDT DESERT.

BY YELLOW BIRD. (JOHN R. RIDGE.)

Who journeys o'er the desert now,
Where sinks engulfed the Humboldt
Arrested sudden in its flow, [river,
But pouring in that depth forever,
As if the famished earth would drink
Adry the tributes of the mountains,
Yet wither on the water's brink
And thirst for still unnumbered fountains;
Who journeys o'er that desert now
Shall see strange sights, I ween, and
ghastly;
For he shall trace, aweared, slow,
Across this waste extended vastly,
The steps of pilgrims westward bound—
Bound westward to the Land Pacific,
Where hoped for rest and peace are found,
And Plenty waves her wand prolific.
Along this parched and dreary track
Nor leaf, nor blade, nor shrub appeareth;
The sky above doth moisture lack,
And brazen glare the vision seareth;
Nor shadow, save the traveler's own,
Doth bless with coolness seeming only,
And, save his muffled step alone
Or desert-bird's wild shriek and lonely,
No sound is heard:—a realm of blight,
Of weird-like silence and a brightness
That maketh but a gloom of light,
Where glimmer shapes of spectral white-
ness!
They are the bones that bleaching lie
Where fell the wearied beast o'er-driven,

And upward cast his dying eye,
As if in dumb appeal to Heaven.
For lengthening miles on miles they lie,
These sad memorials grim and hoary,
And every whitening heap we spy
Doth tell some way-worn pilgrim's story.
Hard by each skeleton there stand
The wheels it drew, or warped or
shrunken,
And in the drifted, yielding sand
The yoke or rusted chain lies sunken.
Nor marvel we, if yonder peers,
From out some scooped-out grave and
shallow,
A human head, which fleshless leers
With look that doth the place unhallow.
Each annual pilgrimage hath strewn
These monuments unnamed, undated,
Till now, were bone but piled on bone,
And heaped up wrecks but congregated,
A pyramid would rise as vast
As one of those old tombs Egyptian,
Which speak from distant ages past
With time-worn, mystic, strange inscrip-
tion.
But pass we these grim, mouldering things,
Decay shall claim as Time may order,
For, offspring of the mountain springs,
A river rims the desert's border!
With margin green and beautiful,
And sparkling waters silver-sounding,
And trees with zephyrs musical, [ing,
And answering birds with songs abound-
And velvet flowers of thousand scents,
And clambering vines with blossoms
crested;
Twas here the pilgrims pitched their tents,
And from their toilsome travel rested.
Oh sweet such rest to him who faints
Upon the journey long and weary!
And scenes like this the traveler paints
While dying on the wayside dreary.
Sad pilgrims o'er life's desert we,
Our tedious journey onward ever,
But rest for us there yet shall be,
When camped upon the HEAVENLY RIVER.

PERSIA PAST AND PRESENT.

BY W. A. SCOTT, D. D.

" And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs
Angel of light!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turned
To meet that eye where'er it burned?

When, from the banks of BENDEMBER
To the nut-groves of Samarcand,
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?

Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on CADESSIA's bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem

From IRAN'S broken diadem.—LALLA ROOKH.

THE wars of Persia with Greece, the lives of Oriental princes, and tales and illustrations of the manners of the East a long time ago, are a part of the early studies of our boyhood, and a never failing source of amusement to an enlightened mind, through all the periods of life down to old age. Even the loftiest strains of poetry in our holy prophetic books—the noblest outpourings of Hebrew song are about the people who lived on the Tigris and the Euphrates more than two thousand years ago. And even now it is found, after centuries for research and examination, and after the wonderful discoveries of Botta, Layard, Rawlinson and others, that the Hebrew Scriptures are the best guide to the East—that the minutest allusions in the Bible to the habits of the people of Bible lands are so correct, and that even the details of their wars and religions, and customs, given by the father of profane history, are so accurately told, that the history of the inhabitants of those countries in the present day, written from actual observation, varies in but few things from that of Herodotus.

In our day, the long sleep of Oriental literature is broken—never again to be resumed. Its untomb'd records have assumed a place, in historic value, above the classic glory of Greece and Rome. The scholar, the antiquarian, and the interpreter of ancient records, have vast

treasures of priceless worth now opened to them that were hidden for ages. The fall of Constantinople somewhat retarded Oriental studies by the consequent revival of Greek learning, which was followed by the invention of printing in the West. The tendency of the attention given to Greek literature, and of printing, was to lay aside the learning of the East as fabulous, or valueless. But, for the last three centuries, European travelers and scholars have been diligent in those researches that have so happily resulted in our present attainments.

As we are desirous of becoming acquainted with some of the most remarkable personages, and some of the most extraordinary events of ancient Persia, a brief reference to its legendary history seems necessary to enable us to form something like a correct opinion concerning its institutions. All men of letters have admired her poets, *Jami*, *Hafiz*, *Saadi* and *Firdusi*; but Persia has been admired for something more than her poets. Alexander the Great intensely coveted her dominions, not so much because she was the favorite country of the imagination, as because she was wealthy and powerful. The legends of the golden egg, and like fancies, do not solve the great question, why Alexander marched his armies across her territory. Was it then to revenge Greece for Persian invasions before his day? or was it merely to imitate the exploits of Achilles, whom he greatly admired, and whose history he diligently studied? No. I believe his was a nobler ambition—an ambition as justifiable as that which inspired Napoleon, when he invaded Egypt and dreamed of an Oriental empire—an ambition in every way as justifiable as that of the English in the conquest of India, or of China—the very same in substance that now moves all the great powers of Europe, and the United States, to seek an extension of their influence over the

populous regions of the East, namely: to carry European, that is, as it was called in Alexander's day, *Greek enterprise* into Asia, and thereby awaken its decaying kingdoms, and stimulate them to trade and civilization. No doubt he wished, at the same time he was thus arousing them, to make them develop the riches of their country, and doubtless, also, he was quite willing, as conqueror, to take the lion's share, but in as honorable a way as is practiced in our day. That such views were entertained by him is proven from his enlarged ideas of trade, and his building of cities and highways of travel and commerce.

These remarks are made, not for the purpose of indorsing the wars of Alexander the Great, but because it seems to me, justice has rarely been done to his genius and policy. Many cities were founded by him, and the clearness of his foresight and the soundness of his judgment are seen in their continuance to this day as great seats of trade. And so great is the popularity of his name even in our times, that many of the tribes of the East claimed to be his descendants. He was a Pagan, and did many very wicked things, but in his desire to possess Persia, and to advance into India from the west, he has been often imitated, and has his successors in our day among several Christian crowns. Persia was the scene of some of his greatest exploits. Chinghis-Khan and Timur-lane also led their plundering hosts over the same mountains and plains. Roman Emperors and generals and Moslem Kaliphs were in their day familiar with its cities and fortresses and battle-plains. As in Spain, first civilized by the Phenicians and long possessed by the Moors, we find Pagan, Roman and Eastern customs long obsolete elsewhere, turning up at every step in the cabinet and in the campaign, in the palace and in the house, field and church; so it is in Persia. It is in Per-

sia as much—perhaps more than in any other land, that we find in our day ancient customs preserved with the greatest tenacity—especially such as are referred to in the Bible. The mountain-ranges and rivers and physical features of Persia are now as they were when Alexander conquered her and Xenophon wrote his classic chapters. No canals have been dug, no railroads built, and the posts are inferior to those of Cyrus. And the manners of the people are less changed than in any other oriental nation. The throne of the Shah is shorn indeed of some of the bright beams of the ancient dynasties of Persia, but still it recalls the glory of Cyrus, and the power of Darius and Sapor.

"In Egypt," says "The Modern Traveller," "the intrusive Turk or Mamlouk, the degraded Copt, or the miserable Fellow, are dwarfed beside the gigantic monuments of the past, and hardly appear to belong to a scene where art and nature seem alike eternal and MAN is nothing; in Persia it is the living scene, the faded yet still imposing pageantry, the various tribes, and the diversified traits of human character that chiefly occupy attention, and by these faithful transcripts of the former ages it is that the imagination is transported far back into the past.*

Although Persia, in her earliest ages, seems to have altogether wanted the poet historian, she was not wanting in royal scribes. These secretaries, *Mirzas*, as they are called in modern times, were constantly with their kings—at feasts and councils, and on the field of battle. It was their duty to note down at the time his words, and make a record of his deeds. A similar custom prevailed among most Asiatic nations. The Mogul conquerors had their scribes. The great Hyder Ali used to appear in public surrounded by forty secretaries. Such records doubtless were the chronicles deposited at Babylon, Ecbatana, and Susa. The personal an-

*Vaux's Nineveh and Persepolis.

ecdotes and private conversations preserved by Herodotus, are probably a fair specimen of these records. They were not designed to be a history of the empire, nor of the people, but of the court. Herod. vii. 100, vi. 98; viii. 96, and Ezra, vi. i. Esther, vi. i. We shall have occasion to speak of them again.

The great historic poets of Persia are Mirkhond and Firdusi, and Khondemir, son of Mirkhond. Their memorials of the empire are partly from traditions, and partly from records, and are very valuable as exponents of the inner life—the thoughts, manners and customs, of their forefathers. They tell us that the ancient name of Persia was *Iran*, and that ten tribes were united in composing its first inhabitants. According to Mahomedan writers, the founder of the Pischadian, Dynasty, the first monarch of Persia was Kaiomurs, the son of Yasan Asam, the grandson of Noah. And that he was a long time subject to the Magicians, but at length emancipated himself from their tyranny, by the aid of tigers, panthers and lions. The famous Jamshid, his nephew, succeeded his son Hoshung, who was his immediate successor. The legends concerning Jamshid are numerous and curious. They suit for an epic rather than for a sober history. As a history of Persia, however, beyond Cyrus, we have nothing better than the fabulous annals of Jamshid and his successors. Impenetrable obscurity reigns over the early history of Persia. Most of the early Persian writers have so mixed up their history with tales of griffins, monster giants and fairies, that no sober or reliable account can be gathered from their writings. According to some of them, several of the first kings of the dynasty which they call the Pischadian, reigned from five hundred to one thousand years each. The order of its rise seems to be Iran Turan, and then Assyria, and then a Persian dynasty of the Kaiianites, and then

Media, under Cyaxeres, and then Persia proper under Cyrus the Great. Xenophon traces the pedigree of Cyrus up to Perses, who gave name to the country. The first name by which Persia is known to us in the Bible is *Elam*, Gen. xiv. 1, which is to be regarded as identical with Kurdistan and Khuzistan. The date of the events spoken of in Genesis is thought by Vaux and others to be contemporary with the beginning of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires. Balh, (Bactra,) the capital of Kaiomurs, is considered in the East as the oldest city on the globe. It is called *Omm-al-belad*, the mother of cities. From the time of Abraham, when Elam was a kingdom, to Isaiah, nothing occurs in sacred history that belongs especially to Persia. Isaiah, however, speaks of the Elamites as a warlike nation, "bearing the quiver," xxii. 6. And this account agrees exactly with what Strabo says of the mountaineers of Elymais. Jeremiah, xlix. 34, 39, foretells the overthrow of Elam and its subsequent recovery, which history records as fulfilled.

The hero of Firdusi is Rustam, but Sir John Malcolm labors with great zeal to show that the *Kai-Khosru* of this poet is Cyrus the Great. This is probably correct; and the poem itself, *Shah Nameh*, is a wonderful illustration of how the fragments of history may be embalmed in poetry. The fragments from which he composed this work were in Pehlvi, and are interspersed with incidents and exploits belonging to the history of China, India and Turan, while there is no allusion to the kings of Assyria, Egypt or Babylon. The traditions of the East say Cyrus' mother was a Jewess, and on that account he was so favorably inclined to that remarkable people. For some four centuries the Romans called the rulers of Persia by the name of Khosrus or Chosroes, that is, Cyrus. The *Kai* occurring so often in the history of ancient Persia,

means *King*; and is succeeded by *Shah* in our day.

The order of the empires that rose on the Tigris and the Euphrates is after this manner: The Assyrian, Chaldean and Medo-Persian, the Greek, Roman and Saracen, which was succeeded by the Persian kingdom of our own day. The Assyrian empire, of which Ninevah was the chief city, was probably founded by Nimrod. It unquestionably goes back to a very early period after the flood. The area of the Persian dominions in Esther's day was the seat of the great empires of Daniel's visions, which, as to time and manner, rose to power and passed away with an astonishing conformity to his predictions.

But little is known of Median history. They are believed to have been an intelligent and wealthy people long previous to the Persian conquest. Their government was despotic, but the etiquette and strictures of their court remarkable. Cyrus the Great, who is to be regarded as the founder of the Persia of history, made Media, by forcible seizure, a part of the Persian empire. His dominions occupied the regions of all the older empires of that part of the globe that had preceded him. The period of our *Hebrew-Persian* Queen is about 500 years before the birth of Christ, and lies between the famous battle of Marathon and the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks; Postumius and Furius being consuls at Rome. The Chaldean monarchy, the lion empire of the Hebrew prophet, has passed away. All comes to pass in its day just as Daniel sees and describes it standing on the banks of the river Ulai (Eulæus of the Greeks). Medes and Persians, Greeks and Romans, take their places in history precisely according to the prophet's assignment, just as if they were pieces played by an invisible master on the Chess-board of the Universe. The two horned ram of Daniel signified the Medo-

Persian kingdom. And the proof is complete that Persia was represented at first by a ram. This is seen in ancient coins and from the sculptures on the pillars of Persepolis. Ammianus Marcellinus expressly says that "the King of Persia wore a ram's head of gold, set with precious stones, instead of a diadem." And it is also abundantly in proof, that as Persia was represented by a *ram*, so was Macedonia by a *goat*, and both these symbols agree with Daniel's vision. The story is that the first colony of Macedon were directed to take a goat for a guide and that they were to build a city, wherever the leading goat halted his flock, which they did, and called it *Ægeæ*, from *Ægus*, a goat, and hence the people called themselves *Ægeadæ*, and hence we have the name *Ægean* for the sea that washed their coast. Ancient Macedonian monuments contain this figure, and at Persepolis the subjection of the Macedonians to the Persians in the reign of Amyntas is recorded by representing a Persian as holding a goat by the horn. And in the florentine collection there is a gem with an engraving which was probably made after Alexander's conquest of Asia, representing the Persian *ram* and the Macedonian *goat* united, that is, the two heads are conjoined.

If you visit Khuzistan, a province of the Persia that now is, you will see the kingdom of ancient Susiana. In the first years of Cyrus, this country was governed by his friend and ally, Abradates, but, at his death, it was incorporated with the Persian monarchy. Should you ever travel through it, you will find the northern part of it hilly, while the central portion of it is a great plain, the greater part of which is very fertile, but the southern and eastern part is chiefly a sandy desert, or extensive morasses. The banks of the rivers, in the southern and eastern portions, are capable of cultivation. Rice, indigo, wheat, barley, poppies, dates and

sugar cane are raised. The climate is considered remarkably healthy; so much so, that the inhabitants of the surrounding provinces resort to it when sick, just as the old Roman invalids used to go to Egypt. The winters are mild, and the springs proverbially the delight of the earth. In the summer the heat, however, is so intense that the people spend the day in subterranean chambers, and sleep on the house tops, in the open air, at night. The chief trade of Shuster is in opium, indigo and sugar. Opium is produced here in great quantities from the large and beautiful Oriental poppy. The sugar of the country is very fine, and produced in a considerable quantity. The luxuriance of the sugar cane, and the excellence of the manufactured sugar is so great that the province is said to have its name from its staple commodity. Khuzistan, that is, *sugar country*.

The animals of this country are jackalls and hyenas, which are very numerous, and their nightly howlings a great annoyance. Antelopes and gazelles are numerous, and the winged songsters are the same that are found in southern Europe. Locusts, all sorts of lizards and insects, and venomous reptiles are found in great abundance. This is the country also, of the camel and of the wild ass, the wild boar and the lion. "The wild ass of the wilderness that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure," is a beautiful creature, and so swift in her native wilds that she can be caught only by relays of horses and dogs.

It is foreign to my present purpose to dwell on the history of Persia from the death of Esther to the defeat of the Persians by the Arabs on "the bloody plains of Cadessia," where Iran's ancient diadem was broken, or to speak of Persia under the Saracens, and of her emancipation from them, and her present dynasty of Shahs. This belongs properly to the general historian and to the political

writers of the great Powers of Europe and Asia, who are all struggling to get the ascendancy in Persia, just as heirs intrigue for a dying man's estates. Of the Tartars, the Seljukian Turks, Turkomans, "the white sheep dynasty," of Hassan, Hussien, Gengis-Khan, Nader Shah, "the great Moguls," "the terrible Afghans," Irak, Shiraz, Bagdad and Mosul, and of the fight between the British lion and the Russian bear for the vineyards of the Persian Naboths, I shall say nothing. Sure I am, however, as the poet says, that

"All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates
Of high, of low, of mind and matter, roll
Through the short channels of expiring time,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
In absolute subjection"———

to the mandate of Him who setteth up one and casteth down another, and doeth his will on earth and in the armies of heaven.

Happy then that people whose God is the Lord. Happy the nation that trusts in the Great Disposer of human events, amid the ever changing scenes of time. In an empire so vast and so populous as that of the great Ahasuerus, there were many large cities, of which little beyond their names, or the simple fact of their having once existed, is now known. It is difficult, and has, in fact, been done only in a few instances, to identify the mouldering remnants of cities that are scattered over the vast tracts of Persia, with the names of the cities described in the ancient history of that country.

But the same thing is true of the mighty cities of Egypt, Babylon and Greece. And is there not a day coming when the mighty cities of our times shall be as these mighty cities of old now are? "A school boy's tale, the wonder of an hour." The reins of the Universe however are in the hands of the same Supreme Ruler that governed the world when Ahasuerus reigned from India to Ethiopia. The hand of God is just as truly in the mod-

ern as in the ancient history of Persia. There is a God that judgeth in the earth in America, just as much as in Asia. His eye and his laws are just as much over London and San Francisco, as they ever were over Babylon and Susa.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT,

Translated from the German of Mueller,

BY PROFESSOR JOHN COCHRAN.

What do I care, although my share
Were Croesus' mighty store,
Where blood runs pure, and faith stands
I have than riches more. [sure,

Full many glide, down pleasure's tide,
Have servants, hall and coaches,
Who are the prey of grief alway,
For conscience yields reproaches.

T'is such who call, this bright earth-ball,
To which heaven's bounties flow;
Where God, for all, both great and small
Spreads gifts, "a house of woe."

To me it seems that nature teems
With joy throughout her bounds,
Through hill and dale, through rock and
One trump of gladness sounds. [vale,

Hark! every tree drops melody,
The air's alive with lays,
And songsters sweet do mankind greet
While they Jehovah praise.

Each day from far, a flaming car,
Sails high o'er sea and land;
Here runneth up the Autumn's cup,
And corn-fields laden stand.

When such I see, my God to thee
I sing, in raptured strain,
That goodness still, despite the ill,
Does through creation reign.

THE SPIRIT OF THE "LONG AGO."

BY MRS. E. S. SHULTZ.

Who among us, that has not, buried away down in the deepest recesses of his heart, beyond the reach of the great action-throbbing hand of Now—a little pulseless thing, but severed to all eternity—the spirit of the "Long Ago!"

We do not mean Memory, for memory but stands sentinel to guard the gates to that invisible realm over which this shadowy spirit reigns supreme. We do not mean Love, which though it far outlives memory, is sure to lend either the delusive rose-tint of joy, or the purple hue of grief. We mean the guest who comes unbidden, when we have an assemblage of sorrows, or a feast of happiness—who lingers longest at the fireside, even after all have departed—who brings with him a host of attendants; and some are shrouded in the drapery of death, and some move silently about in the trailing garments of despair; and some wear withered faded wreaths, all wet with tears; and some have long, flowing, golden hair, that gleams strangely in the uncertain light, and the blue eyes haunt us wondrously. and we sometimes wish them gone—yet continually summon them again, when we tire of the cold stern features of the present.

It is a strange thing, this spirit of the "Long Ago." Sometimes it rears itself to the full stature of a thought; a milestone on the trackless desert of reality—an obelisk, pointing to the chaotic margin of the past; a broken monument to by-gones, and the dim hieroglyphics may only be traced by the light of the soul; and it scatters little mounds all over the landscape of memory, and strews above them the yellow and verdant leaves of events, and then loves to rustle its pale fingers among them at twilights, or send the warm blood back to the cheek, as with resurrecting hand it drags forth some

skeleton hope, and marshals it forth in the broad light of to-day.

Oh! what a treasure is the spirit of the "Long Ago." It is the hidden pearl that strews the strand of life, silently folding its little world of wealth within its own secret breast; it makes the poetry of the sea and of the stars. It builds the amber castle of the sea-monarch—and the hidden chambers where the bright wave struggles to be free; and rears the coral monument (a touching "appeal of the memory" to those countless myriads of the deep) above the wave-whelmed forms who went down at morning to be eternally rocked by the billow; and its prophetic finger guides the age of the soul to the gleaming portals of yonder star, and whispers in sweetest echoes of those who have passed on a little while before.

And the work of this bright spirit ends not with these; it makes the poetry of death. It is true, that when the hands are folded forever above the breast that throbs no more—that when the evergreen casts its shadow above our quiet dwelling, the grandeur of the starry host will stir the fountains of other souls like ours—that the earth will roll on just the same, in all her silent majesty—the stars will sing, and while they sing look down upon the pale brow, or the lips of beauty as they do to-night—silent witnesses of the pains and the joys, the meetings and the partings, of broken vows, and faithful hearts — of the vilest and purest of earth's sons and daughters.

But the star may have a language in his serene glance, and the breeze may murmur strangely familiar tones—another presence may mingle in the army of the air, and upon the memory-haunting odor, may float visions of those who shall be "nameless here for evermore." Then indeed shall we not die, but live in the hearts of those dearer than life—"a spirit of the long ago."

[Continued from page 405.]

HOW I BECAME ATTORNEY GENERAL:
An English Tale, founded on fact.

BY ROLLING STONE.

CHAPTER VI.—FURTHER IMPROVEMENT AND
FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE.

THE following morning I found from Miss Browning that she had accepted the £30 from Dr. Duncan with the understanding that it was to be repaid. She placed it in my hand, saying, "you have been so considerate that I leave you to settle with the tradesmen as you see best."

I ventured to ask "would it be considered an intrusion if, when her mother was better, I should call and pay my respects to her?"

"An intrusion, Mr. Vellum, Oh! no, gladly would my mother welcome one who has been so kind, were it only to have the opportunity of thanking him, and mamma is much stronger, and I hope will get down stairs next week." She gave me her hand and maybe I pressed it, and fancied I felt a faint return. Oh! the luxury of that moment—but love is not in description, what it is in reality.

I ascertained from Dr. Duncan, that he had the greatest difficulty in pressing the money on Helen, but by representing that two friends were desirous of assisting her temporarily, and by dwelling on the probable distress of her mother, she consented at length to take it.

I was absent for two days, attending the funeral of Mr. Hearne. He had left me a legacy of £200, as the will said, in admiration of my acute discernment, which he believed would lead me to a fortune. The burden of his property he left to charitable institutions.

Business gradually increased with me, and having been introduced to Mrs. Browning, I became a frequent visitor. I also often met her with her daughter at Dr. Duncan's.

She was one of the most delightful and amiable of women; she reminded me of my own mother, but, alas, there was a shade of deep and settled melancholy, which showed that she had suffered some heavy affliction, or was the victim of some corroding care.

My love for Helen increased daily, and became a very part of my existence; every day showed some new beauty of mind or talent, and at length as our intimacy increased I fondly hoped I was becoming to her an object of affectionate solicitude.

During the early summer her mother's health was completely restored, and she confided to me the amount of her pecuniary resources.

Finding that it was quite possible and perfectly safe to invest her money in a more profitable way, I mentioned to her an opportunity which offered, and the transaction was perfected by withdrawing her little principal from the funds, and advancing it on mortgage to a gentleman in the neighborhood; and thus their income was somewhat increased.

CHAPTER VII.—I PROPOSE.

It was in the latter part of the summer when I declared to Helen my love. We had been strolling together, and on our entering the little parlor, I found courage to speak. I know not now what I said, or how I said it, but I do know that for a few moments she was overcome, and from *that* I hoped much. Presently recovering herself she said, "To say Mr. Vellum that you are indifferent to me would be false; but speak to my mother; after that renew this offer, if you are disposed; but I fear, I doubt the result of your interview with her."

"Fear, doubt, Helen, do you doubt my love, do you fear your mother's objections. Why, oh why do you doubt and fear?"

She looked at me through her tears for a moment, with such a fond, sad face that I clasped her to my breast.

"Away, away," I cried, "with doubts and fears; I hold you to a heart that is wholly your own, and what shall part us but your rejection, Helen? and I fear not that *now*; you must have long seen my devotion, and would sooner have checked my hopes, had you deemed them presumptuous." She withdrew herself gently from my embrace.

"Alfred, be calm, and listen; you are poor but advancing in the world; I am poor also; you have a certain status to maintain in society, and you as yet know not my secret; learn it from my mother, 'till then farewell, the future is in the hands of God."

She hastily left the room, and from the window I saw Mrs. Browning entering the house from the garden.

Trembling with excitement I waited to meet her, and requested her attention. I told her my tale of love; and she told me *her tale of woe*—and sad, sad it was; she concluded with these words: "and now Mr. Vellum you know all, for I would not deceive you": and she burst into an agony of tears.

"Mother, mother, be a mother to me, and I will be to you as a son," I exclaimed as I stooped and took her hand." "I have none to love but you and Helen, do not *reject* me."

Laying her hand on my shoulder, she said solemnly, "Alfred be it so, and may God forgive you if you are not a kind husband, for I never could."

Leaving the room she returned shortly leading Helen. Placing her hand in mine, she said, "I give you all I have to love, for I believe you to be honorable and good, and to be fondly attached to her. *Proce it hereafter* and I will bless you with my latest breath."

For three hours did Helen and I talk in that little room. She owned she had long loved me, almost from the moment I handed her back the diamond cross. Her mother had told me as she brought

her to me, that she did not wish her to marry till the following spring, and she would have no opposition to her beloved parent. We talked over *the secret*, and I gently chided her for fearing it could alter my intentions; she simply said: "Alfred, had you loved me less, with your proud spirit, it would have been an obstacle you might have deemed insurmountable."

CHAPTER VIII.—BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS,
A DISCOVERY.

Everything prospered with me apparently. I got new clients, was rapidly extending my connection, and gradually getting into a higher line of practice. Towards the ensuing spring my establishment consisted of two clerks, and they were not idle.

Without vanity I may say that my own activity, and the interest I took in the affairs of my clients, aided by the friendship of old acquaintances of my father, had led to this result.

It was in the beginning of March, that business called me to London, to collect evidence in a case I was employed in.

Mrs. Browning had entrusted to my care a miniature which she wished set in a new case, accident having severely injured the old one.

On what little things destiny sometimes hangs?

Depositing it with a fashionable jeweler, I proceeded to select a ring, and one or two articles of *bijouterie* as gifts for my Helen, when a tall, elegant looking man entered the shop and cast his eyes accidentally on the picture which lay on the counter. He examined it closely with evident emotion, and whispered to the shopman. Approaching me he said: "Excuse me, sir, but where did you get that miniature; is it yours?"

"It is not, sir," I replied. "It is the property of the wife of the person whose likeness it is."

"His name! his name," he cried.

"Henry Browning."

He walked rapidly to the end of the shop and returning said, "his *wife*, sir, did you say his wife?"

"Yes! yes, I see it now," he continued, "is her name Mary?"

"It is."

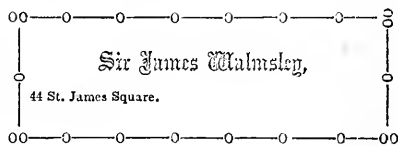
"Has—has she any family," he almost gasped.

"One daughter, no more."

"Will you—will you call on me to-morrow morning, sir, I would know more of this lady you refer to, there is my card."

I would have pressed for information, but he seemed to suffer from the intensest excitement, and in a moment he was gone.

The card was engraved:—



Sir James Walmsley was a Cabinet Minister, Secretary of State, what possible interest could he have in Mrs. Browning?

Hastening to my hotel I took up Debre^t which was lying on the coffee room table, and turned to his name; there it was. His father was Sir James Walmsley, who died March 1814, and was succeeded by his son, "Sir Henry Browning Walmsley," who was accidentally killed by the upsetting of the mail coach three days after his succession, and was succeeded by his brother, Sir James Walmsley, the present baronet.

What a discovery!!! It actually took my breath away.

CHAPTER IX.—EXPLANATION OF MYSTERY.

The excitement I labored under admitted ill of delay, so the unfashionable hour

*Debre^t's or Burke's Peerage and Baronage of Great Britain and Ireland, are almost as generally to be met with as Directories; they contain lineage and other family particulars.

of nine, the next morning, saw me driving rapidly in a cab to St. James Square. Crossing the hall, as I was ushered into the Library, gave me an inkling of the style in which Sir James Walmsley's establishment was conducted. After admitting me at the door, the fat porter settled himself into a comfortable chair beside a blazing fire, the instant he had transferred my card to a footman, with the words, "show the gentleman into the library, and take his card to Sir James immediately."

The library was a gloomy enough room, but I was instantly struck by seeing a full length portrait, which I knew at a glance to be that of Helen's father. It was by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the reader may be assured therefore, that it was a master piece. It represented a young man of some twenty-two years of age—a figure of splendid proportions, was surmounted by a face which would make a study for sculptors, whilst the expression, which was given but as few artists could give it, was frank, manly, and fascinating.

The clear hazel eye seemed to say, "who doubts my truth;" and the only defect was a deficiency of decision about the lips and chin.

For some minutes I stood looking fixedly at it, and I felt tears rising in my eyes as I almost unconsciously muttered, "Oh, that a being so gifted by nature could be a scoundrel."

"Nosir, no scoundrel," said a voice in my ear, "his only fault was want of firmness in the expression of his will. He was all kindness and affection."

At the first word I turned and beheld Sir James Walmsley, and as he concluded I said simply, "why did he marry under an assumed name, and then desert his wife."

"He desert her? he never deserted any that he loved, her name was the last word on his lips. Be seated Mr. Vellum, I have much to say, and much to learn, one

question first. Where was the lady married? I may add that that is a likeness of my elder brother."

"At the Parish Church of Evesham in 1813," said I, "and to one who called himself Henry Browning."

One question more. "Who was the lady?"

"She was the daughter and only child of Capt. Maitland, who died in command of His Majesty's ship Asia, on the passage from Malta."

"Capt. Maitland's daughter! Capt. Maitland's daughter," cried Sir James in astonishment, "why I was a midshipman with him two or three years before that; however to proceed:—

"Does it not surprise you, Mr. Vellum, that I seem at once to acknowledge the connection you have so unexpectedly apprised me of? but, when you said that Henry's wife owned that picture, and had a daughter, I knew that it must be so. My brother was a young man of such fine feelings and high honor, that he would injure no woman by a seduction, therefore I knew you must speak the truth as to her being his wife."

I had left the navy some few years, and had turned my attention to diplomacy, when my father by some means discovered that Henry wore a lady's miniature round his neck. He asked him if 'he loved the lady,' he replied 'yes.' He asked him who she was; he declined to answer.

My father, who was extremely passionate, became furious and they parted in anger. Some time after this, Sir James urged on my brother the contracting a marriage with Lord Elliston's daughter, and which was equally desired by his lordship; and after repeated disputes, arguments, and threats, my father at length said: "Henry, I suppose you think of marrying the unknown lady whose miniature you wore; now sir, if you do, know that I forever cast you from my affections."

It may be at once settled; do you intend to marry that woman, whoever she is, and whom you have dared to love without my leave; answer me, answer me," and he approached my brother menacingly, "or leave this house now, and for the rest of my life." *Little did my father then think how soon both of their lives would be terminated.*

"No, Sir James," said my brother, "I do *not* intend to marry the lady."

"Good, Harry, good; then why did you put me in a passion?—and you never will marry her, promise me that, Harry, and I'll say no more," and my father seemed delighted at having gained so great a point.

"I may safely promise that, sir," replied Henry, "for the lady is married already.

"Married already—married already, eh? sly dog—sly dog; no wonder you would not tell her name; too honorable to kiss and tell," and my father burst into a laugh that prevented him noticing the flush of indignant anger which I saw on my brother's face.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED EXPLANATIONS.

Sir James, whose passion was generally *short-lived*, was now all amiability. He requested Henry to escort his aunts to Rome—an expected division in the house preventing him leaving his political duties himself—and he gave him a check for £1,000, as he said, to pay expenses.

Henry was absent about three weeks, and was on his way back, when my father died suddenly from disease of the heart, and my brother landed at Dover to receive the news of his succession to the title. He took the mail for London, which place he never reached. At Shooter's Hill the horses ran off, frightened at a gipsy's encampment, upset the coach in a chalk-pit twenty feet deep, and my brother was mortally injured.

From the papers on his person it was

ascertained who he was, and in three hours I was at his side.

He had not spoken since the accident, but about 11 o'clock he opened his eyes, and, recognizing me, said, with great difficulty:

"James, I am d-dying; break this to dear Mary—she is m-m—" and the voice dropped, so that neither the surgeon nor myself could catch the end of the sentence. Presently he muttered, "James, Mary," and with the effort, expired.

On consulting with my solicitors, we were unable to agree for some time as to the course to pursue. I had no clue to the Mary he had mentioned, nor could I ever obtain any till now.

He had acknowledged to having loved a married woman, and I, myself, impressed with the conviction of his worth, felt certain he had been engaged in no intrigue.

My solicitors were not so satisfied; they said that young men would be young men, and that, at any rate, the lady would turn up some day, when she could be provided for.

The junior partner of the legal firm did, indeed, venture to say, "Good God! perhaps Sir Henry was married to her himself."

"In which case we should have heard of her existence in less than three weeks," cried the senior partner; the lady's grief would not lead her to forget her fortune; £3,000 a year is not neglected in that way, Mr. Sharp."

We, however, inserted in several leading newspapers the following advertisement:

"If the lady, whose miniature was in the possession of the late Sir Henry B. Walmsley, and whose christian name was Mary, will communicate with Messrs. Docket, Filem and Sharp, Lincoln's Inn, she will hear of something to her advantage. Any person furnishing her address will be handsomely rewarded."

This advertisement was continued for

six months, but with no result. I have now told you all I know. We did not find a single note or letter from Mary amongst my brother's papers, and I presume he destroyed them immediately on receipt, lest accident might bring them to the eyes of his father.

"And now, Mr. Vellum," concluded Sir James, "before I decide what first to do, will you accompany me to my solicitors? you can tell me the position of my sister-in-law on the road."

CHAPTER XI—CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Sir James Walmsley, one of his solicitors and myself, were that afternoon traveling as fast as four horses could well go, in the baronet's traveling carriage, towards Evesham. We accomplished sixty miles that night, and again starting early in the morning, reached our destination in the forenoon.

Inquiring for the Vicar, we found him to be an infirm invalid, being extremely aged. He, however, distinctly remembered marrying Mary Maitland, and at once sent for the register.

Imagine our astonishment when, on referring to its folded pages, we found the signatures, Harry Browning Walmsley and Helen Maitland; but the quick eye of Sir James' solicitor at once detected that the ink of the word *Walmsley* was fainter than that of the first two names.

"Walmsley was certainly not the name of the gentleman I married to Mary Maitland," said the Vicar; "it was Browning—only Browning! but ah—Walmsley, Walmsley, surely, that has some connection with a letter I have, and which I had almost forgotten. We will see."

Going to an escritoir he took thence a bundle of letters and looked them carefully over. Selecting one, he took from it a sealed letter and handed to me the outer sheet, in which it had been enveloped. I read aloud:

"REVEREND SIR:—To you is entrusted, for *safe keeping*, the enclosed. Should you at any time hear of the death of Sir James Walmsley, you are at liberty to open this and forward it to the head of that family. Enclosed is a trifle for the benefit of the poor of your parish."

"Open it, open it, sir, quickly!" cried I, in an excited tone.

"But," said the Vicar, "Sir James Walmsley is not dead; he is Secretary of State."

"True, sir, true, but that is his son; the Sir James Walmsley of 1813 died shortly after you got this letter, and *this* gentleman is the *present* Sir James Walmsley."

"Then let Sir James open it," replied the clergyman, handing it to the baronet.

It was simply a statement by Henry Walmsley that, for family reasons, he had suppressed his final surname when he married Miss Maitland, and confessing, that on one of his subsequent visits to Evesham, he had obtained leave from the new clerk to inspect the register, and had, unobserved, added his final name to the former signature under a sudden impulse, which he could not resist. This statement was signed in the presence of two witnesses, both of whom Sir James knew to be living, even if he had not at once recognized his brother's hand-writing.

CHAPTER XII.—HOME AGAIN—THE MEETING.

Rapid as was our traveling, it seemed, in my anxiety, as though we never should reach N——, whither Sir James Walmsley and myself proceeded instantly.

Leaving him at the "Greyhound," I was quickly in the garden with Helen, who I fortunately saw engaged with her flowers.

Before going into the house, I briefly related to the astonished girl the wonderful revelations of the last forty-eight hours, and prayed her to break it gently to her mother. She left me and was

away for nearly half an hour, when the servant came to call me into the parlor.

Mrs. Browning, or rather Lady Walmsley, was reclining on the sofa, very pale, but quite calm. To describe the scene is not my intention. To be assured that her husband had been true, had never deserted her, but had died with her name upon his lips, seemed to her to be sufficient recompense for her long years of suffering.

On introducing Sir James Walmsley, however, about an hour later, the strong resemblance, still observable, to his brother, greatly overcame her; the meeting was indeed most affecting. After a short time Helen and I gently withdrew to an adjoining room, leaving them to have the fullest explanations in privacy. They were closeted for nearly three hours.

The excellent baronet remained to tea, and his affectionate manner and lively humor soon placed him on the footing, as it were, of one of the family, and at once banished all restraint.

To me he was excessively cordial, and I do not think a happier party could have been found within the "halls of mortality" than was seated in that cozy room.

"Walmsley," said Helen, in a sprightly way. "Why, mamma, I'm sure I shall forget, and be signing my notes 'Helen Browning.' Wait till after tea, and I'll practice what sort of a W I will adopt."

"Well, Helen, from what your mother tells me, I think it is hardly worth your while to study it much, as you are so soon to change it again," dryly remarked Sir James, with a glance at where I was sitting, "unless," continued he, "you have such a fancy for the name as to persuade Mr. Vellum to adopt it. We might manage that, you know," and poor Helen was covered with blushes.

Seeing that rest was requisite for his sister-in-law, Sir James took his leave early, promising to breakfast with them

in the morning, and make their future arrangements, as his ministerial duties necessitated his return the following day to town.

Politeness compelled me to accompany him, though I would fain have had a *tete-a-tete* with Helen, and we adjourned to the hotel. We had a very long conversation before I went home, and many were the inquiries made by Helen's uncle as to my prospects.

In the kindest manner he proposed to me a new career, which was most flattering to my ambition.

"I have no family, Mr. Vellum," said he, and, as you are to marry Helen, it is to *your* child, in all probability, that the estates, so long in the hands of our ancestors, will pass; consequently, you can understand, I would prefer that the father was high in the legal profession, rather than a mere country attorney. Do not feel offended that I speak thus plainly, but consider on what I have said, and, believe me, my desire to benefit you is sincere.

CHAPTER XIII.—EARLY DAYS OF HELEN'S MOTHER.

It was not the dread of his father that was the *first* cause of Henry Walmsley dropping his surname when he made the acquaintance of Miss Maitland. This I now gathered from the circumstances of their first meeting, and from the information I had lately received from Sir James. Briefly, then:

Henry Walmsley was extremely fond of traveling and visiting, quietly, small provincial towns and retired villages, and nooks, the existence of which was hardly known in the fashionable circles he frequented. He generally traveled by the stage coaches of that day, and it was in one of them that he met Mary Maitland and her father journeying to Evesham. Greatly struck with her appearance, he no doubt ascertained, by some

means, her name and that of her father. This discovery would at once convince him that his own patronymic would be no passport to the good graces of Captain Maitland, and for this reason: The former Sir James Walmsley, a Lord of the Admiralty, had, for some fancied injustice or severity to his son James, then a midshipman on board Maitland's ship, ventured to speak rather sharply to the old Captain, who, not a whit behind the baronet in spirit, told him, in return, in language more energetic than polite, that if he, Sir James, was a Lord of the Admiralty, he, Maitland, was Captain of his own ship, and that he would brook no interference with its internal discipline, even from him.

The result was, an abrupt order came down to Portsmouth to pay off the ship Maitland commanded, and the independent spirited blue jacket quickly found himself on half-pay. His bitterness against Sir James Walmsley may therefore be conceived.

All this was known to Henry, and easily accounts for his not wishing to declare his parentage, which would at once terminate his hopes of a further acquaintance with the sailor's lovely daughter.

Captain Maitland had taken a house at Evesham, purposing to enjoy a few quiet months, and indulge in his favorite amusement of fishing in the beautiful river "Avon."

Henry Walmsley managed, by following the same sport, to meet him frequently, so that a slight acquaintance led to his becoming, under the name of Henry Browning, a frequent and welcome visitor at Captain Maitland's cottage.

It was the old story—love ensued on both sides, but Henry knew the father too well now to declare himself to him, and be obliged to enter on the subject of his connections—a point he had hitherto sedulously avoided. After some months Captain Maitland was appointed to the

command of the "Asia," and sailed for the Mediterranean, where he contracted the disease which terminated his life on the passage from Malta, leaving his daughter with but slender provision for her subsistence.

Henry immediately visited the orphan, who thought of seeking a situation as governess, and, by his persuasions, she, (under the circumstances) agreed in six months to become his wife, and they were, at the termination of that period, married by bans in the Parish Church of Evesham.

The great fault of Walmsley was in not confiding the truth to his wife; but he was fearful of his father's anger, and had imbibed the foolish notion that no woman could keep a secret. He told her, certainly, that he was afraid of his father, and must prepare him for the news by degrees, but merely led her to suppose that he was a person of considerable property, without the least idea that his name was other than Browning.

He furnished the cottage handsomely, supplied her with ample funds, and at once gave her \$2,000, which he had saved from his allowance, to invest for her private use.

His absences were of course frequent, but his affection was shown in every attention.

He had been gone to London from the cottage but three days after his last visit to her, when she received a letter, telling her that he was going to travel on business for his father, on the Continent, and would be absent about a month. This occurred eight months after they were married, and four months before the birth of Helen, and from that time, despite of all inquiries, she had never received intelligence of her husband till the discoveries I have related.

But for the stimulus of her child to live for, she might have sunk under her affliction. Unable to conceive what had

become of him, at times believing he had deserted her; at times dreading that he had another wife, and that her child might be illegitimate, she lived indeed a life of sorrow.

She quitted the neighborhood at length, and, in a retired spot, unknown to all but those whose acquaintance she made there, she passed as a widow, (an excusable deception,) and devoted herself to the education of her child.

Finally, after twenty years, she removed to N——, where the greater population would enable Helen to find pupils, and somewhat add to their limited income.

CHAPTER XIV. —I BECAME A BENEDICT—
CONCLUSION.

It was arranged that Lady Walmsley and Helen should proceed to London, where they were shortly settled in a pleasant and convenient house, in Curzon street.

Sir James Walmsley at once placed the full amount of his sister-in-law's accumulated fortune for twenty-two years, amounting to £60,000, to her credit, at her banker's, as fortunately, though his establishment was in good style, yet he had never lived anything like up to his income. He was to me the kindest of friends, and to Helen and her mother a most affectionate relative. At his request I quitted N—— and entered at the Inner Temple, where, in due time, having digested the appointed number of dinners according to the rules of that peculiar institution, I was duly called to the bar.

I was married to Helen, in May, by our good friend Dr. Duncan, who came to London on purpose, and his two girls were the bridesmaids.

Helen's uncle made them handsome presents, and indeed his affection for his niece seemed unbounded. All who had ever shown her, or her mother, a kind-

ness, became participants of his favors, and his great interest was always exerted for their benefit when required.

He settled £30,000 on Helen the day of her marriage, and for some time, to my regret, her fortune formed the principal source of our income.

But Sir James' expectations of my success proved correct. I became, in a few years, a leading barrister, and have been retained in many celebrated cases.

* * * * *

Twenty years have now passed. I hold high office when my friends, the Whigs, are in. At present I am Attorney General, and may yet die a Lord Chancellor. Helen is—but what can she be, but the best and dearest of wives?—our children two girls and a boy; you must ask her about them. She says I do not appreciate them. Lady Walmsley lives with us, and if a mother-in-law is not generally an agreeable addition to a household, why, she is an exception—that's all. Were she my own mother I could not love her more.

Dr. Duncan is living, and considered by all as a model Bishop; the people of Chester have reason to love and venerate their prelate.

Sir James is still unmarried, and I suspect that his great admiration of his sister-in-law is the cause of his long-continued and strenuous efforts for the repeal of a certain law passed in 1835, prohibiting marriage with a brother's widow.

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[*Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief."*]

[Continued from page 425.]

"I know it, my child; but I cannot hide my feelings. I fear something serious is going to happen to McAdams and his party."

"My dear friend, you have grown quite superstitious of late."

"No, I am not superstitious. You remember the morning we took the long ride together, and saw Antonio on the gray horse?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"I spoke of wolves burying bones."

"Yes; what of them?"

"Never breathe to your father what I am now about to tell you!"

"No, certainly not, if you wish it. Go on."

"You remember two men with gray horses, who remained here a week or more, a few months back, calling themselves surveyors?"

"Yes, I remember; one of them had curly, light hair, like Alfred."

"Yes, the same. It was his horse that Antonio rode that morning; it was his head and curly hair that I saw, which the wolves had uncovered, and Antonio was striving to conceal by re-covering it, when he saw us!"

"O! Mr. Bullard, what can it mean?" earnestly asked Elbana, perfectly shocked at her own thoughts.

"Mean, my child! Why, that he was murdered by Antonio, or——"

"Why, Mr. Bullard, Antonio would do nothing of the kind; he could not hide it from my father if he were, and you surely would not implicate him in so horrible a crime?"

"What do you think yourself, Elbana, of these strange things? Are they not very suspicious, to say the least of them?"

"They look dark, very dark, I must confess; but father is innocent I am certain—I will have him investigate this thing as soon as he comes home."

"You forget your promise of secrecy, Elbana, and it might prove dangerous to me to have this affair mentioned at this particular time."

"Oh! do not think my father can be guilty of being a participator in such dreadful crimes."

"I am sorry to impute such to him,

but I must say, although I cannot understand it, circumstances look very dark on his side."

It began to grow late, and still Miramontes came not. Mr. Bullard became more uneasy as he said to Elbana, "it is bed time, Elbana, and your father will not come to-night; let us retire that our weary limbs may be rested for to-morrow's duties."

"I wonder where father stays so long to-night; perhaps he will be here early in the morning." Bidding the old man good-night, she sought her sleepless pillow; "what can all this mean," she reasoned within herself; "has father been a murderer? no, it cannot be." Still, harassing thoughts would intrude themselves upon her half-distracted mind. She remembered many things, very singular indeed, that had transpired, which she could not comprehend. With these conflicting emotions, Elbana's eyes refused to close in sleep, and morning dawned upon the little valley, and found her unrefreshed. Hastily dressing herself, she sought the refreshing air. All nature appeared clothed in beauty. To catch the morning breeze she walked forth, straining her eyes for a glimpse of her absent father; but his form she could nowhere see. Returning to the house she met her teacher, and with agony in her look exclaimed "Oh! Mr. Bullard, father has not yet come, and my suspense is insupportable."

"Well, my dear child, we can do nothing but wait, and hope for the best."

Three days of fearful suspense had rolled away, and again the sun was casting its last rays upon the silvery clouds that adorned the western sky, reflecting many beautiful colors on every hill, tree, and valley that could be seen as far as the eye could reach. "Look!" said Mr. Bullard, at that magnificent sight—it is more beautiful than the morning; like a good man's death, which is more glorious

than his birth. Yes, Elbana, when a good man dies, his virtues shine more splendidly than the beautiful and expiring rays of the setting sun."

"Hark!" cried Elbana, interrupting him, "father is coming; do you not hear voices?"

"Yes, as I live, it is McAdams"—and Mr. Bullard turned to meet him.

"Is that you, Bullard? you were right in your conjectures; as the devils did attack us; see, Bill Hogan is wounded in his leg, but not seriously; twelve of them fell upon us; and we killed eight and took four prisoners, and among them is our friendly (!) host, Miramontes."

This was too much for poor Elbana, and with a piercing scream she fell heavily to the ground.

"Take her into the house," said Mr. Bullard, addressing the Mexican servant, Isabel.

By this time all had rode up; Miramontes, Antonio, and two other Spaniards. The former was sullen and silent; to be made a prisoner and kept as such in his own house, by so small a party, was something he did not expect. McAdams had all his prisoners safely fastened in a room, and the doors secured; making hasty preparations in case of an attack from any of Miramontes greaser servants outside. In this conjecture he was right, for, at midnight, the brisk firing of guns through the windows and doors, made it necessary for him and his little band to act on the defensive. Here McAdams was equal to the contest; "take good aim, boys," said he, setting the example, "let every shot tell on the chocolate skinned devils." The house being a good breast work for McAdams and his men to fire from, the Mexicans soon tired of the undertaking and gave way, after losing a number of their men, beside many wounded. As soon as McAdams was satisfied of his victory he entered the prisoners' room. Approaching Miramontes he ac-

cused him of the murder of James Bruner and his men, and called out, "confess, you old reprobate, or I will hang you and your cowardly greasers on the oak tree just before your own door."

"I'll confess nothing," said Miramontes, doggedly and with indignant vehemence; "you cannot intimidate us by your threats: we will meet our fate like brave men."

"Like thieving robbers, you mean—you murderous highwayman. Confess, I tell you."

"Go to h—," replied Miramontes.

McAdams struck him in the face a terrible blow, exclaiming "take that."

The angry passion of Miramontes gave him unnatural strength—and forcing his hands loose, he caught McAdams by the throat, choking him almost to death, when the latter drew a large knife from his boot and drove it to the hilt between Miramontes' ribs, when he immediately let go his hold on McAdams' throat, and exclaimed as he fell "Elbana, my helpless child, all is lost." His lip quivered, and all was soon over with the brave Miramontes. McAdams stood motionless, as the noise caused his friends to enter the room.

"Was he loose, Mc," shouted all at once,

"Yes, he came near choking me to death; I did not wish to kill him, but I had to, to save my own life."

It was now thought unsafe to keep Antonio and the other two prisoners any longer, so they shot them immediately.

Again the sun was rising upon the beautiful valley as Mr. Bullard accomplished his unpleasant task of cleansing the blood from the now dead Miramontes. Going to Elbana, who was sitting on the side of her couch, unable to shed another tear; her haggard look bore strong testimony of her mental anguish. Mr. Bullard began, "Elbana." At the sound of his welcome voice she looked up.—

"Elbana, your father is now among the dead—do you wish to see him?"

"Dead! Mr. Bullard, did you say?"

"Yes, Elbana, he is now beyond the harm of man; he was killed while fighting, last night."

She was speechless. Taking her arm, he led her gently to the side of her inanimate parent; she threw her arms over his cold corpse, and falling upon her trembling knees, exclaimed in heart-broken accents, "My father! my erring father; why could I not die with you? Oh! that the man who killed you would kill me also." McAdams could stand this no longer, and taking her in his arms he carried her back to her couch.

A rude coffin was soon prepared, and they buried Miramontes, leaving the others to be buried by their own countrymen. A consultation was now held, and as it was considered unsafe for Mr. Bullard to remain, he determined to return with McAdams, who had abandoned the idea for the present of buying any more cattle. Elbana seemed unconscious of all that was passing around her, and Mr. Bullard was at a loss what to do concerning her. McAdams soon settled this question by ordering Isabel to prepare her clothes, and secure all the ready money, for Elbana's use, that could be found. Handing McAdams a key, she said, "all Miramontes' money is in a box, near the top of the cellar door;" which, on examination was found to contain about ten thousand dollars in coin, mostly gold. Securing this in his saddle bags, he secreted them among his own personal baggage.

It was late in the afternoon when all was ready for a march. Mr. Bullard sought Elbana and found her where McAdams had left her, apparently unconscious of all that was going on. He took her kindly by the hand and asked her if she was ready to ride with them, remarking, "this is now no place for you, Elbana, since your father is dead; and you

may meet Alfred in Monterey or San Francisco; at any rate, you shall have one friend as long as I live. You can there dispose of your father's cattle and horses; and obtain sufficient to support you well. All is now ready, and we are waiting for you to start.

"Ah!" she replied, as she burst into tears, "the ground covers all that is dear to me in Montes Valley, and it matters not where I am."

With a heavy sigh, she tied on her hat and fastened her long cloth riding dress. A box of jewels and her gold watch, and some gold coin, she thrust in her leathern satchel and prepared for her departure. McAdams held her pet horse, while Mr. Bullard assisted her to mount. A large dog, that appeared to be half wolf, came up to her wagging his tail; she wept as her father's favorite jumped upon her horse. In the midst of this, the voice of McAdams was heard, shouting "ready?" "Aye—start!" answered all. They set off at a gallop, to poor Mr. Bullard's serious inconvenience.

All day and all night they kept their horses going, until the sun again rose high in the eastern sky. Fatigued, and hungry, they halted, and after partaking of a slight repast, the weary travelers laid down to sleep. Elbana's exhausted strength now, uninvited, sought nature's best remedy. McAdams stood sentinel. While all were fast asleep, as he walked around, he was struck with Elbana's peculiarly lymphatic beauty; he stooped to steal a kiss, but a growl from the ugly dog, that had followed her, caused him to start back in alarm.

Mr. Bullard turned on his blanket with an uneasy groan—"Can't you sleep, old man?" asked McAdams, half ashamed of being so close to Elbana's lonely bed.

"I am so much fatigued that my rest is mixed with pain; and as it is getting

so late in the day, I think we had better be traveling again."

Waking the heavy sleepers, they ate a few morsels of food, and resumed their journey. They traveled several days with but little rest, and poor Mr. Bullard suffered intensely with his lame back, so that his riding became quite difficult. McAdams proposed a rest of a day or two, for the old man's benefit, hoping that it would effect a cure; but in this he was mistaken, for Mr. Bullard grew worse, hourly. Elbana now became quite alarmed; as Mr. Bullard's suffering from a diseased spine completely prostrated him. On the third day he called Elbana to his side, and, placing a will in her hand that he had made, in which he had left her his farm in Massachusetts, besides a check on a Boston bank for two thousand dollars, saying: "Put these away carefully, Elbana, you will need them yet; and be sure that you allow none of the present company to know that you have them. Be on your guard, too, against McAdams, for he seeks your destruction; remember my poor Fanny's fate. My earthly career is now nearly at an end, and I am ready to take my long rest under the deep shade of this majestic oak. I feel but one tie, dearest, and that is yourself, my friendless Elbana."

She threw her arms around his venerable neck, while scalding tears fell fast from her eyes on his silvery locks, and, in passionate grief, exclaimed:

"My dear, my more than father, can it be that you must die here, in this wilderness?"

"Weep not for me, my child, God orders all things well; dry your tears, and meet every trial with fortitude. Elbana, my last words to you are, 'Be good, be innocent, be truthful; return good for evil, and God will bless you. Now, farewell, a long farewell! till we meet in heaven!'" Exhausted with speaking, he

sank into an unquiet slumber, and did not awake until a spasm seized him, when his spirit left his lame body to join his angel daughter, his Fanny, in heaven.

Elbana had watched and tended him from the first day of his sickness until all was over with her aged friend, now cold in death. She now felt that she was a lonely orphan, without even one friend, and surrounded by strangers, who were going to a strange land. It seemed to be a dreadful dream; yet, no, it was real—sorrow filled her bosom, while tears—Nature's soothing balm to burdened hearts—refused to relieve her in her hour of need. McAdams and his men buried Mr. Bullard under the oak, with his head near the tree; and, after cutting his name in the bark, and adding a few words as an epitaph, they again journeyed on.

Elbana stood the ride remarkably well, surprising to herself as well as to the others. When within a few days' ride of San Pedro, they met a company on their way south to buy beef-cattle. McAdams, being acquainted with most of them—recounted the adventures of Montes Valley. Fearing they were rather few in numbers, they offered high wages to McAdams' four men to accompany them, and as they were not in their element in any other business, a bargain was struck to that effect—leaving McAdams to prosecute his journey, with Elbana, alone. This was another disagreeable feature, as she dreaded to be alone with such a man as McAdams seemed to be.

They rode on until quite late; then, camping near a little stream, McAdams picketed his horses on a grassy plat near the water. Returning to camp, he was surprised to hear Elbana's voice in melancholy strains, sighing "Home, sweet home!" until her sobs at length drowned her voice.

"Will you never cease to weep, Elbana, and strive to gain a cheerful countenance?" gruffly asked McAdams.

"A cheerful countenance would much belie my heart."

"Your recent trials have been severe, but grief will not bring your friends to life again; in me you have one left; yes, dearest Elbana, I love you too much ever to be separated from you."

"Oh! Mr. McAdams, in mercy to me, for ever drop this disagreeable subject."

"Well, come and help me to eat these broiled birds; they are very fine and palatable."

To this she did not object. Her blankets were spread on the ground for her bed, her faithful dog took his post at her feet, and McAdams sat by the expiring coals in a musing attitude. Elbana watched him in fearful timidity. At length he took his roll of blankets up and unfolded them as near to Elbana's as he could get without partaking of her's. He at length said: "Elbana, I wish you would learn to love me as I love you, then you would not refuse to lay in my arms to-night; come, my love, and lay safely in my bosom; come, it will make a paradise of this lonesome place."

"Oh, cease your insults, for they will kill me!" said the trembling girl.

"Do not be frightened, Elbana; I promise you, upon the honor of a true man, that I will never force you against your will." This promise somewhat calmed her fears; and, worn down by the fatigues of the day, she soon turned her head and slept.

Elbana did not awake next morning until McAdams had the horses packed and the breakfast nicely cooked.

"I fear I have kept you waiting," she remarked, as she arose hastily, and washed her face and hands in the refreshing stream.

They relished their breakfast of broiled venison, and some eggs which they had found the day before. McAdams finished his packing, and after leading Elbana's horse up to where she stood, he forcibly

put his arms around her, and kissed her again and again, saying: "It is impossible for me, Elbana, to do without kissing you." Her angry looks, followed by a successful attempt to free herself, caused him to wonder; when she mounted her horse without his assistance and rode rapidly off. They traveled all day, until dark, before they found water. Another lonely camping with McAdams horrified her. Turning their horses out to graze, he unrolled their little store of provisions before Elbana, saying, "Come, my dear girl, and partake of this lunch; it is not very good, but the best that I can offer you." "It is good enough, sir, I wish no better," Elbana reservedly replied, seating herself down. She ate a little, and after feeding her dog, proceeded to prepare her bed for the night, and then feeling very much in need of rest, she sat with her head on her hands. McAdams approached with his blankets, and throwing them down, seated himself by her side, saying, "Come, my love, will you not make me happy? You must be mine, therefore why parley thus?" Endeavoring to take her in his arms, she indignantly eluded his grasp. He sprang after her and caught and held her, regardless of her struggles, as he said, "Promise me you will submit to my wishes, and I will release you." "Oh! never," she faintly though firmly replied, using her utmost efforts to free herself.

The struggle completely exhausted her, and she sank down in a fainting fit. McAdams was much frightened, and bathed her head with water until signs of life were visible. As soon as consciousness returned, she arose, and kneeling before him, she took his hands in hers, and in an agony of feeling besought him to pity her helpless situation, saying, "Death is at all times preferable to dishonor."

"You would prefer death to my loving embrace, eh? Well, then, I would rather see you dead than another's, and I will

give you half an hour to decide between the two.”

“I choose death, then,” she unhesitatingly replied.

“Have you thus decided?”

“Yes, let me die.”

“I will give you yet a few minutes to consider.”

Hoping to frighten her, he proceeded to examine his pistol, after which he replied, “Your time is up, Elbana, kneel before me.”

She mechanically obeyed. He raised his weapon and fired in the air above her head; a low moan escaped from Elbana, and she fell down insensible. Fearing that he had carried the threat too far, he dropped his pistol to the ground, and in alarm carried her to her blanket bed.

[Continued next month.]

THE ARCTIC MORNING.

“After one hundred and forty days of darkness, we saw the sun once more, and upon a projecting crag, nestled in the sunshine. It was like bathing in perfumed water.”—*Dr. Kane’s Arctic Explorations.*

“Light! light!” and the hero’s heart leaped

And his pulses danced with glee; [up,
As high on the iceberg’s front it glowed,
And paved for itself a fiery road,
O’er the frozen Arctic sea.

“Light! light!” and the exile’s shout went

And rung thro’ the cliffs on the shore; [up,
And the white bear roused himself, as it
rolled

Through his rocky den, in that region cold,
And echoed back the roar.

It gleamed in the cliffs, whose outlines lay

Painted against the skies;
And it sent from afar its fiery glow,
Thro’ the dreary homes of the Esquimaux,
And danced in his children’s eyes.

Light! light! thou dauntless heart and bold!

Who hailed it o’er the sea;
Now, that thy hero work is done,
How beams it from the eternal throne,
Forevermore on thee! G. T. S.

[Continued from page 412.]

“DOINGS” OF ’51.—CHAPTER VIII.

IS SHORT, AND, TO THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE WRITER, SWEET.

I had many sober, serious moments, during those days passed in idleness, waiting for water. There were times when I could think of nothing but my own unfortunate self; but what could I do? I had not a dollar to get away with—was in debt largely for my board, and every one said “don’t worry, just be patient until we get water, and then you’ll forget all about hard times;” so I endeavored to console myself with such cheer, and look forward to be rewarded when the heavens should think proper to water the earth. We had claims staked off over at Campo Seco, which were considered good—Smith and Joe calculating to make at least ten dollars per day during the rainy season; although I was equally interested with them, and my prospects fully as good, yet I was far from feeling contented—I was tired of waiting for “the rain”—disgusted with that perpetual cry. My board bill troubled me; I had never been asked to “fork over,” but I knew that Hall and McLaughlin were almost, if not quite, as poor as myself, and I felt that to live on them was but little better than stealing from a charity box. I thought so much about it, that I determined to leave and try fortune elsewhere. In accordance with this resolution, I one evening took McLaughlin’s arm and walking up the road, asked permission to settle my account by note, telling him of my intention to quit the garden. The good, kind hearted, noble old fellow stopped short on the trail—“There,” said he, “you’ve talked enough; you aint going to leave here now, and when I want you to settle up I’ll tell you so. The old Captain and I have talked about this thing, and we just concluded you could

stay. I like you, and he has taken a big liking to you, and you cannot go. We'll move over to Campo Seco as soon as it rains, and then we'll make up for this. If you want any clothing, say so; I've got credit yet up in town, and blame me if you haven't as long as I have. Now let's go back to the house, and if you want anything Cap. Hall or I have got, or can get, it's yours—not a word, come along." Giving me no opportunity to reply he seized my arm and dragged me home.

'Tis pleasant when traveling over a parched and arid plain to see a floweret springing from the sandy soil; it gives new life to the wanderer, fatigued and famished, to find a pool of water; there is a secret pride in treasuring up a little shell picked from among the rocks and weeds on the sea-shore of a foreign land; a tuft of grass growing upon a dreary, bleak, and blighted isle, relieves the barren aspect. Such things are never forgotten. The traveler, in after years, when his form is bent with age, his steps tottering, his hair white, his eyes dimmed, and his ears dull, will love to wander back, in memory, and his care-worn features will lighten up with pleasure, as he tells you how that floweret looked, the water tasted, when and where he found the shell, and how charming was that tuft of grass. The same feelings are awakened, the same pleasures experienced, only to a greater degree, when looking back upon our way through life, we can say with fervor "*He was my friend.*" And so do I feel when writing of McLaughlin; he was my friend in health, my friend in sickness, my friend until we parted. Seven years have passed since then—we may never meet again, but I shall never forget him.

CHAPTER IX.

TREATS OF GARDENING AND RELATES A WHISKEY INCIDENT.

It seemed as though the rain would never come. With but one or two ex-

ceptions the garden claims were given up as worthless, and about the house there was a little army of idlers day and night. I have already spoken of the manner in which the night hours were passed, and have now no change to note, unless it be for the worse.

One day tidings reached us that gold had been discovered in a garden near Jamestown, and forthwith we all, with picks, pans, and shovels, hurried to the place. This garden was much larger than Mac's, and he who was the ostensible owner had often boasted that no man or men dare dig for gold inside the inclosure. His threats and bravados had heretofore been successful in keeping miners out, but at this time, they having dug and excavated all over Jamestown, not even exempting the stage road, some of them, just for the fun of the thing, sunk a hole outside of, and close to the fence. They were fortunate enough to find good pay, and, most curious to relate, the lode ran directly under the fence. Then, rumor said that the owner of the garden was aware of there being gold in the ground he claimed for agricultural purposes, and inclosed it for his own particular benefit. Miners couldn't stand anything of that kind, and when we reached there the garden was jumped and thronged with busy people. Joining the crowd, we very naturally assisted in bringing the bottom of it to the top, but unfortunately without raising the color, as was the sad experience of nearly all who worked there.

The unhappy claimant had erected, at an expense of several thousand dollars, an amphitheatre; the building was of boards, and the interior well fitted up. It was, without doubt, the best establishment of the sort in the State, and intended as a retreat for the "honest" miners on Sunday, and *other* holidays, where he could witness the delightful (?) spectacle of a bull and bear tearing each other to

pieces. It was but just completed, and he swore that he would defend it with his life—threatening death to the first who ventured to break the earth inside of it. But again did rumor tell a story; she said that within those walls the ground was immensely rich, and that they were only built to screen the mining operations of the builder from public gaze. The amphitheatre was invaded, its fixtures destroyed, and the poor man left with an inclosure full of deep holes, and piles of dirt—there was no gold there.

I can plead guiltless to any participation in this last act, as myself and comrades were, after digging a hole in the garden twelve feet square and fifteen deep, perfectly satisfied, and abandoned the premises with big disgust, preferring rather to remain at home and wait for water than to labor where but one or two out of as many hundred had been successful, and again we loitered about the house of McLaughlin & Hall.

The daily stage from Stockton to Sonora passed our door every night just after dark. One evening, not long after the conclusion of our Jamestown operations, we heard the well-known rumble of the coach, as it came with flying speed, rattling over the hard road. The lead horses were quite in front of the house, when, stopping suddenly, they sprang from the road; the wheelers, too, took fright, and halting, reared and snorted, the driver shouted and applied the lash right lustily. With a bound the team plunged forward, and then from the road there came a cry that made our blood run cold; next, we heard the passengers in chorus shout, “stop the stage!” but above their shouting and the driver’s “whoas,” came dreadful groans. Lights from the house were speedily brought, and lying in the road we found the body of “Tom Cooke,” mangled and crushed—a horrid spectacle—senseless and inanimate, yet life was not extinct. He was taken to the house,

and a messenger dispatched by the stage for a surgeon.

The abiding place of Tom, when he thought proper to occupy it, was a brush hut, little more than half a mile down the road. On that day he and his partners, for a change and for amusement’s sake, played cards and drank whiskey at home; and by sun-down “Tom” was playing “lone hands,” while his companions calmly reposed beneath the table. Now Tom did not for a moment imagine himself to be inebriated, and resolved to visit the usual night rendezvous; so throwing down the cards, he poured out a big horn of whiskey, and drinking to “Tom Cooke, the soundest man in the country,” gazed for a moment in a most contemptuous manner upon his fallen partners, and then indulging in a very self-satisfactory chuckle, commenced his meandering journey up the road; but the last drink was like the last ounce we read of, and when he had about reached the Garden House his legs refused to do further duty and dropped him in the road. Unable to help himself, he fell into a most profound slumber, only to be awakened by the cracking of his ribs and sundry knocks from horses’ feet upon his *cabesa*.

Before the surgeon arrived, Tom’s damaged carcass gave some slight indications of life, and when the dirt and congealed blood was washed from his face, we were pleased to find an open eye, which immediately closed. Soon, however, both opened, and our hearts were made glad to see his lips move, and to hear him whisper. His “first words” rather astonished us, for with voice scarcely audible he asked, “am I much hurt?” Such a question coming from a man almost cut in halves, and not a sound place upon his body, was startling, but in a moment he continued, “I don’t know whether I am or not, it don’t pain me any, but I can’t move my limbs; will somebody raise my head a little?”

His head was, as desired, bolstered up on a roll of blankets, and his position made as easy as possible. McLaughlin, bending over him, asked if there was anything more that could be done, or if he would like to have anything. "Well, yes," was the reply, "I don't mind if you give me a little whiskey and water; and I'd like to have a smoke." The liquor was brought, and while some one steadied the glass he swallowed the contents; a pipe was loaded and lighted, and with McLaughlin supporting the bowl, he puffed away with apparent relish. I was surprised and confounded to witness such proceedings on the part of a man whose limbs were paralyzed, whose tongue was almost speechless, and who was seemingly on the verge of eternity, but I thought of "ruling passions strong in death" and was in reality pleased to see him take things so philosophically.

When the surgeon arrived, he was still smoking calmly and, to all appearances, perfectly satisfied with himself and all else, nor did he evince the least indication of suffering, until he was stripped of his clothes and his wounds examined.

We knew that he was badly injured, but had no idea how badly. I have no desire that my eyes shall ever look upon the like again; a description would be revolting. The doctor, when leaving, told us there was no hope; "all that you can do," said he, "is to administer to his comfort, let there be no noise, and anything he wishes, give him. I will come again to-morrow, but he will probably die before morning."

Yet, Tom Cooke lived, and as I have since learned, recovered to be, if not "the soundest man in the country," as sound as he ever was. Surely, these rollicking, frolicking, reckless, dare-devil sort of fellows are hard to kill.

The day following the mishap to Tom Cooke, he was carried on a litter to his brush house, and nightly the boys watched over him by turns. For the few succeeding nights there was less drinking, and revelry at Mac's; the accident seemed to have a salutary influence upon the howlers, but before a week had passed all was forgotten—Tom was mending, and the lesson was lost.

[Continued next month.]

Our Social Chair.

LIFE, without the invigorating atmosphere that surrounds the Social Principle, would be none other than a long dull day of labor, weariness, and vexation. The heart, with its yearnings for a higher destiny, would celebrate no joy-giving holiday of emotion in the halls of the soul. The journey of existence would have no mile-stones of social enjoyment by which to rest and forget the heavy and sometimes bleeding foot-falls of a severe experience. The Sabbath-day season of mental and physical recuperation would be unknown and unrelieved in this working world, but for the social principle.

Then, dear reader, let us say, may God bless the social in all hearts, homes, circles, and circumstances—not omitting the Social Chair.

BLOODED STOCK.—We have always been aware of the fact, that in California we possess as fine equestrian stock as can be found anywhere. The records of our turf will compare favorably with that of any of our older sister States. In running, trotting, pacing, and even in kicking, and sometimes in laying-down stock, we throw the gauntlet to him who dares to take it up.

The S. F. *Telegram*, a spirited little sheet, gives us the exploits of a most famous horse, owned by Jedediah Dodge and groomed by his son Zebedee, which animal, we venture to say, stands unrivalled in the annals of kicking in California. The horse is supposed to be of the pure Andalusian breed, and his pedigree traced back to a famous stallion imported at the time Cortez (!) over-ran the empire of the Montezumas; and is from the famous stud of Ferdinand and Isabella. Some of the same stock is in the Atlantic States, and famed not only for its speed but its unsurpassed qualities for kicking. The sire of the California horse, as may be remembered, [!] was once matched against a railroad locomotive for a single dash of twenty-five miles. His speed was put to its utmost test, and a heavy draught was made upon his bottom; mile upon mile it was neck and neck, and it was difficult for the best judges to predict which would be the winner. They were now nearing the last half mile stretch, which led through a swamp, and whichever had the track was sure to win. Quick as a thought, and swift as an arrow, a dash was made and the track gained; but the effort was too much for the high mettled racer; his rider felt himself in a precarious situation with the snorting locomotive close at his heels. Kicking was the last desperate resort, and if that should be of no avail, the race must be lost and horse and rider crushed beneath the wheels of the iron monster, which was rattling and whistling close in the rear. The jockey touched his flank with his spurs and quicker and swifter than a streak of lightning the horse's heels were planted in rapid succession against the boiler head of his advancing adversary, and rivet head after rivet head gave away and flew in all directions; the steam commenced escaping from the boiler and gradually the speed of the pursuing locomotive diminished, and the horse came in a full length and a half ahead! Those who saw the race declare there never was anything they had ever witnessed that could, in the

slightest degree, compare with it. That famous animal only run one more race after that, and as he could find no match, he on that occasion ran against Time, but was defeated, for true to his instincts, when just at the end of the race he lost it by stopping to — “kick the bucket.”

But read the story of his son :

“HEAD YOU LOSE, TAIL I WIN.”—This morning, while a boy by the name of Zebediah Dodge was leading a horse to water, from a stable at the west end of Market street, a circumstance occurred which illustrates the remarkable grip which canines of the bull-dog breed possess. The tail of the horse was tied up in a knot, after the style adopted by the old Californians, for the purpose of keeping that ornamental appendage from becoming soiled by the mud. In passing along to the place where it was customary to water the noble animal, it was necessary to go by the dwelling-place of a large sized dog, half mastiff and half bull, who on a former occasion had a difficulty with the horse, in which *canis* was somewhat worsted, receiving a kick in the short ribs, which put him *hors du combat* for some time. The dog having recovered, did not forget his former defeat, which seemed to rankle somewhat in his injured feelings, and he “nursed his wrath to keep it warm.” This morning, thinking no doubt that the favorable moment had arrived when he might with certainty avenge all his past grievances, and retrieve his lost honors and faded laurels, he dashed at the knot in the horse's tail and seized it firmly in his capacious mouth. It was a game of “head you lose, tail I win,” with the horse; for as soon as he felt the dastardly attack he broke from Zeb. and dashed off at full speed over the sand-hills and through the thick and tangled brush, no doubt supposing that his assailant would let go his hold rather than take so rough a ride. Not so; the dog held on. Finally, the horse commenced plying his heels with great rapidity, knocking the hide and hair in every direction. It is represented as being a splendid piece of kicking; like one of the patent morticing machines, he never missed a lick. Finally, however, the horse came to a stand-still, and when approached, it was found that the dog's body had been entirely kicked off, but the grip of the teeth still continued, and the head was found dangling at the end of the horse's tail, at which the animal, at intervals, shied an occasional kick.”

We learn that the head was carefully re-

moved from the horse's tail, or ought to have been, and placed in spirits, where it is now on exhibition!—*perhaps*.

AFTER we have published the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE a few years more, it is barely possible that we may become as great adepts in "appropriating" (it is vulgar to call it "stealing") the "good things" of others, as Harper's, Frank Leslie's, and one or two more of the Atlantic magazines.

The following good story, we venture to say, is of a traveling "Down-Easter. We found it, among other stolen goods, at the magazine police-office—or, in other words, in "one of our exchanges:"

"We shall be, my dear madam," said I to a fellow-passenger in the Dieppe boat, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadfastly fixed upon her, "we shall be at the custom-house in less than ten minutes."

A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—passed over her countenance.

"You look very good-natured, sir," she stammered.

I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to invite her confidence.

"If I were to tell you a secret," she continued, "which I find it too much to keep to myself, would you—oh! would you keep it inviolable?"

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I, smilingly; "it is the lace, is it not?"

She uttered a slight shriek. Yes, I was right: she had got it there among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, unknown to her, you see.

"Oh, sir?" cried she, "it is only ten pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly, but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty!"

I sprang up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed out that woman to a legitimate authority; I accompanied her upon her way to the searching house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her; and I saw her fined, and dismissed in ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments, as informer, to the subordinate officials, I hurried off, in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her lace twice the value of that she had lost, paid her fine, and then I explained:

"You, madam, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madam,—let me convince you—for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me, in any way, pray take some more lace—here is lots of it, you see."

We parted, the best of friends.

DURING a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings. Among the witnesses was as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then, putting on a look of severity and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. Wilson, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Waal, I guess *you've* tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

The witness was dismissed, while judge, jury, and spectators, indulged in a hearty laugh.

LAST CHANCE, Placer Co., Feb. 2, 1859.

Dear Social Chair:—If you will permit me for a short time to seat myself down within the embrace of your softly-cushioned arms, I will promise to take my hat off, and my cigar from my mouth, and, while I rest myself, will try to be as sociable as my nature will permit; and with your consent, will tell you of a certain wild-goose speculation.

P. B., an enterprising young man, of very small stature, came to California a few years ago, for the purpose, as he said, of "feathering his nest." Arriving at Sacramento, he naturally and immediately inquired the price of feathers; which article, he found very scarce and high—afterwards *very* high. His quick perception at once discovered to him a good opening for a

smart young man, with five hundred dollars all in grand cash, to go into the goose business; so, after ordering a large corral built, goose tight—except the top—off he started down the valley to purchase geese, and succeeded in investing his five hundred for the *birds*; but not being a very good judge of the California variety of the article, he did not perceive that they were nearly all wild geese, that had been caught in nets, with nothing but their wings clipped very short to prevent them from taking French leave of their captors. The young man and his feathered company arrived safe at Sacramento, where the birds were soon corralled.

A few weeks later P. B. determined to pick his geese, but was doomed to disappointment and loss; for one morning after giving them a good breakfast, a flock of wild geese passed directly over their heads, whereupon the leader sounded his quack! quack! in g horn, and the call was answered by his kindred in the pen, who having found their wings grown to a sufficient length, spread them instanter, and away they went. Imagine the astonishment of the young goose and feather speculator as he witnessed the ascension of his favorite pets. Being naturally "given to poetry," and often speaking his thoughts in verse, while viewing the flight of his fortune and feathers, with hands uplifted, he exclaimed:—

"Goo-se, goo-se, gander—Why do you wander!"

[Poor afflicted soul!] A short time afterward while conversing with a friend, he broke forth:—

I have heard good people say
 "Riches have wings, and fly away"—
 I never thought the axiom true
 Until my geese "got up and flew."

P. B., now says, that he thinks California is a very uncertain country to do business in.

SIERRA.

One of the latest of *tales*, for which the *Red Bluff Beacon* is responsible, deserves to be recorded, not so much for the truthfulness of the narrative as for the remarkable imagination of the writer—therefore we give it a place in the Social Chair.

During the sojourn of a regiment of soldiers in the lower part of this State some years ago, it is related that a very obstinate donkey persisted in breaking into a corn pen. The commanding officer had frequently ordered the intruder under arrest, and even had him tied up, from time to time, with ropes of all dimensions, from a hawser to a clothes-line, all of which he managed either to break or know off, and each morning found John Donkey at the corn. Finally the officer ordered that his tail be fastened to a stump, and secured with iron fastenings, which being done, all hands retired for the night confident that returning daylight would reveal their prisoner, still fast to the stump, as indeed it really did, but to the utter astonishment of all who witnessed it, nothing was to be seen of Mr. Donkey but his tail, which had grown to the enormous length of forty-five feet, the small end still secured to the stump, and the other end with a head and pair of ears attached to it, in the pen, eating away at the corn.

ONE of the best jokes we have lately seen,—from the St. Louis correspondent of the *S. F. Bulletin*,—and which occurred at the Burns' Centennial Dinner in that city, where none but men were present; but let him speak for himself:

"The most stunning event of the evening in St. Louis was created by the entrance of a mild-looking stranger, who loitered in the far end of the hall, near the door, and looked as if he was in doubt whether to advance or go out again. A committee-man noticing his hesitation, approached, and asked the unbidden visitor's pleasure, when the latter handed a paper, saying his wife had sent him with it to desire its reading as one of the toasts of the evening. It was as follows:

"To the Lords of the Festive Board—May the next meeting in 1959 find a race of Scotchmen that will appreciate the fair, and learn from the peasant poet,

The happiest night that e'er I spent,
 I spent it with the lasses, O.

"Cheers, screams, shouts, and a noise that was actually appalling, followed the reading of this *morceau*."

THE New York *Musical Review* contains a graphic letter from Mr. J. M. Bowland, one of the Alleghanians, who gave a concert on the Big Tree Stump, in July last; an extract from which we think our readers will peruse with considerable satisfaction:

"Friday evening, July 9th, we gave a regular "Grand Stump Concert," "for one night only" to an audience of fifty-three persons; we sang all our national and patriotic songs, and the enthusiasm manifested was almost unbounded, and was most certainly highly flattering to us.

"We have sung in the "Mammoth Cave," under the "Horse-Shoe," at Niagara Falls, and given hundreds of concerts during the past twelve years, but never one that will be longer remembered by us, than the one given upon the "Big Stump;" only think of it, fifty-three persons besides our four selves and instruments, all upon the stump of a tree at the same time."

THOSE who are of opinion that all cool proceedings originate 'away down east,' will change their views when they read the following from the *S. F. National*:

"A gentleman just from Fraser river relates that a short time ago an American called upon Governor Douglass, at Victoria, when, upon being shown into a private room, the following dialogue took place:

American—How are you, Douglass?

Governor Douglass—Very well, sir; take a seat.

American—Look here, Governor, you're a pretty rich man, I take it, but I guess you wouldn't refuse making \$1,000 if you had a chance, would yer?

Governor Douglass—Show me how to make \$1,000, sir, and the half of it is yours.

American—Well, now, look here; I understand you are going to give each of your daughters \$10,000 on their wedding day. Now I'll take one of 'em for \$9,000. So you can make a thousand clear. What do you think of the proposition, Governor?

It is said that the Governor did not by any means relish the proposition, but he tells it to his friends as a good Yankee joke.

ON Sunday evening last, says the *Mariposa Star*, while the congregation, at the Methodist Church South, were singing "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," a fellow with a hand-organ was playing "Jordan am a hard road to travel," in a fandango house, on the opposite side of the street.

A hard old place is that *Mariposa*—sometimes.

A doctor in town, says the *Mariposa Gazette*, gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since:

"A new bonnet, a cashmere Shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots."

The lady recovered immediately.

Dramatic.

SINCE the issuance of our last number the drama has experienced a wonderful change in our city. The Misses Gougenheim have returned to New York, after a successful career of three years as "stars." Mr. John Drew has sailed for Australia; Mr. Collins has appeared in concert; the sisters Webb arrived, and played a good engagement at the Opera House. Miss Avonia Jones, Mr. James Anderson, and Miss Fanny Morant have also appeared. The American Theater has been re-opened by Mrs. Wood; two young *debutants* have made their bows to our public, and the Misses Ince have returned from Australia.

The Misses Gougenheims and Mr. Drew having departed, belong to a by-gone time, and we will pay our respects only to those who are present. The Misses Ada and Emma Webb succeeded the Misses Gougenheims at the Opera House. Miss Emma has selected Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne as her model, and Miss Ada has adopted the style of Agnes Robertson. The latter of these young ladies possesses a fund of native talent, and promises to be an ornament to the American Stage. Her sister will make a good leading actress; but will probably never arrive to the dignity of a "star." They are at present in the interior, and are playing to good houses.

Following the Misses Webb was Miss Avonia Jones, a lady of really fine abilities as a tragedienne; but still very deficient in culture. The Promethian spark burns brightly in this lady, who lacks nothing but the careful teachings of a capable elocutionist to make her an actress of uncommon merit. We can only compare her to the rough diamond. Her Juliet, Adrienne, Lucrezia Borgia and other personations were highly creditable; but it is painfully apparent the lady has been sacrificed by the stage manager. Even respectable support has been withheld, and a great remissness was observable in the *mise en scene* of the different pieces.

Mr. James Anderson succeeded Mr. Drew

at the Lyceum, and has kept that house crowded every evening for the past month. In addition to a naturally fine person, Mr. Anderson possesses a commanding dramatic intellect by which he grasps the author's creation, invests himself with it, and presents it as a living picture to his admiring audiences. In Hamlet, Othello, Ingomar, Charles de Moor and Claude Melnotte this power of Mr. Anderson's was not only seen but felt. In Richard III and the Huron Chief Mr. Anderson fell far below his other renditions; his Richard was a great failure, and his Hercule a false conception. Nevertheless, Mr. Anderson is a great actor, and with the single exception of the elder Booth, his equal has never been seen upon the Pacific coast.

The American Theater has been reopened by Mrs. Wood, and the liberal spirited proprietor, H. M. Naglee, Esq., spared neither pains nor expense to make it the finest theater in California, which it undoubtedly is. It was reasonably expected after so great an outlay in time and money, the opening night would have been signalized by the presentation of some play worthy the occasion, and the brilliant and intelligent audience there assembled; and it was with no little mortification that the audience found themselves treated to a nonsensical little farce without plot, point or wit, and a thread-worn burlesque whose only merit consists in a continual straining for puns in almost every word. But even these might have been tolerated by the good humored assemblage, had they been presented with decent ability; but they were even defective in this vital point.

Miss Annette Ince, a clever and excellent young actress, is now under an engagement at the American, and if the lady could only manage to exercise a greater degree of vivacity and throw off some of her redundant starchness; appear more natural and less artificial, she would become a favorite.

Mrs. Wood now has an opportunity of renewing the former glory and popularity of this theater by engaging first class performers and gathering stock-actors of un-

doubted merit around her, and by presenting new pieces with suitable accompaniments, make it alike worthy of her ability as a manageress, and the patronage of the public.

California at present is most abundantly supplied with "stars" in almost every conceivable line of character. We have Mr. Stark, Mrs. Wood, Misses Ince, Mr. & Mrs. Baker, the Misses Webb, J. M. Collins, the Bianchis, Mrs. Georgiana Stuart Leach, Mr. Stephen Leach, Miss Griswold, Mrs. Laura Wells, Miss Albertine, Mr. Wood, and a number of others claiming particular notice from the public. Most of our stock actors are however lamentably defective, and a few first class stock actors and actresses, who are not above their business, and who will consent to forego "starring it," will do well in this State.

We are sorry to note, that Mrs. Judah, by far the most popular actress who ever appeared in California, and one whose private character renders her an ornament to society, is about to retire from the stage. She will make her *conge* in a few months.

Letters have been received from Dion Bourcicault and Agnes Robertson stating their determination to visit California within a very short time.

A like report is circulated in reference to G. V. Brooke, but we are not inclined to put faith in its reliability.

The Fashions.

THROUGH the kindness of several fashionable Milliners in New York, I am this month enabled to apprise the readers of Hutchings' California Magazine of a change of style in evening dresses, called

"The Lady Washington Corsage."

This is cut low and square across the bust, with shoulder-straps; and worn with a half high chemisette of the same form, composed of tulle bouillone; and finished with a bouquet of wild flowers and grasses in front of the Corsage and a head-dress of flowers to match: on the top of the chemisette run in a ribbon to suit the dress. Sleeves should be short and square, and slashed opposite the seam on the shoulder

to within an inch of the top; with short puffings of lace and ribbon of the same material as the chemisette.

Silk Dresses.

By far the largest proportion of silk dresses are made with double skirts. Black silks, plain and brocaded, are in high favor.

Bonnets.

These have undergone a decided change in shape, but whether as a permanent Spring Fashion or not, will be better ascertained on the arrival of the next steamer, as but two Pattern Bonnets have as yet been received. These two, however, coming from different first class Parisian establishments, and not differing in *contour*, are regarded as good evidence that such will be the case.

In shape they vary little from what is known as the Marie Stuart style, having soft puffed crowns, puffed brims, pointed, nearly flat on the top, and very open at the sides.

They are composed either of two colors—bright color and white—or of two materials of the same tint. The strings are of wide ribbon (No. 22).

Boquets of flowers will be the universal trimming; with long streamers of grasses on each side and extending across the cape and crown. Roses and hawthorne are the favorite inside flowers.

Chip and Leghorn bonnets, with cape of the same material, are the most elegant, but are scarce and high priced.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE news of the defeat in Congress of the Pacific Railroad Bill, on the 27th Jan., was received in this city, overland, on the 24th Feb., and created much disappointment.

THE Grand Jury of San Francisco found indictments against R. F. Ryan, R. C. Brooks, and James Brooks, for alleged robbery of records from the Clerk's office.

THE publication of a new daily paper, entitled the *Democratic Standard*, was commenced at Sacramento City on the 26th of Feb., J. R. Hardenburgh, proprietor; C. T. Botts, editor. The first weekly edition of this journal was issued on the 12th ult.

THE C. S. N. Co.'s steamer "Queen City" struck the buttress of the draw-bridge at Sacramento on the 27th Feb., doing considerable damage to the steamer.

THE Dashaways is the name of a newly

formed temperance organization in San Francisco, composed exclusively of firemen.

THE Supreme Court reversed the decision of Judge Norton, giving the contested Judgeship of the 4th District Court to C. Burbank, in favor of Judge Hager, its former occupant.

THE S. F. *Daily Times* changed hands on the 28th Feb., when its new proprietors, Washburn & Flanders, hoisted the Republican colors over its columns.

THE river steamer, Surprise, left San Francisco on a trip to San Blas, in Mexico. This is the first inland steamboat that has ever left San Francisco for a Mexican port.

THE Mail Steamer Sonora from Panama, arrived on the 1st ult., with 769 passengers, 58 of whom were by the Tehuantepec route.

FREEMAN & Co., in addition to running their Eastern Express, as usual, on the 1st ult. commenced a daily express to all parts of the State, under the able superintendency of C. S. Higgins.

THE brig Swiss Boy, of San Francisco, in distress on the coast of Vancouver, was boarded by about 300 Indians, plundered, and afterwards burned. The crew, after being detained as prisoners ten days, were allowed to go to Victoria.

R. W. SLOCOMB, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Chief-Coiner in the S. F. Branch Mint, in place of J. M. Eckfeldt, and took possession of his office on the 21st ult.

C. DUNCOMBE, who was reelected to the Assembly, was again refused his seat by a party vote.

J. W. MANDEVILLE was reappointed Surveyor General for California.

MR. C. A. SELLERS, formerly editor of the Solano Herald, died on the 3d ult.

THE first war steamer built in this State was launched at Mare Island on the 3d ult., and named the "Toucey." Her timbers are almost exclusively of California wood.

THE great Volcano of Manua Loa, Sandwich Islands, is again in active operation.

THE Sacramento Union entered upon its ninth year of publication on the 19th of March.

THE Legislature appropriated \$75,000 for the support of the Insane Asylum at Stockton, for the ensuing fiscal year, against 155,000 appropriated last year.

THE Shasta *Courier* entered upon its eighth volume on the 12th ult.

On the 5th ult. the mail steamer Sonora took out from San Francisco 476 passengers and \$1,327,423 89 in treasure. The opposition vessel, Orizaba, took 747 passengers and \$134,320 in treasure.

On the 15th of Feb. the Supreme Court of the U. S. confirmed the Sutter land claim for eleven leagues, including that on which Sacramento city is built.

THE "Princess" has been running during portions of the month, as an opposition steamer to Sacramento city. Fare, 50 cts.

THE once celebrated Compadre Silver Mine, which for a long time has been lost or buried up, was recently discovered, near Fort Buchanan, Arizona Territory.

At the upper reservoir east of the Big Trees, the snow is reported to be twenty-one feet deep on the average.

A NEW pass has been discovered in the Rocky Mountains, at the head of the Kokiwski river, in lat. 51°.

MILLER's celebrated Steam Wagon, says the Marysville Democrat, a Californian invention, was completed and successfully

run through the streets of Marysville on the 15th ult.

THE J. L. Stephens arrived here on the 17th ult. with 482 passengers and 300 tons of merchandise.

THE steamer "Uncle Sam" returned to San Francisco, from her trip to the mouth of the Colorado with U. S. troops, animals and stores, on the 17th ult.

OREGON was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State on the 12th Feb. last, by a vote of 114 to 103.

THE dies for the coinage of silver dollars were received at the S. F. Branch Mint on the 16th ult, by the J. L. Stephens.

THE Board of Managers of the State Agricultural Society announced that the 27th of September next would be day of opening the State Fair, at Sacramento city, to continue for ten days.

THE eastern bound steamer, John L. Stephens, took away 476 passengers and \$1,581,929 in treasure, on the 21st ult.

THE Red Bluff Beacon commenced its third volume on the 23d ult.

Editor's Table.

AT ONE time the prospect of an enlarged commercial intercourse; of more complete and speedy mail facilities; of safer and more expeditious transit to, and closer union with, our dear friends on the other side of the continent by the iron bonds of a railroad, was bright and cheering; but now, a shadow, dark and portentous as the tempest-born clouds of a lowering sunset, has fallen upon it, by the defeat in Congress of the Pacific Railroad Bill. By that defeat, Hope, said to be the anchor of the soul, has lost her only reliable fluke, and left the staunch vessel of American Progress and safety, on the Pacific, at the mercy of any foreign and adverse wind that blows; while every breath of air that is needed to fill the sails of the noble craft, by a prosperous commerce with China, India, Polynesia, and the whaling grounds of the North Pacific, is taken out of her canvas by a mountain chain of political bunkum forced into

prominence by ax-grinding politicians at Washington. Oh, bogus patriotism, where is thy blush? Is the hobby-horse of a Pacific Railroad Bill again needed for riding into political position at the next general election? Shame on ye. A few more disasters like the foundering of the Central America, and similar in character and results—and such are by no means improbable so long as the "floating coffins" of steamships, (whatever may be said to the contrary) which now ply between San Francisco and New York, are nearly the only means of passenger transit thence—a few more disasters, we repeat, similar to the foundering of the Central America, will raise a storm of indignant censure that will hasten the speedy commencement of the work while it covers with oblivion and contempt, as effectually and remorselessly as the sea buries her dead, all those who have been its cause.

WHAT a popular idea in the public mind is an "opposition coach;" an "opposition steamboat" or an "opposition steamship?" and the reason for its popularity, obviously, is its apparent cheapness. Now, let us suppose that the usual fare by any "regular" conveyance is ten dollars; and an "opposition line" reduces it to six, and which, for argument's sake, we will consider to be no more than a fair paying rate—the regular line, in order to drive off the opposition, reduces its rate of charges to three dollars—a price at which, for the time being, it cannot but lose money—and the result is, unless "the opposition" reduces its fare to the same rate as the "regular line," nearly all of the passengers will patronize the old conveyance; when, the opposition being without public support, has either to withdraw or lose money—neither being a very pleasant or commendable alternative for one who established it mainly for the public good. Of course the fare is immediately placed up again, by the regular line, at its old rate of ten dollars. In such a case whom, think you, is to blame?

In looking over the numerous "opposition" conveyances that, from time to time, have been established in this State, we are forced to the conclusion that, with but few laudable exceptions, they have been nothing more nor anything less than Black Mail institutions: established with no higher or nobler motive than to compel the other line to "buy them off" at exorbitant rates. This was the *dishonest* motive which gave them birth; and the public, by wishing to patronize an opposition that doubtless had become desirable, unintentionally aided them in their nefarious undertaking. As soon as the black mail "arrangement" was consummated, the "opposition" was, of course, "withdrawn for the present."

A good, honorable, and permanent opposition is at all times a public benefit, where the price of passage is fixed at a fair and paying rate; but where it is above or below this the

that there is some unfair advantage about to be taken; and as it cannot be satisfactory to all parties, without its being mutually advantageous, its existence will be short and its death disastrous to the public welfare. Remember, then, that although "opposition is the life of trade," to be permanent and valuable it should at all times be honorable.

THIS month it becomes our pleasing duty to welcome the advent of the first number of the *Hesperian Magazine*, a new California monthly conducted by Mrs. F. H. Day, San Francisco. It is a neat, spirited, and tastefully printed work of forty eight pages, with two excellent lithographs and a title-page, beautifully executed by the Nahl Brothers and well printed by L. Nagel. We have several of the eastern magazines before us, and can testify that the *Hesperian* will compare favorably with either of them. The well known ability of its contributors is a sufficient guarantee that its contents are as able as its appearance is prepossessing.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

B.—"Little Iva" is on file.

M. D. S.—To —, is received. Of course editors must laugh, or how will their readers fare, think you?

T. B., *Orleans Flat*.—We cannot tell unless we see it.

J. N. R.—The sketch, with accompanying description, is accepted, and will appear in due time.

T. O.—Yours, although well written, is inadmissible.

Old Maid—Will please accept our thanks for her advice and good intentions. We should not have been ungallant, even to an "old maid," had her name accompanied the communication. Will she be a little more candid and explicit in some future epistle; as we shall be happy to profit by her suggestions.

A.—"George Somerville," "How the Yo Semite Valley was Discovered," &c., &c., are accepted and filed for next number.

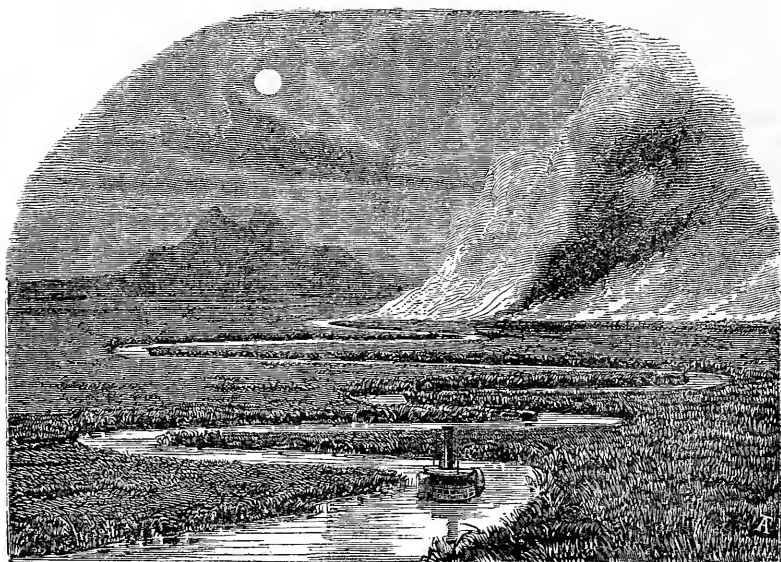
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1859.

No. 11.

SCENES IN THE VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS OF
CALIFORNIA.



NIGHT SCENE ON THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER—MONTE DIABLO IN THE DISTANCE.

There are but few persons to whom the admiration of the beautiful in nature is not an innate inspiration to a greater or less degree. With different habits of thought in different mental organizations, it may assume various forms and qualities, but the principle is the same.

To some, the graceful form or lithe

movement of an animal, or the face, figure and carriage of a beautiful woman or handsome man, may be the most attractive style of beauty in existence. Others will look upon a broad meadow carpeted with flowers, or a quiet stream and placid lake, whose burnished bosom reflects the image of every object upon

No. 123, 985 (4x5) (includes captions)

its margin ; and, as they watch the shadows chasing each other across it, think it the most charming of any ever witnessed : while to others, the impetuous torrent, as it dashes and foams and eddies among rocks, or rushes over a precipice, and at one bold leap breaks itself into myriads of atoms, is the embodiment of all that is grand and lovely and beautiful. Yet to others, no sight is so creative of delightful emotion as the examination of the minute and wonderful ; such, for instance, as the downy petals of a flower, or the numerous scales and shades of color that blend into each other on the body of an insect or crest of a bird.

The love of everything beautiful may be possessed in an eminent degree by a single individual ; but we never knew one to whom *every* form of beauty was alike inviting. Control our tastes as we may, there are some individuals whom we like in a greater degree than we do others, and often without being able to assign a reason. It is thus with the beautiful in nature ; preferences for this or that particular class will exist, and often we do not know why. Yet it is well.

The engraving given on the first page of this number of the magazine will present one of those beautiful scenes that are sometimes to be witnessed in the valleys at night, from the deck of a steamboat. The serpentine course of the San Joaquin, lighted up by the moon and the tules on fire, every voyager to or from Stockton can perhaps remember. In the foreground of the picture is the boat from whence our sketch was taken. In the shadowy distance looms up Monte Diablo.

Almost every Californian has seen Monte Diablo. It is the great central landmark of the State. Whether we are walking in the streets of San Francisco ; or sailing on any of our bays and navigable rivers ; or riding on any of the roads in the Sacramento and San Joaquin val-

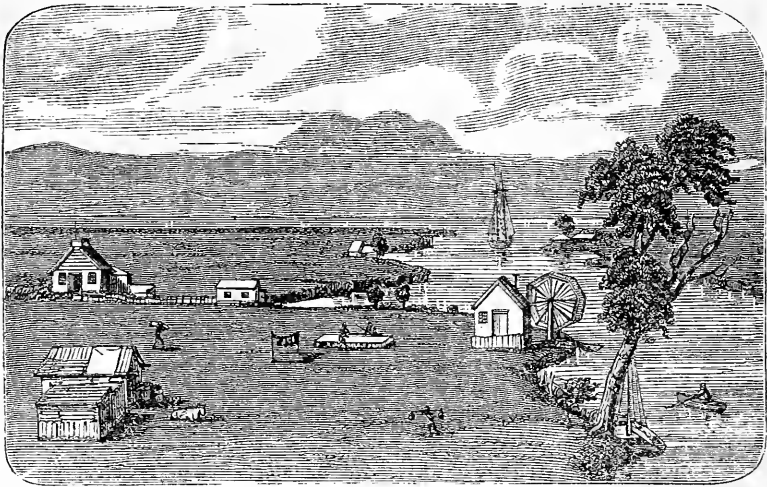
leys ; or standing on the elevated ridges of the mining districts, before us, in lonely boldness, and at almost every turn, we see Monte del Diablo. Probably from its apparent omnipresence we are indebted to its singular name, *Mount of the Devil*.

Viewed from the north-west or south-east, it appears double, or with two elevations, the points of which are about three miles apart. The south-western peak is the most elevated, and is 3,760 feet above the sea.

For the purpose of properly surveying the State into a network of township lines, three meridians or initial points were established by the U. S. Survey, namely: Monte Diablo, Mount San Bernardino, and Mount Pierce, Humboldt County. Across the highest peaks of each of these, a "meridian line" and a "base line" were run ; the latter from east to west, and the former from north to south. The boundaries of the Monte Diablo meridian include all the lands in the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, between the Coast Range and the Sierras, and from the Siskiyou Mountains to the San Bernardino meridian, at the head of the Tulare Valley.

The geological formation of this mountain is what is usually termed "primitive;" surrounded by sedimentary rocks, abounding in marine shells. Near the summit there are a few quartz veins, but whether gold-bearing or not has not yet been determined. About one-third of the distance from the top, on the western slope, is a "hornblende" rock of peculiar structure, and said by some to contain gold. In the numerous spurs at the base, there is an excellent and inexhaustible supply of limestone.

At the eastern foot of the mountains, about five miles from the San Joaquin river, three veins of stove coal have been discovered ; and are now being worked with good prospects of remuneration, as



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MONTE DIABLO, FROM THE BANKS OF THE SLOUGH NEAR STOCKTON.

the veins grow thicker and the quality better as they proceed with their labors.

It is said that copper ore and cinnabar have both been found here, but with what truth we are unable to determine. Some Spaniards have reported that they know of some rich mineral there; but, do not tell of what kind, and for reasons best known to themselves will neither communicate their secret to others nor work it themselves.

If the reader has no objection, we will climb the mountain—at least, in imagination—and see what further discoveries we can make.

Now, after a substantial breakfast, being provided with good horses—always make sure of the latter on any trip you may make, reader—an excellent telescope, and a liberal allowance of luncheon, let us leave Martinez at seven o'clock. For the first four miles we ride over a number of pretty and gently rolling hills, at a lively gait, and arrive at the Pacheco Valley, on the edge of which stands the flourishing little village of Pacheco. We now dash across the valley at good speed for eight miles, in a south-east direction, and reach the western foot

of Diablo after a good hour's pleasant ride.

For the first mile and a half of our ascent, we have a good wagon road, built in 1852 to give easy access to a quartz lead, from which considerable rock was taken in wagons to the Bay of Suisun, and from thence shipped to San Francisco to be tested, and which was found to contain gold, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for working it; and for the next two miles, a good, plain trail, to the main summit, passing several clear springs of cold water.

From the numerous tracks of the grizzly bears that were seen at the springs we may naturally conclude that such animals have their sleeping apartments among the bunches of chaparal in the cañons yonder; and if we should see the track makers before we return, we hope our companions will keep up their courage, and sufficient presence of mind to prevent themselves imitating Mr. Grizzly at the spring—at least not in the direction of the settlements, and leave us alone in our glory.

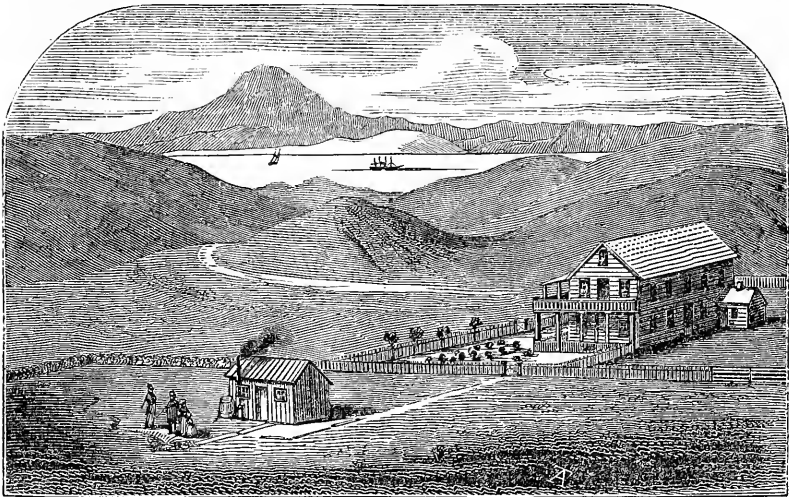
As you will perceive, the summit of the mountain is reached without the necessity of our dismounting; and as there

are wild oats all around, and the stores of sundries provided have not been lost or left behind, suppose we rest and refresh ourselves, and allow our animals to do the same.

The sight of the glorious panorama unrolled at our feet, we need not tell you, amply repays us for our early ride. As we look around us we may easily imagine that perhaps the priests who named this mountain may have climbed it, and as they saw the wonders spread out before them, recalled to memory the following passage of holy writ:—"The devil taketh him [Jesus] up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him,

get thee hence, Satan &c.," *Matt. 4th, verses 8 and 9*; and from this time called it Monte del Diablo. Of course this is mere supposition, and is as likely to be wrong as it is to be right.

The Pacific Ocean; the city, and part of the bay of San Francisco; Fort Point; the Golden Gate; San Pablo and Suisun Bays; the Government works at Mare Island; Vallejo; Benicia; the valleys of Santa Clara, Petaluma, Sonoma, Napa, Sacramento and San Joaquin, with their rivers, creeks and sloughs, in all their tortuous windings; the cities of Stockton and Sacramento; and the great line of the snow-covered Sierras; with numerous villages dotting the pine forests on the lower mountain range—are all spread out before you. In short, there is nothing to obstruct the sight in any direction; and



THE SULPHUR SPRING HOUSE, WITH A PORTION OF SUISUN BAY, AND MONTE DIABLO.

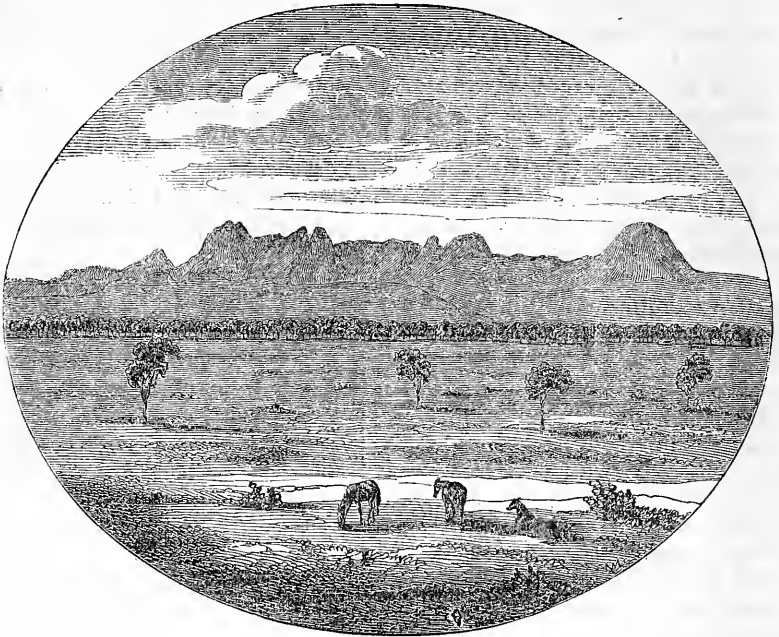
[*Sketched from nature, by J. A. Rankin.*]

with a good glass the steamers and vessels at anchor in the bay, and made fast at the wharves of San Francisco, are distinctly visible.

Stock may be seen grazing in all directions on the mountains. To the very summit, wild oats and chaparal alternate.

In the cañons are oak and pine trees from fifty to one hundred feet in height; and on the more exposed portions there are low trees from twenty to thirty feet in height.

In the fall season, when the wild oats and dead bushes are perfectly dry, the



SUTTER'S BUTTES, NEAR MARYSVILLE.

Indians sometimes set large portions of the surface of the mountains on fire; which, when the breeze is fresh and the night is dark, and the lurid flames leap and curl, and sway, now to this side, and now to that, the spectacle presented is magnificent beyond the power of language to express.

The "Sulphur mountain," at the foot of which is the spring and hotel, seen in the foreground of Mr. Rankin's sketch on the 484th page, is a well known local landmark, some six miles in a northwesterly direction from Benicia. Its bold, craggy top is in perfect contrast to the gently rolling hills that surround it. The waters of the spring which gush out at its base have long been known to the Indians and native Californians in this vicinity, for their medicinal properties. Judging from the numerous beds of shells to be found there—doubtless deposited by the Indians, who must have been fond of bi-

valves—it seems to have been a favorite place of resort. Be, this as it may, the springs—which are slightly tepid, and of which there are two, but a few feet from each other—are highly impregnated with sulphur, soda, and other minerals; and valuable as a remedial agent in some bodily ailments. The springs were re-discovered and taken up by Milton Brockman, in 1855, and who, with others, built the present commodious hotel. If the proprietors had the taste and would take the trouble to beautify the grounds around, and then keep the hotel as it ought to be kept—which it certainly is not, now—it would become a fashionable place of resort, and very convenient to invalids from a distance.

Between the Sacramento and Feather rivers, about twelve miles west of Marysville, are "Sutter's Buttes," or, as they are sometimes called, the "Marysville Buttes." (The former, we think, should

always be preferred, in honor of the illustrious California pioneer, Gen. John A. Sutter.)

This mountain towers boldly out like a large island above the plain on which it stands, to the height of 1800 feet, and is almost as great a landmark to the residents of this latitude, as Monte Diablo is to those of San Francisco. For a circumference of fifty miles, its uneven and hazy tops are visible above the belt of timber that grows in the valley and apparently girdles its base. From its shape, as much as from the scoria and other similar substances in great abundance upon and round about it, there can be but little doubt that this mountain is of volcanic origin, and of no recent date. It is moreover upon the same line as Monte Diablo and Mount Shasta. Trap, quartz, trachyte, and porphyry rocks are found at its base. Its circumference is about twenty-five miles.

Although we have tarried in the valleys a little too long, perhaps, we hope to have the pleasure of the reader's company on an excursion in the mountains, at least to a few of the localities; and in the first place pay a visit to

COLOMA,

Which is the euphonious name of one of the prettiest, and cleanest little towns in the mountains of California; and moreover of one that has the honor of being the mother of all the others! At first sight we are aware that the reader may possibly open his eyes with astonishment, and seem disposed very much to question the correctness of ascribing so large an amount of maternal fecundity, to so insignificant an object; but when we remind him that *at Coloma the first piece of California gold was discovered*, he will, we think, concede to us the parentage claimed.

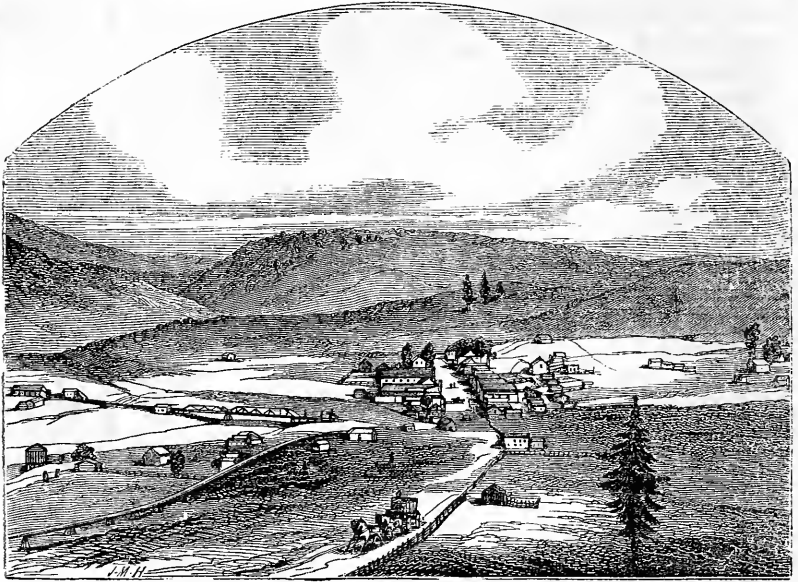
It is a fact that in this beautiful valley, so pleasantly located on the south bank of the south fork of the American river,

James W. Marshall, E. Pierson, John Wimmer, W. H. Scott, A. Stephens, H. Bigler, J. Brown, Peter L. Wimmer, C. Bennett, and several others whose names we have not learned, were engaged in constructing a saw mill (seen to the left of the engraving, near the bank of the river) for Gen. John A. Sutter, when gold was discovered by Mr. Marshall, Jan. 19, 1848.

As our readers are well aware, this news was soon trumpeted abroad, and large numbers of persons flocked to the new El Dorado, (from this originated the name of the county in which Coloma is situated, and which became the county seat of El Dorado) and Coloma, from containing only a double log cabin and about eighteen persons, exclusive of Indians, became a large town with a population of between two and three thousand.

When we first became acquainted with Coloma, late in the fall of 1849, it contained several hotels, the principal of which was Winter's; and a long street of stores and dwelling houses. On the opposite or north side of the river, John T. Little formed the nucleus of a small settlement, by erecting a large hotel and other buildings. At that time the principal part of the village (as those on both sides of the river were called Coloma), on the south bank, was nearly as large as it now is, but of course was not as substantially built. Although there were some good diggings being worked near the village, and many persons were making money at mining, its principal support was from those persons who were passing through it to other places, on prospecting trips, to diggings supposed to be rich, between the south and middle forks of the American river, the principal of which were those in the vicinity of Georgetown and Oregon Cañon.

At that time meals were \$2,00 each, and barley for mules sold at \$1,00 per pound: other grains and hay, none.



VIEW OF COLOMA, EL DORADO COUNTY. THE LOCALITY WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

From that time to the present, Coloma has experienced the ups and downs usual to most mining settlements where the population is ceaselessly changing. Nevertheless she now has a steady resident and flourishing people, who are the owners of some of the finest fruit orchards, vineyards and gardens, to be found in any of the mountain towns; and the possessors of some of the most extensive, and in many cases some of the most profitable mining claims in the State. Remunerative diggings are even found beneath the very houses of the town.

The removal of the county seat to Placerville in 1857, was a serious check to her prosperity for a time; but she is now rapidly regaining her former position. The activity seen in the long street of stores, offices and hotels, will tell their own story to the visitor. Churches and school houses; Masonic, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance Societies are all said to flourish here. Then, though "last yet not least," must be included among her most

useful institutions, one of the best conducted newspapers in the State, "The Coloma Times," edited and published by G. O. Kies, which has our best wishes for the prosperity it so well deserves.

MARIPOSA

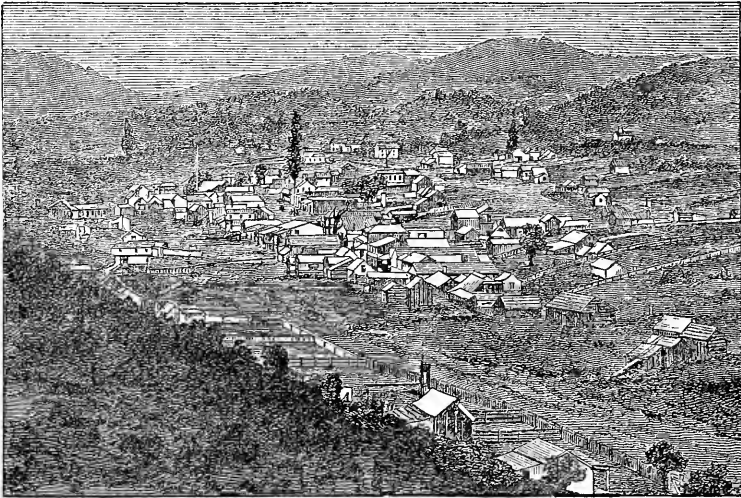
Is the most southerly of all the mining towns of importance in the State. Although it has suffered more, perhaps, than almost any other mining district for the want of water for mining purposes, owing to its quartz leads and rich flat, gulch, and hill diggings, it has generally been prosperous; and being the county seat, as well as the trading centre of numerous small camps around, its streets at certain seasons of the year present a very lively appearance. Two ably edited and spirited papers are issued weekly; one the "Mariposa Gazette," and the other the "Mariposa Star."

The population is about thirteen hundred, or about one seventh of the entire county.

It is here that the celebrated Fremont Grant is located.

Being an excellent starting point to the Yo-Semite valley and the Mariposa Grove of mammoth trees, it is likely to become a place famous to history and the notes of travelers. The neat, and taste-

fully cultivated gardens in the vicinity, give an air of freshness and home-like brightness that some other places we might mention, would do well to imitate. The distance from Stockton to Mariposa is 91 miles, and the road good, upon which a line of stages is running daily.



VIEW OF MARIPOSA.

MOKELUMNE HILL.

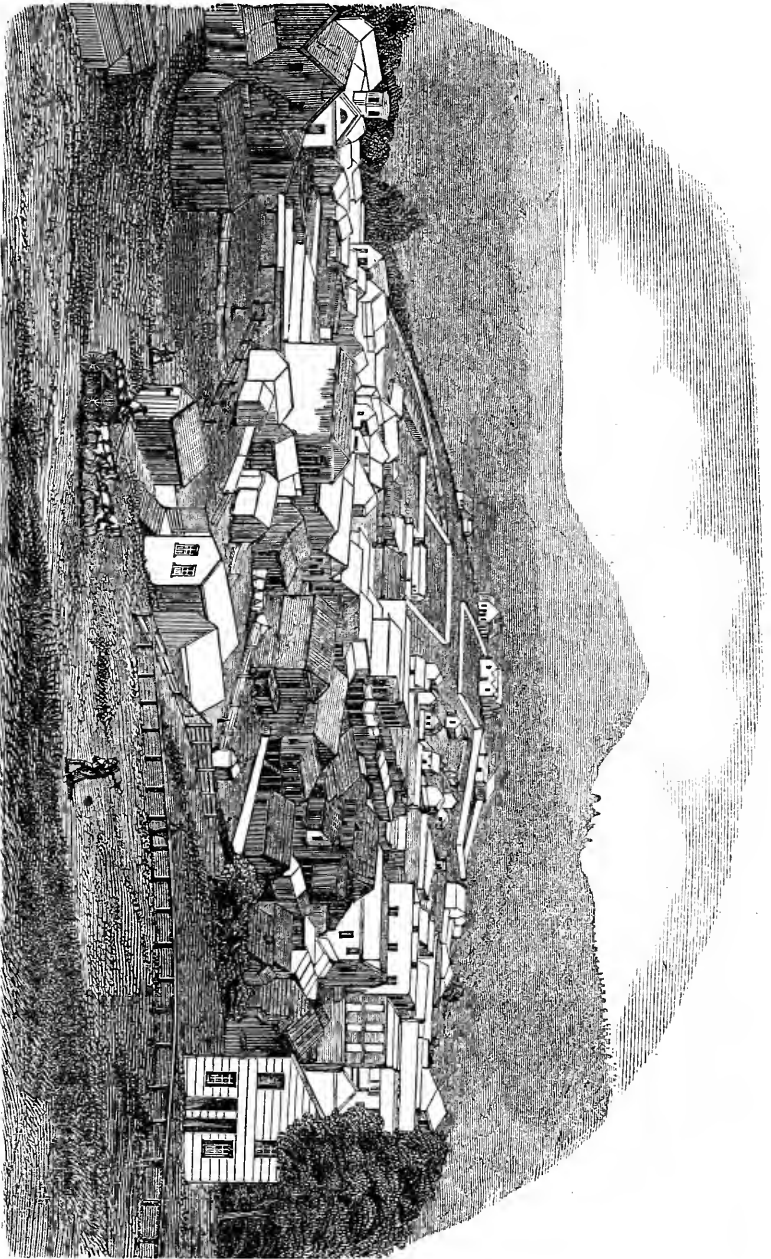
HOWEVER much one mining town in California may be said to resemble another, generally speaking, Mokelumne Hill must certainly be considered an exception. If a stranger enters town, whether by the Stockton or Sacramento roads, the impression is almost invariably the same, "what an oddly situated and singularly constructed town this seems to be?" This in a great measure was unavoidable as the rich diggings discovered here in the fall of 1849 created the necessity of a settlement, and as the town was located upon the most eligible spot that could be found, its builders were left but little choice in the matter; yet, standing as it does upon an elevated bench of the mountain, some eighteen hundred feet above the Mokelumne river; its position is very

commanding and picturesque, especially from the trail between Jackson and the hill.

The rich gulch claims worked here in the winter of 1849 and '50 attracted a numerous population, many of whom were Mexican and Chilian. In the spring of 1851, diggings of almost fabulous richness were discovered and worked in Negro, French, and Stockton hills. From one claim on the former, of only fifteen feet square, over seventy-eight thousand dollars were taken out. Of course such profitable employment could not long remain a secret, and men began to flock there in great numbers; but, as in many other cases, when they arrived, they found to their regret that all the good claims were taken up.

Many of our readers will call to mind the exciting scenes connected with the

MOKEJUMNE HILL, CALAVERAS COUNTY.



long-to-be remembered "French War" which took place in 1851, under the following circumstances:—A Frenchman sunk a shaft on a spot which since then has been known as French Hill, and struck diggings of extraordinary richness, and which excited him to such a degree that nothing but the firing of numerous rounds of powder from an old musket could sufficiently satisfy his enthusiasm in demonstrating his joy. This very naturally called a crowd together to know what was going on: when, in hopes of being equally fortunate, several other persons, among whom were a number of Americans, staked off claims adjoining the Frenchman's. One of these persons whose name was Blankenship, having struck the same lead as the Frenchman, was not content with the product of his own claim, but must "follow the lead" into Frenchy's. When this was discovered the latter very loudly and bitterly, yet justly, complained in broken English, and a number of his countrymen flocked around him, who upon learning the facts would not allow Blankenship to remain there.

He immediately went to town and by unfair representations influenced a large party of Americans to go up with him to "clean out the Frenchmen;" when all their tents and tools were burnt, and the owners obliged to leave. Now, being discomfited, they went to Happy Valley, San Andres, and other places, and obtained reinforcements of their countrymen, who threatened to destroy the town of Mokelumne Hill, and lay violent hands upon everybody. By this time as the defenders of Blankenship had learned the true facts of the case, their enthusiasm had entirely cooled off and the Frenchman were allowed to discharge their chivalrous valor in their own way, and reinstate their countryman in his rightful claims, while the disconsolate cause of the whole, was required "to take his pick and his pan,

his shovel and his blankets, with all that he had, and go prospecting;" and it served him right.

The construction of the Mokelumne Hill Canal to the north fork of the river, in 1852, '53 and '54, at a cost of \$600,000; a large proportion of which proved to be but a sorry investment to the original stockholders—attracted several thousands of miners to the vicinity, a few hundreds of whom found and worked tolerably remunerative diggings, and the others went empty away. This influx caused a comparatively large addition to the buildings and area of the settlement.

On the night of the 20th of August, 1854, the whole of this town, with the exception of a few buildings on Lafayette street, was reduced to ashes; but was speedily rebuilt, and in a much more substantial manner.

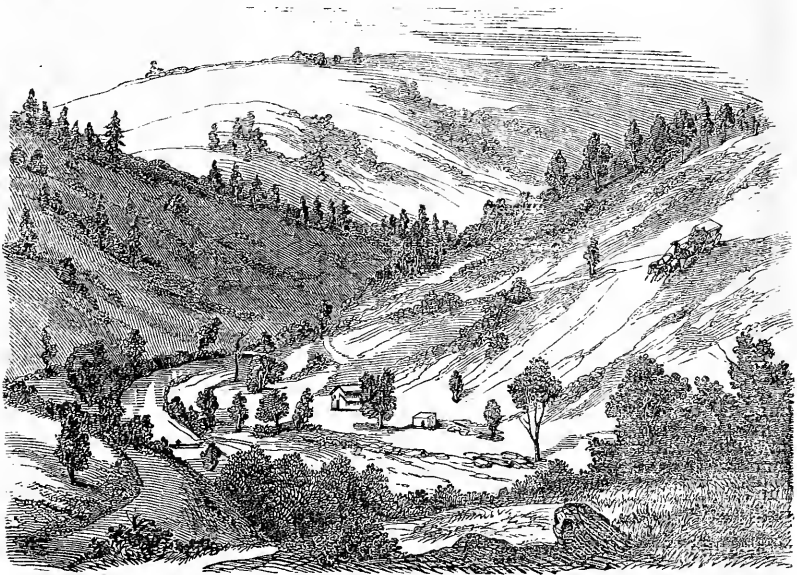
It is the county seat of Calaveras county, and the business centre of a large district, from whence miners draw most of their supplies.

Its resident population is about eleven hundred; with fewer families in proportion, perhaps, than any other town of the same size in the State. There are three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, and Catholic—and one public school-house. A weekly paper, entitled the "Calaveras Chronicle," is here, edited and published by Mr. John Shannon; and, but for the too frequent and lengthy discussions of political questions, to the exclusion of much valuable local news, it is a faithful advocate and exponent of the interests of the county.

Mokelumne Hill being the county seat of Calaveras, and the business centre for Jesus Maria, West Point, Rich Gulch, Poison Gulch, El Dorado Cañon, Independence, Esperanza, Buckeye, Big and Middle Bar, and several other mining camps, it is destined to survive the ups and downs pertaining to mining towns in general, and will be Mokelumne Hill as

ong as mining is known. Besides, in addition to its hill and gulch mining, it has numerous quartz leads that are among the richest in the State. From a quarry of lava, or soft freestone, large blocks of excellent building material are easily hewn with an axe, which hardens when exposed to the atmosphere, and being unaffected by heat, could be made to supersede fire-brick. The court-house, and nearly all the fire-proof buildings in the town and vicinity, are constructed of this material.

In 1855, the flume of the Mokelumne Hill Canal was extended to Campo Seco, and other mining localities between the Calaveras and Mokelumne rivers, and supplied water to a large mining district, that before was without water, and consequently barren of results to the miner. In addition to this, large supplies of lumber are floated down the flume, from the company's saw-mills above, to the different camps upon the line of the canal.

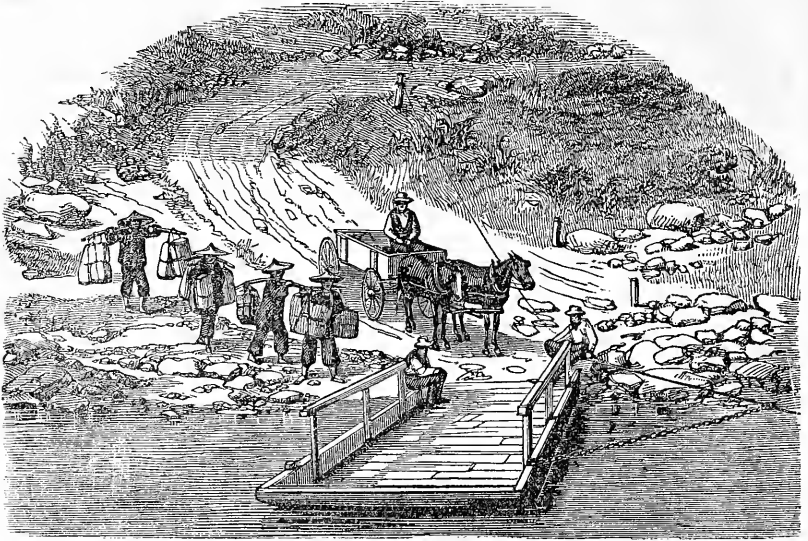


ABBEY'S ROAD AND FERRY ACROSS THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

Those who have never crossed one of the deep cañons or rivers of the State, from one mining camp to another, in the upper mountain range, can form no idea of the difficulties and labor attending such an undertaking, especially before good stage roads were made. To the initiated we need give no description; but to others, perhaps, it is well that we should briefly describe them, that they may exercise some little sympathy for those who many times have had to per-

form the task; often, perhaps, in early mining experiences, with a sack of flour or a load of tools at their backs.

It is impossible for us to give the actual elevation of any of these mountain ridges above the beds of the streams where they are crossed, as they have not to our knowledge been measured with any pretensions to accuracy. Many persons have doubtless given rough estimates of their probable height, that might perhaps approximate to correctness; but, of



FERRY SCENE ON THE COSUMNES.

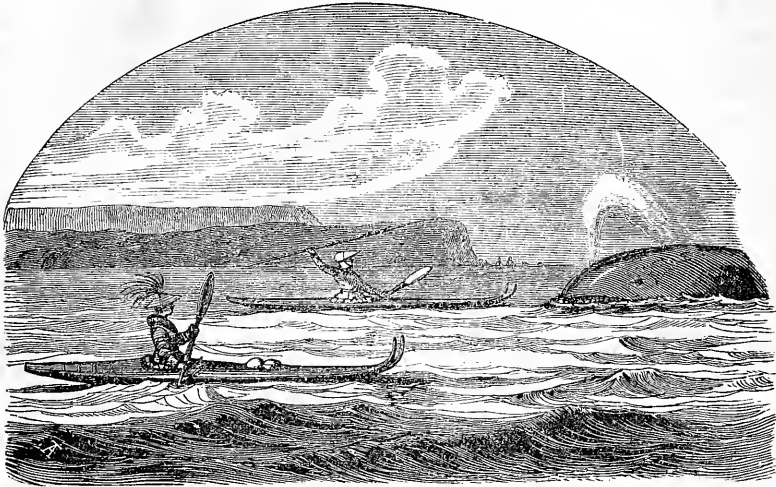
course, such cannot be considered reliable authority, in the absence of actual measurement. From the height of the mountains that surround the great Yo-Semite Valley, which have been measured, and are from three thousand five hundred to four thousand five hundred feet, we should think that from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred feet for those we are now considering would be a fair estimate. To cross these high ridges and deep cañons with vehicles, roads have been cut in the sides of the mountains, from the bottom to the top, at a low and regular grade, so that heavily-freighted wagons, as well as light carriages, can ascend and descend with comparative ease and safety. At some points excavations have been made for the road in solid rock, and often where the mountain side is nearly perpendicular. Of course the cost of such undertakings is very large; but, owing to the tolls collected, and the number of persons and vehicles passing and re-passing, the investment has generally proved a profitable one.

When riding in a carriage or stage on such roads, there is generally an anxious though perhaps silent hope that the horses are steady and trustworthy, the harness sound and in good order, the running gear strong, and the coachman not only sober, but an excellent and careful driver; lest a mishap should take us on a sudden and undesired journey to that land where, although many of our acquaintances have preceded us, we are not desirous of joining their pleasant fellowship by such a hasty and unprepared introduction.

On one occasion, a merry company of travelers who had been to Columbia, Tulumne County, to witness some combative entertainment—whether political or pugilistic we are not going to state—and on returning to Vallecito, Calaveras Co., via Abbey's Ferry, while descending the hill, the driver, having imbibed a little too freely, and formed a habit of seeing double, mistook the side hill for the road, and the horses, coach and passengers were furiously hurried over the embankment. Two of the horses were killed,

and a third badly injured, while the fourth escaped almost unhurt. The coach was reduced to infinitesimal fragments, and yet only one person was seriously injured. The driver escaped with scarcely a scratch; which would seem to en-

dorse the correctness of the old adage—"A fool and a drunken man for luck." Had this accident occurred in one part of the descent, not one could have been saved to relate the story.



KODIACK INDIANS WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

KODIACK INDIANS WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

The above spirited illustration will show the manner in which the Kodiack and Alleonte Indians attack the whale in the North Pacific. Seated in small canoes, called by them *baidarkas*, which are constructed of seal-skins, and are the most perfect life-boats in the world, nothing equals the fearlessness and skill with which they sally out, often to the distance of several miles from land, when they catch the first sight of the whale blowing in the distance.

Armed with lances, they approach their victim; and when they have driven home the first weapon, he generally dives down at a furious rate: but, soon having to seek the surface for breathing, his foes await his rising, and then drive in a second or a third, until he is conquered, and afterwards floats ashore.

Being very good swimmers and divers, they sometime provide themselves with plugs; and, awaiting their opportunity, throw themselves into the sea, and insert a plug into one of the blow-holes of the whale, and beat it in with great force and speed before the animal can help himself. He then sinks down as before, and when he again rises, the other blow-hole is served in the same manner, and the whale suffocated. It then floats ashore, and the oil, grease and flesh are used for food in preference to any other. These Indians are not allowed to marry, before they can make and guide the canoe, and take seals and fish in sufficient quantities, to enable them to live well without the possibility of their families ever suffering through the indolence or incapacity of the husband. Duties of equal importance are also enjoined upon the wife. With all of these precautions it is with the utmost difficulty that poverty is averted.

SONG—SWEET INDIAN MAID.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

Oh come with me, sweet Indian maid,
My light canoe is by the shore—
We'll ride the river's tide, my love,
And thou shalt charm the dripping oar.

Methinks thy hand could guide so well
The tiny vessel in its course;
The waves would smoothe their crests to
As I have done my spirit's force.[thee,

How calmly will we glide, my love,
Thro' moonlight floating on the deep,
Or, loving yet the safer shore,
Beneath the fringing willows creep!

Again like some wild duck we'll skim,
And scarcely touch the water's face,
While silver gleams our way shall mark,
And circling lines of beauty trace.

And then the stars shall shine above
In harmony with those below,
And gazing up and looking down, [glow.
Give glance for glance and glow for

And all their light shall be our own,
Commingled with our souls, and sweet
As are those orbs of bliss shall be
Our hearts and lips that melting meet.

At last we'll reach yon silent isle,
So calm and green amidst the waves,—
So peaceful, too, it does not spurn
The friendly tide its shore that laves.

We'll draw our vessel on the sand,
And seek the shadow of those trees,
Where all alone and undisturbed,
We'll talk and love as we may please.

And then thy voice shall be so soft
'T will match the whisper of the leaves,
And then thy breast shall yield its sigh
So like the wavelet as it heaves!

And oh! that eye so dark and free,
So like a spirit in itself!
And then that hand so sweetly small
It would not shame the loveliest elf!

The world might perish all for me,
So that it left that little isle;
The human race might pass away,
If thou remainedst with thy smile.

Then haste, mine own dear Indian maid,
My boat is waiting on its oar;
We'll float upon the tide, my love,
And gaily reach that islet's shore.

A CHAPTER ON ALBUMS.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

ALBUMS may be divided into three classes, poetic, autographic and photographic.

The poetic album, the old fashioned school girl's album, full of stolen poetry and original doggerel, is more than old fashioned; it has become antiquated and is well nigh obsolete. It is an album not worth having; there may be a precious name here and there, but the value of the book as a whole is destroyed by the great predominance of trash. Away with it.

The autographic album, on the other hand is gaining more and more in favor. There are two species of this album; one is the friendly, the other the notorious. The friendly autographic album is devoted to near relatives and dear friends, whom we see almost daily in society, and to whom we devote much of our time. All these should inscribe their names in one book, so that when they may be absent, or after they shall have passed away, we may still have their signs-manual to serve as mesmeric or magic talismans in calling the spirits of the writers up before our minds. This is a species of witchcraft of which we can all approve.

The friendly album must be guarded strictly; not every acquaintance must be allowed to put his worthless name in it; the book as well as our friendship will be likely to possess value in proportion as we are stingy with it.

The notorious autographic album is a matter of curiosity, and is intended to contain all obtainable autographs of notorious individuals; whether notorious for good or ill, matters little. Members of congress, murderers, legislators, robbers, judges, thieves, authors, forgers, preachers, mountebanks, philosophers and actresses, all excite our curiosity and interest, and we all want to see them in person and action if possible; if not, then in picture and autograph. Some persons would shudder at the thought of having the name of a celebrated criminal in their books, but they show a sad lack of discrimination. The criminal is a man, like the rest of us; his human nature, though distorted, is of the same kind with ours: and we should look at him to see what we might have been, or what in moments of ungoverned rage or insane frenzy we may be. To such persons, however, as have weak nerves, it will be permitted to exclude from their albums such murderers, robbers, forgers and thieves, as have been caught; those who have not been caught, if otherwise notorious, will be admitted.

The third class of albums, which is of my own devising, and is now first mentioned publicly, the photographic, includes three kinds, the family, friendly, and notorious.

The family photographic album should be devoted to your relatives. It should be a quarto, not less than eight inches square, better if it were ten. It should contain the photographs of your parents, grand-parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, &c. all obtainable of them. Of very near relatives you should have photographs representing them in different positions—full face, profile, at full length, standing and sitting, and at different ages, taking good care to have all your pretty female cousins in the bloom of youth and beauty. Love is an intensified or exaggerated affection for a person

about whom our thoughts dwell with delight, and whose image always gives pleasure, the pleasure being increased and prolonged by seeing the image in different positions. In a family album a great multitude of these pictures can be collected, more than could be hung about a room with good taste.

Besides the likenesses of your relatives, your family album should contain photographs of the birth-place and dwellings of your parents, grand-parents, brothers, and sisters. It should also contain a genealogical record of your family, and of all its members far as known to you; not because your family is more noble than your neighbors, but simply because you belong to it. Here there is abundant material with which to fill an album: precious material too, unless you and your relatives are Ishmaelites, and are lost to the affections.

The friendly photographic album is devoted to friends, and the notorious to notoriety. Pretty women may be put in either, for it is to be presumed that they belong to both classes; their beauty should make them celebrated, and the goodness which ought to accompany beauty, should entitle them to your friendship. But beauty of expression is worth more than beauty of feature, and even where there is no beauty of expression, if a person has an admirable character, his or her face must fill your mind with the thought of it. The person who deserves your friendship in society, must, whether handsome or ugly in feature, also deserve a place in your album.

In old times, when it was a serious business to have a portrait taken, involving a number of tedious "sittings" in an uncomfortable posture, and when one or two portraits were supposed to be as many as anybody could have taken without displaying great vanity, it was only in cases of extreme intimacy that a lady could give her miniature to a gentleman or he

to her; but circumstances having changed, that rule should be abandoned, and friends of both sexes should exchange their photographs, not quite so freely as they would their autographs, but without attaching any other idea to the exchange than one of friendship. [*Mem.*—Ladies of my acquaintance will please take notice that my 'friendly' and 'notorious' photographic albums are ready for the reception of their pictures, which they will please send along with an intimation as to where they wish them to go.]

Photographic albums need not be expensive. Everybody has his likeness taken; and when you go to the photographer, let him take a half dozen or a dozen pictures. The chief expense is incurred in preparing for the first one; six pictures will cost only twice as much as one.

Some persons, attaching a great value to the coloring of portraits, may object, that the class of pictures which they consider the most elegant and valuable—namely, oil paintings—cannot be kept in an album. To this I shall reply by denying the superior value of oil pictures—at least, of such as would ordinarily be put in competition with plain photographs. A good photograph, such as can be obtained of the best artists in San Francisco or New York, is, as a work of art, and as an accurate representation of nature, superior to any oil painting, unless made by a painter of very high and unusual ability. A connoisseur can always see and appreciate the main merits of a great picture in a good engraving of it. Those merits, such as the expression, life, relief, general effect, and drawing—which last does not consist entirely in making the outline of the figures—are all obtained, not by the colors, but by the light and shade. Coloring is an ornament to a picture; *chiar' oscuro* is its substance. The former is desirable when it can be obtained without injury to the latter; but this is very rarely the case, particularly with the class of artists who make a business of coloring photographs.

The painter must obliterate the accurate light and shade of the original, and he will rarely replace them as well with his variegated colors. These may please the uncultivated taste by their gaudiness, but the connoisseur demands above all things a correct *chiar' oscuro*.

Wishing to give an idea of the cost of such an album, I have made enquiries in regard to the cost of pictures and book. The blank album will cost from \$3 to \$5 in this city; though none can be found exactly suited to the purpose. The book should contain none save white paper, and should have no engravings in it.

The photographs, to appear to the best advantage, should be as large as the book, and should be pasted in as are ordinary leaves. Care should be taken that photographs, intended for this purpose, be not pasted on card-board, as photographers usually fix them. The picture, as first taken, is on thin paper; and this may go into the album as an independent leaf, or may be pasted on a leaf of the album with flour paste—not with gum arabic, which latter would cause it to pucker up.

The cost of the pictures will depend on the size of the paper. The ordinary charges of the photographers of this city, for half a dozen pictures, are, \$20 for paper 13 by 17 inches; \$15 for 8 by 13; \$10 for 6 by 8; and \$6 for 4 by 6 inches: the price varying considerably according to circumstances, and decreasing proportionately with the increased number of pictures. The faces in pictures for photographic albums should be large—two or three inches long. In California, where money is spent like water, if you have a likeness taken at all, you should have it made large, by a good artist, and have a number of copies made. Then keep one or two for yourself, and distribute the remainder among your relatives and friends, intimating that you expect like favors in return. You will thus soon have enough pictures to fill an album, which will have cost you in the end but a trifle, and will have a permanent value. It will be less expensive than an oil portrait, will be far more valuable to you, because it contains the likenesses, not of one, but of many, and they will be correct likenesses, and will be valuable to your children; whereas probably an oil picture would be thrown away.

The Miner's Song.

WORDS BY J. SWETT.

MUSIC BY JAS. C. KEMP.

Allegro.

The east - ern sky is blushing red, The distant hill-top

glowing, The riv - er o'er its rock - y bed In i - - dle frolics

flow - ing; 'Tis time the pick - axe and the spade Against the rocks were

ring - ing, And with ourselves the golden stream A song of labor sing - ing.

The mountain air is fresh and cold,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us;
Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us.
We need no Midas' magic wand,
Nor wizard rod divining;
The pickaxe, spade and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining.

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fare returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning,
The mountain sod our couch at night,
The stars keep watch above us,
We think of home and fall asleep
To dream of those who love us.

HOW THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED.

In the early settlement of Mariposa county, the inhabitants were very much annoyed by the robberies committed by the Indians. These were continued, from time to time, until at length, emboldened with the success with which their excursions were attended, they came to the conclusion that the white man could not follow them to their mountain fastnesses, and told Major Savage that they intended to drive from the mining region every white man in it. Savage, seeing that they really meditated war, and hoping to intimidate them, took a party of the chief men and women of some of the war-disposed tribes to San Francisco, where he hoped a view of the numerous sights to be seen there, and in other cities of our State, together with a better knowledge of our numbers, would induce a change of policy, if not of feeling.

But, contrary to all expectations, soon after their return to their tribes, a grand council was called, and it was decided to drive out the whites, and take from them their mules, horses, &c. The Indians who had visited the city with Maj. Savage, gave to the council assurances that the people of San Francisco and Stockton were of a different tribe from those in the mining regions of California; said that they dressed differently, wore great high hats, and that even if any did come to aid the white tribe in the mountains, (the miners), they could do nothing, as most of them were such poor walkers that they had to use sticks, even on a smooth road. The Major's informant told him to flee; that he did not want to hurt him, but there were men in his tribe who would, if he remained. At that time Savage had one trading post on the Fresno and another on the Mariposa, near the plains.

Satisfying himself that an outbreak

would soon be made, he came in and apprised Maj. Burney, Capt. Boling, and others, of what had been threatened; and preparations were being made for defence, when news came of the sack of Savage's place on the Fresno, two men killed, and one wounded; and close on this report came another, of the murder of four men at Dr. Thos. Payne's place, at the Four Creeks; one of the bodies being found skinned. The bearer of the news was one who had escaped the murderous assault of the Indians by the fleetness of his horse, but with the loss of an arm, which was amputated, soon after this event, by Dr. Leach, of the Fresno. These occurrences so exasperated the people, that a company was at once raised and dispatched to chastise the Indians. They found and attacked a large rancheria, high up on the Fresno. During the fight, Lieut. Stein was killed, and Wm. Little severely wounded. It is not known how many Indians were killed, but the whites assert that in that battle they did nothing to immortalize themselves as Indian fighters. Most of the party were very much dissatisfied with the result of the fight; and while some left for the settlements, others continued in search of the Indians. In a few days it was ascertained that some four or five hundred Indians had assembled on a round mountain, lying between the north branches of the San Joaquin, and that they invited attack. They were discovered late in the afternoon; but Capt. Boling and Lieut. Chandler were disposed to have a "brush" with them that evening, if for no other reason than to study their position. Their object was gained, and the Captain, with his company, was followed by the Indians on his return from reconnoitering, and annoyed during the night. In the morning volunteers were called for, to attack the rancheria. Thirty-six offered, and at daylight the storming commenced with such fury as is seldom witnessed in

Indian warfare. The rancheria was fired in several places at the same time, in accordance with a previous understanding, and as the Indians sallied from their burning wigwams, they were shot down, killed, or wounded. A panic seized many of them, and notwithstanding the fear in which their chief, "Jose" was held; at such a time his authority was powerless to compel his men to stand before the flames, and the exasperated fury of the whites. Jose was mortally wounded, and twenty-three of his men were killed upon the ground. Only one of Capt. Boling's party (a negro who fought valiantly) was touched, and he but slightly. It is not my purpose to eulogise any one, but it is right to say, that that battle checked the Indians in their career of murder and robbery, and did more to save the blood of whites, as well as Indians, than any or all other circumstances combined. In a subsequent expedition into that region after the organization of the battalion, which was in January, '51, the remains of Jose were found still burning among the coals of the funeral pyre. The Indians fled at the approach of the volunteers, not even firing a gun or winging an arrow, in defence of their once loved, but dreaded chief.

It will not, I think, be out of place in this connection, to repeat a speech *delivered* by Capt. Boling on the eve of the expected battle. The Captain's object was to exhort the men to do their duty. He commenced:—"Gentlemen—hem—Fellow citizens—hem—Soldiers—hem—Fellow volunteers—hem"—(tremblingly)—and after a long pause, he broke out into a laugh, and said: "Boys, I will only say in *conclusion*, that I hope I will fight better than I speak." It was during the occurrence of the events that have been mentioned above, that the existence of an Indian stronghold was brought to light. When the Indians were told that they would all be killed, if they did not

make peace, they would laugh in derision, and say that they had many places to flee to, where the whites could not follow them, and one place they had, which if the whites were to enter, they would be corralled like mules or horses. After a series of perplexing delays, Maj. Savage, Capt. Boling and Capt. Dill, with two companies of the battalion, started in search of the Indians and their Gibraltar. On the south fork of the Merced, a rancheria was taken without firing a gun; the orders from the commissioners being in "no case to shed blood unnecessarily," and to the credit of our race, it was strictly obeyed throughout the campaign, except in one individual instance.

As soon as the prisoners had arrived at the rendezvous designated, near what is now called Bishop's Camp, Pou-watchie and Cow-chit-ty, (brothers) chiefs of the tribes we had taken, despatched runners to the chief of the tribe living in the then unknown valley, with orders from Maj. Savage for him to bring in his tribe to head quarters, or to the rendezvous. Next morning the chief spoken of, Tencie-ya, came in alone, and stated that his people would be in during the following day, and that they now desired peace. The time passed for their arrival; after waiting another day, and no certainty of their coming manifested; early on the following morning, volunteers were called for, to storm their strong-hold. The place, where the Indians were supposed to be living, was depicted in no very favorable terms, but so anxious had the men become, that more offered than were desired by Capt. Boling for the expedition. To decide who should go, the Capt. paced off one hundred yards, and told the volunteers that he wanted men fleet of foot, and with powers of endurance; and their fitness could be demonstrated by a race. By this means he selected, without offence, the men he desired. Some in their anxiety to go, ran bare-footed in the snow.

All being ready, Ten-ie-ya took the lead as guide, very much against his inclination; and we commenced our march to the then unknown and unnamed valley. Savage said he had been there, but not by the route that we were taking. About half way to the valley, which proved about fifteen miles from the rendezvous, on the south fork, seventy-two Indians, women and children, were met coming in as promised by Ten-ie-ya.

They gave as an excuse for their delay the great depth of the snow, which in places was over eight feet deep. Ten-ie-ya tried to convince Maj. Savage that there were no more Indians in the valley, but the whole command cried out as with one voice, "let's go on." The Major was willing to indulge the men in their desire to learn the truth of the exaggerated reports the Indians had given of the country, and we moved on. Ten-ie-ya was allowed to return with his people to the rendezvous, sending in his stead a young Indian as guide. Upon the arrival of the party in the valley, the young Indian manifested a great deal of uneasiness; he said it would be impossible to cross the river that night, and was not certain that it could be crossed in the morning. It was evident that he had some object in view; but the volunteers were obliged to content themselves for the night, resolved to be up and looking out for themselves early in the morning, for a crossing, or way over the rocks and through the jungle into which they had been led. Daylight appeared, and with it was found a ford. And such a ford. It furnished in copious abundance, water for more than one plunge bath, and that too to some who were no admirers of hydropathy; or, judging from their appearance, had never realized any of its bounties.

In passing up the valley on the north side, it was soon very evident, that some of the wigwams had been occupied the night before; and hence the anxiety of

the young Indian, lest the occupants should be surprised. The valley was scoured in all directions, but not an Indian could be found. At length, hid among the rocks, the writer discovered an old woman; so old, that when Ten-ie-ya was interrogated in regard to her age, he with a smile, said, that "when she was a child, the mountains were hills." The old creature was provided with fire and food, and allowed to remain. It having snowed during the night, and continued to snow in the morning, the Major ordered the return of the command, lest it should be hemmed in by snow. This was in March, '51. Ten-ie-ya and others of his tribe asserted most positively that we were the first white men ever in the valley. The writer asked Maj. Savage, "have you not been in the valley before?" he answered, "no, never; I have been mistaken, it was in a valley below this, (since known as Cascade valley,) two and a half miles below the Yo-sem-i-te."

On our return to the rendezvous where the prisoners had been assembled, we started for the commissioners' camp on the Fresno. On our way in, about a hundred more Indians gave themselves up to Capt. Dill's company. When within about fifteen miles of the Commissioners' camp, nine men only being left in charge, owing to an absolute want of provisions, the Indians fled; frightened, as it afterward appeared, by the stories told them by the Chowchillas. Only one of their number was left; he had eaten venison with such a relish at the camp fire of the whites as to unfit him for active duties; and on his awaking and finding himself alone among the whites, he thought his doom sealed. He was told that he had nothing to fear, and soon became reconciled. Upon the arrival, at the Commissioners' camp, of Capt. Boling and his nine men, Von-ches-ter, (!) a chief, was despatched to find, and bring in the frightened Indians. In a few days he succeeded in bringing

in about a hundred; but Ten-ie-ya with his people said he would not return. After a trip to the San Joaquin, which before has been alluded to, it was resolved to make another trip to the Yo-sem-i-te valley; there establish head quarters, and remain until we had thoroughly learned the country, and taken, or driven out, every Indian in it. On our arrival in the valley, a short distance above the prominent bluff known as El Capitan, or as the Indians call it, To-tock-ah-nu-la, which signifies in their language, the Captain, five Indians were seen and heard on the opposite side of the river, taunting us. They evidently thought we could not cross, as the river was so very high, (this was in the early part of May) but they were mistaken, as six of us plunged our animals in the stream, swam across, and drove the Indians in among the rocks which obstruct the passage of animals on the north side of the valley; Capt. Boling in the mean time crossing above the rocks, succeeded in taking them all prisoners. Three of these were kept as hostages, while two were sent to Ten-ie-ya with an order for his immediate presence. Of the three kept as hostages, two were sons of Ten-ie-ya, while the two sent with a message, were a son, and son-in-law.

The writer was despatched by Capt. Boling to guard them against the fire of any scouting party they might encounter in the valley, and succeeded in saving them from an exasperated individual who was met returning with C. H. Spencer, Esq., (now of Chicago) who had been wounded while tracing out the hiding places of the Indians. When the two sent for Ten-ie-ya left, they said he would be in by ten o'clock the next morning, and that he would not have ran away but for the stories told by the Chowchillas. On the morning of the day Ten-ie-ya was expected, one of the three Indians escaped, having deceived the guard. Soon

after, the two remaining were discovered untying themselves. Two men, instead of informing Capt. Boling, that he might make more secure their fastenings, placed themselves near their arms to watch their movements, in order if possible to distinguish themselves. One was gratified; for as soon the Indians bounded to their feet, freed from their fetters, they started to run; Ten-ie-ya's youngest son was shot dead—the other escaped. While this was occurring, a party was reconnoitering the scene of Spencer's disaster, and while there, discovered Ten-ie-ya perched upon a rock overlooking the valley. He was engaged in conversation while a party cut off his retreat and secured him a prisoner. Upon his entrance into the camp of the volunteers, the first object that met his gaze was the dead body of his son. Not a word did he speak, but the workings of his soul were frightfully manifested in the deep and silent gloom that overspread his countenance. For a time he was left to himself; but after a while Capt. Boling explained to him the occurrence, and expressed his regrets that it should have so happened, and ordered a change of camp, to enable the friends of the dead boy to go unmolested and remove the body. After remaining inactive a day or two, hoping that the Indians might come in, a "scout" was made in the direction of the Tuolumne. Only one Indian was seen, and he evidently had been detailed to watch our movements. After various scouts had been made to little purpose, it was concluded to go as far up the river as possible, or as far as the Indians could be traced. The command felt more confidence in this expedition from the fact that Cow-chit-ty had arrived with a few of the tribe mentioned before as having been taken on the south fork of the Merced. They knew the country well, and although their language differed a little from that of the Yo-sem-i-te tribe, yet by means of a

mission Indian who spoke Spanish and the various Indian tongues of this region, Ten-ie-ya was told if he called in his people they were confident that we would not hurt them. Apparently he was satisfied, and promised to bring them in, and at night, when they were supposed to hover around our camp, he would call upon them to come in; but no Indians came.

While waiting here for provisions, the chief became tired of his food, said it was the season for grass and clover, and that it was tantalizing for him to be in sight of such abundance, and not be permitted to taste it. It was interpreted to Capt. Boling, when he good humoredly said that he should have a ton if he desired it. Mr. Cameron (now of Tulare county) attached a rope to the old man's body, and led him out to graze! A wonderful improvement took place in his condition, and in a few days he looked like a new man. With returning health and strength came the desire for liberty, and it was manifested one evening when Mr. C. was off his guard, by his endeavor to escape. Mr. Cameron however, caught him at the water's edge as he was about to swim the river. It was then that in the fury, inspired by his failure to escape, he cried: "Kill me if you like, but if you do, my voice shall be heard at night, calling upon my people to revenge me, in louder tones than you have ever made it ring." (It was the custom of Capt. B. to make him call for his people.) Soon after this occurrence, it being manifest to all that the old man had no intention of calling in his people, and the provisions arriving, we commenced our march to the head waters of the Py-we-ah, or branch of the Merced on which is situated (in the valley) Mirror lake, and fifteen miles above the valley lake Ten-ie-ya. At a rancheria on the shore of this lake we found thirty-five Indians, whom we took prisoners. With this expedition Capt. B. took Ten-ie-ya, hoping to make him useful as a guide;

but if Cow-chit-ty, who discovered the rancheria, had not been with us, we probably would have gone back without seeing an Indian. In taking this rancheria no Indians were killed, but it was a death blow to their hopes of holding out longer against the whites, for when asked if they were willing to go in and live peaceably; the chief at the rancheria, (Ten-ie-ya was not allowed to speak) stretching his hand out and over the country, exclaimed: "not only willing, but anxious, for where can we go that the Americans do not follow us." It was evident that they had not much expected us to follow them to so retired a place; and surrounded as they were by snow, it was impossible for them to flee, and take with them their women and children. One of the children, a boy five or six years old, was discovered naked, climbing up a smooth granite slope that rises from the lake on the north side. At first he was thought to be a coon or a fisher, for it was not thought possible for any human being to climb up such a slope; the mystery was soon solved by an Indian who went out to him, coaxed him down from his perilous position, and brought him into camp. He was a bright boy, and Capt. Boling adopted him, calling him Reub, after Lieut. Reuben Chandler, who was, and is, a great favorite with the volunteers; he was sent to school at Stockton, and made rapid progress. To give him advantages that he could not obtain in Mariposa county at that time, he was placed in charge of Col. Lane, Capt. Boling's brother-in-law. To illustrate the folly, as a general thing, of attempting to civilize his race, he ran away, taking with him two very valuable horses belonging to his patron.

We encamped on the shores of the lake one night. Sleep was prevented by the excessive cold, so in the gray of morning we started with our prisoners on our return to the valley. This was about the fifth of June; we had taken at the lake

four of old Ten-ie-ya's wives, and all of his family except those who had fled to the Mono country—thro' the pass which we saw while on this expedition—and being satisfied that all had been done that could be, and not a fresh Indian sign to be seen in the country, we were ordered to the Fresno. The battalion was soon after disbanded, and nothing more was heard of the turbulent Ten-ie-ya and his band of pillager Indians (who had been allowed once more to go back to the valley upon the promise of good behavior) until the report came of their attack upon a party of whites who visited the valley in 1852, from Coarse Gold Gulch, Fresno County. Two men of the party, Rose and Shurbon, were killed, and a man named Tudor wounded.

In June, Lieut. Moore, accompanied by one of Maj. Savage's men, A. A. Gray, and some other volunteers, visited the valley with a company of United States troops, for the purpose of chastising the murderers. Five of them were found and immediately executed; the wearing apparel of the murdered men being found upon them. This may shock the sensibilities of some, but it is conceded that it was necessary in order to put a quietus upon the murderous propensities of this lawless band, who were outcasts from the various tribes. After the murder, Ten-ie-ya, to escape the wrath he knew awaited him, fled to the Monos on the eastern side of the Sierra. In the summer of 1853, they returned to the valley. As a reward for the hospitality shown them, they stole a lot of horses from the Monos, and ran them into the Yo-sem-i-te. They were allowed to enjoy their plunder but a short time, before the Monos came down upon them like a whirlwind. Ten-ie-ya was surprised in his wigwam, and instead of dying the very poetic death of a broken heart—as stated in the first number of this magazine—he died of a broken head, crushed by stones in the hands of an in-

furiated and wronged Mono chief. In this fight, all of the Yo-sem-i-te tribe, except eight braves and a few old men and women, were killed or taken prisoners, (the women only taken as prisoners,) and thus, as a tribe, they became extinct.

It is proper to say, what I have before stated, that the Yo-sem-i-te Indians were a composite race, consisting of the disaffected of the various tribes from the Tolumne to King's River, and hence the difficulty in our understanding of the name, Yo-sem-i-te; but that name, upon the writer's suggestion, was finally approved and applied to the valley, by vote of the volunteers who visited it. Whether it was a compromise among the Indians, as well as with us, it will now be difficult to ascertain. The name is now well established, and it is that by which the few remaining Indians below the valley call it.

One of them—in presence of Col. Ripley, U. S. A.; Mr. Forbes, P. M. S. S. Co.; Mr. Easton, Mr. Holliday, and Mr. Ayres, who first sketched the valley for this magazine—said that Yo-sem-i-te was the name by which they had called it. It is not denied that it is called Yo-hem-i-te, (not Yo-ham-i-te,) by the Indians living on the Fresno; but it is denied most emphatically that it is so called by any of the original Yo-sem-i-te tribe, or that any of them are now living on the Fresno, or have been since 1852. Having been in every expedition to the valley made by volunteers, and since that time assisted George H. Peterson (Fremont's engineer,) in his surveys, the writer, at the risk of appearing egotistical, claims that he had superior advantages for obtaining correct information, more especially as in the first two expeditions, Ten-ie-ya was placed under his especial charge, and he acted as interpreter to Capt. Boling.

It is acknowledged that Ah-wah-ne is the old Indian name for the valley, and that Ah-wah-ne-chee is the name of its

original occupants; but as this was discovered by the writer long after he had named the valley, and as it was the wish of every volunteer with whom he conversed that the name Yo-sem-i-te be retained, he said very little about it. He will only say, in conclusion, that the principal facts are now before the public, and that it is for them to decide whether they will retain the name Yo-sem-i-te, or have some other. L. H. BUNNELL.

We, the undersigned, having been members of the same company, and through most of the scenes depicted by Dr. Bunnell, have no hesitation in saying that the article above is correct.

JAMES M. ROANE,
GEO. H. CRENSHAW.

[We have cheerfully given place to the above communication, that the public may learn how and by whom this remarkable valley was first visited and named; and although we have differed with the writer, and others, concerning the name given, as explained in several articles that have appeared at different times in the several newspapers of the day, yet, as Mr. Bunnell was the first to visit the valley, we most willingly accord to him the right of giving it whatever name he pleases. At the same time, we will here enter the following reasons for giving the preference to Yo-ham-i-te, the name by which we have been accustomed to call it.

In the summer of 1855, we engaged Thomas Ayres, a well-known artist of San Francisco, (who unfortunately lost his life not long since, by the wreck of the schooner *Laura Bevan*), to accompany us on a sketching tour to the Big Trees and the valley above alluded to.

When we arrived at Mariposa, we found that the existence, even, of such a valley was almost unknown among a large majority of the people residing there. We made many inquiries respect-

ing it, and how to find our way there; but, although one referred us to another, who had been there after Indians in 1851, and he again referred us to some one else, we could not find a single person who could direct us. In this dilemma we met Capt. Boling, a gentleman referred to above, who, although desirous of assisting us, confessed that it was so long ago since he was there, that he could not give us any satisfactory directions.—“But,” said he, “if I were you, I would go down to John Hunt’s store, on the Fresno, and he will provide you with a couple of good Indian guides, from the very tribe that occupied that valley.”

We adopted this plan, although it took us twenty-five or thirty miles out of our way; deeming such a step the most prudent under the circumstances. Up to this time we had never heard or seen any other name than Yo-sem-i-te.

Mr. Hunt very kindly acceded to our request, and gave us two of the most intelligent and trust-worthy Indians that he had, and the following day we set out for the valley.

Towards night on the first day, we inquired of Kossum, one of our guides, how far he thought it might possibly be to the Yo-sem-i-te Valley, when he looked at us earnestly, and said, “No, *Yo-Sem-ite*; *Yo-Hamite*; *subc*, *Yo-Ham-i-te*.” In this way were we corrected not less than thirty-five or forty times on our way thither, by these Indians. After our return to San Francisco, we made arrangements for publishing a large lithograph of the great falls; but, before attaching the name to the valley and falls for the public eye, we wrote to Mr. Hunt, requesting him to go to the most intelligent of those Indians, and from them ascertain the exact pronunciation of the name given to that valley. After attending to the request, he wrote us that “*the correct pronunciation was Yo-Ham-i-te*.” And, while we most willingly acquiesce in the

name of *Yo-sem-i-te*, for the reasons above stated, as neither that nor *Yo-sem-i-te* is said to be the *pure Indian* name, we confess that our preferences still are in favor of the pure Indian being given; but until that is determined upon, (which we do not ever expect to see done, now,) *Yo-Semite*, we think, has the preference. Had we before known that Dr. B. and his party were the first whites who ever entered the valley, (although we have the honor of being the first, in later years, to visit it and call public attention to it,) we should long ago have submitted to the name Dr. Bunnell had given it as the discoverer of the valley.—*Ed. Mag.*]

THE ERL-KING.

Translated from the German of GÖETHE.

BY PROF. JOHN COCHRAN.

Who is this riding hard in the dead of the night,
When the tempest is loud, and in heaven
is no light?
'Tis a sire riding home with his child on
his arm—
He shieldeth it well, and he keepeth it
warm.
“My boy! why thy face thus in fear dost
thou hide?”
“O! father, the Erl-King is there at our
side!
I saw him, I saw him, with crown and with
vail!”
“Hush! hush thee, my boy!—’twas a cloud
in the gale!”
And the Erl-King says—“Come thou with
me away!
Come with me, sweet boy!—we together
shall play:
The garlands and roses are fresh in my
land;
My mother shall put a bright gift in thy
hand.”
“My father! my father! and dost thou not
hear

That the Erl-King is whispering so close in
mine ear?”
“Hush, hush, my dear boy! thou hearest
the blast
That sighs in the leaves, as it fiercely
sweeps past!”
Again the Erl-King: “Sweet boy, come
with me;
My daughters so fair thy guardians shall
be!
My daughters, that skip through the wood-
land so light,
Shall tend thee by day and watch thee by
night!”
“The daughters, my father, the daughters
appear!
In yonder deep glen I see them quite
clear!”
“Hush, hush, my dear boy! thou hast no-
thing to dread—
'Tis a harmless willow that is waving its
head!”
Then louder the King: “Thou art fair as
the morn;
If come thou wilt not, away thou’lt be
torn!”
“My father! my father! he has me quite
fast!
The Erl-King, O father, has ta'en me at
last!”
Then shuddered the sire. He rides, but a
smile
Of horror he wears—the child moaning
the while.
With whip and with spur, and hardly be-
stead,
He reacheth his farm—the child it was
dead! *

* If you ask a German which is the finest of Goethe's smaller poems? he will probably answer you, “The Erl-King.” Yet there is nothing remarkable in this poem, unless it be the simplicity of the form, as the Germans call it. The story is simple enough: it is that of a father riding home on a tempestuous night with his child, which dies on his arm, from the combined effect of fear and imagination. The story is doubtless exquisitely told in the original. We have endeavored to give a version preserving as far as possible the simplicity of the German; although we confess we have found this a very difficult task. We at least guarantee fidelity to the original. For the benefit of those unacquainted with German mythology, we may be allowed to state that the Erl-King is the king of the fairies, who as such exercises a powerful effect on the imagination of the child.

[Concluded from page 472.]

"DOINGS" OF '51.—CHAPTER X.

IS RATHER PUGILISTIC, AND TELLS HOW A FELLOW GOT WHIPPED.

The expected rain did not come, and the majority of the boys were becoming tired of idleness and dissipation. Prospecting tours were often proposed and carried out, and there were occasional periods when for several consecutive days no loafers were to be seen about the house. On one occasion, when all the others were away, I, being slightly indisposed, remained at home, and for a day or two amused myself with Capt. Hall and McLaughlin, spinning sea-yarns and listening to the checkered experience of those gentlemen.

Since my reconciliation with McLean we had been friendly—even quite intimate. His claim was paying well, and he worked most diligently; often did he tell me of his future plans, and reiterate his protestations of friendship. One evening of the quiet days spoken of above, he asked me if I would be willing to work for him a few days, stating that the water came into his claim so fast that it was with great difficulty he could accomplish anything, and that he must have another hand or give it up. I replied that I never had worked in the mines for hire, and did not intend to so long as I had any prospect of working for myself. "I would not ask you," he said, "but there is nobody about here idle but yourself, just now, and it is a matter of actual necessity that I have some one; if you will only consent, for a day or so, I shall esteem it as a great personal favor, and will pay you anything you ask, even double the amount I am giving others." After some little conversation I agreed, as an accommodation, to work for him until my partners re-

turned, and at the same rate as he was paying his other laborers. About noon of the second day following, the boys came in, and notified me to be in readiness to start the next morning with them, and prospect a flat about ten miles distant. I accordingly quitted working for Mac., in order to rest and be prepared to endure the fatigue of "prospecting." We were absent four days, and then returned, with the determination to content ourselves about the garden, until we could get water to work with.

McLean said nothing to me on the score of pay for labor done, nor did I mention the thing to him; so the matter stood over for several weeks, when we settled in the following manner:

One Saturday afternoon, I, with several others, was sitting in the bar-room on Capt. Hall's chest, when McLean entered the house, followed by his men. With a nod of recognition he passed us, and proceeding to the counter, asked for the scales. Untying his purse-strings, he proclaimed loudly that he was about to have a square settlement with everybody, and requested all to whom he was indebted to come up and receive the amount due them. One after the other, his employees walked up. I modestly retained my seat, to come up in the rear. My turn had come, and I was about to rise and go forward, when he exclaimed—"There, I don't owe another dollar in the world." He must have forgotten me, thought I, and so ventured to remark. He looked at me for a second with well feigned surprise, and then assuming what would easily pass for scornful indifference asked, "to what do you allude?"

I was really surprised, and hesitated before replying: "You doubtless remember that I worked for you one day and a half, for which you was to pay me at the rate of six dollars per day—the amount is nine dollars."

"I don't owe you a cent, nor never did."

“You are jesting Mac., you would not have me to believe you speak in earnest.”

“I repeat, I don’t owe you a cent!”

“You are a —, and you know it,” was the gentle reply, as I arose from my seat in readiness to defend myself. There was something very wicked playing about the eyes of Mc Lean just then, and the smile which usually lay so placidly upon his lips, trembled, as those lips grew pale. As he did not immediately resent the epithet, I added, “you are not only a liar, but you’re a thief and a coward — was there the least spark of a man about you, you’d fight.” Furiously he sprang at me, and a severe contest ensued, in which for a time I had the advantage, but refused to avail myself of it; but when on the first occasion he found himself possessed of a similar advantage to that which I had twice possessed, with both hands he encompassed my throat. I felt the vice-like grasp grow tighter and tighter—my tongue was fevered, and my eyes I thought would burst from their sockets. I knew nothing more until I revived in old Hall’s bunk—a rough structure in one corner of the room. Several buckets of water had been thrown over me, and I was being rubbed down in no gentle manner. The first words I heard were those of Armstrong—“good for a thousand dead men yet!” The next I listened to was from old Hughes. “You hunderstand, h’I bet han ’undred dollars ’e whips you hin ten minutes—hit’s to be houtside, hin a heighteen foot ring, heach of you to choose ha friend, hand they shall select ha judge.”

“I understand it,” replied Mac, “and accept the terms; go see if he is ready.”

Before I had time to speak, Armstrong confronted Mac., saying, “he shall not fight you.” Quickly I jumped from the berth, and facing Mac. said, “I confess you got the better of me, whether fairly or not I leave for others to say, but though I were whipped ten times, and ten times

over again, it would not alter my opinion of you as expressed. I despise and feel nothing but contempt for you—’tis well enough for a man to fight in self-defense, or to avenge an insult, for when blood is hot, reason and sense are wanting, but when a person willingly enters a ring to fight for money, he ceases to be a man, he is a brute. I thought that Hughes was a friend of mine, and am sorry to be obliged to change my mind.”

“Bless my heyas,” exclaimed old Hughes, “so hi ham, aven’t hi bet hon you?”

“To be sure,” chimed in Mac., and we’ll now find out who the *Coward* is.

I felt then as though I weighed a thousand pounds, my fist clenched, my arm drawn back to strike, when Armstrong pulling me back, quickly jumped between us. Folding his arms quietly on his breast he said, “Mac, if you are anxious for a fight, take a man of your size and weight. I am just about your size and build—all that he has said I endorse, you are a liar and you are a thief, you are a little the meanest man I ever knew—come, I am waiting! Gentlemen,” said he, addressing the spectators, “who is the *Coward*?”

Turning again to Mac., he continued, “Well, if you’ll not fight, go up stairs, take your blankets, and whatever else you have there, and leave—we don’t want your kind about here; and let me add, that if ever you try by word or deed to injure this *our* Doings, you shall regret it to the end of your days. Go!”

Sullenly and without a word he gathered his traps, and made Sonora his home, bringing every morning his dinner with him, and returning at night. Only once afterwards did he and I speak again.

CHAPTER XI.

MORE, AND ALL OF OLD MAN HALL.

Some two weeks after the events of the preceding chapter, I was taken suddenly ill, and put to bed with a ter

ble fever, I was very sick for several weeks, my strength entirely left me, and I laid helplessly upon my back. A physician visited me once and often twice every day; from the boys I received every possible attention, my slightest wish was complied with almost before 'twas uttered, and by turns they sat by, watching over me day and night.

Old Hall had been growing worse and worse, at times he was himself, but oftener insane beyond a doubt. One night during my illness, and a dreadful night it was: the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind came in tremendous gales; I was hovering 'twixt life and death; Henry sat beside me moistening my lips and speaking words of cheer. I always did love the music of a storm, and that night I lay entranced, half conscious, half dreaming; I was weak and helpless, yet happy—suddenly above the storm I heard the voice of old Hall in strenuous tones cry out "Call the watch! call everybody! Mr. McLaughlin, call all hands to shorten sail—she cant stand it, by morning there wont be a stick in her. Mr. McLaughlin, why dont you hurry up the men? by — sir, here's breakers dead ahead—about ship—are you ready—hard a lee—let go and haul—main-top-sail, haul—lively, boys, lively—there now, steady your braces—mind your helm there, jam her up—Mr. McLaughlin! sound the pumps—good heaven sir, here's breakers all around—I must see Doings!" He came tumbling up the stairs, and staggering to where I lay, kneeled beside me. "Poor fellow, poor fellow," he said, "but it don't make any difference." A terrific blast of wind and rain came upon the house just then. "Do you hear that!" he exclaimed, "she's struck! good bye, keep your grit, we're all going together."—Clasping his hands devotionally upon his breast, he closed his eyes, and there he remained until removed by McLaughlin.

To the skill of an excellent physician

and the kind and fostering care of friends, their efforts being blessed by the will of Providence, am I indebted for my recovery. Shortly after, I left the garden, my departure being somewhat hastened by the following incident.

One chilly October morning, long before day, when all nature was hushed, and even all about the house was quiet,—the night howlers having drunk themselves to sleep,—a most terrific and piercing cry awoke the slumberers—again it came, and like the *Banshee* so much dreaded in old Ireland, at first low and dull, then gradually increasing in volume and shrillness 'till its hills echoed and reëchoed the terrible wail. So full of anguish were those notes, that I shook as I knelt upon my blankets, and then the wail grew less distinct, and by degrees died, and died away.

"Old Hall," said one, "Coyotes," said another, and lying down they went to sleep again. So certain did I feel that those heart-rending tones came from the old man, and being desirous to learn the cause of so much bitterness, that I hastily threw on my clothes and hurried out of doors. The sky was black and threatening, it had rained sometime during the night, and the morning was so dark that I could see nothing around me. As I stood uncertain which way to proceed I caught the note of another wail, and as before it increased until the air was rent with the dreadful sounds. I stood holding to the door-latch, transfixed, while it swelled to the highest pitch, and then receded until a gust of wind bore it all away. When it was gone I felt relieved, as if some heavy weight had been lifted from my breast, and my breath came free once more. I felt my courage come again, and cautiously felt my way in the direction from whence I caught the first note. After groping several rods from the house, I was conscious of being near some object, and just then I saw a flash, and then

another, which continued a small but steady blaze—boldly now I walked forward and by the dim uncertain light recognized old Hall—he sat upon a log by the smoldering embers and remnants of a fire, covered with an old blanket which he hugged about him with folded arms, and his chin hung heavily upon his breast. I laid my hand upon his shoulder, he did not notice it, I shook him gently, calling him by name; raising his head slowly, he cast upon me such a look as I never shall forget, such despair, such anguish, such a terrible expression was there in that face, that I trembled as I returned the gaze—those features are before me now, and I can see them as I did then by the light of those brands and with utter darkness all around. I sat beside him, and asked the cause of so much distress; mournfully he turned his head and looked upon the fire. After a few moments silence he spoke, but his voice was so changed that I scarcely knew it. “All is over,” he said, “there is nothing left me now but to die; the spring is lost, never again will the water flow into the basin.”

“Oh yes, it will,” I said, “the spring always lowers at night, the basin will be full again to-day.”

“Never! never!! never!!!”

“But why not, has anything happened? Tell me about it; I cannot believe it to be so bad.”

He drew his tattered covering closer to him, and holding one of my hands beneath it, commenced in a tremulous whisper to narrate the following; at times he was firm and wildly earnest, then his voice would grow deep with pathos, and his words broken with emotion.

“Last night I was in the elder grove by the spring till long after midnight. It began to rain; and feeling very cold, I made a fire here, and sat by it as I do now. With that stick lying there I stirred the brands and coals, and as the

sparks flew up, I laughed to see them take all kinds of shapes and dance about. When the air was full of figures, a puff of smoke burst from the fire, and amid the sparks and smoke I saw a female form beautiful beyond description. She was robed in pure white, and her hair fell in ringlets to her waist. She wore upon her head a wreath made of young green elder sprigs; in her hand she held a wand of elder, studded with dew-drops. She waved the wand, and pointing to the hollow between the road and spring, said in a voice full of melody—rich and sweet with music—“*Thy reward is there!*” I found a pick and shovel, and running to the spot, commenced to work. Six feet below the surface I removed a rock, and water came rushing in upon me. At the same instant I heard an exultant and derisive laugh. Looking up, I saw on the bank above me the same form I saw in the smoke, but her face was old and wrinkled, her hair disheveled. Then came a chorus of a thousand voices, shouting, “*The evil genius of the garden!*” and the form was gone. I sprang upon the bank, and rushed to the elders. Just as I reached them, a wail, piercing, loud and sorrowful, burst forth, and the hill caught up that mournful cry and sent it back again; then all was still. ’Twas the lament of the Water Spirit—it came, and the spring was dry.”

His head dropped upon his breast, and he was silent. I did not care to disturb him; gathering some fuel, I threw it upon the dying embers, and then sitting again beside him, I also for a time remained quiet. At length I ventured to address him; he made no reply. The fire was blazing cheerfully, and we sat within a halo of light. He must be sleeping, I thought; and bending down, I looked up into his face. An involuntary shudder came over me. Seizing a lighted brand, I held it near, and looked again. Alas! the spring *was* lost—the

old man's oath was to the letter kept—the destroyer was dead!

CHAPTER XII.

GOOD-BYES.

In my own mind I have no doubt that the old man, when dozing dreamily over the fire, in fancy saw the vision. Facts show that he had dug a hole between the elders and the hill-side, which cut off the supply of water from the basin; and doubtless becoming alarmed at the result of his operations, his mind, not being well-balanced, was turned—imagination pictured the hag upon the bank, and made the echoes of his own wild cries fill out the measure.

To arouse the inmates of the house occupied but a moment's time. Daylight was just coming when we carried the body into the house, and the same afternoon we buried it upon the slope of a wooded hill. Few and short were the prayers said there, but many were the tears that fell, heavy was the beating of these hearts: for, although in his latter days Capt. Hall was no general favorite, yet all knew something of his history; and there were those who knew him in his palmy days, when upon the quarter-deck of his gallant ship he trod with stately mien, bidding defiance alike to the ocean's wrath and angry winds. There were also there many who knew him when he first came to the garden, ere misfortune piled adversities upon him—when he was a man, one to command respect and gather about him a host of friends. There were none there who did not pity more than blame.

With his death came a new era to the "Garden." McLaughlin closed his bar, with a determination never to sell or drink a drop of anything that would intoxicate, and so far as I know he was true to his resolution. There was no more revelry, no more night-howling, no more hideous singing, no more such hor-

rid imprecations uttered in or about the garden-house. All was as quiet as a perpetual Sunday.

It would seem as though that little spring really did have a wondrous influence on the destiny of the garden and the occupants of the house; for with it died old Hall, and three weeks after, with the exception of here and there a man, the garden was deserted and the house nailed up.

The week following the death of Capt. Hall, I received from San Francisco a letter from "Ned." I had previously written to him of my sickness and misfortunes in general. His letter, besides expressing his sympathies, advised me to return, and held out very flattering inducements for me to do so. Some rain had fallen, but not in sufficient quantity to benefit us much, and after some deliberation I concluded to visit San Francisco. I accordingly picked up my traps, and borrowing money to pay my expenses down, engaged passage in a wagon which passed our door, bound for Stockton. I think I never heard "God bless you" expressed with more fervor than I did when leaving the Garden House; the parting was with sincere sorrow upon both sides; we had suffered together, and together had traveled a rough and thorny road; from them I had been the recipient of much kindness, and with pride do I say I was the favorite in those large hearts beating beneath rough gray shirts. As one after the other came up, and shaking my hand, faltered out—"Good bye, old boy," "Take care of yourself," "God bless you," &c., McLean stood near by, a looker on. Just as the last hand was shaken, he came timidly up, and holding something out towards me, said tremulously, "Doings, here's a—here's—here's a package for you."

"For me! What is it?"

"It's—it's the—the—the money I owe you for working."

I felt my lip curling with contempt, and with a disdainful wave of the hand I said, "Keep it!"


"But *won't* you take it?—it belongs to you."

"No! Tie a string around the package, and mark it; carry it in your pocket as a token to keep your memory fresh as to how you earned it."

With another "good bye" to the boys, I jumped into the wagon; the driver drew up his horses, cracked his whip, and away we went. I turned my head for another look at the old place. The boys were still there, and hats were waving the last adieu; in return I swung my own, and thus I left the "Garden."

Some weeks after, I met in San Francisco one of those boys, and he it was who told me that the garden was deserted, and the house nailed up. I have never seen him since, nor know I anything of the others.

CONCLUSION.

The greatest merit my story hath is TRUTH, and I trust that those who have followed me from page to page, and month after month have taken up my sketch again, have found sufficient of interest to reward them. My own experience is not unlike that of thousands of others who have suffered by the wounds of hypocrisy, and been blessed with the holy light of true friendship; and to all those who like me have suffered and learned, I most cordially give my .

REVERIES OF AN OLD WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. MCDONALD.

I am an old woman, now, and looking back through the deserted avenues of years, all seems dreamy. Only one spot on memory's dust-covered tablets is clear; it is the era of my first great sorrow. All else seen through the gloomy mist is hazy and changeful; but that one spot is fixed

and always visible. It may be that intense agony of soul endured then, blunted my feelings for all other afflictions, past or to come.

When I saw a loved companion, white cold and rigid before me; when for the first time the eye gave no response to mine; when the pressure of the hand was unreturned, when the voice that subdued my stubborn will by one low, kind word, was dead on the stiffened tongue; when the lips that never refused me kiss for kiss, were cold and motionless, then I realised that I was alone in the world, and then the certainty of desolation fell upon me. It swept over my heart like a desolating sirocco, where a few weeks before all was fresh, green and fragrant. Silent, lifeless and isolated I became; I had but one intense desire—to reach the end of life. The world was a desert—a dreamy, measureless desert; no green spot, no cooling spring to rest the soul or quench the heart-thirst. I longed for death; life seemed only beyond the limits of the tomb to which I followed my companion, the first of a long train of mourners. I heard the clay rattling on the coffin-lid, and shuddered, but did not weep; I turned away heart-sick and hating the man who was covering up the form of one so dear to me. I think reason trembled on its throne, yet stood. Bitter thoughts were in my heart; I hated all the world, and trusted none. My heart grew cold and stern, but I never betrayed to the world the inward storm that shook my soul, until it reeled and reeled, but fell not. They wondered at my coldness; they called me unfeeling and heartless, but I was not; and oh, how keenly I felt the supreme of human agony! It pleased me to revel in the desolated past. My dead companion was ever before me; I believed him ever present when compelled to mingle with the gay and happy; but, when alone, all the agony of a sensitive, bereaved heart came upon me. But that was long ago, and now all is

subdued to a quiet, earnest longing for companionship beyond the grave. More than three score winters have bleached my hair; their winds have shrivelled my face, and their burdens have bent the form which they used to say was stately and beautiful. Age presses his icy fingers upon my brow; each year Time, with its iron graver, digs new furrows, and the eye, once so bright and sparkling, is dim and filmy with watching for the messenger who will unlock the chamber of rest.

PETER LASSEN.

Supplementary Biographical Particulars.

[From the Red Bluff Beacon.]

"Hutchings' Magazine, for February, 1859, contains a very good likeness of Peter Lassen, and a short sketch of his life. Peter being an old resident of this county, and having many acquaintances hereabouts, we deem it proper to state a few of the more prominent features of his truly eventful life.

* * * *

"In 1842, Governor Micheltorena made him a grant of land known as the Lassen Grant, (now Gerkes'), on Deer Creek, in this county; where, in 1843, he removed with a band of cattle that he had earned by blacksmithing for Capt. Sutter. In 1847, Uncle Peter crossed the Plains to Missouri, with Commodore Stockton, and again returned (in 1848,) to this country, with several families, among whom was William Myers, the pioneer of Red Bluff, and now a farmer in this neighborhood.

"In the spring of 1850, Peter Lassen, having disposed of one half his ranch and stock to Palmer, took several teams of oxen, and went to Sacramento City to purchase provisions; and while there, conceived the idea of selling his cattle and buying a steamboat, which proved to him the most unfortunate speculation of his life. Mr. Palmer sold his interest in the concern to Gen. Wilson; and whilst Peter, with his purchase, (the little steamer Washington,) was cordelling up the river with his Indians, other parties were taking away and selling his cattle. The steamboat project proved a failure—his cattle were all gone—the parties to whom he had sold half his ranch and

stock had paid him nothing, and he had incurred a debt that nothing short of the sale of the balance of his ranch would pay. He accordingly sold to Henry Gerke, of San Francisco, his remaining interest in the place, together with his claim against Wilson, which enabled him to pay up his debts, and remove, with a few head of cattle, to Indian Valley, in Plumas county, and afterwards to Honey Lake, where he still resides, making an occasional visit to Red Bluff for provisions, and to his old ranch, where he is allowed to help himself to whatever pleases his fancy.

"Peter is now engaged in the erection of a mill at Honey Lake, where, if Providence spares his life for a few years, we have no doubt he will again accumulate a handsome property.

"We have prolonged this sketch of the life of a man whose character we admire, for the reason that the account, as published in Hutchings', omits several important events connected with his life, among which are his return to the States in 1847-8, his steamboat speculation, &c."

[We take this opportunity of saying, that we shall always welcome any additional information on any interesting subject connected with California, as in a new country like ours, the best informed have much to learn; and if all will assist in communicating information on subjects of general interest, they will confer a public good, while they enjoy a personal pleasure.]

THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG.

He sat within the festive hall,
Where flowed the sparkling wine—
"Tell us—what song shall we sing to thee,
Thou pilgrim from the Rhine?"
Up rose that warrior at the word,
And gazed on that festive ring—
"Sing me a song of old—the song
My Mother used to sing!"

He had roamed through many a burning
O'er many a frozen shore; [clime,
And heard, on many a bloody field,
The battle thunders roar;
But, all unchanged, within his heart,
Still holy memories sprung—
"Sing me the song I sung of old—
The song my mother sung!" G. T. S.

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[*Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief."*]

[Continued from page 469.]

She remained in an unconscious state all night, McAdams watching the return of reason with intense anxiety. It was late in the forenoon when she awoke from the stupor of unconsciousness. McAdams was bending over her, his face bleached with alarm. At sight of him, she remembered the conflict, and again closed her eyes to shut out the horrible vision.

"Elbana, open your eyes, and in mercy forgive me. I have most shamefully imposed upon you." Taking her hands in his, he pressed them to his lips, and wept his first tears since boyhood.

"Do not weep, McAdams, I forgive you, but——"

"May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever offer you another insult." Grasping his hand in joyful delight, a flood of tears relieved her almost bursting heart, as she replied:

"God help you, in your repentance, is the prayer of Elbana."

"You have conquered me, Elbana; now I will protect your innocence with my life. Happy is Alfred Bruner in possessing such devoted affection—an affection that I would give worlds to possess. Should he ever prove false to you, will you remember McAdams?"

"Do not press this subject further, I pray you; my brain is almost on fire."

Kissing her hand, he turned sorrowfully away, and prepared for another day's travel. Neither had any appetite that morning for breakfast.

A long and tiresome day's journey brought them to San Pedro. McAdams' heart was ill at ease, for he loved Elbana almost to madness. His hands were imbrued in her father's blood, and he would have given worlds to have blotted out

from his memory the fatal results of his trip to Montes Valley; but it could not be, his conscience was not as flexible as he had imagined it. His mental sufferings were pressing upon him, and impairing his health, for he awoke the next morning after his arrival in San Pedro, with a severe pain in the head—his breakfast was untouched. As Elbana entered his room to enquire if he intended traveling on, that day, he replied:

"No, I think not, to-day, as I feel quite unwell."

"Try a cup of coffee, perhaps you will feel better after it."

"No, I think not; I need rest; a quiet day or two will, perhaps, effect a cure." But no, he rapidly grew worse.

For three weeks Elbana watched by the bedside of McAdams, tending him with sisterly care. In moments of delirium he talked wildly of his unrequited love, his despair of happiness, his being lost, irretrievably lost. Thus raving, he sank into a deep sleep, and, his fever cooling, it was evident his disease had passed the fatal crisis. He was better. He awoke to consciousness, but so weak as to be unable scarcely to raise his head. Elbana put her finger on his lips, forbidding him to speak. He smiled; and again his eyes were closed in sleep. Again he stirred. Raising his head with her hand, she gave him some nourishing soup, smoothed his pillow, and wiped his feverish brow. Her kind attentions, and the remembrance of his attacks upon her unprotected womanhood, caused him an agonizing groan.

"Are you worse, my dear friend?" kindly enquired Elbana.

"No, Elbana, but my unkindness to you is killing me."

"Think no more of that, I beseech you. I look upon you now as a dear brother."

"It is very kind of you, my dear Elbana; it is a balm indeed to my wounded spirit."

Her unwearied attentions to his every want, soon restored him to convalescence. With feelings of pleasure she saw him able to take a short morning walk, and tiring of San Pedro they made another start for Monterey; and after a pleasant journey of a few days they arrived, in good health, at this little port, but not liking Monterey, they proceeded to San Francisco. Here, in a first class hotel, they engaged rooms, when McAdams, for the first time, informed Elbana that he had ten thousand dollars of her money in his possession, and subject to her order and disposal.

"You can keep it," was her reply, "and use it, and when I need money I will call on you."

"Very well; I will never abuse your confidence. There is often but little safety in investing money in California, as business is too fluctuating."

"My knowledge of business is very limited, so that I will leave it entirely to your better judgment," replied Elbana.

The conversation was now dropped, and McAdams sallied forth to see if there were any letters for him, as a steamer had arrived the day before. He found three from his mother, each of which informed him that his father was dead, and his presence was much needed at home. His mother was quite infirm. Deciding at once to obey his mother's call, he sought Elbana, to inform her of his plan, and suggested, "you could not be more pleasantly employed than to accompany me, as you have but little idea of American life; in four days the steamer leaves for New York; will you go?"

Tears glistened in her lovely eyes as she replied, "You seem to be my only friend; yet, perhaps we had better separate."

"No, Elbana, I understand you; I can as well control my feelings in your presence as in your absence. Come, you have no excuse."

Upon consideration, she concluded that, as she was friendless and alone, no better step could be taken. Packing her trunks, she was ready for the voyage. The steamer safely carried them to New York. Elbana was both pleased and surprised at all she saw. They stopped but a short time in the city, as McAdams was anxious to see his mother.

It was a beautiful day in April, when our travelers arrived at the venerable old homestead of Mrs. McAdams, near Charleston, Virginia. The old lady was sitting in her large rocking-chair, reading a California paper, to see if possibly she might see her son's name mentioned, when one of the servants, whose name was Rose, called out:

"Oh! missus, dare is visitors a comin'."

"Who can they be, Rose?"

"Oh! missus, I don't know."

"There is the bell, go and admit them."

Rose did not recognize her young master; the old lady rose to meet them—"Mother, don't you know me?" cried McAdams, taking her in his arms.

"Oh! my son, my son. Thank God, my eyes again behold you; but, who is this that you have brought with you, John—is it your wife?"

"No, mother, I am not so fortunate. Miss Miramontes, let me present you to my mother."

The old lady kissed her a hearty welcome to Virginia, as she listened to her history, while McAdams went in search of the negroes, to catch the welcome given by their bright eyes and dark faces. "Massa John! Massa John!" was shouted in glad glee. Hoping to give them a merry holiday, "Massa John" distributed the presents among them, that he had brought, as he had remembered each one individually.

"Who is dat young lady, Massa John?" asked all at once.

"A young Spanish Queen," he replied, "who comes with me to see our country."

"De laws a marcy," they delightedly cried out, "neber seed a Spanish Queen afore; she is white as you is, Massa John."

"Yes, Rose, and a great deal whiter. You must all be very kind to her; and Ann, you must be her waiting maid."

"Lor, Massa John, can she talk so I can tell what she says?"

"Oh, yes. Now prepare for her a nice room."

We will now leave Elbana and "Massa Johu" with the old lady, while we take a look at another party.

Alfred Bruner, after parting with Miramontes and Mr. Bullard, in San Francisco, took passage on the steamer for New York, having his brother's remains with him. Arriving at that city, his father and mother were plunged in the deepest of grief; tears, bitter and sad, were shed for the fate of the unfortunate son and brother.

The funeral at length was over, but everything appeared changed; instead of the happy joke and cheerful laugh, sobs and tears had taken their place. Alfred had not the heart to leave his bereaved parents until their grief had somewhat subsided. Weeks wore away, and still they mourned. His father's sorrowing grief made sad havoc upon his effeminate constitution, and a visit to Saratoga Springs was recommended, but the water did not effect a cure. Now they concluded to try the efficacy of traveling through the western States, all of which interested the old gentleman very much.

A year had elapsed since they left the city of New York. Alfred remembered, continually, his promise to Elbana with painful anxiety. He had written many letters, but it was doubtful whether she ever received them. He once mentioned to his father his desire of returning to California, and it shocked the old gentleman's nerves to such a degree that Alfred

dared not press the subject, while his father's health was in such a precarious condition, although the year had expired that was to see him at Montes Valley. Still, he could not leave. Time kept stealing away, month by month, until another year had almost fled. No answer to his letters was ever received. One day he was sitting in front of a favorite hotel, after the arrival of a California steamer, engaged in reading a San Francisco paper, when, to his surprise, the following dialogue took place: 'Did you come on the last steamer, Hogan?' 'Yes, and a rough old time we have had of it.' 'Why, what was the matter?' 'A perfect hurricane was blowing, ever since we left the Isthmus; and, with my lame leg, walking was out of the question, so that I sat enough to hatch forty broods of goslings.' 'Your lame leg, Hogan, how comes that?' 'Oh, when I was with Captain McAdams we had a skirmish with a robber, a Mexican named Miramontes, (the deceitful imp), and if it had not been for the warning of a Mr. Bullard, we should all have been killed.'

The paper dropped from Alfred's hand, as he looked up and addressed the speaker, "Will you be so kind, sir, as to relate minutely all the circumstances of your adventure, in the skirmish you have just mentioned?"

"Yes, certainly, but let's have a cocktail, boys, before I begin, as I hate a dry throat."

Alfred ordered the liquors. Hogan, after draining the glass, related all the particulars of the fight at Montes Valley, with a full account of the death of Miramontes, and their return; also of Mr. Bullard's death, and of Elbana's accompanying McAdams; of his being in love with the Spanish beauty; with the reasons for the four hunters leaving McAdams, to engage with Dave Simmons, and concluded by saying: "Back we went to Montes Valley; we found the house al-

most deserted; strung up two Greasers for crow bait; made two more of the chocolate colored cusses tell us where they had driven Bruner's cattle, and where, after arriving among them, we found over three thousand head, with his brand on them; there were about as many more, and we drove them off also—wasn't that getting cattle cheap? Well, when we reached San Francisco, Dave sold them all, offering us only our wages, saying that he was going to find Bruner and pay him for his cattle; and, likewise, that the other cattle belonged to the Spanish gal, the robber's daughter. But we raised a particular rumpus, and he gave us our wages and fifty head of cattle each."

"Do you know what became of the robber's daughter?"

"No, not exactly; but I think that devil, McAdams, has her for his mistress."

Alfred called for another drink, as he enquired, "Where is McAdams, now?"

"Oh, at home, in Virginia."

"Are you sure, Mr. Hogan, that the young lady accompanied McAdams to Virginia?"

"Yes; I found out at San Francisco that they left on the same steamer, and I don't know what else could take her there."

Had Hogan thrust a knife into Alfred's heart, he could not have produced a more severe pain; the cold sweat stood in large drops on his noble and intellectual forehead.

"What's the matter, stranger?" Hogan exclaimed, as he saw the emotion of Alfred.

"Nothing, much. I am Alfred Bruner; it was my brother that was killed, and my cattle that were stampeded."

"Can it be possible? Give us your hand, old fellow; you go immediately and make that Dave Simmons pay you for your cattle."

"Where is he, Mr. Hogan?"

"At the Astor House. God bless you, if you will go with me, Mr. Bruner, I'll introduce him to you."

"Come, then," said Alfred; and they jumped into a cab and drove to the Astor House. There sat Simmons, carelessly smoking his Havana.

"Here yet, Hogan?" he good-naturedly enquired.

"Yes, and let me introduce you to Mr. Alfred Bruner."

"Mr. Bruner! it gives me great pleasure, indeed, to find you so soon," and honest Dave immediately adverted to the cattle subject, offering Mr. Bruner the sum total of what he had received for the whole drove; but Alfred handed the noble Simmons back one half of the entire proceeds.

"No, Bruner, this is too much; I can not conscientiously take all this."

"It is your just due, my dear sir; say no more about it. And here, Hogan, are a few scads for your trouble," and a purse well filled with the yellow metal was handed to him.

"Where did you say McAdams lives, Hogan?"

"Some where near Charleston, Virginia."

Wishing them good afternoon, Alfred was about to leave, when Dave Simmons called out to him: "I am going to visit McAdams, to see if I can find out where that Spanish girl is, as I have money of hers, and she may need it; shall I remember you to her?"

"When are you going?"

"I think of starting in the morning, on the 10 o'clock cars, for Washington."

"Mr. Simmons," said Alfred, "when you find McAdams, ascertain whether or not Elbana is living with him in disgrace; inform me of her exact position with him, and you will confer a favor on me that I shall ever remember with gratitude."

Simmons looked astonished. "I will most willingly grant the favor that you

ask, but I think you wrong that pretty lass, by thinking her guilty of such things, for she looked the picture of innocence when I last saw her; and McAdams ought to be banished from society, if he has not married her."

Alfred could not reply; his heart was too full, from the conviction that his every hope seemed blasted. He at length said: "Farewell, Simmons, till I hear from you."

Alfred returned home, sick at heart, while Mr. Simmons was rolling away towards Charleston.

[*Concluded next month.*]

THE FALLS OF THE YO-HAMITE.

Night! night upon the hills!

Darkness upon the shore!

The mountain winds went moaning by—

The traveler laid him down to die,

By the torrent's thundering roar!

"Must I perish here alone?

Without one pitying eye?

While near me the torrent hurls its foam,

And the red wolf howls from its mountain

And the moaning winds go by! [home,

Must I perish here alone,

With none to hear or see?—

E'en now for me my children wait,

And my wife looks out at the cottage gate,

At eventide for me.

Oh! for one cry, to rise

O'er torrent roar and blast!

One prayer, to pierce the midnight sky,

Up to the ear of God on high,

My mightiest, and my last!"

Darkness had left the hills,

The red wolf sought his lair; [by,

And the mountain stream went sounding

But it only flashed on the sunken eye

Of a silent sleeper there.

G. T. S.

GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

BY ORDELLE C. HOWK.

CHAPTER I.

I saw her and I loved her;

I sought her and I won;

A dozen pleasant summers,

And more, since then have run

And half as many voices,

Now prattling by her side,

Remind me of the autumn

When she became my bride.

T. Macketta.

TWELVE years ago last fall, when the autumn wind was strewing the earth with red and yellow leaves, and decay was writing its annual mandate upon the vegetable kingdom, there was a wedding in an old, dilapidated house, on one of the back streets of St. Louis. As with many other weddings, the great pulse of creation throbbled on, as ever, and the great world outside sneered and laughed, as usual, as though they knew nothing, and cared less, for the connubial felicity of George Somerville and Ilda Parsons. Their love, and their domestic paradise, was only such as hundreds have felt and enjoyed before; so there was nothing very singular in the whole affair.

Young Somerville was captain, and part owner, of the Highland Mary, which made her regular trips between Louisville and St. Louis—which city, every Missourian in christendom may be justly proud of. Before Ilda Parsons could remember, her father, who boasted of belonging to an aristocratic English family, had paid the last debt of nature, and from that sad event forward, all the money the widowed mother could save, by doing odd jobs of sewing, and by taking boarders by the week, was grudgingly given to educate her only child, who, by a near relative's request, was taken to Louisville; where a godly share of fastidious airs, and boarding-school attractions, were indiscriminately lavished upon a poor girl who had nothing in the

wide world to recommend her but an easy, winning manner, an amiable disposition, and a handsome face.

George Somerville saw her passing and repassing, from time to time, on the boat, during vacation weeks, and very naturally fell in love—desperately in love—with the blue eyes and golden curls which belonged to the beautiful Ilda. Being very artless, she had never once thought of a marriage alliance with any one out of her own sphere. And when George—the noble, self-sacrificing George—asked her tenderly, and frankly, to be Mrs. George Somerville, like a sensible girl she consented, without any *ifs* or *buts*; and who could blame her for doing so, as she could sit by the hearthstone, and help to bear the joys and sorrows of a great heart that loved her.

Ilda Parsons resembled her father in features, which long ago, had been considered the beau ideal of a vigorous and sprightly manhood; and one would have thought her a sylph—a woodland nymph—beside her mother, Maggie Parsons, who was built after the Meg Merrilies pattern, a long, gaunt, bony, masculine specimen of womanhood. She always wore her faded hair short, crisped, and uncombed as it was, under a black cap. Her selfish heart corresponded exactly with her rough and uninviting exterior. The "almighty dollar" that Washington Irving talked so much about, was the only friend she loved in this world, and which grew brighter and larger as she descended the plane of life. The pearls of her affection were laid upon the altar of Mammon; and the god of riches never had a more zealous devotee than old Maggie Parsons. Her yellowish gray eyes lost some of their cat-like expression, and beamed more softly upon her child than any other living object, and her naturally harsh, shrill voice, softened down to a rich mellow cadence as she said, "Ilda, darling," and no one could

quiet old Maggie, in her passionate fits, like her "ain born." But who could wonder at Ilda's ascendancy over her parent, when they saw her purity and loveliness? How could vice and sin thrive amid so much that was lovely and pure?

I remember Ilda as I saw her in 1846,—not as I know her now. She was slightly below the medium height, and as plump as an apple; the wavy tresses of her rich golden hair, partly covered a sweetly fascinating face, as beautiful as a Helen's or a Haidee's; her eyes, half hidden by her gleaming curls, were the rich color of a light double lark-spur, or the bright blue vault of heaven. There was a passive languishment in the drooping lids that made you love Ilda Parsons in spite of yourself. Her cheeks wore the rich tinge of a ripened peach, which rounded, gradually, 'till they met with a fascinating dimple at the chin; and this was *double*—which nearly all good natured people have. A placid smile just parted two twin lips, as red as the blush of innocence; and when she walked two small feet were seen peeping from beneath the ample folds of her dress, and her chubby yet tapering hands looked white and fat: while Maggie's arms looked thin and emaciated, and red at the elbow; and Maggie's face wore the hue of a rusty coated apple, with deep lines of care and avarice drawn about her mouth and forehead. Though there existed no similarity of appearance or taste between them, yet, like a sweet girl, Ilda loved her mother; while others turned away from her with aversion. I have thus sketched Ilda's portrait and described all but her voice—which was as soft and as sweet as a blue bird's song; its music, as in days agone, yet lingers in the oratorios of my soul like an angel's vesper from paradise.

When George Somerville married Ilda, he removed his sweet wife and her mother to a more respectable and commodious dwelling than the old one, and where Ilda

planted flowers, which the gladness-giving sunlight matured into little buds of promise. The eglantine twined itself round about the door-way, and ran riot over the white-casements of their snug little parlor.

Every body thought the Somervilles well to do in the world, and happy, and so they were; but a change came in their affairs, and George Somerville, in one night, when the Mississippi was swelling its banks with its spring floods, and carrying every impediment before it, lost all his hard earnings. The Highland Mary, freighted with a cargo of human lives and rich merchandise, struck a snag which lay like a water demon beneath the surface of the hurrying current, and the little craft went down before proper assistance arrived, and all was lost save the passengers, who floated ashore upon fragments of the ill-fated vessel.

George bore these heavy losses like a man with iron nerves, and in the spring of 1850 he suggested to Ilda the idea of going to California, where, by industry and rigid economy they might repair their shattered fortunes; and with the spirit of adventure urging him forward, he wished to see that spot which was alike attracting the wonder of the old and new worlds. Old Maggie rejoiced at the prospect, as she considered it the right kind of a place in which to drive a good bargain; besides sewing and boarding were lucrative pastimes, and just in her line of business, and as she was very strong, in her imagination, as well as her body, she eagerly clutched large bags filled with the glittering dust. Golden visions filled her dreams by day and by night; so, accordingly, Ilda Somerville and her two little girls, with indispensable Maggie, turned their faces toward California, the Mecca of their future hopes.

CHAPTER II.

Gold! gold! in all eyes the curse of mankind,
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind,
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,

And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,
Yield honor, affection, and lasting renown.

Park Benjamin.

After toiling in dust and heat, and traveling through some of the most enchanting scenery in the world, George Somerville, with his two little girls, his wife, and her mother, arrived safely at Marysville, Yuba county, California.

The reader who in that year journeyed from Marysville to Nevada, will doubtless remember a canvas tent that stood by the road-side, about two miles above the city, near the banks of the Yuba, that was used as a wayside groggery. Old Maggie Parsons kept that institution, and dealt out poison without license from God or man. In this young Pandemonium, while on their way above, gamblers and others would take their brandy smashes and mid-day *siestas*, and sometimes pass both day and night at the gaming-table in Maggie's tent. In those days, most people gambled more or less; it was the prevailing fashion of the day; many preferring such roads to wealth or poverty, (oftener the latter,) to the hard work of mining in the mountains, through heat, and cold, and rain, for the hidden treasure; and any man who dared to offer a remonstrance to this favorite pastime, was laughed at, and gratuitously advised to procure a "boiled shirt," and turn to preaching.

Gamblers, merchants, jewelers, drivers of pack trains, and numerous other travelers going to and coming from the mines, stopped at Maggie's stand to take a glass. The old lady was doing a smashing business, and many a fight and drunken brawl was seen and heard in front of Maggie's liquor stand.

George Somerville, possessing a fine, high-minded, gentlemanly nature, disdained such a mode of living. He disliked the bragadocio, swearing, and the constant fumes of tobacco and whiskey; and moreover, his energies were rusting

out while leading such a life of inactivity. He had heard of the wondrous yield of gold in the northern mines, and felt that he could not be satisfied until he had taken a hand in such a game of chance as mining was said to be. The free and glorious life of a mountaineer, the pure invigorating air of the snow-covered hills, all had their strange fascination for him. It was not George Somerville's nature to wait for dead men's shoes, or sit quietly down for Plenty to empty her horn of treasures into his lap.

One night he went quietly into Ilda's room, which was situated in one of the remotest corners of their cloth house; (even there, away from the riotous bar-room, the bacchanal song and drunken orgies disturbed the domestic quietude of every inmate) and sat down, leaning his forehead in the open palm of his hand, to indulge in some golden fancy or gloomy reverie, when Ilda glided like a sprite into the room, and wound her dimpled arms about his neck; her golden ringlets falling over his face and shoulders, while her warm red lips met his; and she rallied him lovingly about "the blues;" and administered a smart slap on his shoulder, as she said, in a rich, gay tone of voice:

"George! what on earth are you sitting here dreaming about in this hubbub? Why these little witches have turned the room upside down, and are making as much noise as though they were the chief mourners at a Digger's funeral."

Catching Kate, the eldest, she playfully threw her upon the bed, and then held little Nina's hands while she nearly smothered her with kisses; Nina struggled to get away. Ilda in the exuberance of her joy, clasped her two dainty hands and laughed such a young, girlish laugh, that George thought her again his beautiful Ilda in the cabin of the "Highland Mary" instead of the Ilda in the cloth house by the way-side, and the mother of his two

romping girls. He half regretted that he had made up his mind to be a gold hunter; yet, on the morrow, he must start for the mines; and how to trust himself to break the truth to them he knew not; but the sacrifice must be made; Ilda and her fragile babes must never toil; he loved them too well; he had rather his hands were like horn than to see Ilda's soiled by helping old Maggie cook for a dozen boarders; who by this time had taken lodging in the cloth pavilion. He bent his eyes searchingly upon Ilda; he had never seen her look so beautiful before, and how constant and loving she had always been; not a cross word or look had ever passed between them; she had been his only adviser; and how pure and innocent the dear little group looked to him, now dearer than ever when about to part; and what if Ilda, when he became a miner, should forget him, and with her girlish beauty love somebody else? No! what a preposterous and unworthy idea; he was wronging himself and his idol by a thought so sacrilegious.

"Kate," said George, "to care for his little darlings, shall papa go and be a miner and bring back gold for mamma and little Kate and Nina? Nina can have dolls, and picture books, and she will not cry as she sometimes does now, because papa is poor and cannot buy the little fairy candy, plenty of dolls, and nuts, and raisins." Ilda looked up and saw the manly features of her husband. Nina clung to him, and said, "oh! papa, dear mamma would cry; nobody would love her when you were gone away; and who would tell her pretty stories after she had gone to bed." He then soothingly told Ilda that he intended to start early in the morning for Downieville, and that he had already engaged a pack train to carry his blankets: she must try to reconcile herself for awhile to the separation, as it was necessary; and this was the first and last separation they should ever know. Ilda

could take care of the girls and help her mother 'till he sent her down some money in the fall; then by and by he would come down with several thousand dollars, as the diggings were rich up north. Then they would buy a good ranch, where they could all live comfortably again, and be happy.

Ilda was finally reasoned into his belief, though that night she had strange misgivings with regard to the propriety of leaving her unprotected in such a community as that, and wept herself to sleep upon his bosom.

The next morning, the sad good-byes were said, and farewell kisses given. Ni-

na and Kate were yet sleeping, and George wondered, as he fondly gazed upon them, if he should know the little gipsys when he returned; they would grow so fast. With the promise of sending down his earnings, George was watched out of sight, through burning tears, by Ilda, who was then tasting the deepest grief her heart had ever known. O! George Somerville, better had you remained at home and protected your little household from temptation, and still have been poor, than listened to the golden siren that lured thee to the mountains to await thy doom.

[*Concluded next month.*]

Our Social Chair.

THE Home and Social circle with their sacred and jovial greetings and happy thought-exchanges are the great civilizers of the world. Their absence in California have been her most potent bane,—their introduction in later years, her most glorious antidote. Gold has been gathered in fortune-making heaps, and scattered in vice-producing wantonness; owing to the absence of these. Heart-burnings and strugglings, toilings and sweatings for the precious metal have been unrewarded when the goal of happiness, for which they have been borne, has not been reached by their hoped for possession.

Good manners teach us that all business subjects should be carefully excluded from the social circle; and love for its endearing and cheery relief from business cares should make us most cordially to endorse the sentiment.

When we enter a circle, it is well for us to remember that we have to contribute our share to the social repast. To go to be amused without seeking to return the favor, smacks of selfish thoughtlessness. Let us give as well as receive, remember-

ing the scriptural aphorism, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Through the exercise of this principle by some of our kind friends, we are enabled to present the following to the readers of Our Social Chair.

DEAR SOCIAL CHAIR: As you recently expressed to me a wish to hear some of the (what shall I call them, curious or ludicrous?) incidents that sometimes will happen, even in the gloomy life of an undertaker, I will briefly note down a few.

One day a gentleman called at our office saying that "a connection of his had just expired," and ordered a coffin to be prepared, and, in the evening, sent home; at the same time giving directions for the funeral obsequies which were to be performed the following day. As he had left the measure of the body for whom the coffin was intended, we had no cause to go to the house until the coffin was taken there, and which was attended to that evening. To our astonishment, we then and there found that a well known Doctor had been called in to witness her last mo-

ments and sign a certificate, and who, by administering restoratives, had managed to keep her alive.

Of course the coffin was carried away again; and the next day disposed of to another party, and one more prepared for the lady. A call at the house in the evening showed us that she was still alive; and the second coffin was again disposed of, and another one prepared, which also met the same fate. For six days, successively, we prepared each day a coffin for the old lady, and each time to find that she was not yet dead; and the article sold to some other customer.

The seventh day, however, and which in this case, was the Sabbath, the gentleman came in again, and told us that during the night she had finally died, at the same time requesting us to have another coffin made, and a plate engraved, with her name, age, date of death, &c., upon it. This was accordingly done, and the certificate filled out, with the exception of the Doctor's name, which was then unknown to us.

Late that afternoon I saw the Doctor, and requested him to sign his name to the certificate. Imagine my surprise when he told me that he had just come from the house and had left her still alive. There was the coffin, with a fine silver plate upon it, stating she had died that day, &c., and there was the Doctor who persisted in declaring that she was not yet dead; and moreover, that he was going again that afternoon to see her, and had strong hopes (not of saving her life exactly, as that was impossible,) of deferring her death for some days yet.

I now saw that prompt measures must be at once taken, and immediately invited the worthy "M. D." to dinner; and where over roast turkey and its accompaniments, aided a little by some genuine Otard, the visit was forgotten, and at a few minutes to twelve that night,—barely in time to save the coffin-plate,—she finally expired.

This is a true tale; but, lest you should feel in any way shocked at what might seem a lack of consideration on our part, I

will explain that at no time could any but a doctor tell that there was yet life in the body.

At another time a Chinaman came in, telling us that a "John" had died, and wished a coffin immediately. A couple of men accordingly took one to the house, and on entering the room where the defunct John was (in this case) *living*, prepared to place him in his last abode.

They had scarcely touched him when, with a "ugh-hi-wah," John jumped up, of course to the astonishment of the men, and utter consternation of the Johns. Of course the coffin was carried away again, and a gentle admonition given to John to make sure of the fact the next time; but they had scarcely returned to the office, when down came a message from them that "Chinaman keep dead this time," which proved to be the case.

In my next I will give you the particulars of the apparently dead coming to life again, together with the only infallible rule to ascertain if life yet exists in the body.

S. P. C.

ONE of the coolest items for a warm subject that we have lately seen, and which is altogether too good to be lost, is from the *San Jose Tribune*, and is well worthy a place in this or any other Chair.

Rev. Moses Clampit, an eccentric preacher of the Methodist church, south, was preaching in Santa Clara valley; a young man rose to go out, and the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would!" went on.

BOTH within and without the halls of legislation in this State, our readers are aware, there has been a large amount of agitation, during the past month, for and against a Bulkhead or sea-wall for the city of San Francisco; also, that several heavy storms have, at different periods during the past winter, half-deluged districts that for eight months out of twelve are perfectly dry. Among the latter must be includ-

ed Mariposa Creek. Now, if the reader who has never visited that locality will put the above facts together, he can appreciate and laugh at the following, from the *Mariposa Gazette* :—

THE BULKHEAD.—We must have a Bulkhead. The mind stands paralyzed—as-tounded—at the audacity and wickedness of any honest citizen who could stand upon the bank of our noble river on Tuesday morning last, and seriously oppose such an institution. “It would be an unparalleled piece of unmitigated effrontery.” (*Herald*, March 17.)

The many beautiful gardens which enameled the borders of our majestic *Creek* are being washed away; once flourishing fields of cabbages and onions are being cut off in their young innocence by the muddy and encroaching tide. A fleet of *stucco-boxes* was seen madly dashing down the turbulent waters at the rate of ten knots, with a band of frantic and bewildered Chinamen in full pursuit, their tails streaming wildly in the opium-scented air. A disconsolate cow was standing upon an island of *tailings* in the midst of the tossing billows, and surveying the terrific scene around her with cowardly and Crusoe-like resignation. And we much fear that our absent principal will “fail to connect” for some days yet; for we all know his repugnance to *taking water*, and his naturally *dry humor*. But what is the cause of all this suffering—this heart-rending catalogue of woes? Why, simply the absence of a suitable “Bulkhead” along our water-front. If we cannot have the Pacific Railroad, give us, O! give us a *Bulkhead*; and we hope to see the day when our oppressed but lovely city will be the Queen of Commerce upon the Mariposa.

In connection with this Bulkhead question, we take occasion to congratulate our mining and agricultural friends on the bright prospects which a real forty-eight hours steady and copious rain has opened to them, and through them to the *short* public generally. Even we, as we snugly ensconced ourself under our virtuous and semi-editorial blankets, and listened to the merry music of the rain-drops upon our humble shingles, dared to indulge in ecstatic visions of new and gorgeous apparel.

We offered our thanks to heaven for its grateful dispensation, and with a sincere prayer for the success (pecuniary, especially,) of our patrons, passed quietly into the land of Nod, and dreamed that HOLMES had got home with a beautiful—*new hat*.

Now, fellow-citizens, as to this Bulkhead—but no more on that *head*.

The *Placerville Observer* thus amusingly discourseth on the same theme:

WE’VE STRUCK IT.—After a vast deal of serious reflection upon the Bulkhead question, we have at length hit upon a plan which cannot fail to meet with general approbation. Our plan is simply this: Let the Legislature send down a committee with instructions to inquire into the practicability of building a sea-wall across the Golden Gate, or entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. Let the wall be built upon the mouse-trap principle, so that everything may float in, and nothing escape out again. The benefits which will accrue from such an enterprise will be of incalculable value not only to San Francisco, but to the State at large. In the first place, the wall will dam in the waters of the Bay, and thus deepen the soundings around the wharves; in the next place, it will materially affect the price of water-lots, and secure the city front in its present picturesque condition; and, above all, it will keep millions of dollars and thousands of people from leaving the State, and of course this will make us all rich in a very short time. Then dam the Golden Gate.

—
We shall not now discuss the question, interesting as it might prove, whether woman or whisky is the most potent and intoxicating; certain it is that both have their influences on peculiar natures—especially the latter named—and have elected many men to office in this State, as in many others. *The Trinity Journal*, after giving the result of a recent election of city officers in Marysville, thus good-humoredly accounts for the success of the presiding magistrate:

“We believe that a couple of pretty daughters elected Mayor Singer over one of the best of Marysville men.”

Another question might naturally arise from this (and we throw out these hints for the benefit of Lyceums) whether the latter or the former is the most desirable of the two “evils?”

—
The following from the *Placerville Observer* tells its own story:—

Nearly a year ago, T. Hodge, of Coon Hollow, buried a junk bottle containing 55 ounces of gold dust. Subsequently he went to the place for the purpose of ex-

humung his hidden treasure, but to his great astonishment and mortification it had disappeared and was no where to be found. After an immense deal of useless digging, Hodge at length gave it up for lost, and in a fit of disgust went off for Fraser river. In that adventure he was again doomed to disappointment, and after going through the usual vicissitudes of the elephant hunter he finally made his way back to Coon Hollow. On Saturday last a youth named Van Logan was prospecting in the vicinity of Mr. Hodge's old claim, when lo! the long lost bottle of gold was dug from its hiding place. The honest lad did not even touch the bottle until he posted off to tell Hodge of the discovery, nor would he accept a munificent present which the owner generously offered him. Such honesty is almost unparalleled in these degenerate times, and henceforth, the name of Van Logan should be the synonym for manly virtue.

Dramatic.

During the past month but little change has taken place in this department that is worthy of mention. Antiquated pieces, worn perfectly thread-bare by perpetual use, have been performed to thin houses.

Theatrical managers must either be destitute of professional invention, or lamentably deficient in their appreciation of public taste, or they would be better up to *their* parts and present some new pieces that would be worthy of the liberal patronage of the public.

Mrs. Wood closed the American—the best theater in the State—on the 9th, owing to some misunderstanding with Mr. Collins, the delineator of Irish character.

Maguire's Opera House was closed for alterations, during a portion of the month and opened on the 21st ult. with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Baker, Mr. Stark, Mrs. Judah, and the usual stock company; which, with three or four exceptions, is one of the poorest in the State, and requires careful pruning by the manager.

Several new plays are on the *tapis*, among which is "Our American Cousin;" concerning these we shall have something to say in our next.

The Fashions.

THE "Pattern Bonnets," minutely described in our last number, we are happy to say have been accepted. Fashion's self (capricious jade!) cannot change them for the next three months.

"In shape they vary little from what is known as the Marie Stuart style; having soft puffed crowns, puffed brims, pointed and nearly flat on the top, and very open at the sides."

The above repetition is for the benefit of any who were not fortunate enough to receive our April number, and from those who were we respectfully solicit a "good mark" for being one month in advance of any other publisher of fashions on the Pacific Coast. Indeed, the New York Magazines—especially Harper's, and the Ladies' American—tell us nothing new, or that we did not tell you a month ago.

The most becoming style of wearing the hair with the new-shaped bonnet is curls, or braided on the temples.

The Bloomer Hat will be as popular as ever for the watering-places.

Head Dresses.

No article of the toilet is so "fancy free" as head-dresses; only wear something: let it be feathers, flowers, or ribbon, or all three combined. No dress is complete without one, for morning or evening.

For Dress Material.

See the fashionable black "taffeta silk," 60 inches wide, at \$7 and \$10 per yard. Four to five yards is sufficient for a dress. Stewart charges the same as first-class houses in this State.

In our next, we will speak of mantles, and children's toilet, both boys and girls. Any information that may be omitted here, on the subject of fashions, owing to a necessary brevity, will be furnished to country subscribers, by addressing "Fashions Department," care of Hutchings' California Magazine, San Francisco.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

There is reported to be \$313,600 of uncalled for deposits in the San Francisco Branch Mint, that have been accumulating since 1854.

During the few last days of March the rivers of the State were higher than at any previous time since 1852 and '53.

An American journal has been started at Tubac, Arizona, under the title of the *Arizonian*.

A new post office was established at San Antonio, Monterey county.

A large number of workmen have been discharged at the Government works, Mare Island, owing to the failure of Congress to make appropriations.

The ladies of Pine Grove, a mining village in Sierra county, gave a donation party in favor of the Mount Vernon Fund, when \$230 were realized, and forwarded through Mrs. Williams to the Vice Regent for California.

The State Legislature adjourned from the 26th to the 29th of March for the purpose of visiting and examining Oakland with reference to the removal of the Capitol from Sacramento to that city.

The White Sulphur Springs Hotel, Napa county, was destroyed by fire March 31st. Loss, \$65,000. Insured for \$50,000. It is being rapidly rebuilt.

A flock of 65,000 sheep arrived at Monterey, from New Mexico.

A difficulty having been experienced to make up a full crew on board of the clipper ship *Adelaide*, the practice of drugging and kidnapping sailors was resorted to.

A contract for the construction of a road from Napa City to Clear Lake Cañon, was given to J. W. Walmer, at \$5,000.

J. Y. McDuffie, the newly appointed Superintendent of Indian affairs for California, in the place of T. J. Henley, arrived on the 30th of March.

The largest and most successful school exhibition ever given in Petaluma took place at Musical Hall on the 1st ult., under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Varney Mrs. A. A. Haskell.

A semi-weekly paper entitled "*The Napa City Sun*" made its first appearance in that city on the 1st.

An exhibition of blooded horses took place at Petaluma on the 2nd.

Seven persons were killed and a number wounded on the 3d ult. by the explosion of

the boiler of the Contra Costa ferry boat, while running between San Francisco and Oakland.

The steamship *Golden Age* sailed on the 5th with 803 passengers and \$2,081,765,42 in treasure. Also, the *Uncle Sam* with 775 passengers, but little or no treasure.

The rates of passage to the East on the 5th, by the *Golden Age* were cabin, \$175; Second Cabin, \$100; steerage, \$50. By the *Uncle Sam*, upper saloon, \$200; lower saloon, \$175; second Cabin, \$100; steerage, \$50.

The peach crop has been severely damaged by the frost in several districts of the State.

Some laborers who were engaged in repairing the road near Turner's Saw Mill, Nevada county, says the *Journal*, struck dirt near the surface that paid fifty cents to the pan.

The stage running between Visalia and Hornitos, while crossing Mariposa creek at McDermott's was overturned in the middle of the stream, during the freshet, when the stage was broken to pieces, the mail and express bags lost, and two horses drowned; but the passengers were saved.

The submarine cable of the Alta Telegraph company was successfully laid across the straits of Carquinez, between Martinez and Benicia, on the 8th.

Several of the principal business men of North San Juan entered into an arrangement for closing their stores on Sunday, on and after the 17th ult.

The Napa and Vallejo Telegraph was completed, and is in good working order.

Seventy thousand dollars (less than the product of a couple of weeks in a single county) was brought down by the Brother Jonathan from Fraser river—the savings of the whole fall and winter.

The California Christian Advocate commenced its eighth year on the 8th ult.

A new vein of excellent coal has been discovered in Amador county, which is considered to be inexhaustible.

The first number of the *San Mateo Gazette*, Wm. Godfrey, editor and proprietor, made its appearance at Red Wood City on the 9th.

The corner stone of a new M. E. church, on 6th street, Sacramento city, was laid on the 12th.

The British propeller, "Forwood" from Liverpool, after putting in at Vigo, Montevideo, Talcahuana, Lota and Valparaiso, arrived at San Francisco in 140 days.

The Tenth Session of the State Legislature closed at 12 o'clock, on the 19th ult.

Mrs. L. Lovejoy arrived in San Francisco by the Overland stage from St Louis, on her way to her husband in Yreka, and was the first female passenger.

The Hibernian Savings and Loan Society was formed and organized in San Francisco.

A tri-weekly line of Concord coaches has been established between Red Bluffs and Yreka, to go through in two days.

Editor's Table.

HOWEVER reluctantly an unsuspecting and religiously charitable nature may be disposed to admit the fact, it must nevertheless be patent before all, that a system of blind religious fanaticism is secretly seeking to reestablish in Utah the espionage and murder of the French, Italian and Spanish Inquisitions. The so-called Church of Latter Day Saints has, in the nineteenth century, revived and reenacted the bloody scenes of the Church of Rome from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries; and the massacres of Narbonne and of Saint Bartholomew are paralleled at Springville and the Mountain Meadows. God help us.

The soul sickens with indignation and disgust, as the eye runs over the sad catalogue of victims enumerated by Judge Cradlebaugh, of the U. S. 2d Judicial District of Utah Territory, in his charge to the Grand Jury of Provo City, on the 8th of March last.

In a matter of so much importance, and from which so great an issue must result, we feel it our duty to place some portions of the charge before our readers:

I will say to you, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, that from what I learn it has been some time since a court has been held in your district, by a judicial tribunal having cognizance of criminal matters. No person has been brought to punishment for crimes committed, for more than two years. From what the Court learns, crime after crime has been committed.

The Legislature has not given that aid that is desired to enable the courts to do their duty; neither have they provided means to carry on the courts, but, on the contrary, have so legislated as to embarrass and prevent the courts from bringing public offenders to justice. There is no legis-

lative enactment to authorize a justice of the peace, or other committing magistrate, either to commit a prisoner, or to recognize him to appear before this court. Legislation seems to be skilfully drawn, so as to prevent the District Courts from discharging their duties; but, as though it had been insufficient to accomplish that object, we find the late Executive of the Territory joining in the crusade against the Courts, and denouncing the judges, jurors and members of the bar in the vilest terms; that, too, while the Governor was the sworn executive officer of the Territory—sworn to take care that the laws should be faithfully executed. I learn these facts from a sermon of his, published in the Deseret News, the church organ.

I said to you, in the outset, that the commission of a great number of crimes in this district had come to my knowledge. I shall call your attention to a few of them. The perpetrators of these crimes have not been prosecuted. The reason why, I cannot tell. It strikes me, however, that certain outside influences have prevented their prosecution. If you do your duty, you will not neglect to inquire into these matters—nor will you allow the offenders to go unpunished.

I may mention to you the massacre at the Mountain Meadows. In that massacre a whole train was cut off, except a few children who were too young to give evidence in Court. It has been said that this offence was committed by the Indians. In committing such an outrage, Indians would not be so discriminate as to save only such children as would be unable to give testimony of the transaction in a court of justice. In a general slaughter, if any were to be saved by Indians, they would have been most likely those persons who would give less trouble than infants. But the fact is, there were others there engaged in that horrible crime.

A large, organized body of white persons is to be seen leaving Cedar City late in the evening, all armed, traveling in wagons and on horseback, under the guide

and direction of the prominent men of that place. The object of their mission is a secret to all but those engaged in it. To all others the movement is shrouded in mystery. They are met by another organized band from the town of Harmony. The two bands are consolidated. Speeches are made to them by their desperate leaders in regard to their mission. They proceed in the direction of the Mountain Meadows. In two or three days they may be seen returning from that direction, bearing with them an immense amount of property, consisting of mules, horses, cattle and wagons, as the spoils of their nefarious expedition. Out of a train of one hundred and forty persons, fifteen infants alone remain, who are too young to tell the sad story. That Indians were engaged in it there is no doubt; but they were incited to engage in it by white men, worse than demons.

I might give you the names of the leading white persons engaged, but prudence dictates that I should not. It is said that the Chief Kanosh was there. If so, he is amenable to law, and liable to be punished. The Indians complain that in the division of the spoils they did not get their share—that their white brothers in crime did not divide equally with them, but gave them the refuse.

I will also call your attention to a case near here, at Springville—the murders of Potter and the Parrishes. The Parrishes and Potter, not being satisfied with the condition of affairs there, are about to leave for California. Not deeming it safe to leave in the day-time, they start out in the evening. Within a short distance of the south gate of the city wall, two of the Parrishes (father and son), and Potter, are most brutally murdered. Owen Parrish, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age, is with them at the time. Owen makes his escape, and succeeds in getting back to his uncle's house in the village. By his testimony you will learn the names of the persons who were identified in the commission of the offence. He will be able to tell you who followed him to the house of his uncle. These murders took place on the 14th March, 1857. Springville is a village of a few hundred inhabitants. Here are three persons butchered in the most inhuman manner, and the criminals go unwhipt of justice.

At the same place, about a year ago, Henry Forbes, a young man who came in from California on his way to the States, was also murdered. He arrived there after the difficulties arose between this com-

munity and the General Government. While there he made his home at Partial Teroy's, and had been there but a week or two, when his horse and revolver were stolen. *Of course that was done by the Indians!* He afterwards made his escape, tried to get over the mountains to Bridger, was caught, brought back, and murdered; and that is the last of Henry Forbes. No investigation was made, and the body has been removed several times since it was first interred, so that its whereabouts probably could not now be discovered. Shortly after the Forbes murder, Teroy trades off his horse, (*which the Indians had stolen!*) for sheep. Forbes is said to have left a wife and two children in the State of Illinois. They may even yet know nothing of his fate.

Henry Jones was also murdered at Pond Town, about a year ago. He was castrated up at Salt Lake City. Having recovered from the effect of it, and gone to Payson, he is there set upon, chased to Pond Town, about three miles distant, and there shot. It is reported that he had committed some sin which is looked upon in the church as unpardonable. His mother was also murdered for some cause. Jones was taken back to Payson, pitched into the house, called a dug-out, in which they had lived, by the side of the murdered body of his mother; and the house pulled down over them for a common tomb, in which both lay buried without coffin or shroud.

There is another matter to which I wish to call your attention. A few days before the murder of the Parrishes and Potter, Parrish's stable was broken into in the night, and his carriage and horses taken out. Two of these horses have never been returned. Lysander Gee, of Tovele City, has these horses. He says that they were brought to him, placed in his possession, and he was directed not to part with them but to keep them at all hazards. Now, does it not look strange that a person should go to Parrish's stable, break it open, rob Mr. Parrish of his horses, take them to Lysander Gee, and tell him to keep them? Does it look reasonable? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that Lysander Gee was himself engaged in committing this outrage?

Here is a case of public notoriety, where the private property of a family is taken; the party taking it with the sanction of the community, and brazenly and boastfully carrying it with him through the Territory. I say, bring that man up; compel him to restore those horses; give back the

property to the widow of the murdered man. Do not allow her to live in poverty, while such scoundrels are driving about with the property of her husband to which she is entitled.

It is not pleasant to talk about crimes that have been committed, but it is my desire that you shall investigate them. My object in particularly calling your attention to these crimes, is, that the responsibility shall be with you, if the offenders are allowed to go unpunished. The Court will do its duty, and the question is, whether you will bring these offenders to trial. I might have called your attention to many other crimes which have been committed in the District. For the present I have deemed it unnecessary.

To allow these matters to pass over gives a color of authority for the commission of crime. The very fact that such an affair as the Mountain Meadow Massacre should so long have been left uninvestigated, shows that there is some person, high in the estimation of the people, by whose authority crime is committed. Such is the view that will be taken of it, unless you do your duty fully and fearlessly. You can know no criminal code but the laws of Congress and of this territory. No person can commit crimes and say that they are authorized by the authorities. If such notions are entertained here, they must be dispelled.

Polygamy has been winked at, and treason overlooked or pardoned by the Government of the United States; and now rapine and murder stalk about defiantly at noon day in the very settlements of Utah: countenanced by, and even originating with the executive department of the territory: and that which is most to be deplored is that these acts are the offsprings of the system—the fruits of the (so called) religion of the Mormon church, as publicly propagated by all her ministers.

God forbid that we should ever desecrate these pages with illiberal or sectarian views of any kind, but if the words of the Great Teacher, "By their fruits ye shall know them" suggest to us aught, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the fruits of the death-giving exhalations of the Upas tree of Mormonism, as scattered abroad in practice as well as in precept, by leaders and followers, are licentiousness, robbery

and murder, and which are evidently doing their work: and the end is not yet.

Self-protection, however, should teach us that any system of religion or code of morals that abridges or interferes with the religion or morals, or rights and privileges of others, is dangerous to any community, and consequently should be instantly suppressed, or promptly driven from American soil. Be it thus with Mormonism.

It is foolish, if not positively knavish, to prate about "liberty to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences," when every act committed is suggestive of that principle being violated and utterly disregarded by persons who write L-i-b-e-r-t-y in blood, and desecrate her altars by the profanity of bigoted vindictiveness, and would even bind Freedom herself in the chains of sectarian uncharitableness, to advance the interests of a people or the propagation of a creed.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

M. B., Suisun.—If you will be good enough to inform us if yours is intended as the manuscript of some article, or the drawing of a post and rail fence, you will relieve us of a strong doubt, and confer a favor on—the editor.

T.—Certainly we will.

L. M. T.—Yes! we will publish it, seeing that you "are a subscriber," (!) if you will consent to its being interlined thus—
 "My heart is full of love"
 [My head is void of sense]
 * * * * *
 My aching brow is sore!
 [Then lay it on the floor,
 And put your foot upon 't.]

"My," &c.—but that is doubtless enough for one dose. A change, or a visit to Stockton is inevitable.

E. R.—"Patience, good lady."

RECEIVED. — Two Famous Women — Lines from the Forecastle—What I Thought—Effie Dee—The Merrimac—The Raft on Frazer River—Chronicles of California—Heart songs set to Music—Tho' Absent, still Near, &c., &c.

HUTCHINGS'

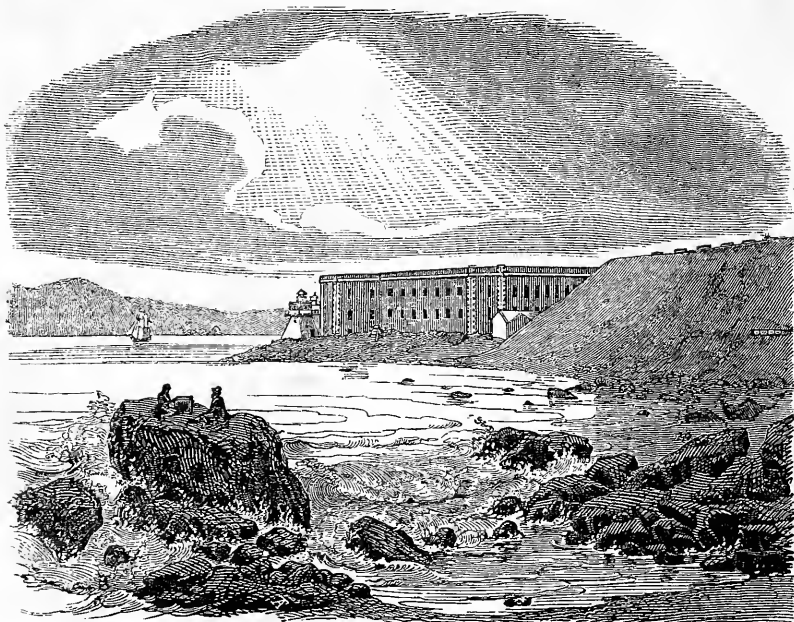
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1859.

No. 12.

A JAUNT OF RECREATION,
FROM SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE MISSION DOLORES, TO THE OCEAN HOUSE
AND SEAL ROCK; RETURNING BY FORT POINT AND THE PRESIDIO.



SOUTH VIEW OF FORT POINT AND THE GOLDEN GATE.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co. San Francisco.]

Out of a population of from sixty-five to seventy thousand persons—the number estimated to be in San Francisco at the present time—it is to be expected that for health, change, business or recreation,

a large proportion, at convenient seasons, will make a flying visit to localities of interest that can be easily and cheaply reached, beyond the suburbs of the city. Of these, one of the most interesting and

pleasant is that from San Francisco by the Mission Dolores to the Ocean House, and Seal Rock; returning by Fort Point and the Presidio. Upon this interesting jaunt we hope to have the pleasure of the reader's company; for it is almost always more agreeable to visit such scenes in good companionship than to go alone.

As these places are visited by all classes of persons, whose means and tastes widely differ, it is not for us to say whether it is better to go on horseback, or in a buggy; by a public omnibus, or a private carriage; or, on that very primitive, somewhat independent, but not always the most popular conveyance, technically denominated "a-foot." We must confess, however, that inasmuch as our physical and mental organization are both capable of enduring a large amount of comfort, as well as pleasure, our predilections decidedly incline to the former. Yet, to those who, to be suited, would choose even the latter, we can most conscientiously affirm that "we have no objection!" This point, then, being duly conceded, with the reader's consent, we will set out at once on our jaunt, each one by the conveyance that pleases him best.

Let us now thread our way among the numerous vehicles and foot-passengers that crowd the various thoroughfares of the city, to Third street, at which point we can take one of three routes to the Mission Dolores; namely: by the Old Mission road, Folsom street, or Brannan street, but either of the former is now by far the best. The Old Mission road, as its name would indicate, was the first made road to that point; although in 1849 and 1850, we had to thread our way among the low sand hills, and across little valleys, by a very circuitous and laborious route. In 1851, this road was graded and planked; but as the planks wore rapidly away, it was found to be very expensive to keep it in repair.— Within the past year, it has been macad-

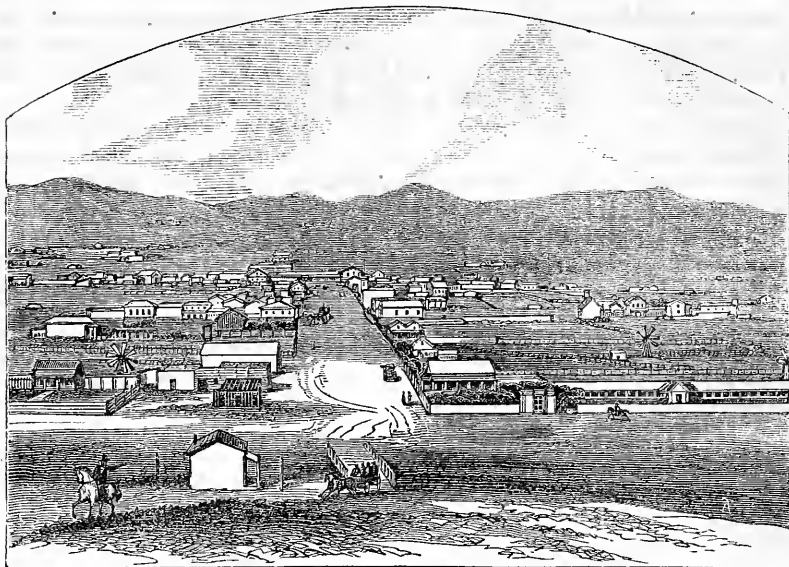
amized nearly its entire length, and now is almost as good as the far famed Shell road, between New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain.

It is difficult to give the actual amount of travel on either of these roads, as much of this is regulated by the state of the weather; yet the following will give an approximate estimate:

On the Old Mission road, an omnibus passes and repasses fourteen times daily, with from 1 to 30 passengers, and will average 12 each way; leaving the Plaza on the even hour, from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 8 P. M. The San Jose stage, which leaves the Plaza at 8 A. M., and the Ocean House omnibus, which leaves the Plaza at 10 A. M., passes and repasses daily; the Overland Mail stage, *via* Los Angeles, which leaves the Plaza every Monday and Friday, at noon; is due, returning on the same day, but it generally arrives three or four days before time; Dorlin's express runs twice a day to the Mission and back; in addition to these, there are 5 water carts, 10 milk, 12 meat, 18 bread, 40 vegetable, and from 20 to 30 express, or parcel wagons, daily. On the 24th ult., there were 34 horsemen, 66 double horse, and 177 single horse vehicles, such as carriages, buggies, sulkies, &c., in addition to those above mentioned.

On the Folsom street plank road, an omnibus passes and repasses twelve times daily, with an average of 12 passengers, each way, leaving the Plaza on the half hour. There are also, 40 milk, 20 vegetable, 20 lumber, liquor, bread, and meat wagons, of single and double horse; and about 80 buggies, single and double; besides foot passengers. On Sundays, no less than 40 omnibusses, and from 150 to 200 buggies, pass and repass, besides from 1 to 3,000 people, a large proportion of whom are bound for Russ' Gardens.

With this preliminary explanation, and the reader's consent, as we cannot very conveniently journey together on both



VIEW OF THE MISSION DOLORES, FROM THE POTRERO.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

roads, we will take that which, of the two, is rather the most pleasant, namely, the Folsom street. The sides of this road, like those of the other, are adorned with private residences, and well cultivated gardens and nurseries; among the latter, the first which attracts the traveler's attention, is the "Golden Gate Nursery;" then the "United States;" then "Sonntag's;" and at the corner of Folsom and Centre, the "Commercial Nursery."— But after passing the former of these, and before arriving at the latter, a large building to the south attracts our attention; that is the French Hospital. Next is the celebrated Russ' Gardens," a popular resort for Germans, especially on Sundays. Here let us digress for a moment, to relate a somewhat amusing conversation that took place on California street, between the servant of a friend, and a German woman whose husband makes a comfortable living by mending boots and shoes, in a little wooden house on the side walk.

German woman, to Irish servant:

"Bridget, why don't you get married, and live in a comfortable house of your own?"

"Faith, and I don't see that ye's very comfortable ye'self, for ye's slaving ye's-self from Monthay marning until Sathar-day nite, washing clothes for other peoples, while ye'r husban' is mending boots and shoes, in that box, on the side walk."

"O yes, but what of that; you know we must all work for a living; and besides, I and my husband are very happy the whole of the week, for if I wash clothes, and he mends old boots and shoes, from Monday morning until Saturday night, we always go to Russ' Gardens on Sunday's!"

Now, if this does not preach a sermon on contentment, it is of no use our trying. So we may as well pass on to say, that the next object that attracts our attention, is the black volumes of smoke, that roll from the chimney-top of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery. In this

refinery, some 4,200 tons of sugar, is refined annually, consuming about 1,600 tons of coal, 400 tons of bones, (for making ivory or bone black for filtering purposes,) 1,300,000 staves, 1,100,000 hoops, and 200,000 heads for barrels and kegs.— Within, there are about 60 men employed; and without, from 75 to 80 more, in getting of staves, hoops, heads, making barrels, freighting, teaming, &c.

But we must now pass on, and as quickly as possible, for two reasons; reason first, the hog-ranches by the road side are not as fragrant as the roses in Sonntag's nursery; and reason second will appear when we arrive at Center st., and, turning to the right, cross the bridge over Mission Creek, and on the new San Bruno turnpike, turn to get a general view of the Mission, that may enable us to forget reason first.

The beautiful green hills, and pretty houses that here dot the landscape; with the fine nurseries in the foreground, will explain why the Mission Fathers chose this fertile and well watered valley in preference to the bleak and comparatively barren Lagoon for their semi-religious and semi-philanthropic object.

In the hollow, some three hundred yards below the Nightingale hotel, is the Willows, a shady retreat for pleasure seekers and parties; from which spot let us now go at once to the Mission.

Now we have arrived at the quaint, old-fashioned, tile-covered adobe church, and buildings attached; part of which is still in use by the Mission, and a part is converted into saloons and a store. This edifice was erected in 1775-'76, and was completed and dedicated, August 1st, 1776; and was formerly called San Francisco, in honor of the patron saint, St. Francis, the name given to the Bay by its discoverer, Junipero Serra, in October, 1769.

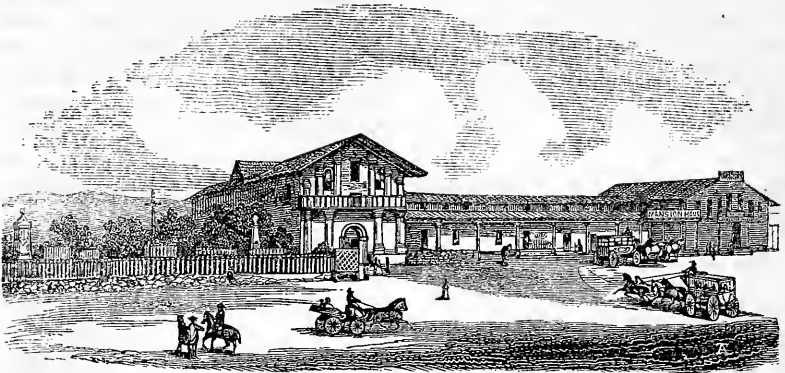
While the church buildings were in course of erection, the Fathers had great

difficulty in keeping the Indians who performed most of the labor at work. The earthy clay, of which the adobes were made, had to be prepared by the Indians, who, after water had been thrown upon it, jumped in and trampled it with their feet, but soon growing tired, they would keep working only so long as the Fathers kept singing.

The visitor will notice a number of old adobe buildings scattered here and there, in different directions; these were erected for the use of the Indians; one part being used for boys, and the other for girls, and in which they resided until they were about seventeen years of age, when they were allowed to marry; after which other apartments were assigned them, more in accordance with their condition.

As late as 1849, there were two large boilers in the buildings back of the church; and as meat was almost the only article of food, an ox was killed and boiled wholesale, at which time the Indians would gather around and eat until they were satisfied. Of course, most of our readers are aware that Catholics are not allowed to eat meat on a Friday, but owing to this being the only article of diet to the Indians and native Californians, around the Mission, they were not required to abstain from it, even on that day.

According to Mr. Forbes, a very careful and accurate writer, who published a work in 1835, entitled the "History of Lower and Upper California," the number of black cattle belonging to this Mission in 1831, was 5,610; horses, 470; mules, 40; while only 233 fanegas (a fanega is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels) of wheat; 70 of Indian corn; and 40 of small beans, were raised altogether. At that time, however, the missions had lost much of their former glory; for in 1825, only six years before, that of Dolores, alone, is said to have had 76,000 head of cattle; 950 tame horses; 2,000 breeding mares;



THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AND BUILDINGS, BUILT IN 1776.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

84 stud, of choice breed; 820 mules; 79,000 sheep; 2,000 hogs; and 456 yoke of working oxen; and raised 18,000 bushels of wheat and barley. Besides, in 1802, according to Baron Humboldt, there were of males, in this Mission, 433; of females, 381; total, 814. And yet, according to Mr. Forbes, in 1831, there were but 124 males, and 85 females; and now, there are—none. Truly, “the glory has departed.”

At that time, the Indians and native Californians, for many miles around, would congregate at the Mission Dolores, about three times a year, bringing with them cattle enough to kill while they remained, which was generally about a week, and have a good holiday time with each other.

Before the discovery of gold it was the custom here to keep a tabular record of all the men, women and children; members of the church; marriages, births and deaths; the number of live stock; and amount of produce in all their business details: but since then everything has changed for the worse. Even the lands devoted to, and set apart for, the use of the Mission, have nearly all been squatted upon, so that now but a few hundred varas remain intact; and as to where the stock of all kinds have gone, “deponent saith not.”

It is quite a pleasurable curiosity to examine the old Spanish manuscript books, still extant at this mission, and look upon their sheep-skin covered lids, and buckskin clasps. Besides these there are about six hundred printed volumes, in Spanish, on religious subjects; but being in a foreign language they are seldom or never read.

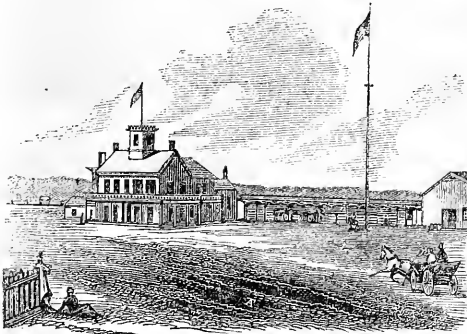
At the present time the only uses to which this Mission is devoted is to give public instruction in the Catholic religion, the education of some seventeen pupils; the burial of the dead; and an occasional marriage. Of the last named, about eighteen have taken place within the past four years.

The great point of attraction here to visitors from the city, is its quiet green graveyard; and but for its being so negligently tended and slovenly kept would be one of the prettiest places near the city. In this last peaceful home, from June 1st, 1858 to May 20th, 1859, the following will show how many have been laid—June, (1858) 52; July, 67; August 55; September, 55; October, 65; November, 57; December, 56; January, (1859) 35; February, 45; March, 38; April, 33; May, up to the 20th, 28.

It seems as though we could never weary in looking upon these interesting

scenes ; but as we have far to go ; and we trust, many more to look upon, let us again set out on our jaunt, and visit this spot at our leisure.

Between the Mission Dolores and the Ocean House there are no objects of striking interest, except, perhaps the San Francisco Industrial School, recently erected for the benefit of depraved juveniles, situated near the top of the ridge we are gently ascending, about six miles from the city and three from the ocean. About this school we shall have something to say at a future time.



THE OCEAN HOUSE.

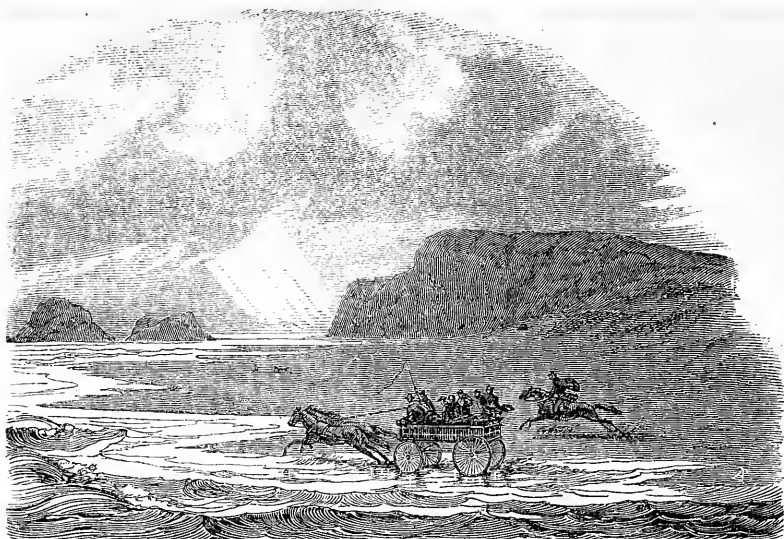
Upon reaching the top of this ridge you perceive that we get a glimpse of the Pacific ocean ; and shortly afterwards find ourselves comfortably seated in one of the parlors of the Ocean House, where, while our animals are resting, let us say that this house is about eight and one fourth miles from San Francisco, and was erected in 1855 by Messrs. Lovett and Green ; when, if report speaks the truth, they were just beginning to reap the reward of their labors they were cheated out of it.

From this point we have a commanding view of the surrounding country. The hill in front of us, and at the back of the Industrial school, contains a quarry of the finest of sandstone, and which, were there but a railroad upon which to

convey it to the city, could be delivered there at from two to three dollars per ton. South is the Lake House, and Rockaway House, at the east end of lake Merced, but the latter is now used only as a private residence. From this point, too, an excellent view of the ocean is obtained, where the ships and steamers are plainly visible.

One would scarcely suppose that here, where the winds sweep over the lands with such fury, that stock of all kinds flourish better than in many of the favored inland valleys, yet such is the fact ; for owing to the dense masses of heavy fog-clouds that roll in from the ocean the verdure is perpetual, while in other localities it is parched up. The gardens around produce from fifty-five to one hundred sacks of potatoes to the acre, although the soil is very light and sandy. Besides, vegetables are taken to the San Francisco market from this section, at an earlier time than from that of any other part of the State.

About two miles north of the Ocean House, is a lake, known as the Laguna Honda, at which a distressing accident occurred in 1855, as the reader will call to memory, when two ladies and their two children were all drowned together, under the following circumstances. In the back part of a carriage, built in the rockaway style, were seated Mrs. Opeinhimer and Mrs. Urzney, each lady holding a child. On the front seat were two servants, a man and woman, the former of whom was driving. Having taken the road up the Rock House ravine, instead of that to the Ocean House, they arrived at the edge of the lake, above named, and the road not being wide enough to admit their carriage, they drove into the water a little, on the edge of the lake. They could have passed here in safety, but unfortunately, the wheel struck a stump,



THE DRIVE ALONG THE BEACH TOWARDS SEAL ROCK.

and by some unexplainable means, the horse was thrown round, and he fell into deep water; when the carriage was immediately turned upside down, and the forepart striking the water, was forced down upon the two ladies and their children, shutting them completely in, and they sunk to rise no more. The servants being left free, in the front of the carriage, succeeded in reaching the shore, and were saved.

Snugly ensconced beneath the hill, about half a mile from the Ocean House, and within a quarter of a mile of the sea, is the Beach House. This was first built on the shore, near the edge of a small lake that we pass, but the high tides flowing in, washed away its foundations, and compelled the alternative of their removing it at once, or of allowing the sea to do it for them; and as the owners considered themselves the best carpenters of the two, they undertook, and succeeded, in the task—but here we are, on the beach. There is a never ceasing pleasure to a refined mind, in looking upon or listening to the hoarse murmuring roar of the

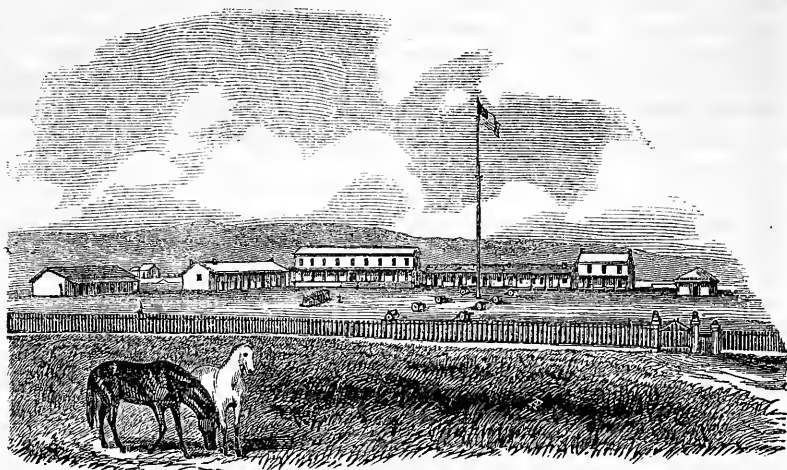
sea; and an unexplainable charm in the music of its waves, as with a seething sound, they curl and gently break upon a sandy shore, during a calm; or dash in all their majesty and fury, with thundering voices upon the unheeding rocks in a storm. This is sublimity. Besides, every shell, and pebble, and marine plant, from the smallest fragment of sea-moss, to the largest weed that germinates within the caverns of the deep, has an architectural perfection and beauty, that ever attracts the wondering admiration of the thoughtful. Yet we must not now linger here, or night will overtake us.

This beach extends continuously from Seal Rock to Muscle Rock, about seven miles. Near the last named place is a soda spring, and several veins of bituminous coal; to obtain which shafts have been sunk to the depth of 124 feet, in which the coal was found to grow better as they descended; but like many similar enterprises, when means to work it failed, it was abandoned. Other minerals are also found in this chain of hills.

Having had our ride along the beach as

far as Seal Rock, and watched the movements, and listened to the loud shrill voices the sea-lions, let us take up the sand-bank south of the old Seal Rock House, (now tenantless,) and we shall find the road from the Fort, as sandy and as heavy as we could desire it; yet, with the consolation that we can endure it, if the horses are able, until we reach Fort Point.

When this was first taken and occupied by American troops belonging to Col. Stephenson's battalion, under Maj. Hardie, in March, 1847, they found a circular battery of 10 iron guns, 16 pounders, mounted upon the hill just above the present works, and which was allowed to remain until a better one was ready to occupy its place.



VIEW OF THE PRESIDIO.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

The present beautiful and substantial structure was commenced in 1854, and is now nearly completed. It is four tiers in height, the topmost of which is 64 feet above low tide; and is capable of mounting 150 guns, including the battery at the back, of 42, 64, and 128 pounders; and during an engagement, can accommodate 2,400 men. There have been appropriations made, including the last, of \$1,800,000. The greatest number of men employed at any one time was 200; now there are about 80.

The Lighthouse adjoining the Fort, can be seen for from 10 to 12 miles, and is an important addition to the mercantile interests of California, although we regret to say, it is only of the fifth order, and known as the "Fresnel Light," and is

the smallest on the coast; the lantern is 52 feet above level. Two men are employed to attend it. Connected with this is a Fog Bell, weighing 1,100 pounds, and worked by machinery, that strikes every ten seconds, for five taps; then has an intermission of thirty-four seconds, and recommences the ten-second strike. This is kept constantly running during foggy weather.

In the small bay south of the Fort, have been two wrecks, the Chateau Palmer, May 1st, 1856, and the Gen. Cushing, Oct. 9th, 1858; both outward bound, and partially freighted.

Between Fort Point and (the celebrated political hobby) Lime Point, is the world-famed Golden Gate, or entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. This is one mile

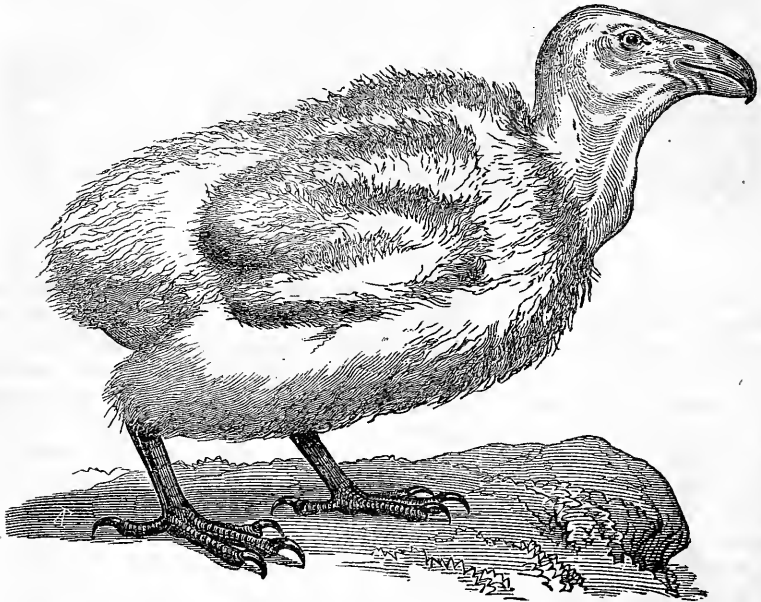
and seventeen yards wide. The tide here varies about seven feet.

From this interesting spot, and on our way to the city, we pass the Presidio. This is a military post that was established shortly after the arrival of the first missionaries, mainly for their protection; and was originally occupied by Spanish troops, and afterwards by Mexican, until March, 1847; when it was taken by the United States; at which time the whole force of the enemy was a single corporal. At this time also there were two old Spanish brass field-pieces found here; and two more near the beach about where the end

of Battery street, San Francisco, now is, and from which that street derived its name.

The original buildings were constructed in a quadrangular form; these having fallen into decay, but three remain, two of which at the present are used as store rooms. At the close of the war, this post was occupied by a company of dragoons, who were relieved by a company of the 3rd Artillery, under Capt. Keyes, who kept it continuously for ten years. Its present garrison consists of two companies of the 6th Infantry, numbering about 180, officers and men.

THE EGG AND YOUNG OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.*



From Nature.

W. M. Ord, pinxt, Monterey, April, 1859.

YOUNG OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, SEVEN DAYS OLD.

It is a strange fact in the natural history of our Pacific domain, that though the California Condor (*Sarcoramphus Cal.*)

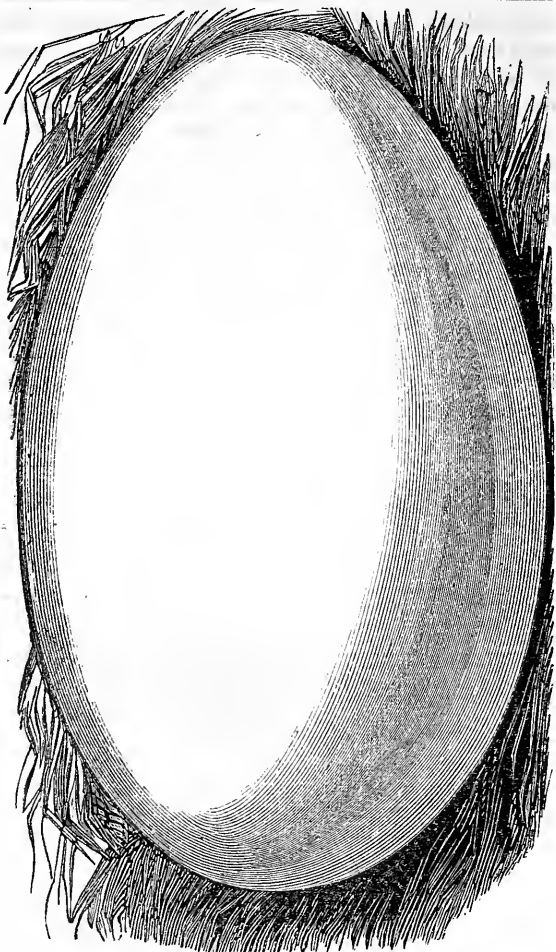
* Published also in the *S. F. Herald* of May 5th, 1859.

has been known to the scientific world since mentioned by Shaw, in 1779, the eggs have never been met with nor properly described from nature, but simply from hearsay. Both Douglass (1827) and Town-

send (1837), as related in Audubon, failed in discovering its nest or ever getting to see its eggs; nor (as far as we are aware) has any person since their time described it from nature. Consequently its identification and description, from undoubted specimens, becomes a great desideratum among naturalists, from its being the egg of the second largest of flying birds, and hitherto unknown, from the extreme difficulty and expense of pursuing the parent bird to its incubating haunts. In this note we shall be enabled to clear up all doubts on this mooted point; for Douglass assumed and stated dramatically, that the color of the egg was "*jet black*"—from some Indian conversations which, probably, he did not understand, or was purposely deceived by the Indians. All the orders sent from Europe and the United States, to procure the eggs for the Cabinets and

Museums of the curious, learned or rich, or of Governments, seem to have hitherto failed.

One of the rancheros of the Carmelo, in hunting among the highest peaks of the Santa Lucia range, during the last week of April present, disturbed two Condors from their nests, and at great risk of breaking his neck, etc., brought away a young bird of six or seven days old, and also an egg—the egg from one tree, and the chick from another. There



From Nature.

W. M. Ord, pinxt, Monterey, April, 1853.

EGG OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, NATURAL SIZE.

was, properly speaking, no nest; but the egg was laid in the hollow of a tall old robles-oak, in a steep baranca, near the summit of one of the highest peaks, in the vicinity of the Tularcitos, near a place called Conejos. The birds are said, by some hunters, not to make nests, but simply to lay their eggs on the ground, at the foot of old trees, or on the bare rocks of solitary peaks; others say they lay in old eagles' and buzzards' nests, while some affirm they make nests of sticks and

moss; but the truth seems to be, they make no nests. The entire egg weighed ten and a-half ounces, and the contents eight and three-quarter ounces. The color of the egg-shell is what painters call "dead, dull white;" the surface of the shell is not glossy, but slightly roughened, as in the sea-pelican's eggs, but not so much. The figure is very nearly a perfect ellipse, being a model of form and shape in itself. It measured four and a half inches in length by two and three-eighth inches in breadth (diameter), and was eight and three-quarter inches in circumference around the middle. The egg-shell, after the contents were emptied, (which were as clear, fine, bright and in-

odorous as those of a hen's egg, with a bright, yellow yolk,) held as much as nine fluid ounces of water. Before the egg was opened it sunk, on being placed in water—probably from its being very recently impregnated. Some of the old hunters say the egg is excellent eating—this one certainly had not the faintest musky odor, nor the slightest foreign smell.

The collection of birds' eggs in the United States and Europe, by *savans*, and the rich and curious who are bird-bitten, has become as much a *rabia* and rage as was that of shells; and, rather curiously, it centres more in collections from the California birds, just now, than those



From Nature.

W. M. Ord, pinat, Monterey, April, 1859.

THE OLD FEMALE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

Reg. #28,034(4x5) (includes caption)

from any other country. Any one, with a fully identified and arranged series of California birds' eggs, could get a handsome figure for the set in New York, Boston, Paris, or London. Only think, there are schools of philosophers who make a study of birds' eggs; they call it Oology, and threaten to make very big books out of it.

The young Condor mentioned above is from five to seven days old, and weighed ten ounces. [The weights used in this paper are avordupois.] The whole skin of this chick is of an ochrous yellow, and covered with a dull white, fine down; the beak was colored, the same as in the old birds—the skin of the head and neck entirely bare of down, and of ochrous yellow—the color of the legs of a deeper shade than that of the body; it had the musky smell of the old birds; the size and appearance similar to that of a two-month old goslin; it had only been dead a couple of hours.

The young is a male; the craw or dilatation of the gullet, filled with some kind of comminuted meat. The stomach was filled with undigested fibres of oat-straw, oat grains, pieces of acorns, excrement of mice or squirrels, small pieces of stones, wood and earth. It is not known how the parent bird feeds the young.

The egg is a little smaller at one end than the other—in fine, an egg of elegant shape and form. The egg shell is about three times the thickness of a turkey's egg.

My old friend, Capt. John B. R. Cooper, who knew David Douglass, when he was in California, in 1829–30, says that Douglass searched in vain for the eggs of the Condor, in all his travels in California.

We are thus particular, in describing this egg and the young, as they are of great interest among naturalists, from not having been described before, at least so far as we can ascertain from the latest authorities in reach, all of which are par-

ticularly directed to California subjects. The above detailed description is from nature, at any rate; if it has been noted from the same mirror heretofore, it has not come under our cognizance.

ALXR. S. TAYLOR.

Monterey, 28th April, 1859.

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.*

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

The following notes of Nov. 1854, in the *California Farmer*, have been revised and corrected to the date of March, 1859, on the great Condor of Northwest America:

A fine specimen of this bird was killed on the beach at Monterey, a few days ago. As it has never been described before (to our knowledge) with accuracy, and as the scientific books of Natural History are as unsatisfactory and incomplete as the tales of peripatetic hunters, we shall take Mother Nature as she shows herself in this huge, feathery embodiment of creation, as our guide and pattern.

An imperfect description was given by us of this bird in the *S. F. Herald*, of December 12, '52. The present specimen being killed near our house, we are enabled, with a more extended knowledge of its habits, to give a careful and detailed history of the creature.

The bird before us is a male, and weighed when killed, 20 lbs. avoirdupois. The following are its dimensions and proportions: From beak to the end of tailfeathers, 4 feet 6 inches; from tip to tip of wing, stretched out, 8 feet 4 inches; one wing, 3 feet 3 inches; tail feathers, 12 in number and 15 inches long; from ruffle on the neck to vent, 2 feet 9 inches. It has 32 brachial feathers on each wing; the 5 long outer wing feathers measure 2 feet 5 inches each; its breadth across the breast bone is 8 inches; under the wings it has a long triangular layer of white

*Published simultaneously in the *Cal. Farmer*.

feathers, and the outside of the lower part of the mid wing feathers is also tipped white.

The head, down to the commencement of the beak, is covered with a beautiful lemon-colored loose skin. The beak, which is a horny white, is 1-6-8 inch long, and curved over the lower bill, with a point as hard as iron, having a waved edge, toothed like the Condor of Peru, sharp as a knife; the under mandible is a perfect half cylinder, into which fits with the nicest accuracy a hollow tongue of the same shape. This tongue is a curious feature, being 1 7-8 inch long by $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch broad, and is serrated with a hardened edging inclining down the gullet, which the bird uses with great force and power in reducing its food for digestion previous to swallowing.

The head is 7 inches long, and is barred over with a triangular shaped band of black featherets like small, short camels, hair pencils, on a naked white skin.—Across the crown, it measures 3 inches, and is 3 inches from edge of skull to edge of lower jaw bone. The neck is bare of feathers, is of a pale, dirty flesh color, and is 7 inches from base of the skull to the ruffle at the root of the neck. This ruffle is composed of stiff, broad feathers, having elongated points, into which its neck is buried when at rest.

Its legs are of a dirty white color and scaly, and measure 10 inches from the knee joint to the end of the claw of the main toe. The feet consists of blunt claws, four toes, which are armed with strong, black claws; its middle toe is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, which includes a claw of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length; the hind toe with claw is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. The breadth of the foot across the palm is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The length of the legs from the hip joint to the end of the middle toe is 15 inches.

The egg of the bird, as I am informed by a fifteen-year resident of California, is 3 inches broad by 5 inches long; about one-fifth larger than a goose egg. Its color is a pale blue, spotted brown, and is nearly as thick as an ostrich egg. The same person informs me that the female lays only one egg during a season, (others inform me it lays two) and makes its nest on the ground in the ravines of the mountains, and generally near the roots of the redwood and pine trees. It is three months before the young bird can fly. The eye of the bird is 1 inch long by 1 inch broad, and weighs $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce;

the iris is a beautiful light pink. The brain is shaped like a heart flattened, and weighs 1 ounce; it measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in breadth and length. The heart, lungs and liver are nearly the dimensions of a year-old pig; its gut is short and white; the gall bladder is 6-8 of an inch long.

The bird when erect stands over 4 feet from the ground, and, from its huge wings, when spread out or even closely folded, looks a mountain of dark feathers. The feathers are of a uniform dusky brown black color, with the exceptions mentioned. The body is covered closely with a long lead-colored feathery down, with a thick skin (or hide rather) which is underlaid over the whole body, and particularly its under part, with a compact layer of bright yellow fat of a strong musky smell. The meat is of a bright arterial red, and with large flakes of air cells under the wings and breast sides, copiously fills out the contour of the animal. The muscular and bony development of the wings, neck, head and legs, is intense, which gives it immense strength and power in flight, and in attacking its prey or devouring its food.

Such is the description from nature of the "Sarcorampus Californianus," or Condor of the Rocky Mountains and the Northwest.

This bird is closely allied to the Condor of the Andes, but is distinct in features and habits from the Cathartes tribe, with which it has been confounded, and which are rarely more than one third its size. It soars at elevations of six to sixteen thousand feet, and is found throughout the length and breadth of the Rocky Mountains, both Californias, Sonora, Sinaloa, and Pacific Mexico, the Sierras of both Californias, the Northwest Coasts, and is often seen near San Francisco. It is particularly fond of fish, and is often found on the sea-shore watching for fish thrown on the beach, or even steals from the Indians when catching salmon and mountain trout in the lakes and rivers of the Great Plains and of the Coast. A dead whale thrown ashore is sure to bring some of them in sight, and a hunter killing a deer in the mountains is confident of their appearance as soon as the beast is wounded. They are also said to attack wounded deer and other animals, and kill them, and sometimes to carry off alive smaller creatures. They are also stated to carry off fish caught in river, sea and lake shallows; and though they will eat

dead meat, they will not, like the buzzard, eat carrion—but this last is a mistake. When hungry they are exceedingly difficult of approach, but when gorged with food they are stupid, and fly or move with slow unwieldy motions. They soar at great heights in circles, like the Buzzard, without moving their wings; but on a straight line, they fly and sail by starts and flaps at intervals of two or three minutes. Its range of vision is probably as extensive as that of the Andean Condor, which is said to sight its objects at a greater distance than any other living creature.

There is said to be another species of the California Condor or Vulture, which is stated to be of the same size and general features, and is found in Southern and Lower California, and Northern and Middle Mexico, in the arid or elevated districts. This variety is described as having a brownish red carbuncle or comb on the head, like the Condor of the Andes. It is asserted by some of my friends who have hunted over the first mentioned districts, to be sometimes seen in the neighborhood of Los Angeles and San Diego; but as yet we have never met with it. Some writers on Natural History have assumed that the California Condors are stray members of the Southern flock, who have escaped North from their haunts in Ecuador and Peru; but this evidently is a mistake, as the Great Condor of the Andes is figured in the work of Cuvier, on the "Regne Animal," as having long outer white wing feathers, and with a carbuncle, which makes it entirely different in plumage and appearance from ours.

The Condor family has this difference from the Vulture tribe, inasmuch as it is an inhabitant of the volcanic, elevated prairie and arid districts of the American continent; whereas, the true Vulture is more an inhabitant of the stinking, alluvial forest and coast districts of the tropics and intertropics. As scientific travellers extend themselves over the world, doubtless they will find in the elevated waterless countries of Australia, Asia and Africa, and the mountains of Borneo and New Guinea, analagous varieties of the American bird, which are peculiarly fitted by nature for living in regions where no dense vegetation of the earth's surface obscures the vision. We have often thought that the great Roc of Captain Sinbad—who fortunately dropped him, in a happy California mood of treasure giv-

ing, in a valley of lustrous diamonds—as an Arabian Night's exaggeration of some unknown and undescribed class of Asiatic Condors. As more than one of Sinbad's fables are beginning to be looked upon as truths in disguise since the discovery of California gold, it may perchance be considered a wise hint to our dissatisfied and restless prospectors, to train our native Roc with chunks of glutinous fresh meat, sufficient to bear the weight of a bristled miner, and soar away into the upper regions with man and camp equipage, to voyage on until he can descry the secret valley at the bottom of which lie those celebrated crystals of egg-shaped diamonds, which have haunted the imaginations of philosophers and Californians since the year of grace, 1848. At any rate, if the rich valley is not found, the voyager, if he can get down, will have the honor of seeing and feeling more than any other of the sons of Adam, and be a constant object of admiration to the daughters of Eve, to whom belong, by prescription, the descendants of adventurous Sinbad, and the sons of hairy Neptune and Nimrod, the famed hunter before the Lord, when giants dwelt on the earth; the bones of whose earthly tabernacles may yet be found in some of the curious caves near the mammoth trees of Calaveras. Thus it will doubtless be found on trial, that there is nothing even in feathered animation but may be subjected by the Lords of American Creation, to some purposes of use or gain.

Since writing the foregoing, some other points have been gathered from old hunters and trappers, which as they generally agree, are worthy of record.

One of these Robin Hood men informs me, that three years ago he caught two young Condors in the Redwoods of Santa Cruz county, and kept them over a month. When young, they are covered with a dirty white down, and have a strong smell; and are three months old before they fly.

The female lays two eggs in a year, which are hatched in about six weeks, near the middle of March; the eggs weigh about twelve ounces, and are the best kind of eating of the egg kind.—They sometimes lay on the ledges of high rocks, but quite as often on tall trees, in the old nests of hawks and eagles. The placer diggers of Northern Mexico use the quills for putting their gold dust in. Three of these birds will eat a deer, and

when they attack a man or animal in defence, will nick a lump of flesh out in a minute. The barrel of the outer wing feathers is four inches long by three-eighths of an inch in diameter; when the bird is standing, the long wing feathers will overlap those of the tail more than 6 inches.

The upper beak is of a horny white, with a thick, sharp, solid curved-down and pointed end, and overlaps the lower by $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch. The beaks are fully 1-16th of an inch thick. The ear is $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch long, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the eye at the termination of the upper jaw bone.

When flying, the white band of the wings does not extend over the breast, but the breast and belly appears as an intermission of black. They float in the air, rather than sail, and their motions aloft form the most elegant and graceful feature of the bird's habits—fit object for any fair lady to ride a hundred miles to see.

On the 13th inst., at one o'clock in the afternoon, some object attracted a flock of the Condors. At first, one suddenly appeared, but in the course of fifteen minutes I observed twenty of them, circling at an altitude of some four thousand feet, and immediately over the beach. When in the air, they may be distinguished with a spy-glass from the Buzard, by the white band under the wings. They are generally seen on the sea shore at Monterey, in the latter fall months, in clear weather; but sometimes they make their appearance in a foggy atmosphere. As they come, so they go—a company will be out of sight in fifteen minutes. They appear "to drop from some cavern in the sky," as described of the Vulture of South Africa, by Le Vaillant, many years since.

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge and follows:
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck and then a vulture,
Till the air is filled with pinions.

So disasters come not singly,
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise,
Round their victims, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.—*Hiawatha.*

[To be Continued.]

THE PIONEER SCHOOLS OF CALIFORNIA.

Our young State has sprung into maturity with a rapidity that renders her an anomaly in the history of communities. A decade of years has witnessed her settlement, an immediate admission into the confederacy without a preliminary territorial organization, and an unprecedented development of institutions which has been the result of an age in the old States. In agriculture and commerce, she has already outstripped many of the original thirteen, which had upwards of seventy years for advancement, before California commenced her career. The future historian will trace, with much interest, our origin and singular progress; and the antiquarian garner up, as choice treasures, the early incidents of the golden era, which to us may now appear common and trivial. It may, therefore, be a sufficient apology, to notice, at this early day, the origin and rapid maturity of one of our most important institutions, upon which, by its elevating influence upon our entire population, will mainly depend the successful operation and perpetuity of our republican form of government. We refer to our Free Common Schools.

The history of our institutions for the last seventy years, has taught us that they cannot flourish in the absence of intelligence and sound morality among the people. Hence the importance of our Free Common Schools cannot well be exaggerated. By them, the key of knowledge is placed in the hands of every American youth, and these rudiments of knowledge will form the basis of a thorough practical education to thousands, who may by poverty or secular pursuits, be deprived of the advantages of higher seminaries of learning. An examination into the early life of a great number of the prominent men who have in this country held

high positions in the State, and adorned the learned professions, will be found to have been graduates of our Common Schools; in other words, to have been self-made men. This result could never have been obtained where the rudiments of learning were not universally enjoyed.

It may be interesting to examine the early educational efforts in this State, and particularly the origin of the free school system established in this western portion of our country, on the New England model. And this review is the more desirable, as, from some unaccountable cause, the facts in regard to this matter have been most singularly misstated by speakers on several public occasions, and also by writers, who certainly had the means within their reach, of obtaining a correct knowledge of the character of all our pioneer schools. The writer of the article on education, in the "Annals of San Francisco," is incorrect in some important particulars relative to the origin of our Common Schools.

The subject of education was first publicly discussed here about the commencement of the year 1847, and the attention of the public was called to the importance of establishing a school; but no effectual action was taken for the accomplishment of this object for more than a year afterwards.

In the meantime, during the following April, a private school was commenced by a Mr. Marston, in a small building towards the North Beach, which numbered some thirty pupils, and was continued about a year. It was supported by receipts for tuition. This humble beginning, though perhaps not very efficient, deserves the credit of being the first English school in this city, and probably in the State.

Immediately after the organization of the first town council, in September of this year, a committee was appointed by that body, consisting of Wm. A. Leidesdorf, William Glover, and Wm. S. Clark, to take measures for the erection of a school house. As the result of this movement, the newspaper announced its completion about the last of December, and which early residents will recollect as standing on the south-west corner of Portsmouth square. Although a sad looking piece of architecture, yet it eventually

served many useful and important city purposes for several succeeding years.

At a town meeting, convened on the 21st of February, 1848, a board of trustees was elected, composed of the following citizens: Dr. F. Fourgeaud, Dr. J. Townsend, C. L. Ross, J. Serrine, and Wm. H. Davis. In the following March, they engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Douglass, as teacher, who, on the 3d of April, opened a school in the house erected for the purpose. His salary was fixed at \$1,000 per annum, to be paid mainly from receipts for tuition. The council appropriated \$400, one-half to be paid at the end of six months, and the remainder at the close of the year, provided there was a deficiency. The school contained about forty scholars. Mr. Douglass was a graduate of an eastern college, and was an efficient and well qualified teacher. At the commencement of this school, the number of children in the town, between the ages of five and sixteen, was about sixty, in a population of 850. This school, so auspiciously commenced, was interrupted, and finally broken up, by the intense gold excitement of that memorable era, in about two months from its commencement.

During the fall of 1848, a small school, of about fifteen or twenty scholars, was again commenced in the school house, by Mr. C. Christian, which continued about ten weeks.

The town remained without school privileges until April 23d, 1849, when Rev. Albert Williams opened a private school, in the same place, containing about twenty-five scholars, and which continued until Sept. 20th.

The foregoing is believed to be a correct enumeration of all the schools which had existed in this city up to the time of the close of that of Mr. Williams. They were all supported by tuition fees, and however beneficial they might have been in that emergency, they have no claim to be styled free schools. Indeed, that taught by Mr. Douglass, was the only one of a public character. The honor of establishing the first Free Common School, strictly on the plan of the New England system, belongs to Mr. John C. Pelton, who, by his exertions and sacrifices to effect this cherished object, justly deserves this enviable distinction. In a future number, we shall notice the efforts made in successfully introducing this feature into our Pacific schools.

TWO FAMOUS WOMEN;

CLEOPATRA OF EGYPT AND JOAN OF ARC.

BY MRS. M. HOSMER.

FAR away in that dim and pleasant region, into which we can journey any twilight, when our hearts are still, and we can hear the tapping of Memory at its door,—Memory, that patient guide, that waits ever to lead us through the past,—there live always two famous women, famous both in their beauty and in their power, and in their glory, being lifted up above and beyond the people of their day; and in the manner of their death, they having thereby paid the inevitable debt incurred by all of womankind, who drink the “charmed cup of Fame,” and died by violence.

From that sombre wood amid whose boskage their shadowy forms gleamed in the dream of Fair Women, let them arise and stand before us. The Queen of Egypt and the Maid of Orleans. The one, in all the gorgeous magnificence of the East, the dark splendor of her beauty dazzling and delighting; the other, calm and severe in face and outline, an armed figure, firm and defiant; a woman's face, gentle and fair, wrapt in heavenly visions, and dreams of more than mortal import.

Egypt saw troublous days in Cleopatra's childhood. It was an envied possession, on which the Roman conqueror cast a longing eye. Ptolemy Auletes was to be its last regal sovereign, and a foreboding shadow, the coming dissolution of a great power, hung like the sword of Damocles above his trembling throne. There had been exile and bloodshed; Berenice had worn her father's crown, and yielded up her life in payment for the borrowed bauble. There had been schism and treason among the people, groaning and complaints beneath an unwelcome yoke, and rebellion under a forced submission. The times were dreary and changeful; the Egyptians trusted

neither the Romans nor their king. Auletes, they knew, had bought with gold the friendship of Cæsar and Pompey, and they neither feared or respected the purchased power. In these days the king died, and Cleopatra was fatherless, and joint ruler of Egypt.

Joan of Domremi, was a little dreamer; a child who listened breathlessly to catch her mother's chanted legends of olden time, as she plied her busy distaff. One who neither joined in the dancing or singing of the villagers, but watched the mists that rose from the fairies' fountain, or lay dreaming at the base of the image of Our Lady of Domremi, in the hillside chapel.

A timid, shrinking girl, she was, and yet a bold, fearless, and undismayed enthusiast; such an one as might, in the days of a nation's peace and prosperity, have lived a quiet, unmarked life, full of earnest piety, and deep devotions, but in the hours of darkness and trouble, arose like Jael of old, to deliver her people. France, like Egypt, fourteen centuries before, lay in abeyance. Besieged by English forces, divided within by contending interests, and but poorly defended by native valor. Its trembling monarch yet uncrowned, grasped a sceptre, half wrenched from his hand by the English king. In the heart of his dominions he sought refuge, whilst his villages were pillaged, and his rivers flashed red in the sun with the blood of his slaughtered subjects. When all was confusion and fear, when the horrors of war were abroad, and every eye turned appealingly to the weak and powerless monarch, surrounded by his weak and thoughtless court, then, Joan of Domremi arose, and sought the royal presence, to lay before the king her mighty visions, that foretold and pointed the way to victory and achievement.

Cleopatra's, and her brother's claim, were to be judged by Cæsar. They did not trust his unswayed justice, but sought

an advocate; one whose eloquence might shape the thoughts of Cæsar, and guide his decree in their favor. A learned Egyptian pleaded the cause of Ptolemy; Cleopatra stood before him in her own defence, and beguiled the Roman's ear, and wiled away his heart.

Joan and Cleopatra, two brave and fearless women, stand before a king, and there the likeness ceases. Both had dared much to gain admittance there. The Queen of Egypt, in a little boat, crossed a wild sea, tossed by the fierce Etesian winds. Joan had withstood her mother's prayers, her friends' entreaties, the unbelieving scorn of those whose aid she sought, repulses, doubt, and disrespect; but like the Egyptian, she had much to gain, and like her, knew no fear.

In coming there, both left behind them a part in life never to be resumed. The royal robes of Egypt, Cleopatra laid aside, and wrapt herself in foreign merchandize, being borne upon the shoulders of Apollodorus, as a gift to Cæsar.

Joan put off her peasant's dress, her cap and petticoat, forever, and donning the martial trappings of an armed man, thenceforward lost all outward semblance of womanhood.

As the leader of an army, and the inspirer of bold men's hearts, dashing through the heat of conflict, and waving aloft her gleaming sword, she had no more to do with shy and timid maiden grace, or the quiet duties of her hamlet life. Nor was Cleopatra any more a free untrammelled queen, being ever after, the slave of passion.

When Charles of France received the Maid of Orleans, he stood among his courtiers, and beheld a girl, with all the innocent loveliness of youth about her, dressed as an armed knight, enter, and come towards him. Unawed by the magnificence around her, with no touch of faltering or irresolution, (her mission and its sanctity threw over her the conscious-

ness of dignity and power;) and so she knelt before the king, and showed him how to win his coronation, and the people peace.

At the feet of Cæsar, Apollodorus laid his lovely burden, and kneeling, he unrolled rich silks and tapestry from the looms of Tyre and Sidon, scarfs from Babylon, and cloth of gold, and gossamer drapery from Coa. Up-springing from their midst, in all her ripe and glorious beauty, rose Cleopatra, and smiled at Cæsar as one who would not be resisted.

From Troyes to Rheims, to fulfil the promised coronation of Charles Seventh, rode Joan of Arc, at the head of her victorious army, and people thronged to greet her. She sat on a black charger, dressed in bright and glancing armor, bearing in one hand her sacred standard; the other grasped her consecrated sword, from the altar of St. Catharine. With all the power and inspiration of courage and genius, she had led on her soldiers, and dashed through danger as a mist, that dissolved in the gleaming of her up-raised sword. The impulsive troops hailed her as something almost divine, and followed in impetuous admiration wherever she led. What had seemed at first her wild disordered fancies, had from her success, become celestial visions and prophetic warnings. All bowed in reverence before her snowy banner, with its golden lilies, and she rode on amidst acclamations and rejoicings.

She was young and beautiful, and journeying to the goal of her desire; the massive gates of Rheims swung open before her, and she entered the ancient city as a conqueror. In the old Cathedral, the pride and flower of France assembled together, to consummate her mission and crown their sovereign. At the Altar, amid lofty pealing strains of music, the flashing of armor, the glittering of jewels, floating of plumes and trailing of rich velvet and royal ermine, at the king's

right hand, stood the peasant girl, who had fed her flocks on the hillside, and lay dreaming in the summer sun. She stood, and as the ascending shout rent the still air, and echoed through the dome, she bowed her head, and felt her task fulfilled. Her lord, the king, was crowned, and truly a sovereign; the siege was raised; the English were repulsed from their strongholds; and she was content. She tasted the few delightful drops in the exhilarating draught of glory, and trembled with the wild electric thrill, that responds in every heart to the intense enthusiasm they have excited. They shouted her name; they blessed her; they knelt to her; they adored her as a saint. As for her, she wept and prayed. Aye, she besought the king to let her go back to her father and her mother, and tend again the herds that browsed on the plains of Domremi. With one voice, the people cried out against it, and bending before her, the king entreated that she would continue to aid them. Her family were ennobled; gifts were lavished on her; the people hailed her with lofty titles; and she trembled at the greatness bestowed upon her. Thus she reached the hill-top of her destiny, and began to descend again on the other side.

Cleopatra journeyed in splendor along the bosom of the Nile to Tarsus. Her silver-oared galley, her cloth of gold canopy, her rich robes, wrought with diamonds, pearls, and sapphires, have been the theme of song and story. Her gorgeous beauty, the splendid lustre of her eyes, her rich hair's dark magnificence, the lithe grace and luxuriant mould of her exquisite form, are known to all, just as we know that flowers are lovely, or that there is perfume in a rose.

All her grandeur was of her own creation, there was nothing noble, so there was no simplicity about her. She gloried in rich raiment, and grand spectacles, because in all this witchery of the senses,

lay her power. To charm the eye and lure the heart, these were her attributes.

She journeyed to meet a warrior, a Roman hero, "the man Marc Antony;" and she came armed with all the deep subtlety of her bewitching smile, and the dark glances of her glorious eyes, as true and keen as any javelin. He met her at "the silver Cydnus" brink, and thence she led him captive, bound in invisible chains.

Feasted and flattered, lulled with soft music, charmed with brilliant pageants, astounded by wild profusion, and mad prodigality of wealth, pledged in pearl draughts, and served on plates of gold, he was no longer a free Roman, being ruled and beguiled by the Egyptian Circe.

Cleopatra, to gain this supremacy, became herself a slave, laboring ceaselessly, lest one link in this chain of fascination should break, and he escape her thralldom.

Through Tarsus, Tyre, and Alexandria, they went, still revelling and banqueting, and their days flew by like butterflies through a rare garden; till the Parthian war in Syria called him, and she loosed the chain, or lengthened it, and let him go, for her fortune had not gained its zenith yet, and she strove not altogether for pleasure, but for power also. Returning to her after years had given him extended power, he laid the trophies of his battles at the feet of Cleopatra, and all their joyous revelry resumed, she reigned supreme. Once more the wondering world beheld their gay magnificence. Invention and ingenuity were taxed to yield them new delights; there was no thought but for pleasure and enjoyment. From this dalliance, Antony roused himself to conquer Armenia, and brought back its captive king. Laden with chains of gold, he dragged him at his chariot wheels, to pleasure Egypt's dark-eyed queen, who ruled his heart.

Then Cleopatra reached the point,

around which all the hopes and dreams of her life centered—her coronation. In the court of her Alexandrian Palace, on a massive throne of solid gold, she sat at the right hand of Antony. The asbeston robes of Isis were gathered round her; the diadem of Persia wreathed with lotus, crowned her head, and her hand held the rattling sistrum.

She heard the heralds proclaim her queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, and Libya. Her sun had reached its height in the heavens, her life was at its mid-day, and all was brightness. The world of Alexandria was dazzled by its beams, and the streets rung with victorious shouts and triumphant acclamations.

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In the crowded market place of Rouen, on a scaffold formed of faggots, the Maid of Orleans, chained to a stake, stood ready to die. She had yielded, despite her own presentiments, to the entreaties of the king, and led the army to the relief of Paris. Her self-imposed task ended on the day of the coronation at Rheims, but though a warrior, she was still a woman; so when they prayed her not to forsake them, she listened to their petition, and sacrificed herself. Through doubt and danger, she struggled on, till at the closed gate at Compiègne, she was torn from her horse by a Picard archer, and delivered to the English. By them she had been tried for sorcery, and failing to convict, they had condemned her. After long months of weary pining in a noisome prison, they led her forth to a death of torture. "Rouen, Rouen, and must I die here!" she cried, as the full warm sunlight of its crowded streets dazzled her unaccustomed eyes; but nevertheless, she quailed not, but with a firm step ascended the death-cart, and passed onward with an undaunted mien towards the place of execution.

A death pang, or great agony, precedes the parting of every soul, and standing

by her funeral pyre, it fell darkly upon Joan. She remembered her old home, the green and sloping hillside, where she had lain dreaming beside her browsing herd; the sunny valley through which she had wandered; the little stone chapel where she had knelt, praying in the fullness of her young, happy heart; and all the fond companions of her girlhood. Her martial triumphs, seemed a vague and floating dream, and a dizzy doubt seized her mind as to the truth of all the horrors that surrounded her. "They will pass away," she prayed, "and I shall find myself in the old cottage, listening to my mother's evening hymn." 'Twas but the moment's wavering, e'er she could compass the dread reality, that from its very terror, grew indistinct before her. Sight returned, and she beheld the armed troops, her stern, relentless judges, her dread accusers, the stake, and its pendant chains. Lifting up her voice, she wept aloud, and wrung her hands in desolate misery. But this, too, passed away, and she grew strong again. Aye, she died bravely, and her last words, to those who strove to wring from her tortured lips, a recantation of her inspired trust, were in defiance and rebuke. "Though they should tear off her limbs, and pluck out her soul from her body," she cried, "they could force her to say nothing else." She died in all humility and faith, a trusting, prayerful christian. She knelt amongst the faggots that were to consume her, and implored pardon for her sins from God and man. She forgave her enemies, and entreated the priests that stood about her, that they should say a mass for her poor soul.

When the tormenting and devouring flames flashed up around her, wrapping her in their pitiless gleams, with a crucifix clutched to her lips, her yells of mortal anguish were stifled into prayers, and she sank down on her glowing death-bed, with her poor scorched eye-balls turned

in a last wordless orison to the bright heaven to which she wended such a fiery path.

And thus she died, far away from her own home and kindred, in the midst of a mocking multitude, and in deadly torture. Where she died, an armed statue of her now stands, and her name is a sacred watchword to every heart in France. Her old home is a shrine at which pilgrims rest to pray, and every trace of the holy maid is preserved, and held most highly.

Cleopatra, drunk with power, and sated with gratified pride, lost the keen subtlety that had guided her ambition, and in very folly, lured Antony from his warrior bent, when their fortunes were at stake.

At Samos, and at Athens, they feasted and reveled, whilst at Rome, all was warlike preparation; and Octavius and young Cæsar, with mighty fleets, swept the sea. At Actium where Antony gave them battle, she knew that all was lost, and fled back to Alexandria; where, after a last desperate struggle to impede the progress of the advancing conquerors, Antony died by his own hand and sword. Then she hid herself within a mighty tomb, which she had built by Isis's Temple. In the gloomy depths of its sombre shade, she arrayed herself in queenly robes of rich magnificence, bordered with gold and studded with jewels. Seated there, in awful, solemn grandeur, she looked back drearily on what was past, and shrunk fearfully from what was yet to come. Alone and friendless, robbed of pomp and power, her youth and beauty nearly sped, her charms and allurements darkened by the "deadly sorrow charactered in her face," nothing was left her but to add to young Cæsar's glory as a conqueror, to walk in chains through the streets of Rome, after his mighty chariot. Rome, to be whose mistress, was the dream of her soul, the great ambition of her life! This could not be. She had "ridden on

fortune's neck" like an immortal goddess. Her life had been one blaze of splendor; it could not pale, little by little, till its weakened ray expired in the darkness of death. Far better quench it suddenly. And so, as amongst her other lore, she was a cunning alchemist, and knew the power of every poisonous thing, she bade a faithful slave fetch her an asp. Reclining in splendor, her brows crowned with the insignia of her vanished royalty, the flash of wondrous gems adding lustre to her dimmed beauty, and the priceless robes of the immortal Isis floating round her, she folded death, in the asp's form, to her bosom, and was content to die. In a lofty tomb, surrounded by funereal splendor, Cleopatra perished, although "unqueened a queen." They found her lying there, "her crown about her brows," though cold and dead, still stately, and magnificent. The pure and sainted maid of Orleans, whose guiltless memory has neither speck nor stain, died not so grandly.

Both were women of intense enthusiasm, and undaunted courage; but where cunning aided the Egyptian, a lofty inspiration was the guide of Joan's life. Grandeur, luxury, and lavish splendor, were the auxiliaries of Cleopatra's success, whilst a severe and martial simplicity of dress and manner, a perfect absence of art or allurement, an earnest fervor and exalted devotion, shone like a halo round the "Light of ancient France."

Beautiful and unscrupulous, Cleopatra sacrificed herself in her victories, and in every flight of her ambition, first trailed her pinions in the dust of sensuality. Joan, pure as the lilies embroidered on her snowy banner, passed through the smoke and din of battle, with the unblemished courage of a brave warrior, and the tempering mercy and pity of an angel. Attending the wounded and praying with the dying, with the gentle sympathy of womanhood, then vaulting on her black

charger, waving aloft her unsheathed sword, and rushing into danger at the head of armed troops, with as free and martial a bearing as any knight in Christendom, an already noble cause, through her, became exalted. For herself, she claimed nothing but the lowly home she had left to lead her king to his coronation.

In her victory and renown, Cleopatra forgot at once her wisdom and her courage, and yielding to folly and base pleasure, proved herself wanting in the genius of ambition. Nevertheless, although not noble, she was very grand, and could not be degraded, so she died. A quiet, gloomy death, a slow pain eating into her cold, despairing heart; no throes of agony, no cries or tears, but a numb, cheerless waiting at Death's awful portal, till the gate should be opened to her, an unbidden guest. As there was no conflict, so there followed no peace, and they who found her robed and crowned, saw no gleam of light upon her stark cold face, save the sad triumph of despair.

Joan bewailed her doom, as bitterly as did Jephtha's daughter, that highest pattern of woman's courage and devotion. She was young and innocent, and life being without wrong and remorse, was full of sweetness to her. Therefore, she wept and lamented, that by such fierce agony, she should be deprived of it. Yet clinging to existence as she did, she prayed ceaselessly that Heaven would receive and pity her unwilling soul.

Art, cunning, and subtlety, marked every achievement of the Queen of Egypt, and her death, which was in some wise a victory, more distinctly than all. By it she foiled Octavius, and robbed the conquering pageant of Cæsar, of its chiefest ornament, and most desired possession. Walking in chains behind his chariot, through the streets of Rome, she, the enslaver, led a captive, would have lent an unequalled grandeur to his victory. She died to rid herself of an existence, charm-

less, since powerless; but still she grasped death, as a weapon wherewith to stab the pride of Cæsar, and give a last blow to his pomp and glory.

Joan gave her innocent life to satisfy the cruel bigotry of her day, and as her death gained nothing for her beloved France, she shrunk from its terrible tortures, yet in necessity, died bravely; and what is better, full of hope and faith; leaving behind her a memory like a violently crushed flower, full of rare perfume, that fills the air with wondrous odors, when the petals that held them are shrivelled and bloomless.

A DREAM OF THE WILDWOOD.

BY S. H. DRYDEN.

How beautiful, how beautiful the blending
light and shade!

The shadows slept so tenderly, the sun-
shine softly played.

How glorious was that sun-light, as it fell
on leaf and rill—

As it crept so softly, stealthily, along the
green-tuft hill!

I thought, how sad and holy was that
darkly-shaded spot,

Made sweeter by the perfume of the blue
forget-me-not;

And memories came stealing, soft as a
whispered dream,

And, in my spirit kneeling, bowed o'er the
lovely scene.

I listened to the music of nature soft and
sweet,

As the falling leaflet, quivering, came rust-
ling to my feet.

The zephyr-music blended with the wave-
song in the rill,

And in my spirit trembled, with a voice of
"Peace, be still."

But wearily I've wandered, and years have
passed away

Since from my dreaming girlhood have
gone those hours of May;

And dull and changeful shadows are on
my pathway now,
And world-worn thoughts have gathered
within my aching brow.

But when I come, with memory, to view
that spot once more—

To hear the shining ripples come lisp-
ing to the shore—

I rest me 'neath the vine-leaves, with the
shadows o'er my head,

And that dimly blending sunlight; the
violets for my bed.

And fond, sweet thoughts come o'er me,
and my eyes are filled with tears,

For my heart is linked to loved ones, who
blest my girlhood's years;

Their smiles and loving voices would greet
me as before,

But their smile and tender greeting will
never bless me more.

O, thou dark and tangled wildwood! do
glad, free voices come?

And lightly-fleeting footsteps seek out the
floweret's bloom?

Do they wake the sleeping echoes with the
same sweet joyous lay,

As they rest beneath the vine-leaves? and
I so far away!

O! keep thy silent shadows, thy music and
thy flowers,

For I love to link thy beauty to vanished,
faded hours;

To dream, in lonely moments, when tho'ts
lie deep and still,

Of that dimly blending sunlight, and the
wave-song in the rill.

(Concluded from page 521.)

GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

BY ORDELLE C. HOWK.

CHAPTER III.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Shakspeare.*

He reached Downieville in safety, and
hired out at a hundred dollars per month,
to work in a paying claim on the North
Yuba; and in the fall, sent down, wil-

lingly, all his summer's earnings, only
keeping enough to buy a few mining
tools, as he had bought into a claim that
partly belonged to the renowned Major
Downie, which was supposed to be im-
mensely rich. His heart beat high with
hope at such a glittering prospect; and
then, Ilda wrote such good, cheering let-
ters; he would soon be able to visit them;
and who, on terra firma, had as good a
wife, or such pretty children, as George
Somerville. "What a lucky dog," some
disconsolate miner would say, who had
left his home and all he prized, beyond
the two dark treacherous oceans. George
had told them all about Ilda; and they
already looked upon her as a divinity.
But "a change came o'er the spirit of his
dream," the winter set in boisterously,
with snow and hail. What was worse,
his claim entirely failed; and he wan-
dered from place to place, suffering from
cold and exposure, and the lack of the or-
dinary comforts of life. And where was
Ilda? who used once to write such good
letters to her husband? and why had she
now ceased to write at all? Pride, alas!
was changing the good wife into an art-
ful coquette; and now for days not a line
of remembrance did the jolly expressman
carry him, from her, to cheer his exile
and his loneliness.

Ilda was much improved by the climate,
and was really more fascinating than
ever. While Maggie, her mother, was
cooking in the back room, she used to
serve customers at the bar. (This was
considered nothing for a woman to do in
those days.) Then, too, Ilda was beauti-
ful and fascinating, and old Maggie knew
very well that such charms would draw
customers to the house. Among the
many that were lured to the canvas grog-
gery, was Herbert Lincoln, a dashing
young gent, with a good share of conceit,
manly beauty, and an easy, insinuating
address. He belonged to a well known
mercantile firm, on D street, Marysville,

and his income amounted to thousands, at the year's end. Women, then, were quite scarce in the north of California, and Lincoln was soon in love with Ilda. He presented her and the children several costly dresses, and valuable jewelry, and Maggie thought it was all right. Her motto, under all circumstances, was, "get all you can, and keep all you get."

There was to be a grand Masonic ball in town, and Lincoln prevailed on Ilda to accompany him. She went, knowing that George would not blame her for indulging in any little pleasure it would afford her. She wore a low necked, moire antique dress, (a present from Herbert,) and her plump shoulders, neck and face, and luxuriant growth of hair, would have been a fine subject for an artist. Her tiny feet were incased in white satin slippers, and she moved, or rather floated, in the giddy dance like some airy form. Ilda Somerville was voted the belle of the room. She was the target for all eyes; and wherever she went, a murmur of applause greeted her ear. A few only dared to think how presumptuous, or how blameable it was for a married lady to act the coquette. But then, it was California, and you could not wonder at anything! She was flattered by the marked attention shown her, especially by Lincoln, and the more she danced, the more she was praised, and the more excited she became. Her eyes sparkled as brilliantly, under the bewildering glare of the costly chandelier, as did the diamond bracelet upon her bare and finely rounded arm; and when tired with the fatigue of the whirling waltz and quadrille, Herbert Lincoln drew her arm within his own, and led her to an open balcony that was quite deserted. He had drunk Ilda's health too many times that night, and the wine made him so excited, that his manner was bordering upon familiarity. He gently led her to a seat, and, unobserved, he clasped one willing arm about her pretty waist,

and with the other, he nervously clasped the jeweled hand that listlessly lay by her side, and before she could extricate herself, or offer a remonstrance, Herbert Lincoln had kissed the pouting lips; and convulsively clasped the timid wife to his beating bosom. She could not believe her senses—she seemed unresistingly impelled down the wild maelstrom of ruin and destruction. A strange fatality seemed, to her, to be weaving its blinding spell about her. She would have arisen and retraced her steps to the ball room, but, alas! she hesitated, and her feet refused to carry her, and she remained a willing slave.

This was the first time the devoted wife and tender mother had stepped aside from the paths of rectitude, but she could never retrace them. She listened to Lincoln's burning words of love, like one in a trance, as she heard him distinctly say, "Ilda, I love you, nay, madly worship you; I love you with all the wealth of love with which my heart is freighted; George Somerville! forget him; he cares nothing for you, or he would not desert so lovely a being—he has not the capacity of loving you, as he ought; Ilda, dearest Ilda, tear his image from your heart, and return the affection of one, who, if banished from your presence, would pine and die of a sorrowing—lacerated heart." He clasped her form still tighter, and looked down into her bright, bewildered eyes, saying, "speak to me Ilda, but one word, and that will make me the happiest of mortals, and seal my fate forever. Your approval will transport me to the seventh heaven, and your refusal send me to a torturing purgatory. Forget George, the cruel and thoughtless husband, forget him, Ilda; he is not worthy of such purity and loveliness."

At any other time she would have spurned the wretch with loathsome hatred and disgust, who dared to associate George Somerville's name with anything

dishonorable; but he had not written of late, nor sent her any money; and it might be just as Herbert said, "he was not worth remembering;" and had, perhaps, ere this, taken up with some Spanish señorita, and was now lavishing his money on some one that was not as worthy as his wife and children. "Ilda! Ilda! be true to thyself," an inner voice was whispering. "Oh, Ilda, if you could only look upon a ragged, houseless and wandering miner, struggling with poverty, in cold and wet, and hunger, with the lamp of hope growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance; and knew how very much he loved you, or how nervously he started in his dreams, on a hard earth bed, with a sack of straw for a pillow; or at that moment could know how vague and wild, yet fond, were his dreams of home, as an incubus was pressing down his heart with a nameless pain; if you had seen and known all this, you would not have hesitated in giving Herbert Lincoln an answer as quick and as decisive as the lightning's flash—given it to him on the balcony, under the stars whose heavenly eyes looked down upon the inconstant mother and wife, reproving her, who even in thought could wrong so loving a husband as George Somerville."

She began to think with Herbert, that George had wronged her, and that she was no longer the day-star of his existence. It is useless to give in detail the circumstances that followed. Lincoln bribed the Judge with money, and a bill of divorce was fraudulently obtained; and Ilda, with her mother and children, moved into a fashionable house in the suburbs of Marysville, where servants obeyed her slightest wish, and a fine carriage bore her along amid the wondering throng. Some admired and thought her happy; and others thought folly and fashion filled up the vacuum in her pining heart; but where was George Somerville? We will show you in

CHAPTER IV.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charms can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

While Ilda was trying to forget herself in the maelstrom of gaiety and fashion, George, the forsaken husband, had heard of Ilda's desertion; but, in the trusting goodness of his fond heart, he could not believe it. He had now struck some good diggings, taken in a partner, and built him a nice little cabin on the north side of the Yuba; everything looked brighter and more prosperous, and all he now thought of was his wife and children.

One night he was sitting more thoughtful than usual, with his head upon his hands, looking into his own heart and the future; there was only two shadows reflected upon the wall, those of himself and his partner, when the stillness was broken by a shrill blast from the expressman's horn as he came down the hill. What an important fellow is this expressman. He brings glad tidings to some, and the death-knell of misery to many a brave heart; and so thought George Somerville, as he sprang to his feet. He seemed intuitively to know that something was in the ponderous saddle-bags for him, and many times asked himself, "is it good or evil tidings I shall receive?" He hardly noticed the heavy stamp, stamp, of the expressman's feet, as he shook off the snow; or the jingle, jingle, of his ponderous Mexican spurs, so lost was he in this uncertain reverie. In another moment the expressman had strode into the cabin, and handed each of the two men a bundle of papers, periodicals and letters, promiscuously together, and before they could scarcely weigh out the amount of express charges in dust, he was off again, his spurs rattling, and his horn tooting, to make others beside George Somerville and his partner, happy or sad, as the mail was just in from the eastern States.

While George's partner was examining his packages from "the old folks at home," George unrolled those for himself: a delicate letter with a well known handwriting made him start; he felt the incubus that had been pressing on his heart, with the nameless pain, was gone; and he was so happy that he unconsciously stroked his long beard, and felt at that moment kindly disposed toward all mankind, and could have taken the world in his arms, providing Ilda and the girls were included. We can, perhaps, picture how his mind was wrought up to maddening frenzy, when he broke the seal, and read as follows:

MARYSVILLE, January 16th, 185-.

George, my injured husband, I am lost to you in this world, and the world to come. Have you made up your mind to forget me? I thought you meant to forsake and not provide for me—but, when it was too late, I knew of your hardships and toil, and your great love for me; forget me; pray do; and I am heartily sorry for the *circumstances* over which no mortal seemed to have any control. George, remember me only as a beautiful dream, too transient, too vapory, to last. If I can atone for the past, I shall do so, by praying for your welfare. The court gave me a divorce, but would not give me the girls; and God only knows, whether you will spare this last and only earthly solace to me. Good bye, and may you forget the old love vows of

ILDA LINCOLN.

Alas! how poor a consolation was this to him whose heart was thus made desolate. Forget her! that could never be. He pressed his hands heavily before his eyes, as though he would shut out the revolting scene that rose before him. When he had calmed himself sufficiently, he handed the fatal note to his partner, and told him to read the miner's doom. Then he reproached himself for all his heavy misfortunes. "If he had not been

lured away by the voice of the golden syren, he would now have been living in domestic bliss." After this tumult of contending emotions had somewhat subsided, there came a reaction, and he felt, keenly and justly felt, that he had been abused. He tore the letter into shreds and stamped it beneath his heel; despair was rousing the demon within him, and it gave him a fearful strength. Yes! he would see her; he would let her see that he cared nothing for such a perfidious wretch; and Herbert Lincoln, the seducer, who stood cursed before God and man, he would slay him before Ilda's eyes, and make her tremble with horror and fear, at his mangled and bloody corpse; and the girls, his own dear children, he would wrench from her grasp, and place a rankling thorn in her side, that would poison the fountain of her life. Yes, he would see her starving, and shake large bags of gold in her face, and refuse to give her a dime, to buy that which would keep soul and body together. Ah! this would be sweet revenge—and he laughed like a maniac.

The following Spring, he sold out his interest in the claim, which was the richest in that whole section, for \$14,000, and started for the valley to execute his well matured plans. He was surprised to see what a change three years could make in a new country. On the site where once stood old Maggie's tent, was now a large house, and adjoining were large and well cultivated fields of wheat and barley, that waved in rank luxuriance; and Marysville, once but a little hamlet, was now a large and populous city, and every avenue of business crowded with men in the hot pursuit of wealth, each one pursuing his favorite scheme for money-making, and every man riding his own hobby. No one in the little suburbs of that city felt more lonely and down-hearted than George Somerville, as he walked the streets in the shadowy moonlight.

Now he had wealth and position, and who in the wide world came to share it with him?

He now learned that Lincoln had failed in business, and only received some fifty dollars a month for his services as a clerk, in the same house where once he had been an equal partner. He had squandered all in useless trappings and empty show, and now Ilda had to practice the most rigid economy to enable them to live.

One evening, after the street lamps were lighted and the grey twilight had deepened into night's oblivious darkness, George left the Merchant's hotel, with a heavy heart, and threaded his lonely way to the end of D street, where Ilda then resided. He passed and repassed the house several times, to calm himself, and still the wild beating of his heart. He felt strong, so that he knew his courage would not fail. Walking firmly to the door, he gave the bell a nervous twitch, and a young Biddy opened the door and asked what he wanted. "Is Mrs. Lincoln within?" "Yez sir, plaze your honor; they're in the parlor; would yer honor like to see them?" He nodded assent, and followed the double-fisted daughter of the Emerald Isle into the parlor, where were the idols of his heart. Nobody would have known him, time had wrought so many changes upon his face and form. He took in the scene before him at one glance. Ilda was rocking a winsome little thing, who laughed and cooed in its helpless innocence. What a sharp pang of jealousy shot through his heart when he discovered the features of Herbert Lincoln in its young face, instead of his own. Ilda looked sadder and sweeter, than when he last saw her sobbing upon his bosom, and Kate was practicing a little ditty upon the open piano, and Herbert Lincoln sat cool and collected, in an easy chair, wrapped in his dressing gown, wondering who this new comer might be. George could bear the agony of suspense

no longer, and raising his hat from his head, walked across the room where Ilda was sitting, and in tones that felt their way down into the dark avenues of her soul, he said, in slightly tremulous tones, "Ilda—your injured husband." That was enough; the words burnt like molten lead in her tortured soul; she gave a faint scream at the recognition, and throwing herself on her knees, she clasped him and implored his forgiveness, in the most supplicating tones. The girls, much affected, sprung forward into his arms. He then bade Ilda get up and dry her tears, and live to atone for the wrongs she had done him. Looking with soul-searching gaze into Lincoln's eyes, he said, "never cross my path, as I am the wretch who stands between hell and heaven to you; this is the little *joker* that settles all difficulties in California," mechanically laying his hand upon a silver-handled knife. He then took the two girls by the hand, and stooping over the half-lifeless Ilda, imprinted a burning kiss upon her forehead—the last he ever gave her—and rushed from the apartment.

Learning of the excellent progress made by the young ladies in the Benicia Seminary, under the intelligent superintendence of Miss A., herepaired there immediately, and placed them under her care. By attention to their various studies, as much as by their gentle and lady-like manners, while they were astonishing their friends by the stores of knowledge they were treasuring up, they were winning the affectionate regard of both teachers and fellow-students. The hero of this true story, is one of the popular captains of the California Steam Navigation Company's boats, on the Sacramento, and justly merits the confidence of his employers, and the good will of every passenger that may come in contact with him.

Broken-hearted, without money or means, Ilda and her family were moved to a small ranch in the country, where

Lincoln spent his time in drinking and horse-racing, wholly neglectful of the woman he had thought he once loved. She was fast going into a consumption. To atone for past transgressions, she sent a likeness to her daughters, but which was only a shadow of her former self, when the enraged father dashed it to pieces before his daughters' eyes, telling them they had no mother now, as she was dead, both to herself, and them.

George never saw Ilda but once after that; he had promised his daughters a ride to Marysville, and on one occasion, when an eminent actress was performing a brilliant engagement at the Marysville theatre, he took them with him, that they too, might see in the drama, all the different phases of life. In the dress circle, just in front of them, sat Ilda and her perfidious husband, who had sought the glittering crowd to drown their own sorrows. That night the "Stranger" was played, and at the closing scene, where the husband recognizes, in Mrs. Haller, his deeply repentant wife; and "Adelaide, Oh! Adelaide," greets the ear, George and his daughters heard a shriek, and looking up, saw Ilda, who, half swooning, was carried from the theatre, out into the darkness and gloom, which is ever around about her.

THE RAIN.

The rain! the rain seems never tired of falling,

And these poor weary eyes of mine
Have looked, and watched, and waited,
Through the dull grey clouds of morning,
Through the twilight's early gloaming;
The bright sunshine never coming.

But in this stranger land—the sad tears
falling,

Faster e'en than those from yonder clouds
Which just now drop their silent dews—
I hear the voice of God unto me calling,

In gentle accents with the soft rain falling,
Trust Him, aye, always.

I will—though darker hours and stormier,
brings

To me the dreary winter's night—
Sad, motherless, yet not *all* alone,
The Angel he hath sent, so brightly flings
The shadow 'round me of her silver wings
I cannot weep—nor grieve for earthly
things.

May, 2, 1859.

JOSIE.

BOOKS AS CIVILIZING AGENTS.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

As in the case of individuals, the education of the heart and intellect imparts a charm to the coarsest exterior; so literature is educating the masses, imparting a like refinement to the body politic. It will be acknowledged that the writings of a people are an index of the kind and extent of progress they may have attained. They reflect, as from a mirror, the nation in all its aspects, exhibiting both the interior and exterior life. What the public reads, accords in general with its tastes and opinions; as these tastes and opinions change, a corresponding change occurs in books. It is also true, on the other hand, that opinions—the exponents of character—so prone to fluctuations and wanderings, assume thence their decision and permanency.

There are grades to all advancement, and as by the objects on a river's bank, we observe the increase of its waters, as the tide sets in, so we note a nation's progress by beholding its superstition and bigotry submerged in the advancing tide of knowledge.

Civilization has been well defined the complete and harmonious development of man's nature as a social being; the expansion and cultivation of his higher characteristic faculties; the refinement of manners, tastes, and feelings. This im-

provement is primarily an *internal* work—a work which is accomplished for the mind and the heart. Good laws and a well-regulated government, are indeed requisites; but the influence these exert on the *inner man* is comparatively trivial. Theirs is a negative power, inefficient for the moulding of character, and useful only as a curb upon its evil manifestations. It is a peculiar mission, assigned in part to Literature, to bring out the latent powers of the soul, eradicating or correcting the evil, but fostering with jealous hand, the True, the Beautiful and the Good. A prevalent, efficient Literature, results in a general education; and this produces improvements in social condition and laws, which enhance progress; but Literature underlies all.

Inspiring lofty elevation of soul, and expanding the intellect, it is capable of conferring pure enjoyment. Fragility and decay are the general characteristics of human allotments. Homes are made desolate by the chilling hand of death; superb edifices crumble into dust; the richest colors of the painter fade, and the sculptor's most perfect handiwork moulders into ruin. Literature alone remains an unchanging source of delight, defying the reverses of time and fortune, and attainable alike in social and private life. By the fire-side, and in the tranquil retirement of the study, by the sick bed and amid the troubles of adversity, is felt and acknowledged its magical sway. From that feeling of despair engendered by misfortune, one is rescued by the living impression of noble feeling and generous affections. For the mind, called away from considerations of self, is created congenial society and communion. Language of consolation is found, seeming to be addressed, individually, to all it consoles, because drawn from an intimate acquaintance with the human heart.

"We never speak our deepest feelings;
Our holiest hopes have no revealings,
Save in the gleams that light the face,

Or fancies that the pen may trace.
And hence to *books* the heart must turn
When with unspoken thoughts we yearn,
And gather from the silent page
The just reproof, the counsel sage,
The consolation kind and true,
That soothes and heals the wounded heart."

Works of genius, like magic spells, make to pass before the mind's eye panoramas of beauty. Every volume is a landscape. Hence, to appreciate the charms of Literature, the reader must possess an inward eye of taste. Who is there but after careful perusal of works of acknowledged merit, feels more competent for future criticism, and better qualified for original composition? Taste is nothing else than a sense of the beautiful, refined by cultivation, and rendered capable by genius of its reproduction. The possession of this intellectual vision is an acquisition no less desirable than the reception of enjoyment. The culture of taste, and the growth of refinement, furnish sources of real and enduring pleasure.

So intimately connected are all the human faculties, that from our former position is manifest the tendency of Literature to elevate and dignify character. This is but a result of the natural affinity existing between the Beautiful and the Good. Deep and pure expressions of thought generate a kind of moral enthusiasm, which incites to the performance of generous and noble actions. Who ever reads of noble and successful struggles for Truth and Right, without longing himself to buckle on his armor, and go forth to similar contests? Hence, the pursuit of virtue becomes at length almost a passion of the soul. Thus is it with the individual; but the State is but an aggregate of which individuals are the component units. What more welcome prospect for the philanthropist and the patriot, than that of his countrymen striving for pre-eminence in virtue?—When this bright vision shall have become realized, then at length may we look for a millenium; and who doubts but that an enlightened and purified press, a refined

Literature educating the world, are powerful engines to accelerate its advent?

Good taste, or the ability to appreciate the intellectually beautiful, naturally inspires a repugnance for whatever is degraded. This aversion is a moral protector, almost as truly as fixed principles of conduct. Vice seldom controls the judgment, though it may the acts of men; hence writers, as a general rule, give preference to the purest and most delicate expressions of thought. All experience unavoidably a certain moulding of the disposition from what they hear or read. Where the nicest form for the purest ideal is employed, the images conjured up in the soul contribute to its better modification. Lamb says, with truth, that a man may lose himself in another's ideas, as really and easily as in a neighbor's grounds.

That Literature only which is characterized by the purest morality, exerts a wide and permanent influence. Mankind are virtuous from ignorance even less frequently than they sin unwittingly. The excellence of virtue, even as an *ideal*, fails to be appreciated by a people unless illustrated. "Bad books," the excrements of depraved minds, leave merely a superficial stain, easily washed out by better influences. If read, they serve only as a temporary dissipation for the reader, who rarely preserves any remembrance of them. Works which tend to cultivate those germs of the soul which are of divine origin, alone acquire a lasting reputation and exert any wide influence. It is fortunate for society that immorality never acquires esteem. Those immutable sentiments which enlighten every age, are founded on Truth in its widest significance. In searching for manifestations of character, which shall excite the sympathies of a reader, the author explores the very *arcana* of virtue and brings forth her richest treasures. Virtue perfected, is the sublimest concep-

tion of intellect. Aspirations after superiority kindle the thoughts into a purer flame, as it were by scintillations from the Divine Perfection.

The pursuit of Letters diverts the attention of a people, in no small degree, from foreign and civil dissensions, and at the same time, contributes to the formation of a well-directed popular ambition.—Where the intellectual predominates over the brutal and selfish, more attention is paid to the arts and sciences. There is no occasion, on the other hand, to fear a degeneracy into cowardice. One peculiar province of the writer is to perpetuate the remembrance and characterize the nature of noble deeds; thus keeping alive the martial spirit, and at the same time, checking its undue manifestation. A nation can thus appreciate, as well as reward, its real benefactors. When indifferent to literary pursuits, it becomes callous to grateful emotions. Great deeds, embalmed in history and poetry, are a people's inheritance, and an example for emulation. As Horace says:

———"Neque,
Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris."

Happiness, virtue, and incentives to action, have thus been shown to be the results of a prevalent Literature. That true dignity of man, of which these are the characteristics, can never be realized under a despotic form of government. A presumption is thus established that a general diffusion of intelligence is favorable to the founding and maintenance of democratic institutions. Men who think and reflect, sooner or later, solve the problem of self-emancipation. Free thought leads to free deeds. Free minds make free institutions. The education of the masses is in no less degree a necessity as well as pledge for the permanency of liberty. The character of government, and the conduct of legislators, is under their immediate control.

The pen is mightier than the sword. God speed it! It shall usher in a moral, intellectual and political millenium.

EFFIE DEE.

I know whose ringlets curl,
Whose eyes are blue—

I know whose teeth are pearl,
And so do you !

I know whose cheeks are red—
Whose breath is sweet—
What small feet lightest tread
Adown the street.

I know whose heart is light
And free from care,
As day is free from night,—
No sorrow there !

I know a voice whose tone
To kindness given,
Would make the earth alone
A part of heaven !

I know a soul as pure
As angels' prayers ;
Its faith in God as sure
As even theirs.

That heart and soul and voice,
Those mild blue eyes,
Would be a seraph's choice
In Paradise !

I wish that gentle form
Might never know
The cold world's cruel storm
Of hate and woe !

I would those beaming eyes,
As bright to-day
As stars in cloudless skies,
Might ne'er decay.

I wish that child-like life—
A living prayer—
Might never feel the strife
Of mortal care.

“ Vain man ! forbear thy thought !
Beneath the sky,
However fairly wrought,
All things must die ! ”

I saw a star at night
Fall from its throne ;
Its mild and gentle light
Was not its own.

Some distant, far-off world,
Some central sun—
New glories there unfurled—
Had called it home.

I saw a rose to-day,
So fresh and fair,
I dreamed not that decay
Could linger there.

Yet ere the evening tide
Had kissed the shore,
It withered in its pride,
And bloomed no more.

I mourned that rose's death,
But on the air
A sweet and perfumed breath
Seemed lingering there,

Chiding my unbelief,
Soothing my fears,
Dispelling all my grief
And woe and tears.

And now when beauty dies,
In all its bloom
I know it shall arise
Beyond the tomb !

And her whose praise I sing
In friendly lay,
Pale death can only bring
To endless day !

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[*Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief."*]

[Concluded from page 517.]

Simmons, much excited and pleased with the course matters were taking, made the best of his way to the residence of Mr. McAdams. After his arrival in Charleston, and upon introducing himself and making known the object of his visit,

he handed over the money due Elbana from the sale of her cattle, a large proportion of which was promptly offered to the honest-hearted Simmons, for his trouble, but which he positively refused to accept. The conversation then turned upon Alfred, and McAdams enquired if he had sent no message to Elbana; when Simmons, in as delicate a manner as possible, related the interest her name had created in him, at the same time intimating his fears concerning the improper conduct of Elbana.

McAdams, with flashing eyes, answered immediately.

"I expected better things of Alfred Bruner, than casting such imputations upon one to whom he has expressed such devoted attachment. If he has any insults to offer, I am the man to satisfy his curiosity."

Poor Simmons, quite alarmed at the dilemma in which his words had just placed him, took up his hat rather hastily, and bid the exasperated McAdams, "good day."

Mrs. McAdams sought Elbana, and found her engaged in her favorite employment of training grape vines over a little grotto, in the corner of the garden.

"Elbana, there was a gentleman called just now to settle some business for you with John, and also to give a Mr. Bruner's compliments. John asked if that was all he had sent, or something to that effect, and he replied by way of apology, that Mr. Bruner somewhat doubted your propriety. Do you know this Mr. Bruner?"

"Yes, my friend, and this unfeeling message, from *him*, is as unexpected as it is cruel?"

Unable, longer to control her wounded feelings, she wept aloud.

"Why, Elbana, are you weeping for such an unworthy acquaintance? If he were here, I would make John thrash him into better sense."

But Elbana wept on, until the old lady wept also in sympathy.

"Come, my child," said Mrs. McAdams, putting her motherly arms about Elbana's neck, and wiping away her tears, "do not feel so much wounded about it, you are in no way deserving of his slanderous imputations; see, you are already making me cry also."

"Dear madam, your kindness overwhelms me; your motherly sympathy is a balm to my sinking heart."

"Come, dear, go in, as there comes John—he hates to see you in tears."

Elbana, glad to be alone, quickly retreated to her own room—then throwing herself on a chair, she sobbed in secret, "Oh! Alfred, did you only know how you have wounded a faithful heart, you would at least spare me this needless sorrow. Oh! that I could withdraw my heart from one that has ceased to respect me. Oh! where are his promises of undying love? Alas! they have long since been driven from his heart as unworthy intruders! Dear Mr. Bullard, how true your words have proved, that I knew little of this world—but oh, how many scenes of sorrow I have passed through within the last two years; when will troubles cease?"

The first supper bell now called her to make her toilet. At supper, her pale and troubled countenance, could not escape the diligent observation of her solicitous friends.

"What say you, John, to a visit to Boston, to see your aunt; I have not seen her this five years," observed Mrs. McAdams; "Elbana and I would like the jaunt very much."

"Do you think you could endure the fatigue of the journey, mother?"

"Yes, and it will do Elbana good."

"Then I think that you and Elbana had better spend the remainder of this day in preparing for the journey."

Trunks were accordingly packed, and

Rose and Ann duly notified that they were to accompany them as servants.

We will now leave them for a time and allow them to prosecute their journey, while we take a look at another party.

Mr. Simmons, agreeably to promise, penned the few following lines to Alfred :

MR. BRUNER—*Dear Sir*: Miss Elbana is with McAdams and his mother, as you supposed ; but as to her position, I know nothing. The old lady spoke well of her. McAdams settled her business with me. They are not married, certain ; for there are several beaux at her heels, who are as attentive as McAdams himself. This is the sum total of all the news I gathered concerning Miss Elbana.—McAdams was quite exasperated at your ‘compliments’ to Miss Elbana.

I am, with respect, yours truly,

DAVID SIMMONS.

When Alfred received this note, he was still at a loss to understand why Elbana kept with McAdams—certainly, he reasoned to himself, “she would not remain with them if he were rejected ; my fondly cherished hopes are vain. Oh ! how I suffer, in the death of such fond anticipations ; I will try and think no more of thee, thou idol of my heart, my cherished, lost Elbana.”

Mr. Bullard was a distant relative of Mr. Bruner’s, and a knowledge of his death made it necessary that some one should look after his effects. He had a good farm in the vicinity of Boston, besides some money in the bank, and as Mrs. Applebury, a niece of Mrs. Bullard, was left in abject poverty, her husband dying of intemperance, leaving her penniless, and with two small children, it was for her the benevolent Mr. Bruner wished to secure the Bullard property. Mr. Bruner’s father’s health was much better, still he now had a horror of having his children out of his sight ; however, it became necessary that Alfred should go to Boston to investigate the matter of Bul-

lard’s property. Properly empowered, Alfred set out for Boston, and on arriving, soon ascertained that Mr. Bullard had made a will in favor of Miss Miramontes.

Alfred was about to return home, when he received a pressing invitation to attend a party, given by an old acquaintance of his father, and which he promptly accepted. Sallying forth, he arrived rather late. The large room was brilliantly lighted up ; Mr. Wilder received him kindly, and introduced him to his wife and two lovely daughters, who proved as agreeable and as communicative as he could wish. As dancing was not permitted by these good people, social intercourse was the order of the evening. Seated upon a large sofa, near Miss Wilder, Alfred inquired, “who are those benevolent looking old ladies yonder?”—“Oh ! one is aunt Rebecca, as she is familiarly called—one of the best ladies alive ;—the other is her sister, from Virginia, the relict of Judge McAdams ; and, as far as excellence is concerned, there are not many her equal. Do you see that princely looking young man ? that is her son?”

Alfred’s eyes followed hers ; it was McAdams, sure enough. His easy manners and self-possession, together with his tall, handsome person, showed him that he was not mistaken. A lady hung gracefully on his arm ; could it be Elbana ? he dare not ask.

“That young lady leaning on his arm,” continued Miss Wilder, “is of Spanish descent ; she is the most beautiful and accomplished young lady I ever met.”

“Your account of your friends is quite angelic ; if all your friends suffer as little from your description as they have, I shall pride myself on being considered one of them.”

“How extravagant you are, Mr. Bruner, to waste so many words—but look ! that Spanish beauty and Mr. McAdams have been scrutinizing us as closely as if

they were going to take us by storm ; let me introduce you to them, Mr. Bruner."

"For once, my dear Miss Wilder, I must refuse a lady."

"Dear me, how odd you are—see, she is the belle of the evening among the beaux."

A young man was now leading Elbana to the piano. The exquisite sounds of her voice, with the effect of her pretty fingers on the elegant instrument, caused a deep sigh.

"Why, Mr. Bruner, such heavenly sounds should not cause you a sigh."

"No, my dear Miss Wilder, but sometimes it brings fresh regrets for treasures lost."

"I do not comprehend you, I believe."

"Perhaps not," replied Alfred, affecting a laugh.

Miss Wilder now excused herself, and Alfred was left alone. He sat in dejected silence, when McAdams approached him, and extended his hand, saying, "Mr. Bruner, I believe ; it was sometime, sir, before I was sure I was correct in my supposition that it was you ; in fact, I thought if it were you, you would, ere this, have recognized Miss Miramontes ; but, perhaps, Mr. Bruner, you do not wish to renew the acquaintance?"

"That is owing to circumstances, Mr. McAdams."

"Understood by your friend, Mr. Simmons, that you were fearful of Miss Elbana's respectability ; all I have to say, Mr. Bruner, is, that Miss Miramontes is worthy of the esteem of the most fastidious patrons of excellence ; and I would further add, that if you cast any further insinuations relative to her, I will demand satisfaction."

"Good heavens !" Mr. McAdams, what can you mean ? I cast slurs on Elbana Miramontes ! sooner would I sever my right arm from my body."

"Then you have been much belied by Simmons."

"Our conversation may attract notice here ; let us retire, and I will explain all," said Alfred, exceedingly distressed.

McAdams leading the way to a private room, Alfred continued :

"When I tell you that I still entertain the warmest affection for Miss Elbana, you certainly will see the improbability of my ever having a desire to participate in contaminating her dear name ; no, McAdams, in her is centred all my worldly happiness—at the same time, I would say, that I have probably been wrong in my surmises. I believed you to be an accepted lover, as in no other way could I conciliate reasons for her remaining with you and your mother. It looked improbable that she would remain with a discarded lover. Do you admit that you come under that head in relation to her?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bruner, I will not deny that the time has been when I was a lover of Miss Elbana ; and improbable as it may seem, she has remained with a discarded lover. You never loved her with a fonder passion than I have done, but you preceded me in her affections, and her constancy to you excluded me from any participation in her affections ; still I am her friend, and will be to her a brother, as long as I am permitted to share in her confidences. That she loves you with all the strength of her ardent and changeless nature I am convinced ; therefore, Mr. Bruner, I resign to you your prior right ; to me there is another objection, it was my hand that robbed her of a father, and it would cast a shadow on our mutual happiness were I to marry the child."

"Your generosity, my dear McAdams, is without a parallel, and I admire, while I love you as a brother, and do not now wonder that she remained under your kind and noble protection ; words cannot express my gratitude, and from this time you have a brother's place in my heart."

"I acknowledge the relation, dear Alfred, with pleasure, and rejoice in the future prospect of Elbana's happiness and yours. Come, let us seek her." Proceeding to the reception room, they found Elbana endeavoring to entertain half a score of coxcombs, who exhausted all their wits in one night's entertainment.

She was quite surprised to see McAdams and Alfred approaching, arm in arm, pressing through the crowd that gave way as they passed. She was convinced that all was explained satisfactorily to McAdams, and was prepared to give Alfred a cordial reception.

"You are a debtor to me, Elbana, for bringing your old friend, Mr. Bruner, to your deification."

"I acknowledge the debt, my dear friend, but am unable to pay the half, even at a discount."

"Indeed, then I'll turn pious and forgive the debt; so Elbana, please consider your debtor account receipted in full; and now, as we are even, excuse me while I go to converse with the charming Miss Wilder."

Elbana, whose heart was happier than it had been for many a day, took Alfred's proffered arm, and joined in a promenade.

"Elbana," said Alfred, as he broke the charmed silence, "this is the happiest day of my life; how little did I think this morning of meeting the one that was dearest to me on earth; your friend, McAdams, has by his kindness explained all that seemed so ruthlessly to separate me from my adorable Elbana."

"Oh! Alfred, you know little of the pain your doubts of my conduct gave me; it was one of my severest trials."

"May I have many years, in which by tender attention, to pay due penance, my beloved."

"I hope your sufferings would not be very excruciating while performing these penances."

"No, dearest, but language would fail to express my excessive felicity."

Elbana now led Alfred to the side of "aunt Rebecca," giving him an introduction also to the venerable Mrs. McAdams. These ladies were now getting tired, and they sent Alfred in quest of McAdams, and as he returned with the captive, Miss Wilder accompanied them, and caused much amusement by her raillery at Alfred's expense.

"Ah! hah! so you did not know Miss Miramontes? Did't wish an introduction, eh? No, no, and yet you have vanquished all others, and taken and kept the fortress."

"If I have gained laurels, I will have to yield them to you, Miss Wilder, as by you, I consider myself beaten."

Aunt Rebecca gave Alfred a cordial invitation to visit her friendly home. Alfred promised to call early. He then assisted the ladies into the carriage, and shaking McAdams warmly by the hand, wished them a hearty good night, and returned to his hotel.

Early the next day, Alfred was ringing the door-bell at aunt Rebecca's, when Elbana received him, as the old ladies had not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of the evening party to leave their rooms yet.

"Elbana, this is a pleasure that I once thought I should never enjoy again," said Alfred, as he held her again to his throbbing bosom. "When, my dearest girl, shall our happiness be consummated? I cannot now think of again leaving you, lest something snatch the blessing from my lips."

"I leave that entirely to yourself, my dear Alfred; set the time yourself."

"Will one week from to-day meet with your approbation?"

"Yes. I shall need but little time for preparation, as I can have all the assistance required."

After this delightful interview, Alfred took his leave, to give Elbana time to make all the necessary arrangements for their nuptials.

Aunt Rebecca was now in her element, preparing for Elbana's wedding. A week of bustle and shopping passed in buying of silks and laces, and the employment of milliners and dressmakers, for fitting the Mexican beauty for her intended connubial party.

The wedding day at length arrived; a few particular friends were invited; an Episcopalian minister officiated; and a more beautiful pair never stood on the threshold of God's altar to consummate their happiness. McAdams and Miss Wilder were the two who stood as bridegroom and bridemaid, while Mr. Wilder gave the bride away. All were merry and happy, and as the minister pronounced them man and wife, the youthful bride received many warm, congratulating kisses. Mrs. McAdams arose, and in an impressive tone, wished them many years of happiness; then in presenting them with a large gilt family bible, said: "In giving you this book, my dear young friends, I wish to manifest my interest in your welfare in this world as well as in that which is to come; may you never be separated; let this ever guide you in this world of cares, and if you are blessed with young dependants, write their names in this Bible, and may God write them in the Lamb's Book of Life." Then addressing Elbana, she continued: "Mrs. Bruner, you have in a short time, by your superior merit, won a daughter's place in my heart; may you find a similar place in the heart of your mother-in-law."

These interesting ceremonies over, they returned to aunt Rebecca's house to participate in the magnificent entertainment provided; and after dinner, they bid adieu to Boston, and in company with McAdams and Miss Wilder, were off for New York.

A telegraphic despatch having informed Mr. Bruner's father of his son's marriage, a splendid entertainment was prepared and ready on their arrival, to com-

memorate the union. The guests were waiting, the house was illuminated, and the feast was smoking on the table. All eyes were opened to get a sight of the bride as she entered; and now they came, ushered in by a band of music. A fond and proud father, was Mr. Bruner, when he beheld his charming daughter-in-law, and with tears of joy, her mother and sister-in-law greeted her, and folded her, as Alfred's wife, to their hearts. McAdams and Miss Wilder were as fondly caressed as the bride and bridegroom. Mr. Simmons was one of the guests, and laughed heartily at his mistakes; then, having nothing better to do, fell desperately in love with Miss Wilder.—McAdams was equally impressed with Miss Persis Bruner, who seemed as prepossessed in his favor as he could wish.

"Is he not a noble looking fellow?" said Alfred to his wife, as McAdams was bending over Persis, as she was playing her guitar.

"Yes, Alfred, and he is as noble as he looks."

The evening passed joyously away, and the retiring guests prophesied another wedding in the Bruner family, before very long, and the prophecy was verified sooner than was anticipated, for being naturally frank, McAdams at once proposed, and was accepted. Mr. Simmons was equally successful, so that one short week from this splendid entertainment, there was a double wedding in the Bruner house.

The hardest trial now awaited them; the farewell must be taken. Leaving Elbana and Alfred in the care of the homestead, the father and mother accompanied their darling daughter to Boston, taking the widow Applebury with them; as Elbana had presented her with the Bullard farm, and she is now in a fair way to retrieve her hopes. Her two fine children were often entertained with the history of poor Fanny Bullard, whose faultless picture hung beside her venerable father's, in his library.

Elbana and Alfred often talk of, and sometimes think, of again visiting Montes Valley; and as all of our noble little party are as happy as they could wish; and as aunt Rebecca persists that the family names are in a fair way to be perpetuated, we will leave them in the enjoyment of their good fortune, and with the hope that the reader is similarly blessed, will say—FAREWELL.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Translated from the German of UHLAND.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN COCHRAN.

Hast thou e'er seen the castle,
The great one on the strand?
In fleeces rosy and golden,
The clouds above it stand.

It seems as if 'twere bending
Down to the crystal main,
And yet its towers are rearing
The azure vault in twain.

Oh! I have seen the castle,
The great one by the sea,
The morn aloft in lustre soft,
And fogs upon the lea.

Tell me, did winds and Ocean
Send forth a freshening sound,
And in the lofty chambers,
Did mirth and song abound?

Ah! no, the winds and billows
Were silent as the dead,
Within the hall was wailing all,
And tears I also shed.

Nay, tell me, on the terrace
Saw you not king and queen,
Come forth in purple vestments,
With crown and jewels' sheen?

And led they not with rapture,
A gentle maiden fair,
All glowing like the morning,
And bright with golden hair?

I saw the royal parents
In sable weeds arrayed, [bright light,
But quenched in night was the crown's
I did not see the maid.

REVERIES OF AN OLD MAN.

BY G. K. GODFREY.

I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey; the winds of many years have deeply scarred my brow with furrows, and manifold burthens have bent the form that used to move about so stately. As I lean on my staff, I look back through the deserted vale of dead years, and oh! how changeeful and dim is the moonlight track of past existence, and with what a magic power the memory of the olden times steals over me!

I forgot life's heavy cares and disappointments; I heard not the moaning winds, or rain, that like tears distilled from heaven, and fell on the sin stained and desert earth! I was far away, reveling in the happy past, the days of youth's innocence and bright visions. On the banks of phantom rivers, flowers, long faded, grew again in immortality of youth, and I walked by cool streams, whose waters sent echoes through the hazel brake. The trees on the river bank swayed about, nodding to their images in the water, while their leaves trembled with the gentle surges of the air which brought up the low, sweet melody of the waters. I trod through the waving grass as green and fresh as though sixty years had not burned and frozen it to annihilation.

Far back in my pilgrimage I sought happiness by wandering through many lands. I have visited countries celebrated in history and song—I have walked in places where the renowned in ancient and modern days stood in statuary before me; warrior, orator, poet and statesman; I have lingered among the tombs of viceroys, kings and emperors, famed in history's page. I have traveled among the ruins of classic Greece and Rome; and trod the awe-inspiring grounds of Palestine; counted stars on the mellow skies of Italy; and felt the perfumed breath from Indian groves on my face, now

scarred and withered and hoary with age and frost. To these time tracks, shown only by dim, expiring tapers, here and there, my heart turns now, when age, poverty, and sorrow have become my traveling companions.

With summer memories of childhood and youth fresh in my heart, the white hairs of age are falling by my side and yet it seems but yesterday that I leaped and laughed with a childish band, whose horizon of years was far away and unthought of. It is but a step from thence till now, though a broad battlefield lies between. Now I am old; these grey hairs, and this crooked back, came not without sorrows and burdens.

There is sorrow in my heart that must not be told; and tears in my eyes that I dare not explain. All life's bright hopes have been crushed; I am without friends, or home, or sympathy. Let me tell: I had a good old mother, but her heart was eaten out by grief, and she is hid in the grave; I had a beautiful wife, with a heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love; but every fiber was wrung and crushed, like dry reeds and rushes where wild beasts tread! I had a noble boy, but he was driven from the ruins of his home—and oh, how my old heart yearns for him now! How every string quivers and contracts round his memory! I wonder if ever he thinks of me! We had a sweet babe—but she went to the house of refuge beyond the river. Oh curses on the desolator of our house who made a catacomb of an old man's heart! Curse him with a curse for which mercy has no intercessor. Follow him down through the cavern of despair, until the avenger shall quail at the torturing fiends that have never had a victim. Let the maledictions of mother, wife, and child, fill the chambers of mercy with discord when intercession is made for the destroyer of their peace.

But no! it was I! God help me, how my brain burns! How this poor old frame trembles with the mighty energy of a soul shrinking at the trembling gates of death! Why, I have been dreaming, and it is not so! It's my mother calling the prodigal son; my wife is beckoning me to the chamber; my child is singing herself to sleep; my brave boy's footstep is at the door and I, and I—am young again! Ha! ha! it was—a—dream.

THE SINGING SHELLS.

The singing shells that lie
On the ocean's pearly shore—
How sweet to wander there at eve,
When the toil of the day is o'er;
And gather up the shells,
Scattered the sands along,
And press them to the ear, and list
The sound of their fairy song!

Along the sea of Time,
By the still and solemn shore,
How sweet to wander, where the Past
Rolls its waves evermore;
And listen to the song,
Sounding so sad and low,
Of the sweet, holy memories
Of the dreamy "long ago."

G. T. S.

DEATH OF PETER LASSEN.

Peter Lassen—a portrait and biography of whom will be found on pages 351, and 512 of this volume of the California Magazine—the old mountaineer and California pioneer of 1839, whose life here, for the most part, has been spent among Indians, was shot dead on the morning of the 26th of April, under the following circumstances, as described by Mr. F. N. Spaulding of Honey Lake Valley—the residence, in late years, of the old pioneer—in a letter to the Mountain Messenger, dated—

HONEY LAKE VALLEY, April 30, 1859.

This valley was thrown into great ex-

citement by the arrival on Tuesday morning, of Mr. Wyatt, one of the Black Rock silver hunters, having narrowly escaped massacre by the Indians.

The circumstances are as follows:— There has been a party of men stopping in this valley all winter, to be ready as soon as spring opened to prospect Black Rock Canon for a supposed silver mine. This canon and watering place is about one hundred and twenty-four miles distant from this valley, towards the Humboldt, on the emigrant road. Messrs. Jameson, Weatherlow, Lathrop and Kitts started on Sunday, the 17th inst.; Peter Lassen, Messrs. Wyatt and Clapper following two days later, and were to rendezvous at Black Rock Springs, at which place the prospecting was to commence. Lassen, Wyatt and Clapper arrived at the appointed place on Sunday, the 24th inst., and not finding the advance party, concluded to await their coming.

On Monday, Mr. Clapper rode on to Mud Lake, eight miles distant, to look for the other party; but, not finding them, returned, and during the day found the signs of two white men in the vicinity of their camping-ground, and believed them to be those of Capt. Weatherlow and Mr. Jameson, one being a large and the other a small track. They also saw the tracks of shod horses, which the Indians have not. They then arrived at the conclusion that the advanced party were over the mountain at another camping-place, and concluded to go there the next morning and see them, having encamped at the mouth of the canon, within one hundred yards of some projecting rocks. In the evening they saw an Indian, on horseback, making the circuit of their camp, then disappearing. After a while he made his appearance in another direction, and dismounted. With much difficulty he was induced to come into camp. He could not speak English, but Lassen said he spoke Piutah. While he

was in camp, they heard the report of a gun, when the Indian immediately said "Piutah," and gave the whites to understand there were six of them.

The Indian then left them, and they retired to rest, supposing themselves safe anywhere in the Piute country. Just at daylight they were fired on from the rocks near by, killing Mr. Clapper in his bed. Lassen and Wyatt sprang upon their feet and commenced gathering up their things; and not knowing that Clapper was killed, seeing he did not rise, supposed him asleep. Wyatt put his hand on his face to wake him, but found it covered with blood. Turning him over, he saw that he was shot through the head. Lassen said, "I will watch for the Indians while you (Wyatt) gather up the things." While doing so, the Indians fired on them again, and Lassen fell to rise no more.

He spoke but once. "They have killed me," then fell on his face and gasped but once. Thus fell the "old pioneer," whose whole history and life almost is connected with the exciting and wild scenes of the west; and when this and other generations shall have passed away, the traveler will look on the snow-clad buttes, and hear of the fertile meadows, that bear his name, and remember with reverence the venerable *voyageur*.

When Wyatt saw Lassen fall; he dropped everything but his rifle, caught his horse, and fled with precipitancy. He arrived here on Thursday morning, without having taken food or rest.

A party of twenty men start this morning to recover the horses and property, if possible, and ascertain the whereabouts of the other party. Great fears are entertained for their safety. Another party will follow immediately, with a wagon, to bring in Lassen and Clapper's remains. The advance party will proceed, if possible, to trail the Indians to their lurking place and chastise them.

F. N. SPAULDING.

Our Social Chair.

IF the reader will point out to us either man or woman who does not enjoy a good joke, we shall take it as an especial favor; inasmuch as we shall feel it a duty that we owe to our social and physical organization to pass by on the other side. Such we would avoid as we would a pestilence, considering them the enemies of our happiness and health: as by a glorious law of nature those who can laugh the heartiest are generally well in body and mind. Besides, any person being convalescent, and cannot enjoy a good laugh is generally depraved at heart; and as a consequence would make others like himself, in which we beg to be excused. If at any time a fit of the blues is making itself apparent, seek to have a good laugh, or you will be morally as well as physically sick. In order to avoid this read such as the following:

THE WAY HE GOT OVER IT.—Among the first settlers of Kentucky, says the *Mountain Messenger*, was one John Drake, who was afterward elected justice of the peace. Now John did not profess to be skilled in all the mysteries and intricacies of the law, neither did he think it necessary that he should be, for, as he understood it, his duty was simply to preserve the peace and dispense justice, which he intended to do at all hazards, whether he did it legally or not. He had books containing the laws of the State of *Vermont*, also several decisions, forms of deeds, mortgages, warrants, etc., which were of much service to him in the discharge of his official duties. One day his neighbor A. came to him in great haste, saying he had missed a handsaw, which had probably been stolen, and suspected B. to be guilty of the theft, as he was the only man in the neighborhood who would be likely to do such a thing, consequently he wanted to search the premises of the said B., whereupon the squire turned to his books for a form of a search-warrant for a handsaw. He was quite sure he had one somewhere, but after seeking for an hour, *without finding anything about a handsaw*, he concluded it must have been mislaid. However, he found something relative to *stolen turkeys*, which would answer every purpose, so he issued a search-warrant for *turkeys*, instructing A., at the same time, *if he found the saw while looking for the turkeys, to take it*, and it would be all right!

MY SWEETHEARTS; AND HOW THEY REFUSED ME.

The first was Miss Nancy,
I thought she would fancy,
And pity her lover forlorn;
But she tossed up her head,
When I asked her to wed,
And said, "yes-sir-ree,—in a horn."

I then asked dear Kate,
With a heart quite elate,
For I loved her as sure as you're born;
But her heart was quite free,
And felt no love for me,
So she would not acknowledge the corn.

I appealed to sweet Jane,
While my tears fell like rain;
I was almost of reason bereft;
"I'll have you," she cried,—
How my heart bled and died
When she added, "but over the left."

I next went to Em,—
She was surely a gem,
And never would flout me or scoff;
When I asked, "would she love
Me all others above;"
She said "yes—when a long distance off."

I then tried dear May,
Who was fair as the day,
And always seemed gentle and kind;
But my plain-looking face,
Without beauty or grace, [blind."
Made her whisper,—"twill be when I'm

I at last tried Louise,
She seemed easy to please,
And I thought my misfortunes were o'er;
So the question I popped,
But my hopes they all dropped,
When she said, "I can't wed such a bore."

But now I don't care,
I'm as free as the air,
To wander in pleasure's sweet bower,
And the girls as they pass,
They may all go to grass,
For I cannot like grapes that are sour!
Emory's Bar, Frazer River. W. H. D.

If the reader, after marking, learning, and inwardly digesting, the following good joke, from the Sacramento *Democratic Standard*, thinks that he can tell us and our readers a better one, we conjure him to send it instanter to the Chair:

Several days ago, an Irishman from the mountains, covered with dust, stepped into the Metropolitan bathing and shaving saloon, and inquired the price of a bath. On being told by Nelson, the proprietor, that it would cost him fifty cents, he concluded to indulge the luxury. Nelson took him into one of the bathing rooms, and showed him two running streams of water, one hot and the other cold; and told him that he could graduate the temperature of the water to suit his wish. He (Nelson) had already turned the water on, without explaining the manner in which the operation was performed. This proved to be a great mistake. Some ten or fifteen minutes afterwards, observing a stream leaking into the main passage of the saloon, he hurried to the door of the bath room, and knocking against it, enquired of the Irishman to know what was the cause of it. That gentleman, from within, informed him that he could not shut the stream off. He had used every effort, while in the "coffin," as he termed the tub, by stuffing his socks into the cock, without being able to accomplish his purpose. Nelson turned the knob and opened the door, when a flood rushed out upon him, bearing with it the Irishman's clothes, his boots, his hat, and also a chair, so great had been its accumulation in the room after overflowing the tub. He was considerably incensed; but the bather's fright disarmed him of anger; and after mutual satisfactory explanations, the whole affair ended in a hearty laugh by the parties interested, and several spectators to the scene, who describe it as having been exceedingly rich.

THE following from the Red Bluff *Beacon*, we "scissors" for the especial benefit of those eastern cities, where there are seven ladies to one gentleman; and for Red Bluffs and other points equally destitute of "the comforts of life," that they may take steps (as well as courage) to remedy single evils, by making them double, in a similar way to that by which "two negatives make a positive:"

SCARCITY OF YOUNG LADIES.—Who would think that the prosperous little town of Red Bluff, with a population of about eight hundred; has only three or four single la-

dies in it. If there is any place in this State overstocked with the fair sex, let them send a few here, and we will warrant that they won't be single long. We offer the scarcity of ladies as an excuse for the melancholy aspect of the young men.

THE Yreka *Union* is informed that there are only about fifty unmarried ladies between the age of twelve and upwards, in that county, which contains probably a population of ten thousand—whereupon the editor, who is an incorrigible bachelor, goes off thus:

Forward, the Bright Brigade!
Is there a 'gal' dismayed?
Not though the maidens know
Many have blundered.
Theirs not to sit and sigh,
Theirs not in vain to try,
Theirs but to win or die.
Into the silken snare,
Rush the half hundred.

Beaux to the right of them,
Beaux to the left of them,
Beaux all in front of them
Simper and flatter.
Strove for with honeyed words,
Fluttering like timid birds,
Charmed by the serpent's wile,
Charmed by a winning smile.
Yield the half hundred.

Flash all their arms so bare,
Flash all their shoulders fair,
Clinging to the gallants there,
Waltzing the 'Spanish,' while
Lookers on wonder.
Balls are their chief delight,
Dancing through all the night,
Arch and coquetting.
Presto! the knot is tied,
Easily sundered—
Do not be terrified,
Go it, half hundred!

FROM Carrington's "Commissionare" we purloin the following business transaction, for the readers of the Chair.

SOLD.—A Sandwich Island friend, and client of ours, gets off a "sell" at our expense, which is good enough to tell. *Tout le Monde et Madame sa femme* are aware, or ought to be, that Carrington & Co's General purchasing Agency professes to procure for anybody, anything procurable by purchase, either in this city, or through our agents in Europe, from London to Constantinople. Our Hawaiian friend, taking us at our word, thus writes, without preamble or preface:

HONOLULU, August 24, 1858.

Dear Sirs:—Referring you to Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for May, page 651, last paragraph, I beg that you will procure one costing about £10, and send to me here by first opportunity.

Your obedient servant,
W. W. SKEINS.

"Certainly," said we to ourselves, "we'll do that;" not doubting that the ten-pounder wanted was a vest-pocket telescope, a screw-propeller balloon, or something with a long advertising description too tedious to copy. It so happened that press of business delayed our ascertaining the precise *what*, and kept our partner's anxious curiosity, not to say our own, in check for some days. At length we had an order for the magazine itself, and rushing forthwith to Hunt's office, climbed to the third story, and asked first for a copy of the May issue, paid for it, and turned to page 651. We found an article referring to a certain staple in the markets of Turkey. This was the last paragraph:—

"In former times, a 'good middling' Circassian girl was thought very cheap at £100 but at the present moment the same description of goods may be had at £5 to £10."

We were "sold" for less than the "middling" price.

MEM.—"Commissions" are our side of the joke. Skeins keeps a balance to his credit in our hands, so *we have ordered the girl*.

N. B.—Such jokes not taken except from regular customers.

A SINCERE friend is among the most valuable of human blessings, and whenever an editor has such a friend he ought to be duly grateful for the privilege vouchsafed. The conductor of an excellent journal, "away up north," during a trying season, found such a friend, whose name was Scissors.

❶! SCISSORS.—Let no one by this heading be deceived into the idea that we have something alarming or even funny to relate. The fact is, we are not of the "funny kind," and are opposed to all false alarms, but have a word—only a word to say in praise of a tried and valued friend. Domestic matters, it is true, should not be paraded into public print, and the old saying—"What are your troubles, your likes and dislikes to me?" is applicable to the editorial fraternity, as well as to others; but "fidelity" is ever worthy of mention, and when we speak of a friend who has never forsaken, but in every instance when

sickness, stupidity, trouble, fatigue, or even frivolity has beset the pathway of our duties, has cheerfully lent a ready aid and succor, readers cannot think indifferently on the object of such merited gratitude and esteem. Such a friend is "Scissors."—"Scissors" has done much for us this week. "Scissors" will please accept our thanks.

Now, how could you, Mr. Scissors, in the precious exercise of your calling, cut out two articles from our columns, for that self same issue of your paper, and then neglect to say that they were from the *California Magazine*? Echo answers, "How!" But we forgive you! "Go, and sin no more."

While upon the subject of such "appropriations," we will mention others that have already come to our knowledge; and, as they were made without any credit whatever, we think there is but little to redound to the "appropriators." In an article entitled "Rambles in California," which appeared in one of the numbers for this year of "Frank Leslie's Family Magazine," there are several articles from this Magazine. One, an illustration of the "California Road Runner," from an original sketch, by A. J. Grayson; another, of two illustrations, on the "Poison Oak;" a third the "Ascent of Mount Shasta Alone," by Mr. I. S. Deihl. Indeed, the material for the entire article, was for the most part, stolen from this Magazine. In a work entitled "California and its Resources," compiled by Earnest Seyd, and published by Trubner & Co., London, out of twenty-four illustrations, no less than nine have been stolen from this work. Now, while we do not wish to complain, we nevertheless think that if the illustrations are worth re-engraving, and the articles deemed worth reprinting, it is nothing but fair that the source should be accredited, as the views of the Yosemite Valley alone, some of which appear in the work above alluded to, were obtained with great difficulty and at a cost of over \$350 to us, without our time being taken into the account. Since then, the *London News* has taken and engraved them from that book. *Ab uno disce omnes*.

It appears that religious people are not only becoming more and more liberal in

their views, but are gradually losing their sombre-sided ideas, and having their faces abbreviated by an occasional laugh. We even find a religious organ—the North-western Christian Advocate—relating the following ludicrous incident to its readers, with infinite yet sensible gusto :

At L——, one Saturday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner, with his son John, drove his team into a good ridge, and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village.

When the time for worship arrived, John was set to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject, before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against a partition in the centre of the body slip ; just against him, separated only by the very low partition, sat a fleshy lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, until, unable to control them longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, rousing the old man, who, but half awake, thrust his arms around her waist, and cried, very soothingly :

“Woa, Nance! Woa, Nance! Woa! Here, John,”—calling to his son—“cut the belly-band and loose the breeching, quick, or she'll tear everything all to h—l!”

It was all the work of a moment; but the sister forgot to shout, the preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and the meeting came prematurely to an end; while, deeply mortified, the poor old man skulked away, determined not to go to meeting again until he could manage to keep his senses by remaining awake.

Operatic and Dramatic.

For some time past our citizens have been enjoying an unusual treat, in the way of Italian Opera, and Dramatic entertainments by distinguished “stars.” The operatic season was opened by the production of Verdi’s popular creation ‘*Il Trovatore*,’ in which Signor and Signora Bianchi, Madame Feret, Mr. Leach and others appeared. The music of this opera is of the modern and more brilliant school, always striving after astonishing effects, and severely taxing the vocal powers. We venture the assertion that no one can sing Verdi’s music for five years without undergoing a very sensible deterioration of voice. Many of our readers have so frequently heard the Bianchis, that find it unnecessary to say anything in

regard to them at this time. Madame Feret possesses a sweet harmonious contralto voice, without any great strength or compass, but full of pathos and sympathy. Her management of it is very good, and the lady would become a favorite with most publics. Mr. Leach lacks power, and sometimes exhibits huskiness. He sings with seeming effort; but plays with decided merit. ‘*Il Trovatore*’ was followed by Verdi’s ‘*Ernani*,’ the most popular of that author’s works. The views above expressed in reference to ‘*La Trovatore*’ will apply equally to ‘*Ernani*.’ The chorus is very defective, and lacks spirit, force and sweetness. As a *Chef d’Orchestre*, Mons. Feret was admirably posted. In grand instrumental concerts, Mons. Herrold is superior; but we give the palm to Mons. Feret in leading for the Opera. The *mise en scene* was respectable, and the Opera house has been crowded on each occasion.

During the month we have had an important accession to our Operatic entertainments by the arrival of the Durand Troupe, English Opera singers. The two most important ladies connected with this troupe, Miss Rosalie Durand and Miss Hodson, have had their Photographs, or Lithographs, widely disseminated among our public, and if their likenesses are faithful, they are certainly two very beautiful women. This is all we can say on their behalf at this time, not having yet had the pleasure of hearing the troupe.

Dramatic.

The success of the opera did not seem to disastrously affect the drama, which enjoyed its full share of patronage. Our citizens have rarely been treated to so much of real dramatic excellence as during the past month. Mr. James Anderson, a first class “Star” of world wide reputation, and Mr. James Stark a young “Star” of rapidly rising celebrity, played in conjunction, assisted by a large and good stock company; and, on one occasion, by Miss Avonia Jones, decidedly a lady who possesses a greater amount of native genius and talent, than any who have yet visited us in the line of tragedy; the entertainments consisting of Shakespeare’s great master pieces, in which Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stark alternated the principal characters. It is difficult to award a decided inferiority to either of these gentlemen. Both possess great ability and both commit gross blunders. Mr. Anderson frequently sacrifices the effect of fine passages in order to make “points” in others, as if it were too much of a labor to keep up and sustain the character in its integrity. He is also some-

what given to ranting, and is occasionally faulty in his cadence and intonation, as if he were playing with his admirable voice.

Mr. Stark's great defect is false emphasis. He places the stress upon words of inferior import and thereby destroys the force and pith of the text. He also speaks too much from the throat, utters his words indistinctly and with too much rapidity in passionate sentences. But his acting is chaste and really elegant at times. In "Othello," Mr. Anderson's "Moor" was at times marked with that great ability, so universally conceded to him; and again betrayed the defects we have mentioned. The same is true of Mr. Stark's rendering of that famous character. In some acts Mr. Anderson was the more preferable, and in others, Mr. Stark. This remark will apply to all the other characters presented by these admirable artists. Nevertheless it can be truly affirmed that our public have never before enjoyed a richer dramatic treat, when considered as to the completeness with which the several parts were filled.

The Fashions.

Misses Toilet.

THE fashionable material for girls of ten and thirteen is "challie," white ground chintz pattern, or colored ground, when found most becoming. The skirt is made double, with two rows of brocade ribbon, two inches wide, and full'd a little; the body is high, with a shawl berth'a in front, reaching nearly to the waist; the sleeves are two bias ruffles, one reaching nearly to the elbow, the upper one two inches shorter and gaged down, half way. Finish the sleeve and berth'a with the same ribbon trimming.

The pantaletts are to be finished with two ruffles of embroidery—fawn colored gaiters, with white ground dress; if of colored, the boots are to match.

Hats.

Leghorn flat, with drooping brim; where found to be becoming, the brim on the left side is caught up, and an ostrich feather, long and curled, depends nearly to the shoulder; broad white ribbon, with stripes, plain, around the crown to the opposite side from the feather, where it is finished with bows and long ends. The inside is finished with rosettes of illusion and flowers, rose buds or small button roses.

Sacque of fawn colored silk, with two ruffles of the same, fluted; black picnic mits, white parasolett, with colored border to correspond to the ribbon of the hat; hand-

kerchief of grass linen, with plain hem half an inch wide.

Having this month devoted the entire space allotted us to the Girl's Toilet, the Boys will be obliged to wait. We are sorry, but cannot help it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

A MAN named Shields fell into an old shaft near Angel's Camp, Calaveras Co., where he remained without food or water for four days. He was finally discovered by some Indians. Fear, hunger and thirst had driven him to madness.

A lump of gold weighing 62 pounds, says the Marysville *National Democrat*, was taken from the Willard Claim, near Dogtown, Butte County, on the 22d of April. Including the above lump, one hundred and fifty pounds of gold, worth \$32,400, was taken out from the above named claim the same day.

The bankers throughout the State have refused to receive all kinds of foreign coins above their actual Mint value. By this course a large amount of light money has been justly depreciated, and driven from circulation.

According to the *Trinity Journal*, a Mr. Engelfried, who resides at Weaverville, has succeeded in extracting an excellent quality of sugar from the sugar pine tree, (*Pinus Lambertiana*.) About 160 pounds were extracted from five trees, and which were tapped very late in the season.

A large number of miners in Nevada county have for several weeks been on a strike, for the reduction of the price of water from 25 to 15 cents per inch.

The Sacramento River was seventeen feet above low water mark for several days during the month.

The Chinese population of California has been much augmented during the month, by the arrival of large numbers from various Chinese ports.

Col. Fremont commenced suit against the Sheriff of Mariposa County, (Mr. Crippen,) for the sum of \$25,000 damages, sustained through the Sheriff failing to put him in possession of the Josephine Vein.

The books of the State Treasury, on the 30th of April, showed the following balances:—In favor of the General Fund, \$319,609 59; Hospital, \$197,991; School, \$22,436 36; Military, \$2,318 88; Library, \$2,108 52; Interest and Sinking Fund of 1858, \$148746 57; Swamp Land, \$52,780 82; State School Land Funds, \$11,465 06;

Registration Fund, \$210 51; Estates of deceased persons, \$8909; H. Smith, Jr., \$3,-119 29.

A fire occurred in Yreka on the 1st ult. Loss, \$6,000.

The John L. Stephens arrived on the 1st ult., with nearly 2,000 passengers. The agents acknowledge about 1,600, but this is far below the actual number that came by this steamer.

Dr. Cooper, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of the Pacific, gave the introductory lecture of the first annual course, at the hall of the College, on the 2d ult.

From estimates given by the Sacramento Union, the current expenses of the State of California for the last fiscal year amounted to \$916,040 64, without including the interest on the State Debt, of \$273,000.

Mrs. Estelle McDonald, after two years of retirement from public life, reappeared at the Marysville Theater, on the 2d ult.

On the 5th ult., the Golden Gate sailed for Panama, with 781 passengers, and \$2,-401,268 in treasure. On the same day, the Orizaba carried away 778 passengers; total, 1559.

The Uncle Sam arrived from Panama on the 7th ult., with 891 passengers.

A man by the name of Williams, who had been employed as head miner in Martin & Co.'s quartz claim, Mariposa, left on the steamer of the 5th ult., with pickings and stealings to the amount of \$15,000.

A tournament of the Metropolitan Chess Club has been carried on with great spirit during the past month.

The Overland Mail via Los Angeles has been exceedingly regular in its arrival and departure for the month past, anticipating in nearly every instance the news brought by the steamers.

The ladies of Yreka collected \$437 towards the Mount Vernon Fund.

The keel of a new steamboat was laid at Steamboat Point, on the 7th ult., for the California Steam Navigation Co. The following are the dimensions of the vessel:—Length, 260 feet; breadth, 40 feet; breadth across guards, 64 feet; depth of hold, 10 feet; draught of water, 3 feet 8 inches, light; tonnage, 930 tons;—the largest steamboat ever built on this coast. She is to be constructed altogether of California timber.

The new dollar, worth \$1.04, was issued at the San Francisco Branch Mint on the 6th ult.

A very young gentleman, in exceedingly primitive costume, made his first appearance in a stage-coach, on the 7th ult., while some ladies (one of whom was a very near relative,) were traveling from San Antonio to San José.

A new German paper, entitled the San Francisco Journal, made its first appearance on the 10th ult.; Julius Korn, editor.

The new ditch at Columbia, Tuolumne County, which is said to have originally cost \$1, 319,475, was sold at Sheriff's sale on the 9th ult., for \$78,000!

Rich and extensive diggings were discovered at Brockliss' Bridge, on the Johnson's Cut-off to Carson Valley.

The Overland Mail from San Francisco via Los Angeles, on the 9th ult., took 1,627 through letters, and 123 way letters.

The residence of Col. Stevenson some three miles from Red Bluffs was burned to the ground on the night of the 11th, consuming his wife and three children; with Mrs. Krouk and her two children. This is supposed to have been the work of Indians.

The Golden Age arrived from Panama on the 16th with 1,020 passengers.

Thirty-six Mexican exiles arrived in the Santa Cruz, from Mazatlan on the 13th, because of their fidelity to the Church party of Mexico.

Six men were murdered by Indians, on the trail leading from Jacksonville to Klamm Lake.

Two performing Elephants, named "Victoria" and "Albert," arrived in the ship Wanderer on the 17th, in 158 days from New York. These are the first ever imported here, although many persons (figuratively) aver that they have often seen "The Elephant" in California.

The total amount of goods exported from San Francisco to Victoria, for the first quarter of this year, was \$503,933.

The Nevada Journal entered upon its 10th volume, and the ninth year of its existence on the 13th.

A Grand Floral Exhibition is announced to take place at Oakland on the 14th inst.

The number of letters sent from San Francisco by the Overland Mail, for the month of April was 8,330.

A large Panorama entitled "The Tour of Europe" has been successfully exhibited in Vernon Hall, San Francisco, during the month.

A new democratic newspaper, entitled the "Daily San Francisco News," made its first appearance on the 17th ult.

The proprietors and publishers of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*—however ridiculous it may appear—were arrested on the 14th ult., charged with publishing an obscene and immoral paper, in giving Mrs. Sickles' confession in full, as telegraphed to them from San Jose, per Overland Mail.

The San Francisco Industrial School, built for the reclamation of depraved boys and girls, at a cost of about \$25,000, was formally opened on the 17th ult.

The John L. Stephens sailed on the 20th with 420 passengers and \$1,791,727. The rates of passage were \$175, \$150, \$100 and \$50.

Editor's Table.

DEAR, kind friends, this number will complete the third volume of the California Magazine. For three years many of you have kept us faithful and soul cheering company. Some that were very dear to us have been called home; others, alas! have changed; a few have grown weary, and have fainted by the way; yet others have overlooked our failings, borne with our weaknesses; and, when the horizon of our fortunes was gloomiest, and hung about with clouds of darkness, they have whispered "be of good cheer" as they pointed us to the small streaks of light that seemed dimly breaking upon the distant future, and kept with us until now. With a heart full to the brim with grateful emotion we thank them; and say—God bless you.

It is almost a matter of impossibility for friends whose sympathies and tastes are congenial; or whose labors and disappointments are in common, to be often in communion with each other without feeling the silken cords of kindly affection drawing them closer together; and if trials of patience, or of temper, or of friendly faithfulness should come,—as come they certainly will—after they are past we seem to remember them only as heavenly messengers who pointed out virtues of which perhaps until now we were totally unaware; and discovered to us the real friend from the counterfeit; and the result is we are bound the closer together for it. We trust it has been thus with the writers, readers, and friends, as well as with the editor of this Magazine. To the former we would tender our unfeigned, most cordial, and heart felt thanks, for their valuable and voluntary

assistance to the present time; all of which has been entirely without other remuneration than that which they have experienced in the pleasing welcome accorded to their articles by a generous public. We have been longing for the day to dawn when literature could be substantially remunerated in this as in other States, but as yet without its realization; and the only reward we can at present hold out, is the pleasure given and received from their labors. If it be any consolation to such for us to make a similar confession, we can do it most conscientiously. To those who are willing to enter with us upon our fourth volume we most sincerely extend our hand; hoping that our labors together will be mutually pleasant. To others, if any, who, as contributors, may wish to withdraw, we present our thanks for past favors; with the hope that they may soon re-unite with us, and renew them.

To all others who may be willing to give a helping hand in establishing, elevating, and refining California literature, we extend a cordial invitation.

THE present is the time for holding the various primary elections throughout the State, for candidates to the different party conventions shortly to be held; and we would give a word or two of caution, that the disgraceful frivolousness and frittering away of public time and money, manifest to the most thoughtless, in the last session of the Legislature, may be avoided in the next.

However much human nature may be disposed to question, or show itself desir-

ous of hiding, or seek to avoid becoming an unwilling party to the admission of the fact, it is none the less true that in a majority of cases, if a scar is cut upon the forehead, an attempt is immediately made to cover it up; if the hand is deformed, the individual who owns it is almost certain on all occasions to wear a glove. This may be pardonable, or it may not, according to circumstances. Without discussing such a question at the present time, we may mention an important fact, of which the foregoing is the prelude: that, however unpleasant or inconvenient it may sound to the egotistical "free and independent elector," we affirm it as our belief that a large majority of the voters in this State are but the puppets of political wire-workers and office-seeking demagogues, at primary and party conventions, as the following instance will illustrate, and for the truthfulness of which we will vouch.

A gent. known very well to the writer, previous to the election of delegates to a political convention, (we need not mention the party, or the names of the individuals,) went up to one of his acquaintances, and thus addressed him: "F—, what kind of show will you give me, if I get you elected sheriff of this county?" "One entire half of all that I, by hook or by crook, can make out of the office," was the answer. "Will you? I'll give you a couple of days to think the matter over, and if at the end of that time you are still of the same mind, I will see what can be done." "Very good."

At the end of the time fixed, as the proposed candidate remained in the same mind, a bargain was concluded between them, and the individual first mentioned, by button-holing one and treating another at a primary election, was sent as a delegate to the convention, and when there, by dint of extraordinary exertion, he succeeded in securing the nomination of F—. Now this man was one of the most glaringly incapable and unscrupulously dishonest that could have been found; and but for his lying drunk in the streets of a pop-

ulous precinct on the day of election, he would have been successful; and, as it was, out of some two thousand votes polled, he lacked but forty-one of his election. Had his friend (?) taken the precaution to lock him up in some room during the polling of the votes in the precinct alluded to, F— would have been elected by a considerable majority.

Therefore we say to the high-minded and honorable citizens of every party, if you would have laws that do credit alike to the law-maker and the law-obeyer, you must be upon your guard that none but good and capable men are selected at primary elections, as delegates to conventions; or do away with the convention system altogether; else you will be the same submissive and easily used instrument you have been, and the interests of the State will suffer in the future as they have done in the past. "A word to the wise is sufficient." Be upon your guard.

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 Ere the month of April had fairly left us "the delicate footed May with fairy fingers full of fruits and flowers," stepped in; and in her train brought May festivals, parties, and pic-nics, to young and old, in nearly every village, town, or city, throughout the the State. To us these exhibitions are of all others the most pleasing as being in such happy and innocent unison with each other—spring-time and youth—flowers and joyous hopes, all of which possess a charm not known in other circles or at other seasons.

The first we had the pleasure of attending was that prepared under the superintendence of Mr. John Swett, the excellent Principal of the Rincon Point Public School, and which, for greater convenience to the pupils and their friends, was held at Russ' Gardens. Here the imposing and graceful ceremony of crowning the Queen of May was duly celebrated; after which she led off in the dance, followed by her maids of honor, and her juvenile subjects and their friends. At intervals, the boys performed their exercises on the gymna-

sium, and astonished the spectators with their feats of strength and agility.

Next in order, was the Festival of the Powell St. Public School, Mr. H. P. Carlton, Principal, held in Musical Hall, Bush street, and which was one of the most pleasing of the whole, and will long be remembered by the numerous throng, which greeted the intelligent pupils with frequent manifestations of approval.

On the evening following, the Hyde St. Public School held its Festival in the Turn Verein Hall, Bush street, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Pelton, Principal of the School. The large hall, beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, was filled to overflowing with the pupils and their friends. After the ceremony of crowning the Queen was concluded, the scholars presented Mr. Pelton with a gold watch, as a testimonial of their grateful remembrance of his assiduous and untiring labors in their behalf.

One fact that should ever be kept in grateful remembrance by the friends of the young in California, is this: Mr. PELTON has the honor of being the founder of the first Public School in California, nearly ten years ago. And one of the most pleasing features of the Festival, was that of a young lady, who being one of the three first pupils of Mr. Pelton's first school, having completed her studies, stepped forward and presented to the school a beautiful silk banner, the work of her own hands, as a memorial of her grateful esteem. Such events must have sunk deep into the heart of their earnest teacher, as in language the most forcible and impressive, they whispered, "these are thy rewards."

On the same evening, the pupils of the High School, Mr. Holmes, Principal, assembled in Musical Hall, and in the graceful movements of the dance, spent a very pleasant evening. We never remember seeing an assemblage of more intelligent and noble looking young ladies and gentlemen, than were there present.

The next we visited was that of the Spring Valley public school, under the able superintendance of Mr. J. C. Morrill, Principal. The school-room in which it was held, was tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreens and flowers, giving the visitor a pleasing introduction to the room, and to the interesting ceremonials of the coronation. The bright eyes, and happy faces of all, showed that pupils, parents, and friends, were alike delighted at the exercises. Nearly the whole of the compositions used were original, and written for the occasion. It must have been exceedingly gratifying to the feelings of the teachers, to witness so

large a company of the parents and friends of the pupils as were then present, and which must have repaid them in some measure for the many hours of anxious care and study spent while seeking to instruct those committed to their care.

Others were given, but as we were not present we are unable to make further mention. May such seasons bind teachers, parents and children in a happy union.

ONE of the most complicated and beautiful specimens of California art that we have ever seen, is a new and well executed model of the far famed Temple of Solomon, now nearly finished, at the old Mechanics' Pavilion. Its well studied arrangement and workman-like construction proves that while a master mind has devised and planned it, very skillful workmen have been employed to make it as much a wonder for California as was the original in Jerusalem. This model was projected by a lady of great taste as well as means; and the architectural designs show a familiarity with the subject in all its interesting and numerous details that will recommend the author to a high position in public estimation; as the joiners work, moulding, carving, painting, gilding, turning, fringe-making, and gold-beating (from California gold) are all and, altogether Californian employing some fifty men for several months. We intend to allude to this astonishing work of art at some future time.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

S. F. T.—The drawing came safely to hand, but owing to its being out of California somewhat uninteresting; and unaccompanied with any description, it is of but little value to us.

S.—You did right.

W. T.—What think you of the proposal.

A. W.—Thank you. The story is equal to any published in Harper or the Atlantic Monthly; but being of "home manufacture," to those who never judge for themselves—and they are legion—it will not of course be as acceptable.

O.—We shall do our best; but although it is very interesting, as it must be divided, we could not begin it in this number.

RECEIVED.—Without and Within—Lives from the Forecastle—I am near you—California Manufactures—My Brother Peter—&c., &c.

